



The words, the thoughts, the mind of
ADOLF HITLER
 revealed in these informal conversations with his intimate associates...

"The whole hideous confusion of the mind which dragged the world to the brink of doom is displayed in these pages."

—New York Times

AMERICA—Everything about the behavior of American society reveals that it's half Judaized, and the other half Negrified. How can one expect a state like that to hold together. . . .

CHRISTIANITY—Christianity was the first creed in the world to exterminate its adversaries in the name of love. Its key-note is intolerance.

JEWS—The Jews must clear out of Europe. . . . If they refuse to go voluntarily, I see no other solution but extermination.

WOMEN—A girl's object is, and should be, to get married.

ENGLAND VS. AMERICA—England and America will one day have a war with one another, which will be waged with the greatest hatred imaginable. One of the two countries will have to disappear.

GERMANS AND TALK—We Germans are not inclined to talk for the sake of talking. We don't become intoxicated with sounds. When we open our mouths, it's to say something.

HITLER'S SECRET CONVERSATIONS

AS DISCLOSED BY THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE

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HITLER'S SECRET CONVERSATIONS

1941-1944

With an introductory
 essay by

F. P. TREMPER-POLP

"There is no better
 description of what the
 world escaped when Hitler
 was destroyed than these
 secret conversations. . . ."

—New York Herald Tribune

A SIGNET BOOK
 Complete and Unabridged



indispensable. The diaries of Dr. Goebbels, being written for publication, have scant historical value; how much more vividly the mind of that most intellectual of the Nazis emerges from the table-talk recorded by Rudolf Semler!¹ Hitler's own table-talk in the crucial years of the *Machtergreifung* (1932-34), as briefly recorded by Hermann Rauschning,² so startled the world (which could not even in 1939 credit him with either such ruthlessness or such ambitions) that it was for long regarded as spurious. It is now, I think, accepted. If any still doubt its genuineness, they will hardly do so after reading the volume now published. For here is the official, authentic record of Hitler's table-talk almost exactly ten years after the conversations recorded by Rauschning.

What a difference had occurred in those ten years! In 1932, when Rauschning began his record, Hitler had achieved the first stage of his revolution. Ten years before that, he had made his appearance as a revolutionary party-leader in Germany only to experience humiliation and defeat and to find himself in a Bavarian prison, his political career apparently broken and finished. Now the *Kampfzeit*, those years of struggle to which afterwards he so often and enthusiastically referred, was over; already he stood on the threshold of power in Germany, and already, while in public he appeased his conservative allies and masters with respectable utterances, he was privately describing, with confident relish, the next stage of the revolution. Hearing it, Rauschning himself—for he was himself a conservative, an East Prussian Junker appalled at such millennial ambitions—drew the consequences. In 1934 he detached himself from the Juggernaut whose maniacal driver he had thus overheard, and fled abroad. Thus the window into Hitler's mind which Rauschning soon afterwards opened to the West (but how few looked into it or believed what they there saw!) was suddenly closed again; and for the next decade the table-talk at the Fuehrer's Headquarters became, as it had always been meant to be, private. How is it, then, that in 1941, when Hitler had completed the second stage of his revolution and stood poised for his final, crowning ambition—the conquest of the East—that window was suddenly reopened; reopened, moreover, not by an accident like the desertion of Rauschning ten years before, but deliberately by the institution of an official record? To answer this question we must consider for a while the circumstances in which these conversations took place.

¹ Rudolf Semler, *Saadan var Goebbels* (Copenhagen, 1947; English translation, *Goebbels the Man next to Hitler*, London, 1947).

² Hermann Rauschning, *Hitler Speaks* (London, 1939).

Hitler's life, during the war, was spent, in general, at his military headquarters. At first, during the Polish campaign, these headquarters were in his special train, stationed near Gogolin; later during the same campaign he transferred them to a hotel in Zoppot. At the beginning of the Western campaign his headquarters were in a cramped bunker near Bad Nauheim, which he called *Felsenfest*, or "Eyre"; later, as victory followed victory, he moved to Bruly-le-Pêche in Eastern France. His quarters there were named *Wolffsschlucht*—"Wolf's lair" (he had an old liking for the name Wolf, which he had himself assumed when in hiding in the days of *Kampfzeit*). It was at *Wolffsschlucht* that he heard the news of the fall of France and performed his famous jig. Thereafter he divided his time between a new headquarters in the Black Forest (*Tannenberg*) and his special train. Then in July 1941 he moved to East Prussia to direct the greatest of all his campaigns, the knock-out blow in the East. For over three years his headquarters remained in the East, generally in East Prussia, once (during the triumphant advance in the summer of 1942) in Russia itself. Then, in November 1944, Field-Marshal Keitel at last persuaded him to leave that insalubrious spot, among dreary pine-forests, in which he had so nearly been assassinated and in which he had lived, for the last year, night and day, a troglodyte existence underground. This East Prussian headquarters was at Rastenburg, and Hitler called it *Wolfsschanze*, "Fort Wolf." His temporary Russian headquarters was at Winnitza in the Ukraine, and was called *Werwolf*. It was at *Wolfschanze* or at *Werwolf* that all the conversations recorded in this book took place.

They took place at meal-times: sometimes at his luncheon, sometimes at supper, more often at his last, most sociable meal, the long succession of tea and cakes which—generally long after midnight—closed the working day. Then Hitler would expand. A passionate talker, he seems by his voice as well as by his eyes—though it was a harsh voice and though they were dull eyes—to have fascinated his hearers; for his informal talk, unlike his formal oratory, was—all hearers agree—fresh, flexible, sometimes even gay. Of course it was largely a monologue—although Hitler welcomed stimulative interruptions—and of course he often repeated himself. Nevertheless his intimate circle—for it was only his intimate circle, and occasional reliable guests, who attended these functions—seem to have delighted in it. They saw in it the whole mind of the Fuehrer—autobiographical details from his undocumented early life, the secret history of the glorious *Kampfzeit*, the terrible but exciting philosophy thanks to which he had already achieved three-quarters of his vast

* D.T. who could blame.
 xii *Bormann for seeing himself*
 of St. Paul. INTRODUCTION

programme and was now, it seemed, about to achieve the rest. Why, they asked, could not these authentic sayings of the Master be recorded for posterity? Particularly Martin Bormann asked this question, the literal-minded evangelist of the movement, Hitler's indispensable secretary, infallible agent, and, at the end, trusted executor. But Hitler always refused. He hated the thought of recording instruments, or even of recording agents, in his hour of rest, while he was thus spontaneously, unadvisedly, even gaily delivering himself. Then, quite suddenly, in July 1941, when the apocalyptic moment had arrived and the great Eastern triumph was about to begin, he yielded. He still refused to admit any mechanised recorder to the room, and he insisted that no obtrusive figure or obvious gestures must disconcert him while he talked, or inhibit his large freedom of discourse; but he agreed that an official of the Party might be admitted to his meals, who might, in a retired corner, unobtrusively take a few notes—notes whose final form was to be corrected and approved and preserved by the only reliable interpreter of the Fuehrer's thought, Martin Bormann.

Bormann at once made the necessary arrangements. A Party official was appointed and, from 7th July 1941, was duly admitted to Hitler's presence at meal-times. His name was Heinrich Heim. All through the monologue he would sit discreetly apart, taking brief shorthand notes; then he would retire and, on the basis of those notes, dictate to one of Bormann's stenographers his record of the conversation. The typescript was then handed to Bormann, who read it through, sometimes correcting it or adding elucidatory comments, initialled and filed it. Heim continued to take these notes until 11th March 1942, when he was sent away for four months on a special mission to Paris; during these four months, another official, Dr. Henry Picker, deputised for him. Both Heim and Picker, however, were mere subordinate officials, acting under the instructions and control of Bormann, who alone, as Hitler's secretary, was responsible for the preparation, the accuracy and the preservation of the records. Sometimes, on intimate occasions, Bormann himself took the notes. Whoever took them, they were officially known as *Bormann-Vermerke*, Bormann-notes; and at the head of the 1,045 typed pages which they ultimately filled, and which Bormann kept in his personal custody, he wrote with his own hand the words, "Notes of fundamental interest for the future. To be preserved with the greatest care."

When Heim returned, on 1st August 1942, to resume his duties as court-reporter at Hitler's headquarters, he

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found that he was not destined to stay for long. For already Hitler's *Annus Mirabilis* was drawing to its close. In the summer of 1942 Hitler's strategy in the East—in particular his weakening of Paulus' 6th Army at Stalingrad in order to strike at yet more distant prizes in the Caucasus—led to violent opposition from the Army General Staff. The good General Halder, Chief of that Staff, still gobbles on remembering those scenes. Hitler's decision, he says, "ceased to have anything in common with the principles of strategy and operation as they had been recognised for generations past. They were the product of a violent nature following its momentary impulses," morbid megalomania, criminal irresponsibility. Hitler denounced the General Staff officers as cowards whose minds were "fossilised in obsolete habits of thought," and, when an officer read out figures of Russian strength, "flew at him with clenched fists and foam in the corners of his mouth, and forbade the reading of such idiotic twaddle."³ On the point of strategy Hitler won, and we know the sequel. As a by-product of these explosions, in September 1942, Halder was dismissed. At the same time Hitler made an end of his informal meals with members of the General Staff, whom he now regarded as his enemies, "the only freemasonry which I have failed to break." His routine was broken; the petty-bourgeois gaiety, the sanguinary confidence, the inflammable imagination ebbed away from his utterance; and the *Bormann-Vermerke*, at least as a regular institution, ceased. Occasional records were still taken, and are printed here, but they were intermittent, exceptional and few. They were not recorded by Heim but either by Bormann or by a new reporter, Müller.

The monologues, of course, did not cease; but they changed their character, and they were addressed to a more limited audience. At first, in the deep, almost maniacal depression which overcame Hitler after Stalingrad, he withdrew into absolute solitude and for several months ate alone with his Alsatian dog. When that solitude began to bore him, he decided once again to invite occasional officers to his meals; but finding it impossible, in their company, to avoid military topics, he soon abandoned the experiment. In the end he settled down to a regular but often bored or uncomprehending audience of his female secretaries, varied occasionally by his hard-drinking, trouble-making adjutant, his quack-doctor, and—after July 1944, when he was afraid of being poisoned unless he showed her exaggerated attention

³ Franz Halder, *Hitler als Feldherr* (Munich, 1949); English translation, *Hitler as War Lord* (London, 1950), pp. 55-7.

—his vegetarian-cook.⁴ One of his secretaries has given a melancholy account of these later functions. "After Stalin-grad," she writes, "Hitler could not listen to music any more, and every evening we had to listen to his monologues instead. But his table-talk was by now as overplayed as his gramophone-records. It was always the same: his early days in Vienna, the *Kampfzeit*, the History of Man, the Microcosm and the Macrocosm. On every subject we all knew in advance what he would say. In course of time these monologues bored us. But world affairs and events at the front were never mentioned: everything to do with the war was taboo." "In 1944 I sometimes found myself still sitting up with Hitler at 8:00 a.m., listening with feigned attention to his words... I still wonder why he thus sacrificed his nightly rest in order to expound his theories to an audience most of whom would have preferred to be sleeping." Eva Braun, who was also sometimes present, took less trouble to conceal her boredom: she would occasionally cast at Hitler a disapproving glance or loudly ask the time. Then Hitler would cut short his monologue, make his excuses, and break up the table.⁵

With these last, most dispiriting conversations this book is not concerned, nor, of course, does it contain the complete record of what must often have been, even in the best times, repetitive discourse. It contains only those parts of Hitler's table-talk which Bormann thought worth recording. Even so, much of it is naturally repetitive. Much of it also reflects the coarseness and crudity, the dogmatism, the hysteria, the triviality of Hitler's mind. But cluttered as it is with much tedious and much disgusting matter, it also contains the kernel of his thinking: it is the mirror of his hideous genius; a genius which, I believe, it is both possible and essential to disengage.

Hitler saw himself as the man of centuries, almost (although he himself expressly disclaimed so religious a title) the Messiah. He believed that he alone—or almost alone—both understood the crisis of our time and could correct it. For to him the defeat of Germany in the first World War was not merely a crisis of Germany: it was—as it had been

⁴ Hitler had four personal secretaries during the war. Fräulein Johanna Wolf, Fräulein Christa Schröder, Fräulein Gerda Daranowski (who, towards the end of the war married General Christian) and Frau Traudl Junge. The first three of these are occasionally mentioned by their initials, J. W., C. S. (or Chr. Schr.), G. D., as participants in the Table-Talk. Hitler's adjutant was Julius Schaub, his doctor Prof. Theodore Morell, his vegetarian-cook Fräulein Manziarly.

⁵ A. Zoller, *Hitler Privat* (Düsseldorf, 1949), pp. 44-5, 97, 146-7. The real author of this valuable book appears from internal evidence to be Fräulein Schröder.

In the late 20's, riding his red
port cars, he was serious of
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SEC. COU.V.
1944

and Rome for which he expressed great enthusiasm—although, as Albert Speer has drily observed, "his conceptions on this subject were not based on any profound historical studies"; there was the "Germanic" Medieval culture which had been eclipsed at the Renaissance by the modern "capitalist" society of Western Europe; and there was that modern society which, again like Spengler, he believed to be in its turn sick unto death. How was it, he asked, that these cultures had so sickened or died? "I often wonder," he said, "why the Ancient World collapsed"; and his mind ranged over a series of possible answers to this perplexing question. Was it a decline of population? or climate? or was the Roman Empire rotted from within by Jewish Christianity? These were not academic questions, for their answers, to him, contained the answer to the great practical problem which he had long ago decided to solve.

