

Chapter XI

THE AGE OF GOLD

(925) FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE THE WAR THE GERMAN people were happy. Again there was work for all; there was money for those who knew how to make it; there was enough food; for those with the sweet tooth there was whipped cream—a sign of prosperity that appeared very late in the German post-war world. Again there were silk stockings and even pure silk dresses; women began to use lipstick; the first radios croaked; even people who were not immeasurably wealthy began to buy automobiles; more people began to travel in the little airplanes permitted by the Versailles Treaty—and negotiations for larger ones were proceeding in Paris. Passport regulations, travel restrictions, closed borders vanished; it was as though a cloak of mist were removed from Germany. The world opened up like an immeasurable blue sea full of golden islands. Again all water and land routes led into the infinite; again each man was free to go out and search for his horn of plenty. American financiers went to Germany looking for factories willing to borrow good American dollars from them. German scholars again appeared at foreign scientific congresses. French students went to Germany and invited their German comrades to youth congresses and festivals at Paris or Geneva. A Zeppelin flew from Germany to America; a German car won the first prize at a big automobile race in Italy; a German of Jewish descent won the world chess championship.

This was the great year of recovery, 1925. Everything was to be as before. Back to 1914 was the unuttered command. The bitter

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Peace of Versailles had established that the war had been a Ger-
 man crime; now, everywhere in the world, the kind and comfort-
 ing view was advanced that the war had been a common mistake.
 The world wanted the soft, caressing air, the freedom, comfort,
 and abundance of peace. For one side to dominate the other—as
 five violent and crisis-ridden post-war years had shown—cost
 money in spite of apparent reparations and tribute payments; why
 not live together in peace, and make money from one another as
 before? Capital and labor as before, heavy and light industry as
 before, exports and imports as before, confidential conversations
 between diplomats, and alliances as before, national self-seeking as
 before. The great occasion to give the world new unity had been
 missed in Versailles; no one had thought of it seriously. A world
 parliament, a radical union of peoples from below, common edu-
 cation, an intermingling of the youth of all great nations—what a
 tremendous task that would have been! But the world wanted to
 have it easy; it made things comfortable for itself; the post-war
 hatred that had endured five years suddenly burst and flew away,
 and the vanquished profited as well as the victor. The world strove
 to shake off the burden of victory, and Germany, too, felt a fresher
 air. The number of unemployed sank to half a million; that was
 almost better than normal.

And so gaiety! Great public festivals! An end to the old mourn-
 ing which had lain over Germany since the war and had grown
 deeper and darker since the French incursion into the Ruhr! No
 more sour police regulations against public dancing! The first car-
 nival after the outbreak of the war, the great mass festival 'with all
 bars down,' was held in 1925. In the Bürgerbräu Keller where
 Hitler had fired at the ceiling, and in dozens of other halls, night
 after night thousands danced in masks and costumes. In a city
 with less than seven hundred thousand inhabitants, from fifty to
 one hundred thousand people would go for a week without sleeping in
 their beds. A wild masked throng in theatrically bedizened vehicles
 moved with shouts and music through the city, past the Feldherrn
 Halle, across the Odeonsplatz—almost the same route Hitler's
 death march had taken in 1923. A man in a grotesque disguise was
 addressed by an acquaintance in the crowd: 'Why, you were here

~~WATERGATE~~
 MARDI GRAS 1925

in 1923, but dressed differently—you had a Swastika and a gun then, you loafer!' The man thus addressed removed his scarlet cardboard nose for a moment, fastened his artificial mustache more securely, and said with embarrassment: 'Well, in those days we were crazy.'

In 1925, Mardi Gras, the high point of the carnival, fell on February 24, the anniversary of the day on which Hitler in 1920 had made his first public speech. Released from his comfortable arrest two months before, Hitler had again found himself free, but alone and little noticed, in semi-obscurity. Now, with his playful belief in symbols and numbers, he would have liked to raise his thundering voice again on a twenty-fourth of February. And it had to be a Mardi Gras! On this day Hitler wouldn't have found a hundred people wanting to hear him talk on Germany's defeat, Germany's disgrace, or Germany's future. He would have found no hall, no free wall space for his posters, no trumpeter to greet his entry into the hall with the old familiar heart-lifting fanfare. Germany, Bavaria, even Munich, had almost forgotten him—as they had forgotten the war.

Within a year after his defeats and false prophecies the prisoner of Landsberg had become an embarrassment to his friends, and a laughing-stock for the masses, in so far as anyone mentioned him at all. The movement had fallen apart; the leaders reviled one another to the amusement of the public; there was scarcely one whom the others did not accuse of stupidity, cowardice, financial irregularities, or an unsavory private life. They fought for a share in sudden fame, for the approval of the masses, for frequent mention in the newspapers; and most of all they fought over money. This was one of the main reasons why they suddenly participated in parliamentary elections, although the imprisoned leader loathed parliaments. For a member of parliament received a monthly remuneration of four hundred to eight hundred marks—by German concepts a considerable sum, and at that epoch of beginning stabilization positively gigantic. In the various parliamentary elections, under the aura of Hitler's great speeches before the bar of justice, they registered at first considerable successes; later, their successes rapidly diminished and turned to bitter defeats. In two elections in 1924,

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He hears the music outside his window.

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the number of their seats in the Reichstag fell from thirty-two to
fourteen, and most of these fourteen soon ran away to other parties.
Both the successes which he had not expected, and the defeats which
he could not prevent, depressed Hitler deeply.

People of ability and importance instinctively avoided the fallen
figure, which again vanished into the mass of the unknown. A
Royal Bavarian infantry captain, for instance, could not very well
be expected to worship this man like a god, to set him above his
King Rupprecht or his General Ludendorff — particularly if the
captain himself had actually created the man. In grave disappoint-
ment Ernst Röhm parted with Hitler. Röhm was one of the four or
five who addressed Hitler as 'Du,' and, to the leader's own secret
relief, dared to treat him like a common man. For this very reason,
Röhm resented his friend's megalomania which, since his *débâcle*,
had become intolerable even in his own inner circle.

Against the terrible feeling of defeat, Hitler armed himself with
an inner arrogance which stopped at no human relation. During
his imprisonment he led a more comfortable existence than ever
before, but he claimed — and ended up by believing it himself —
to have been languishing in a dungeon; he dreamed himself into
the rôle of a saint, suffering in chains for Germany; he was the hero
for whose freedom Germany was waiting; he was the German
people itself, humiliated and misunderstood, yet destined and
secretly marked by Fate for inconceivable future greatness, a laugh-
ing-stock to the masses and the mighty, a miracle and consolation to
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Röhm was loyal, but for him Adolf, in the Munich dialect 'Ade,'
nevertheless remained a man. When he went to see him during his im-
prisonment, he found him each time more demoralized and lacking
in decision. From the heights of a theatrical, brilliant activity, Hitler
had relapsed into inert lurking and listening; he waited for voices,
inspiration, opportunities, let himself drift, allowed his party to fall
apart, friendships to break. In the end it was impossible for him
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Others also vanished. Göring, a high-living beggar in his exile, traveled through Italy and then Sweden, where his wife's well-to-do family, horrified at the dope addict's dissolute behavior, treated him coolly and for a time positively dropped him. Ernst Hanfstaengl, a merry friend in merry days, gave up politics and devoted himself to his late father's art business, spending much time in America; Hitler still was his debtor for thousands of dollars; Hanfstaengl had sold his claim to Christian Weber, one of Hitler's minor henchmen — but Hitler was not worth ten dollars at that time. Dietrich Eckart, long a sick man from too much eating and especially drinking, had died in the last days of 1923.

That Hitler was free and allowed to speak again he owed partly to a remnant of loyal complicity in high places, and partly to the depth of his fall, his apparent insignificance and harmlessness. Franz Gürtner had put through Hitler's release contrary to the law and against the resistance of his state's attorneys; and he had persuaded the Bavarian cabinet to legalize the forbidden National Socialist Party. In return, Hitler had to make humiliating concessions. He had to promise to break with Ludendorff. The general had involved himself in a public fight with the Catholic Church, had openly declared the Pope to be an enemy of Germany, as dangerous as the Jews and Free Masons — and Bavaria was an overwhelmingly Catholic state, governed by Catholic priests and

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The well-nigh forgotten revolution had ended! For the future, the masses lacked Hitler again organized his the strangest human scumless dubious characters — his great staff of leaders.

The most important was editor of scandal sheets, assembled, by blackmail at a fighting fund with which stood or fell. A man of certain Hermann Esser; admitted the utterance in court and used him only as long. During Hitler's imprisonment faithfully because, with the one else who wanted their Streicher accused the social officers and men of academia for his lack of higher education by his numerous revelations in the 'Jewish' other in praise of Hitler's; had maintained the crumbling

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Hitler than the world imagined; he hated the Quartermaster Gen-
eral since he had put him to shame at the Feldherrn Halle by his
example of physical courage. The hate grew deeper when, at the
trial, Ludendorff showed no inclination toward going to prison for
an unsuccessful *putsch* which Hitler had started and lost without
asking him. Since then there had been jealousy and hatred on both
sides. Hitler was too cautious to make any public expression of this;
but Julius Streicher, one of his few supporters to remain loyal, wrote
Ludendorff insulting letters recommending modesty to the general,
since Hitler had reawakened the German people while Ludendorff
had at best lost the World War.

The well-nigh forgotten World War which a well-nigh forgotten
revolution had ended! For another revolution, a bold march into
the future, the masses lacked strength and curiosity; and when
Hitler again organized his 'band of freedom, seeking light,' only
the strangest human scum rallied to his banners. A dozen more or
less dubious characters — that was all that had remained loyal of
his great staff of leaders.

The most important was Julius Streicher, for he had money. As
editor of scandal sheets, as a speaker at scandal meetings, he had
assembled, by blackmail and other methods of similar refinement,
a fighting fund with which, for practical purposes, the movement
stood or fell. A man of equal ability and unscrupulousness was a
certain Hermann Esser; years before, Hitler had said — and ad-
mitted the utterance in court — that he knew Esser was a scoundrel,
and used him only as long as he could not get along without him.
During Hitler's imprisonment, these two had clung to him most
faithfully because, with their unsavory reputations, they found no
one else who wanted their slimy loyalty. Not without some justice
Streicher accused the so-called 'fine people' in the movement, the
officers and men of academic education, of secretly despising Hitler
for his lack of higher education; Esser, who at times had been sup-
ported by his numerous mistresses, threatened his opponents with
revelations in the 'Jewish' press. These two had outshouted each
other in praise of Hitler's greatness, uniqueness, and authority; both
had maintained the crumbling Hitler legend with the energy of the

Hitler's
loyalty
to
the
Fuehrer

are you? — they had answered: anything! Now the best elements: unsavory fellows; Pöhner, the protector of the murderers, de- two 'dunghills'; Ludendorff de- and Anton Drexler, the founder abborn and insulted, clung faith- cters, and on the telephone yelled hich the original founder left the: obscure figures gathered around grapher, Heinrich Hoffmann, be- bit of Hitler's popularity resulted Then there was the horse-dealer, r owed a thousand dollars; and manager, Max Amann, in whose ested. In order to assure the sup- l and able in their way, he calmly d followers whose names would

berg remained true to him. He hner's former assistant, who had and had become a deputy in the of the new figures was Gregor been prominent before 1923, but revealed himself to be a great er, a powerful personality, and was a circle of unknown men Hess, Hitler said: 'I shall need is on top again.'

1932
in embarrassed apology, to at- human material at my disposal.' e men, for human nature could only the type could be changed universal men' were not to be ok for men 'ideally suited to my

of small stature with whom he

could easily deal; men whom he could impress even when he was in the humblest circumstances, who would take anything from him; who were literally willing to be beaten, and remained loyal because they could not find easier or more abundant bread anywhere else. He consciously gathered little men around him — and this quite literally; for it is noteworthy that the intimate circle of Hitler's old guard, the Streichers, Amanns, Hoffmanns, Webers, Berchtolds, were physically puny, some of them dwarf-like.

To his little men peering up at the summit of the social pyramid that seemed so hopelessly distant, Hitler said consolingly that this summit would some day come down of its own accord: 'Believe me, this time will come. The illusory foundation of our economic life will again vanish beneath our feet and then perhaps people will be able to understand our words better than now.'

This he said to four thousand people who assembled on February 27, 1925, inside and outside of the Bürgerbräu Keller. Carnival was past, the faithful were on the spot. They had come from all Bavaria, and there were four thousand of them — no more.

Be simple, be primitive, be brutal! — that was the command which in many different versions Hitler kept hammering into his four thousand for two hours. Let them not rely on reason, but rather trust in their emotion: 'Reason can treacherously deceive a man, emotion is sure and never leaves him.' Nowhere in the present day has politics been conducted with so much calculating intelligence as by Hitler; but it was a cardinal rule of this intelligence to bring the masses into a condition in which they were conscious of a goal, but uncritical. Go to the masses! he cried to his discharged lieutenants, professors, and bank clerks. Only among the masses will you find idealism and spirit of struggle, and that is because they possess little material or spiritual goods: 'For possessions, whether of a spiritual or a material nature, will always paralyze the desire for struggle.' Therefore, go to the masses; however, do not beg from them, but beat your fanaticism into them according to the methods which for five years you learned as armed bohemians; do not forget: 'The key to the heart of the people is not "if you please," but power.' In this the masses are like women: 'It is not for nothing that you see so many women here in this hall.'

1925

... In the woman emotion dominates and rightly tells her that the future of our children is at stake. ... Our adversaries may talk as much as they like about our hysterical women. In former days woman brought Christianity to the countries. In the end she will also lead our movement to lasting victory.'

And again: Be simple! Be simple above all in the formulation of your aims. Do not set up three, four, or five aims at once—this was a side blow at Ludendorff, who had unnecessarily involved himself in a struggle with the Catholic Church. Yes, the Church is an enemy; in his heart Hitler knows this perfectly well, but he reserves this enemy for later. First look at people and then look at the mass: 'Every individual has certain views, certain abilities, a certain temperament, a certain character; every individual particularly loves certain things and dislikes certain others. It is, therefore, very hard to set up a common goal for ten thousand people. But it is even harder to set up a goal for these ten thousand, which consists of sixteen or twenty individual aims.' Again Hitler takes the enemy as a model. He describes the tactics of the Allies in the World War. Did they cry: We are fighting first against Germany, second against Austria, third against Bulgaria, and fourth against Turkey, and so on, and so on? No: they had concentrated their whole hatred and propaganda on one thing, yes, on one person: German militarism and the German Kaiser: 'Whether they fought in Mesopotamia or in Russia, in France, in Serbia, or elsewhere, it was all the same: against the Kaiser and against militarism. Thus they brought twenty-six states to the front against Germany, and every Englishman felt that he could not be wrong if twenty-six nations fought with him against the one.' In Germany it had been just the opposite—fatally so: 'In our country the little man wondered: Can we be right if twenty-six stand against us? Can all twenty-six be wrong, and we alone right?'

No, the more aims were set up, the more the confidence or faith in the individual sinks. 'And if you have twenty aims that are supposed to be fought for, perhaps only five people will remain who are in agreement with all twenty.'

With this speech Hitler gave birth to his theory that in propaganda the same thing must be repeated indefatigably. Later he

said that this was the same in advertising a soap or a toothpaste in politics. What Hitler wanted power demands an endlessly shifting stances. But when he was in difficult circumstances: He was impatient on the good humor of the Bavarians; he had to avoid any suspicion of a movement. Therefore, he cried: 'The government, not against the police, but only against a single minister, liked the government to choose an enemy had to serve as a model.'

'To make a struggle intelligible, it must always be carried on against two or three causes.'

'Against whom did England fight? Against a person, and against militarism.'

'Against whom do the Jews fight? Against the bourgeoisie as a person and against the cause.'

'Against whom, therefore, must the Jew as a person and Marxism as a cause be fought?'

And against nothing else! She was perfectly serious and sincere: 'to choose only one enemy is alone is guilty.' He was as sincere as an enemy from the front, but has a sense of that is the nature of war. 'Especially for the people,' Hitler thundered, 'it is logical reasons to point to only one enemy. ...' Suddenly he lowered his voice; the listeners laughed, for they had heard the easy-going tone Hitler said: 'It can be meant.'

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said that this was the same in politics as in the business field, in
advertising a soap or a toothpaste. Actually it was entirely different
in politics. What Hitler wanted was power, and the struggle for
power demands an endlessly shifting adaptation to shifting circum-
stances. But when he was discharged from prison, these were the
circumstances: He was impotent, a political nonentity, dependent
on the good humor of the Bavarian government; and for that reason
he had to avoid any suspicion of ever wanting to harm this govern-
ment. Therefore, he cried: The fight of his party was not against
the government, not against the bourgeois parties, not against the
police, but only against a single enemy, which he would best have
liked the government to choose as an enemy, too. And again this
enemy had to serve as a model:

'To make a struggle intelligible to the broad masses, it must al-
ways be carried on against two things: against a person and against
a cause.

'Against whom did England fight? Against the German Kaiser as
a person, and against militarism as his cause.

'Against whom do the Jews fight with their Marxist power?
Against the bourgeoisie as a person and against capitalism as its
cause.

'Against whom, therefore, must our movement fight? Against
the Jew as a person and Marxism as its cause.'

And against nothing else! Sharpest concentration! And so Hitler
was perfectly serious and sincere when he cried that it was neces-
sary 'to choose only one enemy, so that everyone can see that he
alone is guilty.' He was as sincere as a general who attacks the
enemy from the front, but has a second troop lying in ambush; for
that is the nature of war. 'Especially in a people like the German
people,' Hitler thundered, 'it is absolutely necessary for psycho-
logical reasons to point to only one enemy, to march against one
enemy. . . .' Suddenly he lowered his voice and grinned, some of
the listeners laughed, for they guessed what was coming. In an
easy-going tone Hitler said: 'By one enemy, if necessary, many
can be meant.'

On pacified, contented Germany he wanted to force enemies and
redeemers; enemies of which she was not aware, and redeemers

whom she laughed at if she saw them at all — so poor, insignificant, and slimy was the impression they made. The disorganized, reduced National Socialist band had lost the savior's and prophet's pride of their early days when they were a legend to themselves and felt the protecting wings of the Reichswehr over them. Now they were oppressed by the consciousness of defeat, of having failed at an hour when the stars were favorable as they never again would be.

New pride had to be injected into this demoralized band behind their beer mugs in the Bürgerbräu Keller. And if people call you fools — and if this state doesn't want to hear any more about you — if you don't get ahead in your jobs — if you go bankrupt in your businesses and aren't taken seriously in society, it is because this post-war world doesn't know how to distinguish between high and low, between noble and common. Men are unequal, but you are the higher type, and that is what the world does not admit.

It is no malicious legend that the leadership and nucleus of National Socialism in the years from 1925 to 1930 consisted for the most part of failures; of men who became National Socialist functionaries because they found nothing better; of the figures Lieutenant Brückner described, who joined in 1923 because they hoped to become something and stayed on in desperation because they had not become anything; of men whose professional career (according to their own literal statements in the handbook of the German Reichstag) ran more or less as follows: 'About two years each in agriculture, big banks, glass industry, and textile trade,' or, 'clerk, buyer, traveling salesman, assistant gymnastics teachers, manager, director of a home' — how many bankruptcies or dismissals are hidden among these shifting careers? Or, student, merchant, again student, again merchant, then so-called private secretary (in reality on relief), then owner of a tiny poultry farm — this is the career of Heinrich Himmler, later chief of the secret police. Or, transport flier, then so-called student, then storm-troop leader, then for years completely without occupation, frequent visitor at pawnshops, for a time inmate of a nerve sanitarium, later parachute manufacturer and representative for aeroplane motors, deep in debt, for years snowed under by complaints over unredeemed notes — this

is the civil career of Hermann secondary school, leaves the amination, three times rejectional worker, suitcase carrier, poster painter, several times without profession, support career is the civil life of Ad.

And now in the Bürgerbräu consolation and encouragement to despise themselves, for in You are Aryans. You are thsions or rank; it is the high Jew wants to take away fre ready taken away and dest the type suited to the norm: which kills the personality; dominant in order to kill the standing individual might o tion.

In order to kill the people the pure Aryan blood. If, s out of the Bürgerbräu Keller — as on a magic carpet — h them a look at the Friedrich capital: 'There you would youths with German girls i sands and thousands of our night, and children and chi spoke as plainly as is possi nation could shake off all it tions, eliminate its ruling p peace treaty . . . but once th changed. It remains and m to year. If today you are s torn, remember this: out c torn blood.' Applause from that anyone whose own fe

em at all — so poor, insignificant, made. The disorganized, red lost the savior's and prophet's they were a legend to themselves he Reichswehr over them. Now usness of defeat, of having failed orable as they never again would

to this demoralized band behind Keller. And if people call you ant to hear any more about you obs — if you go bankrupt in your isly in society, it is because this to distinguish between high and . Men are unequal, but you are the world does not admit.

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is the civil career of Hermann Göring. Or, finally, student at a secondary school, leaves the school because of laziness. before an examination, three times rejected at two academies, successively occasional worker, suitcase carrier, beggar, painter of picture postcards, poster painter, several times inmate of a men's lodging-house, later without profession, supported by friends — this typical failure's career is the civil life of Adolf Hitler.

And now in the Bürgerbräu Keller, this failure speaks words of consolation and encouragement to those like him, telling them not to despise themselves, for in reality they are better than the others. You are Aryans. You are the pure blood; that is more than possessions or rank; it is the highest, and this highest is just what the Jew wants to take away from you and destroy because he has already taken away and destroyed everything else. For the Jew is the type suited to the normal world of today, with its equalization which kills the personality; he is the type who makes the mass dominant in order to kill the outstanding individual; for the outstanding individual might offer resistance to Jewish world domination.

In order to kill the people's instincts of defense, the Jew poisons the pure Aryan blood. If, says Hitler, he could take his audience out of the Bürgerbräu Keller for a moment, and carry them away — as on a magic carpet — he would take them to Berlin and give them a look at the Friedrich Strasse, the center of night life in the capital: 'There you would see Jewish youths and more Jewish youths with German girls in their arms. Bear in mind that thousands and thousands of our blood are destroyed in this way every night, and children and children's children are lost to us.' Hitler spoke as plainly as is possible in a public speech. The German nation could shake off all its miseries, nullify its reparations obligations, eliminate its ruling political parties — yes, 'we can break the peace treaty . . . but once the blood is poisoned it can no longer be changed. It remains and multiplies and presses us lower from year to year. If today you are surprised that our people is inwardly so torn, remember this: out of the torn German people speaks its torn blood.' Applause from a thoughtful audience. It was clear that anyone whose own feeling prompted him to defend himself

against this division and blood-poisoning must have good, unspoiled blood; by becoming a National Socialist he proved it. He proved—even if he were ten times a dwarf with a squashed face like Max Amann or a bald, grinning faun like Julius Streicher—that he belonged to the higher type, which, according to Houston Stewart Chamberlain, was to arise only in the future. 'Everything beautiful,' Hitler went on, 'which we see around us today is only the creation of the Aryan, his spirit and industry; only the bad things are the heritage of the Hebrew.'

Aryans of all nations, unite! Into what immeasurable distance this aim had been removed! For the moment Hitler could be glad that the Aryans united in the Bürgerbräu Keller. The squabbling must end, he cried. Anyone who didn't like this could stay away—most had stayed away, anyway—and no one should try to impose any conditions on him, Hitler. By 'conditions' he meant the demand of his more respectable old friends that he drop the unsavory Hermann Esser or the repulsive fellow, Julius Streicher: 'I lead the movement, and no one gives me any conditions.' But if anyone should do so, here was the answer: 'Friend, just wait and see what conditions I'll give you.' He wasn't going to take any orders as long as he personally bore the responsibility—and I bear all the responsibility for everything that happens in this movement.' At the end of a year he would give the party an accounting; if by then he had done his work badly, 'I'll give my office back into your hands.' (Cries of Never!) Well, he himself didn't think so. He believed in the Swastika banner; he himself had designed it, he himself had been first to carry it, and only wished 'that some day, when Father Time strikes me down, it may be my winding sheet. . . . Either the enemy will pass over our corpses or we over his.'

Four thousand were happy, exalted, consoled; again they felt a force that drove them on, a stream that bore them. The despised band again felt something like pride; this was the secret of this unusual speech coming after a year of silence. Up front, right under the platform, sat ill-tempered sub-leaders, resolved not to give Esser and Streicher their hand, doubting whether Hitler still had his old power; some, after personal experiences, were convinced that he had suffered a mental collapse in Landsberg. But now Hitler had

burst forth from the cloud of mightily kindled the demo- stormy applause rained down. Frick stood on the platform; Feder, the 'breaker of intere leaders by the names of Dis before, the six had been furie called one another men with. Now they all shook hands, a low the leader, to be faithful emotion that Hitler's return to the six except Frick ever rose practically forgotten even am mentally deranged, weak nat best Hitler had.

Next day Hitler, half-sleep living-room of a little house. It was the house of Frau Ca years had been rather bashf sometimes stuffing him full called her his 'little mother.' faithful reflection of the mild rible message. Hitler had agai Why had he spoken of the understood under the one? the corpses of the enemy? In longer help him.

The dissolution of parties, these were strangely violent m dom. 'The freest constitution vide or allow for such bruta Hitler and his like had for y murder, and destruction, and suppress them with the cold justly spared them, the state c injustice. Where Hitler begar as a result. Hitler forced the

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The dissolution of parties, the prohibition of public speeches—these were strangely violent measures of the state in defense of freedom. 'The freest constitution in the world' did not officially provide or allow for such brutal intervention of police power. But Hitler and his like had for years filled the country with violence, murder, and destruction, and the state had not found the strength to suppress them with the cold majesty of law; and now, having unjustly spared them, the state could no longer defend itself except by injustice. Where Hitler began to speak, murder could be expected as a result. Hitler forced the state to stretch the laws in a rather

arbitrary way—this in itself was a success. When he attacked, a few drops of his own poisonous spirit dripped on the enemy and infected him. In all points of his career, in the most insignificant and the most important situations, this was his most dangerous power, though unfortunately least understood: that he lured or forced his opponent to imitate him, to use similar methods and even adopt the qualities which he really wanted to combat in Hitler.

What sort of ragged company was this that the state was getting so incensed about! In Berlin there was an office clerk who in the evening after working hours assembled a few half-drunken figures, bordering closely on the underworld, in a gloomy beer hall and read them obscene or bloodthirsty stories about the Jews from ill-printed little pamphlets; this in the pompous jaw-breaking style was called 'Gau Berlin-Brandenburg of the National Socialist German Workers' Party,' and the clerk was the *Gauleiter*. It was the same in Cologne where an industrial chemist by the name of Doctor Robert Ley carried on the same work, and also in Breslau; the high-sounding title of *Gauleiter* might fall to an elderly eccentric who raised bees in a tiny provincial city on the Elbe, to a bankrupted landowner in Pomerania, a discharged school-teacher in Hanover. Or a pensioned major who, unable to live on his half-pay or to find any other suitable occupation, made knapsack and bicycle his home: a political vagabond, he rode from village to village, speaking ardently of Adolf Hitler. They nicknamed him the 'knapsack major.' Wherever he went, he found a few like-minded eccentrics to support him, found a bed for the night and a breakfast in the morning. These semi-madmen wandered about the country, seeking and finding half-mad supporters. Again the first tiny cells of a movement formed. A spirit deprived of all restraint and fear looked behind the revolving wheels and the striking pistons and sensed the profound helplessness and inertia of the society which had received so thorough a technical organization, sensed that it could be dominated.

For the state of the world was such that the fools and misfits were profoundly right while the intelligent and normal were fatally mistaken. This world in its main traits had returned to the normalcy of the days before 1914, and this precisely was its profound

ailment. The intellectual to re-create what he really new idea enliven attempt of the sort, the ference of diplomats. W most part felt these thir the echo which the Nat this feeling. Hitler's s; needful of detailed criti futed by events, attest a recognize, and merciless and folly of the attempt shattered by the war. 'A ing rottenness roundabo simple and cheap messag

He recognized decay own nature. All his life never had a budget; for borrow, but never earn; maturity they were immi tion between them, and h but to secure his public tion — shared, to be sur What Hitler understand the heartlessly overflowi ance of life and at the s: 'only lets live the strong; die,' in order to preserve wise convinced by the boi ern technology, by the b the alchemy of technical In politics he uses and sq and also deathly force fi opinion life in its mass e A purpose superior to the must fall in order that t tion economics strives to

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ailment. The intellectual and political leaders of the epoch endeav-
ored to re-create what had been, to rebuild pre-war conditions. No
really new idea enlivened this period of reconstruction; the only
attempt of the sort, the League of Nations, degenerated into a con-
ference of diplomats. With all their own inertia, the people for the
most part felt these things more sensitively than their leaders; and
the echo which the National Socialist vagabonds found arose from
this feeling. Hitler's speeches from this period are particularly
needful of detailed criticism; his prophecies, in part sharply con-
futed by events, attest a faulty knowledge of his subject; but he did
recognize, and mercilessly and effectively describe, the inadequacy
and folly of the attempts to reconstruct the world that had been
shattered by the war. 'All this,' he shouted, pointing to the glitter-
ing rottenness roundabout, 'must and will collapse'—this was his
simple and cheap message of calamity, and it proved correct.

He recognized decay wherever he met it; for it belonged to his
own nature. All his life Hitler never had conducted a household,
never had a budget; for him money is something you give away or
borrow, but never earn; in his youth, his receipts were tiny, in his
maturity they were immense; but he never established any rela-
tion between them and his work, for he worked, not to earn money,
but to secure his public position, to win the applause and admira-
tion—shared, to be sure, with a glass of beer—of his audience.
What Hitler understands and what fills him with enthusiasm is
the heartlessly overflowing power of nature, creating superabund-
ance of life and at the same time superabundance of death, which
'only lets live the strongest and best and lets the rotten and sickly
die,' in order to preserve a type in a few specimens. He was like-
wise convinced by the boundless capacity for production of the mod-
ern technology, by the boundless fertility of human invention, by
the alchemy of technical processes, transforming stones into bread.
In politics he uses and squanders the superabundance of vital force
and also deathly force furnished by nature or artifice. For in his
opinion life in its mass exists to be sacrificed for the attainment of
a purpose superior to the individual life; multitudes of individuals
must fall in order that the type remain. By frugality and limita-
tion economics strives to preserve the individual, and Hitler's deep-

est reproach against it is 'that economy, to be sure, nourishes a man, but cannot fill him with enthusiasm for dying.'

Hitler's hatred of economy arises from the depths of his soul; but there were practical reasons why he so publicly and furiously proclaimed it. 'I myself most solemnly confess: I regret that German industry does not support us.' He reproached the German economic leaders, saying 'that these men who were so big support the Marxists out of cowardice'—he was referring to the collaboration between industrialists and trade-unionists first begun by Hugo Stinnes—'while they don't even know their German national comrades.' The German 'national comrades' were Hitler's *gauleiters*, who dreamed of envelopes containing five hundred marks 'for political purposes.' 'I would take every penny and every million without strings to it from a German,' Hitler assures us; yes, he would not refuse 'to accept ten millions from a German.' But contrary to a widespread legend, this was out of the question from 1925 to 1929—even later. The German economy did not raise up Hitler. He is no creature of money; to be sure, he did approach big capital—though as a blackmailer, not as a lackey. But in that spring-time of self-confidence, there was nothing to be had from capital by blackmail.

These were the years of high living in the world, when all limits fell, when money again bought everything, when a bank account again meant freedom, a safe-deposit box security, and a packet of stocks domination. These were the years of blessed optimism, when Calvin Coolidge was President of the United States, when the magic of prosperity seemed to deprive problems of their weight, and when the poverty which unquestionably still existed was explained by critics as the mere consequence of capitalist greed. It was the time when capitalist prosperity seemed so unquestioned that Russia-led Communism regarded as its closest and most intimate enemy, not the bourgeoisie, but moderate Socialism. 'Fascism and Social Democracy are twin brothers, Social Democracy is only a wing of Fascism'—thus spoke Josef Stalin in 1924. It was about the time when the Bank of France was able to overthrow a democratic government under Edouard Herriot; when in England a Socialist government under James Ramsay MacDonald after some months in

power was swept (1924). It was ex: Social Democrats when for four years unmolested, and on with reconstruct

Peace positively despite obstacles and remains memorable. festivals with the stages in the world humored public, earth—and never pressively propagand place on some lake by centuries of toil plate, on a raw, tains, tamed with h electrical works, and to master the yet Nature was here went strolling in fre ment of blue lake, paths, bathing estab the passage from fi gleaming in the sun hills, gently piled o natural and man-m be optimistic, not to

Here Aristide B searching for peace Nations: 'En arrière a public of hard-b whom had tears in tav Stresemann, for praised the 'great peoples should live

est reproach against it is 'that economy, to be sure, nourishes a man, but cannot fill him with enthusiasm for dying.'

Hitler's hatred of economy arises from the depths of his soul; but there were practical reasons why he so publicly and furiously proclaimed it. 'I myself most solemnly confess: I regret that German industry does not support us.' He reproached the German economic leaders, saying 'that these men who were so big support the Marxists out of cowardice'—he was referring to the collaboration between industrialists and trade-unionists first begun by Hugo Stinnes—'while they don't even know their German national comrades.' The German 'national comrades' were Hitler's *gauleiters*, who dreamed of envelopes containing five hundred marks 'for political purposes.' 'I would take every penny and every million without strings to it from a German,' Hitler assures us; yes, he would not refuse 'to accept ten millions from a German.' But contrary to a widespread legend, this was out of the question from 1925 to 1929—even later. The German economy did not raise up Hitler. He is no creature of money; to be sure, he did approach big capital—though as a blackmailer, not as a lackey. But in that spring-time of self-confidence, there was nothing to be had from capital by blackmail.

These were the years of high living in the world, when all limits fell, when money again bought everything, when a bank account again meant freedom, a safe-deposit box security, and a packet of stocks domination. These were the years of blessed optimism, when Calvin Coolidge was President of the United States, when the magic of prosperity seemed to deprive problems of their weight, and when the poverty which unquestionably still existed was explained by critics as the mere consequence of capitalist greed. It was the time when capitalist prosperity seemed so unquestioned that Russian-led Communism regarded as its closest and most intimate enemy, not the bourgeoisie, but moderate Socialism. 'Fascism and Social Democracy are twin brothers, Social Democracy is only a wing of Fascism'—thus spoke Josef Stalin in 1924. It was about the time when the Bank of France was able to overthrow a democratic government under Edouard Herriot; when in England a Socialist government under James Ramsay MacDonald after some months in

power was swept (1924). It was ex-Social Democrats when for four years unmolested, and begun with reconstruction.

Peace positively despite obstacles and remains memorable. festivals with the stages in the world humored public, research—and never oppressively propagandist place on some lake by centuries of toil plate, on a raw, taints, tamed with electrical works, and to master the yet Nature was here went strolling in front of blue lake, paths, bathing establishments the passage from gleaming in the sun hills, gently piled on natural and man-made be optimistic, not to

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power was swept away for five years by a Conservative landslide (1924). It was exactly at the same time when in Germany the Social Democrats in two elections suffered a remarkable defeat; when for four years the moderate non-socialist parties governed unmolested, and business launched the slogan: 'An end to politics, on with reconstruction!'

Peace positively forced itself on the world, irresistibly taking form despite obstacles and difficulties. The style of the peace councils remains memorable. They were great social events, political drama festivals with the most famous performers, on the most beautiful stages in the world, before the eyes of a glittering, elegant, good-humored public, representing the power and the wealth of the earth—and never perhaps have international festivals been so impressively propagandized. These diplomatic festivals usually took place on some lake in southern Switzerland; in a land where man by centuries of toil had stamped his civilization, like a fine gold plate, on a raw, terrifying nature. At the foot of the high mountains, tamed with hundreds of roads, railroad lines, passes, tunnels, electrical works, and grand hotels, the statesmen of the epoch tried to master the yet unmastered problem of human society, just as Nature was here mastered, channelized, and walled about. They went strolling in fresh green parks, looked out upon a flawless fragment of blue lake, set like a jewel amid the green; they saw gardens, paths, bathing establishments, stone steps, all designed to facilitate the passage from friendly land to friendly water; across the lake, gleaming in the sun, they saw a paradise full of little castles, forests, hills, gently piled one upon the other. In the presence of all this natural and man-made beauty and abundance, it was hard not to be optimistic, not to believe in peace.

Here Aristide Briand, the French Foreign Minister, tragically searching for peace, cried from the platform of the League of Nations: 'En arrière les canons, en arrière les fusils!'—in front of a public of hard-boiled politicians and newspapermen, some of whom had tears in their eyes. Here his German colleague, Gustav Stresemann, formerly a rather run-of-the-mill German patriot, praised the 'great world architect' according to whose plan the peoples should live in peace; he himself so permeated and trans-

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formed by the idea of peace that his closest friends did not recognize him any more, while his old opponents began by doubting him, then stared with amazement, finally cheered him. And here the third man in the trio, Sir Austen Chamberlain, head of the British Foreign Office, worked as a successful mediator between Germany and France, feeling, as he later said, that there must be an end to 'the bickering and pin-pricking which Germany had no doubt suffered ever since the war.'

In the little city of Locarno, on Lago Maggiore in southern Switzerland, a treaty was concluded in the fall of 1925 which can be called a second, improved, though still incomplete, peace treaty. Germany again voluntarily declared that, with regard to her western boundary on France and Belgium, she recognized the results of the war as irrevocable. Irrevocably Germany renounced Alsace-Lorraine whose population at heart really did not belong to her. Irrevocably she again renounced the small strips of territory which Belgium had acquired in the peace treaty. With regard to her western frontier, she irrevocably accepted the Peace of Versailles. But France also irrevocably declared that she definitely recognized the German frontiers; that she would make no attempt to annex any more German territory—a somewhat ironic promise when every morning the French flag was hoisted over the German cities of the Rhine; when the white and black troops of France still marched through their streets and, depending on how you interpreted the Peace of Versailles, would continue to do so until 1935 or perhaps much longer—in Clemenceau's view, forever. But perhaps the French would some day leave the Rhineland after all. And for this reason the Treaty of Locarno again expressly stated the provision of the Peace of Versailles that Germany should never send troops into her own Rhineland and never build fortifications there for the defense of her own border. At any time a French army then could descend on this vulnerable German artery close by the border, and if Germany should ever make a suspicious move, with one blow cut off her life stream. Clauses justifying this could always be dug up in the League Covenant; if the worst came to the worst, they could be found in the Peace of Versailles itself.

The *cordon sanitaire* of French bayonets on the Rhine continued

Locarno
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for years to give Hitler German foreign policy; and ridiculous. By 1925 enough to call him a d. 'Yes, we want to be as far as in our power, we are no quiet in the worst death.'

It was important to France on her side, pro France had continued to had vanished in Versailles all had to protect all. Europe against all European a onesided defensive treaty enter into a policy directly descended only to promote country to whose disadvantage she would help France but Germany as well Fascist Italy which wistfully win recognition as a 'great' though it did not get at. In the laconic language of England, and Italy pronounced territorial *status quo* res in Belgium and between liability of the said frontier of peace signed at Versailles and Belgium promised to or invade each other or

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on Lago Maggiore in southern Italy in the fall of 1925 which can be said to be still incomplete, peace treaty. And that, with regard to her western front, she recognized the results of the Locarno Conference. Germany renounced Alsace-Lorraine, which really did not belong to her. Irrevocable small strips of territory which were part of the peace treaty. With regard to her eastern front, she accepted the Peace of Versailles. And that she definitely recognized that Germany would make no attempt to annex Poland, a somewhat ironic promise when it was hoisted over the German cities and black troops of France still remained, depending on how you interpreted it, would continue to do so until 1935, Clemenceau's view, forever. But perhaps leave the Rhineland after all. And Locarno again expressly stated that Germany should never send troops and never build fortifications there again. At any time a French army could be on the German artery close by the border. And that Germany should not make a suspicious move, with clauses justifying this could always be found; if the worst came to the worst, of Versailles itself.

bayonets on the Rhine continued

for years to give Hitler occasion for mordant and popular attacks on German foreign policy; gave him occasion to make the peace hated and ridiculous. By 1928, a Czech newspaper took him seriously enough to call him a disturber of world peace; he proudly replied: 'Yes, we want to be a danger for this peace [stormy applause]. As far as in our power, we shall see to it that disorder arises, that there is no quiet in the world as long as this quiet means Germany's death.'

It was important to France as well as to Germany to have a stronger party on her side, protecting each against the other. For years France had continued to set her hopes in the security pact which had vanished in Versailles, preferably a general pact in which all had to protect all. But England was not ready to defend all Europe against all Europe. She was not even ready to enter into a one-sided defensive treaty with France; she was not willing to enter into a policy directed against Germany. In Locarno she condescended only to promise that she would come to the help of any country to whose disadvantage the Treaty of Locarno was broken: she would help France against an 'unprovoked' German attack, but Germany as well against an unprovoked French attack. Fascist Italy which wished, by sharing European responsibility, to win recognition as a 'great power,' proudly promised the same, although it did not get any advantage of its own out of the treaty. In the laconic language of Locarno: Germany, France, Belgium, England, and Italy promised to guarantee 'the maintenance of the territorial *status quo* resulting from the frontiers between Germany and Belgium and between Germany and France and the inviolability of the said frontiers as fixed by or in pursuance of the treaty of peace signed at Versailles on June 28, 1919.' France, Germany, and Belgium promised each other 'that they will in no case attack or invade each other or resort to war against each other.'

It was up to England and Italy to see to it that the pact was faithfully kept by both sides. It was expressly stated that they would have to come to the help of the attacked party (for practical purposes France) even if they were convinced 'that by reason . . . of the assembly of armed forces in the demilitarized zone immediate action is necessary.' This meant for all practical purposes: If France

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should ever evacuate the Rhineland; if Germany, after inner changes that were not yet foreseeable, should again have an army deserving the name; and if she should dare to send a part of this army into her recovered western province—then Germany was breaking the Treaty of Locarno, and England and Italy had 'immediately to come to the help' of France. But—what was 'help'?

This was prudently left undefined, and thus for practical purposes the help remained a vague word on paper. France expected an English blockade fleet on the German North Sea coast, an English army in the Channel ports, English air squadrons over the Rhine. But neither Sir Austen Chamberlain nor his legal adviser, Sir Cecil Hurst, meant anything so thundering and irresistible by their 'help.' They thought of sharp, diplomatic notes, a shaming condemnation of the aggressor by international conferences, at most the calling-in of credits, the severance of commercial or even diplomatic relations. England, dreaming away in her island, with her eyes turned toward five continents and seven oceans, could not make up her mind to see the absolute focus of current history and her own fate in these three hundred miles along the Rhine. Yet in this European isthmus of nations where France and Germany touched through a relatively narrow breach in the wall of little neutral states, the fate of mankind was being decided. Forty million Frenchmen then (1925) faced sixty-six million Germans—could the future of the remaining twenty-four hundred million inhabitants of the globe depend on these one hundred and six millions? It did; but observers outside of the Continent simply could not grasp the fact.

Even less could the world realize that its fate, for example, should depend on the existence and prosperity of Poland and Czechoslovakia—these countries no bigger than pin-points, scarcely visible amid the oceans and continents? These small and medium states in the East owed their immediate origin to the war against Germany and the Peace of Versailles had expressly thrust them into the flank of Germany like thorns. But left to themselves, Poland and Czechoslovakia clung rather helplessly to the feet of the German giant, who was slowly awakening from the paralysis of defeat and beginning to move again. At the same time a new life

was beginning to stir in the giant of the East, the Soviet Union.

In 1920, Polish armies were driven back to Warsaw by the same enemies, detached and approached one another at Wladimir Maiakovsky, dreamed of the day when they would grasp each other in a little drop of sweat that would be the end of the world.

In the West the French were by the throat. As long as the world, was deep in the mire and the political leadership founded the welfare of the world on weakness, upon the strength of the French.

But was France strong enough to land's aid; in her fear of a highly ambiguous prospect of needful help, be expected through the fragile France by no means to receive aid from others; the isolation, but the other wanted to help—this arose.

This self-deceptive of solemn promises guaranteed the security because the import of should no longer guarantee East. This at least support from the renthless, promised aid sary without the agreement.

And Germany? The expression 'the maintenance

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In 1920, Polish armies had advanced as far as Kiev in the Ukraine, were driven back to Warsaw and then advanced again. Pressed by the same enemies, defeated Germany and torn Russia had approached one another and finally concluded their treaty of Rapallo; Wladimir Maiakovsky, the poet laureate of the Soviet Union, had dreamed of the day when the German and the Russian proletarian would grasp each other's hand and Poland 'will be nothing but the little drop of sweat that remains when strong men shake hands.'

In the West the French military still had the German giant firmly by the throat. As long as Marshal Foch's army, then the first in the world, was deep in Germany, the German might was paralyzed; and the political leadership of Poland as of Czechoslovakia had founded the welfare of their states upon Germany's paralysis and weakness, upon the strength and help of France.

But was France strong? She herself constantly appealed to England's aid; in her fear she had even contented herself with the highly ambiguous promises of Locarno. Could this power, herself needful of help, be expected to help others? The truth which shines through the fragile psychology of all these alliances was this: France by no means counted on giving aid, but wanted to receive aid from others; the others, however, made exactly the same calculation, but the other way around. Each wanted help, but none wanted to help — this was fully proved when a serious situation arose.

This self-deceptive playing with the danger again took the form of solemn promises at Locarno. France promised. Again she guaranteed the security of her allies in the East; and precisely because the import of the entire Locarno system was that France should no longer guarantee the security of the small states in the East. This at least was England's wish. She expressly withheld support from the renewed promises of France. But France, nevertheless, promised aid to Poland as well as Czechoslovakia, if necessary without the agreement of the League of Nations.

And Germany? She had recognized her western frontier in the expression 'the maintenance of the territorial *status quo*'; but in the

Treaty of Locarno there is no corresponding phrase which refers to the East, and this missing phrase one day would prove as fateful to Poland as the other seven words seemed comforting for France. Germany finally renounced Alsace-Lorraine, but she did not renounce the Polish Corridor or Upper Silesia—limiting all her promises to the assurance that anyway she would not use force.

1919 England had not demanded that she renounce these things. Even at Versailles, England had fought against the establishment of Poland, against her excessive territory, against the Polish Corridor, and against giving Upper Silesia to Poland. Lloyd George had contemptuously called Poland 'a state for a season.' He had been defeated by Woodrow Wilson and Clemenceau; but English statesmen had not ceased to regard Poland as a hotbed, a useless source of dangers and wars, a disturber of the peace which only lured Germany to ally herself with Soviet Russia. Too weak even as a protective wall against Russian Bolshevism, Poland by her provocative geographic situation prevented Germany from adopting a clear anti-Russian and hence anti-Communist policy; by her very existence she represented a constant menace of future war and was not worth it—this roughly describes the English attitude toward Poland.

And what if Germany or Russia or both should attack Poland? French aid was promised. Yes, but in this way France robbed herself of English support and would have to attend to Germany alone. For England promised her support to the French in Locarno only if France were first attacked by Germany; but if the French came to the help of the Poles, it would be the French themselves who attacked Germany. Then, according to the letter of the treaty, Germany could even appeal to English aid. But what counted even more than the wording of the treaty was its purpose and this was clear: England wanted to protect neither Poland nor Czechoslovakia; to the best of her ability, she would also prevent France from helping them.

Poland herself had the feeling that despite all the fine promises of France she had been sacrificed at Locarno. In the Warsaw parliament, sharp words fell. After the Treaty of Locarno, Poland began to move away from democracy, first in domestic, then in foreign

politics. Seven months later, Poland and national he Like Mussolini in his ally with parliament Minister of War; act from year to year. A Poland—as in so many democracies, the epoch of extinguished which national freedom with and French revolution Polish state to life with racy vanished, some i Henceforth the army of officers; it has been expanding Poland it was embodied by retirement many after the World armed party of freebooters of an armed party of come politicians; in I Pilsudski, the marshal a military man, but as armed bohemia had come

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politics. Seven months later, Poland and national hero Józef Piłsudski. Like Mussolini in his early days, Piłsudski was minister of War; act from year to year. A Poland—as in so many other respects—democracy, the epoch of extinguished which had national freedom with and French revolution. Polish state to life with democracy vanished, some. Henceforth the army of officers; it has been expanding Poland it was embodied by retirement many after the World War. Armed party of freedom of an armed party of come politicians; in 1918 Piłsudski, the marshal, a military man, but as armed bohemia had come.

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politics. Seven months after Locarno, Joseph Pilsudski, Marshal of Poland and national hero, overthrew the rule of the democratic parties. Like Mussolini in his beginnings, Pilsudski continued to rule formally with parliament; formally he was most of the time only Minister of War; actually he was dictator, expanding his power from year to year. A piece of the modern world began to die in Poland—as in so many other countries: the world of national democracy, the epoch of the liberal national uprising. An ideal was extinguished which had shone for a century: the association of national freedom with the immortal human rights of the American and French revolutions. The political leaders who had brought the Polish state to life with the help of French and American democracy vanished, some in exile, some in prison, a few by murder. Henceforth the army ruled. 'Army,' here as always, means a circle of officers; it has been called a régime of 'colonels'—in victorious, expanding Poland it was the same human type which in Germany was embodied by retired or active captains and majors. In Germany after the World War the army had disintegrated into an armed party of freebooters; in Poland it had arisen in the war out of an armed party of freebooters. In Germany the officers had become politicians; in Poland, the politicians had become officers; Pilsudski, the marshal and hero of this troop, did not start out as a military man, but as a Socialist agitator—in one word: in 1926 armed bohemia had come to power in Poland.

In spite of its limitations and shortcomings Locarno was a remarkable success for Stresemann's foreign policy; another step on Germany's way back to the rank of a great power; it prepared her entry into the League of Nations. Meanwhile, Hitler's business—not a very thankful one—was to convince the masses that they were doing badly while actually they were getting along fairly well: 'That the development is downward in a straight line,' was no very impressive prophecy at a moment when the speaker himself had to admit that 'business is temporarily reviving.' Again, as in the early days of 1923, he flayed the 'spineless masses eaten with decay'; their rule, the rule of the majority, he declared, 'could only open the door to stupidity and cowardice; it must lead with mathematical certainty to the dissolution of the entire foundation of our force and strength.'

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And then the hardest blow fell: the 'decay' went so far as to hoist the national banner.

new
 In spring, 1925, Friedrich Ebert, the Social Democratic President of Germany, died. As candidates for his successor the parties of the Right put forward Paul von Beneckendorff and Hindenburg, the old field marshal, the supposed general-in-chief in the World War. This living monument of the 'heroic lie' had for some time after the war acted as a shield and a tool for stronger schemers—not without finding its own advantage in it. After the German Army had gone astray in the last days of 1918, a group of generals and other officers had wandered through Germany, settled first in the western German city of Kassel, then in Kolberg on the Baltic. This wandering band of officers was the German General Staff, hence the soul of the army and in those days for all intents and purposes the army itself. Everywhere they dragged their venerable field marshal with them like a totem; it was then that Kurt von Schleicher had his idea of the 'Free Corps.' In June, 1919, when President Ebert telephoned Hindenburg to inquire whether he, the responsible leader of the largely disbanded army, considered resistance against the hard peace terms of Versailles to be possible, the marshal silently left the room, pretending a physical need, and his chief of staff, Groener, had to tell Ebert that resistance was hopeless; afterward Hindenburg came back into the room and said to Groener: 'Now you have taken this responsibility, too, upon yourself.' When the war seemed lost in the military sense, Hindenburg, on Ludendorff's advice, had hastily requested an armistice because he did not know whether the front could still hold another day; a year and a half later, Hindenburg, evidently instructed by others, launched the slogan that the German front had been 'knifed from behind' by treason. Running for President, he let his election propaganda men promise that he would restore the fortunes destroyed by inflation; afterward there was no further mention of this.

Why Hindenburg? Because he was a general, because he represented the army, the war, or the Kaiser? Very few people in Germany would have tolerated the Kaiser or even one of his sons. Very few voted for Ludendorff, the real World War chief, when he ran in the first elections. Essentially Hindenburg was elected pre-

cisely because he had not staked his life like an invisible insect and cried, unheard, him our people's wisdom and honesty of the instinctively knew before face with its cold than the greatness of tainty that the warrior that the first great ment; but also they last defeats. He had the republic; the legend on the fact that he concrete while every

In 1925, when he began for the German voter it was not mind and order. It was Britain in England brought care, to the help, an Coolidge; this same Poland, and General the same it was a million 000 votes; his democratic bloc. But for enemy; and above Social Democracy.

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Ebert, the Social Democratic Presidential candidates for his successor the parties of von Beneckendorff and Hindenburg, proposed general-in-chief in the World War of the 'heroic lie' had for some time been a tool for stronger schemers — an advantage in it. After the German last days of 1918, a group of generals moved through Germany, settled first in Cassel, then in Kolberg on the Baltic. Ebert was the German General Staff, and in those days for all intents and purposes where they dragged their venerable a totem; it was then that Kurt von Hindenburg, 'Free Corps.' In June, 1919, when Hindenburg to inquire whether he, the newly disbanded army, considered the terms of Versailles to be possible, Ebert, pretending a physical need, and to tell Ebert that resistance was hopeless came back into the room and said to Ebert this responsibility, too, upon your- self. In the military sense, Hindenburg, hastily requested an armistice because the front could still hold another day; a burg, evidently instructed by others, the German front had been 'knifed' from the President, he let his election propaganda restore the fortunes destroyed and no further mention of this.

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cisely because he had not been chief in the lost war and because he had not staked life and death on his Kaiser. When Hitler crawled like an invisible insect about the feet of the gigantic artificial figure and cried, unheard, that Hindenburg should be elected because 'in him our people's will for liberty is coupled with the righteousness and honesty of the greatest models in our history,' the masses instinctively knew better. They sensed that this square mustached face with its cold eyes represented much more the mediocrity than the greatness of German history; they knew almost with certainty that the warrior's brain they had admired was not behind it; that the first great victories were not Hindenburg's accomplishment; but also they knew that he had not been to blame for the last defeats. He had sworn an oath to the Kaiser, but then served the republic; the legend of loyalty that clung to him was based only on the fact that he remained stolid and untouched as a block of concrete while everyone around him fell or fled.

In 1925, when he was elected President, a new segment of history began for the German Army. But in the sentiment of the German voter it was not militarism that triumphed, but bourgeoisism, law and order. It was basically the same bourgeois need of security that in England brought Stanley Baldwin, in France Raymond Poincaré, to the helm, and that thrived in the United States under Calvin Coolidge; this same spirit favored Mussolini in Italy, Pilsudski in Poland, and General Primo de Rivera, then dictator of Spain. All the same it was a minority that elected Hindenburg. He got 14,600,000 votes; his democratic opponent, 13,700,000; the candidate of the Communists about 2,000,000; Hindenburg would have been defeated if these two million had not been diverted from the democratic bloc. But for the Communists, democracy remained the main enemy; and above all the democratic party of the workers, the Social Democracy.

It was a prosperous time. Germany was making a mighty domestic effort, overhauling her whole industry from top to bottom. The Germans studied American production methods, introduced the conveyor belt, thus appreciably increasing their productive power. The German chemical industry, which had always been especially efficient, had already, during the World War, produced

large quantities of nitrogen by a newly discovered process; now a way was found to transform coal into gasoline; methods were studied for manufacturing artificial rubber, for making textiles out of plant fibers and a metal substitute out of milk. Steel production, which in 1920 had amounted to 8,500,000 tons, rose in 1927 to 16,300,000; iron production in the same period rose from 6,300,000 to 13,100,000 tons; in the same period English steel production remained static at 9,000,000 tons, that of iron actually fell from 8,000,000 to 7,200,000 tons.

In the years from 1924 to 1928 German industry was rebuilt with much energy and genius. That remarkable machine was created from which post-republican Germany was able to draw so much military strength. The rest of the world helped with large loans; certainly not from altruism, but because Germany paid abnormally high interest; German municipal loans, some of which were floated in foreign markets, paid as high as eight per cent. At all events, Germany was in large part restored through foreign capital. At the end of 1927, Germany's long-term indebtedness again amounted to 5,500,000,000 marks, and the short-term foreign indebtedness was not much lower. But in 'reparations' she had to pay an annual sum which in 1928 rose to 2,500,000,000 marks and was expected to go on indefinitely. It was an interesting circle: American money poured into Germany, Germany paid reparations, chiefly to France, but also to England; France and England paid their war debts to America.

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Röhm at an earlier day, he said contemptuously: 'What we face today is Marxist masses of humanity, not German people' — the twenty thousand, according to report, 'applauded loudly.'

And yet there was no reason to despair. He only had to look beyond the border; there he, as well as everybody, could see what was coming for Germany. For even before the world knew the name of Hitler, dictatorship covered a larger area than democracy on the map of Europe. In 1926, the dictatorship of a party apparatus ruled in Russia and was moving rapidly toward the dictatorship of a single man; Lithuania and Poland were governed by dictatorships; it was a matter of taste whether to call the systems prevailing in Hungary, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, and Greece oligarchy or dictatorship — it certainly was not democracy; a dictator modernized Turkey; a dictator held Spain in questionable peace and order; the darling and white-haired boy among all these dictators ruled clamorously over Italy, admired and publicly praised even by the democrats of other countries, by Sir Austen Chamberlain and Winston Churchill.

This was the state of affairs eight years after the war which had been fought to make the world safe for democracy. But in the mid-twenties the leading men of all democracies saw the most important problem in making the world safe for construction, economy, and capital; and for this greater stability of political conditions, a mild or even drastic restriction of democracy often seemed expedient, at times indispensable. The economic leaders who took the leadership from the politicians were no democratic doctrinaires, especially where internal conditions in foreign countries were involved.

In those years Alfred Rosenberg liked to show in the *Völkischer Beobachter* that Mussolini was dependent on Jewish finance capital, particularly the Jewish finance capital of America — he believed that American banking was in Jewish hands. Julius Streicher called the Italian dictator simply a Jewish hireling, apparently expressing Hitler's thought. It is certain that international finance in that period and for a long time to come was overwhelmingly friendly to dictatorship. But what probably most of the present and future dictators really thought was expressed by Rosenberg as early as 1927 at the first Party Day in Nuremberg: 'The gold currency of the Jewish world

state must be overthrown. This would be the strongest blow against Wall Street which would then have waged the World War for nothing.' Against Wall Street and against Bolshevism, intrinsically the same thing — with somewhat modified terminology Rosenberg repeated what Houston Stewart Chamberlain had written to Wilhelm II at the beginning of the century: that Germany must defend herself 'against drowning in the waves of a Yankified Anglo-Saxondom and a Tartarized Slavdom.' And as he had learned it from Chamberlain, Rosenberg passed it on to the S.A. men in Nuremberg: 'In the treasure vaults of Wall Street lies the blood of twelve million men of the white race coined into gold. There is no freedom for Europe before this world state and its financial power are broken for good.'

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Chapter XII

'FEW FLAMES BURN IN GERMANY'

IN THESE SOFT YEARS, EVEN HITLER SUCCUMBED TO the temptations of the age. In public he remained the prophet of doom; but in his private life he could not help enjoying the blessings of what seemed to be a time of peace and ease.

He lived in a little house on the 'Obersalzberg,' above the market village of Berchtesgaden; to some extent a hide-out from which he could escape at any time into near-by Austria if the German police should again be on his heels. Since his Vienna days he had feared the police like any tramp. He now strove passionately for what Nature had denied him: an orderly domestic life. If he publicly swore that he meant to observe the laws strictly, he meant it more seriously than friend or foe suspected. At the Feldherrn Halle, he had learned his lesson. The restless spirit still hungered for power, but the unassuming mortal had a need for peace and quiet. He wanted to achieve power in a quiet way, without risk or personal danger. He no longer wanted to fight and play for high stakes; he wanted to 'grow organically and with mathematical certainty' into power—even if it took ten years! 'Perhaps we are only fore-runners,' he sometimes said comfortably. 'Twenty or even a hundred years may pass before the National Socialist idea is victorious; those who believe in the ideal today may die: what is a man in the development of a people, of mankind?'

(P) D.T. It was impossible to be
 certain whether he was humiliated
 or enjoying a colossal run.

1924, 1929, 1922, 1925

He wanted to live in orderly, legal circumstances. With Franz Gürtner, the Minister of Justice, his eternal protector, he devised a trick to obtain permission to speak again in public. Hitler solemnly declared to the Bavarian government that he would never again make a *putsch*. How many times had he promised this? But this time he was serious and honest. Gürtner put his permission to speak through the Bavarian cabinet in 1926, while in Prussia the Social Democratic government did not allow him to appear in public until 1929, with the result that — on Prussian territory — he could speak only under the not very iron fist of the French occupation authorities in the Rhineland, who probably thought that an opponent of the Berlin government in any case had to be treated nicely.

Furthermore, Hitler wanted to become a German citizen and not have to tremble forever at the thought of deportation. Although he had publicly sworn that he would never beg for a citizenship that should have been his for his deeds on the battlefield, he let his friend, Wilhelm Frick, the former deputy of the police president, make secret inquiries with the Bavarian government in 1929. But this was too much even for Gürtner's influence. The Bavarian government coldly refused.

27. * Hitler now established a kind of family. It was not he himself who rented the mountain villa of 'Wachenfeld' on the Obersalzberg, but his half-sister, Angela Raubal. The half-buried, strange family history began to revive. For twelve years his people had heard nothing of him. In 1922 on a visit to Austria he had seen his sisters again. Angela was widowed. Now in 1925 she came to Berchtesgaden, rented the villa, and kept house for her brother. With her came her seventeen-year-old daughter, also named Angela; 619 a pretty, almost too blooming creature, with an immense crown of blond hair, a beauty inclining even then to the stately side, cheerful and apparently unneurotic.

And so he dwelt in his border hide-out, still half a fugitive from the police; always in fear of the unknown murderer in the big cities. When he appeared in Munich, he moved through the streets, armed with a heavy dog whip, always prepared to strike. But what tormented him most was fear of material poverty. The question of his personal existence occupied him far more than before. Though

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1926, 1929, 1922, 1924
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in other things he still understood nothing about money, he had at least learned that it meant independence. And in those years on the magic mountain it dawned on him, a man in his late thirties, that private life could also have its glamour. With Angela, his niece, Geli for short, he rode through the countryside from time to time, showing the blond child how 'Uncle Alf' could bewitch the masses and scare his lieutenants out of their wits; he commanded and raged before her eyes, he was kind or grim, and felt as happy as a romantic tribune of the people in a bad play.

The lieutenants, most of whom led frugal lives, were irritated; most of all, they resented his money-making. In 1926 he told Gauleiter Munder in Württemberg that Mussolini had invited him to call on him in Italy. 'Go at once!' was Munder's advice. 'No,' was the Führer's answer; 'to impress Mussolini I would have to arrive with at least three automobiles — I just haven't got them yet.' There was always ample pomp around him, and it was one of his master accomplishments that he was able to conceal his own comfortable person in a gray legend of frugality and even asceticism. On the lieutenants, of course, he could put nothing over. They openly accused him of drawing too much money from the party. This was at a provincial Party Day in Stuttgart in 1925. What, he — he drew too much money? Could anyone deny that he never took a penny of the thousands of marks that his big meetings brought in? True, this money actually went to the party, but not to the *gaus*; inexorably it went to the central office in Munich where Hitler's party treasurer, Franz Xaver Schwarz, took it from the *gauleiters* with an iron fist.

But Hitler himself had another way of earning money; he wrote newspaper articles which, in the opinion of everyone excepting himself, were among the worst products of German journalism, and could not be compared to his speeches — precisely because they were essentially speeches written down. And for these articles he demanded gigantic fees of the party's miserable provincial dailies and weeklies. 'Yes, indeed,' he said when called to account, 'I accept payment for these articles and good payment; after all, I am not the employee of our enterprise, I am its founder and leader.' This, too, for Munder's benefit, but the discontented *gauleiter* refused to

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be gagged. He ventured to hint that it might be better if Hitler were not always accompanied by the blond creature who did not fit into the modest social circumstances of the National Socialist province. This was too much for Hitler. Were they going to forbid him his private life? Was Munder drawing an innocent young girl into the debate? Attacking a defenseless woman? If this *gauleiter* was such a petty bourgeois, he was useless; with fine morals and family feeling you do not build up a National Socialist movement. The quarrel went on for years; finally Munder was dismissed (1928).

The beauty of life, independence, money! That was the deepest reason why Hitler sat on his magic mountain, left the party more or less to its vicissitudes, and piled up the pages of a thick manuscript. In 1922, he had sat down to write a work to be entitled *A Reckoning*. What he meant was a reckoning with his own friends, the lukewarm and the three-quarters warm, the apparent allies and bitter rivals. Dietrich Eckart had already written a book about him. It was called *Bolshevism from Moses to Lenin*; Hitler, introduced as a speaker, explains how Judah tried to conquer the world; first with the help of the Ten Commandments; then (this was only hinted rather shamefacedly) by Christianity; finally through Marxism and Bolshevism; for Hitler and Eckart had no doubt that Lenin was a Jew. Then Gottfried Feder, the 'breaker of interest-slavery,' had written a book about the party aims and arrogated to himself the right to proclaim and interpret the basic doctrine of National Socialism as the highest intellectual arbiter; he had not even bothered himself about the sacred party program of the twenty-five points, but based his book on a draft program which he himself had written in the old days. He had declared the diabolical omnipotence of banking capital, Judah's world domination through loan interest, to be the key to world history. Alfred Rosenberg, embittered over so much dry economics, had thereupon himself written a book about the aims of the party, holding strictly to the twenty-five points; following his teacher Chamberlain, he laid far more emphasis on race in world history, the inequality of human types, the superiority of the Germanic. But in one thing the rivals had been tacitly agreed: there must be an intellectual authority

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' which would definitely fix the party's aims; and Hitler, the great orator and strategist, was not this intellectual authority.

Thus he, too, had to write something and that was how he began his book, *A Reckoning*. The underlying thought of the first chapter arose unconsciously and characteristically: Hitler described his own youth. He saw it as a hard struggle for self-assertion and self-education. In his account he became a symbol of the socially and politically oppressed German masses; he himself was a victim of German fragmentation, a victim of the racial conquest of Germany by inferior peoples, particularly the Jews. In his person he had borne Germany's suffering — as he saw it. A metaphysical line runs through the book, not always easy to find amid all the vulgar vilification and barren, long-winded meditations; here a man seeks for God and discovers himself. This is exactly what had happened to Soloviev's Antichrist; he too, like Hitler, had written in his thirty-third year, a book in which he claimed to be the Savior.

For the book tried to give an answer to the question of the meaning of life, and that is its significance; this is far more important than the particular political remarks, which for the most part have been taken too seriously. The actual content of the confused book is that young Hitler thanked God on his knees for the World War; that he declared success to be the highest criterion of right and wrong; that he regarded the pitiless extermination of the weak as the premise of all culture; that he demanded the immersion of the individual in the nation; and that finally the nation, in turn, like a thinning mist, is sucked up by the radiance of the individual genius shining over all things.

He wrote a good part of the work in the fortress of Landsberg, dictating it at first to his friend, Emil Maurice, later to Rudolf Hess. Hess did more than take dictation. He was then twenty-seven, a man of flawless manners. His admiration for Hitler filled his whole person and, like an expert secretary, he tried to make everything as easy as possible for the author; when Hitler's flow of thoughts clogged or his store of knowledge was wanting, Hess was rich in helpful suggestions. Having enjoyed a fair academic education, Hess had a mature contempt for bloated school learning; he found it right and proper that his leader — who far surpassed him in sheer

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Intelligence — had not stuffed his own head too full; he also found it right and proper that Hitler should avail himself of his friend's knowledge where it suited him and leave it unused where it did not suit him.

At Munich University there was then a former German general who, before the World War, had spent some time in Tokyo on a diplomatic mission; he had become a professor and lectured on a new science which he called geo-politics. This professor and retired general, Karl Haushofer, was the teacher and friend of Rudolf Hess; he was an occasional guest at Landsberg, and Hitler and Hess were certainly stimulated by their conversations with him; Hitler's 'space as a factor of power,' is Haushofer's expression. But this does not mean that Haushofer was 'Hitler's guiding brain' as he has sometimes been called. The essential parts of the book do not deal with foreign policy or military geography, but with race, political education, the building of a spiritual force at home. Hitler always insisted on the predominance of domestic politics over foreign policy; holding that the former determined the latter.

Hence far too much has been read into the so-called foreign policy chapters of the book. No statesman is in a position to indicate ten years in advance what he is going to do later; on the pathless fields of politics one cannot proceed by schedule like an engineer. The whole work is essentially a loud argument with the author's closest friends and associates, with the moderate nationalist parties, the so-called bourgeoisie, and with his own party friends, Feder, Röhm, Gregor Strasser.

Hitler's strongest hold on his party in these times was the ownership of the party's paper, the *Völkischer Beobachter*. But the paper did not make money. Max Amann, in a practical sense the most important of his collaborators, was now business manager of the *Völkischer Beobachter*, paid his editorial workers starvation wages, gave them prodigious amounts of work to do, and had furious arguments with Alfred Rosenberg. The two threw scissors and inkwells at each other's head. The paper must be sensational, Amann demanded; it must politically educate our members, said Rosenberg, whom God had not created to be a newspaperman. 'I spit on the members; business comes first,' Amann cried back; and he said the

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same thing to his leader, Hitler. Now and then Hitler, sick of
 working and eager for companionship, would appear in Munich;
 he would rage through the shabby party office above the *Beobachter's*
 printshop, keeping the employees away from their work with end-
 less speeches. Max Amann, none too respectfully, would drive him
 back to Berchtesgaden, for 'the book has to come out in the fall, or
else the booksellers will cancel their orders.'

And so here he was back in Berchtesgaden, writing, or dictating
 at the typewriter either to Hess, or to his niece, Geli. Of course, it
 was impossible that the book should be what Amann wanted: a
history of the unsuccessful putsch of 1923. Hitler lacked the narra-
tive gift to tell the story; but even if he had wanted to, he could
not have spoken openly for fear of the Bavarian government and
even more of the Reichswehr. Thus the book contained no sen-
sational revelations. Publisher and public were both disappointed;
 but to Hitler even less than to most men was it given to speak of
 himself with critical honesty.

In course of writing, the book had grown beyond the original
 plan of the 'reckoning.' Hitler next wanted to call it 'Four and a
 Half Years of Struggle Against Lies, Stupidity, and Cowardice.'
 From this ponderous phrase Amann gleaned a short, striking title:
Mein Kampf ('My Struggle').

The first volume was published in June 1925. It cost twelve
marks (approximately three dollars), double the normal German
book price. Amann claimed to have sold twenty-three thousand
 copies in the first year, but this is an extremely doubtful boast. Even
 Hitler's best friends said: Yes, he is an amazing speaker, probably a
 great leader, perhaps even a political genius—but it's a pity that
 he had to write this stupid book. *Mein Kampf* does not effectively
 argue Hitler's cause, because the author does not dare to express
 his innermost thought: that he himself is the greatest figure in his-
 tory. The keynote of the book is the noisy style which signifies: Be
 silent, you others, I alone am right; disappear, I am the only one
 who matters. Trifles are said two or three times, adjectives prefer-
 ably doubled. A man is 'honorable and upright,' an outlook is
 'national and patriotic.' In the first edition the first volume is writ-
 ten almost in dialect, and the spelling is by no means above re-

proach. Endless heaps of substantives are intended to cover over the jargon of the Vienna lodging-house. Hitler uses few verbs, for he seldom says what happens; he always tries to create an image with his own luminous figure striding through columns of majestic substantives. He has enriched the German language with a dozen of the most hideous foreign words (hideous especially because they are not really at home in any language of the world). But even this terrifying style is not his own creation; it is borrowed from Richard Wagner's prose writings; both authors take to elaborate bombast because they fear to betray or commit themselves by a simple word. The author speaks even when he thinks nothing at all; one of the most priceless examples of empty babbling is the beginning of the tenth chapter of the first volume. In the whole book hardly a single actual fact is related tangibly and credibly. Houston Stewart Chamberlain had once said: 'The frivolity with which such an artist-spirit treats facts is inspired in him by the certainty that he will penetrate to a higher truth regardless from what premises he starts; therefore he takes the best that he can assimilate.' With Richard Wagner in mind, Chamberlain foreshadowed a whole school which falsifies facts and calls the result higher truth.

Mein Kampf did little to establish Hitler's intellectual authority in his party; in fact the party sailed along almost rudderless during nineteen-twenty-five and twenty-six. The Führer wrote his book, worked for his newspapers, issued leading articles, occasionally spoke at meetings; but in these years another man grew to be the real leader: Gregor Strasser. He was the ideal type of armed intellectual; a former wartime officer, though no professional soldier, but an enthusiast, almost a gourmet in matters of civil war; at the same time an idealist. He owned a drugstore in Landshut, Bavaria, which he sold in 1924 to devote himself entirely to the business of National Socialist leadership; his aim was to push Hitler aside and replace him. A big, heavy man; in contrast to Hitler, an unusually monolithic type, in whom everything, gestures as well as voice, was energetic; he was ponderously loyal to his plans once they were formed, while Hitler was devious and unstable; insensitive to light winds, unable to foresee storms. For a time borne high

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by the wave, he missed the moment for the leap which might have
 assured him a place in history. Like Hitler in his early years, he
 was inspired by an almost boyish pleasure in political activity and
 work among the masses. Lacking Hitler's oratorical gift, he pos-
essed something just as rare: the power to move an audience by his
very personality. His career provides one more example of the
 trifles which sometimes determine historical destiny. As deputy in
 the German Reichstag, Strasser enjoyed parliamentary immunity
 and free travel on the German railways. In contrast to Hitler he
could travel for nothing and insult people with impunity. It was a
 big thing to be able to call your opponent a traitor to the nation
 and a thief in the bargain—and to do so, today here, tomorrow
 more than six hundred miles away, without a penny's traveling ex-
 penses—and without fear of the courts. At that time the radio
 was virtually unavailable for political speeches, since in Germany it
 belonged exclusively to the state. Free travel and free slander—
Strasser had a big headstart over his Führer.

This bon vivant, a lover of struggle and of girls, alcohol, cards
 and sports as well, now reached for the leadership of the party; he
founded so-called 'party gau's,' that is provincial groups, had gau-
leiters elected who, he hoped, would be personally devoted to him,
and worked out a program which he intended to force on the party.
He had a helper in a volatile young man, little suited to the clique
of freebooters, but fitting in perfectly with the bohemians. It is
 hard to classify this young man, for he was actually nothing—not
 even a former lieutenant or ensign, not even a corporal. Nature had
 given him a crippled foot; though seventeen at the outbreak of the
 World War, he had not been taken into the army. He had studied
literature and philosophy at six universities, had lived on a scholar-
ship from the Catholic 'Albertus Magnus Society,' and had later
written film scripts which were never accepted; he had offered a
'culture-Bolshevistic' publishing house in Berlin a novel which had
been rejected; according to his own story, he had secretly fought
the army of occupation in his native Khenish city during the Ruhr
War—but most of his later comrades did not believe this. Now,
 despite his six universities, he was nothing at all; that is, he was an
 'editor' of a National Socialist weekly. His name was Paul Joseph
 Goebbels.

A second aide of Strasser's was his brother Otto; better educated, less a man of action and speech, more of a writer; if possible, more ambitious and conscious of his aim than Gregor, whom he drove on.

The Strassers and Goebbels now founded a Strasser party in the Hitler party. Its program was and-capitalistic, even nihilistic. Germany must be built up in a socialist 'corporate form'; everything opposed to this goal would be shattered in a great cataclysm; and it was the aim of the National Socialists to hasten this cataclysm. What Gregor Strasser meant by the cataclysm was an alliance of Germany with Bolshevik Russia, with Gandhi's rebellious India, with the anti-British Soviet-supported revolutionary movement of China, with the Kuomintang under the leadership of Chiang Kai-shek. In short, with all the forces of destruction against democracy; with the 'young,' in part colored, peoples of the East against the declining West; with Bolshevism against capitalism; with—as Houston Stewart Chamberlain would have put it—the Tartarized Slavs against Wall Street, with world doom against Versailles.

'The class struggle, like all things, has its two sides,' said Goebbels publicly, and among friends he insisted that the National Socialist Party must above all be socialist and proletarian. He wrote an open letter to a Communist opponent, assuring him that Communism was really the same thing as National Socialism: 'You and I are fighting one another, but we are not really enemies. Our forces are split up and we never reach our goal.'

Strasser and Goebbels believed in 1925 that the party belonged to the proletariat; Hitler intended that the party should capture the proletariat and hold it in check; especially that fifty per cent of the proletariat which 'glorify theft, call high treason a duty, regard courageous defense of the fatherland as an idiocy, call religion opium for the people.' They actually are enemies within: 'Fifty per cent have no other wish but to smash the state; they consciously feel themselves to be advance guards of a foreign state'—and rightly so; for 'we must not forget that our nation is racially composed of the most varied elements; the slogan "Proletarians of all countries, unite!" is a demonstration of the will of men who do possess a certain kinship with analogous nations of a lower cultural level.'

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FEW FLAMES BURN IN GERMANY

In 1926, Hitler promised the employers — as he had in 1920: 'We stand for the maintenance of private property. . . . We shall protect free enterprise as the most expedient, or rather the sole possible, economic order.' At the same time Strasser and Goebbels wanted to put an end to the free economy. On November 22, 1925, the two of them called their North German *gauleiters* to the city of Hanover and proclaimed their program, and one of those assembled, Bernhard Rust, a school-teacher (later Minister of Education), cried out that they would take no more orders from the 'Pope' in Munich. Gottfried Feder came to supervise the meeting at Hitler's behest; Goebbels demanded the ejection of 'this idiot' from the hall. Of all the North Germans only one came out openly for Hitler: Doctor Robert Ley, the chemist from Cologne.

So far Gregor Strasser, with the help of his railroad pass, had made progress in his fight for the party leadership. Hitler countered in the same style. On February 14, 1926, he summoned the *gauleiters* to the South German city of Bamberg. Those who now came were mostly South Germans, leaders of older *gangs* who had not been personally appointed by Strasser; the journey was too long and above all too costly for the North Germans.

A great word battle ensued between Hitler and Strasser. The issues were the workers, socialism or free economy, the alliance with Soviet Russia, the concept of revolution: Shall we create chaos, or shall we 'legally' worm our way to power? We are against the old bourgeois world — in this Hitler and Strasser were agreed. But what does this mean in a serious situation? And things were getting serious. A mighty popular movement was at that time rolling through all Germany, far more powerful than National Socialism; it aimed at preventing the former German princes from retaining a good part of their so-called private property, which in some cases amounted to hundreds of millions and was private only in name, being actually state property appropriated in former times. A plebiscite was ordered; it was a popular moral uprising, and Gregor Strasser declared: As National Socialists we belong to this popular uprising. . . .

At that time Hitler received each month a sum of fifteen hundred marks from the divorced Duchess Eduard von Sachsen-Anhalt.

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The noble lady had been divorced from the former ruling duke; but she still received from the large ducal estate a comparatively small allowance of two thousand marks monthly. Hitler had been able to persuade the none too intelligent woman to send him regularly three quarters of this income; he had convinced her that when he came to power he would make her a duchess again. She was not his only noble patron; the former Duke of Sachsen-Koburg-Gotha, a half Englishman, was another. Hitler was also fighting for his own money when he fought for the money of the princes. As always when nothing better occurred to him, he said: the movement against the princes was a Jewish swindle.

The entire propertied classes took the part of the princes, foremost among them the propertied Jews; rabbis publicly came out for the nobles, and the majority of the German Jews doubtless proved Goebbels right in saying that '...the Jewish question is more complicated than people think.' The plebiscite became for many a struggle for or against private property. Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, considered by many the restorer of the German currency, who owed his position as president of the Reichsbank to his membership in the Democratic Party, now made use of the excellent opportunity to resign with much noise from this party, because it had not come out energetically enough for the sanctity of the princes' property. Meanwhile, in Bamberg Hitler declared that the plebiscite was an attack of the 'subhuman' against the élite and this must be true even if—as Hitler did not hesitate to admit—quite a few of the princes were not very much 'élite.'

Suddenly Goebbels stood up and stammered with emotion: yes, he saw that he had been wrong. The Führer in his address had disclosed fundamentally new paths. He must be followed; this was no Damascus. Strasser did not follow, but his best supporter had left him; he was clearly beaten. When the session was ended, the former captain, Franz Felix Pfeffer von Salomon, at that time supreme leader of the storm troops, came up to Goebbels and said: 'Listen, I am no Socialist, but what you did today was an unspeakable betrayal of your friends!' Goebbels had gone over to the princes' money. To the two Strassers he declared, publicly and in writing, that they were 'revolutionaries of the big mouth.' He

bade them 'study, and that he is more than Divine Will which is active joy.'

When Goebbels is old, no longer a child, to Berchtesgaden. Goebbels met Hess and Rosenburg, declared him to be the friends with Schwarz, found a man who could arduously cultivated himself. 'A man who burns himself, the act was piled on him.'

Goebbels was a man well as Hitler, if not better. Both came from poor start in life. But Goebbels how to adapt and in Hitler would simply find a community of fate, and a younger man copied hobbies, partly because career, and partly because the party leader and firm. Actually Goebbels he achieved full certain minority that knew the highest power, provided lie, betrayal, or act of violence, conversations of February shown a wild contagious so willing and unquestioning Hess.

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bade them 'study, and trust' the Führer. Above all, they must realize 'that he is more than you and I, that he is an instrument of the Divine Will which shapes history in the maelstrom of new creative joy.'

When Goebbels issued this statement, he was twenty-nine years old, no longer a child. Hitler had brought him to Munich, thence to Berchtesgaden. Goebbels was introduced to Hitler's 'family'; he met Hess and Rosenberg; he was unable to win Amann, who declared him to be the 'Mephisto of the party'; but he did make friends with Schwarz, the party treasurer. In Goebbels, Hitler had found a man who could listen for days to his endless speeches; the ardently cultivated fire of enthusiasm in his eyes never abated. 'A man who burns like a flame,' said Hitler to others, though the act was piled on so thick that it should not have escaped him.

Goebbels was a man who could control his nervous tension as well as Hitler, if not better. In certain externals they were similar. Both came from poor families, both had made a failure of their start in life. But Goebbels was by far the more worldly; he knew how to adapt and incline himself to circumstances amid which Hitler would simply have given up. Hitler felt a certain community of fate, and Goebbels conscientiously developed it. The younger man copied the older in manner, speech, ideas, even hobbies, partly because there was no better example of the political career, and partly because it unconsciously warmed the heart of the party leader and filled him with confidence in his young admirer. Actually Goebbels learned much from Hitler: through him he achieved full certainty that this was an era of decay in which a minority that knew what it wanted could confidently reach for the highest power, provided it found no means too evil, and shunned no lie, betrayal, or act of violence. In their Munich and Berchtesgaden conversations of February, 1926, the strange teacher must have shown a wild contagious conviction—perhaps he had never found so willing and unquestioning a disciple; this was even better than Hess.

'Dear, honored Adolf Hitler,' wrote Goebbels to his leader after these conversations, 'I have learned so much from you. In a com-

radely way you have shown me ways so fundamentally new. . . . Goebbels suggested to Hitler that the party needed a new 'general staff,' of course with himself on it: 'The men are available. Just call them. Or rather, summon them one after another just as in your eyes they seem to deserve it. . . . Then a day may come on which everything smashes, when the mob around you fumes and grumbles and roars: Crucify him! Then we shall stand like iron, and shout and sing: Hosanna!' A comparison with the Savior was practically *de rigueur* in a letter to the party leader.

With his well-directed flattery, his affected ardor, Goebbels successfully penetrated the circle of little men among whom Hitler felt privately at ease—all of them physically small. He also was a dwarf; the 'scheming dwarf' as the betrayed Gregor Strasser called him from now on. He had Jewish blood, the Strasser clique said, and a proof of it was his club foot; for men thus 'marked' by nature were always of mixed race. One of this circle, Erich Koch, many years later president of East Prussia, attempted to prove this in a newspaper article. He compared Goebbels with Talleyrand, the club-footed French statesman who had betrayed Napoleon. Like him, he asserted, Goebbels was a man of 'racially conditioned mental and physical disharmony.' Among the National Socialist thugs and murderers, Goebbels was like a boasting cripple in the stands at a football game, loudest of all in cheering the players. Goebbels, wrote Koch, knew how 'to dazzle, to inflate himself, to circulate false rumors, ruthlessly to exploit the devotion of others, to squeeze them like a lemon and throw them away, to appropriate the services of others for himself.' He was 'an expert in the arts of slander, intrigue, and falsehood.' Assuredly this young dwarf had an uncanny knowledge of the weaknesses of humanity and knew how to exploit them, because he knew better than other men what weakness is. 'Men like him,' Koch concluded, were 'intelligent but boundlessly ambitious and unfeeling egoists, who up to now have done nothing but harm to the people.'

Essentially Koch's criticism applied just as well to Hitler himself; for in Hitler's self-pitying nature there is something of the dwarfishness characteristic of Goebbels. True that Goebbels coldly copied his Führer, learning his tricks of public speaking, poster-writing, theat-

rically staged meeting-storm troops. But the men: an intelligence against the normal war platform, wearing a grace looked at the brave soldier from the

In Goebbels's breakous party clique and gestion of the movement of his party in May, I intended to break the cording to this by-lav henceforth only the 'ation' in Munich. On the party. It chose its the leadership of the made it necessary to members; but this was eral merriment. The other important party forth had the right to on 'nothing is done in approval. Nay, more:

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rically staged meetings, intentional tardiness, rehearsed choruses of storm troops. But the basis of what he learned was inherent in both men: an intelligence cultivated to avenge their physical handicap against the normal world. There stood Goebbels on the speaker's platform, wearing a gray suit resembling a worn uniform; the audience looked at the club foot and thought with emotion: look, a brave soldier from the World War, torn by enemy bullets.

In Goebbels's break with Strasser, Hitler had smashed a dangerous party clique and gone a good way toward cementing his domination of the movement. Now he assembled the Munich members of his party in May, 1926, and had them vote a by-law which was intended to break the Strasser Party in the North for good. According to this by-law the actual 'bearer' of the movement was henceforth only the 'National Socialist German Workers' Association' in Munich. Only this small Munich group had any say in the party. It chose its own leadership which was at the same time the leadership of the whole party. The German association laws made it necessary to have the chairman formally elected by the members; but this was a pure formality as Hitler stated amid general merriment. The first chairman appointed or dismissed all the other important party leaders at his pleasure; above all, he henceforth had the right to appoint or dismiss the *gauleiters*. From now on 'nothing is done in the movement without my knowledge and approval. Nay, more: nothing is done without my desire.'

To prevent any schoolmaster or editor in the North from again creating disorder on pretext that the party program was not good enough, it was decided in Munich that the program of twenty-five points—about which Hitler had long ceased to concern himself—was immutable.