For just as the Roman Empire had sickened before the German barbarians fell upon it and destroyed it, so the civilization of the West, he believed, was now sickening and would slowly die. Or would it be allowed to die? Would it not rather, like the Roman Empire, be conquered and absorbed by the new barbarian power which would ultimately replace it? But what would that new barbarian power be? On this topic also Hitler had brooded long, and, following "the iron law of historical development,"⁶ thought that he had found the answer.

First of all, it was clear that the new power, whatever it was, must be a land-power. This was determined by technical fact. The day of maritime empires such as the empires of Portugal, Holland and Britain, was, in his opinion, over. In old times, indeed, the sea had provided the only smooth and cheap communications with the distant parts of the earth, and great land-masses had been the barriers, not the means of travel; but now, thanks to roads and railways, motor-power and air-power, that was reversed: the new empire, which would conquer and absorb and replace the society of Western Europe, must be a great land empire, bound together not by ships and trade but by giant roads and massive armies, the real nexus of the new age.

Hitler was naturally a landsman: he came not from the Baltic or the Mediterranean but from the heart of Europe, and he had probably seldom seen the sea. Certainly he never understood sea-power; and distant colonies, which depended on sea-power, he altogether rejected. It was continents, not islands, that interested him. So he brooded over maps and planned vast roads and studied the new science of "geo-

⁶ *Hitler Speaks*, p. 47.

to Oswald Spengler—a crisis of civilization, the kind of crisis that occurs only at rare moments of history, can only be understood by those who have studied past history in terms of centuries, and can only be remedied by those who are prepared to launch and able to control those cataclysms and convulsions in which historic ages perish or are born. This cataclysmic view of history was an essential part of Hitler's ideas, and it is essential for us to understand it: for it was within this framework that he saw himself and the mission with which he credited himself, against this background that he judged other men, both in the present and in history. One of the clearest expressions of this view was uttered by him not in 1941, when it might easily be ascribed to the intoxication of power, but in 1923, when he was apparently finally defeated, and in prison. It is a passage which I have already quoted once,⁶ but since *Mein Kampf*, though a book of fundamental importance, is, in general, both unreadable and unread, I shall make no excuse for quoting it again. "At long intervals of human history," he then wrote, "it may occasionally happen that the practical politician and the political philosopher are one. The more intimate the union, the greater are his political difficulties. Such a man does not labour to satisfy demands that are obvious to every philistine; he reaches forward towards ends, that are comprehensible only to the few. Therefore his life is torn between hatred and love. The protest of the present generation, which does not understand him, wrestles with the recognition of posterity, for which he also works."⁷ By 1941 Hitler's success had naturally confirmed him in this view that he both understood and could control the course of centuries. More and more his mind ranged over the history of mankind, its crucial stages, and the great men who had been the architects of its change. "A man who has no sense of history," he said, "is like a man who has no ears or no eyes. He can live, of course, but what is that?"

What was Hitler's interpretation of history? It was crude but clear, and—like all his views—buttressed by a vast array of arbitrarily selected facts stored in his astonishing memory and arranged in preconceived patterns by his restless, rigid, systematic mind. Further, although experience added new details and new illustrations to it, it remained, from at least 1923, absolutely clear and consistent. Hitler, like Spengler, saw history as a succession of human ages which could be defined by their "cultures," the totality of their social organisation and ideas. There was the ancient culture of Greece

⁶ *The Last Days of Hitler* (2nd ed., 1950), p. 46.

⁷ *Mein Kampf* (English translation, London, 1939), p. 183.

* D.T. Spengler was crucial to him.

+ comparison the great spaces of land of the Germanic north

politics" which, inspired by Sir Halford Mackinder in 1919, had found a more sympathetic reception in Central Europe than in its native England. Hitler's obsession with roads and land-armies and the conquest of great spaces is often evident in his table-talk; but it was older than that also. "No two men," he once confessed, "interested me more in my youth than Nansen and Sven Hedin"; and even in the middle of the war he would turn aside from politics and strategy to receive a devout but disreputable pilgrim, the aged Sven Hedin, and together they would discuss those empires of the steppes which the one had once explored and the other now sought to conquer.⁹ Similarly, his mind often dwelt on great roads, "the beginnings of every civilisation," the nerves which must animate a land-empire. He would imagine the roads of the past—Roman roads in Europe, Inca roads in Peru, and the roads of the future—German *Reichsautobahnen* "from Klagenfurt to Trondhjem and from Hamburg to the Crimea"; and when he recollected, as he so often did, the exhilarating days of the *Kampfzeit*, it was in the endless motor-journeys along "the beautiful, broad, white *Autobahnen*" that that recollection seemed to him most concentrated.

But if the new age was to be the age of a great land-empire dominating what Sir Halford Mackinder had called "the Heartland," "the Citadel of the World Empire"—the area, that is, invulnerable to sea-power in Central Europe and Asia—what people, what government could claim this empire? Clearly it could not be any of the old maritime peoples—and in them therefore Hitler was fundamentally uninterested: it must be—if it were to be a European people—either the Germans or the Russians, for these peoples alone had the land-armies, the land-ambitions, the "geopolitical" outlook for such an achievement. The German geologists on the whole had assumed that it would be the Russians, who were, after all, both more numerous and already there; and they had advocated, for Germany, rather an alliance with Russia than an attempt to conquer it. And yet, Hitler asked himself, was that really inevitable? Were not the Germans the real *Kulturträger*, the culture-bearers of Europe? Was it not the Germans who, when the Roman Empire had been rotted inwardly by Jewish Christianity and a declining population, had conquered and inherited it? The Germanic Middle Ages had indeed been frustrated by the "Christian" Renaissance, the rise of the plutocratic capitalist civilisation of Western Europe; but now that that plutocratic capitalist civilisation was in its turn decaying, might not the

⁹ See *Sven Hedin's German Diary* (Dublin, 1951).

Germans reawake and, awakened, resume and redirect their splendid mission? The old German Emperors, for good technical reasons, had looked south to Italy; the new German Reich, for similar reasons, must look east. Might it not, even now, by some heroic effort, wrest from the Russians their dominion and impose upon the Heartland a German instead of a Russian Empire? It is true, the Russians were more numerous; but had not minorities often before, by skill and determination, conquered and enslaved great nations? It is true, the Germans had just been defeated in war and Germany was now amputated, unarmed and helpless; but had not Russia also been defeated in war, had it not lost, in the West, its richest provinces, had it not been ravaged by civil war? It is true, the Germans were politically incompetent—*Dickschädel, Querschädel, Dummköpfe*—desperate block-heads and ninnyes incapable of political sense or action; but “even stupid races can accomplish something, given good leadership.” Genghiz Khan, by his “unique genius for organisation” had united the Tartars; Charlemagne, “one of the greatest men in world-history,” had by force united even the thick-headed Germans. What force and leadership had done once, force and leadership could do again. It is true, Germany had already failed to conquer Russia in the past; but the Germany that had failed was the byzantine, cosmopolitan, traditionalist, Jew-ridden Hohenzollern monarchy, and while “monarchies are at best able to keep conquests, it is by revolutionary powers that World-Empires are created”; what if there were to be a revolution in Germany, a revolution which would release the inhibited and frustrated energies of the real Germany, the nationalist and proletarian Germany which an anti-national upper class had hitherto divided and enslaved? It is true, the Russians had already had their revolution and were to that extent better placed, and the geopolitical prophets easily acquiesced in the inevitability of Russian domination; but against the defeatist doctrine of inevitability Hitler advanced a more inspiring doctrine, a doctrine which, to the depressed and desolate Germany of the 1920s seemed an evangel of human hope against the dismal, mechanical pessimism of his contemporaries: the doctrine of the ultimate sovereignty of the human will. Had not Nietzsche and Schopenhauer declared this doctrine? Had not Mussolini, “that unparalleled statesman,” proved its truth by his example? Hitler’s genuine personal reverence for Mussolini, which so exasperated some of his more clear-sighted followers—a reverence first expressed in *Mein Kampf* and sustained until 1944, when Hitler discovered with chagrin what Mussolini had been saying about him—sprang prima-

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ly from this fact: Mussolini had shown that a seemingly inevitable decay could in fact be resisted and reversed; “the March on Rome was a turning-point in history: the mere fact that it could be done gave us our inspiration.” Of Hitler’s own almost incredible will-power all witnesses have borne testimony, and he himself claimed, with some justice, to have the strongest will in centuries: to the very end, even when all physical power had gone, he exercised, by mere will-power, an absolute authority over a whole people. Nevertheless, it was not by will-power alone that Hitler hoped to reverse the seeming inevitability of history: he planned to do it by thought also. With his coarse, powerful mind he raked and combed the centuries of human history and thrust and forced the reluctant facts into a brutal, uncritical systematic philosophy for the fulfilment of his vast designs.

How is a social revolution carried out? he asked. How is a great empire conquered by a relatively small people? How is an empire, once established, rendered permanent? To all these questions history—if read with the selective faith of a Spengler or a Toynbee—supplies the answer. All revolutions depend for their success on the capture of power by an *élite*, and the formation of such an *élite* was the function of National Socialism: the Germans were to be the *élite* of Europe and to be themselves governed by a German *élite*, the Party. A Germanic people, thus mobilised, could easily, given the will to power and dynamic leadership, conquer an empire. Look at the English, another “purely Germanic nation,” and their achievement, under their natural aristocracy—those princely, self-confident “Lords” whose vast estates (Hitler asserted) covered all England, making military manoeuvres impossible. A few thousand Englishmen had conquered and governed four hundred million Indians. Again and again Hitler’s mind reverted to the example of the English conquest of India, the origin of that maddening English self-confidence. “What India was for England,” he said, “the spaces of the East will be for us”; and then he would allow his mind to roam erroneously over the history of England and of India, subjects of which he knew nothing, but of which Ribbentrop, the great master of English affairs, and himself so like an English lord, had often informed him.

But could such a conquest be made permanent? Of course it could. Modern science, modern power, modern propaganda, made that possible. Revolution by subject peoples against a self-confident master-race, he would declare, was now quite out of the question; and again and again he would describe, in hideous detail, the methods

whereby a conquered empire could be preserved. The ruling power must recognise that subjects have no rights: "Who has, has"—that is the sum of human morality in politics; and to give arms to a subject people is even more criminal than to give them freedom: "History teaches us that all master-races have declined once they consented to arm the peoples they had conquered." As for education, let subject peoples learn German, so that they cannot pretend not to understand the orders of their masters, let them learn so much of geography as to know that Berlin is the capital of the world, and otherwise let them practice contraception (even if it means sending the Jews there to teach them) to reduce their birthrate, and be denied hospitals to increase their death rate, so that the German colonists, secure in their new strategic cities and linked with the centres of power by vast *Autobahnen*, need never fear a rising of their Helots: Such, said Hitler, is the iron rule of imperialism. When that had been established by victory, the remaining tasks would be easy. Pockets of resistance, tolerated hitherto, would be eliminated: Hitler would carry out "the Final Solution" of the Jewish problem; the old European aristocracies, the "upper-class *maffia*" of frivolous cosmopolitan reactionaries—the same people who had corrupted German diplomacy for so long and still sabotaged the Duce in Italy—would be liquidated; the Churches, by their own methods, would be supplanted (Hitler always expressed admiration for the methods, though he detested the doctrines, of the Roman Church); Christianity, with its disgusting equalitarianism, would be extirpated; and at the first report of mutiny in the Reich "the whole anti-social rabble," "a few hundred thousand men" conveniently kept in concentration camps for the purpose, would be led out to execution. Thus the German millennium would be secured.

A barbarous millennium! Hitler would not have denied it; for barbarism, he maintained, was the first basis of all culture, the only means whereby a new civilisation could replace an old. The German conquerors of the Roman Empire had been barbarians; but they had replaced an old and rotten society by the basis of a new and vigorous civilisation. Similarly, the Nazis must be barbarians to replace with their millennium the dying culture of the West. "Yes," he had declared in 1933, "we are barbarians! We want to be barbarians! It is an honorable title. We shall rejuvenate the world. This world is near its end." By "historical necessity" barbarian forces must break up decaying civilisations and "snatch the torch of life from their dying fires." The last fifteen hundred years, he casually informed Mussolini—

the years between Attila and himself, the whole span of Christian civilisation—had been a mere interruption of human development, which "is now about to resume its former character." As for culture, that, he declared in *Mein Kampf*, must wait till its basis has been established by a barbarian heroic age, as the culture of Athens and Rome thrived on the basis of the Persian and Punic Wars.¹⁰ . . . But what, we may ask, was the new Germanic culture to be like, whose institution was to justify these barbaric methods? Alas, the answer is clear. Hitler, the artist, was always willing to develop his ideas on culture. This book is full of them; narrow, materialist, trivial, half-baked, disgusting. No more words need be wasted on them. The hundred million self-confident German masters were to be brutally installed in Europe, and secured in power by a monopoly of technical civilisation and the slave-labour of a dwindling native population of neglected, diseased, illiterate *cretins*, in order that they might have leisure to huzz along infinite *Autobahnen*, admire the Strength-through-Joy Hostel, the Party headquarters, the Military Museum and the Planetarium which their Fuehrer had built in Linz (his new Hitleropolis), trot round local picture-galleries, and listen over their cream-buns to endless recordings of *The Merry Widow*. This was to be the German Millennium, from which even the imagination was to have no means of escape. "After National Socialism has lasted for some time, it will be impossible to imagine a form of life different from ours."

But before that could happen, was victory certain? All depended on that essential condition. For the struggle between Germany and Russia was to be the decisive battle of the world, like the Battle of the Catalaunian Fields between Rome and the Huns, or certain other battles which Hitler as erroneously supposed to have been decisive in history. If the Germans were to win, the millennium would indeed be theirs, but if they were to be defeated, then their defeat would also be for a millennium. For in Russia was there not another secular genius, *der geniale Stalin*, who had also carried through a great revolution, who had also imposed an new *élite* on his subject people, who had also liquidated his enemies by millions, preached a new religion to intoxicate or enslave his peoples, and aspired to the dominion of Eurasia and the world? In his hatred of "Jewish Bolshevism," his contempt for the Slavonic sub-man, Hitler never lost his admiration for that other barbarian of genius, "the crafty Caucasian," whom he saw as his only worthy enemy "a tremendous personality," "a beast, but a beast on

¹⁰ *Mein Kampf*, p. 499.