Thus, step by step, the party became Hitler's property. This tenacious but ultimately successful struggle is reflected in the genesis of *Mein Kampf*. In 1926, Hitler completed the second volume. The manuscript of this second volume and the printed edition of the first were again carefully read by Josef Czerny, the man who three years previous had accompanied Hitler to Bayreuth. He studied the text for grammatical mistakes, smoothed out the worst of them, corrected the spelling, introduced page-headings. A basic

change was made only in one point. Concerning the party structure Hitler had written in the first edition: 'The first chairman of a local group is elected, but then he becomes its responsible leader. . . . The same principle applies to the next higher organization, the district, county or *gau*. The first chairman is always elected, but then vested with unlimited power and authority. And the same, finally, applies to the leadership of the party as a whole. The chairman is elected, but then he is exclusive leader of the movement.'

But in the following edition the passage runs: 'The first chairman of a local group is appointed by the next higher leader, he is the responsible leader of a local group. . . . The same principle applies to the next higher organization, the district, county or *gau*. The leader is always appointed from above and at the same time vested with unlimited power and authority. Only the leader of the whole party, because of the association laws, is elected in a general membership meeting. But then he is exclusive leader of the movement.'

And thus, after seven years of existence, the National Socialist Party ceased to be a democratic party. Its founders had preached and practiced violence, intolerance, and hatred; but they had not desired to bow to a dictator. Their program had declared that the future Germany must be governed by a central 'parliament.' The strongest personalities had withdrawn from the movement, unwilling to recognize Hitler's dictatorship (Ludendorff, Röhm); others had openly rebelled against this dictatorship (Strasser, Goebbels), or accepted it with embittered silence (Rosenberg, Feder). On purpose Hitler had sowed hostility among his followers and now finally harvested power.

But he had not harvested money. One of the best providers, despite princes and princesses, still remained Streicher in Nuremberg with his large following and sometimes more than murky sources. Streicher boasted that one of his most reliable contributors was a wealthy party comrade whose wife was his, Streicher's, mistress. But then young Hermann Esser, a great lady's man, claimed that he, in his own personal way, had found a more direct access to this wealth, and that he had done so with the full knowledge

of Hitler. A bitterly close pals. Hitler, took Streicher's future. But to silence editor of the party founded by Max A. rapher. These two of the movement, to make the paper pro from this magazine, finally weekly; to even this by no means an

Goebbels, too, obtained Strasser. In 192 'responsible to me. Daluge had been maintained his authority at night by a so Strasser had thrown party members did defiance of Strasser pelled men, a certain the National Socialist spite everything, I despair disbanded Daluge indefinitely, God's name.

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existence, the National Socialist party. Its founders had preached unity and hatred; but they had not a program had declared that the party was led by a central 'parliament.' The party was born from the movement, unwilling (Ludendorff, Röhm); others were betrayers (Strasser, Goebbels), or traitors (Rosenberg, Feder). On purging his followers and now finally

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of Hitler. A bitter feud ensued between Streicher and Esser, formerly close pals. Hitler, extremely embarrassed by Esser's revelations, took Streicher's side and forbade Esser to call him *Du* in the future. But to silence the dangerous fellow he had to make him editor of the party's new illustrated paper, which had just been founded by Max Amann and Heinrich Hoffmann, the photographer. These two businesslike dwarfs bet their shirts on the future of the movement, for it was clear that only a large following could make the paper profitable. Hitler for a long time made his living from this magazine, which first appeared monthly, then bi-weekly, finally weekly; to every issue he contributed an editorial which, in this by no means amusing sheet, was certainly the dullest spot.

Goebbels, too, obtained his thirty pieces of silver for his betrayal of Strasser. In 1926, Hitler appointed him *gauleiter* for Berlin, 'responsible to me alone.' It was no sinecure. A certain Kurt Daluge had been S.A. leader in Berlin up to this time and had maintained his authority by having recalcitrant storm troopers beaten up at night by a so-called 'rolling commando.' In his indignation Strasser had thrown a few of the thugs out of the party, but the party members did not obey and took the expelled men back in defiance of Strasser. Strasser declared that the leader of the expelled men, a certain Heinz alias Hauenstein, was a police spy — the National Socialists knew what to expect of one another. Despite everything, Hauenstein remained in the party. Hitler in despair disbanded the whole Berlin organization, suspended Daluge indefinitely, and told Goebbels to start out from scratch in God's name.

At the same time Erich Koch accused *Gauleiter* Karl Kaufmann in Essen of embezzling party funds; an examining commission confirmed the accusation and furthermore found Kaufmann guilty of committing adultery with the wife of a party comrade; of untruthfully boasting that he had fought at the front in the war; of having worn medals that had never been conferred on him; of 'twice breaking his word of honor. . . .'

How could it have been otherwise? These were the most depraved elements remaining of the old murderers' army. They called themselves fighters for truth and enlightenment; actually they even

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concealed their own names. The S.A., for instance, denied that they were a 'storm section' (*Sturm Abteilung*), pretending to be merely a 'security section' (*Sicherheits Abteilung*); the initials S.A. stood for both. They boasted of their old Prussian discipline, but disobeyed their leader to his face. Edmund Heines, a choice example of the armed bohemian and political murderer, was the leader of these malcontents in Munich; and, what really made him dangerous, led them in the name of Röhm, who stood aside. Heines was a born ruffian, tall and broad as a barn door, yet as agile as a greyhound; his mighty form was graced by a repulsively girlish face. He would sit with Röhm and other friends in the Bratwurst-glöckl, a tavern in the inner city; the host, a certain Zentner, also an S.A. man, was one of the group. They accused Hitler of letting the S.A. go to ruin, not training it in sufficiently military style, giving the soldiers in it unworthy jobs to do. With a heavy heart, Hitler had to intervene — with a heavy heart, because he regretted the loss of a single man; but his personal authority came first. At the end of May, 1927, he called the Munich S.A. together in the 'Hirschbräu-Keller' beer hall; the public was strictly excluded. Hitler shouted at the crushed assemblage: 'The clique from the Bratwurstglöckl are all fairies: Heines, Röhm, Zentner, and the rest. Am I expected to take accusations from such people!'

A serious matter, worse than a scandal. The perversion was widespread in the secret murderers' army of the post-war period, and its devotees denied that it was a perversion. They were proud, regarded themselves as 'different from the others,' meaning better. They boasted about their superiority in more or less the same terms which Plato had coined in his *Banquet*:

They [the homosexuals] are the best among the boys and young men because they are the most valiant of them. This is strikingly demonstrated by the fact that, after growing up, they — and they alone — are fit for ruling the state.

Röhm said that the misfortune of the present age was domination by women; he praised the epochs that had been dominated by figures like Alexander the Great, Caesar, Charles XII of Sweden, Prince Eugene of Savoy, and Frederick the Great — five great war-

rriors and five home philosophers, whom at the University of young man': 'Ever degenerating,' he la beside man, where or the young with must be so . . . Th . . . ' With the per a woman has the i feated, for the victi natures . . . are ru gave expression to special pride: 'The state, the erotic rela tially a warlike nat for friendship — de leads to the right o in Germany.'

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Here we intend no moral judgment. Yet assuredly the pressure of public censure has distorted more characters, weakened more moral resistance, created more dishonesty toward oneself and others among modern homosexuals than among other people. Lieutenant Rossbach's troop, roaring, brawling, carousing, smashing windows, shedding blood, and nevertheless seeking the light of freedom, was especially proud to be 'different from the others.' Heines had be- longed to it before joining Hitler; then Rossbach and Heines had formed a center with Röhm; it led the S.A. while Hitler was under arrest. According to his own indications, Röhm was perverted by the other two. In 1924, his suitcase and papers were stolen from him in the lowest Berlin surroundings, and thus his private life be- came known to the police. After his break with Hitler, he was destitute; he peddled books, and for a long time lived as a guest of wealthy homosexual friends. In Berlin for a time he frequented the homosexual dregs; he admitted that he had moved in circles 'where the good citizen blushes and shudders.'

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Röhm
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The S.A., for instance, denied that *Sturm Abteilung*), pretending to be *herheits Abteilung*); the initials S.A. of their old Prussian discipline, but face. Edmund Heines, a choice ex-in and political murderer, was the Munich; and, what really made him of Röhm, who stood aside. Heines pad as a barn door, yet as agile as a was graced by a repulsively girlish and other friends in the Bratwurst-; the host, a certain Zentner, also an. They accused Hitler of letting the in sufficiently military style, giving to do. With a heavy heart, Hitler heart, because he regretted the loss al authority came first. At the end inich S.A. together in the 'Hirsch-blic was strictly excluded. Hitler age: 'The clique from the Brat-nes, Röhm, Zentner, and the rest. ons from such people!'

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1926

unscrupulously used the forces of perversion, just as he used murder and lies. A heart-broken father from the little town of Uffenheim in Franconia whose son had been perverted by Heines in the S.A., complained to him; he replied that the young men must take care of themselves, the S.A. was no kindergarten. A delegation led by Count Ernst zu Reventlow, an elderly party comrade, brought him a message from Ludendorff: the general viewed the activities of the homosexuals in the S.A. with great misgivings. Hitler told Reventlow to tell General Ludendorff that all this was a matter of total indifference to him, Hitler; his actual words were unprintable. When in May, 1927, he finally threw Heines out of the party, it was not for his loose morals, but because Heines had called his Führer a dishrag and was stirring up the S.A. against him.

He might have thrown half of the S.A. after him. While Rohm peddled his books or sat around with his friends, the S.A. was led by a man who at heart was no National Socialist at all, Captain Pfeffer von Salomon. He used his power like a hired captain in the Renaissance; he had exacted the condition that Hitler should have no right to interfere. Pfeffer knew that he could not, on Sundays and Saturday afternoons, make a serviceable military troop out of these students, white-collar workers, and sons of peasants. But the S.A. could be a preparatory school for the army; as many S.A. men as possible should enter the Reichswehr and flood it with rebellion. Hitler trembled at the slightest thought of illegality; they would deport him at once, of that he was certain. Pfeffer ordered the S.A. to engage in military maneuvers; Hitler issued counter-orders. Pfeffer's orders were not valid, he declared, unless countersigned by him, Hitler. Violent scenes ensued; masklike and immobile behind his pince-nez, Pfeffer listened to Hitler's violent outbreaks. Afterward he said to others, 'you can't take orders from this slovenly, terrified Austrian!' It was impossible to make those S.A. captains understand that the purpose of the S.A. was expressly not military. They held to a statement Hitler once had made himself: that 'An army cannot be trained and taught the highest self-respect unless the function of its existence is preparation for warfare. There are no armies for the preservation of peace, but only for the victorious waging of war.'

In the eyes of the troops were a piece. They must be read when the Reichswehr views about it previously been so human struggle of an inner elevation, eyes.' Consequent and revise their first and would have the Reichswehr, calculated, and Hitler, if back to the drill gear arms; it was Hitler recalled with the wehr must not be perhaps look on sentenced Hitler for ill of the Interior order any connection with high treason: 'The S.A. man, has no state, which has no petuate the misfortune which we are struggling.

The Reichswehr accept National Socialism and other supply centers, 'since this part of the institutional state for

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In the eyes of these former lieutenants and captains, the storm troops were a piece of the future army 'waging a victorious war.' They must be ready to slip into uniform at once and shoulder arms when the Reichswehr called them. The S.A. leaders had changed their views about Seeckt's army. Rossbach, for example, who had previously been so skeptical, said: 'The Reichswehr in a superhuman struggle of infinite perseverance has step by step achieved an inner elevation, as we old soldiers today can perceive with seeing eyes.' Consequently, the old soldiers must forget their old rancor and revise their faulty judgments. Pfeffer desired nothing more and would have liked best to hand over the whole S.A. to the Reichswehr, calculating that he himself would then become a general, and Hitler, if necessary, could go to the devil. He led the S.A. back to the drill grounds of the Reichswehr and trained them to bear arms; it was beginning to be a repetition of 1923, which Hitler recalled with horror. That must not happen again. The Reichswehr must not be allowed to take 'his' S.A. out of his hands, and perhaps look on smiling while the bourgeois state's attorney prosecuted Hitler for illegal military drilling and the Socialist Minister of the Interior ordered the foreigner deported. He forbade his troop any connection with the Reichswehr, on grounds amounting to high treason: 'The National Socialist, and first and foremost the S.A. man, has no call to stir so much as a finger for the present state, which has no understanding of our outlook and can only perpetuate the misfortune of our people. . . . The coming Reich for which we are struggling alone obligates us to stake our persons.'

The Reichswehr Ministry on the other side forbade the army to accept National Socialists as soldiers, and even forbade the arsenals and other supply establishments to employ National Socialist workers, 'since this party has set itself the aim of overthrowing the constitutional state form of the German Reich' (1927).

Rebuffed by the Reichswehr, uncertain of his own troop, deserted by his old friends, surrounded by unreliable new ones, Hitler stood like a modest dwarf beneath the wall of his great plans. Even in his personal relations with the leading circles of reaction and counter-revolution he lacked the right introduction; Goebbels in Berlin, despite his firm will to live in that world where life is not

1927

dull, was not the right man. But then Hitler had an unexpected stroke of luck: Göring came back. Hitler never had a better contact man than this old friend of the former German crown prince. During Göring's exile his old friend Prince Philipp of Hesse had married the Princess Mafalda, daughter of the king of Italy; thus Göring was introduced to the Italian court, and his own person became the strongest cornerstone in the beginning of personal relations between Mussolini and Hitler. This Italian introduction may not have meant much so long as Göring was living in poverty in Sweden, broken down by morphine, at times in a sanatorium, and declared by the courts unable to bring up his adopted son. But Göring became a great help to Hitler when, in 1927, the German parties of the Right, supported by the Communists, put through a political amnesty and he returned home.

Göring brought with him a Swedish invention, the Tornblad parachute; with his friend Wilhelm Körner, like him a former war aviator, he manufactured under the Swedish patent in Germany. Other old friends, fliers and administrators in Germany's modest commercial aviation, had to buy the product. One of these friends was Erhard Milch, technical director of the Lufthansa, a monopolistic concern, half controlled by the state. Milch was the son of a Jewish father and bore a Jewish name, but that did not disturb Göring. Milch was an excellent flier and organizer, a staunch patriot — hence an armed intellectual of the best class; besides, he was a helpful friend to Göring. Like other large enterprises, the Lufthansa had a slush fund, from which men with political influence were bribed in a refined way. With a straight face the company representatives would approach them for technical advice and even pay for so-called affidavits, while in reality expecting them to use their influence with the authorities.

Göring, too, delivered his affidavits, and in his case the corruption was twofold; for everyone knew that he had far too little influence to earn his money honestly — that is, through successful conning. To be sure, Hitler had sent him to the Reichstag with eleven other National Socialists in May, 1928, but the twelve lonely Brown Shirts were helpless and almost ignored. Göring's old friend, the former German crown prince, had written him a letter

congratulating him thanks to his ph representative of National Socialism; ten would expert boxers. twelve, and Gör the Reichstag vote could not very well the secret preparation could only hint at fulfill; if challenges patriotic tasks end of these people Trieste; by a bold session of a fact motors was manufactured. Unprejudiced, he ously paid him a back the advance

Göring must never sufficient. I while lived in Switzerland in the Baden both in work and ler. There sat Gör him a picture of the headman's sword work was often done to pay the next note was deeply in debt

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1927

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congratulating him on his election with the cynical remark that,
 thanks to his physical strength, he would surely make his way as a
 representative of the people. Göbbels had once said that the
National Socialists needed no more than twenty men in parlia-
ment; ten would have to be experts at shouting interruptions, ten
expert boxers. However, there were not even twenty, but only
 twelve, and Göring, despite his furious speeches demanding that
 the Reichstag vote the Lufthansa more funds, achieved nothing. He
 could not very well say publicly that the money was to be used for
 the secret preparation of the future German air armament; he
 could only hint that German aviation had a great patriotic task to
 fulfill; if challenged, he could not have denied that this and other
 patriotic tasks enabled certain people to earn a lot of money. One
 of these people was Camillo Castiglioni, an Italian Jew from
 Trieste; by a bold financial *coup* this Castiglioni had gained pos-
 session of a factory in which one of the best German aviation
 motors was manufactured, the Bavarian Motor Works near Munich.
 Unprejudiced, he employed Göring as his representative; he gener-
 ously paid him advances and when Göring proved unable to earn
 back the advances, Castiglioni silently canceled the debt.

Göring must have made money in these affairs—but it was
 never sufficient. He spent it in the gay world; his sick wife mean-
 while lived in Sweden with her mother. In his small bachelor apart-
ment in the Badische Strasse in Berlin, he turned night into day,
 both in work and pleasure; in this resembling the insomniac Hit-
 ler. There sat Göring, preferably by candlelight; on the wall before
 him a picture of Napoleon; behind him, over his head, a medieval
 headsman's sword which he regarded as a special ornament. His
 work was often devoted to the constantly arising problem of how
 to pay the next note that was due, how to avoid the pawnshop. He
was deeply in debt.

His political task also required hard work. The friend of the
 German and Italian princes, frequenting good society as an equal
 among equals, had to represent the still half-nameless Reichswehr
 spy; he had to raise the party of Julius Streicher and Hermann
 Esser from notorious insignificance to notorious greatness. The
resistance in Germany's leading social strata was strong. There

there were plenty of people who would have agreed to dictatorship, to a sharp policy against France, even to a little war against Poland; but when the dictatorship of Hitler, the 'Bohemian corporal' as Hindenburg later called him, was suggested, the answer was laughter at best. No, no leadership of the nation by the disinherited, uprooted — and unsuccessful! There were other formations, organized and armed along the same lines as the National Socialist S.A.; above all the Stahlhelm, an organization of several hundred thousand members, with a nucleus of some hundred thousand former soldiers; well-disciplined, prepared for civil war, and, in case of a small frontier war, serviceable as a reserve army. It was on the 'green' Stahlhelm and not on the brown S.A. that the leading classes pinned their hopes when things again began to look like civil war in Germany.

While Göring was seeking approval for his party in his circles, Goebbels was noisily making the party known, and himself even more. He thought up tricks that would have occurred to no one else. He made his S.A. men wear white bandages colored with a red liquid round their heads; thus they appeared as 'heroes' who had bled for their party; their club-footed doctor, looking like a wounded World War lieutenant, marched at their head. To the *Völkischer Beobachter* Goebbels sent articles, apparently written by others, in reality by himself, reporting Doctor Goebbels's amazing deeds of heroism, always in the third person. One article related that Doctor Goebbels, riding in a motor-car with comrades, suddenly sensed with vibrant nerves that an unknown danger was threatening: 'Suddenly Goebbels stood up from his seat. Halt, Comrade Chauffeur, halt! The car stops. What's the matter, doctor? — I don't know, but we're in danger. We reach for our guns and jump out. Nothing to be seen or heard. All four tires are hard and firm. But holla, what is that! On the left hind wheel four nuts are missing. Four nuts out of five. Diabolical treachery. Traces of clumsy violence tell the rest. That is how the Jews and their servants fight.' The loudest noise came from a nature essentially timid. For Goebbels has admitted that, alone among strangers, he preferred not to be recognized as a Nationalist Socialist: 'I travel without party insignia; I seldom feel the expediency or necessity of

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FEW FLAMES BURN IN GERMANY [928] 801

getting mixed up in political discussions.' When Hitler spoke in public he had to grow up from a human nonentity to monumental size; Goebbels, too, had to overcome his natural timidity before he could become incisive and unforgettable.

Between his most talented pupil and Hitler there arose a spiritual intimacy which permitted Hitler to use Goebbels as a thinking tool; in 1928, he appointed him party propaganda leader, and that he has remained ever since. The younger man did not become an echo and a complement for Hitler like Hess, but a perfectly functioning executive organ; Goebbels avidly seized on the slogans thrown out by his leader, and developed an artistry in giving form to Hitler's original ideas. It can be shown that Goebbels copied many of his ideas and phrases from Hitler; his life's aim was to be Hitler's mouthpiece. Hitler had given his party the swastika flag; in 1932, Goebbels had millions of swastikas cut out of paper and strewn on the streets — this characterizes the collaboration between the two.

Hitler distributed his creatures throughout the party, systematically set rivals beside his rivals, fomented quarrels among his lieutenants over whom he remained the unassailable leader — such was the work of party building up to 1930. The endless quarrels among his faithful enabled him to build a new organ of his authority into the party apparatus. To deal with the internal accusations of all sorts and keep public justice away from the many shady members of his elite band, he established in 1926 a party court, the so-called *Untersuchungs- und Schlichtungs-Ausschuss* (Committee for Examination and Adjustment). Popularly known by the unbeautiful abbreviation: *Uschla*. The *Uschla* in a sense is the secret moral strong-box of the party, in which the National Socialists keep their best and strongest possession, their cynicism, safe from the world. Its first leader was a former general by the name of Heinemann; he took his job too seriously, failing to understand the real purpose of the institution, and had to be dismissed. His successor was Major Walter Buch, a discharged Reichswehr officer who had not been conspicuous in the party up till then; his assistants were Ulrich Graf, the loyal henchman wounded at the Feldherrn Halle, and the lawyer Hans Frank, a human instrument blindly devoted to

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Hitler. The *Uschla* pursued a simple and brutal method. Offenses against party discipline, disobedience to a leader or lack of respect toward the Führer, were examined and punished, in grave cases with what these men feared as much as death: expulsion from the party. Transgressions of a different sort, slander, even criminal offenses, in so far as they were not directed against the leadership, were on principle ignored, unless they had become known or threatened to become known outside the party. It was a party precept that one comrade must simply not believe accusations of this sort against another comrade. 'Always believe the party comrade and never the enemy!' said Hitler in 1931 in a New Year's proclamation, 'and raise this faith to a mighty conviction, not only of the right of the individual, but of the right of the party, and beyond that of the right of our people in this world.'

If a party member was proved guilty of private immorality, dishonest business conduct, exploitation of employees, Buch had a standing formula: 'Well, what of it?' One S.A. leader was a bigamist, another a gambler and drunkard, a third a homosexual, a fourth discharged from his position for robbing the cash register: 'Well, what of it? The party had no use for 'moral frills.'

The *Uschla* expressed Hitler's unlimited power in the party—like a provisional symbol which slowly was becoming a reality. In order to secure his absolute domination over the party, Hitler had half-destroyed it, letting Röhm go, dismissing Drexler, throwing Heines out. But that he had the clearer plans and the firmer will in the long run, now was proved by success. The old deserters came back; not quite beaten, not without making conditions—but they came back.

Röhm came again. The ghost of the secret army of murderers had to rise from its grave to bring this about. In a common proclamation for the murderers' army they made their peace. The immediate cause of the *rapprochement* was Edmund Heines, whom Hitler, as an open insult to Röhm, had thrown out of the party. In 1928, Heines was brought to trial for a murder he had committed eight years previous as a member of the murderers' army. 'Heines,' runs the court sentence, 'thrust his pistol into Schmidt's [the victim's] face and fired twice.' The sentence was as characteristic as

the crime: only five years the condemned man was the murderers' army had expected me were suddenly united in demonstratively joined the he had accused of breaking draw the accusation, but quickly passed off; in the Reichstag. Röhm appeared with his closest friends, the lers, and cried out that the lack of formal justice on the

Röhm returned to Hitler looked threadbare and ho; that Hitler would become would build up Hitler's ar broad, systematic style as i side the party, he formed neither political nor profess the theoretical study of mital title of *Wehrpolitische Policy*). This private militarison cities of Bavaria. Röhm his old comrades in all the and, as 'Adolf Hitler's env Hitler had conceived for the *Wehrpolitische Vereinigung* of a future army. The imprecimated; and Hitler, who hoped the old friend would the S.A.

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e sentence was as characteristic as

the crime: only five years in prison. At the end of a year and a half,
the condemned man was freed by a new amnesty. But the murder-
ers' army had expected more: complete acquittal with honors. They
were suddenly united in angry protest. General Franz von Epp
demonstratively joined the party of the man whom five years before
he had accused of breaking his word of honor. He did not with-
draw the accusation, but merely stated that his old grudge 'had
quickly passed off'; in return, Hitler offered him a seat in the
Reichstag. Röhm appeared on the platform of a party meeting
with his closest friends, the homosexuals so often castigated by Hit-
ler, and cried out that the sentence of his friend Heines was 'an at-
tack of formal justice on the soldier's right to self-defense.'

Röhm returned to Hitler with great plans. While the party still
looked threadbare and hopeless from without, he assured friends
that Hitler would become Reich Chancellor and that he, Röhm,
would build up Hitler's army. He resumed his work in the same
broad, systematic style as in 1920 and 1923. Ostensibly quite out-
side the party, he formed an officers' club, which officially had
neither political nor professional aims; but was devoted merely to
the theoretical study of military questions and bore the non-com-
mittal title of *Wehrpolitische Vereinigung* (League for Combat
Policy). This private military academy had local groups in the gar-
rison cities of Bavaria. Röhm traveled around the country, found
his old comrades in all the garrisons, some of them in high posts,
and, as 'Adolf Hitler's envoy,' revealed to them the future that
Hitler had conceived for the German army and its officers. The
Wehrpolitische Vereinigung conducted itself like the general staff
of a future army. The importance of this contact cannot be over-
estimated; and Hitler, who felt perfectly at home again with Röhm,
hoped the old friend would now take over the leadership of
the S.A.

It seems that a purely external reason unhinged this plan. Röhm
suddenly disappeared. A quarrel with his former friend, Lieutenant
Neunzert, seems to have been one of the main reasons. Neunzert
threatened revelations, and Röhm suddenly found it advisable to
put an ocean between himself and Europe. The Bolivian Army, led
and trained by a German general named Kundt, was seeking Ger-

man officers, and Röhm, the discharged German captain, was engaged with the rank of Bolivian lieutenant-colonel. Röhm seems to have done a good job as a military adviser. He wrote his German friends letters full of bitter complaints that there was so little understanding for homosexuality in the country; yet he cynically promised 'to spread culture.'

Hitler temporarily abandoned hope of regaining control of the S.A. He did what he had done in 1923: he split the organization and drew out the reliable sections, bringing them closer to himself. In 1923, before his *putsch*, he had set up within the S.A. a troop swearing personal loyalty to him, the 'Hitler shock troop,' led by an old friend named Josef Berchtold. When the S.A. virtually fell apart in 1925, after the break with Röhm, a new band of the most reliable men with a similar-sounding name was formed to take its place, again under Berchtold. Instead of *Sturm Abteilung* (S.A.) it was called *Schutz Staffel* (defense corps), abbreviated as S.S. Instead of the brown S.A. shirt, these men wore a black Fascist uniform. Berchtold did not understand the spirit of his task; he did not have the heart to draw his troop out of the party mass. For the idea of a chosen band insulted the broad section of members which was still permeated by the democratic mood of the old founders — Berchtold himself among them. 'The party expects you all to come,' said the founding proclamation of the S.A. in 1921. Now, in 1926 Hitler said that 'a small band of the best and most determined is far more valuable than a large mass of camp-followers'; therefore 'the numerical strength is closely restricted.' And thus it remained. The motley S.A. troops under Pfeiffer's leadership carried on their half-independent existence; many of them had no further regard for Hitler than a half-contemptuous admiration for his boom-boom oratory; the new S.S. troop represented only a few black dots amid the brown mass. At first everything was intentionally made hard for them. They had to wear a relatively expensive uniform, cut according to regulation, and this black splendor, including the belt with the motto devised by Hitler, 'My honor is loyalty,' on the buckle, had to be paid for out of the men's own pockets. For the S.S. men must learn to make sacrifices for their convictions. The result was that poor party

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1929³⁰⁵
members seldom joined the S.S. The Black band did not expand
until about 1929, when the party began to attract broader sections
of the population and wealthy men rushed to its banners. To them
it was a point of honor to make the sacrifice of the expensive S.S.
uniform, and thus the Black troop became a reservoir for the more
prosperous members. There could not be much objection to this,
for Hitler said that economic prosperity was often a sign of greater
ability and hence better race; and better race was just what the S.S.
was intended to embody.

Hitler gave the S.S. the 'blood banner' to keep. This was a flag
 that had been carried on November 9 at the Feldherrn Halle, and
 had become a fetish of the movement. When Hitler, whom his
 men in that period nicknamed the 'Manitou,' consecrated a new
 flag, the blood banner had to be brought forth. Manitou grasped
 one of its corners, at the same time holding the new flag; he let the
 spirit flow from flag to flag through his person, as he pronounced
 his words of consecration.

Berchtold was not only S.S. leader, but also an editor of the
Völkischer Beobachter, letting himself be bullied into the most
 humiliating services by the efficient and violent Amann. Conse-
 quently, Berchtold had to instruct his troop 'to recruit readers and
 advertisers for the *Völkischer Beobachter*.' Finally, forced with the
 choice of leading the Black élite or earning his modest living on
 the party paper, he preferred to earn a living. The S.S. was then
 led for a time by a certain Erhard Heiden, a stool-pigeon of the
 worst sort. Not until 1929 did Hitler find the right man, an old
 friend of Röhm's and later collaborator with Gregor Strasser; an
 eccentric who made his living from a poultry farm in the village
 of Waldtrudering near Munich. He had studied to be an agrono-
 mist, but in his free time concerned himself with genealogy. This
 man was Heinrich Himmler.

The post-war generation now begins to assume prominence in
 the party. Himmler was the first party leader who had been too
young to serve in the World War. Born in Munich in 1900, he
grew up in Landshut, where Gregor Strasser later lived. He at-
tended the gymnasium, and like all German gymnasiasts of that
day was given an opportunity to become an officer. He spent the

Karl
May

last year of the World War as an ensign (aspirant to the officer's career) in a Bavarian regiment, but never reached the front. Defeat and revolution put an end to his dream of becoming an officer, and a dull, gray life began. Himmler chose a simple and practical course of study. He wanted to become a farmer but with an academic title; from 1919 to 1922, he studied agriculture at the *Technische Hochschule* in Munich, and, on passing the easiest of all academic examinations, won a diploma for agronomy. Off and on, he was active with Röhm in the secret murderers' army and stood beside him on November 9, 1923, when he delivered the Munich District Military Command to General von Epp. After the *putsch* he led a hard life; for a time he served as private secretary to Gregor Strasser, succeeding Goebbels. In 1928, he made himself independent in a modest way by acquiring a poultry farm in Waldtrudering.

Himmler is an excellent example of what a task can make of a man. He had a task of the first order to solve, and the task made him; to a nature mediocre at best it gave a weightiness which the apparatus that grew up around him helped him to bear. Men who combine the gift of creation or leadership with deep insight or independent judgment are always rare; in the National Socialist Movement they can be counted on the fingers; Himmler in any case is not one of them. His great qualities, infrequent in his milieu, are industry, precision, thoroughness. It is a quality inherent in a body of men working for a common purpose that great results can be achieved by the men who are not great. A preponderance of strong personalities can even force a split, and only through the addition of average qualities can an efficient machine be built up. Himmler is the living, actual proof of Hitler's thesis, 'that the strength of a political party lies, not in having single adherents of outstanding intelligence, but in disciplined obedience. A company of two hundred men of equal capabilities would in the long run be more difficult to discipline than a group in which one hundred and ninety are less capable and ten are of greater abilities.'

In the National Socialist machine Himmler is a wire activated by the electric current, connecting important parts. He looks like the caricature of a sadistic school-teacher, and this caricature conceals the man like a mask. If one takes away the pince-nez and uniform,

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there is revealed, under a narrow forehead, a look of curious objectivity. Apart from pose and calling, he gives the impression of a certain courtesy—even modesty. But this objectivity is of that frightful sort that can look unmoved on the most grisly of horrors. A demonic will to power has been attributed to him; in truth he, more than any other of the first rank of his party, has been guided by devotion to the cause, and compared to others he might be considered a model of personal selflessness. He is married, his private life is unassuming. He loves flowers and birds, yet this offers no contradiction to his political rôle; personally he is almost without demands. More than anyone else in this circle, he feels that he is only a part of the whole embodied in the person of his supreme leader; his passion for race and race-building arises from a deep contempt of the individual, including his own. He has found classic formulas for the creed of the armed intellectual—that the state is all, the individual nothing. He takes the doctrine of 'you are nothing, your people are everything,' more seriously than almost anyone else in the movement, and for that reason Hitler took this man more seriously than many others who were more intelligent.

Himmler understood with his heart when his Führer demanded that the party must become the racial élite of Germany, the party of the ruling minority. But by the party was meant Hitler's party which grew out of the unbridled National Socialist mass and raised itself above the mass; Himmler saw his own S.S. as the motive force of this special party. 'We are not more intelligent than two thousand years ago,' he said to his men in 1931. 'The military history of antiquity, the history of the Prussian Army two or three hundred years ago—again and again we see that wars are waged with men, but that every leader surrounds himself with an organization of men of special quality when things are at their worst and hardest; that is the guard. There has always been a guard; the Persians, the Greeks, Caesar, Old Fritz,¹ Napoleon, all had a guard, and so on up to the World War; and the guard of the new Germany will be the S.S. The guard is an élite of especially chosen men.'

¹ Frederick II, the Great.

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Chosen average men in positions of mastery. That is the meaning of the S.S., which represents the model of National Socialist education. These men are not—and are not supposed to be—great individuals, but 'good material' for the fabrication of a race, as Chamberlain put it. Therefore, their ^{discipline} ~~honor~~ is loyalty; that is, obedience toward the few who really rule and lead. 'Few flames burn in Germany,' Goebbels once said of these top personalities, naturally counting himself among them; the rest are only illumined by their glow'—he wrote these words of contempt in his diary after returning from a meeting of party officials (1932), where he had seen the good material assembled.

The S.S. was stamped forever by the reason for its founding: Hitler's need to control an undisciplined party by founding a new party. The National Socialist despises his fellow-Germans, the S.A. man the other National Socialists, the S.S. man the S.A. men. His task is to supervise and spy on the whole party for his leader. The first service code of the S.S. lists among its tasks, protection of the Führer, a promotion of understanding within the ranks; information service. The last two terms mean espionage within and outside the party.

1930 In 1930, Hitler surprised a circle of his friends by asking them if they had read the just-published autobiography of Leon Trotsky, the great Jewish leader of the Russian Revolution, and what they thought of it. As might have been expected, the answer was: 'Yes . . . loathsome book . . . memoirs of Satan. . . .' To which Hitler replied: 'Loathsome? Brilliant! I have learned a great deal from it, and so can you.' Himmler, however, remarked that he had not only read Trotsky but studied all available literature about the political police in Russia, the Tsarist Ochrana, the Bolshevik Cheka and G.P.U.; and he believed that if such a task should ever fall to his lot, he could perform it better than the Russians.

With this in mind he drilled his troop, imbued it with his Führer's arrogance and contempt of humanity, thus arming its men with the moral force to massacre their own people as well as foreigners, and to regard this as absolutely necessary. At a time when the party still meant nothing, Himmler's service regulations ordered that once a month at least the men must attend a confi-

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Chapter XIII

1929

'THE UPROOTED AND
DISINHERITED'

DEATH IS THE FINAL GOAL OF THE SCIENTIFICALLY drilled nation. The task of the leaders becomes easy when the followers are ready to die.

This was the philosophical issue about which Germany's military leaders endlessly pondered after their lost war. No doubt, Hitler, too, in his way, belonged to these leaders, although the professionals in those days would not have admitted it; and in creating his élite formations he tried to solve the puzzle in a practical way. But the answer he found in doing so did not satisfy the men who, for the time being, still felt responsible for what might happen to Germany in the next war.

'To what success,' wrote General Hans von Seeckt, referring to World War I, 'did this general mobilization, this giant mustering of armies lead? Seeckt, the creator of the new Reichswehr, spoke here of the twenty million-odd men who had lain in the trenches all over Europe, a third of whom had never returned, and another third of whom, crippled, with health impaired for life, embittered, never readapted themselves to peace and home. Despite all their exertions, Seeckt went on, 'the war did not end for the Allies with complete annihilation of the enemy on the battlefield. . . . Is the victor pleased with his success? Do the results of the war stand in any proportion to the sacrifices in national strength? This is the pro-

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foundest question that a military leader can ask himself; and Seeckt gave the answer by again asking: 'If warlike settlements are inevitable, must whole nations forever fall upon one another? The soldier must ask himself whether these giant armies can still be led in the sense of decisive strategy and whether every war between these masses is not doomed to paralysis.'

A German general doubting the sense of war! It had taken a terrible defeat to teach him, but in any case he had learned. In 1928, when Seeckt wrote, it had long become glaringly clear that the victory had neither strengthened nor enriched the victors—aside perhaps from the small nations; victorious France had actually been defeated by a loss of blood that could not be made good, and was weaker than before. For years the victor world had inwardly forgotten about its victory. Hitler, by contrast, sought unceasingly to refresh his people's memory of the defeat; sought to convince the German masses, living happily and at peace, of the necessity, nay the beauty, of war: 'Struggle is the father of all things, as with the individual, also with the fate of nations. Only the stronger can raise himself above the weaker by struggle, and everyone who succumbs in this ever-changing struggle has gotten his due from nature.'

A remarkable dialogue between the former corporal and the former general. Hitler regarded his speeches partly as answers to the articles which Seeckt published at the same time. The general admitted that he did not believe in eternal peace; especially when he thought of the great wars in which 'a people sets out to devour another with a better, easier life.' Also he saw no reliable protection against 'the wars that arise from great spiritual movements.' But this type of war between people and people, though perhaps as inevitable as a natural cataclysm, had at all events shown its questionable nature in the World War; and it was certain that the mere contest of arms 'between army and army' could be avoided. Here Seeckt saw 'a possibility of reducing the probability of war.' It must, as he put it, be possible to take the road at whose beginning stands the sign, 'To eternal peace, distance unknown,' and reach at least a little village with a sign over its tavern door saying, 'Limitation of armaments.'

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Contemptuously Hitler replied: 'This nation of sixty-two millions must advance its claims to the globe. . . . Germany will not be saved by men who fall a victim to universal world love, but by those who direct universal hatred to themselves.' Seeckt, the specialist, regarded the people's war of millions as a useless bloody drama of the past: 'Perhaps the principle of the mass army, of national mobilization, is already on the wane; the *fureur du nombre* is at an end. The mass becomes immobile. It cannot maneuver, hence cannot win; it can only crush.' But Hitler: 'The basic idea of National Socialism, in its striving to create a strong race, is that an entire people must enter the lists and fight for its life. If it succumbs, that is right. The earth is not for cowardly peoples!' And: 'The earth is our football; in this game we do not for a moment renounce staking our whole people.' In Seeckt's eyes the World War confused itself; Hitler by contrast: 'For the National Socialists the World War has not ended. We have not disarmed. As soldiers we do not weep and complain, we do not rack our brains whether we may not have done the enemy an injustice.' Seeckt uttered the obvious, 'Precisely the soldier will greet all efforts to lessen the possibilities of war,' and Hitler replied with the cannibalistic wisdom which he held to be obvious, 'All the nations which have surrendered to peace have not only ceased to dominate the world, but have slowly rotted.' Seeckt, following the doctrine of Clausewitz, the German philosopher of war, declared peace to be the aim of every war, but Hitler knew better: 'There is no differentiation between war and peace. There is always struggle.'

These were not clever speeches. With his strident battle-cry Hitler did not sweep millions off their feet; he only expressed the sentiment of his group of uprooted men who in 1928 were still a small circle around their little-regarded Führer. Himself uprooted, he screamed out his nostalgia for war, his lost home: 'I was a dispatch carrier at Arras,' he related, 'in the night when the roaring twenty-one-centimeter cannons suddenly began to speak and illumine the horizon with lightnings. Then I had the ecstatic feeling: Here stands Germany, that is our language — over there they know this language and hide from it!' He was speaking to two thousand people, and the reports tell of 'stormy, continuous applause.' On

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the night before the German Reichstag elections of 1928, Hitler promised five thousand listeners: 'If Fate should give us the power, we shall use it to cleanse the nation of its enemies and we hope that God gives us strength to march to the ultimate destiny on this earth. It will not be spared us. . . . We shall grow into a mighty army of termites, before the final hour comes. . . .' The 'ultimate destiny,' the 'hour': these, of course, are the war, and 'we hope' for its coming. The national elections of May 20, 1928, following this speech, brought Hitler twelve seats out of six hundred in parliament — it was a grave defeat.

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Despite such disappointments the war speeches served a purpose. They were addressed to a type of man who, like Hitler, found his fatherland in war; to this type Hitler promised a new home — a home with boots, spurs, gold epaulets, and three hundred marks a month. He wanted this kind of men because they possessed what he called the 'sense of struggle.' The type is found in all classes, including the working class; he must only be freed of his class conceptions, his faith in economics and work ('through work and industry a people has never grown free, only through hatred'). Let the Social Democrats preach the love of peace to the German masses. Perhaps they will have success for a time, 'until suddenly a plain ordinary military band comes by; then the man awakens from his dream state, suddenly he begins to feel like a member of the nation that is marching, and he joins in. All our people need is this one example — one, two, three, we are on the march. [Thunderous cries of "Heil!"] . . . There was one place in Germany in which there was no class division. That was the front-line company. There no one ever heard of a bourgeois and a proletarian platoon; there was just the company and that was the end of it. And there has to be a way of creating this unity at home too. . . . Therefore, we must wage war at home: 'If I want to weld the people into unity, I must first form a new front, facing a common enemy. Then each man will know that we must be one, because this enemy is the enemy of us all.' To that end we wage meeting-hall battles and war on the open highway — assemble the human type which no longer believes in work ('by work we shall never get the Frenchmen out of the country'); which does not believe in equality

('equality and freedom cannot exist side by side, democracy is the eternal conspiracy of twerps against the outstanding head'); which does not believe in justice ('justice is what benefits my people, injustice what harms my people').

In September, 1928, Hitler assembled his sub-leaders in Munich for a working session. The future of the movement did not look very hopeful. The elections had brought failure. At the end of the session, Hitler rose to the platform and declared that to him it seemed necessary 'to strengthen the individual party comrades' confidence in the victory of the movement.' This victory, he continued, must come with mathematical certainty. And for this he found a reason which lifted the hearts of the small, rather depressed band:

It does not require much courage to do silent service in an existing organization. It requires more courage to fight against an existing political régime. As soon as a man engages in offensive opposition to an existing régime, he will have to summon up more courage than the man who defends it. The movement requires more courage than naked tenacity. Attack attracts the personalities which possess more courage. Thus a condition containing danger within itself becomes a magnet for men who seek danger. A program with radical ideas will attract radical men, a program with a cowardly tendency will attract cowardly men. And then there is the reaction of the existing order. Furthermore, the resistance of the masses sifts even this small number once again. What remains is a minority of determined, hard men. It is this process which alone makes history explicable: the fact that certain revolutions, emanating from very few men and giving the world a new face, have actually taken place. And now, finally, comes the active resistance of the existing state. All parties, public opinion, take a position against us. But therein lies the unconditional, I might say the mathematical, reason for the future success of our movement. As long as we are the radical movement, as long as public opinion shuns us, as long as the existing factors of the state oppose us — we shall continue to assemble the most valuable human material around us, even at times when, as they say, all factors of human reason argue against it!

A noteworthy theory of the *coup d'état*, not devised at the writing desk, but gathered entirely from experience. If the party's propa-

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ganda for long years hardly kindled a flame, if it netted plenty of beatings and defeats, the leader of the beaten men consoled himself with the thought that such bitter trials would separate 'the nation's new nobility from nature's mass production.'

It will always remain one of Hitler's strongest gifts that he knew how to learn from his enemy: 'Let us glance at the development of Marxism in Germany!' he cried out a year later at the second of the Nuremberg Party Days. 'Wherever a revolt takes place, it is always against weakness and never against strength. Marxism created a community of force-filled men. . . . Where force, determination, boldness, ruthlessness — where these qualities are harnessed to the service of a bad cause, they can overthrow the state. The presupposition is a demand which itself in turn demands force of the individual. . . . For the individual is eager to prove his strength, quite regardless where he is placed. That is why great movements in world history have been able to conquer despite apparently insuperable obstacles, despite economic interests, despite the pressure of public opinion, even despite reason if it is feebly represented.'

That is the secret. 'Therein lies the future of our movement,' he cries out, confident of victory, 'that slowly, imperturbably, by this process we assemble the historic minority which in Germany per- haps will constitute six to eight hundred thousand men. If you have these men united as the membership of a movement, you have created the center of gravity of the state. If I regard our develop- ment up to now, I note the following: First, our program passes as radical, and weak men are afraid to come to us because of the radicalism of our ideas. Second, the régime oppresses us with all the means at its disposal, for it sees the danger inherent in the fact that the human material assembling with us is the best that Ger- many possesses. As long as this continues, and only the more courageous espouse our cause, we are on the right track and are marching toward victory with an iron firmness. . . .'

A confident prophecy, yet heavy with anxious foreboding. For Hitler continued: 'If the great mass were to join us with cries of hurrah, we should be in a sad state. That is why we distinguish between members and supporters. The supporters are the entire German people, the members six to eight hundred thousand. That

is the number which alone is worth anything. All the others only come along when we line up in march columns. This principle of selection, which takes place through eternal struggle, is the guaranty of the future success of our movement. First we shall draw their valuable men from all the national parties, and finally from the international [Marxist] ones as well. What then remains is the crowd; not persons but numbers that hand in a ballot. That is the great mass. . . .

In 1929, when he held the second Nuremberg Party Day, Hitler had already assembled a tenth of his historical minority. Sixty thousand of the elect marched in columns. A foreigner, bewitched by the stiff arms and thundering boots, said to Hitler: How wonderful; it seems as though all these sixty thousand men had the same face. This remark was more accurate than the foreign guest suspected, for the same column passed the spot three or four times to indicate a greater mass. Even so there was deep truth in the words; the same uniform, the same cap, the same step, the same cry, the same song, the same simple thought, end by making almost identical men. 'That is the great thing about our movement . . . that these men have outwardly become almost a unit, that actually these members are uniform not only in ideas, but that even the facial expression is almost the same. Look at these laughing eyes, this fanatical enthusiasm, and you will discover how in these faces the same expression has formed, how a hundred thousand men in a movement become a single type.'

The type for whom the World War was not over. Staring into a bloody distance, Hitler continued: 'Today when I saw these boys passing by me, suddenly I thought: how would it be if two more years passed and these boys were to don our old steel helmets, if they were volunteer regiments at Ypres again — the same face, the same expression, the same life in these men? We saw heads of boys in which was already imprinted the proud man to be, which the people needs as a leader if it is not to be destroyed. That is what this movement wants.' (Loud applause.)

The dream of a future hecatomb of Ypres was exactly what scared a man like Seeckt; but the professional soldier would not have understood that the real purpose of a coming mass war was the

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The idea of a Geri both countries immed forces appeared too: i Free Corps, in Italy th under Gabriele d'Annunzi. In 1919, Houston brother-in-law, Count Italy and Germany, i as well as the nature and I believe that C great and strong than will never be your tr hates you as a neighbor hence it is in no way alone destroyed.'

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As a matter of fact only from this minority itself could an under-
standing be expected. The really important thing was that this
minority was not to be found in Germany alone; the whole war
philosophy was based on this.

The idea of a German-Italian front against France appeared in
both countries immediately after the World War; the same political
forces appeared too: in Germany the secret murderers' army of the
Free Corps, in Italy the much opener murderers' army of the *Arditi*
under Gabriele d'Annunzio and the Fascisti under Benito Musso-
lini. In 1919, Houston Stewart Chamberlain wrote to his Italian
brother-in-law, Count Manfred Gravina: 'It is my opinion that
Italy and Germany, in consequence of their geographical position
as well as the nature of their population, are destined to be friends,
and I believe that Germany has greater interest in seeing Italy
great and strong than in the contrary. France, on the other hand,
will never be your true friend, and never has been in the past: she
hates you as a neighbor and rival and has always deceived you;
hence it is in no way to your interest to see Germany weakened, let
alone destroyed.'

True, between Germany and Italy lay independent Austria, and
Mussolini declared in 1925 that Italy could never tolerate the
Anschluss, since it would destroy all Italy's World War gains. Then
there were the two hundred and thirty thousand Germans in the
South Tyrol annexed by Italy; but Hitler stated: 'If today Satan
came and offered himself to me as an ally against France, I would
give him my hand. . . . It was a happy day for me when I heard
that Mussolini meant to renew the old Roman Empire. For that
meant that some day Italy will have to march against France.' The
struggle for a Roman Empire (for practical purposes North Africa)
was in Hitler's eyes a struggle of races. 'Italy needs Africa in order
to settle her surplus population; France needs Africa in order to
supplement her own population from there.'

To this vanishing French national force, maintaining a shaky
security by a net of artificial and unreliable alliances, the overflow-
ing German national forces must be counterposed in all Europe by
bloodshed if necessary. Hitler demands 'different slogans for the

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Germans in foreign countries. In Czechoslovakia: Germans, revolt against the state. It is an auxiliary troop of France. In South Tyrol: Germans, comply with the state. You are the bridge between Germany and Italy; train your sentiments for the great mission that is yours. Not your destiny is the primary matter, but the destiny of a great people which you must serve.'

The day of the young faces, the day of a new Ypres will come soon: When the German youth, 'driven by the boyish instincts that make them search for new forces, embodying in themselves ninety-nine per cent of the best Aryan blood, led upward to the leadership of the German people'—when this youth gets its great day, 'the world will see with admiration that the German people, even externally, will assume those traits of character again which justify us in saying that our history is the world's history.' Then the leadership of Fascism will no longer be in Italy, but in National Socialist Germany, and a new reality will rise up beside which even the reality of the most realistic alliance pales: the reality of the inner German revolution.

'Then reality will keep step with this iron revolutionary process, then the hour will come in which world history will again be weighed to see whether the weights have not changed. Then France will be set into one side of the scale, while the new Germany steps into the other, and by the force of her own worth she will lower the tray. Our prayer to the Lord is only this: Lord, we do not ask you to help us, only watch to see that the weighing is done fairly, and the sword is our weight.' (1928.)

There was hardly a doubt that the German weight would be the heavier one. In March, 1928, France reduced military service to one year, lower than it had ever been before. Then the country began to build that supposedly impregnable defensive line, named after André Maginot, Minister of War. A war-weary nation wanted to shut itself off securely from war. But in March, 1929, an unnamed French general wrote in a Swiss newspaper:

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Demagogic madness has led us to the absurd conception of defensive war. During the World War we had to promise parliament never again to take the offensive. As far as results, that is,

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losses are concerned, there is no difference between attack and defense. In defending Verdun, we lost just as many men as the Germans attacking us. But the Germans had a chance of winning the war by taking Verdun, while our only chance was not to lose it. . . . Hence: offensive, offensive, and again offensive! Defensive must in no case be regarded as the basic tactic. The best it can accomplish is to cause the adversary loss of time until the moment when we are enabled to attack. . . . With a handful of soldiers, with a few cannon and barracks, with an army such as we shall have in five years, split, disorganized, badly trained, with mediocre cadres, nothing can be accomplished. We are doomed to destruction. An undisciplined troop either lets itself be killed or flees. Our new army . . . will flee, it will be defeated by anybody. . . .

Hitler's learned friend, General and Professor Karl Haushofer, had developed a new type of military science based on a division of the world into great land and sea masses. Previously the power dominating the sea had dominated the world; today, however, Haushofer, himself a pupil of Rudolf Kjellen, the Swedish geographer, taught that this condition had been reversed. Immediately after the World War he had been of the opinion that the great battle fleets would gradually be transformed into 'scrap iron' by growing swarms of U-boats and airplanes. Both planes and submarines depended for their power on land bases from which they could not stay away for any protracted period. But that is not the chief reason for the rising importance of the mainland in world politics. Through the development of the continental trade economy, the great inner spaces have become 'less dependent on the coast'; in modern world politics, domination of the production centers is decisive, no longer domination of the trade routes.

Haushofer took for granted the decline of the British Empire, based on English domination of trade routes; all territorial relations, based only on trade and especially maritime relations, would soon be broken. This would first happen in Asia with its great land blocks of China and Russia, and Japan would not necessarily be the winner in the 'Eurasian space catastrophe.' For Japan is also a power based on sea lanes; but today we stand, as Haushofer puts it, 'at the great turning-point in the favorable position of the island

1929

empires.' Against the coming catastrophe he saw but one help, the early union of continental Europe. As late as 1932 he could conceive of this, though reluctantly, only under the leadership of French democracy, with at least the approval of the British: 'Either democracy and pacifism create a sort of United States of Europe by 1950 at the latest, or the Eurasian space catastrophe will inevitably occur—probably in the form of a retrogressive small-spaced dismemberment even of the so-called colonial powers.' The great land mass, not control of the sea, is today the aim of high politics.

Hitler adopted as much of this doctrine as was possible for a student of Houston Stewart Chamberlain. For the really decisive factor in all politics remains man, and not numbers but quality. He said:

Our space is absurdly small, for a plane can cross our German territory in barely four hours. That is no longer a land surface bearing a protection in itself, as is the case with Russia whose land surface alone represents a power, a coefficient of security. . . . Sixty-two and a half million people, four hundred and thirty-six thousand square kilometers of land surface! This land surface does not suffice by far to nourish our population. . . . German foreign policy, therefore, is concerned not only with liquidating the Versailles Treaty. For then the condition of August, 1914, would be restored, which means that basically the life-possibility of the nation would not be assured. . . . In barely a hundred years there will be two hundred and fifty million Germans living on this continent. . . . It is clear that the more a nation grows in numbers, the more its soil is bound some day to become too narrow; that such a nation must some day either succumb to this restriction of its soil and collapse, or that it will burst this restriction and acquire new soil somewhere.

Hitler tried to make one of the most important phenomena of recent history clear to a simple-minded audience: that new, large-space powers were forging ahead of the old-style great powers. With a native area of only 94,000 square miles, and a white population of barely 70,000,000, England dominated a quarter of the inhabited earth, approximately 500,000,000 people; France with a motherland embracing 212,000 square miles, but a population of only 40,000,000 whites, governed an empire of 4,600,000 square miles

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1929

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1929

and almost 70,000,000 people. These space-systems are confronted by the new great space-blocks, which seem to be developing their full force only today: the United States, the Soviet Union, and perhaps China. Why they did not enter world history with full force until today can be explained by Haushofer's theory that sea transport loses its dominant rôle only in the present era. Hitler's sermon on space meant that at this crossroads of history Germany must not choose the false road and attempt the conquest of an old-style colonial empire on the English or French pattern. Germany must become another land-block.

But for the moment she was nothing but a land-based island, so to speak; a small territory swimming amidst other territories. Germany did not feed herself from her own soil; like England, but without the overseas resources of that country, she exported industrial products, buying raw materials and foodstuffs in return. Thus she was, too, a country relying on trade lanes. 'I protest against the German people working as the industrial coolie of the world,' said Hitler, grossly exaggerating, 'while other peoples live on its sweat, some of them with an excess of land and soil. Who gave the Russians their land and soil?'

The land and soil of the Russians . . . ! That was what he wanted for Germany: 'We shall take the soil — on the strength of a natural right — in places where it is not tilled as we shall till it. . . . The earth belongs to him who tills it industriously. Nations which are lazy, which are incompetent, which are stupid, have no right to possess soil of the earth that they cannot make useful, while at the same time other nations starve through lack of soil. It is criminal to ask an intelligent people to limit its children in order that a lazy and stupid people next door can literally abuse a gigantic surface of the earth.'

Hitler viewed Russia with desire and contempt. Russia, to him, was an empty space full of people who do not count, and one day will be an easy prey; but Germany must be on her guard against a much stronger power — the second great land-space of the white race. America is for Hitler an object of terror. America, to his mind, mustered every hostile power against Europe; in America space and race joined forces against the Old World. Hitler's view of

America has developed with the years and has grown more serious. The land of 'Jewish domination, stock-exchange dictatorship, and the crassest capitalism' has become, in his eyes, a land of magnificent national planning; a land with an alarming headstart over Germany on the road to the mechanized nation. America sucks the whole world dry; she can do this because she possesses the space which Europe, and particularly Germany, lacks. 'Every emigration,' says Hitler sadly, 'will lead to a loss of energetic, bold men. The coward never leaves his home. The little proletarian must have self-confidence when he says: Now I'm going to Argentina. That is Vikingism, a voyage of the Argonauts that is not sung, but which should be sung, as the most terrible catastrophe that has struck our nation. It accumulated through the decades and centuries and gave a new continent a highly valuable human content. We came face to face with it in 1918 on the Western Front.'

Respect for the American menace, fear of American strength, and envy of American space—all this is, for Hitler, an entirely new conception of America; it has developed slowly, in conflict with his original idea of American 'barbarism.' He describes the American menace in the same admiring tone which, at times, he adopts for Communism, and again the enemy becomes his model. The creeping American menace has transformed itself into a stormy catastrophe for all Europe and particularly for Germany, since the United States has begun to subject its immigrants to a strict physical examination, rejecting the sick and defective. Germany, says Hitler, could do no better than imitate the catastrophe.

Emigration to America [he says] has been brought into a form constructively dangerous for us, in so far as the human material which we deliver to America is not picked out by poverty alone. No, the receiver himself picks out this material and examines it to see if it is suitable for his own racial aims. . . . The natural process of selection has become an artificial one. The American Union strictly prescribes how a man must be constituted if he is to be admitted. What our bourgeois democracy does not want to understand is there prescribed by law. Health, a certain stature, are demanded; no one may have hereditary taints, etc. From a multitude of men, they seek the most highly valued individuals. This

process must bring Europe. Our officialment. But it is a infinite danger for tion lies the worth qualities of the in-specific value. If you will not do it under the leadership racial laws.

Since Hitler, when really means murder adds nonchalantly: 'I year and eliminate eight, in the end the eight hundred thousand by 'in accordance with found the omission of state of history, Spain. In our country the humanitarian drive, of the healthy. . . . strong.' And the power and race is more blood to win removed from life.

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process must bring about a shift of forces between America and Europe. Our official science acts as if this were a statistical experiment. But it is a power problem for the American Union and an infinite danger for old Europe. Not in the number of the population lies the worth or worthlessness of the whole mass, but in the qualities of the individual; not the sum value is decisive, but the specific value. If you want to mobilize Europe against this danger, you will not do it by a mingling of valuable and inferior, but only under the leadership of a state which acts consciously according to racial laws.

Since Hitler, when he speaks of force, value, and higher culture, really means murder and homicide, if possible on a mass basis, he adds nonchalantly: 'If Germany should get a million children each year and eliminate seven to eight hundred thousand of the weakest, in the end the result would be an increase of power.' Seven to eight hundred thousand murders a year — that is what he means by 'in accordance with racial laws'; he was in deadly earnest and found the omission of these murders criminal: 'The clearest racial state of history, Sparta, carried out these racial laws systematically. In our country the opposite is done systematically. By our modern humanitarian drivel, we strive to preserve the weak at the expense of the healthy. . . . We slowly cultivate the weak and kill the strong.' And the whole far-reaching import of these speeches on power and race is summed up in one sentence: 'It does not cost more blood to win the land that we need for bread than is now removed from life and suppressed by artificial reduction of birth.'

The opportunity to spend blood for land he saw approaching in the shape of a war in which at least England, perhaps all Europe, allied with Japan, would march against the American menace. This American war would give Germany an opportunity for decisive action.

At the beginning of 1930, the Washington Naval Conference convened again, this time in London, attended by the five first naval powers. Its purpose might have been called cheap world domination, or rather, distribution of world domination at low cost. All the armament and disarmament conferences have the aim of upholding the existing distribution of military power, while

1921, 1922

sparing excessive costs. At the conference of 1921 the United States had been recognized by Great Britain as a sea power with equal rights, 'Rule Britannia' was a thing of the past. America, whose real strength consists in her land-block, had now the maritime strength of England, whose power depended entirely on her sea lanes. This was the outcome of the World War, and it is understandable that in England bitter doubts should arise as to the sense and utility of such a war.

The rising sea power of Japan was not granted parity with the two others. The formula for the naval strengths of the five sea powers, United States, England, Japan, France, and Italy was set at 5, 5, 3, 1.75, 1.75. Practically speaking, this resulted in Japanese parity, for the Japanese Navy, for any predictable period, was occupied only in the western half of the Pacific, the American on at least two oceans, and the British on all seven.

This quiet argument among the great powers over the destinies of the earth was drowned out by the shrill bickering of France and Italy over a relatively small strip of the globe: the Mediterranean, the ancient cradle of human civilization and navigation. The British Navy dominated the western exit to the Mediterranean with the mighty rock fortress of Gibraltar; she dominated the eastern exit, the Suez Canal; and although financially France owned fifty-two per cent of the canal, British troops, stationed in Egypt and the canal zone since the eighties, proved to the economic age by their tranquil presence that military, not financial, domination is decisive. But up to 1925 Italian wrath was directed primarily against the nearer France, more envied as her superiority was not felt to be so great. France laid claim to a stronger fleet than Italy; Italy insisted on her parity, granted in 1921 at Washington. It was Germany which profited from this quarrel. France insisted that the 'pocket battleships' which Germany was permitted to build by the Versailles Treaty (to use them in the Baltic against Soviet Russia) should be limited to twenty-one-centimeter guns; Italy obtained permission for Germany to retain the original twenty-eight-centimeter guns.

Did this presage the coming Italian-French war? Hitler thought so; and it was plain that Italy was courting Germany with little

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 favors. Hitler also believed that the British-American war was silently developing. As early as *Mein Kampf*, he had predicted that England would join with Japan against the United States: England grasps avidly at the yellow fist and clings to an alliance which, racially conceived, is perhaps indefensible, but politically offers the sole possibility of strengthening the British world position against the rising American continent.

The English-American world war will bring Germany's hour, Hitler declared now in January, 1930.

All Europe is moving toward a hard fate if American expansionist economic activity is not stopped somewhere and some time. But the British Empire will be struck hardest of all by this development. . . . And here begins the British attempt to put a stop to so-called 'armament' by means of agreements, not because they think they can avoid a future conflict with America, in this way, but because they think the preservation of the present ratio between the two fleets is more favorable for England than a boundless armament race, in which England might lose her breath sooner than the American Union. . . . Regardless how the naval conference turns out, the actual causes of the British-American controversy will not be touched by it, for they lie far deeper and can neither be treated nor far less settled at the conference table.

The coming war between England and America! Hitler has seldom referred to this possibility, but up to 1930 he looked upon it as a certainty, and his foreign policy, however much it changed in other things, always has been based on this tacit premise. In the above-quoted article he continues:

We Germans have no reason to desire even in the slightest that events of any kind whatsoever will preserve a 'world peace' whose sole result, as recent events show, is to make possible, to encourage in fact the most horrible plundering and exploitation of our people. . . . Germany can harbor only the single ardent desire, that over every conference the spirit of misfortune should reign, that discord should arise from it, and that finally in blood and fire there should be an end to a world peace which otherwise will be the end of our people! And for the more distant future we might hope that in this struggle an opportunity arise for Germany to play a part in world-historical events.

1930

Germany needs a new war and fortunately war, according to Hitler, is the normal condition on this earth.

The struggle will begin again, the stronger, more forceful, will remain and will press down the weaker. The whole period of years before the World War was not normal; for actually the earth knows of hardly any state of peace lasting from forty to fifty years.

At one and the same time Hitler desired to plunge the world into a new war and to be innocent of the war; his propaganda strays between two equally beautiful ideals or lies:

We National Socialists welcome this development with all our hearts quite regardless of whether Germany is in a position to take any active part or not. For: 1. For us Germans it is true good fortune if the world again comes to power-political conflicts. . . . Through the new conflict now developing, Germany will be acquitted of guilt in the World War. . . . It will be seen that Germany was no more the instigator of the World War than she will be the instigator of the coming struggle, but that the nations are lashed into these mighty catastrophes by entirely different forces. 2. We believe that in such a period of general unrest, of tensions and power-political decisions, there are more possibilities for loosening the present servitude under which our people is sighing and pining than in a period of peace. . . . As long as peace prevails, Germany has nothing at all to hope for, and only when this world is thrown again into disorder can it be possible for a gifted German government to recognize German interests and, where possible, secure advantages for the German people in these conflicts.

The world's unrest increased; more and more people questioned the hastily improvised peace of 1919. With his sensitive ear for the enemy's weakness, Hitler had sensed at an early date that the world of Versailles was slipping apart, but he had not always correctly interpreted the particular symptoms. In the mid-twenties an under-secretary in the British foreign office had supported German reactionary leagues with funds whose origin was not clear, because in his opinion they were Europe's best protection against Bolshevism; the deal came not completely to light, but for other, less savory reasons the diplomat had to go. Yet at the same time Hitler found it insane to expect help from England. As late as 1927 he thought

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it 'an error on the part of our government to suppose that England,
which has fought us for thirty years, should today take our part.'
Three years later, in May, 1930, at a general meeting of his party
in Munich, he expressed a new insight: 'The formation of the
world powers which once oppressed us no longer seems indissoluble,
and already shows the most serious breaches. For many years I
have been fighting for a connection with Italy. In the future Eng-
land, too, will be France's foe [she will also be the adversary of
America, but Hitler could not very well tell his assembled lieutenants
that Germany should prepare for a new war against
America] . . . and after a certain time seek new support in Europe.
A time will come when a new triple alliance: England, Germany,
Italy, will form. With it will come our hour for the German Reich
and people.' The 'hour,' as always, means war.

Two dictatorships and a democracy would form a triple alliance!
But Hitler doubted that England was a democracy; in any event, he
was convinced that the England which won the World War under
Lloyd George had been a dictatorship. Aryans and anti-Semites of
all countries, unite! 'Today we are mobilizing a great people,' he
said in December, 1928, 'and even today we can see how, though
under different banners, the same spirit is beginning to stir in the
most different nations, how it presses forward, seeking the form
that seems suited to the particular peoples, how everywhere the
same spirit fights, how everywhere this spirit creates the same forms
to carry through the struggle against the carriers of poison through-
out the world. . . .'

That England belonged to this Aryan world was a favorite idea
of Alfred Rosenberg, ambassador of the Wise Men of Zion. For
five years full of privations, Rosenberg had written the *Völkischer*
Beobachter almost single-handed; with the energy of the possessed,
he had gathered anti-Semitic material on all sides and written a
thick book; in addition he had found time to devise a sort of theory
of foreign politics for his party. Since 1928 he held a seat in the
Reichstag, where he made speeches on foreign policy, sharply at-
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Strasser wanted to incite all the colored peoples — Chinese, Indians,
Persians, Egyptians — against the City of London, Rosenberg re-
* Rosenberg works on his speeches

1929 added the English capitalists, in so far as they were not Jews, as the born Aryan rulers of colored 'sub-humanity.' With these rulers, the German master-men must systematically and peaceably share Aryan world domination, each in the corner allotted to him by Fate. 'England, Germany, Italy,' wrote Rosenberg in July, 1930, 'stand as though back to back. The stronger they become, the more dependent they are on one another. England's task is the protection of the white race in Africa and West Asia; Germany's task is to safeguard Germanic Europe against the chaotic Mongolian flood and to hold down France, which has already become an advance guard of Africa. (Take a look at the French colonial army and bear in mind that even now a Negro represents the French Government in the Geneva League of Nations.) Italy as a growing nation has a claim to Corsica, Tunis, Dalmatia, in order to prevent the destruction of Europe by French Negro armies. None of the three states can solve the task of destiny alone. . . .' In the *Völkischer Beobachter*, Rosenberg ran pictures of the Viceroy of India and Mahatma Gandhi with his thick lips and protruding ears. And the question was, whether a race-conscious National Socialist could doubt for a moment on which side he belonged?

Aryan Europe! Hitler looked confidently around the modest offices he had rented beside the studio of his friend, Heinrich Hoffmann, the photographer, in Schelling Strasse. When his glance fell on the wall map, he could say: Half of this Europe already belongs to dictatorship, and the section that is still free in the heart of the continent will be bent to dictatorship by me.

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Chapter XIV

FIRST TRIUMPH

IN THE SPRING OF 1928, GUSTAV STRESEMAN, THE Foreign Minister, went to Munich to deliver an election speech in the same Bürgerbräu Keller where Hitler had fired at the ceiling. For the first time Hitler had a leader of the German Reich within personal reach. Five hundred of his elite led by Hermann Esser invaded the meeting, taking the seats near the platform. During the dark days of the Ruhr War, Stresemann had once spoken of seeing 'a small silver stripe on the horizon.' The five hundred had fastened glittering strips of stanniol paper to their hair, to their buttonholes, some even to the seats of their pants; they cried out in chorus: 'Where is the silver stripe, Herr Stresemann?' Stresemann managed to shout down the five hundred with brutal oratory. At their wits' end they suddenly stood up and began to sing the national anthem: *Deutschland über Alles*. The audience rose to their feet, also singing, and the gentlemen on the platform stood up, too. Stresemann's party associates, a former general, a lawyer, a manufacturer, a banker, joined obediently in the singing, for it was the national hymn and they were patriots. Though the wild scene served no other purpose than to break up the meeting, to silence their party's leader, to make the German Foreign Minister ridiculous in the eyes of the world—nevertheless they sang. Stresemann paled and clutched the speaker's desk; that same night he had a new attack of a malignant kidney complaint, and was constantly ill after that. But in the same elections Hitler was badly beaten; in the Reichstag his party got only twelve of around six

hundred seats. It was his worst enemies, the Social-Democrats, who won these elections.

Hitler could stir up the crowds, but he was as yet unable to get their votes. Sober reasoning made it clear to the masses that the country must be on the right path since it stabilized its currency, got the French out of the Ruhr, and finally entered the League of Nations with a permanent seat—that is, the full rights of a great power (September, 1926). Nevertheless, there was an inarticulate feeling that in this structure of successes there might be a rotten spot, and their very contact with the artificial and formal international apparatus served only to remind the people of the frustrated hopes of 1919. What a magnificent world it might have been, managed and run by a great world administration, directly and vitally connected with the masses of all civilized nations by direct suffrage! But when by the Peace of Versailles the individual citizen, taxpayer, and voter found himself again locked within the borders of his national state; when he became aware of the great incongruity, that, with the increasing complexity of international relations, events on the other side of the globe directly affected his own destiny while he himself by his vote could not influence the whole globe, but only his narrow national state—when this basic limitation, rendering national democracy useless as a guide to world destiny, came to the consciousness of the individual, it was the end of the democratic passion which had enriched the nineteenth century, and for a brief moment in 1919 kindled a light even in Germany.

Meanwhile, starting in the fall of 1928, Communism began its attempt to build Soviet Russia into a socialist model state. Through unspeakable sufferings, through famine, through the death of whole sections of the population, through the misery of whole regions, Josef Stalin, the dictator, drove his first Five-Year Plan forward. Along with brutal energy and love of personal power, Stalin possessed a gift which perhaps recalls Hitler's best quality: a worldly experienced eye for the limits of human strength. He saw possibilities where others despaired; and where fanatics stormed blindly forward, he sensed limits. He called his system 'socialism in one country,' indicating that he meant to socialize without wait-

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ing for general world revolution. The privations of the consumers, the exploitation of the workers, made the Soviet Union appear gray and poor beside most capitalist countries. Some observers spoke of state capitalism. Actually, in the year 1928, the armed intellectual definitely took power in Russia. The chief aim became almost at once the creation of a great war machine.

On the other side of the globe, prices on the New York Stock Exchange crashed in October, 1929. It was the beginning of that crisis which, within a few months, spread to all continents: the depression of 1929-1933. The age characterized by Henry Ford when he said that 'anything which is economically right is also morally right' was drawing to an end. In Russia and the United States two tremors of the same crisis occurred. With satisfaction the Russians beheld one more of the capitalist crises predicted by Marxism; with fear American capitalists saw the approaching socialist doom; meanwhile both countries moved toward a new social form.

Between the two upheavals, Germany sought her way. She was the first European country to feel the full impact of the crisis. This crisis was brought to Germany neither by the Peace of Versailles nor by the policy of *rapprochement* with her former war enemies. The economic burdens of the Versailles Peace did not weigh more heavily on Germany than on the other countries, for their pressure practically was intercepted by the golden shower of foreign capital that up to 1928 incessantly filled the vacuums of German economics. It would be too simple to say that German reparations were paid with borrowed foreign capital; on the contrary, the entire system of borrowing and high interest payments put a heavy additional burden on the German economy. But it was the time when in many countries the burdens and mortgages were not felt, at least by the working masses in the cities, because economic progress made up for them. In Germany improvement and cheapening of production made the situation appear sounder than it was. From 1926 wages, which had been sharply cut down by the stabilization of 1924, began to rise, not seldom pushed up by successful strikes, always a certain sign of at least seeming prosperity. But the most remarkable gain the working masses made in the German Repub-

lic was the broadening and strengthening of the system of social insurances; every wage-earner was automatically insured against illness, accidents, to some extent even against the dangers of old age. The most important of these public insurances was that against unemployment which in normal times actually would have given the working man a wonderful feeling of security. But somebody had to pay for this progress. The cost of social insurance embittered the employers even more than the question of wages. Between them and the trade unions a hostility grew up after 1926 that hardly had existed before 1924; they launched the slogan that the 'state socialism' of the Weimar Republic must be broken. But an even heavier burden was heaped on the shoulders of German economy when the state, which after the stabilization had dismissed a great number of civil servants, now reversed its policy and raised salaries considerably (1927).

Hjalmar Schacht, president of the Reichsbank, traveled through the country, making speeches full of threats: the Germans were not saving enough; it was intolerable that German women should have a new hat every year. The athletic fields, swimming pools, parks, public buildings, being built in the German cities were also intolerable. Parker Gilbert—agent for reparations payments, the 'American slaveholder, the taskmaster of Wall Street,' as Hitler called him—made the same complaint. 'What if new foreign loans should cease to come in, with which to pay the greater part of our foreign indebtedness as we have done up to now?' Schacht warned in 1927. 'Our products would have to be sold abroad at dumping prices, workers and employers would have to make the greatest sacrifices. . . . I do not see the future calmly.' Hitler read this and prophesied triumphantly: If ever Parker Gilbert's employers in Wall Street should withdraw their money from Germany, the whole fine edifice of German economy would explode. How, exactly, would this come about? Hitler could imagine but one thing: there would be a new inflation; no, it was already at hand; he thought he saw a 'creeping inflation'—a grave error in detail, but not an unsound judgment on the whole.

The influence of America on European development is one of the many features of the general complex that transformed all pros-

perity into world prosperity each rise and fall made America had given Europe money. The renewal was based on an American life in Germany that have found all sorts. Since her discovery she never ceased to live turned reality, as a price first as the land of wonders, then of unlimited possibilities. As an immeasurable part Soviet Union and engineers who built nations' bore the American 'America' became another country, even nations; even of the Soviet

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European development is one of the complex that transformed all pros-

perity into world prosperity and every crisis into a world crisis; but each rise and fall made the extent of American leadership clear. America had given Europe, and particularly Germany, more than money. The renewal of German productive technique after 1924 was based on an American idea, the assembly line; it so affected all life in Germany that the words *Laufendes Band* (assembly line) have found all sorts of figurative uses in the German language. Since her discovery four hundred and fifty years ago, America has never ceased to live in the European imagination as a fairy tale turned reality, as a proof that the seemingly impossible is possible; first as the land of unlimited wealth, then of unlimited natural wonders, then of unlimited liberty, and finally of unlimited technical possibilities. As a technical model, the United States has played an immeasurable part in the building of two states alien to it: the Soviet Union and National Socialist Germany. The American engineers who built Russian factories and German 'study commissions' bore the American idea across the ocean, and the magic of 'America' became more potent throughout Europe than that of any other country, even of France or Italy with their ancient civilizations; even of the Soviet Union.

But this technical leadership of America in turn helped to create a situation that finally upset all gains made before. Almost everywhere on the globe the era after the First World War was filled with an effort to build, to create, to produce—an effort that looked noble and enterprising, but in its final effect was as destructive as it seemed creative. Countries which had hitherto produced chiefly raw materials and agrarian products began to develop manufactures at least for their own use; states which had not existed until then tried to start industries of their own that had not existed until then either. Some entered the world market as new competitors, underbidding everyone in sight, partly with the help of starvation wages—Japan, for instance. But of all new competitors by far the strongest in force and capacities was America. The gradual rise in American customs duties gave the world market a sign that a new industrial country was entering into sharper and sharper competition with the old production centers. The Fordney-McCumber Tariff Act of 1922 showed that America intended to protect her

production, based on high wages, against the cheap, foreign goods; the Hawley-Smoot Tariff Act, signed in June, 1930, by President Hoover, was even more drastic; some duties were increased by fifty to one hundred per cent, creating semi-panic in the world market; within eighteen months twenty-five countries responded with sharp counter-measures.

This was the outcome of the age of national liberty and unlimited sovereignty; the universal right of self-determination had led to a senseless piling-up of forces and material. Everybody a producer, nobody a buyer—this ideal goal was not completely reached, but all the same, the international exchange of goods and services between 1928 and 1935 lost half of its volume and almost two thirds of its value, due to the inevitable decline in prices on a crowded world market (from 67 to 26 billion dollars).

Because everybody tried to produce everything, there seemed to be overproduction. The world was becoming glutted with capital and consumers' goods—in so far as one may speak of glut in a world which objectively is always suffering from shortage. Raw-material prices crashed, and everywhere in the world it became difficult for farmers to cover their costs.

When the dream of gold began to burst, the farmers all over the world were the first to feel it. The agrarian crisis in most countries hit a class which during and after the war had been on top of the economic situation, dealing, as it did, with the most coveted goods. But probably in no country had this class profited from the situation as in Germany. In the frightful time of vanishing fortunes (1923) they had been the most contented class, for the inflation had wiped out their debts without hurting their estates. Now the only class which had not suffered from inflation was the first to suffer from stabilization. After 1924, German landowners, grown overconfident, began to assume new debts on their property. These became more and more oppressive as it became apparent that their products could often not compete with the world market in quality, and never, despite high tariffs, in price. Misery began to spread among the farmers; many went bankrupt and were driven from their estates. They answered with open rebellion; refused to pay interest and taxes; gathered into armed bands and threw bombs

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into tax offices. The freebooters, the former army lieutenants, who had been unemployed since the beer-hall *putsch*, found a congenial occupation in organizing these peasant bands. A new opportunity for the National Socialist leaders to split over an issue; Strasser hailed the bomb-throwings as the beginning of the great catastrophe in which the Weimar Republic would perish; but Hitler, always afraid of police and public prosecutor, forbade his followers to have any share in the attacks.

All the same, the moment had come for him to alter his unalterable program once again. For Germany was faced by something new: by an uprising of peasants and big landowners against cities and industry; and nowhere in German politics was this new development so well recognized and exploited as by the National Socialists.

In the beginning of his movement (1919-1923) and in his 'immutable' program, Hitler had not considered the peasants at all; the hungry city dwellers who filled his meetings up to 1923 even hated them. One point in the 'unalterable' program advocated 'expropriation of the soil without indemnity for community purposes.' In 1928, Hitler withdrew this threat to the landowners: 'Since the N.S.D.A.P. stands on the basis of private property, it planned only to expropriate, if necessary, land which was acquired in an unjust way or which is not administered according to the needs of the popular welfare. This is chiefly directed against the Jewish speculators.' With this shift in program began the systematic, arduous recruiting of a section of the population which envied the metropolitan masses, blaming them for their own misfortunes. The discovery of the peasants was a master-stroke of National Socialist propaganda. The Communists, rigidly following the Marxist principle of class struggle, tried to incite the small peasants against the large landholders. In this they followed the Russian example of Lenin, which, like so many of the Communist International's methods, proved totally unsuitable for export. In Germany they met with no success, because the big landowners and the peasants had the same interest: higher prices; as long as sweat and toil on the field did not bring them there could be no 'hunger for land' among the poorer peasants.

The National Socialists had a far better understanding of the agrarian struggle. Convinced that by propaganda he could make his city supporters swallow anything, Hitler tried to set himself at the head of the peasant uprising against the cities. In a great agrarian program promulgated in March, 1930, he proclaimed that the 'country people were the chief bearers of hereditary racial health, the people's fountain of youth, and the backbone of our military power.' His conclusion was that 'the preservation of an efficient peasant class in numerical proportion to the total population constitutes a pillar of National Socialist policy.'

He discovered this pillar when the debt-ridden, mortgaged, tax-crushed, bomb-throwing peasants began to fill his meetings—not before. He appointed to his staff a new man, an agricultural expert, R. Walter Darré, who, though new in the movement, had achieved a powerful influence over Hitler. Another of the many 'Germans abroad,' Darré was born in 1895 at Belgrano in the Argentine. He was an agrarian specialist with academic training. The agriculture ministries of the Reich and of Prussia had sent him to observe foreign farming methods in Latvia and Estonia, where for centuries, under the government of the Russian tsars, a German upper class had dominated the peasantry. It may be presumed that Darré, although a learned specialist, did not concern himself only with the Latvian egg production. At all events, he sent reports on the conditions among the Latvian and Estonian Germans to the Deutsche Akademie in Munich; this was an institute founded by Karl Haushofer for research on the culture of the Germans abroad; for a time Rudolf Hess had worked at the institute as Haushofer's assistant. For a German raised abroad and hence imbued with the arrogant conception of the *Herrenvolk*, these Baltic countries were a good school; here the past glory and the present misery of the *Herrenvolk* could be studied day in and day out in the newspapers. The learned agronomist built a theory on the basis of his observations, and when in 1929 he came into conflict with his superiors and was forced to leave the service, he returned to the vicinity of Wiesbaden on the Rhine and there wrote a book: *The Peasantry as the Life Source of the Nordic Race*. Rudolf Hess brought him to the National Socialist Party; Darré made so strong an impression

on Hitler that he at once adopted the program. Darré proved his program. The program begins:

Today we pay for our funds. Thus the German debt slavery of the interwar period. If the present state of affairs will expropriate the German credit and hence the incoming bread-basket high to work for starvation shipped off to foreign countries this slavery is possible only mainly from its own soil agriculture has therefore people.

Therefore taxes on agriculture promise and the peasant have faith in it; but Darré fought for it. Taxes, he declared, world power which actually racy desires the destruction of man people, and especially on it.' Since, moreover, the competition of foreign agricultural conditions, protective duties, a section directed for large landholdings of the land such are not attacked, but 'Large-scale agriculture also.' A large number of small farms important from the standpoint of sustaining these small and medium German East, to prevent industrialized, factory-like giant farms in the program: 'In future means to farm it himself.'

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on Hitler that he at once commissioned him to draw up a peasant program. Darré proved himself a brilliant, convincing propagandist. The program begins:

Today we pay for our food imports chiefly with borrowed foreign funds. Thus the German people is led deeper and deeper into the debt slavery of the international high finance that gives us credit. If the present state of affairs continues, international high finance will expropriate the German people more and more. By blocking credit and hence the import of foodstuffs, in other words, by hanging the bread-basket higher, it can compel the German proletariat to work for starvation wages in its service, or to let themselves be shipped off to foreign colonies as working slaves. Liberation from this slavery is possible only if the German people can sustain itself mainly from its own soil. To increase the productivity of domestic agriculture has therefore become a vital question for the German people.

Therefore taxes on agriculture must be reduced—this was an easy promise and the peasant voter would not normally have had much faith in it; but Darré found a persuasive National Socialist basis for it. Taxes, he declared, were so high only 'because the Jewish world power which actually governs German parliamentary democracy desires the destruction of German agriculture, since the German people, and especially the working class, is entirely dependent on it.' Since, moreover, German agriculture 'suffers from the competition of foreign agriculture producing under more favorable conditions, protective duties must be increased.' The program contained a section directed for practical purposes against a part of the large landholdings of the Prussian junkers, though the junkers as such are not attacked, but actually encouraged with the words: 'Large-scale agriculture also fulfills its special, necessary tasks.' But: 'A large number of small and medium farms are above all important from the standpoint of population policy.' To preserve and sustain these small and medium farms, and, particularly in the German East, to prevent them from being sucked up by mechanized, factory-like giant farms, is one of the most important points in the program: 'In future, soil can be acquired only by him who means to farm it himself.'

Germany was one of the most heavily taxed nations of the world. Even very small wage-earners had to pay an income tax, but about four fifths of the German farmers were exempt. If this disease spread through the whole economic body—and this seemed inevitable—how could Germany be expected to fulfill her obligations? The problem was no longer if and how the Versailles Treaty would work, but whether it was worth while to defend this treaty against the mounting world crisis.

What would become of American investments if Germany were to break down under the burden of reparations, as Schacht prophesied? The French argued that if 'guilty' Germany stopped payments, then France, the innocent victim, would be condemned to pay for having been attacked, for she still had to pay back her American war loans. Therefore, it was impossible to do away completely with German reparations, but a new conference, held in the spring of 1929 in Paris and presided over by Owen D. Young, somewhat relieved the burden, which had gone up to two and a half billion marks (about \$600,000,000) annually. Now it was stipulated that during fifty-nine years (until 1988) Germany should pay an annual average sum of 1,700,000,000 marks. This was still a heavy burden, especially since the safeguards which had protected German currency under the Dawes plan now were taken away, although, on the other hand, the supervision by Parker Gilbert was also ended. But the 'realists' who believed that such a system of political payments could be established for almost three generations proved to be naïve dreamers.

German industry still found the weight too heavy, but Schacht, Germany's chief delegate in Paris, defended his work against criticism at home, although only half-heartedly. Stresemann, too, defended it. He was already gravely ill, and died in October, 1929.

He did not live to see his greatest triumph. For Germany accepted the new 'Young Plan' of reparations only under the condition that the French evacuated the Rhineland; and, pressed by America and England, France gave in and promised to evacuate every inch of German soil, except the small Saar territory at the Lorraine border, the fate of which was to be settled by a plebiscite in 1935. On June 30, 1930, the last French troops left the Rhine-

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land. Germany was still burdened with the obligation imposed by the Treaties of Versailles and Locarno never to send troops into the liberated Rhineland or build fortifications; the Reichswehr was still limited to a hundred thousand men, without aviation or heavy guns. But aside from the small Saar territory, German soil was free. France had withdrawn behind her own borders.

But this political triumph of the Weimar Republic was immediately overshadowed by the mounting economic and financial crisis. In 1928 America had exported over a billion dollars, in 1929, it was only \$221,000,000. What Schacht and Hitler had prophesied began to happen; the golden stream which had flown over Germany dried up. German communities, which had leaned heavily on foreign loans, fell into difficulties; the Reich's Treasury itself did, and the pressure of the too hastily augmented salaries of the civil servants began to be felt. Wages had gone up, but so had unemployment. The critics of the government, Schacht among them, asked that the costs of administration — that is, salaries — should be cut down; the employers and their advocates, again Schacht among them, wanted a cut in wages and in the cost of social insurances. They argued that the slowing down of foreign capital import made the burdens of the Young Plan too heavy, and Schacht finally joined them in condemning his own work. In February, 1930, he resigned as president of the Reichsbank.