D.T. The same can be said
for the Internet

the grand scale," "half beast, half giant"—nor indeed for the communist credo and method, an ideology as powerful as his own. He preferred communists to aristocrats, Spanish Reds to the worthless Franco, that renegade creature of dukes and priests whom, in the end, out of utter contempt, he refused even to mention.¹¹ For this war, the war which Hitler was planning, the war between Germany and Russia, between Hitler and Stalin, between ideology and ideology, was to be no mere dynastic or economic war, it was to be a war of life and death, empire or annihilation, deciding the fate of centuries; a war not *against* the past—that was already dead—but between two Titans disputing its inheritance. For the dead world, and for the neuters who contracted out of the World's Debate, Hitler had only contempt; for the other Titan, as for an equal, he had some respect. But this did not mean that he would give him any quarter. In the battle for empire quarter would be neither sought nor given. In the hour of his imagined triumph Hitler declared that Russia was to be utterly destroyed, Moscow and Leningrad to be levelled with the ground, and their names and record to be forever blotted out of geography and history alike;¹² in the hour of his ultimate failure he was prepared himself to destroy Germany: "If the war is to be lost, the nation also will perish. There is no need to consider the basis even of the most primitive existence. On the contrary, it is better to destroy it, and to destroy it ourselves. The future belongs solely to the stronger Eastern nation."¹³

Such was the crucial struggle, a struggle for the history of centuries, in which Hitler saw himself as the incarnation of historical change. He had seen this problem—seen it at least since 1919; he had created the form in which it now faced the world, demanding solution; by his heroic efforts he had made a German solution of it possible; and he naturally believed that only he could carry through "that Cyclopean Task which the building of an Empire means for a single man." That meant that it must be carried through quickly, while Germany had the advantage, before Russia was ready, and, above all, while he himself was alive. "No one knows how long I shall live. Therefore," he had said in 1937, "let us have war now."¹⁴ It was his "irrevocable decision," he declared, "to solve the problem of German living-space" before 1945 at the latest. In 1941 he

duly launched his armies to the East, and the Russian armies rolled back before that terrible impact. What wonder if, at such a moment, Hitler saw all his prophecies fulfilled, the German millennium in sight, and himself so clearly established by history as the demiurge of centuries that he could write to his revered ally and exemplar, Benito Mussolini, as Titan to Titan in the birth-pangs of an age: "What I am for Germany, Duce, you are for Italy; but what we shall both be for Europe, only posterity will one day be able to judge."¹⁵ He had been just in time—"another ten or fifteen years and Russia would have been the mightiest state in the world and two or three centuries would have to pass before any new change"; but he had now carried it off: it was the German, not the Russian millennium that had come. How trivial an adventurer Napoleon now seemed to him in comparison with himself! Napoleon had surrendered to tradition, had made himself Emperor and his relatives kings, had proved himself "only a man, not a world-phenomenon." Hitler would never do that: he would never forget that he was "the practical politician and the political philosopher in one," not just Spengler or Napoleon, but Spengler and Napoleon, a "world-phenomenon"; and for a world-phenomenon suddenly "to drive through the streets of Munich as Emperor in a gilded coach" would be merely ridiculous.

Compared with this great problem—the conquest of the East and the establishment thereby of a millennial German Empire with a new racial religion to confirm its rule for ever—all other problems seemed to Hitler secondary. Even the war with the West was secondary. Long ago he had formulated his attitude to the West. The West, in spite of its victory in 1918—achieved only through the famous "Stab in the Back"—and though still powerful at this crucial moment, was, when seen in the long perspective of history, clearly in decline. It could be left to decline. Fundamentally Hitler had no interest in it. For England, indeed, he had some admiration, mixed with envy and hatred. He admired the British as a "pure Germanic people" and a conquering people. On the other hand he envied England as an upstart, self-confident world-power—what right had England to claim a history on the basis of its beggarly three hundred years compared with the thousand-year German Reich—and he hated it, as so many German nationalists have hated it, as the great Carthage which by trade had colonised the world and sought to strangle the honest land-empire of Germany. But since England and the West were anyway destined ultimately to

¹¹ Zoller, p. 162.

¹² A. Zoller, *Hitler Privat*, p. 143, cf. below pp. 5, 617, 621-2.

¹³ This statement was made to Speer in March 1945 (see *The Last*

¹⁴ Trial of the Major War Criminals, Proceedings of I.M.T. Nuremberg, 1946, I., 160, 172-3, and cf. below p. 661.

Days of Hitler, p. 92).

¹⁵ *Hitler e Mussolini, Lettere e Documenti* (Milan, 1946), p. 140.

and religion, on geography and technology, art-history and architecture.¹⁸ He himself claimed to have devoured all five hundred volumes in a Viennese book-store;¹⁹ and we know how he read, glancing first at the end, then in the middle, then—when he had some idea of its content—working systematically through it. But accumulation and memorisation is not necessarily thought, and we cannot be sure that Hitler in Vienna did more than accumulate the matter which his powerful mind afterwards arranged in a grim, erroneous system. More probably this stage came later, during the war when, as he tells us, he carried the works of Schopenhauer, the philosopher of egoism and will-power, regularly in his pocket and “learned a great deal” from them. We know, from his secretary, that he could quote Schopenhauer by the page; and the other German philosopher of will-power, Nietzsche, whose works he afterwards presented to Mussolini, was also often on his lips. The war was certainly an important experience in his life, the only period when, as he afterwards said, he had no material worries, and therefore was free to think. It is probable that his views on Eastern conquest were also formed in the war. Certainly they were at least partially formed by 1920, when he was declaring to one of his earliest audiences that the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk, by which Germany had taken from Russia some fifty per cent of its productive capacity, was, compared with the wicked Treaty of Versailles, “infinitely humane.”²⁰ Probably it was during the war also that he acquired his interest both in Frederick the Great, the type of heroic will-power, whom by 1933 he recognised as his “great exemplar,”²¹ and in Carlyle, the prophet of hero-worship. Approximately, in his last defiant stronghold, the besieged *Führer-bunker* in Berlin, Hitler sat beneath the portrait of Frederick the Great and listened to passages from Carlyle’s biography of him. Nor was Frederick the Great only a military hero to Hitler: Frederick’s cynical letters about religion and his *Theological Controversies* were also among his favourite reading. From his school-days Hitler had expressed a neurotic, indeed cheap, detestation of religion, which he often afterwards, with pitiful complacency, delighted to recall, and in his table-talk he would praise the “Solomon’s wisdom” of Frederick’s gibes and recommend them—they had already been selected and

published together in 1940²²—as compulsory reading for the notoriously religious class of generals and admirals. Hitler’s views on strategy—and already in 1932, eight years before his achievements seemed to justify the hyperbolic title of “the greatest warlord of all times,” he regarded himself as “a great strategist of a new kind, a future war-lord in a sense and to a degree hitherto unknown”²³—were, we know, largely based on Clausewitz, whose works he studied constantly in his military headquarters; but his first studies of Clausewitz had also been made before 1923, no doubt during the war. By the same time he had also read *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion*, the intellectual justification of his anti-semitism, and Houston Stewart Chamberlain’s *Foundations of the Nineteenth Century*, the avowed and recognisable basis of his racial doctrines.²⁴ Rosenberg’s *Myth of the Twentieth Century*, on the other hand, had negligible influence on Hitler, who admits that he had never been able to read it. It anyway was not published till 1930 when Hitler’s mind was formed and fixed. In these ideological matters Hitler was more practical than his own doctrinaire followers: his attitude was that of the layman in religion—he believed the general truth of the doctrine but had no patience with the theological niceties of the priests. Himmler and Rosenberg both had the outlook of priests, and Hitler laughed at them both.

But if, as seems probable, Hitler’s thinking was nourished in the years of war, it was, I suggest, in 1923, that it was finally crystallised in the systematic form deducible from this table-talk. For in 1923-24 Hitler spent a year in prison, and passed his time there not only keeping control over his temporarily disjointed party but also reading and writing. He read, above all, history. He himself, in *Mein Kampf*, ascribed his original interest in history to his school-teacher at Linz, Dr. Leopold Pötsch, to whom he paid an eloquent but apparently unrequited tribute.²⁵ Others have dismissed this statement as a mere retrospective rationalisation of an interest which Hitler in fact acquired later.²⁶ However this may be, it seems certain that in prison Hitler either plunged or re-plunged into historical reading. It was

¹⁸ By the Nordland Publishing House, Berlin, which made a specialty of anti-clerical works.

¹⁹ *Hitler Speaks*, pp. 17, 19.

²⁰ *Mein Kampf*, pp. 544-5, 258 (cf. *Hitler Speaks*, pp. 235-8), 227.

²¹ According to Thomas Orr, *Das war Hitler* (*Revue*, Munich No. 41/1952) Dr. Pötsch, on receiving two handsome, personally inscribed copies of *Mein Kampf* from Hitler, acknowledged them formally and gave them away to a monastery library.

²² Greiner, p. 53.

¹⁸ Josef Greiner, *Das Ende des Hitler Mythos* (Vienna, 1947), p. 83.

¹⁹ Zoller, p. 36.

²⁰ *Mein Kampf*, p. 389.

²¹ *Hitler Speaks*, p. 258.

then, he afterwards said, "that I had leisure to give a historical basis to my philosophy," then that he "deepened various notions previously based on instinct only," then that he discovered his mission, his "fearless faith and unshakeable confidence in our destiny," then that—by a study (as he admitted²⁷) of Marxist methods, he evolved the plan which he afterwards so skillfully executed, of a *coup d'état* from within. Schopenhauer's doctrine of the will, Lenin's theory of the capture of power, and Dr. Pötsch's teaching of history were all fused together into a consistent philosophy during that year of imprisonment—a year, like the years in the Army, free from material worries—during which the Wagnerians also solaced the prisoner and Houston Stewart Chamberlain, the son-in-law of Wagner and prophet of racialism, wrote "so kindly" to him. Nor was this the only personal solace he received in that crucial year. Earlier in 1923 he had met for the first time a devoted disciple who now shared his cell and with whom he must often have discussed, and in discussion formulated, his ideas: Rudolf Hess. Now Rudolf Hess did not only come to Hitler as a companion, an amanuensis, a disciple: he was also, in some sense, a teacher. For Hess had lately been studying at Munich University and had been the pupil and friend and enthusiastic follower—he was afterwards to be the assistant—of Professor Karl Haushofer; and Haushofer, as head of the new Geopolitical Institute at Munich, had taken up and was now popularising in Germany those doctrines of Eurasian land-power which, derived from Mackinder, and advanced as the basis of Russo-German agreement, were soon found applicable to a very different purpose: the conquest of the East.

The result of Hitler's period of intellectual gestation in prison and his association with Hess was, first, *Mein Kampf*, which Hitler dictated and Hess wrote down and, secondly, an unpublished book by Hitler on foreign policy of which the text has not seen the light but which, we know, advocated peace with England and therefore probably war with Russia, and which Hitler evidently showed to one man only, Rudolf Hess.²⁸ That Hess was a channel whereby Haushofer's geopolitical ideas were conveyed to Hitler's mind, there to be transformed into the doctrine of Eastern *Lebensraum*, seems to me almost certain. That doctrine, fully developed, was placed, as a "political testament," at the end of *Mein Kampf*. It remained Hitler's political testament to the end. The last

back the body of Hector. The Christian crusader rests on his sculptured tomb, the priests sing for his soul, and by his will an almshouse is founded

to relief of lazars and weak age
of indigent faint souls past corporal toil;

an illusion is perhaps perpetuated, but humanity is served and art prolonged. To Hitler such a world was not only unintelligible but inconceivable: "hating all idealism, he found it quite normal that the bodies of his political prisoners should be burnt and their ashes used by his SS-guards to manure their gardens." Naturally such a man, in his reading and talking, felt no need of the humanities. "Though he ranged over almost every field of human thought," says his secretary, "I nevertheless felt that something was missing. Even now I cannot exactly define it. But it seems to me that his spate of words lacked the human note, the spiritual quality of a cultivated man. In his library he had no classic work, no single book on which the human spirit had left its trace."²⁹ And yet this spiritual dust-bowl, this earthbound, ignoble cynic, called himself an artist; fancied that the cultivated Popes of the Renaissance would have found him a congenial companion, and uttered his pert and trivial dogmas on the works of the spirit as if he had returned from meditation on Helicon.

Such, then,—if we can see past the decomposing intellectual litter around it—was Hitler's mind, as it emerged from the crystallising experiences of his year in the Landsberg prison; such its ruthless systematising power, such its dreadful human nakedness. From that date, at it seems to me, it was fixed: in the next twenty-one years it expressed itself in action. The experience of the *Kampfzeit*, the wider range of activity both before and after the *Machtergreifung* of January 1933, must have added illustrative detail; contact with the clear organising intelligence of Goebbels—whom Hitler had first met in 1922—no doubt sharpened its outlines and perhaps supplied a more intellectual basis to his social thinking; the mere practice of these soliloquies must also have supplied many missing links and greased, as it were, the working of his ideas; but substantially, in its basic philosophy and its ultimate aims, the mind remained constant: a terrible phenomenon, imposing indeed in its granitic harshness and yet infinitely squalid in its miscellaneous cumber—like some huge barbarian monolith, the expression of giant strength and savage genius, surrounded by a festering heap of re-

²⁹ Zoller, p. 115, 49.

²⁷ Hitler Speaks, pp. 19, 185-236.

²⁸ Zoller, pp. 155-6. The book (which was written in 1925) is mentioned by Hitler, below, p. 305.

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INTRODUCTION

fuse—old tins and dead vermin, ashes and eggshells and ordure,—the intellectual *detritus* of centuries. Every glimpse that we have of it in those years—in *Mein Kampf* in 1924, in Rauschning's versions of the table-talk of 1933, in occasional secret speeches of which the record has survived, and now in this complete record of the table-talk of 1941-44—shows its consistency. Clearest of all, by reason of its range and the triumphant circumstances of its delivery, is this table-talk: the self-revelation of the most formidable among the "terrible simplifiers" of history, the most systematic, the most historical, the most philosophical, and yet the coarsest, crullest, least magnanimous conqueror the world has ever known.

Part One

1941

5th July—31st December

1. Saturday, 5th July 1941

Aryans and Russians—Necessity of the mailed fist in Russia—Deterioration of soil.

What we need is a collective view of people's wish to live and manner of living.

We must distinguish between the Fascist popular movement and the popular movement in Russia. The Fascist movement is a spontaneous return to the traditions of ancient Rome. The Russian movement has an essential tendency towards anarchy.

By instinct, the Russian does not incline towards a higher form of society. Certain peoples can live in such a way that with them a collection of family units does not make a whole; and although Russia has set up a social system which, judged by Western standards, qualifies for the designation "State," it is not in fact, a system which is either congenial or natural to her.

It is true that, in a sense, every product of human culture, every work gifted with beauty can be born only of the effect of the constraint which we call education.

The Aryan peoples are peoples who are particularly active. A man like Krümel works from morning to night; such-and-such another person never stops thinking. In the same way, the Italian is as diligent as an ant (*bienenfleissig*). In the eyes of the Russian, the principal support of civilisation is vodka. His ideal consists in never doing anything but the indispensable. Our conception of work (work, and then more of it!) is one that he submits to as if it were a real curse.

tery of nature, and announcing that he would soon have dominion over space. But a simple storm is enough—and everything collapses like a pack of cards!

In any case, we shall learn to become familiar with the laws by which life is governed, and acquaintance with the laws of nature will guide us on the path of progress. As for the *why* of these laws, we shall never know anything about it. A thing is so, and our understanding cannot conceive of other schemes.

Man has discovered in nature the wonderful notion of that all-mighty being whose law he worships.

Fundamentally in everyone there is the feeling for this all-mighty, which we call God (that is to say, the dominion of natural laws throughout the whole universe). The priests, who have always succeeded in exploiting this feeling, threaten punishments for the man who refuses to accept the creed they impose.

When one provokes in a child a fear of the dark, one awakens in him a feeling of atavistic dread. Thus this child will be ruled all his life by this dread, whereas another child, who has been intelligently brought up, will be free of it.

It's said that every man needs a refuge where he can find consolation and help in unhappiness. I don't believe it! If humanity follows that path, it's solely a matter of tradition and habit. That's a lesson, by the way, that can be drawn from the Bolshevik front. The Russians have no God, and that doesn't prevent them from being able to face death.

We don't want to educate anyone in atheism.

4. Night of 11th-12th July 1941

National Socialism and religion cannot exist together—No persecution of religions, let them wither of themselves—Bolshevism, the illegitimate child of Christianity—Origin of the Spartan gruel—The Latvian morons—Stalin, one of history's most remarkable figures.

When National Socialism has ruled long enough, it will no longer be possible to conceive of a form of life different from ours.

- In the long run, National Socialism and religion will no longer be able to exist together.

On a question from C.S., whether this antagonism might mean a war, the Fuehrer continued:

No, it does not mean a war. The ideal solution would be to leave the religions to devour themselves, without persecutions. But in that case we must not replace the Church by something equivalent. That would be terrifying! It goes without saying that the whole thing needs a lot of thought. Everything will occur in due time. It is a simple question of honesty; that's what it will finally boil down to.

In England, the status of the individual in relation to the Church is governed by considerations of State. In America, it's all purely a matter of conformism.

The German people's especial quality is patience; and it's the only one of the peoples capable of undertaking a revolution in this sphere. It could do it, if only for the reason that only the German people has made moral law the governing principle of action.

The heaviest blow that ever struck humanity was the coming of Christianity. Bolshevism is Christianity's illegitimate child. Both are inventions of the Jew. The deliberate lie in the matter of religion was introduced into the world by Christianity. Bolshevism practises a lie of the same nature, when it claims to bring liberty to men, whereas in reality it seeks only to enslave them. In the ancient world, the relations between men and gods were founded on an instinctive respect. It was a world enlightened by the idea of tolerance. Christianity was the first creed in the world to exterminate its adversaries in the name of love. Its key-note is intolerance.

Without Christianity, we should not have had Islam. The Roman Empire, under Germanic influence, would have developed in the direction of world-domination, and humanity would not have extinguished fifteen centuries of civilisation at a single stroke.

Let it not be said that Christianity brought man the life of the soul, for that evolution was in the natural order of things.

The result of the collapse of the Roman Empire was a night that lasted for centuries.

The Romans had no dislike of the Germans. This is shown by the mere fact that blond hair was fashionable with them. Amongst the Goths there were many men with dark hair.

The Italian, Spanish, French and English dialects were created by mixtures of local languages with the linguistic elements imported by the migrant peoples. At first they were mere vernaculars, until a poet was found who forged the nation's language. It takes five or six centuries for a language to be born.

The conqueror of a country is forced to adapt himself

of that, a million bourgeois—and, to crown the lot, thousands of gentlefolk who, without trouble to themselves, reaped the fruit of other people's toil. For this ruling caste, Germany's appearance on the scene was a disaster. As soon as we started our economic ascent, England's doom was sealed. It is quite certain that in future England's Empire won't be able to exist without the support of Germany.

I believe that the end of this war will mark the beginning of a durable friendship with England. But first we must give her the k.o.—for only so can we live at peace with her, and the Englishman can only respect someone who has first knocked him out.

The memory of 1918 must be obliterated.

G.D. asked the Fuehrer whether Germany was fortified against the dangers of over-easy living, which were threatening to be the ruin of England.

Yes, and that's why I pay attention to the arts. Amongst the English, culture, like sport, is a privilege of good society. Just imagine, in no country is Shakespeare so badly acted as in England. They love music, but their love is not returned! Besides, they have no thinker of genius. What does the National Gallery mean there, to the mass of the people? It's like their social reform. It wasn't called for, like German reform, by the needs of conscience, but solely by reasons of State.

At Bayreuth one meets more Frenchmen than Englishmen. Quote me the example of a single theatre in England where work is done that compares with the work we do in hundreds of theatres.

But I've met a lot of Englishmen and Englishwomen whom I respect. Let's not think too much about those whom we know, with whom we've had those deceptive official dealings—they're not men. Despite everything, it's only with the people that we can associate.

7. Night of 24th-25th July 1941

The qualities of the German soldier—SS losses pay dividends—Weaknesses of the German High Command in 1914-18.

I can say that I've never doubted the qualities of the German soldier—which is more than I can say even of some of the chiefs of the Wehrmacht.

The German army is technically the most perfect in the

world; and the German soldier, in a moment of crisis, is safer and sounder than any other soldier. I'm truly happy that it has been granted to me to see, in my lifetime, the German soldier rewarded by Providence. For an élite force, like our SS, it's great luck to have suffered comparatively heavy losses. In this way, it's assured of the necessary prestige to intervene, if need be, on the home front—which, of course, won't be necessary. But it's good to know that one disposes of a force that could show itself capable of doing so, on occasion.

It's marvellous to see how our Gauleiters are everywhere in the breach.

I cannot tell you how greatly I suffered, during the Great War, from the weaknesses of our command. In a military sense we were not at all clever, and in a political sense we were so clumsy that I had a constant longing to intervene. If I'd been Reich Chancellor at the period, in three months' time I'd have cut the throat of all obstruction, and I'd have reasserted our power.

If I were twenty to twenty-five years younger, I'd be in the front line. I passionately loved soldiering.

8. Friday, 25th July 1941, midday

Rumania must become an agricultural country.

Rumania would do well to give up, as far as possible, the idea of having her own industry. She would direct the wealth of her soil, and especially her wheat, towards the German market. She would receive from us, in exchange, the manufactured goods she needs. Bessarabia is a real granary. Thus the Rumanian proletariat, which is contaminated by Bolshevism, would disappear, and the country would never lack anything. I must own that King Carol has worked in that direction.

9. Friday, 25th July 1941, evening

Anglo-American rivalries.

England and America will one day have a war with one another, which will be waged with the greatest hatred imaginable. One of the two countries will have to disappear.

10. Saturday, 26th July 1941, night

Monarchy is doomed.

have to be constantly on the alert. What a chance for men from the Party!

We must pay the price for our experiences, of course. Mistakes are inevitable, but what difference do they make if in ten years I can be told that Danzig, Alsace and Lorraine are now German! What will it matter then if it can be added that three or four mistakes have been made at Colmar, and five or six in other places? Let's take the responsibilities for these mistakes, and save the provinces! In ten years we'll have formed an élite, of whom we'll know that we can count on them whenever there are new difficulties to master.

We'll produce from it all a new type of man, a race of rulers, a breed of viceroys. Of course, there'll be no question of using people like that in the West!

14. 2nd August 1941, midday

Plutocracy and the Saxon proletariat—An incredibly stupid bourgeoisie—The Kaiser and the working people—Bismarck was right—A hit at some Communists.

There's nothing astonishing about the fact that Communism had its strongest bastion in Saxony, or that it took us time to win over the Saxon workers to our side. Nor is it astonishing that they are now counted amongst our most loyal supporters. The Saxon bourgeoisie was incredibly narrow-minded. These people insisted that we were mere Communists. Anyone who proclaims the right to social equality for the masses is a Bolshevik! The way in which they exploited the home worker was unimaginable. It's a real crime to have turned the Saxon workers into proletarians. There was a ruling plutocracy in those parts comparable to what still exists to-day in England. Recruiting for the Wehrmacht enabled us to observe the progressive lowering of the quality of the human material in this region. I don't blame the small man for turning Communist; but I blame the intellectual who did nothing but exploit other people's poverty for other ends. When one thinks of that riff-raff of a bourgeoisie, even to-day one sees red.

The masses followed the only course possible. The worker took no part in national life. When a monument was unveiled to the memory of Bismarck, or when a ship was launched, no delegation of workers was ever invited—only the frock-coats and uniforms. For me, the top hat is the signature of the bourgeois. I sometimes entertain myself by

rummaging through old back-numbers of the *Woche*. I have a collection of them. It's truly instructive to plunge one's nose in them. At the launching of a ship, nothing but top-hats, even after the revolution! The people were invited to such festivities only as stage extras. The Kaiser received a delegation of workers *just once*. He gave them a fine scolding, threatening simply to withdraw the Imperial favour from them! At their local meetings, I suppose the delegates had plenty of time in which to draw their conclusions from the Imperial speech. When war came, the harm had been done, and it was too late to go into reverse. Moreover, people were too cowardly to crush Social Democracy. It's what Bismarck wanted to do, but with the corollary of good social legislation. If they'd followed that path systematically, it would have led us to our goal in less than twenty years.

Thaelmann is the very type of those mediocrities who can't act otherwise than as they have acted. He's not as intelligent as Torgler, for example. He's a narrow-minded man. That's why I let Torgler go free, whilst I had to keep Thaelmann locked up, not in revenge, but to prevent him from being a nuisance. As soon as the danger in Russia has been removed, I'll let *him* go, too. I don't need to lock up the Social Democrats. Indeed, all I ever had to fear from them was that they might find some base abroad to support their attacks on us.

Our pact with Russia never implied that we might be led to adopt a different attitude towards the danger within. Taken by themselves, I find our Communists a thousand times more sympathetic than Starbemberg, say. They were sturdy fellows. Pity they didn't stay a little longer in Russia. They would have come back completely cured.

15. 2nd August 1941, during dinner

Lawyers and their potential prey—Corporal punishment—Simplification of deterrents.

In the same way as owners of moors take care, a long time in advance, of the game they'll kill in the shooting-season, so lawyers take care of the criminal class.

The greatest vice of our penal system is the exaggerated importance attached to a first sentence. Corporal punishment would often be much better than a term of imprisonment. In prison and in penitentiary establishments, the delinquent is at too good a school. The old lags he meets there teach him, first that he was stupid to be caught, and secondly to do better next time. All that his stay in prison amounts to

theory that we began the campaign, and the ensuing events have proved me right.

America, even if she were to set furiously to work for four years, would not succeed in replacing the material that the Russian army has lost up to the present.

If America lends her help to England, it is with the secret thought of bringing the moment nearer when she will reap her inheritance.

I shall no longer be there to see it, but I rejoice on behalf of the German people at the idea that one day we will see England and Germany marching together against America.

Germany and England will know what each of them can expect of her partner, and then we shall have found the ally whom we need. They have an unexampled cheek, these English! It doesn't prevent me from admiring them. In this sphere, they still have a lot to teach us.

If there is anyone who is praying for the success of our arms, it must be the Shah of Persia. As soon as we drop in on him, he'll have nothing more to fear from England.

The first thing to do is to conclude a treaty of friendship with Turkey, and to leave it to her to guard the Dardanelles. No foreign power has any business in that part of the world.

As regards economic organisation, we are still only at the first fruits, and I can imagine how wonderful it will be to have the task of organising the economy of Europe. To give only one example, what couldn't we gain by successfully recovering the vapours produced by the manufacture of gas for lighting—vapours that at present are wasted? We could use them for warming green-houses, and all winter long we could keep our cities supplied with vegetables and fresh fruit. Nothing is lovelier than horticulture.

I believed until now that our army could not exist without meat. I've just learnt that the armies of ancient times had recourse to meat only in times of scarcity, that the feeding of the Roman armies was almost entirely based on cereals.