The opening attack of big business on the economic structure of the Weimar Republic gave Hitler his first great chance; it was a split between two forces which hitherto had both been against him. To be sure, he had finally found supporters among the industrialists, but the most important of them, big as they were, nevertheless were not typical of German industry as a whole.

One was Fritz Thyssen, son of a powerful industry-builder of the Kaiser's day, a Catholic and convinced nationalist; during the Ruhr War he had faced a French military court. Thyssen was the prototype of the National Socialist money-man, an adept at eight-figure bankruptcies. He was the chief shareholder in the most powerful German steel trust, the Vereinigte Stahlwerke; from its very beginning, the Vereinigte Stahlwerke had watered its stock. A shaky structure, its shares constantly dragged down prices in the

German Bourse, and helped psychologically to intensify the economic crisis. The steel trust gambled heavily on the coming Third Reich, a state whose gigantic armaments program would require immense quantities of steel and steel products. Thyssen financed Hitler just as confidently as the foolish duchess who hoped to recover her lost throne.

Even more important was a second contributor. Again history went its secret and personal ways. Among Hitler's followers there was a young journalist who had studied economics and philosophy in Munich. He had worked in the Ruhr where the 'big men' were at home; then he returned to Munich and became business editor of a 'bourgeois' newspaper, but secretly he remained a National Socialist. His name was Doctor Otto Dietrich. In Essen he had married the daughter of a certain Reismann-Grone who owned the *Rheinisch-Westfälische Zeitung*. This journal was the mouthpiece and political bulletin of German heavy industry, and Reismann-Grone was one of the political advisers of these men, most of whom knew little of politics and were sometimes even aware of the fact. Two of their most important organizations, the Bergbauliche Verein (Mining Association) and the Verband der Nordwestdeutschen Eisen-Industrie (Association of the Northwest German Iron Industry), had raised a political slush fund, the so-called 'Ruhr treasury'; this Ruhr treasury was administered by an old man, the industrialist, Emil Kirdorf, who by his gift of organization had assured Ruhr coal a high price in the German market and a place in the world market. Before the World War Kirdorf had been hated and feared by the German workers as a ruthless employer; he was an intense nationalist, a pan-German, and even a bitter critic of the Kaiser, whom he found too weak and mild. Otto Dietrich, with the help of his father-in-law, succeeded (1927) in interesting Kirdorf in Hitler. In the summer of 1929, the eighty-two-year-old man went to Nuremberg to have a look at the third National Socialist Party Day. On his return he wrote Hitler the following letter, which in content and form says much regarding the relation between Hitler and his billionaire backer:

Dear Herr Hitler: On our return home my wife and I are eager to express our thanks to you for asking us to attend the con-

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On our return home my wife and I are anxious for you for asking us to attend the con-

vention of your party held between August 2 and 4, and for the elevating impressions we obtained there. Our intention was to express this thanks to you at the end of the session and for that reason we were in the Deutscher Hof, where, unfortunately, we awaited you in vain, since without doubt your time was taken up with the brutal attacks of the Communists on your faithful party members and with concern for the protection of the latter. . . . We shall never forget how overwhelmed we were in attending the memorial celebration for the World War dead and the dedication of the banners in the Luitpold Grove, at the sight of your troops marching by on the Hauptmarkt, of thousands and thousands of your supporters, their eyes bright with enthusiasm, who hung on your lips and cheered you. The sight of the endless crowd, cheering you and stretching out their hands to you at the end of the parade, was positively overwhelming. At this moment I, who am filled with despair by the degeneration of our masses and the failure of our bourgeois circles toward the future of Germany, suddenly realized why you believe and trust unflinchingly in the fulfillment of the task you have set yourself, and, conscious of your goal, continue on your way, regardless how many sacrifices it may demand of you and your supporters. Any man who in these days, dominated by a brutal destruction of the patriotic qualities, could gather together and chain to himself such a troop of national-minded racial comrades, ready for every sacrifice, is entitled to nourish this confidence. You may be proud of the honors and homages done you; there is hardly a crowned head who receives their equal. My wife and I are happy to have been able to witness them. . . .

A strangely respectful tone for a coal king and financial backer. Kirdorf did not hide the fact that Hitler's program contained some points he did not like—presumably he was referring chiefly to state seizure of the big industrial concerns, a point which had long since been tacitly abandoned. But this practical doubt was nothing against the old man's personal emotion and enthusiasm. To be sure, he was hardened in his contempt of the world and men, and even the Nuremberg Party Day did not wholly convince him that anything could prevent Germany's decay. With mingled doubt and emotion he concludes his letter in words that recall Richard Wagner's summons to 'go down like gods'.

Anyone who was privileged to attend this session will, even though he may doubt or decisively reject particular points in your party program, nevertheless recognize the importance of your movement for the rehabilitation of our German fatherland and wish it success. With this wish, which we utter from a full heart, there rises in me even a small hope that it may be realized. Even if my doubts in the future of the German people cannot be entirely dispelled, since my observation, extending years back into the Bismarckian golden age of Germany and further, has shown that the German bourgeoisie are nationally speaking at a low level such as can be found in no other country, yet I have taken with me from the Nuremberg Congress the consoling certainty that numerous circles will sacrifice themselves to prevent the doom of Germanism from being accomplished in the dishonorable, undignified way I previously feared. With true German greetings from my wife and self; in friendship, Your Kirdorf.

But even with Kirdorf's admiration and Thyssen's help alone Hitler would not have gone very far; between the lines of Kirdorf's letter it can be read that he himself saw in Hitler more a rallying point for the forces of German youth, a source of enthusiasm, but not the man whom he would trust with running Germany. The man on whom the reactionary section of German industry at this time relied was Doctor Alfred Hugenberg, a self-made man, who had amassed a fortune by combining politics and business. Exploiting his financial power, he had made himself leader of the German National Party, up to 1930 numerically the strongest party of the German counter-revolution. Hugenberg and his circle sought to force German rejection of the Young Plan by one of these democratic weapons the Weimar constitution had handed over to its own enemies: a plebiscite.

A gold-driven propaganda wave now rolled over the land, and on its crest rode the most capable propagandist of the time, on whose collaboration the financial backers of the campaign had insisted: Adolf Hitler. But despite Hitler, the plebiscite was a failure, bringing only 5,800,000 votes; it was less than a half of the number, which, four years previous, had voted against the princes. Hindenburg, after some hesitation, signed the law accepting the Young Plan.

For Hitler it was, nevertheless, a splendid piece of business. He

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wave now rolled over the land, and apable propagandist of the time, on- ial backers of the campaign had in- te Hitler, the plebiscite was a failure, it was less than a half of the number I voted against the princes. Hinden- ed the law accepting the Young Plan. ss, a splendid piece of business. He

had filled his treasury; and Hugenberg, who owned Germany's greatest newspaper and film organization, had for the moment been obliged to put this power at his disposal. For the first time since 1924, the thundering voice of the unknown was heard in the great political arena. Hitler had found a friend on whose back he could climb — whose head, by way of gratitude, he was later to trample. Hugenberg announced the alliance to the public, declaring that the Nationalist parties had united for life and death; Hitler said dryly that the alliance was only temporary, and that later, 'in the free play of forces, the clearest and boldest German movement would fight through to final victory.' One of his sub-leaders characterized the alliance by saying that the Führer would know how to hoodwink Hugenberg.

Why had the plebiscite been a failure? Because the people had felt that this was not the real issue. Young Plan, reparations, Treaty of Versailles — these worries of yesterday began to be engulfed by the much bigger monster, the world crisis. At first the victors had tried to break Germany. When this failed to improve their own position they had then shared their own prosperity with Germany, but still under the fiction of victor and defeated. Now victor and defeated alike were overwhelmed by the greater common enemy, the depression. Abroad, many people still saw in the crisis nothing but an unfortunate accident. But many Germans saw in it a millennial event, the definite proof that something was rotten in this kind of state and society. While the Social Democratic chancellor, Hermann Müller, carried to power by the elections of 1928, defended high wages and social insurances against the attacks of the employers, the anti-democratic forces grew ever stronger. No particular foreign or domestic issue was responsible, the simple fact was that democracy more and more seemed unable to 'work.'

The strongest of these forces had been, up to 1929, the Stahlhelm (Steel Helmet), a union of former soldiers, well organized on semi-military lines, practically an outgrowth of several of the former 'free corps.' The Stahlhelm, boasting of a *coup d'état* rather than actually planning one, was confronted by a similar gigantic troop, consisting mostly of trade-union workers, the loyal Reichsbanner Schwarz-Rot-Gold. These private armies marched

through the German streets on Sundays with brass bands and held maneuvers in the country. From 1925 to 1930, they faced one another in a state of armed peace like the armies and navies of the world powers; they tried to frighten one another by their existence and generally avoided open clashes. This changed at once when the true uprooted and disinherited, the National Socialists and Communists, entered the field. In 1930, there began a continuous series of street fights, with thousands of dead and wounded on both sides. The Communists organized as 'Red Front Fighters' or 'Anti-Fascists,' sometimes effectively trained by Russian instructors. Their slogan was: 'Strike the Fascists wherever you find them!' But even earlier, in ornate German, spiced with wrongly used foreign words, Goebbels had cried: 'Dominance of the street gives claim to the state; we must mount the barricades!'

At this time, when the authority of parliament began to decline, a strange new experiment started: the Reichswehr tried to regenerate parliament and democracy.

The Reichswehr as a political force was embodied in three persons: Hindenburg, Marshal, President, and Supreme Commander; Wilhelm Groener, his old chief of staff in 1918-19, with whom he had dethroned the emperor; and who now was Minister of the Reichswehr; and the former captain, now General Kurt von Schleicher, deviser of the Free Corps, now Groener's most important aide and political adviser. Schleicher, who, for an officer, was on extremely good terms with parliament and even the parliamentary leaders of the Left, in the beginning of 1930 conceived the idea that a new form of government must be found; a government which would be able to force its will upon the representatives of the people, but by their own consent. The man whom he wanted to appoint as Chancellor was Doctor Heinrich Brüning, at that time one of the leaders of the Catholic Center Party. Brüning was a former officer; but he was also an able politician and speaker, familiar with the ways of administration and parliament, and a man of an unselfish character. Schleicher's attention had been drawn to him when Brüning began to criticize the high cost of public administration and warn against the dangers of the Young Plan.

The opportunity for Brüning's appointment came when Her-

mann Müller lost his majority in the government based on 1 among them representing In a dispute over a government marks to the unemployed industrialists withdrew its support longer had a majority. Brüning for his support; but emergency powers (as the cabinet's measures words, a bit of dictator Brüning solemnly asked the government against the parliament and even more Schleicher that there was another crisis in the reluctant parliament his emergency powers 1930); and, according to

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mann Müller lost his majority in the Reichstag. His was a coalition government based on half a dozen parliamentary parties, some among them representing capital and industry, others the workers. In a dispute over a government contribution of seventy million marks to the unemployment insurance fund, the party of the industrialists withdrew its votes from the government which then no longer had a majority. Chancellor Müller asked President Hindenburg for his support; he desired him to invoke his constitutional emergency powers (as a rule too widely construed) and impose the cabinet's measures over the head of the parliament; in other words, a bit of dictatorship. This was the expected cue. Hindenburg solemnly asked the Reichswehr if it would be advisable to govern against the parliament; the Reichswehr, namely Groener, and even more Schleicher, said 'No.' Schleicher told Hindenburg that there was another candidate who would be able to gain a majority in the reluctant parliament. Thereupon Hindenburg refused Müller his emergency powers; Müller tendered his resignation (March, 1930); and, according to plan, Brüning was appointed Chancellor.

He began his career by denouncing the methods by which Germany hitherto had been governed, accused the Reichstag of not living up to its task, and told the representatives that they must find a way to make the Reichstag 'work,' or else the parliamentary system would dig its own grave. The centuries-old complaint about German disunity came to life again in this bitter denouncement of party strife. Brüning was by no means the first to accuse the political parties of helping to disrupt the 'communion of the people (Volksgemeinschaft)'; by him, however, in a decisive hour, the question was definitely put before the nation: was democracy able to 'work' in Germany?

It did not seem so.

Brüning, also unable to govern with parliament, had to ask Hindenburg to dissolve the Reichstag (July, 1930) in the hope that the election would bring a reliable majority. Seldom has a political speculation been so cruelly disappointed.

It is always the greatest triumph for an opposition when a government becomes its own opposition, attacks its own system, adopts the criticism of its adversary. This happened in Germany in 1930.

1930
Hitler cried out: 'Eight months ago I stood in the Zirkus Krone in Munich and declared to the masses: If what we predict does not happen; if what our opponents proclaim does happen—you can chase me off the platform, you can strike me dead. And now a short time has passed, and we face an unprecedented collapse. Now I ask you: who was right? [Cries: "Hitler was right, Hitler!"]' (Speech on July 25, at Nuremberg.)

What had he been right about? His judgment of the Versailles Peace, he himself would have said. But the Versailles Peace was already in tatters. True, when the treaty punished the German Republic for the sins of the defeated empire, when Woodrow Wilson, despite all his weaknesses the greatest prophetic figure of the age, let himself be pressed to the wall in Paris—then that vacuum was created in which the armed bohemian would thrive; but the treaty did not create the armed bohemian. At the time when this peace most stifled Germany, Hitler's *putsch* shattered against the resistance of the German masses and institutions (1923); but when the treaty had been smashed by its own impracticability, Hitler came to power (1932). It is therefore a legend to call him a creature of the Versailles Treaty. Hitler himself has sometimes denied 'that the peace treaty is the cause of our misfortune. . . . The Peace of Versailles is itself only a consequence of the inner spiritual confusion that is slowly overcoming us.'

In 1923, money in Germany had lost its old majesty. Now, in 1930, work lost its value; three million men could no longer sell their labor and more millions expected to lose their jobs in the near future. This new death of all values struck, not only the proletarian, but also the capitalist; small shareholders, in Thyssen's Steel Trust, for example, whose stock fell to a third of its original value; holders of German municipal bonds; landlords trembling for their rents; mortgage-holders trembling for their interest payments. Property no longer had its old meaning; large holdings maintained themselves, even increased; small property slipped away. The big capitalists had always dominated the stock companies through a minority of shares. In the period of rationalization they had enriched themselves at the expense of the small shareholders by keeping dividends down, enlarging the plant with the savings, and

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voting themselves increased profits in the enlarged industry. The
basic difference between large and small property became clear to
the small shareholders when their holdings were wiped out by the
stock-exchange crash, while the big men bought up the depreciated
values. Every small enterprise suffered under the pressure of large-
scale industry. The department stores stifled the small shop; the
small tavern-keepers became mere slaves of the breweries; the small
business could get no bank credit, while the large industry ob-
tained it with ease. Thus, a class which, for a century, had tena-
ciously defended private property in all social struggles developed
a hatred against large-scale property, blending with the old hatred
of the propertyless proletarian. An 'anti-capitalist' longing had
awakened in the German people, said Gregor Strasser in the Reichstag.

The Wise Men of Zion in their day gave a masterly picture of a
similar state of decay; they showed the helplessness of a type of
government which preaches democracy, but can help itself only by
dictatorship; and how the political pirate exploits this period of
decay: 'We shall arm all parties, set up state authority as a target
for every ambition, and turn the states into arenas for uprisings.
Just a little more patience and the uprisings and collapses will be
universal. Untiring babblers will turn the sessions of parliaments
and cabinets into bouts of oratory. Insolent journalists will each
day attack the representatives of the government. The misuse of
power will finally shake the pillars of the state and prepare their
collapse.'

The crisis had made the masses aware that they were cut off
from the springs and levers of their own fate. The state had be-
come their destiny more than ever before, and at the same time it
had become more invisible and nameless; a body of rulers almost
unknown to the people, which decided on the basis of unknown
principles whether the people should eat or go hungry. While the
state lay hidden in the yellow twilight of the Reichstag, the Brown
gangs appeared in the streets crying: 'Germany, awaken!' They
marched with flags and music, and great crowds followed them
to their mass meetings. There a sprightly little orator with a club
foot declared, 'Today no one knows who rules Germany, for the
supposedly ruling bourgeois parties baptize themselves with new

names each year, but with all their baptism they have remained in reality circumcised.' When the laughter had died down, he continued, 'Parties cannot save Germany, but only a man—the unknown soldier of the World War.'

The great day had dawned for the uprooted, unbalanced men who had no other occupation than addressing the masses in smoky beer halls; who had lost their normal livelihood, sold their businesses, given up their jobs; who bore no responsibility in public life and felt responsible for nothing. They had become more than a type; they were a marching, blackjack-swinging machine. 'If today in Germany a question arises,' said Hitler, 'I never have to speak with my editor-in-chief, my collaborators or my *gauleiters*, for tomorrow this question will be answered in the same way by dozens of party speakers. Philosophy as the granite foundation of thought forces them to the same conclusions'—the inevitable conclusion that the Jews are to blame for everything.

How profoundly the state of mind of the German people had changed by 1930 can be seen in the sharp curve described by the barometer of National Socialist propaganda. All the sage plans for coming to power as a minority were forgotten. Resistance to parliament suddenly ceased. The contemptuous speeches about the broad mass of zeros died down. Instead, the party's election proclamation ran: 'We shall overthrow the present parliamentary régime of the destroyers of our people in a legal way with legal means, through the soundness of our idea.'

In 1930, the great political vision of the Wise Men of Zion was fulfilled in Germany. 'We know,' said Hitler on July 27, 1930, to the party leaders assembled in Munich, 'that no election can finally decide the fate of the nation. It is not parliamentary majorities that decide the fate of nations—they can destroy nations. But we know that in these elections democracy must be destroyed with the weapons of democracy.'

Formerly he had hoped to subdue the German people with the help of the Reichswehr; the fact was that the Reichswehr, led by Wilhelm Groener, did not accept National Socialists in its ranks. But Hitler now saw his great democratic star rising in the political sky, and he began to speculate on the idea that his Brown Shirts

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with the help of the German people could subdue the Reichswehr. This he proved to himself and his audience with impressive, though none too accurate figures:

'Herr Groener can do what he likes. We do not need a *putsch*. Herr Groener need only reckon: In 1919 we were seven men; in 1920, sixty-four; in 1921, three thousand; in 1922, seven thousand; in 1923, thirty thousand.' Then came the moment when he could joyfully announce: 'In 1925 we were again one man. In 1926, seventeen thousand; in 1927, over forty thousand; in 1928, over sixty thousand; in 1929, over a hundred and twenty thousand; today (March, 1930), we are over two hundred thousand. Herr Groener, in two years we will be five hundred and six hundred thousand. And a time will come when a radiant Brown majority will enter the Reichstag, and then, Herr Groener: at Philippi we shall meet again!'

For years Hitler himself had not understood that democracy must be conquered by democracy; small wonder that some of his more or less faithful never understood it. They grumbled, demanded continuation of the revolutionary course. Hitler threw the chief complainants summarily out of the party, Otto Strasser at their head. Strasser and his supporters had long opposed the party's 'legal' course; when the conflict grew serious, most of his friends, as usually happens in such cases, left him in the lurch, including his elder brother Gregor, who felt himself exposed and drawn into undesired adventures by the undisciplined Otto. 'I have sold my drugstore,' said Gregor; 'and put all my money into the party. I am now dependent on my Reichstag mandate; if Hitler takes away my mandate, it's all over.' In an open letter Hitler called Otto Strasser a 'parlor Bolshevik'; his adherents were 'doctrinaire fools, uprooted literati, political boy scouts.' 'We founded the party,' he went on, 'and anyone who doesn't like the essential content of the movement as laid down by me should not enter the movement or should get out of it.' Then he commanded his faithful Goebbels to throw Otto Strasser and his supporters 'ruthlessly and without exception out of the party' (July 4, 1930), which Goebbels did with the greatest pleasure. Otto Strasser's supporters were but few; he claimed, to be sure, that he was the true National Socialist, that Hitler had betrayed National Socialism, and he attempted to set

up his own National Socialist Party. But the attempt failed, his party remained a splinter group; Otto Strasser's daily degenerated into a weekly while Goebbels was able to develop his weekly *Angriff* (Attack) into a daily.

More serious was a rebellion of the Berlin S.A. shortly before the elections. These faithful were primarily concerned about money; they complained that they had not been put forward as Reichstag candidates, with the prospect of a monthly salary amounting to six to eight hundred marks. For the first time, Himmler's Black S.S. attacked the Brown S.A., but were so badly beaten that they had to phone the police for help. Hitler rushed to Berlin, drove from beer hall to beer hall, and even burst into tears to melt the hardened hearts of his Brown Shirts. As a weightier argument he poured forth money, subjecting the whole party to a 'special tax' for the S.A. He put the blame for the misunderstanding between himself and 'his' S.A. on bad leaders, who had forced themselves between him and his faithful. Never had there been so glowing an opportunity to win over the Brown Shirts. Pfeffer was deposed and Hitler personally assumed supreme command of his private army, assuming Pfeffer's title: Oberster S.A. Führer (Supreme S.A. leader), abbreviated as 'Osaf.'

The new supreme S.A. leader now showed the shaken bourgeois parties, especially the party of Hugenberg, what it meant to be allied with him. True, Hitler's propaganda seemed directed against the Communists, against the Social Democrats, and finally against Brüning's Center Party. But even the most sensational, brutal, well-directed propaganda had astonishingly little effect against these solid political institutions, and the figures show that the adherents of Social Democracy and the Center stood firmly by their parties. But in the crisis of 1930, the nationalist groups, especially Hugenberg's German Nationals, wedged in between democratic and National Socialist parties, became chaff, and this chaff flew to Hitler.

The shift that occurred in 1930 was no hysterical crash as in 1923. The new crisis approached slowly like an inexorable doom, gripping the souls of men almost before their outward circumstances. It is not hard to find parallels between the rising economic distress and

the increase in Hitler's ad emerging from the years cision' against the Young of 602 marks in a quarter was still of little importance gone down to 548 marks, success; one more year a marks, and Hitler's vote strength began to fall off.

Some observers maintain, at least, due to the enormous foreign capital. Actually rather than the other way theory that the petty bourgeoisie possessed' and reduced to did not understand, created fascism. It is true that this its doom; but the class grievances and lines of demarcation.

In 1930, 4,500,000 new these were young people, these young people came not and did not want to. This youth had not lost its never had a class. Those time when work was rare on the streets; the young The young man, beginning remaining unemployed for breaking of social types. have learned a trade, or his parents had the means that he would then begin he was employed, that he live. These young people which had fallen from often been killed in the

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In 1930 there was no hysterical crash as in 1923. It was slowly like an inexorable doom, gripping the people for their outward circumstances. It was between the rising economic distress and

the increase in Hitler's adherents. In autumn, 1929, when Hitler was emerging from the years of defeat and preparing the 'popular decision' against the Young Plan, a German miner earned an average of 602 marks in a quarter of a year (third quarter, 1929). Hitler was still of little importance. A year later, the miner's wage had gone down to 548 marks, and Hitler achieved his first great electoral success; one more year and the miner's pay had dwindled to 497 marks, and Hitler's vote increased. We shall see that Hitler's strength began to fall off as soon as wages started to rise a little.

Some observers maintain that Hitler's successes were, in part at least, due to the enormous financial aid given him by German and foreign capital. Actually the funds were attracted by success, rather than the other way around. There is also a widespread theory that the petty bourgeoisie, ruined by 'monopoly capital,' 'dispossessed' and reduced to a proletarian condition they themselves did not understand, created the pseudo-revolutionary solution of fascism. It is true that this class fought a desperate struggle against its doom; but the class was already vanishing, while other allegiances and lines of demarcation were developing.

In 1930, 4,000,000 new German voters went to the polls; most of these were young people, a new mass in the life of the nation. With these young people came a new human type: the man who could not and did not want to be counted among any definite social class. This youth had not lost its class like the lieutenants of 1919; it had never had a class. Those born in 1910 and later came of age at a time when work was rare, when the crisis had thrown millions out on the streets; the youngest, in particular, found virtually no jobs. The young man, beginning his adult life without work and remaining unemployed for years, became perhaps the most heart-breaking of social types. Between fourteen and seventeen he may have learned a trade, or he may have studied until twenty-two if his parents had the means; in both cases there was great possibility that he would then begin to vegetate without work or hope, or, if he was employed, that his wages would be less than he needed to live. These young people had frequently grown up in families which had fallen from one catastrophe into another; the father had often been killed in the war, the mother found herself unable to

support the children and had no authority over them. From such families the youth could get no view of life, no traditional class conceptions. The best that this youth could derive from its situation was a radical will to get ahead, which in many turned into criminality, in most into a demand for new group loyalties, often into both. In a song that became very popular after 1930, this generation boasted of being 'shameless to the testicles,' and 'even if the shopkeepers and cynics laugh at us, our sun does not go down'; this song, it goes without saying, was taken over by the S.A.

These young people of 1930 contributed a great mass inclined to fuse with the human type we have encountered since 1919 in the murderers' army. It would be absolutely false to say that they brought with them the bulk of German youth, but surely an appreciable proportion. At all events, it is here, in the cynicism of this youth, and not in the rage of the 'dispossessed petty bourgeois,' that we must seek the origin of the human type which later buried their fellow men alive in stone coffins, struck out their eyes, shot them down by the score. Material misery doubtless helped to release this barbarism; but since such barbarism is frequent in history, though comparatively rare in the last hundred years, it can scarcely be derived from the social structure of the last century; and no one will seriously try to explain the philosophy and behavior of an S.S. man by the fact that the S.S. man is a baker or stationer. The whole popular concept of class is an intellectual left-over from a period when men were confined to distinct occupations or groups all their lives and often for generations on end.

The type which came to the fore in 1930 was rapidly departing from the old class concepts. He was led by the declassed of all classes, the armed bohemians. The worn-out occupational and class concepts had concealed the decisive phenomenon, a new human type, which now revealed himself in a brown or a black shirt, with pistol, club, and torture chamber: the armed intellectual. This total disregard of humanity is born not from bloodthirstiness, but from cold calculation — for the vilest horrors of this age have been perpetrated out of cold intellectual calculation and not out of bestial cruelty.

In this era of general failure, in which the state became all-power-

ful and yet accomplishes to halve property holding the ideal state of the nation, it, 'on accomplishment,

In the technological and Germany's technique the war. But the social unable to administer the tion of 1930 no longer the part of the state. To place in Germany. It is be active in bringing it from the Viennese local drawing all the problems the suction of an empty for Germany, and not was foreseen that the would some day have tributed more justly; the class, through an ardu into a position of intense process of transformation its consequences, that years were first to take many people to the inevitable. Great progress have often been the pit

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anity is born not from bloodthirstiness,
for the vilest horrors of this age have
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ce, in which the state became all-power-

ful and yet accomplished nothing except to increase unemployment,
to halve property holdings, to destroy livelihoods to no purpose —
the ideal state of the intellectuals was the state based, as Hitler put
it, 'on accomplishment, on energy.'

In the technological sphere, the war damage had been repaired
and Germany's technical apparatus was actually better than before
the war. But the social apparatus was deficient, the state proved
unable to administer the new technology. The intellectual genera-
tion of 1930 no longer recognized and accepted this incapacity on
the part of the state. That is the great development that was taking
place in Germany. It was natural that unknown, new men should
be active in bringing it about; that it should be the unknown man
from the Viennese lodging-house, this Nothing in human form,
drawing all the problems and passions of the day into himself by
the suction of an empty personality — this was a profound tragedy
for Germany, and not only for Germany. It could be foreseen and
was foreseen that the great achievements of the nineteenth century
would some day have to be utilized more systematically and dis-
tributed more justly; the time for this was ripe when the working
class, through an arduous process of education, began to develop
into a position of intellectual leadership. But the fact that this
process of transformation was introduced by a World War with
its consequences, that the armed human scum of five destructive
years were first to take possession of the new possibilities, blinded
many people to the great aspects of our era. This was almost in-
evitable. Great progress begins with abuses; robbers and swindlers
have often been the pioneers of civilization.

Men sought new faith, some sought new gods. Anyone traveling
through Germany in August and September of 1930 with open
eyes, saw the landslide coming. But to the capital and the Reich
government, to Schleicher, to Brüning, to Hindenburg, it came as
an unexpected blow when, on the evening of September 14, it
turned out that Hitler had obtained a sixth of the German vote,
6,400,000, or a hundred and seven seats in the Reichstag. Alarmists
spread the rumor that a march of the S.A. on Berlin was to be ex-
pected at any hour. Stocks fell sharply in New York. American
and other foreign creditors began to call in short-term loans from

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Germany. Hitler was creating the catastrophe which he had so often prophesied.

In Rome, however, the organ of the Fascist Party wrote that Germany was experiencing 'a stormy national rebirth'; Hitler was 'a herald and organizer who shook men's souls.' The young people of today, the paper declared, 'had no further use for the principles of the past century, calling themselves liberalism, democracy, and socialism.' Mussolini's paper, *Il Popolo d'Italia*, was not entirely enthusiastic; it accused the French of responsibility for Hitler; their brutal insistence on the peace treaties, the reinforcement of the gigantic French military machine, the hopeless defeat of the Left parties in France—all this had weakened the position of the Left in Germany.

The loudest cry of joy over Hitler's victory came from England. Lord Rothermere, publisher of England's biggest newspaper, the *Daily Mail*, went to Munich and spoke with Hitler, who was exceedingly gracious to the brother of the late 'Jew Northcliffe.' The Englishman was convinced that he had found Europe's man of destiny. He wrote an article which appeared simultaneously in the *Daily Mail* and the *Völkischer Beobachter*. It runs in part (translated from the German):

If we examine more closely the shift of political power to the National Socialists, we find that it has all sorts of political advantages. For one thing, it erects a reinforced wall against Bolshevism. It eliminates the grave danger that the Soviet campaign against European civilization would advance to Germany and thus achieve an impregnable position in the strategic center of Europe. . . . If the young Germany of the National Socialists had not worked with so much energy, there was a great likelihood that the cause of communism would make important progress and that this party would even have become the strongest party. . . . Enlightened opinion in England and France should therefore give the National Socialists full recognition for the services which they have performed in Western Europe. Under Hitler's supervision, German youth is actually organized against the corruption of Communism. I pursued the same purpose in founding the United Empire Party in England. . . . It would be the best thing for the welfare of Western civilization if Germany were to have a government, im-

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bued with the same healthy principles by which Mussolini in the last eight years has renewed Italy. And I see no need for Great Britain and France to maintain an unfriendly attitude toward the efforts of the National Socialists in the field of foreign affairs. Their complaint that Germany, alone among the Great Powers, is disarmed, has just grounds. In Part Five of the Versailles Pact, the Allies obligate themselves to gradual disarmament. The disarmament of Germany was intended only as a prelude to a general renunciation of military power. While the German armed forces have been limited to a hundred thousand men and a few ships for coastal defense, Germany's neighbors have steadily increased their armaments. To subject a solid mass of more than seventy million patriotic and extremely able men and women in the real center of Europe to such a lasting sense of bitter injustice, is like opening the gascock in a sealed room. Sooner or later there must be an explosion. In their own interests the Allied Powers should open the tightly sealed windows behind which German rancor is gathering. . . .

On October 23 of the same year, Mussolini addressed the assembled leadership of the Fascist Party in the Palazzo Venezia in Rome. He referred to the statement once attributed to him that fascism was not an 'article of export.' Such words, he declared, were 'too banal' for him; they betrayed the style of the commercial press and were therefore not by him: '*La frase che il fascismo non e merce d'esportazione, non e mia*,' though this very phrase may be found in Volume VI of his collected writings and speeches. Well, at any rate, he would now correct it. Today, he declared, fascism was 'the order of the day in all countries'; in detail, to be sure, it was Italian, but in its ideas, doctrine, realization, it was universal; it could, therefore, be foreseen that in the future all Europe would solve the problem of the modern state in a fascist sense; it would be a Europe with institutions inspired by the theory and practice of fascism; it would be '*una Europa fascista*.'

Chapter XV

'THE UNHAPPIEST OF ALL MEN'

BY 1929, ADOLF HITLER WAS LEADING A COMFORT-
able life. In 1928 he had left his worst private worries behind
him. In one of the most attractive and expensive thoroughfares of
Munich, the Outer Prinz Regenten Strasse, he rented a nine-room
apartment which he shared with the two Angelas, his sister and
niece. He allowed himself this luxury after the contributions of
Emil Kirdorf had enabled him to give the party a new and mag-
nificent home—the Barlow Palace, a spacious old patrician man-
sion in the Brienner Strasse. For the first time in his life the un-
successful artist-prince could abandon himself to his passion for
building and designing; with the architect Troost, and Speer his
helper, he introduced new intermediary floors and walls into his
'Brown House,' transformed great halls into moderate-sized rooms.
He showed a gift for creating an impression of size with limited
space.

69 The need for size followed him everywhere like a magnified
shadow dwarfing his personal stature. Having read that Musso-
lini had his desk at the far end of a gigantic hall, and compelled
his callers to undertake a long, painful march across the endless
floor, he designed his own study in the same proportions. The
difference was only that Hitler often impressed visitors as a shy,
embarrassed creature, cowering unhappily behind his gigantic desk.

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Even while his circumstances remained humble, he had great plans. One of his favorite amusements was designing building projects, mighty paper monuments to his own gigantic figure. At a time when his party was still sorely in need of money, he went about among rich people, collecting money for an opera house which he wanted to donate to the city of Munich. One of his early friends and backers was Admiral Schröder, who in the First World War had led a corps of marines fighting in Flanders and liked to hear himself called the 'lion of Flanders.' With Schröder, Hitler planned nothing less than to erect a monument to the Flanders marines in the inland city of Munich. These plans for theaters and monuments were among the many fanciful eccentricities from which his friend Hess had to dissuade him with patient arguments. Hitler knew that his boundless imagination sometimes prompted him irresistibly to follies, and he expected Hess to protect him against himself at uncontrolled moments. When the party proved slow to recover its strength and his political rôle remained negligible for years, he had to create a substitute to comfort him with at least a semblance of greatness. Hitler's whole career was designed according to a principle which carried him high and far, which in the most impossible and difficult situations sometimes opened up to him escapes which ordinary men would not have found; but which sometimes, without a firm brake, might have smashed him to bits. This life principle may be designated as 'flight into greatness.' Big things are easy. The masses, with a sound instinct, had sensed this by observing public life; and it was Hitler's decisive realization. Greatness is the way out of the difficulties, defeats, insignificance of his private life; to be a great man makes it easier to be a small individual. His gigantic historical figure extended far beyond himself, a monument to the unsolved problems of his human existence.

Goebbels drew Der Führer's portrait as Hitler wanted to be seen, but indicated between the lines how he really saw him. In 1932, the National Socialist propaganda chief published a diary, allegedly kept in the period before his party came to power; in it, he seemingly pours out his heart, depicting his Führer as a superman: '... He alone was never mistaken. He was always right. ... Amazing how great the Führer is in his simplicity [read: human nonen-

tity] and how simple in his greatness. . . . In the fact of greatness he is above us all. . . . Der Führer is always like a star over us. . . . 'A star of the cabarets. For Hitler liked to move in the spots where life was amusing; preferably in places where he could eat a great deal of cake to the tune of waltzes and marches. Men who were present on many of these occasions later spoke of the 'impossible, women' he usually took with him. In 1932, when a decision affecting the life and death of the party had to be made (whether or not Hitler should run for the Reich presidency), he hesitated for almost four weeks while Germany waited with bated breath. Unable to make up his mind, he sent for Goebbels to confer with him in Munich. Goebbels arrived, but Hitler spent his afternoons in the studio of his friend Troost, the architect, looking over plans for his future gigantic buildings. At night the program, according to Goebbels's notes, was as follows: First night, Gärtner-Theater, operetta, *The Fledermaus*; second night, movies, Greta Garbo; third night: another operetta, *The Merry Widow*. That was how he passed the momentous weeks; when the month had gone by and he had finally made his decision, Goebbels heaved a sigh: 'He is and remains our Führer after all'—for he had doubted it.

When the whole party apparatus was busy with preparations for one of the Party Days, the Führer vanished for a few days; in his seclusion he spent his time designing a plaque for the party comrades in Nuremberg to wear in their buttonholes. He himself designed the banners, standards, arm-bands, decorative buttons, newspaper layouts, and later the house façades, stadiums, posters for big meetings, usually aided by men like Troost and Speer. Rarely has anything uglier been conceived than the official party insignia designed in 1922, a lead disk about the size of a twenty-five-cent piece, ornamented with a red ring, a white field, and a black swastika. In these designs he attempted to realize the unfulfilled artist's dream of his youth. And all of them were lines in the giant figure which was his picture of himself. In choosing the title of Führer, he chose an image for himself, the image of Napoleon. The columns which adorn his blueprint palaces and monuments were designed for a new Napoleon. Napoleonic was the eagle between whose claws he placed the swastika; Napoleonic the Latin ornaments on the S.A.

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standards, the antique inscriptions, and even the studied simplicity of his personal uniform.

The image of the great man always hovers like a model and catchword before his inner eye. He always tries to act as in his opinion the image would act. His action is nevertheless basically his own; but it remains a histrionic gesture, an imitation of a thought-out model, and this accounts for the monumental, unnatural quality of his most effective moments. When the unimpressive, stooping figure draws itself to its full height and unexpectedly spews flame like an archangel, it is as though his hands and feet had been bound with invisible cords to the hands and feet of a model. To observers this bond with a hidden image sometimes became almost palpable. Suddenly, in the midst of a conversation, Hitler's face grows tense as with an inner vision; these are the moments in which the humanly repulsive falls away from him and the unfathomable is intensified until it becomes truly terrible. His eyes peer into the distance, as though he were reading or gazing at something which no one else sees; and if the observer follows the direction of his gaze, sometimes, it has been claimed, Rudolf Hess, can be seen in the far corner, with his eyes glued to his Führer, apparently speaking to him with closed lips. It may be that the strange atmosphere of such scenes confused the observer, making him see more than was there. But it is certain that in the decisive years of his career Hitler used his younger friend as a necessary complement to his own personality; as a stage director or spiritual ballet master who helped him shape his own powerful but formless and uncertain nature into whatever image he momentarily wanted.

When preparing a speech, he declaimed large sections of it to his friend Hess; he practiced gestures and facial expressions at the mirror. He practiced other things too. There was an important visitor to be received; the reception was previously rehearsed with Hess. Hess had to meet the stranger in advance, take a good look at him and report. Then there would be an interview like the following:

Hitler: Fire away, Hess! Can he be used or not? — *Hess:* He can be used. But he's the silent type. — *Hitler (suspiciously):* Critical? — *Hess:* No, embarrassed. Would be terribly glad to ad-

mire, but he's embarrassed. — *Hitler*: They are all prepared. For ten years they have heard of me, for the last year they have heard of nothing else but me. What does he expect? — *Hess*: Authority, of course. You can speak at length. Your will is unshakable. You give laws to the age. — *Hitler*: Then I'll speak with the firm voice, without yelling? — *Hess*: Of course.

Hitler utters a few sentences. Hess, the human tuning-fork listens: '... No, not like that, quiet — no passion, commanding. You want nothing of him. It is Destiny that speaks. ...' At length the adviser falls silent. Hitler is in the swing and speaks evenly for several minutes, with the 'firm voice': '... It is indulging in a self-deception as harmful in the long run as it is catastrophic in its effects, to believe that a movement such as the one led by me can for all eternity be held down by the night-sticks of Messrs. Severing and Grzesinski. I warn you against regarding us as a movement comparable to the usual party formations. We are Germany's destiny and her future, regardless whether people think they have to question us on this point or that point in our program. We are restoring to the nation a faith and a will, and by concentrating all our strength on action, revolutionary action if you will, we are gathering in our ranks every member of the German people who still has energy and capacity for life. ...' And so on. After six or seven minutes he breaks off, already somewhat moved by his own words. 'Good, now I think we have it,' he concludes. Then the time and place of the reception are set.

He has conceived a picture of himself, and in all his philosophizing and politicizing he is constantly mixing colors for this picture. When he assured his bankrupts that their failure in civil life was really a proof that they were an élite — he meant himself, seen in the picture of the superman misunderstood by the people: 'There is nothing great in the world that does not owe its origin to the creative ability of an individual man.' The human mass, reflecting rank, exuberant, undirected life, must be shaped, it must be given meaning and purpose: 'Genius is not in the majority, but always in the single individual. The Napoleonic era did not give Napoleon his name, Napoleon imprinted it on the era. ... People talk of woods, meadows, fields, mines, buildings, and believe that these

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are our national wealth. The national wealth of a people is its great men. He wants to become the Napoleon of this era; in other words, this era is his era, it belongs to him, he can do with it what he likes, ' . . . and for this there is only one justification: genius, and nothing else.'

Flight into the great image has from early youth been this man's answer to all life's enmity; that was why he wanted to become an artist when his father tried to break him into a normal respectable man; he wanted to shine and be admired — 'as two lovers, far removed from one another, look up to the stars with the feeling: in this moment our thoughts meet — the great spirits of a people are the uniting stars which hold men together.' That was he, a prince and star in the realm of art; or rather, that was what he would have become, if, as we know, he had not lacked both talent and energy. But, as he will always feel, that was what he would have become if his alleged poverty, the social arrogance of the age, the resistance of a world hostile to him and all its sentiments, had not kept him down. Art is the struggle of the great man against the resistance of the dull world, the ultimate subjection of the ordinary to the creative spirit . . . 'until the artistic genius reveals itself so brilliantly that all of them fall, overpowered, to their knees.' In such phrases, he betrays what he expects from art: triumph. Art — that is the career of Richard Wagner, from the defeat of the Paris performance of Tannhäuser to the erection of the spiritual empire in Bayreuth; art is the last word in the Meistersingers, when the man of the world and the patron falls to his knees before the master.

On trips and walks he would suddenly run ahead, dragging his companions to some church or cloister, where he would surprise them with a lecture: gaze and see how the old master builders made a room out of walls. There he stood, his whole form an abrupt line, his gloves clasped in his uplifted hand. Can't you see, he cried, that the old window-makers knew that a window determined not only the façade but also the space within? Can't you see how that accounts for the magnificent stained-glass windows? It was not to be denied: when he asked if they did not see, nearly everyone saw; at times he could really make people see what he

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wanted. From time to time he was possessed by a true passion for instructing the men of his *entourage*. It became an established practice that at least once a year he subjected his staff of leaders to a course in art; as a rule at the Party Days. From this developed the custom of his so-called 'art speeches'; infinitely long-winded lectures, which inspired secret jokes in men who otherwise admired him. In their content they are perhaps the most questionable, in form beyond a doubt the weakest of his speeches; and yet it is these speeches in which the orator expressed his profoundest, if most useless, thoughts. For here he speaks of himself, trying to attain clarity concerning his own nature. Here he speaks of his relation to art, his power and gifts in this field, in which, outwardly at least, he doubtless failed in his youth; and the sense of the whole speech is finally a stubborn, though inwardly uncertain: '*Anch' io son pittore.*' (I too am a painter.)

For it is art which distinguishes the noble men from the common herd; and his division, as Hitler learned from Houston S. Chamberlain, is no accident; it is here that the races divide. Therefore, in every people, including the Germans, there is the sub-human who merely eats and drinks, and the Aryan yearning for higher culture:

It is just as natural that a part of the human species should attain the fulfillment of their life tasks in the satisfaction of the lowest needs as it would be unnatural if the races chosen by Providence, for higher things should, contrary to the admonishing voice of their conscience, yes, the burning compulsion of their being, desire to regress to this most primitive life conception or even, which is the same thing, let themselves be coerced into it. . . . Discord entered among those nations in which two racial ingredients, different in nature, wanted to live and express themselves side by side. The man who requires nothing but eating and drinking for the satisfaction and fulfillment of his life, has never possessed understanding for the man who would rather stint on his daily bread in order to still the thirst of his soul and the hunger of his spirit. But the lack of inner understanding in those who have been born to this, the eternal incomprehension of their heart and soul, must at least be transformed into deferential respect by conscious education. . . .