If one considers all the creative forces dormant in the European space (Germany, England, the Nordic countries, Italy), what are the American potentialities by comparison?

England is proud of the will shown by the Dominions to stand by the Empire. Doubtless there is something fine about such an attitude, but this will holds good only in so far as the central power is capable of imposing it.

The fact that in the new Reich there will be only one

army, one SS, one administration, will produce an extraordinary effect of power.

In the same way as an old city, enclosed in its ancient walls, necessarily has a different structure from that of the new districts on the periphery, so we shall have to govern the new spaces by other methods than those current in the present Reich. It goes without saying that there should be no uniformity except in the essential matters.

As regards Austria, it was the proper solution to destroy the centralised State, to the detriment of Vienna, and re-establish the provinces. In this way innumerable points of friction were removed. Each of the Gaue is happy to be its own master.

The arms of the future? In the first place, the land army, then aviation and, in the third place only, the navy.

Aviation is the youngest arm. In a few years it has made remarkable progress, but one can't yet say it has reached the apogee of its possibilities.

The navy, on the contrary, has not changed, so to speak, since the first World War. There is something tragic in the fact that the battleship, that monument of human ingenuity, has lost its entire *raison d'être* because of the development of aviation. It reminds one of that marvel of technique and art which the armament of a knight and his horse—the cuirass and the caparison—used to be at the end of the Middle Ages.

What's more, the construction of a battleship represents the value of a thousand bombers—and what a huge amount of time! When the silent torpedo has been invented, a hundred aircraft will mean the death of a cruiser. Now already, no big warship can any longer remain in one harbour.

18. Night of 19th-20th August 1941

*The virtues of war—Ten to fifteen million more
Germans—War and human fecundity—Autocracy
in Europe.*

For the good of the German people, we must wish for a war every fifteen or twenty years. An army whose sole purpose is to preserve peace leads only to playing at soldiers—compare Sweden and Switzerland. Or else it constitutes a revolutionary danger to its own country.

If I am reproached with having sacrificed a hundred or two thousand men by reason of the war, I can answer

that, thanks to what I have done, the German nation has gained, up to the present, more than two million five hundred thousand human beings. If I demand a tenth of this as a sacrifice, nevertheless I have given 90 per cent. I hope that in ten years there will be from ten to fifteen millions more of us Germans in the world. Whether they are men or women, it matters little: I am creating conditions favourable to growth.

Many great men were the sixth or seventh children of their family. When such-and-such a man, whom one knows, dies, one knows what one has lost. But does one know what one loses by the limitation of births? The man killed before he is born—that remains the enigma.

Wars drive the people to proliferation, they teach us not to fall into the error of being content with a single child in each family.

It's not tolerable that the life of the peoples of the Continent should depend upon England. The Ukraine, and then the Volga basin, will one day be the granaries of Europe. We shall reap much more than what actually grows from the soil. It must not be forgotten that, from the time of the Tsars, Russia, with her hundred and seventy million people, has never suffered from famine. We shall also keep Europe supplied with iron. If one day Sweden declines to supply any more iron, that's all right. We'll get it from Russia. The industry of Belgium will be able to exchange its products—cheap articles of current consumption—against the grain from those parts. As for the poor working-class families of Thuringia and the Harz mountains, for example, they'll find vast possibilities there.

In the regions we occupy in the Ukraine, the population is crowding into the churches. I'd see no harm in that if, as is the case at present, the Masses were held by old Russian peasants. It would be different if they had priests, and as for those, we shall have to deliberate whether to let them come back. According to a report I've been reading, the Russian opposition thinks it can use the clergy as a base of departure for Pan-Slav activities.

19, Night of 14th-15th September 1941

*Criminals in war-time—Attempted assassinations in the occupied territories—The habits of the Jurists—
A path of extreme difficulty.*

The triumph of gangsterdom in 1918 can be explained. During four years of war great gaps were formed amongst the best of us. And whilst we were at the front, criminality flourished at home. Death sentences were very rare, and in short all that needed to be done was to open the gates of the prisons when it was necessary to find leaders for the revolutionary masses.

I've ordered Himmler, in the event of there some day being reason to fear troubles back at home, to liquidate everything he finds in the concentration camps. Thus at a stroke the revolution would be deprived of its leaders.

The old Reich knew already how to act with firmness in the occupied areas. That's how attempts at sabotage to the railways in Belgium were punished by Count von der Goltz. He had all the villages burnt within a radius of several kilometres, after having had all the mayors shot, the men imprisoned and the women and children evacuated. There were three or four acts of violence in all, then nothing more happened. It's true that in 1918 the population adopted a hostile attitude towards German troops going up into the line. I remember a Town Major who urged us to continue on our way when we wanted to chastise some blighters who stuck out their tongues at us. The troops could easily have settled such incidents, but the lawyers always took the side of the population. I can't say how I hate that artificial notion of law.

Nowadays it's the same thing. During the campaign in Poland, the lawyers tried to blame the troops because the latter had shot sixty civilians in a region where wounded soldiers had been massacred. In such a case, a lawyer opens legal proceedings against X. His enquiry leads nowhere, of course, for nobody has ever seen anything, and if anyone knows the guilty man, he'll take good care not to inform against a "member of the Resistance."

Lawyers cannot understand that in exceptional times new laws become valid. I shall be interested to know whether they'll pass the death sentence on that madman who set fire to the *Bremen*—deliberately, it's said, from a liking for setting things alight. I've given instructions for the event of the man's not being condemned to death. He's to be shot immediately.

The prosecutor usually demands the death penalty, but the judges, when in doubt, always find extenuating circumstances. Thus, when the law prescribes as penalty either death, imprisonment for life, penal servitude or a term of imprisonment, it's usually the last of these penalties that they select.

For Party receptions, the best notion is the cold buffet. Kindred spirits form groups. You can change places to chat, and move from one companion to another. This notion also puts an end to competition for the places of honour, such as is required by the classical method of arranging the table.

23. 22nd September 1941, evening

The frontiers of Europe and Asia—Success justifies everything—Our right to fertile lands—The Russian flood must be dammed—Suicide candidates—The beau-monde—National Socialism must not ape religion.

It's absurd to try to suppose that the frontier between the two separate worlds of Europe and Asia is marked by a chain of not very high mountains—and the long chain of the Urals is no more than that. One might just as well decree that the frontier is marked by one of the great Russian rivers. No, geographically Asia penetrates into Europe without any sharp break.

The real frontier is the one that separates the Germanic world from the Slav world. It's our duty to place it where we want it to be.

If anyone asks us where we obtain the right to extend the Germanic space to the East, we reply that, for a nation, her awareness of what she represents carries this right with it. It's success that justifies everything. The reply to such a question can only be of an empirical nature.

It's inconceivable that a higher people should painfully exist on a soil too narrow for it, whilst amorphous masses, which contribute nothing to civilisation, occupy infinite tracts of a soil that is one of the richest in the world. We painfully wrest a few metres from the sea, we torment ourselves cultivating marshes—and in the Ukraine an inexhaustibly fertile soil, with a thickness, in places, of ten metres of humus, lies waiting for us.

We must create conditions for our people that favour its multiplication, and we must at the same time build a dike against the Russian flood.

If this war had not taken place, the Reich would scarcely have increased its population during the next ten years, but the Russian population would have grown vigorously.

The earth continues to go round, whether it's the man who kills the tiger or the tiger who eats the man. The stronger asserts his will, it's the law of nature. The world doesn't change; its laws are eternal.

There are some who say the world is evil, and that they wish to depart from this life. For my part, I like the world! Unless the desire to die is due to a lover's quarrel, I advise the desperate man to have patience for a year. The consolations will come. But if a human being has any other reason to wish to die than this, then let him die, I'm not stopping him. I merely call attention to the fact that one cannot escape this world entirely. The elements of which our body is made belong to the cycle of nature; and as for our soul, it's possible that it might return to limbo, until it gets an opportunity to reincarnate itself. But it would vex me if everybody wanted to have done with life.

To make death easier for people, the Church holds out to them the bait of a better world. We, for our part, confine ourselves to asking man to fashion his life worthily. For this, it is sufficient for him to conform to the laws of nature. Let's seek inspiration in these principles, and in the long run we'll triumph over religion.

But there will never be any possibility of National Socialism's setting out to ape religion by establishing a form of worship. Its one ambition must be scientifically to construct a doctrine that is nothing more than a homage to reason.

Our duty is to teach men to see whatever is lovely and truly wonderful in life, and not to become prematurely ill-tempered and spiteful. We wish fully to enjoy what is beautiful, to cling to it—and to avoid, as far as possible, anything that might do harm to people like ourselves.

If to-day you do harm to the Russians, it is so as to avoid giving them the opportunity of doing harm to us.

God does not act differently. He suddenly hurls the masses of humanity on to the earth, and he leaves it to each one to work out his own salvation. Men dispossess one another, and one perceives that, at the end of it all, it is always the stronger who triumphs. Is that not the most reasonable order of things?

If it were otherwise, nothing good would ever have existed. If we did not respect the laws of nature, imposing our will by the right of the stronger, a day would come when the wild animals would once again devour us—then the insects would eat the wild animals, and finally nothing would exist on earth but the microbes.

once exploits the situation and blackmails one. How could we have paid for the wheat we'd have imported from America? Even for foodstuffs, it wouldn't work! And much less so as regards industrial products.

It would be a wise policy for Europe to give up the desire to export to the whole world. The white race has itself destroyed its world commerce. The European economy has lost its outlets in other continents. Our manufacturing costs prevent us from meeting foreign competition.

Whenever it may be, we are so handicapped that it's impossible to gain a footing anywhere. For the few articles that foreigners still need, there's a cut-throat struggle between the suppliers. To gain access to these markets, one must pay such premiums that it represents a disproportionate effort for our economy. Only new inventions sometimes enable one to do a little business.

To their misfortune, the English have industrialised India. Unemployment in England is increasing, and the English worker gets poorer.

To think that there are millions of unemployed in America! What they should do there is to embark on a revolutionary new economic policy, abandon the gold standard and further increase the needs of their home market.

Germany is the only country that has no unemployment. And that hangs together with the fact that we are not slaves to the need to export.

The country we are engaged in conquering will be a source of raw materials for us, and a market for our products, but we shall take good care not to industrialise it.

The peasant is the being least of all accessible to ideologies. If I offer him land in Russia, a river of human beings will rush there headlong. For a man of the soil, the finest country is the one that yields the finest crops. In twenty years' time, European emigration will no longer be directed towards America, but eastwards.

The Black Sea will be for us a sea whose wealth our fishermen will never exhaust. Thanks to the cultivation of the soya bean, we'll increase our livestock. We'll win from that soil several times as much as the Ukrainian peasant is winning at present.

We'll be freed from the worry of having to seek outlets for our goods in the Far East. For our market is in Russia. We must make sure of it. We'll supply cotton goods, household utensils, all the articles of current consumption. The need for them is so great that we shan't succeed in ourselves producing all that will be necessary.

I see there the greatest possibilities for the creation of an empire of world-wide importance.

My plan is that we should take profits on whatever comes our way. But I insist on the fact that it's on our own soil that we must organise the production of whatever is vitally essential. The countries that work in harmony with us will be associated with all the positive contributions they can make. All deliveries of machines, even if they're made abroad, will have to pass through a German middleman, in such a way that Russia will be supplied with no means of production whatsoever, except of absolute necessities.

Two-thirds of American engineers are German. During our centuries of life under particularist conditions, a great number of our compatriots were thrust back in upon themselves, and although they had the souls of leaders, they vegetated. When we can offer great tasks to such men, we'll be surprised to discover their immense qualities.

For the next centuries, we have at our disposal an unequalled field of action.

26. Night of 25th-26th September 1941

*An unparalleled epoch—Talking to the soldiers—
The individual does not count—Preservation of the
species.*

I've been thrilled by our contemporary newsfilms. We are experiencing a heroic epic, without precedent in history.

Perhaps it was like this during the first World War, but nobody was able to get a clear picture.

I'm extremely happy to have witnessed such deeds.

I'm told that the reason why my speech made such an impression is that I don't coin rhetorical phrases. I could never make the mistake of beginning a speech with the words: "There is no fairer death in the world..." For I know the reality, and I also know how the soldier feels about it.

The revelation that her encounter with her first man is for a young woman, can be compared with the revelation that a soldier knows when he faces war for the first time. In a few days a youth becomes a man.

If I weren't myself hardened by this experience, I would have been incapable of undertaking this Cyclopean task which the building of an Empire means for a single man.

It was with feelings of pure idealism that I set out for the front in 1914. Then I saw men falling around me in thou-

What is alpha! What is Omega — How primary is alpha —
82 HOW TO RELAX

every operation has to be studied and thought over at length. It sometimes takes up to six months for the thought to be elaborated and made precise. Doubtless the time will come when I shall no longer have to concern myself with the war or the Eastern front, for it will be only a matter of carrying out what has been already foreseen and ordered. Thus, while these operations are being completed, I shall be able to devote my mind to other problems.

What is fortunate for me is that I know how to relax. Before going to bed I spend some time on architecture, I look at pictures, I take an interest in things entirely different from those that have been occupying my mind throughout the day. Otherwise I wouldn't be able to sleep.

What would happen to me if I didn't have around me men whom I completely trust, to do the work for which I can't find time? Hard men, who act as energetically as I would do myself. For me the best man is the man who removes the most from my shoulders, the man who can take 95 per cent of the decisions in my place. Of course, there are always cases in which I have to take the final decision myself.

I couldn't say whether my feeling that I am indispensable has been strengthened during this war. One thing is certain, that without me the decisions to which we to-day owe our existence would not have been taken.

39. 14th October 1941, midday

SPECIAL GUEST: REICHSFUEHRER HIMMLER

Disadvantages of a Concordat with the Churches
—Difficulty of compromising with a lie—No truck with religion for the Party—Antagonism of dogma and science—Let Christianity die slowly—The metaphysical needs of the soul—No State religion—Freedom of belief.

It may be asked whether concluding a concordat with the churches wouldn't facilitate our exercise of power.

On this subject one may make the following remarks:

Firstly, in this way the authority of the State would be vitiated by the fact of the intervention of a third power concerning which it is impossible to say how long it would

And how profoundly it adorns the Omega —
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remain reliable. In the case of the Anglican Church, this objection does not arise, for England knows she can depend on her Church. But what about the Catholic Church? Wouldn't we be running the risk of her one day going into reverse after having put herself at the service of the State solely in order to safeguard her power? If one day the State's policy ceased to suit Rome or the clergy, the priests would turn against the State, as they are doing now. History provides examples that should make us careful.

Secondly, there is also a question of principle. Trying to take a long view of things, is it conceivable that one could found anything durable on falsehood? When I think of our people's future, I must look further than immediate advantages, even if these advantages were to last three hundred, five hundred years or more. I'm convinced that any pact with the Church can offer only a provisional benefit, for sooner or later the scientific spirit will disclose the harmful character of such a compromise. Thus the State will have based its existence on a foundation that one day will collapse.

An educated man retains the sense of the mysteries of nature and bows before the unknowable. An uneducated man, on the other hand, runs the risk of going over to atheism (which is a return to the state of the animal) as soon as he perceives that the State, in sheer opportunism, is making use of false ideas in the matter of religion, whilst in other fields it bases everything on pure science.

That's why I've always kept the Party aloof from religious questions. I've thus prevented my Catholic and Protestant supporters from forming groups against one another, and inadvertently knocking each other out with the Bible and the sprinkler. So we never became involved with these Churches' forms of worship. And if that has momentarily made my task a little more difficult, at least I've never run the risk of carrying grist to my opponents' mill. The help we would have provisionally obtained from a concordat would have quickly become a burden on us. In any case, the main thing is to be clever in this matter and not to look for a struggle where it can be avoided.

Being weighed down by a superstitious past, men are afraid of things that can't, or can't yet, be explained—that is to say, of the unknown. If anyone has needs of a metaphysical nature, I can't satisfy them with the Party's programme. Time will go by until the moment when science can answer all the questions.

So it's not opportune to hurl ourselves now into a struggle with the Churches. The best thing is to let Christianity

primary outside the whole of his people, as a great but unknown power in the background

die a natural death. A slow death has something comforting about it. The dogma of Christianity gets worn away before the advances of science. Religion will have to make more and more concessions. Gradually the myths crumble. All that's left is to prove that in nature there is no frontier between the organic and the inorganic. When understanding of the universe has become widespread, when the majority of men know that the stars are not sources of light but worlds, perhaps inhabited worlds like ours, then the Christian doctrine will be convicted of absurdity.

Originally, religion was merely a prop for human communities. It was a means, not an end in itself. It's only gradually that it became transformed in this direction, with the object of maintaining the rule of the priests, who can live only to the detriment of society collectively.

The instructions of a hygienic nature that most religions gave, contributed to the foundation of organised communities. The precepts ordering people to wash, to avoid certain drinks, to fast at appointed dates, to take exercise, to rise with the sun, to climb to the top of the minaret—all these were obligations invented by intelligent people. The exhortation to fight courageously is also self-explanatory. Observe, by the way, that, as a corollary, the Mussulman was promised a paradise peopled with hours, where wine flowed in streams—a real earthly paradise. The Christians, on the other hand, declare themselves satisfied if after their death they are allowed to sing Hallelujahs! All these elements contributed to form human communities. It is to these private customs that peoples owe their present characters.

Christianity, of course, has reached the peak of absurdity in this respect. And that's why one day its structure will collapse. Science has already impregnated humanity. Consequently, the more Christianity clings to its dogmas, the quicker it will decline.

But one must continue to pay attention to another aspect of the problem. It's possible to satisfy the needs of the inner life by an intimate communion with nature, or by knowledge of the past. Only a minority, however, at the present stage of the mind's development, can feel the respect inspired by the unknown, and thus satisfy the metaphysical needs of the soul. The average human being has the same needs, but can satisfy them only by elementary means. That's particularly true of women, as also of peasants who impotently watch the destruction of their crops. The person

whose life tends to simplification is thirsty for belief, and he dimly clings to it with all his strength.

Nobody has the right to deprive simple people of their childish certainties until they've acquired others that are more reasonable. Indeed, it's most important that the higher belief should be well established in them before the lower belief has been removed. We must finally achieve this. But it would serve no purpose to replace an old belief by a new one that would merely fill the place left vacant by its predecessor.

It seems to me that nothing would be more foolish than to re-establish the worship of Wotan. Our old mythology had ceased to be viable when Christianity implanted itself. Nothing dies unless it is moribund. At that period the ancient world was divided between the systems of philosophy and the worship of idols. It's not desirable that the whole of humanity should be stultified—and the only way of getting rid of Christianity is to allow it to die little by little.

A movement like ours mustn't let itself be drawn into metaphysical digressions. It must stick to the spirit of exact science. It's not the Party's function to be a counterfeit for religion.

If, in the course of a thousand or two thousand years, science arrives at the necessity of renewing its points of view, that will not mean that science is a liar. Science cannot lie, for it's always striving, according to the momentary state of knowledge, to deduce what is true. When it makes a mistake, it does so in good faith. It's Christianity that's the liar. It's in perpetual conflict with itself.

One may ask whether the disappearance of Christianity would entail the disappearance of belief in God. That's not to be desired. The notion of divinity gives most men the opportunity to concretise the feeling they have of supernatural realities. Why should we destroy this wonderful power they have of incarnating the feeling for the divine that is within them?

The man who lives in communion with nature necessarily finds himself in opposition to the Churches. And that's why they're heading for ruin—for science is bound to win.

I especially wouldn't want our movement to acquire a religious character and institute a form of worship. It would be appalling for me, and I would wish I'd never lived, if I were to end up in the skin of a Buddha!

If at this moment we were to eliminate the religions by force, the people would unanimously beseech us for a new form of worship. You can imagine our Gauleiters giving

As for the natives, we'll have to screen them carefully. The Jew, that destroyer, we shall drive out. As far as the population is concerned, I get a better impression in White Russia than in the Ukraine.

We shan't settle in the Russian towns, and we'll let them fall to pieces without intervening. And, above all, no remorse on this subject! We're not going to play at children's nurses; we're absolutely without obligations as far as these people are concerned. To struggle against the hovels, chase away the fleas, provide German teachers, bring out newspapers—very little of that for us! We'll confine ourselves, perhaps, to setting up a radio transmitter, under our control. For the rest, let them know just enough to understand our highway signs, so that they won't get themselves run over by our vehicles!

For them the word "liberty" means the right to wash on feast-days. If we arrive bringing soft soap, we'll obtain no sympathy. These are views that will have to be completely readjusted. There's only one duty: to Germanise this country by the immigration of Germans, and to look upon the natives as Redskins. If these people had defeated us, Heaven have mercy! But we don't hate them. That sentiment is unknown to us. We are guided only by reason. They, on the other hand, have an inferiority complex. They have a real hatred towards a conqueror whose crushing superiority they can feel. *The intelligentsia?* We have too many of them at home.

All those who have the feeling for Europe can join in our work.

In this business I shall go straight ahead, cold-bloodedly. What they may think about me, at this juncture, is to me a matter of complete indifference. I don't see why a German who eats a piece of bread should torment himself with the idea that the soil that produces this bread has been won by the sword. When we eat wheat from Canada, we don't think about the despoiled Indians.

The precept that it's men's duty to love one another is theory—and the Christians are the last to practise it! A negro baby who has the misfortune to die before a missionary gets his clutches on him, goes to Hell! If that were true, one might well lament that sorrowful destiny: to have lived only three years, and to burn for all eternity with Lucifer!

For Ley, it will be the job of his life to drag that country out of its lethargy. Fields, gardens, orchards. Let it be a country where the work is hard, but the joy pays for the trouble.

We've given the German people what it needed to assert its position in the world. I'm glad that this call to the East has taken our attention off the Mediterranean. The South, for us, is the Crimea. To go further would be nonsense. Let us stay Nordic.

In any case, in our country the sunny season sometimes goes on until November. In Berlin, February brings the first promises of spring. On the Rhine, everything flowers in March.

In the Ukraine, more than anywhere else, it would be a mistake to instal flour-mills that would drain off the wheat from immense territories—over a radius of four hundred kilometres, for example. We should rather build windmills all over the place, to supply regional needs—and export only the wheat demanded by the large centres.

How I regret not being ten years younger! Todt, you will have to extend your programme. As for the necessary labour, you shall have it. Let's finish the road network, and the rail network. We shall have to settle down to the task of rebuilding the Russian track, to restore it to the normal gauge. There's only one road that, throughout all these last months of campaigning, was of any use to the armies on the central front—and for that I'll set up a monument to Stalin. Apart from that, he preferred to manufacture chains of mud rather than to build roads.

What a task awaits us! We have a hundred years of joyful satisfaction before us.

44. Night of 17th-18th October 1941

May 10th, 1940—Tears of joy—The Schlieffen plan—G.H.Q. at Felsenest—Paris, a town with a glorious past—22nd June 1941—Kiev, Moscow, St. Petersburg must be destroyed.

I never closed an eye during the night of the 9th to 10th of May 1940, or that of the 21st to 22nd of June 1941.

In May 1940, it was especially worry about the weather that kept me awake. I was filled with rage when dawn broke and I realised that it was fifteen minutes earlier than I'd been told. And yet I knew that it had to be like that! At seven o'clock came the news: "Eben Emael has been silenced." Next: "We hold one of the bridges over the Meuse." With a fellow like Wittig, we'd have been able to take the bridges of Maastricht before they were blown up. But what difference did it make whether they were blown

possible to build a cheap radio set and a popular typewriter.

I find it a real absurdity that even to-day a typewriter costs several hundred marks. One can't imagine the time wasted daily in deciphering everybody's scribbles. Why not give lessons in typewriting at primary school? Instead of religious instruction, for example. I shouldn't mind that.

48. 19th October 1941, night

Two scourges of the modern world—Christianity the shadow of coming Bolshevism.

The reason why the ancient world was so pure, light and serene was that it knew nothing of the two great scourges: the pox and Christianity.

Christianity is a prototype of Bolshevism: the mobilisation by the Jew of the masses of slaves to the object of undermining society. Thus one understands that the healthy elements of the Roman world were proof against this doctrine.

Yet Rome to-day allows itself to reproach Bolshevism with having destroyed the Christian churches! As if Christianity hadn't behaved in the same way towards the pagan temples.

49. 21st October 1941, midday

Prophetic sense of Julian the Apostate—The Aryan origin of Jesus—Distortion of Christ's ideas—The Road to Damascus—Roman tolerance—Materialism and the Jewish religion—Religion as a subversive method—The mobilisation of the slaves—St. Paul and Karl Marx.

When one thinks of the opinions held concerning Christianity by our best minds a hundred, two hundred years ago, one is ashamed to realise how little we have since evolved. I didn't know that Julian the Apostate had passed judgment with such clear-sightedness on Christianity and Christians. You should read what he says on the subject.

Originally, Christianity was merely an incarnation of Bolshevism the destroyer. Nevertheless, the Galilean, who later was called the Christ, intended something quite different. He must be regarded as a popular leader who took up His position against Jewry. Galilee was a colony where the Romans had probably installed Gallic legionaries, and it's certain that Jesus was not a Jew. The Jews, by the way, regarded Him

as the son of a whore—of a whore and a Roman soldier.

The decisive falsification of Jesus' doctrine was the work of St. Paul. He gave himself to this work with subtlety and for purposes of personal exploitation. For the Galilean's object was to liberate His country from Jewish expression. He set Himself against Jewish capitalism, and that's why the Jews liquidated Him.

Paul of Tarsus (his name was Saul, before the road to Damascus) was one of those who persecuted Jesus most savagely. When he learnt that Jesus' supporters let their throats be cut for His ideas, he realised that, by making intelligent use of the Galilean's teaching, it would be possible to overthrow this Roman State which the Jews hated. It's in this context that we must understand the famous "illumination." Think of it, the Romans were daring to confiscate the most sacred thing the Jews possessed, the gold piled up in their temples! At that time, as now, money was their god.

On the road to Damascus, St. Paul discovered that he could succeed in ruining the Roman State by causing the principle to triumph of the equality of all men before a single God—and by putting beyond the reach of the laws his private notions, which he alleged to be divinely inspired. If, into the bargain, one succeeded in imposing one man as the representative on earth of the only God, that man would possess boundless power.

The ancient world had its gods and served them. But the priests interposed between the gods and men were servants of the State, for the gods protected the City. In short, they were the emanation of a power that the people had created. For that society, the idea of an only god was unthinkable. In this sphere, the Romans were tolerance itself. The idea of a universal god could seem to them only a mild form of madness—for, if three peoples fight one another, each invoking the same god, this means that, at any rate, two of them are praying in vain.

Nobody was more tolerant than the Romans. Every man could pray to the god of his choice, and a place was even reserved in the temples for the unknown god. Moreover, every man prayed as he chose, and had the right to proclaim his preferences.

St. Paul knew how to exploit this state of affairs in order to conduct his struggle against the Roman State. Nothing has changed; the method has remained sound. Under cover of a pretended religious instruction, the priests continue to incite the faithful against the State.

Sec. Conv.
1941

As far as my own private existence is concerned, I shall always live simply—but in my capacity of Fuehrer and Head of the State, I am obliged to stand out clearly from amongst all the people around me. If my close associates glitter with decorations, I can distinguish myself from them only by wearing none at all.

We need an impressive décor, and we ought to create one. More and more we should give our festive occasions a style that will remain in the memory.