Here, after spits his contempt the Vienna low cards and broad newspapers at world. Hitler 'sub-human' is already dictating and his cause discussion on 'things' must be recognized artist-ternational he defended again: blood. It is th

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Here, after twenty-three years, the misunderstood artist-prince spits his contempt into the faces of his companions in misery in the Vienna lodging-house; of Hanisch, for example, who sold post-cards and brought in sausages, while the young idealist read three newspapers at once and pondered the deepest questions in the world. Hitler delivered this speech on the necessity of keeping the 'sub-human' in deferential respect in September, 1933, when he was already dictator; and scarcely anything else characterizes the man and his cause as much as the intrusion of such brutality into a discussion on art. Art must be brutal. The 'races chosen for higher things' must finally realize—this is the heartfelt wish of the unrecognized artist-prince—that art is not a matter for any 'absurd international humanitarianism,' but their own privilege, to be defended against the sub-humans: 'Art cannot be divided from blood. It is the expression of the psychic sentiments of a people.'

Every race has its ideal of beauty, and we Aryans have ours; yes, by this ideal of beauty we recognize ourselves; it is the surest sign of our invisible order, which has existed everywhere, yet nowhere: 'The ideal of beauty of the ancient peoples will be eternal as long as men of the same nature, because of the same origin, inhabit the earth. . . . Every politically heroic people seeks in its art the bridge to a no less heroic past. The Greeks and Romans, then, become so close to the Germans because they must all seek their roots in one and the same basic race, and hence the immortal achievements of the old peoples exert again and again their attractive effect on their racially related descendants.'

He was working on a manuscript, in which he wanted to draw the portrait of the artist genius who molds his people. He discussed the work for whole nights with Alfred Rosenberg, who had studied to be an engineer and architect, and like himself had never done any creative work in the field. Some of the conclusions arrived at in these conversations were put down in another book which Rosenberg was writing at the same time. While Hitler, with his endless brooding, never finished his work, Rosenberg in 1928 wrote 'Finis' to his own. He entitled the book with a slogan which, as he probably failed to suspect, was put into circulation by Georges Sorel, the French socialist, syndicalist, and friend of Bolsheviks.

Sorel had applied the term of 'myth' to the great conceptions which result in the birth of political movements. Rosenberg called his book: *The Myth of the Twentieth Century*. He gave Hitler the thick manuscript, for it contained some rather daring passages which Rosenberg, thinking of the party's reputation, did not want to publish without Hitler's approval. Hitler took the pages home and put them on his bed-table, where Rosenberg when he called saw them lying untouched. This went on for a year; then the author grew impatient and asked to have his manuscript back. Hitler gave it to him and said: 'I feel sure that it's all right.'

The party publishing house put it out in 1930, and it turned out to be 'all right' in a very strange way. To be sure, the book contained reflections on art and race no different from what Hitler would have written. Rosenberg defended the theory—not original with him—that the 'Nordic' race came from a vanished continent to the north of Europe and consequently had taken important characteristics, memories, and spiritual qualities from an Arctic or semi-Arctic environment; it was a race of blue water and gleaming ice. But the ambassador of the Wise Men of Zion, the German purified from his mixed Russian-German milieu, was wildly intolerant toward all elements which he viewed as non-German. To these belonged Russian 'Tartardom' and, to an even greater extent, the Semites. With Gobineau and Wagner, he regarded the force of Semitism as far broader and more dangerous than its modern Jewish representatives. In this view the whole Mediterranean region and the Latin races are permeated with Semitism, and Rosenberg, basing himself on the researches of an insane scholar named Albert Grünwedel, took special pains to demonstrate the Semitic origin of the ancient Etruscans, who subsequently imbued all the Latin peoples with a Semitic essence.

But the deepest and most widespread poison, the most dangerous product of the Semitic-Latin spirit, is Christianity, at least the Christianity of the Catholic Church. Rosenberg hinted that the Catholic clergy was in a spiritual sense a continuation of the old Etruscan priesthood, concerning which he told the most hideous tales; he called the Pope the Roman medicine man, church history a series of atrocities, swindles, and forgeries. Though all this came

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Rosenberg wrote him a letter in which he offered to give up his
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Hence we possess no written and developed definition of the
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tempted a clarification of beauty as 'functionalism fulfilled with
crystal clarity.' The phrase has an empty sound; it is intended to
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ardice the people no longer dare to say: that doesn't suit us, away with this garbage. No, against their better knowledge and conviction the so-called intellectuals in our nation accept as beautiful something set before them by those people, which they themselves must automatically feel to be ugly. That is a sign of our universal decay, a cowardice that can be thrown to the ground with one slogan: you are a philistine. . . . These are indications of the decay of taste and hence the racial decomposition of our people. . . . The good people of this nation, said Hitler, went timidly and sheepishly to operas and concerts, where 'there is an echo of dissonances. . . . The people do not want that in the least, but no one dares to stay away. The wretched sound is an insult to their ears; they look around: beside them sits a blasé young chap or an old bounder who begins to applaud and looks impudently around, and the others, instead of giving the young chap'—cry in the audience, 'a licking'—'. . . begin to wonder in all earnestness whether they haven't heard something profound after all, and finally they begin to clap, too, though they hadn't the slightest desire to clap. . . .'

According to Hitler, we had adapted our daily lives to forms which were profoundly alien to us and which we also felt to be alien; but National Socialism would give the German people courage to repulse the alien: 'The things that we cannot understand because they are alien to us, we do not need to understand,' he cried loudly and with furious gestures: 'Nor do we want to understand them.' According to report, there was stormy applause at this spot. It is as though the politician in him were jealous of the artist—or perhaps the unsuccessful artist-prince was jealous of his more successful colleagues. Do we really need art? 'Minds who give birth to something new are infinitely rare,' he declares. 'It is only a very few great men on earth who really bless the nations by new achievements in the field of art. More than that is not necessary . . . for what an artist devises in a month, a people often needs thirty years to understand. . . . We need to produce no new art. If we accomplish nothing better, let us concentrate on what we already have, on what is immortal. . . .' This he said in the year 1928, and to this renunciation of original creation, unlike his many other promises and assurances, he has remained faithful. When in 1933 he

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German, the defective logic, the tasteless humor and false pathos which he brought forth at the dinner table as at the mass meeting; they had to suffer the bad manners, and some could not dispel the feeling that he was even physically unclean — this was not true, but water and soap avail nothing against a slovenly nature. How did the armed intellectuals come to submit to the leadership of this raving dervish? For when success brought masses to the party, men rose to the leadership who far excelled Hitler in practical ability, education, and character. It can be understood how the phenomenon subjected the masses; his hypnotic effect on certain individuals must be accepted as a fact; but by what human means did Hitler handle the men around him?

The answer is that he did not handle them successfully. These men never ceased to laugh at him or to become enraged against him — and, in between, reluctantly to admire his amazing political success. He was not on terms of true friendship with any, not even with Hess who was seemingly so close to him. No one addressed him by his first name or by the intimate 'du'; those who had done so in earlier years had long since given up the practice. Companions in struggle for twenty years addressed him as 'Mein Führer', to which he returned: 'Herr Reichsmarschall', 'Herr Minister', or 'Herr Reichsschatzmeister' (Reich Treasurer); at best, 'My dear party comrade.'

The phenomenon's name is 'Mein Führer'; whenever his men so address him, they presumably have the feeling of coming into contact with history. Among themselves, however, these subordinates were never so solemn. Then they were aware that above all they were participants in a wild venture, the maddest speculation in history, which was bound to pay off prodigiously if successful; and coldly businesslike, they called and still call the head of their firm the 'boss.' But they also had their disparaging nicknames. These realists, thugs and businessmen, had known their 'Manitou' intimately for years, and no one could pass off any forged gigantic portrait on them. They saw his weakness, nearly all of which could be reduced to a phenomenal untruthfulness, which all his collaborators complained of. For most of his faults, otherwise humanly understandable, became ugly only because he falsified them

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1930

into virtues. His big lies constitute the content of his book; but he deceived his co-workers even in small personal matters. In 1926, with tears in his eyes, he assured a journalist to whom he owed money that he had no funds at all, not even for his most urgent needs; the next day he started on a pleasure trip to Bayreuth in an automobile. When the journalist complained, Hitler screamed at him: how could such an incompetent good-for-nothing even dare to open his mouth? And a few days later, when the unfortunate, who really was none too competent at his profession, committed a grave blunder — the stenographic copy of a speech delivered by Hitler was lost — the Manitou fell on his slave and gave him two resounding slaps in the face. Later, more apologies and tears. To the outside world it was staunchly maintained that Hitler was always the best friend and comrade of his co-workers; that they came to him with all their troubles; that he had helped many — it was one of the lies which Hitler's staff had come to take for granted. The remarkable part of it was the pathos with which he lied; when- ever possible, he attached an oath or at least a word of honor to the lie. With trembling passion in his voice, he swore in court that he had never made an attempt to obtain money from Henry Ford (February 5, 1930); the man who could have had him sent to prison for perjury by producing a document, and might thus have spared the world its encounter with Hitler, unfortunately kept silent.

What got on the nerves of his co-workers perhaps even more than his alternate whining and brutality was his indecision. Yet, tongue in cheek, they systematically built up the myth of Der Führer's determination. True, to this lie there was an almost philosophical sense. The party calls itself a 'political army,' carrying out the orders of a general; everywhere it must arouse the impression of military precision and rapidity. This is the basis of the magic which it emanates. The truth, however, is that politics cannot be conducted with an uninterrupted series of lightning decisions. In this deceptive field, what really counts is one of Hitler's strongest gifts: the ability to wait, to keep an eye open for possibilities, to watch events pass and patiently look on as, frequently, one difficulty is canceled out by another. Politics is the opposite of what today is

understood by 'total action'; it is an intrinsic part of the political art to leave most things undone, trusting that they will take care of themselves: in the decisive moment, however, to act ruthlessly — and what the layman calls political determination is the gift — a rare one, to be sure — of knowing when the decisive moment has come, of understanding where action in this moment will lead. Hitler's impatient staff and sub-leaders expected him to act like an armed intellectual; instead, and this is what made him their superior and leader, he acted like an armed bohemian. The best of them were prepared to sacrifice everything for the party machine; he and his most trusted cronies were determined if necessary to smash the machine to bits for his own person: '... It would be better,' he wrote in controversy with rebellious subordinates, 'that there should be no National Socialist movement at all than a movement of indiscipline and disobedience.' For he is a politician to his last fiber — that is, a man for whom everything is a means to an end; and the whole universe, from God down to the cheese-mite, including all love and all hate, including man and beast and the elements, is only raw material for power.

Most of the S.A. leaders did not fully realize that they had a politician for a leader and must incline to his political will. For many of them, the Leader myth was a lie, serviceable perhaps within limits. Hitler's ability to chain masses with the power of the word aroused in some a rather disparaging admiration; he talked so much, they said, that he never got around to action. Aware that this doubting and mocking S.A. must be subjected once and for all, he had recourse to the one old-timer for whom he was still 'Ade,' the bosom friend: Ernst Röhm, lieutenant-colonel in the Bolivian army. Röhm's position in Bolivia had been made difficult by a revolution in which Kundt had involved himself; a telegram was sent from Munich to La Paz, and by the end of 1930 the man who had created the National Socialist Party was back in Germany. Again Hitler had beside him the man who knew him too well for any pretenses on either side. Röhm clearly understood that his task was to build up Hitler as 'Der Führer.' To a collaborator endowed with such talents, ironic clear-sightedness, and at the same time good-will, Hitler had to allow the greatest liberties, despite Röhm's faults and

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his own misgivings. He was obliged to look on while Röhm with
 cold calculation built up in the eyes of the S.A. an idol of the
 Führer in which he himself obviously did not believe.

Many of the lower S.A. leaders, however, openly and disrespect-
 fully opposed him. Röhm provided pretexts for opposition by filling
 the S.A. leadership with his homosexual creatures, Captains von
 Petersdorff and Röhrbein, Count Ernst Helldorf, an adventurer and
 military profiteer of the worst sort. The beloved Heines was given
 command of the S.A. in Silesia. Pfeffer's staff of leaders felt their
 position endangered and tried to make Hitler remove Röhm. Actu-
 ally this was an insurrection against Hitler himself; the rebels ad-
 mitted as much by attacking the 'legal' course of the party, demand-
 ing riots and civil war. It was all very well for his horse-dealers and
 butchers in Munich to gape at 'Ade,' to stretch out their arms and
 shout 'Heil, mein Führer!'; even to greet one another with the
 strange cry of 'Heil Hitler!' The Prussian officers in the North,
 though admitting that all this was adroit magic for the people,
 became contemptuous and rebellious when they themselves were
 expected to join in the magic with a straight face. At all times this
 has been the attitude of men who knew the magic at close quarters,
 or before it had become magic. Even historical figures, today uni-
 versally regarded as 'great,' had the same difficulty in their day:

'... Ye gods! It doth amaze me
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestic world
 And bear the palm alone . . .
 Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf
 But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
 He were no lion, were not Romans hind.'

Thus speaks Cassius in Shakespeare, and he is speaking of the
 'greatest' of them all: of Caesar. For a time in 1931 Goebbels spoke
 thus of Hitler. Along with the Berlin S.A. leaders he grew embitter-
 ed at Röhm's really repulsive 'men's harem,' and in secret conver-
 sations Hitler was not spared. In speaking publicly of Hitler, Goeb-
 bels laid on the flattery so thick that the suspicion arose that he was
 making fun of his Führer; in private conversations, he simply made
 fun, without flattery. In his diary he called him the 'great man

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Goebbels

above us all' and a 'star'; but in the Berlin squabbles of 1931 he cried out, with an irritation that was perhaps affected, that he too was sick of taking orders from the 'vain operetta queen' in Munich.

This he said to the former police captain Walter Stennes, who led the discontented S.A. in North and East Germany. For a time, perhaps, Goebbels meant this seriously. With him one could never be certain. In any case, he later disclosed these conversations and particularly Stennes's answers to Hitler, and it is possible that he only attacked the Führer in the first place to win the confidence of the guileless S.A. captain. It is certain that Stennes, no more than Otto Strasser, wanted to depose Hitler, but Hitler's principle was that criminals must be punished before they commit their crime. Again Goebbels had to carry out the expulsion, but this time the task put him in a cold sweat. Stennes and his followers did not give up as easily as Strasser. A sort of *putsch* developed, consisting of brawls between the 'politicians' and the military-minded rank-and-file; local headquarters were occupied by the 'rebels.' Stennes later boasted of having personally beaten Goebbels to a pulp. In any case the Berlin *gauleiter* fled to Munich and there sought protection. Always, when he betrayed his former friends, he attached himself with especial warmth to the previous common enemy; in this case to Röhm, with whom he now formed the closest bond. With Röhm and Heines, he helped to cement the rule of the homosexuals over the S.A. A month later, Hitler himself had to write a letter of praise and thanks to the depraved murderer Heines, because Röhm demanded it; the disciplining of the S.A., he wrote to the man whom he had formerly thrown out of the party, 'remains . . . above all, dear Heines, your achievement and that of your staff'—read: men's harem. He praised Heines 'for your services which have been above all praise.' And: 'Today I feel a special need to thank you most heartily for this and to express my full appreciation.' Thus did Hitler praise one half of his uprooted desperadoes, while, in an open statement, he covered the other, mutinous half with ignominy: 'Freebooters . . . clique of mutinous officers . . . traitors without honor . . . rabble . . . men without character. . . . From the very beginning of his activity in the N.S.D.A.P. Herr Stennes never moved a hand without a bill and a receipt. . . .'

This was what embellishment. Tlously; in bitter capable of debating, technique, bellowed, well-to-do parents, drawn through th misery. The super and least of all wh it asks only for l learned more than saw that my diplom a common soldier.

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This was what came out when he spoke of his best men without
 embellishment. They had had the insolence not to take him seri-
 ously; in bitter complaint, the Führer, who had thought himself
 capable of debating with retired colonels in officers' clubs on tank
 technique, bellowed forth his sense of injury: 'I was not a child of
 well-to-do parents. I was not educated at universities, but was
 drawn through the hardest school of life, through poverty and
 misery. The superficial world never asks what a man has learned,
 and least of all what his real abilities are; as a rule, unfortunately,
 it asks only for his diplomas. They never noticed that I had
 learned more than tens of thousands of our intellectuals; they only
 saw that my diplomas were lacking. And I was not an officer but
 a common soldier. . . .'

No school diplomas! That was his whole misfortune — or so at
 least he told himself. In reality it was the qualities of the man, the
 lack of integrated personality, which made this extraordinary his-
 torical phenomenon a lightweight in the human sense, and through
 all the terrors of his career surrounded it with an air of absurdity.
 Hitler was already the man of the hour in Germany, very probably
 the man of tomorrow, and in the eyes of many the man of destiny;
 and still the most able men of his *entourage* refused to take him
 seriously — except as a demagogue. Could this be merely the phil-
 istinism of mediocre talents unable to appreciate genius? What
 people noticed about Hitler was not the madness of his actions;
 even the most hostile observer soon saw that behind the first decep-
 tive cloud of noise and excitement there was an amazing certainty
 and purposiveness in his movements. But what always surprised
 men who spoke with Hitler face to face was the poverty of his
 arguments and explanations, particularly in private conversations,
 where it was not brilliance or wit that mattered, but thinking.
 When it was soberly explained to him that Germany's one to two
 billion marks in annual reparations were assuredly a heavy burden,
 but could hardly be responsible for the crisis, he answered in all
 seriousness that with the rapidity of currency circulation one billion
 marks left in Germany would provide the country with seven or
 eight times as much in wages and salaries. Whether he was predict-
 ing the second German inflation — which never occurred — or the

* D.T. is man preoccupation
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coming British-American War, or—each year anew—the imminent collapse of Soviet Russia; whether he was flaying the 'Jewish' banking system of the United States, reviling his future friend Lord Rothermere as a Jew, or venturing the prophecy that France would never evacuate the Rhineland—he was always conspicuous for his hostility to hard facts, his fear of checkable details; and he has still to make a speech adducing names, places, dates, or literal quotations in any factual controversy. Occasionally, in the responsible post of Chancellor, he has sensed this deficiency and attempted to prove a point with heaps of figures, mostly referring to the economic successes of his régime. Anyone with even the slightest statistical experience can observe that Hitler does not understand his own algebra, and certainly never studied his own figures. The lack of demonstrable reality in nearly all his utterances permits us to characterize the unquestionable intellectual power which carried him so far and so high as a stream in which all substance is pulverized.

No, he will not founder on the cliffs of reality. Something which may be called instinct will almost always indicate to him the facts which he can calmly neglect, spring over, disregard, without disturbing his course. But should he ever encounter a state of affairs over which it is impossible to glide with lifted oars, should a really obstructing problem ever appear in his path, he will adapt himself to this unexpected resistance with such a power of self-transformation that his closest friends will hardly recognize him. This happened, for example, in 1930, when he suddenly developed an enthusiasm for legality and democracy in Germany, and in 1933, when he became a peace enthusiast in world affairs.

Hitler's indifference to facts which he does not regard as vitally important explains his strange relation to books. He does not allow them to instruct him, but only to confirm his opinions. He has given us his ideas on how books should be read: Do not read too much, for that will only give you useless ballast; this kind of learning only removes you from the world. Feeling, however, enables the expert reader 'to perceive at once everything which in his opinion is fit to be permanently retained as expedient or generally worth knowing.' The material read 'is meaningfully fitted into the

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The purpose of his own story. Let us supply Capital: 'If at first have thought at the question. It is a reality of Social Democracy language of their thought the lines, but

In other words, closed the thought he treated of. He virtually he cited a few but these were period of two Germany's general anti-Semitic between Christian gleaned from 'You would like Adolf Hitler

books. And look at Rosen, released the book wrong.

Years later, asked him for decisive influence. Hitler replied past which his idea. Our whole

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picture, which is somehow always present in advance, and which
the mind has created with regard to this or that matter.'

The purpose of books is to say yes. As a young man, according to
his own story, he began to read the 'main documents' of Marxism.
Let us suppose he was referring to Karl Marx's monumental
Capital: 'If I arrived at my goal more rapidly than I myself may
at first have dared to think, it was solely due to my newly acquired,
though at that time not yet very profound, knowledge of the Jewish
question. It alone enabled me to draw a practical comparison be-
tween reality and the theoretical boasting of the founding fathers
of Social Democracy, since it had taught me to understand the
language of the Jewish people, who talk to hide, or at least to veil,
their thoughts, and whose real aim is therefore not to be found in
the lines, but slumbers well hidden between them.'

In other words, after reading a few dozen pages at most, he
closed the thick volume forever. But there is a grave suspicion that
he treated other books, more important for him, in the same way.
He virtually never quotes a single word from a classic author. Once
he cited a few sentences from Clausewitz, the military theoretician,
but these were often printed in cheap little pamphlets. Over a
period of twenty years he only once has recourse to the authority of
Germany's greatest author, Goethe, and then only to quote an
anti-Semitic passage in which Goethe rejects mixed marriage be-
tween Christians and Jews—it seems certain that this treasure was
gleaned from some anti-Semitic tract, and not from the original.
'You would be astonished,' said a man who knew him well, 'to see
Adolf Hitler's library. Whole walls full of the most beautiful
books. And all of them unread.' He could not force himself to
look at Rosenberg's important and dangerous manuscript; he re-
leased the bomb, sight unseen, hoping that nothing would go
wrong.

Years later, a Polish journalist, by way of testing his learning,
asked him frankly: 'What great minds of the past have exerted a
decisive influence on Your Excellency in an intellectual sense?'
Hitler replied: 'It is hard to list the number of those minds in the
past which have furnished fertilizing contributions to every great
idea. Our whole body of views arises in overwhelming part from:

the results of the intellectual work of the past, and in smaller part on the basis of our own discoveries. The decisive factor is only to organize the intellectual heritage handed down by the great minds of former times in a sensible, expedient way, and to draw the resulting logical consequences from them. For of what avail is all knowledge if we do not possess the courage to make use of it? By drawing the practical political consequences from a huge sum of intellectual and scientific ideas and insights, we have overcome an inertia that had grown totally sterile, and given to our national life a new and, as I am convinced, decisive impetus.'

What an answer! He has learned neither from the living nor the dead. Here he laid himself bare, a rambling barbarian soul, without bond or loyalty, burdened with no intellectual possessions, obligated to no one; a child of nature who would be quite capable of frying a chop over a Stradivarius violin, and boasting that he had sensibly and expediently organized a spiritual heritage.

That is his intellectual armament. But he had a wisdom all his own. When he related horror stories about the Wise Men of Zion, a skeptical henchman might protest: 'Adolf, you can't tell people such stuff!' Then he would smilingly reply: 'You can tell people anything!' And the skeptic was suddenly seized with the terrible suspicion, subjecting the whole world to doubt: perhaps he is wiser than all of us! Hitler's deepest wisdom consists in his conviction, gathered from the world sense of the modern intellectual, that everything is possible, that all problems are capable of solution, and that — and this is the most important — the big things are the easiest; but this cannot be reasoned out, it can only be demonstrated.

In great questions and conflicts, every attempt at proof or deduction soon leads to ultimate beliefs beyond the realm of the demonstrable — to basic conceptions regarding the world and man; and Hitler cannot afford to speak publicly of his basic conceptions. They arise from a deep contempt of human nature and run sharply counter to the comforting self-confidence which he then was trying to instill in the masses. When he calls upon them to demonstrate their noble breed and heroic nature by staking their health and their life, he means essentially: for you rabble are worthy of nothing better; and this attitude would come out in the end if

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He has learned neither from the living nor the dead. He is himself bare, a rambling barbarian soul, without intellectual possessions, obliged to the world of nature who would be quite capable of playing the violoncelle, and boasting that he had organized a spiritual heritage.

He has an armament. But he had a wisdom all his own. He tells horror stories about the Wise Men of Zion, and he protests: 'Adolf, you can't tell people that.' He would smilingly reply: 'You can tell people that.' He was suddenly seized with the terrible thought: 'The whole world to doubt: perhaps he is right.' His deepest wisdom consists in his conviction: 'The world sense of the modern intellectual, that all problems are capable of solution, that the most important—the big things are the ones that can be reasoned out, it can only be demonstrated—'

conflicts, every attempt at proof or demonstration of ultimate beliefs beyond the realm of the intellect, conceptions regarding the world and the future afford to speak publicly of his basic conviction: a deep contempt of human nature and a lack of comforting self-confidence which he then transfers to the masses. When he calls upon them to follow him, he reads and heroic nature by staking their lives essentially: for you rabble are worthy of nothing. Your attitude would come out in the end if

he were to pursue his conclusions, statements, exhortations, and commands, step by step, back to their sources and grounds. Actually he has never concealed his contempt of mankind, though always giving those present to understand that he was not referring to them. But he cannot very well reveal and name the chief source of his contempt for humanity: his own person. The true source of his belief in human vileness is self-observation. He is so ashamed of his humanity because, as an historical phenomenon, beguiled by his own star, he expects superhuman things of himself. In the contemplation of human affairs, all logic ultimately leads back to the human individual; a logical analysis of National Socialist politics would have to end with an analysis of Hitler's person; hence Hitler's unconscious resistance to logic and factual truth.

It is not unusual that a man should wish to cut a figure different from his real person; all public activity consists in compressing one's own personality into certain qualities and effects, omitting and repressing other aspects of one's nature; to a smaller extent, this phenomenon occurs even in private relations between man and man, and this line of falsehood in human relations partly accounts for the pessimistic conception of man as a sinner and miscreant. Hitler's special trait is his concentration on greatness. This is the source of his power. When suddenly this man, who has been awkwardly standing around, now and then muttering a remark that by no means dominates the conversation, is seized with determination and begins to speak, filling the room with his voice, suppressing interruptions or contradictions by his domineering manner, spreading cold shivers among those present by the savagery of his declarations, lifting every subject of conversation into the light of history, and interpreting it so that even trifles have their origin in greatness; then the listener is filled with awe and feels that a new phenomenon has entered the room. This thundering demon was not there before; this is not the same timid man with the contracted shoulders. He is capable of this transformation in a personal interview and facing an audience of half a million. The magic power of this image of greatness emanating from human nullity greatly appealed to the German people after the World War, when this people, oppressed by their own nullity, longed for

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greatness; but a far deeper and more decisive explanation of Hitler's effect is the soul state of modern man, who, in his pettiness, loneliness, and lack of faith, longs for community, conviction, and greatness. Here he sees greatness emerging from a creature who as a man is smaller than you or I — that is what made Hitler an experience for millions.

This sharp division of his personality—colorless on the one hand, dazzling on the other—does not mean, however, that two men dwell in one. Hitler is no split personality; the two sides of his nature belong entirely together and condition one another, like the two weights of a centrifugal top. This contrast between greatness and nonentity, as it presents itself in Hitler, is the product of education and growth through a life almost unique in the whole of history; anyone who tries to judge Hitler solely on the basis of mad or inadequate utterances and actions of former times forgets that power in itself is instructive and that only the dullest of minds fail to learn from the possession of responsibility and influence.

With the years the two poles of his personality became purer and more pronounced. His nature was sensitive, quick to react; now it would rush to one side, now to the other, thus creating an impression of great instability and adaptability. Perhaps the medical man will discover hysterical symptoms in this; at all events, the layman, including the present author, will speak readily of hysteria; for the sake of clarity it should be stated that the fixation of this hysteria is on the contradiction between greatness and nonentity. Max von Gruber, the specialist, observing him in the course of a passionate action lasting several hours, found the facial expression of the man 'madly agitated,' and, at the end, the characteristic 'expression of gratified self-esteem.' Another specialist, though not of the first rank, who observed him systematically over a considerable period, categorically denied any pathological tendency. This was Doctor Brinsteiner, a prison physician who saw him in Landsberg in 1924; he was 'firmly convinced that Hitler was always master of himself and his will and not pathologically affected in his mental activity.' Brinsteiner did observe a 'passing pathological depression which appeared in Hitler for a short time after the *putsch*,' but drew from it 'no inference of a pathological tendency in Hitler.' Brinsteiner, as

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can be seen from his report, was filled with enthusiasm by Hitler; but as a physician he is doubtless right. Mental unreliability is not a disease; Brinsteiner attempted to analyze this mentality, driven back and forth by his own emotions and the reaction of public opinion, and came closest to the truth: 'This way of thinking and acting, partly aroused by suggestion and auto-suggestion, cannot always stand up against subsequent unprejudiced criticism, but it is not for that reason necessarily pathological.'

Yet whatever the mental state, the emotional abnormality of this nature darting restlessly back and forth between somnolence and frenzy cannot be overlooked. No normal man strives for world domination; and a normal man would hardly lead Adolf Hitler's private life. Capable of great physical and mental exertions, he is almost pathologically disinclined to regular work; a magician does not work, and greatness is not achieved by ordered activity. Perhaps it is basically his disinclination for regular activity that makes him sleepless. He is nocturnal in his habits; when possible, he forces his staff to confer with him at night, and it is at night that he prefers to make his decisions. One night Goebbels arrived in Berlin dead tired after two days of work and a journey by plane. 'At two in the morning,' the propaganda chief writes, 'he was still sitting fresh as a daisy in the midst of his work, alone at his home; he made me lecture him for almost two hours about the construction of the Reich super-highway'; strange work which was suddenly interrupted by two hours of chatting — for a lecture on this subject by Goebbels, who was certainly no specialist, cannot be regarded as anything more. 'Every night till six or seven in the morning, you could see the light shining from his windows. Der Führer was dictating his great speeches . . . ' again a report by Goebbels, this time referring to a visit in Berchtesgaden.

Later, when Goebbels administered the German film industry, he forced actresses to sign contracts agreeing to keep Hitler company occasionally at night; under perfectly respectable circumstances, to be sure, at the big all-night parties which he often gave. Goebbels also did real pandering if it could procure or reinforce Der Führer's favor; and all the while he informed the world how frugally Der Führer lived — shunning drink, tobacco, meat, pomp, and festi-

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And so, though he is the real source of energy in his cause and his enterprise, his incalculability is a serious obstacle to regular business. Things must be done and the responsibility for getting them done lies on the shoulders of such men as Goebbels; for Hitler only does the things that he happens to feel like doing. He does them with the greatest expenditure of force, but often he cannot find the extra ounce of strength to do what is uncomfortable, to decide what is doubtful, to make a difficult decision; for at the bottom of his heart he trusts that a difficulty will be canceled out by a second difficulty. When a member of his staff presses him for some

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unpleasant decision, he often escapes by embarking on a speech about art and race, until an adjutant comes in to announce that the car is waiting. He can then abandon himself to the pleasant experience of being driven, which presents a certain aspect of activity. These pleasure trips are 'tours of inspection.' They frequently end among crowds shouting with enthusiasm, young girls presenting flowers, children who let themselves be caressed—they end in triumph, which he can never get enough of; one more experience of greatness.

And then he may escape into total obscurity; as though seeking the illusion of being dead. For many years he was in the habit of disappearing on Christmas Eve, leaving even his family, his sister and nieces to their own resources. It is said that he regularly spent this most solemn night of the German year in the stable of the Munich Reichswehr Barracks, for a few hours recapturing the Christmas mood of his soldier days; this cannot be checked, but his disappearances have been confirmed by several sources.

He is a restless and indefatigable consumer of men, provided they are served up in the proper way, compliant and giving the desired answers. Goebbels, who had learned this conduct so well, had to let himself be questioned well into the dawn about irrelevant things. With questions Hitler replaced reading, he used people instead of books; he knew what he wanted and would coax from obedient men the desired answers, which could not have been obtained from silent, stubborn books. By his questions he endeavored not only to learn, but to influence and mold the people he questioned. A young diplomat from the German Embassy in Paris, London, or Washington happens to be in Berlin and is invited to one of Hitler's banquets; Der Führer draws him into a long and strange conversation: 'From the Arc de Triomphe, as you know,' says Hitler, 'twelve streets run in all directions. In which streets are there gardens in front of the houses, in which streets not?' The answer is by no means perfect. Next Hitler wants to know in which streets there are shops, in which purely residential buildings. Some are definitely residential streets for rich people—which ones? What sort of people frequent the shops in the other streets? The answers are all unsatisfactory, and the dismayed attaché gets

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the friendly advice to pay more attention to such things in the future, as they are important. He supposes that Hitler is possessed by a frenzy for municipal building and gewgaws. Perhaps it does not dawn on him until years later that Hitler was questioning him on military matters.

The consumption of human beings in large quantities is Hitler's real private pleasure. A penchant for using and abusing people made Hitler the archetype of politician who uses men only as a means to an end, whether the end be business, war, or even what he calls love. From this cruel, ultimately useless wallowing in human material, unsatisfactory both for himself and others, he gathers again and again the plaintive conviction that he is the unhappiest of all men. And assuredly he is unhappy, for what torments him and causes him to torment others is in the last analysis his fear of men, acquired in his youth and never overcome. He cannot meet his fellow man naturally, on an equal level; he can only do him violence, or himself suffer violence—and here we have touched his secret wound, from which probably most of his inadequacies arise. This is the source of his concealment, his vagueness; his nature is always faced with the terroristic command: do not betray yourself. It was this part of his nature that taught him his profound contempt of men; and this is his secret that must not be betrayed. Hence the vagueness of presentation in his speeches, hence his avoidance of facts and arguments. It is the same fear of providing a window into himself that makes him so careful to keep any specimen of his handwriting away from the public. With this—obviously unconscious—resistance, he shelters and protects a nature which feels that, exposed to the light of public scrutiny, it must wither in shame. It is the same resistance which makes him try to appear so abnormally virtuous in his relations with women. In this connection many false conjectures have been circulated.

For a time he was accused of homosexual tendencies; such accusations, in view of his friendship with Röhm and the composition of the S.A., were natural but false. However, we can sense that here, too, in his convulsive, exaggerated way, he is hiding something. Here we shall deal with this subject only as much as is necessary to cast a little more light on the contradiction between the private individual and the public picture.

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It has been observed that, having attained power, he frequently commuted the death penalty to imprisonment for murder inspired by erotic motives. Exponents of the psycho-analytical school have diagnosed a 'castration complex,' a pathological fear of losing his virility. His strange, furious discourse against syphilis in *Mein Kampf* might support such a theory. A more reliable indication is the fact that both in his speeches and writings he likes to linger on the presentation of killing, especially the death penalty. Hanisch relates that young Hitler once told him of a visit he had made with his father to the courthouse in the Upper Austrian town of Ried; his father showed him all sorts of instruments of murder which the police had taken away from brawling peasants or real criminals — revolvers, knives, blackjacks; and Hitler owned that the sight of all these implements of murder had put him in high spirits. In his early speeches he liked to describe how the National Socialists, after their victory, would hang the lamp-posts full of their adversaries; the heads of their enemies would roll. And, in general, beheading is one of his favorite ideas. In the early years of his movement he had 'promissory notes' printed to serve as receipts for a loan floated by the *Völkischer Beobachter*, redeemable after the victory of the movement. These notes were designed by Adolf Hitler himself. The note was a rectangle the size of a dollar bill, and was intended to look like a bank-note. The text, framed in a maze of swastikas, obligated the N.S.D.A.P. to pay back ten marks. The left quarter of the note was taken up by a little picture—and what a picture! A young man with an open shirt and a head covering not clearly recognizable (though the mustache was lacking, the grave, threatening face had the features of an idealized self-portrait) held by the right hand a sword dripping with blood; the left hand grasped the curls of a severed female head. Head and sword seemed to lie on the page of a newspaper, perhaps the *Völkischer Beobachter*. In the background a banner with the swastika; beneath the picture in Gothic letters: 'Warriors of truth, behead the lie!' A warrior of truth might have been expected to pierce the lie, to face it in battle, to struggle against its embrace—the artist Hitler, however, dreamed of beheading a defenseless woman.

Is this, then, the true picture? A Bluebeard, a murderer of

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It has been observed that, having attained power, he frequently commuted the death penalty to imprisonment for murder inspired by erotic motives. Exponents of the psycho-analytical school have diagnosed a 'castration complex,' a pathological fear of losing his virility. His strange, furious discourse against syphilis in *Mein Kampf* might support such a theory. A more reliable indication is the fact that both in his speeches and writings he likes to linger on the presentation of killing, especially the death penalty. Hanisch relates that young Hitler once told him of a visit he had made with his father to the courthouse in the Upper Austrian town of Ried; his father showed him all sorts of instruments of murder which the police had taken away from brawling peasants or real criminals—revolvers, knives, blackjacks; and Hitler owned that the sight of all these implements of murder had put him in high spirits. In his early speeches he liked to describe how the National Socialists, after their victory, would hang the lamp-posts full of their adversaries; the heads of their enemies would roll. And, in general, beheading is one of his favorite ideas. In the early years of his movement he had 'promissory notes' printed to serve as receipts for a loan floated by the *Völkischer Beobachter*, redeemable after the victory of the movement. These notes were designed by Adolf Hitler himself. The note was a rectangle the size of a dollar bill, and was intended to look like a bank-note. The text, framed in a maze of swastikas, obligated the N.S.D.A.P. to pay back ten marks. The left quarter of the note was taken up by a little picture—and what a picture! A young man with an open shirt and a head covering not clearly recognizable (though the mustache was lacking, the grave, threatening face had the features of an idealized self-portrait) held by the right hand a sword dripping with blood; the left hand grasped the curls of a severed female head. Head and sword seemed to lie on the page of a newspaper, perhaps the *Völkischer Beobachter*. In the background a banner with the swastika; beneath the picture in Gothic letters: 'Warriors of truth, behead the lie!' A warrior of truth might have been expected to pierce the lie, to face it in battle, to struggle against its embrace—the artist Hitler, however, dreamed of beheading a defenseless woman.

Is this, then, the true picture? A Bluebeard, a murderer of

Kriegers von Wahlschicht Haupt. das Lüge

1901

The suicide

1921

woman, who must exercise the greatest self-control to avoid committing a crime, or at least to avoid creating a scandal? His psychology has been interpreted in this way, and inventive informants have even told stories to this effect with full details. The truth is that in private relations as well as in public life he much too easily falls into a seeming brutality which does not exactly indicate strength, and which makes no distinction between man and woman. But he is not in the least ashamed of this brutality; he is proud of it. He publicly declares that the woman longs for domination by man, and hints that this is his own insight gathered from a wealth of experience. With these utterances he adds a harsh and jarring splotch of color to the public picture which he has made of himself, and which he himself admires and worships. Behind it is concealed the realm of his most private experience: Hitler feels that his inner life is a humiliating, embarrassing contradiction to his public image; he feels that this contradiction fills his whole life with untruth. He longs for humiliation — but no one must know this. *

In his most intimate private life he is not a sadist, but the contrary. Here it is not intended to describe his various experiences, with names and addresses; but there is one case worth reporting because it really sheds some light on the human figure behind the gigantic image, and because it plunged Hitler the man into a real catastrophe and may perhaps be called *the* tragedy of his private life.

One day his parental relations to his niece Geli ceased to be parental. Geli was a beauty on the majestic side, with an abundance of blond hair, simple in her thoughts and emotions, fascinating to many men, well aware of her electric effect and delighting in it. She looked forward to a brilliant career as a singer, and expected 'Uncle Alf' to make things easy for her. She, her mother, and a less conspicuous younger sister, named Friedli, lived with Hitler in his mountain house at Berchtesgaden, and after 1929 often shared his Munich dwelling. Her uncle's affection, which in the end assumed the most serious form, seems like an echo of the many marriages among relatives in Hitler's ancestry.

At the beginning of 1929, Hitler wrote the young girl a letter couched in the most unmistakable terms. It was a letter in which

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the uncle and lover gave himself completely away; it expressed
feelings which could be expected from a man with masochistic-
coprophil inclinations, bordering on what Havelock Ellis calls
'undinism.' (Who wishes to do so may find some samples in this
author's *Psychology of Sex*, 1936 edition, vol. III, pp. 56/57 and
60/61.) The letter probably would have been repulsive to Geli if
she had received it. But she never did. Hitler left the letter lying
around, and it fell into the hands of his landlady's son, a certain
Doctor Rudolph; perhaps this was one of the reasons for Hitler's
change of lodgings. The letter was in no way suited for publica-
tion; it was bound to debase Hitler and make him ridiculous in the
eyes of anyone who might see it. For some reason Hitler seems to
have feared that it was Rudolph's intention to make it public.

With the help of a remarkable human instrument, Hitler was
saved from disgrace. In Munich lived a dwarf-like eccentric named
J.F.M. Rehse, who for years collected so-called political documents
with an almost pathological ardor. Rehse, the son of an officer,
was a photographer by profession, but he had given up his trade
and lived only for his collector's frenzy. In his extremely modest
quarters he collected all the official decrees, political posters and
leaflets he could lay hands on; at night he crept to the public bill-
boards, tore down posters, and took them home. In the course of
the years he had collected such a mass of paper that the floor of
his apartment was beginning to buckle. Rehse was the type of
person who was bound to become a National Socialist as soon as
he first heard about it, and so he was among Hitler's early acquaint-
ances. He was friend and partner of a strange fellow of a very
different sort, but equally a close acquaintance and almost friend of
Hitler: Father Bernhard Stempfle. This Stempfle belonged to the
Catholic order of Saint Jerome; by profession he was an anti-
Semitic journalist, a political conspirator—all in all, an armed
bohemian in priest's robes.

Rehse and Stempfle now were approached by Franz Xaver
Schwarz, the party treasurer, who asked them to buy Hitler's letter
from Rudolph on the pretext that they must have such a precious
document for their collection. They seemed to have scented the
opportunity: in return they demanded that Hitler assume financial

*on his masturbation
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responsibility for the collection. The deal was concluded, Hitler and Schwarz acquired the collection for the party and employed Rehse and Stempfle as curators. This was in April, 1929; the National Socialist Party was still insignificant, it was sorely in need of money, and when highly deserving party comrades of the old guard came to the offices of the *Völkischer Beobachter*, begging for ten marks in payment for an article they had contributed, Rosenberg was perfectly capable of kicking them downstairs. While the editors of his paper were still running about ragged and threadbare, Hitler spent good money, ostensibly for a collection of dusty old posters. He went so far as to boast that National Socialism had saved a valuable cultural undertaking. His most devoted followers shook their heads at this new whim; even the best-informed did not suspect its true motives.

Stempfle, who was wonderfully gifted for haggling and intriguing, then bought the letter from Rudolph — under exactly what conditions is not known. The sum of money does not seem to have been small. Presumably Schwarz advanced it from the party treasury in order to save Der Führer's reputation; in any case it was he who provided the money. The letter probably did not go through Rehse's hands, and in this he may have been fortunate. Stempfle gave it to Schwarz and he to Hitler. It is perhaps this service that later made Schwarz one of the most powerful, though publicly obscure, figures of the Third Reich.