In England, the traditional forms, which from a distance seem baroque, have retained their full youth. They remain vital because they represent customs that have been observed for a long time and without the slightest interruption.

I regard it as a necessity that our ceremonial should be developed during my lifetime. Otherwise one of my successors, if he has simple tastes, could quote me as his authority.

Don't speak to me of Prussian simplicity! We must remember how Frederick the Great took care of his State's finances. Besides, the Prussian spirit is a matter of character and comportment. There was a time when one could say that there was only one Prussian in Europe, and that he lived in Rome. Nowadays one can say that there's only one Roman living amongst the Italians. There was a second Prussian. He lived in Munich, and was myself.

It was one of the characteristic features of the Weimar Republic that, when the Head of the State was receiving diplomats, he had to ask every Ministry to lend him its domestic staff. What can have happened on an occasion when some Ministry was holding a reception itself and couldn't spare its servants? You can see me having recourse to car-hire firms to fetch my guests from their homes and take them back again!

The new Chancellery will have to have permanently at its disposal two hundred of the finest motor-cars. The chauffeurs can perform a secondary function as footmen. Whether as chauffeurs or as footmen, these men must be absolutely reliable from the political point of view—quite apart from the fact that they mustn't be clumsy fools.

It's lucky we have the new Reich Chancellery. There are many things we could not have done in the old one.

I've always been fond of Berlin. If I'm vexed by the fact that some of the things in it are not beautiful, it's precisely because I'm so much attached to the city.

During the first World War, I twice had ten days' leave. I never dreamt of spending these leaves in Munich.

My pleasure would have been spoilt by the sight of all those priests. On both occasions, I came to Berlin, and that's how I began to be familiar with the museums of the capital.

(Besides, Berlin played a part in our rise to power, although in a different way from Munich. It's at Berlin and Württemberg that I got our financial backing, and not in Munich, where the little bourgeois hold the crown of the road.)

What's more, Berlin has the monuments of the days of Frederick the Great. Once upon a time it was the sand-pit of the Empire. Nowadays, Berlin is the capital of the Reich.

Berlin's misfortune is that it's a city of very mixed population; which doesn't make it ideal for the development of culture. In that respect, our last great monarch was Frederick-William IV. William I had no taste. Bismarck was blind in matters of art. William II had taste, but of the worst description.

What is ugly in Berlin, we shall suppress. Nothing will be too good for the beautification of Berlin. When one enters the Reich Chancellery, one should have the feeling that one is visiting the master of the world. One will arrive there along wide avenues containing the Triumphal Arch, the Pantheon of the Army, the Square of the People—things to take your breath away! It's only thus that we shall succeed in eclipsing our only rival in the world, Rome. Let it be built on such a scale that St. Peter's and its Square will seem like toys in comparison!

For material, we'll use granite. The vestiges of the German past, which are found on the plains to the North, are scarcely time-worn. Granite will ensure that our monuments last for ever. In ten thousand years they'll be still standing, just as they are, unless meanwhile the sea has again covered our plains.

The ornamental theme which we call Germano-Nordic is found all over the earth's surface, both in South America and in the Northern countries. According to a Greek legend, there is a civilisation known as "pre-lunar," and we can see in the legend an allusion to the empire of the lands of Atlantis that sank into the ocean.

If I try to gauge my work, I must consider, first of all, that I've contributed, in a world that had forgotten the notion, to the triumph of the idea of the primacy of race. Secondly, I've given German supremacy a solid cultural foundation. In fact, the power we to-day enjoy cannot be justified, in my eyes, except by the establishment and expansion of a mighty culture. To achieve this must be the law of our existence.

was recalled to Moscow a few days later, and we learnt he'd been shot.

Christianity set itself systematically to destroy ancient culture. What came to us was passed down by chance, or else it was a product of Roman liberal writers. Perhaps we are entirely ignorant of humanity's most precious spiritual treasures. Who can know what was there?

The Papacy was faithful to these tactics even during recorded history. How did people behave, during the age of the great explorations, towards the spiritual riches of Central America?

In our parts of the world, the Jews would have immediately eliminated Schopenhauer, Nietzsche and Kant. If the Bolsheviks had dominion over us for two hundred years, what works of our past would be handed on to posterity? Our great men would fall into oblivion, or else they'd be presented to future generations as criminals and bandits.

I don't believe at all in the truth of certain mental pictures that many people have of the Roman emperors. I'm sure that Nero didn't set fire to Rome. It was the Christian-Bolsheviks who did that, just as the Commune set fire to Paris in 1871 and the Communists set fire to the Reichstag in 1932.

There is a form of hypocrisy, typically Protestant, that is impudence itself. Catholicism has this much good about it, that it ignores the moral strictness of the Evangelicals. In Catholic regions life is more endurable, for the priest himself succumbs more easily to human weaknesses. So he permits his flock not to dramatise sin. How would the Church earn her living, if not by the sins of the faithful? She declares herself satisfied if one goes to confession. Indulgence, at a tariff, supplies the Church with her daily bread. As for the fruits of sin, the soul that fears limbo is a candidate for baptism, that is to say, another customer, and so business goes on! It is a fact that in Catholic parts of the world there are many more illegitimate births than in Protestant parts.

In Austria, Protestantism was free of all bigotry. It was truly a movement of protest against Catholicism. Moreover, these Protestants were entirely devoted to the German cause.

A scandal is that, when a believer leaves a particular faith, he is compelled to pay the ecclesiastical tax for another year. A simple statement should be enough to free him at once from owing anything further. We'll put all that right as soon as we have peace again.

Take Goebbels, for example. He married a Protestant.

At once he was put under the Church's ban. Very naturally, he declared that he would stop paying the ecclesiastical tax. But the Church doesn't see things that way. Exclusion is a punishment, which does not remove the obligation to pay the tax!

For my part, the Church held it against me that I was a witness to this marriage. They would certainly have put me under the ban, too, if they had not calculated that it might have won me new sympathies.

Every marriage concluded as the result of a divorce is regarded by the Church as living-in-sin. The result is that, in Austria, for example, nobody cares about the commandments of the Church. From this point of view, Austria was in advance of Germany.

The most extraordinary divorce story I know is that of Starhemberg. The Church allowed him to obtain a divorce for a payment of two hundred and fifty thousand schillings. The reason advanced, by agreement between the parties, was that the marriage was null and void since the contracting parties had come together with the firm intention of not performing their marital duties. Since Starhemberg had no money, the sum was paid by the Heimwehr. What *hasn't* the Church discovered as a source of revenue, in the course of these fifteen hundred years? It's an unending circle.

I have numerous accounts to settle, about which I cannot think to-day. But that doesn't mean I forget them. I write them down. The time will come to bring out the big book!

Even with regard to the Jews, I've found myself remaining inactive. There's no sense in adding uselessly to the difficulties of the moment. One acts more shrewdly when one bides one's time When I read of the speeches of a man like Galen, I tell myself that there's no point in administering pin-pricks, and that for the moment it's preferable to be silent. Why should anyone have room to doubt the durability of our movement? And if I reflect that it will last several centuries, then I can offer myself the luxury of waiting. I would not have reached my final reckoning with Marxism if I hadn't had the strength on my side.

Methods of persuasion of a moral order are not an effective weapon against those who despise the truth—when we have to do with priests, for example, of a Church who know that everything about it is based on lies, and who live by it. They think me a spoil-sport when I rise up in their midst; indeed, I *am* going to spoil their little games.

In 1905 to 1906, when the modernist movement broke out, there were such excesses that some priests, in reaction,

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ty of Bavarian Minister, had me imprisoned in Landsberg. The former director of that prison has become the head of Bavaria's penitentiary services. At the time, I'd given my men orders not to leave a prison without first having converted the whole prison staff to National Socialism. The wife of the director of Landsberg became a fervent devotee of the movement. Almost all her sons belonged to the "Oberland" Free Corps. As for the father—who was not entitled to have an opinion!—it seemed to him reasonable, at the time when he was obliged to rage against me, to spend his nights in the prison, to shelter from household quarrels. None of the guards was offensive in his attitude towards us. The first time I was condemned, for being a threat to public safety, there were four of us, and we'd decided to transform the prison into a National Socialist citadel. We'd arranged things in such a way that, every time one of us was set free, someone else came to take his place. In 1923, when Brücker was imprisoned, the whole prison was National Socialist—including the director's daughters.

It's not easy to be successful in life, and for some people the difficulties are piled on unjustly. When there's a disparity between the work demanded and the capacities of the man from whom the work is demanded, how can he be expected to work with enthusiasm? Every time we went to Bitterfeld, we were eager to do only one thing—to take the road back. How is one to demand of a worker, in a spot like that, that he should devote himself to his work with joy and gusto? For these men, life didn't begin until they put on their brown shirts. That's why we found them such fanatical supporters. Besides, when one discovers talents in people forced to work in such conditions, the best one can do is to get them away from the place. Our duty is to smooth the way before them, despite the formalists who are always obsessed by the idea of parchments. Some trades have less need for theoretical knowledge than for a skilled, sure hand. And if these men are awkward in their manners, what does it matter? It's a fault that's quickly cured.

In the Party I've had extraordinary experiences of that sort of thing, even with men who've held the highest jobs. Former farm-workers can pass the tests—and yet what a change from their previous life! On the other hand, we find minor jobs for officials who've been through the usual mill, and whom one can't get anything out of. The least adaptable are the men who, by temperament, have chosen a trade that calls for no imagination, a trade at which one constantly repeats the same movements. For a teacher, for example, it's necessary to repeat the teaching of the alphabet

once a year. If a person like that is called on to do a completely different job, it may lead to the worst mistakes.

There's no reason to educate teachers in upper schools. Advanced studies, and then to teach peasants' children for thirty-five years that B—A spells "ba," what a waste! A man who has been shaped by advanced studies couldn't be satisfied with such a modest post. I've therefore decreed that, in the normal school for teachers, instruction is not to be carried too far. Nevertheless, the most gifted pupils will have the possibility of pursuing their studies somewhere else, at the State's expense. I'll go a step further. It will be a great problem to find jobs for the re-enlisted sergeants. A great part of them could be made teachers at village schools. It's easier to make a teacher of an old soldier than to make an officer of a teacher!

Those old soldiers will also be excellent gymnastics instructors. But it goes without saying that we shall not give up putting teachers through courses.

Re-enlisted men give the Army the solid structure it needs. It's the weakness of the Italian and Rumanian Armies that they haven't anything like that. But since one can't oblige these men to spend all their lives in the Army, it's important to create privileged positions for them. For example, we'll put them in charge of service stations, just as in the old Austria they used to be given tobacconists' shops.

The secret, in any case, is to give each man a chance to get on in life, even outside his own trade. Ancient China used to be a model for that, as long as the teachings of Confucius still thrived there. The poorest young village lad would aspire to become a mandarin.

It's all wrong that a man's whole life should depend on a diploma that he either receives or doesn't at the age of seventeen. I was a victim of that system myself. I wanted to go to the School of Fine Arts. The first question of the examiner to whom I'd submitted my work, was: "Which school of arts and crafts do you come from?" He found it difficult to believe me when I replied that I hadn't been to any, for he saw I had an indisputable talent for architecture. My disappointment was all the greater since my original idea had been to paint. It was confirmed that I had a gift for architecture, and I learnt at the same time that it was impossible for me to enter a specialised school, because I hadn't a matriculation certificate.

I therefore resigned myself to continuing my efforts as a self-taught man, and I decided to go and settle in Germany. So I arrived, full of enthusiasm, in Munich. I intended to study for another three years. My hope was to join Heil-

mann and Littmann as a designer. I'd enter for the first competition, and I told myself that then I'd show what I could do! That was why, when the short-listed plans for the new opera-house at Berlin were published, and I saw that my own project was less bad than those which had been printed, my heart beat high. I had specialised in that sort of architecture. What I still know about it now is only a pale reflection of what I used to know about it at that time.

Von Kluge asked a question: "My Fuehrer, what were your impressions when you visited Paris last year?"

I was very happy to think that there was at least one city in the Reich that was superior to Paris from the point of view of taste—I mean, Vienna. The old part of Paris gives a feeling of complete distinction. The great vistas are imposing. Over a period of years I sent my colleagues to Paris so as to accustom them to grandeur—against the time when we would undertake, on new bases, the re-making and development of Berlin. At present Berlin doesn't exist, but one day she'll be more beautiful than Paris. With the exception of the Eiffel Tower, Paris has nothing of the sort that gives a city its private character, as the Coliseum does to Rome.

It was a relief to me that we weren't obliged to destroy Paris. The greater the calm with which I contemplate the destruction of St. Petersburg and Moscow, the more I'd have suffered at the destruction of Paris. Every finished work is of value as an example. One takes the opportunity of learning, one sees the mistakes and seeks to do better. The Ring in Vienna would not exist without the Paris boulevards. It's a copy of them. The dome of the Invalides makes a deep impression. The Pantheon I found a horrible disappointment. The busts alone can be defended, but those sculptures—what a riot of cancerous tumours!

The Madeleine, on the other hand, has a sober grandeur.

Keitel intervened: "Remember how embarrassed we were at the Opéra, when you wanted to visit certain rooms!"

Yes, it's queer. The rooms once reserved for the Emperor have been transformed into libraries. The Republic fights to protect its presidents from temptations to the spirit of grandeur. I've known the plans for the Opéra since my youth. Being confronted with the reality made me reflect that the opera-houses of Vienna and Dresden were built

with more taste. The Paris Opéra has an interior decorated in an overloaded style.

I paid my visit very early in the morning, between six and nine. I wanted to refrain from exciting the population by my presence. The first newspaper-seller who recognised me stood there and gaped. I still have before me the mental picture of that woman in Lille who saw me from her window and exclaimed: "The Devil!"