Relations between Hitler and his niece became troubled as time went on; the incident of the lost and recovered letter perhaps contributed to the final catastrophe. For a time, at least, the strange lover seems to have grown rather repugnant to the young girl. But surely Hitler's almost pathological inconstancy had something to do with this. Hitler thought himself entitled to extend his affections on all sides; and all the stories which he assiduously spread about his unworldliness and aloofness had their basis in the fact that he knew no constancy or fidelity in any human relationship. Nature gave him the faculties and instincts of a great egoist and devourer of people, but denied him the hardness which might have enabled him to bear such a lot without pain. His loveless core is covered over with a thick foam of sentimentality and self-pity; he demands

et 928 (C. e. 928)

pity of his victim
tolerate competing
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himself at home
Wagner, in Bay
Here he spent
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Geli could comprehend
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Here he spent most of his time, and rumors went about that he
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And this was by no means the only case of inconstancy of which
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One day he went to Hamburg; as he was setting out, she asked his
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not especially dejected. In a tone of indifference she announced
that next day she was going to Berchtesgaden to see her mother,
who was living in the mountain house on the Obersalzberg. She
went about the apartment with a little box bearing a dead canary,
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After a thorough investigation, the state's attorney declared her a suicide. The coroner's report said the bullet had entered the chest below the left shoulder and penetrated vertically to the heart, a probable direction in case of suicide. In Vienna where she had grown up, Geli Raubal was buried in the Central Cemetery. A Catholic priest who was a friend of the family blessed her remains. As a rule the Catholic Church does not do this in the case of suicides; but it admits of one exception — where there is a likelihood that the suicide occurred in a state of mental confusion. It was a terrible blow to Hitler. Gregor Strasser later claimed that for two days he didn't let him out of his sight, fearing that he might do himself harm. The Austrian government granted Hitler special permission for a trip to Vienna. A week after Geli's death, he spent an evening at her grave, shedding many tears.

How and why had Geli Raubal died? Was it suicide? Was it murder? In either case, what was the reason? To a close friend her mother later hinted at murder, or else suicide under compulsion or strong suggestion. She did not accuse Hitler; on the contrary, she said she was sure that Adolf was determined to marry Geli. She mentioned another name: Himmler.

Himmler's part in the matter can only be presumed. The mentality of this man and his entire circle justifies the most hideous speculations. Conceivably he thought it his duty to free his Führer from a dangerous woman. But the circumstances do not point very clearly in this direction. Corrupt as the Bavarian administration of justice may have been under the leadership of Franz Gürtner — it would at that time scarcely have hushed up a murder, even though it did its best to keep the matter quiet on the ground that suicide was a private affair.

Yet there is no satisfactory explanation for suicide. An outbreak of hysterical rage? Close friends insisted that the merry, robust girl had never shown any such propensities. If we are to believe the assertions and hints of her mother, we might piece together a gruesome scene, compatible with the spiritual twilight of this milieu. We can see Himmler, calling at a late hour; explaining to Geli that she had betrayed the man who was her guardian, her lover, and her Führer in one. According to National Socialist con-

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factory explanation for suicide. An outburst. Close friends insisted that the merry, own any such propensities. If we are to take hints of her mother, we might piece together a compatible with the spiritual twilight of Himmler, calling at a late hour; explaining why the man who was her guardian, her one. According to National Socialist con-

ceptions, there was only one way of making good such a betrayal. To be sure, she was a woman, but at the same time, in a special and eminent way, she was a member of a kind of aristocratic order with strange concepts of honor. We may ask what Himmler hoped to gain by the inevitable scandal; but a worse scandal was to be feared if Geli went to Vienna and began to talk, ultimately to the press. But again: these are pure conjectures, though they do possess a certain inner plausibility.

At all events, Geli Raubal died under strange circumstances. As for Adolf Hitler, life here played a cruel trick on an idol unfit to be a man. The story as it is related here was told by Stempfle to a friend who had already learned a great deal from Geli herself. And probably Stempfle talked to other people, too; perhaps in retaliation because Hitler ignored him after coming to power. One thing is certain: on June 30, 1934, when Hitler settled accounts with hundreds of enemies and former friends by mass murder, Pater Bernhard Stempfle was killed by three shots in the heart in the forest of Harlaching near Munich, by a murder gang led by Emil Maurice.

1930

Chapter XVI

'ADOLPHE LÉGALITÉ'

UP TO 1930 THE MASSIVE SUCCESS OF ADOLF HITLER could be understood only with a constant eye to an epoch hiding from its doom. After 1930 the epoch struggling with doom can no longer be understood except with a constant eye to Adolf Hitler.

The world crisis was driving toward the point where it awaited Hitler—or some other demon who was ready to trample beneath iron feet the generation awakening from its dream of money and abundance. Dictatorship had established itself firmly at many points on the globe; the Bolshevik and Fascist designs were completed; the souls were prepared. A meaning had to be given to a world that had grown meaningless; if this could be done in no other way, then by force. The poor people of the whole world were stirred to their very depth by a deeply symbolical news report from South America: the fire-boxes of locomotives were to be adapted for burning coffee instead of coal. Very well, then, have a pleasant journey with your coffee that we can no longer pay for; farewell, all you other foreign pleasures and comforts! Keep them. We can no longer buy them, for you no longer buy our coal, but use coffee for fuel; you don't even buy our locomotives any more! Said Hjalmar Schacht: 'We must do like Frederick the Great in the eighteenth century—base ourselves firmly upon the home economy and take from our home soil what can in any way be taken; and for a generation we must live frugally, save and work.' And by so doing, the youthful extremists added, we shall utterly smash this declining world.

1930

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An unknown young man by the name of Friedrich Zimmermann, who for two years mystified the German public with his pen-name of Ferdinand Fried, published a book in which he declared that what was actually declining was the 'West,' as Oswald Spengler had predicted. Geographically speaking, the West was 'the territories bounding the North Atlantic and grouped around the three financial and commercial centers, New York, London, and Paris.' 'Here'—in the 'West'—'the daring of the capitalist, which is the true Viking spirit, begins to flag. The tribute of debts'—Fried meant the German reparations and at the same time the debts of the Allies to America—'can no longer be physically assimilated; the West is like an old man who can no longer take nourishment. But with the coldness and hardness of old age it insists on the collection of interest. It is in an attitude of defense against a world in revolt. It can maintain itself only by chaining the rest of the world together in a complicated and subtle system—unfathomable to the average eye—which is called world economy; in reality the world is chained by world economy to the interest-exacting West. But this world can no longer be held together, it is crumbling apart, and as a result the West itself is beginning slowly to disintegrate. . . . Protective tariffs give rise to national autarchies; immense spaces'—Fried had in mind Soviet Russia—'are disengaging themselves entirely from world economy, perhaps to join with other spaces; state planning and state intervention become state capitalism or state socialism, in a word, state economy. . . .'

Ten years before, John Maynard Keynes in England, one of the keenest students of capitalism, had predicted the great twilight of the gods in his own way: 'The bluff is discovered,' he wrote; 'the laboring classes may be no longer willing to forego so largely, and the capitalist classes, no longer confident of the future, may seek to enjoy more fully their liberties of consumption so long as they last, and thus precipitate the hour of their confiscation.' Keynes had written a book with the title: *The End of Laisser-Aller*; Fried's book was entitled *The End of Capitalism*, and was for years the greatest success among political books in Germany.

The young German intellectuals saw the capitalists of their own country failing in their tasks. The German employers made their

aimless, unsuccessful, and heartless attack on the poor people; Brüning decreased wages by violent decrees, supposedly lowered prices too, but not enough—and despite all the efforts and sacrifices of those who were still employed, more and more workers were discharged. From 1930 to 1932, according to the official estimate, the number of unemployed rose from three millions to over six millions, actually to far more than seven millions; and since German industry had a tendency to keep its workers even in hard times, this unemployment figure showed a graver economic distress than would have been the case in other countries.

There stood the wonderful smelting furnaces of Fritz Thyssen and his like, capable of producing twice as much steel as England, now useless, cold and still. Kirdorf's precious coal lay in great heaps around the mines and found no buyers; while the unemployed miners spent the winter in unheated rooms, at times banding together to break through the fence and seize as much fuel as they could carry. In the summer of 1930, gas broke through the walls of the Wenceslaus Mine near Waldenburg in Silesia, and three hundred miners were asphyxiated; rows of corpses were found with raised faces; they had died trying to snatch a last breath of air above the layer of gas. The mine had been a death trap; it should have been closed long before, and now the authorities did officially close it. Three thousand miners were unemployed, and in the collapsing economy found no other work. They banded together and petitioned; for three years they sent memoranda to the ministry, sent delegations to Berlin, addressed proclamations to the German people: they wanted their death mine reopened; it was better to live in constant fear of death than to suffer the constant hunger of their families.

In the woods around Berlin tent colonies sprang up; here lived unemployed who could not pay their rent in town. Straight streets ran through the camps; the residents shared such tasks as removal of garbage; there were community kitchens. Discipline and order prevailed. But in the fields around Berlin the peasants posted guards with loaded rifles; for large troops of starving men came from the city, flung themselves on the potato fields, and carried the potatoes away in sacks—this in broad daylight, while the traffic

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rolled by on the roads. Often the guards with their rifles were powerless against the famished and desperate marauders. Young men, who had seen the last remnants of property dwindle away in their families and had never learned the meaning of work, wandered through the countryside in bands, literally singing with hunger; the residential sections were full of the terrible singing of poor people, who had never dreamed that they would some day be singing for bread. It was still good times for the unemployed when they could crowd in long, gray, shabby lines on the pavement outside the so-called employment offices; they presented a little booklet at a window, and a grumbling official pasted in a stamp certifying that they had presented themselves and had vainly asked for work. This entitled them to an unemployment benefit, which might amount to as much as seventy marks in a month. When the gray, shabby army swelled beyond measure, they were allowed to come only twice a week; but after thirteen weeks of unemployment a person was transferred into another class, where the benefits were much smaller and actually were based on a kind of state charity. Originally what he received had been an insurance benefit; he had paid for it in good times by a compulsory deduction from his wages. Little by little, it became a gift from the state. Everyone expected help from the state in his distress; when the economy collapsed, the state became the symbol of security, sustenance, productivity. Unable to collect their rents, landlords could no longer pay interest on their mortgages; a quarry-owner in the Rhineland took to living in his quarry, because no building was going on; barbers were starving because their customers could not afford to be shaved; a stationer lost his customers to a new one-price store; a drygoods shop was crushed by a near-by department store. The state had to help, raise a subsidy fund, and was besieged with pleas to pass a law against department stores and one-price stores, which it finally did. As in 1923, millions of personal failures and collapses gave rise again to a feeling of the state's omnipotence and divinity. It was a feeling that fluctuated between confidence and fear; the optimist, according to a widespread joke, predicted: Next winter we'll all go begging. The pessimist inquired: From whom?

The industrialists were afraid to produce, because production was

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bound to bring loss at a time when the masses whom they did not employ had no money with which to purchase. The sight of this worthless wealth breathed a spectral life into men's doubts about the existing society. So the employer lost money if he put men to work; well, then, let him lose money. Production just had to be given a push; in this time of universal want there could be no lack of use for whatever was produced. This production might not be so carefully calculated as before; it might cost more; the state could stretch its credit, increase the circulation of money — this could be called inflation, but it would fill stomachs. German labor leaders seized on the new gospel of American employers: the capitalist economy, they said, would find markets and prosper if it paid higher wages to more workers, thus giving them purchasing power — though Karl Marx had taught that a capitalist economy thrived precisely by paying the workers as little as possible. The German Socialists who demanded the increase of mass purchasing power actually did admit their desertion from Marxism indirectly, by saying that at the moment they did not want to destroy capitalism, but to be the doctor at its sickbed; thus, far better than the founders of Marxism, they saw the true sense of the class struggle, which is waged to win a larger share in capitalism for the proletariat.

Brüning and his advisers, however, were stricken with panic by the specter of a new inflation, and were prepared to accept any other, equally catastrophic, destruction of the economy, provided only that the Reichsmark remained the Reichsmark. Thus Germany was governed against the masses, who did not inwardly accept the crisis, who had 'discovered' the bluff. As Gregor Strasser expressed it in the Reichstag, they expected the state 'to be able to restore an honest living for work honestly performed'; they expected this state to exert a power it did not possess, and so the time was ripe for a new state.

This was the profoundest reason why the majority of the Reichstag no longer followed any government. Brüning was conducting a business which presumably ran counter to his own nature. The solemn, embittered man, who let no one, least of all the people, see the thoughts hidden behind his spectacles, must sometimes have shuddered inwardly at his own attempts to preserve the economic

age. He had starved by a small group of men. He had to be as presidential as the Reich, the Socialists would throw him; for the Socialists. But in this hopelessness, out in the end already under the self Germany's 'fate'.

The German constitution raised up the authoritarianism of the dictatorship seemed inconspicuously, in 1923. The dictatorship, said Brüning, had gone into power to elect him to tyranny, he insisted on democracy and this parliament of the Reich. What the Reich democracy. When the generals found it a notorious state form that the Reichstag perform its political said the general ways pays, should. Against the Reich no resistance; or well for the people their private armies march and machine guns are sure, there was the police of the

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age. He had started on this course half unawares, followed only
 by a small group of his closest co-workers, and by them with hesi-
 tation. He had to promulgate his laws in opposition to parliament,
 as presidential decrees. To be sure, the largest democratic party of
 the Reich, the Social Democratic Party, felt constrained not to over-
 throw him; for Brüning seemed the last defense against Hitler. 1932
 But in this hopeless attempt Social Democracy used itself up, with-
 out in the end averting the catastrophe. While half Europe was
 already under the domination of dictatorship, Brüning called him-
 self Germany's 'last parliamentary chancellor.'

The German collapse, which tore down the authority of the laws,
 raised up the authority of violence in its stead. A new Reichswehr
 dictatorship seemed to be arising, similar to the one which, simply,
 inconspicuously, inexorably, had for a short time been exerted by
 Seeckt in 1923. People should not be so afraid of this hobgoblin of
 dictatorship, said the retired general, who had defeated Hitler. He
 had gone into politics, and had even permitted Stresemann's party
 to elect him to the Reichstag. No one was thinking of bloody
 tyranny, he insisted; dictatorship was only the 'natural reverse side
 of democracy and parliamentarianism in the event that the forces in
 this parliament cannot agree; but it must be limited to emergency.
 What the Reichswehr really wanted was a functioning but obedient
 democracy. When the democracies had won the World War, the
 generals found it timely that Germany should have a try at this vic-
 torious state form. When Seeckt spoke of dictatorship, he meant
 that the Reichswehr must force the disintegrating parliament to
 perform its political function; and the foreign policy of Germany,
 said the general, who had learnt that even victorious war not al-
 ways pays, should be 'reconciliation, peace, co-operation.'

Against the Reichswehr, if things grew serious, there could be
 no resistance; on this friend and foe were agreed. It was all very
 well for the political parties, sensing the new conditions, to arm
 their private armies with pistols and infernal machines, and have
 them march and swagger; but once force began to speak, only the
 machine guns and artillery of the army would be heard. To be
 sure, there was a second armed force that was not to be despised:
 the police of the various states, especially Prussia, which disposed

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of some fifty thousand men with military training; and this Prussian police was, according to the law, entirely, though in reality only partially, in the hands of that group of trade-union secretaries, government officials, and parliamentarians which constituted the leadership of the Social Democrats and governed Prussia. But against a determined Reichswehr there could be no reliance on this troop.

But what was the Reichswehr determined to do, and to what lengths would it go — this was the question. 'Generals!' cried Hitler to the leaders of the Reichswehr in one of his speeches, 'with a hundred thousand men you cannot wage a foreign war, but you can give the state a new form. It lies partly in the hands of the army which tendency will be victorious in Germany; Marxism or ourselves.' The Reichswehr's answer was that National Socialism began 'to show Russian character,' as one of its spokesmen put it.

As a matter of fact, the Nazis began to undermine and to destroy the state from inside; especially to destroy the loyalty of its servants, armed and unarmed. They had their helpers, most of them carefully concealed in the ministries and other government offices; they gathered information about the inner movements and decisions of the state and accumulated their treasure of state secrets in a party office which was headed by a man at that time almost unknown to the outside world: Rudolf Hess, the 'private secretary.' A minister wrote a decree that National Socialist meetings must be watched by the secret police; the National Socialist gambler in a provincial city knew this even before the police president, and informed the members of the secret police, for they too were secret National Socialists. One of the most popular ministers, in private life rather a good, harmless soul, had a mistress — she actually was a National Socialist spy. To be sure, this minister also had his spies among the National Socialists, but it can be said that the results were disappointing. A spying state against a spying political party — public opinion already took this feature of the silent civil war as a matter of course. Probably by far the most efficient spy system had been built up by Schleicher; he spied on his own superiors, on the ministers of the Reich, on Brüning himself, and tapped their telephone wires. One day Brüning, sitting with a visitor in his studio in the chancellery, suddenly sprang up, ran to the door, ran through the

hall, ran up the stairs, and escaped.

The S.A. strove to replace the Reichswehr. The party, then without a new military organization, lost its loyalties, but secret agitators. Their influence by constant pressure still remained; they despised them; they remained, in the great years 1923, were attracted to a big army which put captains into these officers who in need of money had lost interest in private lives and complained. A social lion he had been; a bourgeois and unscrupulous writer for insurrection which, after all, if there was a big Hitler promise. Thus it happened that young officers pressed the matter in September, 1930, for actual purposes of military ideas. The new turn into office remains is a part for whom the thing that con-

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hall, ran up the stairs, and then came back, disappointed, saying: 'They escaped. . . . Over there, that part belongs to the Reichswehr.'

The S.A. strove persistently to penetrate the lower ranks of the Reichswehr. Tested members were formally discharged from the party, then volunteered for the small professional army. In the new military atmosphere they were sometimes lost to their old loyalties, but sometimes they proved excellent listening-posts and agitators. Their party made it its business to cement their loyalties by constant presents, tobacco and food. To be sure, the generals still remained sharply aloof from the Uprooted and Disinherited, despised them and threatened them. But the lieutenants and captains, in the gray dullness of their unpromising service, again, as in 1923, were attracted by the hope that Hitler would some day create a big army which would transform lieutenants into captains, the captains into majors, the majors into colonels and generals. For these officers were not only desperate patriots, but also poor devils in need of money. A large section of them came from the class that had lost its fortune in the inflation; they led somewhat threadbare private lives on monthly salaries of two hundred marks and upward, and complained bitterly that the German officer was no longer the social lion he had been. It was a new society, plutocratic but bourgeois and unfeudal; it set new social types, famous artists and writers for instance, higher than the members of that armed class which, after all, had lost the war. But all this was bound to change if there was a big army again, with high ranks and high salaries; and Hitler promised to create this army.

Thus it happened that National Socialist cells formed among the young officers. One of them, Lieutenant Wilhelm Scheringer, expressed the mood among these young armed intellectuals in September, 1930, in a newspaper article of great significance. 'The actual purpose of the Reichswehr,' he said, 'to be a citadel of the military idea and the basic troop for the future war of liberation, pales. The need of earning bread becomes all-important. Soldiers turn into officials, officers become candidates for pensions. What remains is a police troop.' This, in the eyes of these desperate men, for whom the World War was not yet over, was the most terrible thing that could happen; the army was threatening to forget the

war. It was absurd, said Scheringer, to regard the Reichswehr as a fire-spitting body of a hundred thousand chosen ruffians and warriors. 'People think the old staff corporal is an impassioned soldier. They don't bother to ask where he is to get passion after ten or twelve years' service in the barracks. . . . They know nothing of the tragedy of the four words: twelve years as subalterns. . . . Let the old men be silent. They have their lives behind them, ours are just beginning. A lost war, an impotent state, a hopeless system, an enslavement enduring fifty-nine years, a Reich at the brink of the abyss, that is our life. And they are to blame. . . . Consequently, we have the right to fight with all means for our freedom and that of our children. The world may be sure that we are determined to do so, and we shall be victorious just as surely as France is a dying nation.'

There it was again—the struggle of the lieutenants against the generals. Shortly before his electoral victory in September, 1930, Hitler delivered a speech full of strange extravagant hopes. A National Socialist, he said, would have to be entrusted with the Reichswehr Ministry. This was about the worst threat he could make to the Reichswehr: to be ruled by a political party, and the party of the former Reichswehr spy at that. But this was necessary, said Hitler, using an argument familiar to the generals; because 'we want to be in a position to guarantee that our people will assume a form of government which will make a second November, 1918, impossible in the foreseeable future.'

Röhm named the various 'standards,' as the units (about the size of a regiment) of the S.A., the 'Brown People's Army,' were called, after the regiments of the old German army stationed in the same localities. It was really a people's troop. In his service regulation, Röhm based the whole gigantic organization on a tiny unit, the so-called 'schar' (squad); such a squad was formed when somewhere a leader arose of his own accord 'and set up the squad.' The squad, according to the regulations, should 'consist of comrades who join together from a common conviction and a common bond, based on childhood friendship, school camaraderie, or similar working conditions'—with a straight face Röhm forbade the admission of hard drinkers, dope addicts, and homosexuals. Once the squad was

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founded, the leader had to report his organization to a higher S.A. leader, and had to be confirmed by him — and thereupon the S.A. was stronger by four to twelve men. In honor of the founder, the squad bore his name for all time. Three to six squads formed a 'troop,' two to three troops a 'storm'; the storm, embracing seventy to a hundred and twenty men, was and is the actual marching and fighting cell of the Brown Army. Up to 1930, scant squads and troops had maintained themselves with difficulty in many places; in the crisis they rapidly grew to be storms, the storms grew into 'standards' (a thousand to three thousand men) — and so on up to the 'brigade' and the 'group' (later *Obergruppe* or 'superior group'), which counted up to a hundred thousand men. By January, 1931, the S.A. included approximately one hundred thousand men. Exactly a year later, Hitler claimed over three hundred thousand, while the party membership stood at eight hundred thousand. Another year later, shortly before Hitler came to power, Röhm mustered some eight hundred thousand storm troopers in his eight *Obergruppen*.

Was this already the workers' army which the Reichswehr once had desired? The truth was that the Reichswehr — its leadership — had not always stuck to the original concept of Ludendorff, its lost supreme captain, or of Röhm, its own rebellious spirit, or of Hitler, its outgrown former tool. 'The era of mass armies is over,' Seeckt had said; 'the future will bring small, highly efficient armies which are suited to carrying out quick and decisive operations'; it would be 'the aim of a modern strategy to bring about a decision with mobile, expert, and maneuverable forces, before any masses can be set in motion'; this small army of the future would not 'let the numerically superior but qualitatively inferior mass deploy its forces, but above all will prevent it from forming solid material fronts'; and a mass army in the old sense 'is therefore cannon fodder in the worst sense, when confronted by a small number of trained technicians. . . . Therefore the modern small army must consist of long-term professional soldiers; as far as possible of volunteers.' The rest of the nation has to serve on the home front and constantly to produce the most modern equipment; for the secret of good armament was not to have large, probably obsolete stocks of arms

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at the time of the declaration of war, but to dispose of an industry which could quickly manufacture the most up-to-date arms in large quantities.

This conception of the small, superior elite army far above the rest of the nation was anathema to Hitler's military advisers. In the *Wehrpolitische Vereinigung* former Colonel Konstantin Hierl had delivered vehement diatribes against Seeckt, and one day Hitler himself, to the astonishment of all present, had given a lecture full of military wisdom; had denied that the next war would be decided by clouds of gas, armored planes, or endless swarms of tanks; no, it would be decided finally by the single man 'who was prepared to die for his cause.' He had complained that the professional soldiers still did not realize what this meant; and just this was why they were unable to understand what the S.A. was for: 'to inspire the men with an idea for which they could die'; and this single man was nothing but 'the whole mass of our people.'

This was the double talk of propaganda adapted to circumstances; for when Hitler spoke to his inner circle he admonished them to consider themselves as the elite, high above the masses; but when he talked with the generals he himself spoke for the masses.

Without a doubt the fight for men sharpened more and more to a fight for the workers, for the mighty human mass which would have the final say about the destiny of the modern labor state. The Communists tried to build up a shock army in the big factories. On the day of the great revolutionary reckoning, this shock army would take over the factories, halt work, and seize the machines, electric plants, and waterworks as strategic pledges; from the conquered factories they would send the masses into the streets, and occupy first the suburbs of the big cities, then the centers of political power. That is how civil war is waged. The great factories are the heart of capitalist society, as Marx and Engels have taught, and this heart lies in the open hand of the workers, who, in the words of the *Communist Manifesto* of 1847, have a world to gain, but nothing to lose but their chains. The workers—this is the central idea of this whole philosophy of the revolution—need only become conscious of their power. In this they were obstructed by only one force, of this the Communists were convinced, and this force was

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crats—the Communists insisted in dead earnest even as the Na-
tional Socialist wave was engulfing them—were the chief enemy
of the workers. Therefore, the main attack of the Communists was
directed, not against the National Socialists or, as they put it, the
Fascists, but against the Social Democrats—the 'Social Fascists.'

To be sure, the Social Democrats and the unions had no revolu-
tionary aim and hence no plan for the civil war that was obviously
approaching. And even if there had been a plan, up to 1932 they
had no suitable organization. The unions were not organized by
factories but by trades; hence a rapid mobilization of the masses
was impossible. But the pusillanimity of the Social Democrats
merely reflected the condition of the working masses themselves.
The worker who still had a job did have something to lose, Marx
and Engels notwithstanding. In this period of hopelessness his job
meant all the world to him. The best way to safeguard it was to
keep his nose to the grindstone, to say nothing and hear nothing.
Six or eight millions were standing outside waiting for this job;
and all that awaited the dismissed proletarian was a place in the
endless gray lines at the employment offices. If one day the sirens
announced a general strike, could he be expected to stand up and
leave the little piece of world which he had so painstakingly de-
fended with his silence and renunciation? Robbed more and more
of the most elementary comforts, cut off more and more by in-
creasing poverty from the culture to which he had been so attached,
he exhausted himself morally in a merciless struggle for existence;
unwittingly he himself was a fragment of the declining economic
age which in Hitler's phrase 'filled no one with enthusiasm to die.'

The National Socialists, on the other hand, preached death at
every hour to their S.A. These desperate men were not all heroes
either. 'When you are scared,' Röhm used to say, 'always remember
that the others are just as scared as you are!' And Hitler taught
them not to be soft, for the soldiers in the field had borne a thousand
times greater hardships. But civil war is not won by heroes; it is lost
by vacillating weaklings—and the secret is to frighten these cow-
ards in any way possible. For this purpose the S.A. was the right
tool. Precisely because the National Socialists for the present were

1932

unable to gain power over the factories and those workers who were still employed, the Brown Storm battalions were able to gather in that human type which was most usable, most supple, a type ready for all extremes: the bohemian of the proletariat, the unemployed. In normal times these would have been chaff, living at the edge of society; but now, if they were not the strongest, they were the most determined tenth of the nation. This tenth really had nothing to lose, often not even ideals. A part of these men believed neither in God nor in human rights nor in the classless society, and almost with pride Hitler declared: 'If this process of moral disintegration lasts much longer, the nation will fall apart and only egoism will be left. . . . That is why we have in our ranks hundreds of thousands whose life would have no sense and purpose if National Socialism had not given them a sense and purpose [several minutes of applause]. . . . You are nothing, your nation is everything!'

The sense and purpose of life for tens if not hundreds of thousands was to sit day after day in the 'storm centers' which the National Socialists had strewn all over the country. The storm centers were their headquarters, for the most part back rooms of beer halls. Both proprietor and customers had sworn loyalty to Adolf Hitler, for beer-hall proprietors have at all times been the faithful voice of the people. There sat the unemployed in their coarse brown breeches and discolored yellow shirts for many hours of the day over their half-empty beer mugs; at mealtimes they were fed for a few pfennigs from a great iron kettle that simmered in the laundry room; their uniform, often the only suit they possessed, had been sold to them by the 'field ordnance department' of the S.A. on credit. Every day—later twice a week—they spent several hours at their 'employment office' and with the money received from the state they paid the ordnance department for their uniforms and meals. Thus, Hitler's private army maintained itself as a sum of innumerable little groups defending themselves in common against cold and hunger, financed by the state they were planning to overthrow.

But when the whistle blew in the back room of the beer hall; when the squad leader cried, 'Attention!' then these men rotting in inactivity sprang up, formed ranks, and stood at attention while a

man in high boots listen! . . . In the ordered . . . ' And marching, it could in his hand, he has a house door with room, he didn't knowing on the floor, account of the new One December night be moving were men; they were suddenly a whistle opened their box theater. Women its way through swayed the noise in silence sudden mobile, saluting crowd shouted in government capital with his white the picture that can anti-war picture millions of other and horror: All que's best-selling

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Could these rowdies be expected to inspire the officers with con- fidence that the gray revolutionary horror of 1918 would not be repeated? On October 14, 1930, the hundred and seven National Socialists in parliament, at the behest of Strasser, Feder, and Frick, introduced a bill to limit the interest rates to four per cent; further- more, 'the entire property of the bank and stock exchange princes . . . must be expropriated without indemnification for the welfare of the German people as a whole'; the same should be done with the property of all eastern Jews, of all 'persons of foreign race' in general, and 'the large banks must be taken over by the state with-

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out delay.' Strasser, Feder, and Frick had for years put forward this suggestion at every new session of the Reichstag, and no one had paid much attention to the little group. But now a hundred and seven deputies, a sixth of parliament, were demanding the expropriation of the banks, and the bourgeois public, Hitler's financial backers among them, was shocked: that was Bolshevism!

So these were the aims of the mouse and snake heroes, the libertarian bands, the Brown People's Army! Goebbels had been speaking of it for years — '... certainly we fight with Marxist methods, only we will do it better than the Marxists' — but who had listened?

For a long time it had been one of his favorite images to say that the National Socialists would one day 'mount the barricades.' He had been looking for a poet and musician to provide a revolutionary song, 'whose chords would ring out on the barricades of freedom.' At length he found his poet of the barricades. It was the son of a Protestant military chaplain named Wessel, a student, National Socialist, and storm trooper. This young Horst Wessel was the exact mixture of ruffian and idealist that constitutes the armed bohemian. As a student, he suddenly broke with his family and student connections, to lead the life which in his opinion was suitable for a young savior of the lost national soul; he lived in a slum section of Berlin with a girl who had formerly been a prostitute.

It was an exaggeration to call this minister's son a pimp, but it is true that he lived, fought, and finally died surrounded by pimps. He was the leader of the S.A. in his neighborhood, a militant and extremely successful leader. A gang, doubtless instigated by Communists and later hidden by Communists for a time, forced their way into his room in February, 1930, and killed him. After his death, Goebbels blew up this somewhat shady hero into a National Socialist legend; after all, he had died for the party. Horst Wessel had left behind him a marching song, three stanzas, not unskillfully pieced together from the party's most familiar slogans; he had borrowed the melody from various existing tunes. The rather melancholy, unpretentious piece became the party's official song; later the 'Horst Wessel Song' became a second national anthem. Two of the lines in the last stanza ran: 'For the last time the rifle is loaded ... Soon Hitler banners will wave over the barricades. ...'

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With horror the generals and their officers saw the day approach-
ing when the army's machine guns would be the last bulwark
against the people—an army in ferment against a people in fer-
ment! Hitler impressed it upon them as often as he could: 'Take
away from the present state the machine gun, take away the can-
non, the hand-grenade, the police, take away the Reichswehr, and
leave the present state to the love of its citizens—and you will see
what remains of it!'

Many officers would doubtless have been ashamed to fire on their
own people again—even if this people had marched under the Red
banner. They had expected the republican state to save them at least
from this. What Hitler wanted to say was: Not the republic, only
I can save you. Therefore he took all possible pains to persuade the
generals not to judge his party by the mice and snakes. The verses
about rifle and barricades were removed from the 'Horst Wessel
Song'—presumably by the author himself. The text now ran:
'... For the last time the call to arms rings out . . . Soon the
Hitler banners will fly over all the streets. . . . ' And Hitler would
do more than that to prove that he planned no attack on the dis-
cipline of the army. In one case, for example, the Reichswehr
leaders proceeded sharply against their enemies and detractors
among the lieutenants; Hitler utilized the occasion to dissociate
himself from these enemies and detractors. Scheringer, the lieuten-
tenant and secret National Socialist, was arrested with two of his
comrades on the drill-ground; from prison he wrote his memorable
article. Asked if he were a National Socialist, he admitted that he
was. Hence, the prosecution continued, he belonged to a treason-
able party that wanted to overthrow the government by violence.
Scheringer was defended by Doctor Hans Frank of Munich, a per-
sonal friend of Hitler's and almost slavishly devoted to him; Frank
was a young man of the post-war generation. At the trial he in-
sisted that his party did not want to overthrow the government by
violence; to prove this, Hitler, who led the party as a dictator, was
ready to take oath in court. Frank obtained permission for Hitler
to appear as a witness, and Der Führer delivered his oath without
hesitation: 'If we have two or three more elections, the National
Socialist Movement will have the majority in the Reichstag and

will then make the National Socialist revolution. . . .’ When the judge asked him: ‘Only in a constitutional way?’ he replied sharply: ‘Absolutely!’ The judge could not believe that he really thought he could achieve power without recourse to violence, but Hitler swore that he did think so. Then, the judge asked, once he had achieved power by ‘strictly legal’ means, would he not use force against those who had been defeated and weakened? On this point he would not express himself at first. Actually Hitler had made the most blood-curdling threats in his speeches; and if Seeckt had promised that the dictatorship of the army would not be a bloody tyranny, Hitler had promised that *his* dictatorship would be bloody. ‘Either our heads or the heads of the others will roll,’ he had predicted years before. The judge reminded him of this, and Hitler answered slowly and solemnly, savoring all the horror of his favorite fantasy, and calculating its effect on millions of men: ‘When the National Socialist Movement is victorious in its struggle, there will be a National Socialist court of justice; November, 1918, will be expiated, and heads will roll too.’ For the constitution, said Hitler to the judge, does not prescribe the goal, but only the road to it; it was the road of the Wise Men of Zion: via the strictest democracy to the most unbridled tyranny. ‘We are traveling the road prescribed in the constitution,’ said Hitler at a meeting, ‘toward the goals prescribed by us’ — toward beheadings, shootings, mutilations. One of Hitler’s most gifted co-workers, the journalist Johann von Leers, described the scene in Leipzig a year later with enthusiasm: ‘. . . when Hitler uttered the wonderful words that sprang from the hearts of all of us, the lofty promise of expiation: then heads will roll!’ Scarcely any other of his utterances ever so stirred up the mud that filled the souls of his men.

Just the same, he had sworn that he would not mount the barricades with guns, that he would not march, not shoot, not storm, the enemy positions; to his contemporaries it seemed as though Hitler had sworn that he was not Hitler. Actually he had with his oath shown himself to be what he was: a destroyer of democracy through democracy. To be sure, he did not really hope to obtain a majority of the German people and hence of parliament. It was enough for him to lead the strongest minority, to perpetuate

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 put at ease — although Hitler probably was more afraid of the gen-
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 expropriation of the bank and stock exchange princes. This they
did in a silent rage. Thereupon the Communists indulged in the
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bill, and they did so. Laughter in parliament and all over the
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 unknown to him personally, still took the program seriously; many
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The whole National Socialist fraction was withdrawn from the
 Reichstag to keep them from committing any further mischief;
 publicly the National Socialists declared that they were boycotting
 parliament (February, 1931). In fact, Hitler once again broke and
 tamed his own party, and he did not intend to stop at his parlia-
 ment members. Röhm, after his return from Bolivia at the end
 of 1930, called at the Reichswehr Ministry; declared that Hitler
 meant his legality seriously and would prove it; unreliable S.A.
 leaders who planned acts of violence would be removed. Röhm
 found a friend and supporter at the Reichswehr Ministry in the
 person of an old comrade from Bavaria, Lieutenant-Colonel Franz
 Halder, who, many years later, became chief of the German gen-
 eral staff. On his visits to the ministry, Röhm had to become
 reconciled with many other officers whom for years he had reviled
 as cowards, weaklings, toadies, and slaves; his success in conciliat-
 ing them speaks well for his self-control and diplomacy.

The chief of these despised officers was Kurt von Schleicher, then
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publicly the National Socialists declared that they were boycotting
parliament (February, 1931). In fact, Hitler once again broke and
tamed his own party, and he did not intend to stop at his parlia-
ment members. Röhm, after his return from Bolivia at the end
of 1930, called at the Reichswehr Ministry; declared that Hitler
meant his legality seriously and would prove it; unreliable S.A.
leaders who planned acts of violence would be removed. Röhm
found a friend and supporter at the Reichswehr Ministry in the
person of an old comrade from Bavaria, Lieutenant-Colonel Franz
Halder, who, many years later, became chief of the German gen-
eral staff. On his visits to the ministry, Röhm had to become
reconciled with many other officers whom for years he had reviled
as cowards, weaklings, toadies, and slaves; his success in conciliat-
ing them speaks well for his self-control and diplomacy.

The chief of these despised officers was Kurt von Schleicher, then
a major general, a short time later a lieutenant general. Schleicher
most certainly was an army man, but he deserved to some extent the

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name the National Socialists gave him: 'office general.' To be sure, he was an officer by profession, but he was a politician if there ever was one. In 1900 he had entered the Third Foot Guards as lieutenant; in this regiment, one of the most exclusive of the old Prussian army, he had become the comrade and friend of another young lieutenant, Oskar von Hindenburg, son of the later marshal and president. At thirty-one he became captain and entered the general staff; some years later, during the war, he became—still captain—one of Hindenburg's close collaborators; and as friend of the old man's son he became the old man's own younger friend. A similar, even closer, friendship connected him with Groener, who spoke of him as his 'adopted son.' Through all these personal relations shines one of Schleicher's strongest talents—his ability to win the hearts of people. It almost seems as if the man's name (Schleicher: crawler, intrigant) had shaped his personality and career. Not that Schleicher was a timid or gentle nature; he loved life and power and showed it. But he pursued his lofty ambitions by means that seemed consciously adapted to his name, utilization of personal relations, extreme suppleness and amiability in conversation, persistent good humor. He was always ready with some affable assurance, but not always to back up his words. His bearing was self-reliant, but never seemed unpleasant; he was so amiable people forgot that he looked like a Caesar. But even his most congenial manners could not conceal his lack of scruples in the choice of his means.

During the war, in Hindenburg's headquarters it had been Schleicher's task to supervise German politics and at the same time to spy on Germany's allies; to some extent he had been the political brains of Ludendorff's short-lived war dictatorship. The career of Schleicher was one of those living threads which connected the political struggles of the old imperial army with the fate of the Weimar Republic; for years he had been the political brains of the Reichswehr Ministry as so-called 'Chief of the Minister's Office'—an all-powerful position which Schleicher in 1928 had secured for himself by an extremely skillful deal with the unsuspecting Reichstag. He had his share in the overthrow of Seeckt; the former chief's doctrine that the army ought to remain powerful and small was not necessarily his.

Röhm made a splash won his confidence; all sorts of amusing sexual import was that really so bad. Schleicher's chief Groener than chaos, a bulwark against was perhaps unstable anchor to the party of these conversations: 1931, Röhm announced and on January 2, Seeckt means certain the National constitution, National no longer be dismissed the Reichswehr. In February to the S.A. ordering to stand your distress and arms.

Mass discontent seethed in the S.A. These men yearning to risk their lives a question of existence be superfluous, and the Führer was serious in knew that Röhm had been the most dangerous among the Reichswehr Ministry had unrest among the Brown was selling them out. . . . ing them of planning to am your Führer, and by you and appointed contented storm troops of my work! . . . And on alone!

Even before the court

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Specialists gave him: 'office general.' To be sure, profession, but he was a politician if there ever had entered the Third Foot Guards as lieutenant, one of the most exclusive of the old Prussians, the comrade and friend of another, Paul von Hindenburg, son of the later marshal. Forty-one he became captain and entered the army. Later, during the war, he became—still Hindenburg's close collaborators; and as friend of Hindenburg became the old man's own younger friend. His friendship connected him with Groener, his 'adopted son.' Through all these personal relationships Schleicher's strongest talents—his ability to please. It almost seems as if the man's name (intrigant) had shaped his personality and character was a timid or gentle nature; he loved to be loved. But he pursued his lofty ambitions unconsciously adapted to his name, utilization of extreme suppleness and amiability in conversation. He was always ready with some answer, not always to back up his words. His bearing never seemed unpleasant; he was so amiable that he looked like a Caesar. But even his most conscious conceal his lack of scruples in the choice

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Röhm made a splendid impression on this powerful man, and won his confidence; to ingratiate himself, he even told Schleicher all sorts of amusing stories about Hitler's life and career; their general import was that Hitler, with all his eccentricities, was not really so bad. Schleicher, instructed by Röhm, was able to convince his chief Groener that Hitler was actually a rock amid the German chaos, a bulwark against the radical masses; even if, personally, he was perhaps unstable and none too strong, politically he was an anchor to the party of the Uprooted and Disinherited. The result of these conversations was a gentleman's agreement: on January 1, 1931, Röhm announced his inauguration as chief of the S.A. staff, and on January 2, Schleicher decreed that, since it was still by no means certain the National Socialists were really enemies of the constitution, National Socialist workers until further notice should no longer be dismissed from the arsenals and powder factories of the Reichswehr. In February, Hitler in turn issued a proclamation to the S.A. ordering them to refrain from street fights—'I understand your distress and your rage,' he said, 'but you must not bear arms.'

Mass discontent seethed among the extremists of Right and Left in the S.A. These men were by no means all noble warriors yearning to risk their necks; no, for them legality or revolution was a question of existence. Without street fights they would one day be superfluous, and they would probably be superfluous if their Führer was serious in using democracy as his chief weapon. They knew that Röhm had promised the Reichswehr Ministry to dismiss the most dangerous among them. It is possible that someone in the Reichswehr Ministry had passed this on to them in order to create unrest among the Brown bands; anyhow they knew that Röhm was selling them out. Hitler threw out these elements, after accusing them of planning an uprising. This was the Stennes crisis. 'I am your Führer, and not elected or hired by you, not sought out by you and appointed by majority vote,' cried Hitler to the discontented storm troopers. 'No, I am your Führer on the strength of my work! . . . And if all of you were to leave me, I should go on alone!'

Even before the court had sentenced Wilhelm Scheringer to im-

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prisonment, the first doubts had come to him. He had visited Hitler in Munich; with enthusiasm Der Führer had dragged him around the new party palace and subjected him to one of his art speeches; when Scheringer wanted to speak of politics, Hitler had replied that the young lieutenant should believe and obey. Back in Berlin, Scheringer had complained to Goebbels of his experience with Hitler; he had asked the Berlin *gauleiter* whether the party still seriously intended to break down interest slavery? Goebbels replied: a breakdown only could occur to him who had to read 'Feder's nonsense,' and when Scheringer argued that all this stood in the unalterable twenty-five-point program, Goebbels cried in despair: 'I wish to God we had never heard of those miserable twenty-five points.'

That was the party's way with its most sacred principles! Even if the lieutenants were no more loyal to principle, many of them must have felt the same as the young officers of 1923, who had declared: 'It's all the same to us who marches; we'll march along!' (Meaning: and if Hitler doesn't, we march with somebody else.) But what if they had principles and believed in National Socialism? In both cases, the practical result was perhaps the same. Scheringer sat in his prison cell and thought things over; the result of his thinking was that in March, 1931, Hans Kippenberger, a Communist deputy, stood up in the Reichstag and read a letter from Scheringer. In it the imprisoned lieutenant renounced Hitler and declared himself a Communist: 'Only by smashing capitalism in alliance with the Soviet Union can we be freed,' he wrote. Goebbels wired Scheringer asking if he had really made such a declaration. Scheringer wired back: 'Hitler betrayed revolution declaration authentic reprint Scheringer.'

A German lieutenant, nationalist, and warrior for freedom saw the sole remaining salvation in Communism; high S.A. leaders were stirring up rebellion against Hitler—was that the picture among the National Socialist masses? Groener went around preaching to his fellow ministers that the hour demands we support Hitler against the other National Socialist leaders; he is a prudent man who will obey the laws because he has every reason for doing so. Röhm had convinced Schleicher that Hitler desired nothing but

freedom for propagand easily be held in check, constant fear of being d legality,' Hitler often : perjurer of me,' and trembled in his words.

And so the men in th Hitler was more harmle head to boot. Brüning the feeling that he coul chancellor, a patriot as his limitations, made a and realized it; at time: A formal understanding though Brüning himsel could no longer go on :

Thus Hitler wormed culations and almost th — just by playing the g this was. He never wo never as long as there w of the ruling caste, wherated or openly deteste indispensable and very cold reasoning that led he followed some insti unnecessary risks. Witl of events, The world v that had its repercussi west' to the petty miser midst of this general d order, based on force an lions who did not—as but for peace at home a a 'necessity of fate,' or he wanted to stand for personal safety he was a desire for greatness

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freedom for propaganda; provided this were given him, he could easily be held in check, if for no other reason, because he lived in constant fear of being deported if he broke the laws. 'I have sworn legality,' Hitler often said, 'and Herr Stennes will not make a perjurer of me,' and the eternal fear of the Vienna vagabond trembled in his words.

And so the men in the government let Röhm persuade them that Hitler was more harmless than he looked, and not quite right in the head to boot. Brüning talked with Hitler, and afterward each had the feeling that he could swallow up the other. The gloomy, silent chancellor, a patriot as impassioned as Hitler, but shy and fearing his limitations, made a profound impression on the volatile Führer, and realized it; at times, perhaps, he thought he could lead Hitler. A formal understanding on the course to be taken was not possible, though Brüning himself had given Hitler the catchword that things could no longer go on as they were.

Thus Hitler wormed his way into the state system and the calculations and almost the confidence of those he intended to destroy — just by playing the good boy. Amazing how comparatively easy this was. He never won the confidence of the popular majority — never as long as there were free elections in Germany; but the men of the ruling caste, whether they secretly admired or only just tolerated or openly detested him, began to take him for granted as an indispensable and very big cog in the machine. It was not only cold reasoning that led Hitler on this promising and successful path; he followed some instinct of his nature that forbade him to take unnecessary risks. With this strategy he was already one step ahead of events. The world was in a state of revolutionary disintegration that had its repercussions from the vast spaces of the 'declining west' to the petty misery of bankrupt German communities. In the midst of this general decline there had to be the rainbow of a new order, based on force and firmness; a promise to the bewildered millions who did not — as Stennes imagined — long for more disorder, but for peace at home and abroad. To be sure, chaos was for Hitler a 'necessity of fate,' or there would be no general longing for what he wanted to stand for; but certainly in his own private desire for personal safety he was a genuine interpreter of this longing. It was a desire for greatness and safety at the same time.

return
D.F.

In Germany there were eighteen parliaments to be elected, not to speak of municipal bodies, and at every election the sworn enemies of democracy descended on public opinion in the name of democracy. These were the armed bohemians sent into the parliaments by the National Socialist voters. Goebbels called them P.o.F. and P.o.I.; Possessors of Free Tickets — that is, of the right to use the railroads free of charge — and Possessors of Immunity — that is, of the right to lie with impunity. By now the National Socialists were winning an occasional cabinet post in the smaller provinces. For more than a year Frick was a minister in Thuringia (1930-31); and when Frick finally, by a parliament intrigue, was forced out of his post, Hitler considered this as the biggest defeat he had suffered since the Feldherrn Halle.

Frick had tried to render his leader a service which might have been more important than a victorious election. He wanted to make Hitler a German (to be exact, a Thuringian) citizen by appointing him as civil servant of his little administration, and so he appointed him constable in the small town of Hildburghausen.

Two years before becoming dictator, Hitler became what his father had been. With joyous solemnity, Frick gave him the certificate of appointment as a surprise, just before a big meeting in the city of Gera (July, 1930). At first Hitler did not know whether to be thankful or angry, but finally decided that the elevation to the rank of small-town constable was altogether too ridiculous to make up for the advantages of being a citizen now. Later think it over, said Frick with annoyance; after all, it's not so easy to smuggle yourself into German citizenship. Hitler thought it over for fifteen minutes, then spoke again with Frick and muttered vaguely: better give the certificate back. Frick's feelings were hurt. He told Hitler in no uncertain terms what he was throwing away. Changing his mind again, Hitler obediently put the certificate in his pocket. He made speeches to his Thuringian S.A. men, wearing the document over his heart; then he returned to Munich, a regularly appointed constable of Hildburghausen. When the story came out and aroused widespread laughter, Hitler maintained that he had quietly destroyed the certificate long since, and had never become what his father had been for forty years and had wished his son to become too: a policeman in a small town.

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To render his leader a service which might have won him more than a victorious election. He wanted to become a man (to be exact, a Thuringian) citizen by appointment servant of his little administration, and so he tabled in the small town of Hildburghausen. When he became dictator, Hitler became what his friends called a citizen. With joyous solemnity, Frick gave him the certificate as a surprise, just before a big meeting in July, 1930. At first Hitler did not know whether to accept, but finally decided that the elevation to town constable was altogether too ridiculous to refuse. Advantages of being a citizen now. Better think it in annoyance; after all, it's not so easy to smuggle an citizenship. Hitler thought it over for fifteen minutes again with Frick and muttered vaguely: better back. Frick's feelings were hurt. He told Hitler what he was throwing away. Changing his mind, Hitler obediently put the certificate in his pocket. He showed it to his Thuringian S.A. men, wearing the document; then he returned to Munich, a regularly appointed citizen of Hildburghausen. When the story came out, it spread laughter, Hitler maintained that he had been a certificate long since, and had never become a citizen for forty years and had wished his son a citizen in a small town.

1930

Chapter XVII

'NOW I HAVE THEM IN MY POCKET!'

HITLER WAS ON HIS WAY TO BECOMING THE MAN of the hour. This did not necessarily mean that it would be the hour of this man. Decay and disintegration of society certainly created an atmosphere in which Hitler could thrive; however, a thorough process of adaptation was required. He had to pay the price for power, and this price always consists—among other things—of principles which have to be sacrificed.

Up to 1930, the coming man of destiny had appealed to an uprooted, disinherited, and small minority of desperate men, and had promised them the 'coming great divine judgment,' the 'great hour for Empire and Nation'—war against France. Now he was appealing to the masses for whom the enemy was not France but poverty; who did not want war but jobs. And so war speeches had to stop. His article in January, which expressed the hope that world peace would 'go down in blood and fire' was about the last utterance of this style. From now on his slogan in his struggle for Germany was 'democracy'; in his struggle for Europe it was something even more surprising: peace.

Peace between armed intellectuals. For Hitler made his peace offer in an exchange of open letters with a French writer who had been a Socialist and now was kind of a Fascist, Gustave Hervé. It was Hervé who opened the conversation in October, 1930.

1930

Hervé asked whether, if France should cancel the German reparations in case the United States should cancel the French War debts; if France should give Germany's colonies back, permit German rearmament and *Anschluss* of Austria, favor the restoration of the Polish Corridor, etc., would Hitler then be ready to come to an understanding with France and conclude a military alliance?

Hitler made this surprising answer: 'I think I can assure you that there is no one in Germany who will not with all his heart approve any honest attempt at an improvement of relations between Germany and France. My own feelings force me to take the same attitude. . . . The German people has the solemn intention of living in peace and friendship with all civilized nations and powers. . . . And I regard the maintenance of peace in Europe as especially desirable and at the same time secured, if France and Germany, on the basis of an equal sharing of natural human rights, arrive at a real inner understanding. . . . The young Germany, that is led by me and that finds its expression in the National Socialist Movement, has only the most heartfelt desire for an understanding with other European nations.'

On October 26, 1930, the *Völkischer Beobachter* published this statement of its editor. The date is worth remembering. On this day Hitler began his peace propaganda which continued uninterrupted for almost ten years. Inexplicable and incredible, it moved men by this very fact, but also by an undeniable breath of passion. With the same passion Hitler had said the exact opposite; had for ten years attacked the German government for its willingness to conclude an understanding with France: 'The sword is our balance [he had cried] . . . the language of cannon is our language!' And now, when Hervé, in the style of the best *Realpolitik*, proposed that Germany should have equal military rights and as large an army as France, Hitler, the orator of blood and fire, crushed the Frenchman with the hyper-pacifistic answer: 'If this intention is really present in France, it strikes me as less important for Germany to arm than for France to disarm. France has it in her power to carry out at any time the disarmament that was solemnly promised Germany in the treaties, to free all Europe of a nightmare and set everyone's mind at rest.'

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Half a year before this discussion with the Frenchman, Hitler
had declared to the judge at a trial in Munich: 'In political life
there are no principles of foreign policy. The programmatical prin-
ciple of our party is its position on the racial problem, on pacifism
and internationalism. Foreign policy is only a means to an end.
In matters of foreign policy I shall not permit myself to be bound
—meaning, by programs, oaths, or treaties.

Hervé's somewhat irritated reply was to the effect that there must
be both a French army and a German army, and an alliance be-
tween them, because they had to defend Europe against Bolshe-
vism—how could just Hitler forget that? This reminded Hitler
that he was not debating with a Frenchman only, but with a kind
of French National Socialist. He was speaking to the 'Aryans and
anti-Semites' of France; and so he told them that National Social-
ism was not only a German movement, but a world movement as
well; he lured them with a world plan: 'In my opinion the Euro-
pean cabinets in their present make-up cannot think seriously even
of a purely defensive war with Soviet Russia. The present-day
states have equipped their armies and their soldiers for war with
every conceivable weapon—grenades, machine guns, flame-throw-
ers, tanks, airplanes, gas—and they are also familiar with all the
weapons of defense against these arms. But only a single state has
armed and immunized its people spiritually against Bolshevism:
Italy. The other European states possess neither political offensive
arms nor political gas-masks against Soviet propaganda! The ques-
tion of overcoming Bolshevism is a question of fascizing the Euro-
pean states. The present European states contaminated with Marx-
ism cannot oppose any enduring resistance to the disruptive work
of this world plague.'

Fascization of the European states! That was just what his new
friend Rothermere was aiming at when, in September, 1930, he
prophesied that Germany 'would draw not only the three million
Germans in Czechoslovakia along with the three million Hun-
garians in Czechoslovakia and Rumania, but perhaps also the Hun-
garian people into its sphere of influence. As a result of such a
development, Czechoslovakia, which has so gravely offended
against the peace treaty (by the repression of national minorities as

→ intended in what you said
last year—only now!

1931

well as by her total rejection of disarmament), could be put out of existence overnight. . . . This great national combination under German leadership, which I see forming step by step as the new face of Europe in the immediate future, would be a bulwark against Bolshevism. . . . ' Hitler concluded his correspondence with Hervé by saying that 'to my deepest regret, I must reject any offer of German rearmament and a German-French military alliance.' His reason was that the German-French alliance would prevent the formation of a fascist world front and lead to new wars. He, Hitler, wanted peace—peace among Fascists.

The Central European bulwark which Rothermere foresaw was indeed on its way. On March 19, 1931, Germany concluded a customs union with the little republic of Austria, the 'brother land,' which had been forbidden to join with Germany by the victors of 1919. Austria, a country without any appreciable resources, a country where even the peasants starved on their stony mountainsides, was even more deeply shaken by the crisis than Germany; the political parties were even more radical, the contradictions more violent. Cut off from its economic resources by the disintegration of the Hapsburg monarchy in 1919, the country was living solely on its spiritual forces which were bleeding it to death; solidly German in nationality and strongly conscious of it, it was torn ideologically into two main groups: the faithful Catholic population, for the most part peasants and middle class, and the strongly anti-clerical Socialist working class. The armed intellectuals and Bohemians had also put in an appearance, and had mobilized many bourgeois and peasants; the workers had likewise mobilized. A starving Austria, bristling with arms, was on the brink of civil war.

The customs union was an emergency act. An exhausted Austria entered into an economic union with an exhausted Germany. An enlarged economic area was created, an even larger one was planned, for all the Danubian countries to the southeast of Austria (Hungary, Yugoslavia, Rumania) lived in large part from the sale of their agrarian products to Germany. Germany and Austria offered to take them into their new economic *grossraum*. It was Brüning's first attempt at a 'great policy of liberation.'

It is understandable that the leading men of Czechoslovakia be-

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came agitated. Was this the beginning of Lord Rothermere's new
Mitteluropa, built upon the ruins of the Czechoslovakian state?
It is nevertheless tragic that in 1931 the small country could find no
better answer to an act arising from the right of self-determination
than a sharp protest. France, fearing everything that made Ger-
many stronger, likewise protested. Italy wavered for a moment,
but then decided against Germany. All three powers, France,
Czechoslovakia, and Italy, issued their protest, for practical pur-
poses a command: the customs union must be dissolved at once,
for it was nothing other than a disguised *Anschluss* of Austria
to Germany. The world was solemnly called to judge; the issue was
put before the Hague World Court. Dino Grandi, Italian ambas-
sador in London and the real director of Fascist diplomacy, said
cynically to Doctor Julius Curtius, the German Foreign Minister,
that, regardless of the World Court's decision, Italy would never
permit the customs union.

Italy was right, said Hitler, and Brüning was wrong: for 'it is
simply inconceivable to carry through a measure in foreign affairs
if at home there are no forces to fight for it consistently and per-
severingly or if they are left entirely unused. . . . ' Brüning's failure
confirmed his oft-expressed theory 'that it is not foreign policy
which decides the course of a nation; it is first and foremost the
nation itself, in its organization and education that prescribes its
own course within the surrounding world.' To the German pub-
lic, smarting under this last of the great diplomatic humiliations at
the hands of the victors of Versailles, Hitler said dryly: 'Not Ver-
sailles is the cause of the catastrophe. Your parties are the cause.'

The hardest blow against the customs union was financial pres-
sure brought by France; short-term loans to Austria were called
off, and this helped to bring the little country to her knees. The
slow economic decline turned into a crash. The Oesterreichische
Creditanstalt, Austria's largest bank, controlled by the Viennese
branch of the Rothschild family, collapsed in May, 1931, and this
crash may be considered the beginning of the second period of the
European economic crisis; in its darkness and despair comparable
to the German inflation. Collapse of German banks was imminent,
and collapse in other countries was bound to follow. Europe (with

D. T. There are no principles.
I am the principle.

1931

the exception of conspicuously stable France, little touched by the events outside her borders) was threatened with a sudden standstill of even the most indispensable economic functions, and only a miracle could save it.

The miracle seemed to come from America. On June 20, 1931, President Hoover called on the European states to declare a one-year moratorium on *all* intergovernmental debts, and America for her part agreed to declare a moratorium on her own demands. This might have been called the fulfillment of Ferdinand Fried's prophecy: that the creditors had become unable to accept and digest their dues. It meant the almost certain end of German reparations, for few people believed that they would be resumed after a year's breathing spell, since it was equally improbable that America's splendid capital investments in Europe would be resumed on the same scale. France, by shattering Austria's economy, had helped to bring about a situation which forcibly put an end to Germany's reparations. For two weeks the French government resisted the American proposal, but on July 6, Hoover announced the acceptance of his moratorium by all the important creditor governments. It seemed a miraculous last-minute rescue.

But for the German banks the miracle came too late. On July 13, 1931, the Darmstädter und Nationalbank, one of Germany's largest, stopped payments. The government was forced to intervene. Ten years later, it seems like a legend of long forgotten days that the insolvency of even a great bank should immediately have become a national catastrophe; since then we have seen the state master crises of this sort; we have seen the crises themselves pale before more serious problems. But the Brüning government found no means of preventing bank crashes; it proclaimed a bank holiday, other houses followed the example of the Darmstädter und Nationalbank, several were put under state control for a long time to come, the flow of money halted, salaries and wages were not paid at all or only in dribbles. A domestic German moratorium helped temporarily, and German public opinion, overwrought and filled with a sense of doom, largely adopted the popular interpretation that this was the final downfall of capitalism.

But Hitler gave the following official explanation in his news-

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1931¹⁹

papers: 'Never in my life have I been as well disposed and inwardly contented as in these days'—the darkest for the German economy. 'For in these days hard reality has opened the eyes of millions of Germans to the unprecedented swindles, lies, and betrayals of the Marxist deceivers of the people. In these days,' says Hitler, highly pleased to have won a bet through the misery of his people, 'great masses have seen, perhaps for the first time, who was right: the Young Plan swindlers, or the men of the Young Plan popular protest. In these days, therefore'—when once again hundreds of thousands thought they had lost their small savings, when millions failed to receive their wages and salaries—'I have rightly felt happy and content, while conversely fear and consternation have crawled up the necks of the party and newspaper swindlers of the Young Front.'

That is Hitler. The house must burn for the sake of this flame. When Hoover proclaimed his moratorium, it looked for a moment as though the doom would itself be doomed in the last minute as in 1923. And now Fate sent him this bank crisis. The state declared itself incapable of mastering the financial catastrophe, which it could have mastered. Hjalmar Schacht demanded 'salvation from this system.' 'If the word democracy has any meaning at all,' said Schacht in the National Socialist jargon which he had opportunistically assumed, 'it means the subordination of the individual, employer as well as worker, to the great demands of the common welfare.'

In this summer of distress the anti-democratic forces rallied in a truly demoniac lust of destruction. To bring about the downfall of the power that was still most dangerous to them, the Social Democratic Prussian government with its police and administrative apparatus, the Rightist organizations again engineered one of their noisy and for the most part unsuccessful plebiscites. Their supposedly bitterest enemies, the Communists, marched with them. The disinherited of the Left called on their supporters to vote with the disinherited of the Right and thus overthrow the Prussian government; in this they were faithful to their belief that not the National Socialists but the Social Democrats were the 'main enemy.'

In the Prussian plebiscite, the Communists were privileged to

join with the house of Hohenzollern. Prince August Wilhelm, a son of the former Kaiser, had become a member of the National Socialist Party and an S.A. man. When police dispersed a National Socialist crowd in the city of Königsberg, using their clubs, it happened that the prince was in the crowd; proudly he wrote to his father about this absolutely new experience, and Wilhelm answered from his Dutch exile: 'You may be proud that you were permitted to become a martyr of this great people's movement.' But princes and Communists together were unable to arouse enough people against the Prussian government; the plebiscite gave them only 9,800,000 votes, or 36 per cent (August 9, 1931).

This was certainly no time for princes. When Brüning cautiously sounded Hindenburg out on the subject of appointing a grandson of the former emperor as regent in Germany, the man who had dethroned Wilhelm II balked, this time acting the all too loyal servant. The only legal emperor, Hindenburg said, or rather the only legal king of Prussia, was the man in comfortable Dutch exile; to appoint one of his grandsons would be against tradition and legitimacy.

No king could give Germany bread, and it was bread that almost literally began to be lacking. Foreign markets were glutted and could no longer absorb the German exports to pay for raw materials. Even German capitalists had begun to withdraw funds from the collapsing economy. Brüning decreed stern laws forbidding the flight of capital, and raised the discount rate of the Reichsbank, for practical purposes the minimum rate for capital interest, to 15 per cent. Loan capital became as rare as butter in wartime. Again Germany sought the aid of foreign capital.

In this misery Germany had to decide between two possible foreign policies: either leaning on England—and this was advocated by Hitler—or looking for help in an understanding with France. France had a new premier who had started a policy of buying or bribing a number of eastern and southeastern states—Austria among them—with loans, to bind them more firmly to the French line. He was also willing to buy Germany with a loan, provided she would renounce for ten years any revision of her international treaties. This French premier, who wanted to purchase

a ten years' peace: cold cash, was Pierre a visit to Berlin, a September with his tide Briand. Deep in his lion's head bow offer, stuck to his B many's foreign sho called standstill agre time being kept the

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a ten years' peace and French semi-hegemony over Europe with cold cash, was Pierre Laval. He was the first French premier to pay a visit to Berlin, a bold, unusual step; he came at the end of September with his foreign minister, the aged and declining Aristide Briand. Deep in thought, Briand stood at Stresemann's grave, his lion's head bowed and sad. But Brüning declined the French offer, stuck to his British policy; and under British leadership Germany's foreign short-loan creditors concluded in September a so-called standstill agreement—a veiled half-bankruptcy which for the time being kept the fleeing foreign capital in Germany.

Between England and France—between parliament and dictatorship—between the Left and the Right—between the workers' parties and the National Socialists, Brüning had a difficult path which his own followers made even more difficult. In the Prussian diet sat Franz von Papen, a representative almost unknown to the great public. He was the scion of an impoverished family of Catholic nobles from western Germany; despite the 'von' he was hardly a junker, for the Papens were in business. Papen was something different from a junker. He was a professional officer, and before entering political life, served for twenty-two years in the Prussian army with moderate success. Born in 1879, he entered the Fifth Regiment of Uhlans in 1896 as an ensign; in 1913, he became a captain in the general staff. Lieutenant Kurt von Schleicher, three years younger than himself, was sent to the general staff at the same time. Here the two men met, but soon their ways parted. In 1905, Papen had met Martha von Boch, daughter of a family of industrialists in the Saar. The von Bochs had intermarried with aristocratic families in Luxemburg, Belgium, and France—and in this connection aristocracy frequently meant heavy industry. Papen was advancing too slowly in the army; his fortune and connections directed him to the diplomatic field. At the outbreak of the World War, he was military attaché in the German Embassy in Washington. In the midst of peace he organized acts of sabotage in the American armaments industry and was recalled at the insistence of Secretary of State Lansing. Exposed and hence useless as a diplomat, he returned to the army, and fought in subsequent posts in France and Palestine. When the English stormed

Jerusalem, Major von Papen is said to have saved himself at the last moment, awakened from sleep by a subordinate young Lieutenant Joachim Ribbentrop.

After the war, Papen attempted without success to return to the diplomatic service. His dream was to become ambassador to Luxemburg. From headquarters in the tiny neutral country, where the great international iron and steel cartels of Europe had their business offices, he meant to intervene in high European politics. He believed he had the talents and other requirements for bringing about a Franco-German understanding, based on the leading men of both countries; for he was convinced, as he later expressed it, 'that the man of good race and inner qualities is more highly suited to bear responsibility than the average man. We must recover the habit of looking up to men who amount to something by their mind and character; who are masters because they can serve. . .'. To lead Europe through such an international master-class was the aim of the German 'Herrenklub,' which Papen had helped to found — the word 'Herr' meant gentleman with an overtone of 'Master.' One of Papen's French friends was Paul Reynaud, who later won tragic fame as premier. In Luxemburg, Emil Mayrisch, one of the foremost iron magnates of the Continent, founded a committee for German-French understanding, to which Papen belonged. One of Papen's publicist friends went so far as to maintain that his aims in foreign policy 'were not really German but occidental'; Papen tried to do what hardly another German statesman dared: to reach an understanding with as bitter an enemy of Germany as Raymond Poincaré. For he believed in what French fascist doctrine called 'le pays réel': the all-importance of a superior leader class, beside which democracy was only a pretentious sham. He hoped to arrive at an agreement with this leading stratum of France on conditions such as Gustave Hervé later proposed to Hitler: revision of the Versailles Treaty, return of the Polish Corridor to Germany, German rearmament, German-French military alliance against Russia, the overthrow of Bolshevism.

Such an armed understanding between Germany and France was possible only if democracy were overthrown in both countries. For years Papen had believed that the Third Republic in France would

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be superseded by something like the future Pétain régime. He
trusted that the Catholic Church would reconquer France spiritually
and politically. In Germany, the Catholic Church was less strong,
but it did have a strong direct influence on parliamentary politics.
And so the ublan and saboteur joined the Center Party. Under
the pressure of the Catholic working masses the party had moved
steadily toward democracy. A lonely voice, Papen had vainly tried
to buck the current. His fellow parliamentarians found him irri-
ating or absurd. Now in October, 1931, he raised his voice again;
he told Brüning not to pretend that he was still governing demo-
cratically; he was already a dictator and that was good; but why
conceal it? 'The concealed dictatorship of the Chancellor must
strip off its parliamentary trimmings. The Chancellor should and
must direct a national cabinet, a government, a dictatorship on a
national foundation.' With a sense of insult, Brüning replied that
he had no intention of parting from his parliamentary base. But
Papen went on preaching that the strength of Germany lay with the
National Socialists, and that it was Brüning's duty 'to forge these
glowing masses before they overflow with hostility; above all, this
youth, still undisciplined, to be sure, but valuable material, must
be fitted into the state, and by education won for the state.'

The man who had invented the Brüning government thought
along not quite identical but similar lines. After a year and a half
of disappointments, General von Schleicher had become convinced
that the popular base of a strong government could no longer be
found where Brüning, half reluctantly, had so far found it: with
the democratic parties of the Reichstag. Schleicher had studied the
National Socialists through personal contacts and his private spies.
By the fall of 1931—this can be discerned from his policy—his
decision was made. The German government must detach itself
from the Left parties; the strength of the National Socialists must
no longer be wasted in mere opposition. Reichswehr wanted the
people, here they were. The Chancellor himself confided to his
visitor, Laval, that in one year the National Socialists would sit in
the government.

A few days after the German bank crash, Brüning had a con-
versation with Hermann Göring; he tried to persuade Göring to

influence his party to moderate its attacks on the government; otherwise Germany would be ruined. Formally Göring may have given a sharp answer; but events ran their course. Catholic bishops had excluded National Socialists from worship because Rosenberg's utterances compelled them to regard the party as anti-Christian; the whole Catholic press carried on an impassioned fight against the party and its dubious 'positive Christianity.' But the Catholic Church, which had already reached an understanding with Italian Fascism (1929), could not ignore the fact that National Socialism officially combated Bolshevism and actually embodied strong anti-Bolshevist forces. In August, 1931, Göring went to Rome and was received by Cardinal Pacelli, the Pope's secretary of state (the future Pope Pius XII); he attempted to dispel the Vatican's poor opinion of National Socialism.

But these conversations and attempts at understanding were not aimed at a dictatorship such as Papen demanded; the aim was the creation of a new popular majority, and Hitler himself had pointed the way when he swore his oath to legality and the constitution. Here a cleavage arose between himself and the bourgeois-national groups; between the National Socialists and the German Nationalists under Alfred Hugenberg. Hugenberg, like Papen, desired the dictatorship of a leader-class independent of the people, of a group too small to be called even a minority. However, it was a half-dictatorial government, but one based on a majority and confirmed by parliament, which the other great opportunist in this political game, General von Seeffischer, desired. To this end he obtained for Hitler an interview with Hindenburg.

The two men were seeing one another for the first time. Hitler was agitated and embarrassed and seems to have feared the meeting with the dull old man. He was afraid to go without someone who was sure of his nerves. Röhm would have been the right man; he, after all, was responsible for the close connection with the Reichswehr, thus indirectly for the invitation itself. But Hindenburg had a personal revulsion against the homosexual adventurer, and Göring could not bear the idea that Hitler should appear before the field marshal with anyone but him. Göring was in Sweden at the death-bed of his wife, whose long illness was drawing to an end. Hitler

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His negotiations and attempts at understanding were not successful such as Papen demanded; the aim was to win popular majority, and Hitler himself had pointed out that he swore his oath to legality and the constitution. The rift between himself and the bourgeois-nationalists, between himself and the bourgeois-nationalists and the German National Socialists and the German National Socialists. Hugenberg, like Papen, desired the party to be class independent of the people, of a group and even a minority. However, it was a half-dictatorship based on a majority and confirmed by the other great opportunist in this political game, Hindenburg. To this end he obtained for Hitler the Hindenburg.

Seeing one another for the first time. Hitler was embarrassed and seems to have feared the meeting. He was afraid to go without someone who could back him up. Röhm would have been the right man; he was possible for the close connection with the Reichswehr for the invitation itself. But Hindenburg had been against the homosexual adventurer, and Göring had the idea that Hitler should appear before the Reichstag but him. Göring was in Sweden at the death of his long illness was drawing to an end. Hitler

wired him impetuously; the meeting with Hindenburg seemed to be both of them a turning-point in history. The dying woman herself is said to have urged her husband to go. Göring left her, met Hitler in Berlin, and went with him to Hindenburg.

What was said at the meeting is still unknown. Probably Hitler spent some time on his favorite theme, that only National Socialism could save the country — all Europe, in fact — from Bolshevism. It is certain that he complained of how patriots — that is, himself and his party — were being persecuted, and presumably in his agitation he threatened that under such circumstances no spirited resistance could be expected of the German people if tomorrow the Poles should overrun the eastern border. At all events, the meeting was a failure. Schleicher later related that the old gentleman had been disappointed and had said that he would not make this Bohemian corporal's chancellor, but 'at most general postmaster'.

Hindenburg seems to have had the impression that Hitler was not a real German. As for Göring, he never again saw his wife alive.

It was a dismal time in Hitler's personal life. Geli Raubal, his beloved niece, had died three weeks before. Hitler does not seem to have been in full possession of his faculties at this time; he drifted along and let himself be pushed into decisions which he himself held to be mistaken, such as a new alliance with Hugenberg and the Stahlhelm. On October 11, one day after the talk with Hindenburg, a solemn foundation of a so-called 'national front' was laid in the little spa of Harzburg, with many brown and green uniforms. Hitler felt like a prisoner; he was so disgruntled and agitated that he could scarcely speak, and he refused to eat at the same table with Hugenberg and the Stahlhelm leaders, Franz Seldte and Theodor Duesterberg. In his speech he flung a few attacks at Brüning and demanded 'that the power and responsibility be put into the hands of the national opposition'; but went no further than to reject 'governments which are formed without us or against us.' On the other hand, he did not shrink from saying that as long as Brüning governed against them, the National Socialists would not defend the national boundaries: 'From now on, a system which persecutes us cannot count on our help or protection in times of need, or even of mortal peril.'

* Hindenburg asks about the name. Is it not Czech? he asks.

"Karin-
Geli."

But now Brüning himself let this system fall. He was making a sort of palace revolution against himself and his closest friends; he threw out of his cabinet some ministers who belonged to the Left, among them Doctor Joseph Wirth, the former Chancellor. Groener, the Reichswehr Minister, took over the Ministry of the Interior; this meant that Schleicher had his way. From now on, with planned inactivity, the Reich government looked on as Hitler strengthened his private army and sent it swarming into every town and village. The half-forgotten General Ludendorff, grown bitterly hostile both to Hitler and Hindenburg, wrote in an angry newspaper article that Germany 'had become a country occupied by the S.A.' To dissatisfied associates like Prussian State Secretary Abegg, Schleicher declared that it was utterly impossible to suppress the National Socialists or dissolve the S.A. The S.A., Abegg replied, was Hitler's private army, and where in the world was a private citizen allowed to maintain an army? Then Schleicher said: 'We simply cannot forbid the S.A., for we are no longer strong enough; if we attempt it, we shall be swept away!'

In November, 1931, a set of careful and bloodthirsty plans for an uprising were found in one of the South German National Socialist headquarters, on the Hessian estate of Boxheim. They had a suspiciously Communist air about them: the S.A. would assume state power, suspend all private enterprises, confiscate all revenues, take away the products of the peasants, feed the population in public kitchens; and anyone resisting, said nearly every paragraph, 'will be shot . . . will be punished by death . . . will be shot . . .' Hitler, without whose knowledge presumably nothing could be done in the party, declared indignantly that he had known nothing of these plans, but he did not question their authenticity. Yet in private conversation he was able to convince Schleicher that he did not favor such radicalism and that his person constituted a sort of dam against the revolutionary flood that was rising in the National Socialist Movement.

These conversations, which took place in November and December, 1931, must have made a strong impression on Schleicher; also on Groener, to whom Schleicher passed them on; even on Brüning himself. Groener began to reproach high Prussian police officials

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for spying on the National Socialist Party, and secretly or even
 openly supporting Hitler's personal enemies; for example, the rene-
 gade Stennes, who marched around certain quarters of Berlin with
 a kind of S.A. of his own. 'I hear you give Stennes money,' said
 Groener to Abegg, the Prussian State Secretary. Abegg replied that
 unfortunately he could not do that, as he had no money; but he
 felt that Stennes should be supported. Groener: 'That is absolutely
 wrong: Stennes is working against Hitler!' Abegg was speechless,
 but Groener continued: Hitler was the man of legality, he had
 sworn to respect the constitution. 'He must be supported against
 the others, who are all wild men.' The 'others' were Hitler's licen-
sees, concerning whom Groener was prepared to believe all
evil; only Hitler, he thought, was trustworthy. In consternation
 Abegg asked if the minister believed a word of what Hitler said.
 Did he believe that Hitler would keep his oath? Groener repeated:
 'He will definitely keep it. He is a man of legality. We must do
 nothing against him. We must support him!' Then he intimated
 that this was also Brüning's opinion.

These soldiers in government had an idea that only Hitler could
 realize: a democratic dictatorship. What he actually desired, said
 Brüning on October 13, 1931, in the Reichstag, was 'a government
 of those parties which are responsible and prepared for responsi-
 bility,' and to such an idea he himself would gladly cede his post;
 but an 'agreement between the parties which are necessary for such
 a government is unfortunately out of the question in Germany.' In
 other words, democracy has destroyed itself. In leading a powerful
 unpopular government, based solely on the authority of the Reichs
 President, Brüning thought perhaps that he was doing the will of
 Hindenburg and Schleicher; but he should have known what these
 two really wanted better than they knew it themselves: and that was
 a popular government. But Brüning believed that he was making
 himself more respected by making himself 'more independent' of
 the Reichstag parties, his own Catholic Center Party included.
 Now he felt in an even stronger position to carry on a sovereign
 foreign policy and to solve the problem of reparations, which had
 defied friendly negotiations, by a violent coup.

It was the right hour. The world—with the exception of France

— was sick of reparations; Hoover's moratorium had actually ended them. The structure of international political debts was tottering; the world economy was beginning to dissolve into great separate blocks; gold, the international standard of value, the universal medium of exchange, was losing its dominant position. The world of 1924 was really collapsing, and in 1931 this was again recognized by one of the great world powers: England.

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1931 British Politics, NOW I HAVE THEM IN MY POCKET! 1932

It was actually a Conservative government. The National Labour Party remained without importance, and Stanley Baldwin became once more the actual leader. From now on the English currency was a paper currency, the value of which did not depend on the free play of exchange, on the basis of gold, but on the will of the government. The currencies of the Scandinavian countries followed the drop in the pound. In February, 1932, the MacDonald government introduced a new tariff, which meant the end of British free trade; for a certain quantity of home-grown wheat the English farmer was guaranteed a price of one dollar a bushel. This new policy of the mother country, directed toward a closed economy, drew the whole empire after it; the Empire Conference of Ottawa held in July and August, 1932, to a series of agreements by which the various parts of the empire granted each other preferential tariffs.

The conference aimed at making the British world empire really British. Hitherto England had carried on more trade with other countries than with its dominions and colonies. Now this was to cease in the main; in the following years trade between mother country and colonies assumed first place; a great 'Buy British' campaign was launched throughout the empire. Thus a step had been taken toward British Empire autarchy; this autarchy was an answer to the new protective tariff policy of the United States, but it was also an answer to the commercial expansion of Japan, which, with the help of her wretched wages and the misery of her peasants and workers, flooded the world market with articles so cheap as to defy competition. The Ottawa decisions, which, in 1932, were ratified by the British Parliament, affected almost eight per cent of the United States export trade, about twenty per cent of the Argentine trade, and approximately sixty per cent of the Danish; they strongly affected Russia and Japan, and to a lesser degree Germany.

In the British developments Hitler and Rosenberg believed they detected the beginning of that spirit 'which is everywhere creating the same forms, though under different banners.' Hitler could not regard Ramsay MacDonald and Stanley Baldwin as the Aryans and anti-Semites with whom he wanted to ally himself; but in December 1931, when Alfred Rosenberg went to London and became celebrated as 'one of the best dressed Germans,' he spoke to English

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questioners almost as to friends. 'I admire the calm and assurance with which the English nation is combating its difficulties,' he said. 'This nation has no nerves and in this it is setting the world an example.' Germany, he said, expected the support of England in her demands both for the cancellation of reparations and an international adjustment of armaments. England, he declared, has a strong sense of justice. Besides, he had distinctly perceived 'that England herself is beginning to feel the pressure of the present situation. . . . The economic and political pressure from Paris is becoming intolerable.' Unfortunately, Rosenberg went on, there were people in England who advised Germany to reach an understanding with France under any circumstances; but there was also another British opinion, 'which says that it is now time for England as well as the rest of us, to offer resistance.'

It was on this section of British public opinion that Germany must rely, said Hitler in his speeches and in open letters to Brüning; she must direct her policies toward this England; and Italy, even America, would stand by Germany's side. In December, 1931, he received the visit of supporters from the Sudetenland, members of a minority grouplet of that German minority of which Hitler had said that Germany must constantly incite them to rebellion against the Czechoslovak state, not because they had a right to independence as Germans, but because Czechoslovakia was allied with France. He made them a speech telling them to be of good cheer: National Socialism would soon come to power in Germany and then it would take them under its powerful wing. The world situation, he said, already looked promising enough: 'In England at present a significant shift in public opinion is taking place. France with her military and financial policy is making herself responsible for all the world's wrongs'—he meant, because she would not cut her armaments or cancel German reparations. 'In America and Italy, as well,' Hitler continued, 'the anti-French tendency is growing from day to day, yes, we might even say from hour to hour. The untenable position of the world market literally forces the other states into a defensive front against the former beneficiary of the present state of affairs, and that is France.' But by this, he hastily added, he did not mean war. For, he declared, 'a war of European states

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among themselves would be as good as opening the door to Bolshevism.'

By October, 1931, a German observer, who, in his official capacity, saw much of foreign countries, felt justified in saying that 'Germany has become the great fashion; everywhere in the world everything German is the last word in chic.' But while Germany saw her territories freed from foreign troops, while reparations vanished and further diplomatic progress was in the offing, internal conditions deteriorated more and more, economic life destroyed itself, parliament fell a prey to its own disunity, and the misery of the people increased. At the end of 1930, while Germany still bore the burden of reparations, while there were three million unemployed and the German miner earned 562 marks in a quarter, Hitler sent a New Year's message to his followers, full of rather questionable encouragement: 'After twelve months more, the road to German freedom will be open!' Toward the close of 1931, reparations had been lifted from Germany's shoulders, but the number of unemployed had risen to almost eight million, the miner earned only 473 marks a quarter, and Hitler promised his followers that this would be the year of final decision: 'Let us march into this new year as fighters, in order that we may leave it as victors!'

It is profoundly characteristic of this segment of European history that it contained too many victories, too many concessions, and no real peace. As before 1914, they were wrested by one nation from another, or dearly sold by one nation to another. The fetters of Versailles binding Germany rotted and fell one by one; the German people correctly sensed that this did not mean more peace but more power; concessions are not made to us because we have become more trustworthy, but because the world's ability to cling to Versailles is dwindling.

On September 18, 1931, a mysterious explosion occurred on the Manchurian railway near Mukden, which legally was still Chinese territory. The Kwantung Army advanced and 'avenged Japan's honor,' occupied the Manchurian cities, and the Chinese central government in Nanking, weakened by Communist disorders at home, could offer no military resistance, but had to content itself with a boycott which reduced Japanese imports to China to one

sixth. Thereupon the Japanese landed in Shanghai at the end of January, 1932, drove out the Chinese army and destroyed the Chapei Quarter. On February 18, 1932, an 'independent' empire of Manchukuo, consisting of three raped Chinese provinces, was proclaimed in Manchuria. China protested to the League of Nations, of which Japan was still a member; the League sent a commission to Asia, led by an English statesman, the Earl of Lytton.

Was it for this that 'the war to end wars' had been fought? The Japanese assault on China profoundly stirred everyone who had previously believed in the peace of Geneva. At such a time, it attracted little attention when Brüning declared in an interview (January 9, 1932) that 'Germany's position makes the continuation of political payments impossible'; and that these payments would inevitably lead the rest of the world 'to catastrophe.' In Asia, a great nation had been cut to pieces because it was unarmed and torn by internal conflicts. This was exactly the situation in Germany, said Hitler, and he was not the only one to say so.

And let nobody believe, he went on, that this German weakness would be turned into strength by the Disarmament Conference, which, after endless preparations, finally was going to meet at Geneva, Switzerland, in February, 1932. No conference would make Germany strong, only the nation's own firm will. The official German line was that the aim of the Disarmament Conference must be to bring about the disarmament of the great nations, as it was promised in the Versailles Treaty, which explicitly had stated that Germany's disarmament should only be a first step toward general disarmament. Hitler asked mockingly if anybody was so naive as to hope that this promise would be kept; the answer was that to insist on her right was Germany's biggest asset in international politics.

Groener handed the cabinet a memorandum stating that now, after thirteen years of unilateral disarmament, Germany must finally insist on equality of armaments. The world was spending seventy per cent more on armaments than in 1914; this at least was the estimate of President Hoover in a speech to the International Chamber of Commerce (May 4, 1931). Three days after Brüning had declared that he would pay no more reparations, Soviet Russia

issued a public statement the disarmament question of the principle of the victor in the conference of small power.'

In all this clamoring was hidden. If German armament, then there rearmament.

Amid the blackest become a respected Brüning accepted Hitler on unity and strength understanding with the random on Germany' January, shortly before reparations. Germany strength. Hitler peace *Völkischer Beobachter* and Wilhelm Weiss, of Hitler. It was signed conference in Berlin. Hitler under the nose of all like a contented beast to Hess's, Rosenberg's. cries of, 'Hey . . . hey see? You see? . . . Her fist on the telegram as They have recognized

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the nation's own firm will. It was that the aim of the Disarmament Conference was about the disarmament of the great nations, the Versailles Treaty, which explicitly had disarmament should only be a first step towards peace. Hitler asked mockingly if anybody was keeping his promise would be kept; the answer was that it was Germany's biggest asset in international

His cabinet a memorandum stating that now, unilateral disarmament, Germany must disarm of armaments. The world was spending more on armaments than in 1914; this at least was what Hoover in a speech to the International Conference (May 4, 1931). Three days after Brüning would pay no more reparations, Soviet Russia

issued a public statement, placing herself on the side of Germany in the disarmament question: peace, she declared, depended on general disarmament, and disarmament 'requires the unqualified admission of the principle of complete equality of states to each participant in the conference [of disarmament], whether a great or a small power.'

In all this clamoring for equality by disarmament a silent threat was hidden. If Germany could not reach equality by general disarmament, then there was only one way left: equality by German rearmament.

Amid the blackest domestic misery, Germany was struggling to become a respected power in the crumbling council of nations. Brüning accepted Hitler's line, that foreign success must be based on unity and strength at home, and invited Hitler to reach an understanding with the government. Groener wrote his memorandum on Germany's equality of armaments in the first days of January, shortly before Brüning announced the definite end of reparations. Germany took a deep breath, and tried to gather strength. Hitler paced the floor of the editorial offices of the *Völkischer Beobachter* in Munich; with him were Hess, Rosenberg, and Wilhelm Weiss, one of the editors. A telegram was brought to Hitler. It was signed Groener and requested his presence at a conference in Berlin. Hitler hastily read the wire, thrust the paper under the nose of all those present, and uttered a purr of triumph like a contented beast of prey. By turns, he brought his face close to Hess's, Rosenberg's, and Weiss's, stared in their eyes, with little cries of, 'Hey . . . hey . . . hey . . .' — as if he wanted to say: 'You see? You see? . . . Here we are, at last.' Then he brought down his fist on the telegram and cried: 'Now I have them in my pocket! They have recognized me as a partner in their negotiations.'