Finally we went up to the *Sacré Cœur*. Appalling! But, on the whole, Paris remains one of the jewels of Europe.

56. 30th October 1941, midday

Blood sports.

The feeling of aversion human beings have for the snake, the bat and the earthworm perhaps originates in some ancestral memory. It might go back to a time when animals of this nature, of monstrous dimensions, terrified prehistoric man.

I learnt to hate rats when I was at the front. A wounded man forsaken between the lines knew he'd be eaten alive by these disgusting beasts.

The Fuehrer turned to Gruppenfuehrer Wolff, who had returned from a shooting-party in the Sudetenland, held for Count Ciano by the Minister for Foreign Affairs, with the participation of the Reichsfuehrer SS and the Finance Minister.

THE FUEHRER: What did you shoot? Eagles, lions. . . .

WOLFF: No, common rabbits.

THE FUEHRER: Joy must now prevail amongst the rabbits. The air has been cleared.

GENERAL JODL: And you list all that game under the heading of "wild animals"?

WOLFF: Yes.

JODL: Wouldn't it be more appropriate to call them "domestic animals"?

THE FUEHRER: I expect you used explosive bullets. . . .

WOLFF: Merely lead.

THE FUEHRER: Did you kill or wound any beaters?

WOLFF: No, not to my knowledge.

THE FUEHRER: A pity we can't use you crack shots against the Russian partisans!

WOLFF: The Minister for Foreign Affairs would certainly accept that invitation to take part in a commando.

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THE FUEHRER: What was Ciano's bag?

WOLFF: Four hundred.

THE FUEHRER: Only four hundred! If only, in the course of his life as an airman, he'd shot down even a tiny percentage of that total in enemy aircraft! Your shooting-party came to an end without more slaughter than that?

WOLFF: Shooting's a wonderful relaxation: it makes you forget all your troubles.

THE FUEHRER: Is it indispensable, for relaxation, to kill hares and pheasants? The joy of killing brings men together. It's lucky we don't understand the language of hares. They might talk about you something like this: "He couldn't run at all, the fat hog!" What can an old hare, with a whole lifetime's experience, think about it all? The greatest joy must prevail amongst the hares when they see that a beater has been shot.

JODL: A man needs diversion. He can't be deprived of it, and it's difficult, in that field, to set bounds to his fancy. The important thing is that he should enjoy himself without doing harm to the community.

THE FUEHRER: For two or three years they've been preserved for the sake of the hunter, which means a loss of I don't know how many hundred million eggs; and, on the other hand, they make a Four Year Plan. What madness!

57. 30th October 1941, evening

A sharp criticism of the Wilhelmstrasse—Definition of a diplomat—A certain American Ambassador.

The Ministry of Foreign Affairs had just submitted to the Fuehrer a report sent in by a representative of the Wilhelmstrasse in a foreign country. The report consisted of a strongly worded account of the situation in England, but without disclosing whether it represented merely views held by the English opposition and reported by the German diplomat, or gave his own comments on the subject. The Fuehrer was speaking to Minister Hewel, Ribbentrop's representative with the Fuehrer.

Under the name of "Ministry of Foreign Affairs," we are supporting an organisation one of whose functions is to keep us informed of what is happening abroad—and we know nothing. We are separated from England by a ditch thirty-seven kilometres wide, and we cannot find out what is happening there! If one studies the matter closely, one realises that the enormous sums swallowed up in the Ministry

are sheer loss. The only organisation to which we grant foreign currency—the others are paid only in paper—should at least get some information for us. By definition, the diplomat is such a distinguished being that he does not mingle with normal beings. As for you, you're an exception, because you're seen in our company! I wonder in whose company you'd be seen if...

This attitude is typical of the *carrière*. Diplomats move in a closed circle. Therefore they only know what is said in the society they frequent.

When someone talks big to me about a "generally held" opinion, I don't know what he means. One must separate and analyse the current rumours. In addition, one must know the opinions held by one group or another, in order to appreciate the relative value of these elements of information. Few people can foretell the development of events—but what is possible is to give information concerning the opinion of such-and-such a group, or such-and-such, or that other. In your trade, you measure people by the height of their heels. If one of our diplomats were to put up at a third-class hotel, or travel in a taxi, what a disgrace! And yet it could be interesting, sometimes, to sit at the bottom of the table. Young people talk more freely than the mandarins.

Hewel replied: "But, my Fuehrer, all that's out of date, now!"

You defend your shop with a devotion worthy of admiration.

Why support such a numerous staff at the legations? I know what diplomats do. They cut out newspaper articles, and paste them together. When I first came to Reich Chancellery, I received every week a file stuffed with old clippings. Some of them were a fortnight old. Via Dr. Dietrich I knew already by the 2nd of July what the Ministry of Foreign Affairs were going to tell me on the 15th!

An up-to-date legation should include, above all, half a dozen young attachés who would busy themselves with influential women. It's the only way of keeping informed. But if these young people are sentimentals in search of a sister-soul, then let them stay at home. We had a fellow, a man named Lüdecke, who'd have made a first-rate agent for critical spots: Iran, Irak! He spoke French, English, Spanish, Italian, like a native. He'd have been the man for the present situation. Nothing escaped him.

When I think of our representatives abroad, what a dis-

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aster they are! Our ambassador to the King of the Belgians was a timid soul!

To think that there was nobody in all this Ministry who could get his clutches on the daughter of the former American ambassador Dodd!—and yet she wasn't difficult to approach. That was their job, and it should have been done. In a short while, the girl should have been subjugated. She was, but unfortunately by others. Nothing to be surprised at, by the way: how would these senile old men of the Wilhelmstrasse have behaved in the ranks? It's the only way. In the old days, when we wanted to lay siege to an industrialist, we attacked him through his children. Old Dodd, who was an imbecile, we'd have got him through his daughter. But, once again, what can one expect from people like that?

Keitel enquired: "Was she pretty, at least?" Von

Puttkamer answered: "Hideous!" Hitler continued:

But one must rise above that, my dear fellow. It's one of the qualifications. Otherwise, I ask you, why should our diplomats be paid? In that case, diplomacy would no longer be a service, but a pleasure. And it might end in marriage!

58. 1st November 1941, evening

The interest of the State and private interests—Don'ts for Civil Servants.

It's urgent, for economic purposes, to work out a statute characterised by the two following principles:

1. The interests of the State have precedence over private interests.

2. In the event of a divergence between the interests of the State and private interests, an independent organisation shall settle the dispute in accordance with the interests of the German people.

The State could not be independent and possess indisputable authority unless those of us who had interests in private undertakings were excluded from the control of public affairs—and the simple fact of owning shares in a private company would be enough. Every person shall have the alternative of giving them up or of leaving the service of the State. Servants of the State must not be in any way involved in financial speculations. If they have money, let them buy

¹ William E. Dodd's book, *Ambassador Dodd's Diary*, in which no love was lost on the Nazis, was edited with his daughter Martha and published posthumously in 1941.

real property or invest this money in State securities. Thus their wealth would be bound up with the future of the State. After all, the safety offered by these investments makes them more lucrative in the long run than investments in private industry, which is necessarily liable to booms and slumps.

These regulations apply to members of the Reichstag, members of the Civil Service, regular officers and the Chiefs of the Party. These men must be totally unconnected with interests foreign to those of the State. We see what it leads to when laxity is permitted in this field. England would not have slipped into this war if Baldwin and Chamberlain hadn't had interests in the armaments industry. The decadence of the princely houses began in the same fashion.

59. Night of 1st-2nd November 1941

The blind machine of administration—The hesitant mind of the jurists—The administration of the Party—In praise of individual qualities—The SS and racial selection—Reform of the magistrature.

Our Civil Service often commits crude errors. One day the mayor of Leipzig, Goerdeler, came to offer his resignation. The reason was, he'd wanted to instal electric lighting in a street, and Berlin had been against it: it was obligatory to stick to lighting by gas. I enquired into the matter, and found that this asinine decision had been taken by a squirt of a lawyer in the Ministry of the Interior!

Not long ago a staff member of the Ministry of Propaganda contested the right of the man who built Munich opera-house to bear the title of architect, on the grounds that he did not belong to one or another professional organisation. I immediately put an end to that scandal.

I'm not surprised that the country is full of hatred towards Berlin. Ministries ought to direct from above, not interfere with details of execution. The Civil Service has reached the point of being only a blind machine. We shan't get out of that state of affairs unless we decide on a massive decentralisation. Even the mere extensiveness of Reich territory forces us to do this. One mustn't suppose that a regulation applicable to the old Reich or a part of it is automatically applicable to Kirkenaes, say, or the Crimea. There's no possibility of ruling this huge empire from Berlin, and by the methods that have been used hitherto.

The chief condition for decentralisation is that the system of promotion by seniority shall be abandoned in favour of appointment to posts. The former system means simply that,

troops—Social justice before everything—Away with caste privilege—The masses are the source of the élite—Take leaders where you find them.

In the old Austria there were two professions for which they used deliberately to select people formerly convicted: Customs-officers and gamekeepers. As regards smugglers, when sentence was passed they were given the choice of serving the sentence or becoming Customs-officers. And poachers were made gamekeepers. The smuggler and the gamekeeper have that sort of thing in their blood. It's wise to offer adventurous natures ways of letting off steam. One man will go into journalism, another will emigrate. The man who remains in the country runs a risk of coming into conflict with the law.

The criminal police in Austria was above all suspicion. Just why that was, it's rather difficult to understand, for the country was quite badly contaminated by the Balkan mentality. Someone must one day have left his personal stamp on the Austrian police, and it was never effaced.

My shock troops in 1923 contained some extraordinary elements—men who had come to us with the idea of joining a movement that was going ahead rapidly. Such elements are unusable in time of peace, but in turbulent periods it's quite different. At that stage these jolly rogues were invaluable to me as auxiliaries. Fifty bourgeois wouldn't have been worth a single one of them. With what blind confidence they followed me! Fundamentally they were just overgrown children. As for their assumed brutality, they were simply somewhat close to nature.

During the war, they'd fought with the bayonet and thrown hand-grenades. They were simple creatures, all of a piece. They couldn't let the country be sold out to the scum who were the product of defeat. From the beginning I knew that one could make a party only with elements like that. What a contempt I acquired for the bourgeoisie! If a bourgeois gave me a contribution of a hundred or two hundred marks, he thought he'd given me the whole of Golconda. But these fine chaps, what sacrifices they were willing to make! All day at their jobs, and at night off on a mission for the Party—and always with their hearts in the right place. I specially looked for people of dishevelled appearance. A bourgeois in a stiff collar would have bitched up everything. Of course, we also had fanatics amongst the well-dressed people. Moreover, the Communists and ourselves were the only parties that had women in their ranks

who shrank from nothing. It's with fine people like those that one can hold a State.

I always knew the first problem was to settle the social question. To pretend to evade the problem was to put oneself in the situation of a man in the seventeenth or eighteenth century who pretended it was unnecessary to abolish slavery. Men like Scharnhorst and Gneisenau had to fight hard to introduce conscription in Prussia. On the political level, we had to wage a struggle of the same sort. As long as social classes existed, it was impossible to set free the forces of the nation.

I never stopped telling my supporters that our victory was a mathematical certainty, for, unlike Social Democracy, we rejected nobody from the national community.

Our present struggle is merely a continuation, on the international level, of the struggle we waged on the national level. Let everyone, in his own field, take care to do his best, with the knowledge that on every occasion we were pushing the best of us forward; that's how a people surpasses itself and surpasses others. Nothing can happen to us if we remain faithful to these principles, but one must know how to advance step by step, how to reconnoitre the ground and remove, one after another, the obstacles one finds there.

If one neglected to appeal to the masses, one's choice would be rather too much confined to intellectuals. We would lack brute strength. Brute strength consists of the peasant and worker, for the insecurity of their daily life keeps them close to the state of nature. Give them brains into the bargain, and you turn them into incomparable men of action.

Above all, we must not allow our élite to become an exclusive society.

The son of an official, at the fifth or sixth generation, is doomed to become a lawyer. There, at least, no more responsibility! So what kind of rôle can a nation play when it's governed by people of that sort—people who weigh and analyse everything? One couldn't make history with people like that. I need rough, courageous people, who are ready to carry their ideas through to the end, whatever happens. Tenacity is purely a question of character. When this quality is accompanied by intellectual superiority, the result is wonderful.

The bourgeois with whom we flirted at the time of our struggle were simply aesthetes. But what I needed was partisans who would give themselves body and soul, men as

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ready to break up a Communist meeting as to manage a Gau.

In war, it's just the same thing. The commander who interests me is the man who pays with his own hide. A strategist is nothing without the brute force. Better the brute force without the strategist!

Intelligence has taken refuge in technique; it flees from situations of utter calm, where one grows fat as one grows stupid. Since private enterprise adapts itself to the same evolution—nowadays the heads of firms are nearly all former factory-hands—one might arrive at the following paradoxical situation: an administration composed of cretins, and private firms capable of forming a brains-trust. Thus, to maintain their rôle, the officials, for lack of intelligence, would possess only the power they obtain from their functions.

A military unit needs a commander, and the men never hesitate to recognise the qualities that make a commander. A man who is not capable of commanding usually feels no wish to do so. When an idiot is given command, his subordinates are not slow to make his life a burden.

If Germany has never had the equivalent of the French Revolution, it's because Frederick the Great and Joseph II once existed.

The Catholic Church makes it a principle to recruit its clergy from all classes of society, without any discrimination. A simple cowherd can become a cardinal. That's why the Church remains militant.

In my little homeland, the bishop a hundred years ago was the son of a peasant. In 1845 he decided to build a cathedral. The town had twenty-two thousand inhabitants. The cathedral was planned to hold twenty-three thousand. It cost twenty-eight million gold crowns. Fifty years later, the Protestants built their largest church, in the State capital. They spent only ten millions.

61. 2nd November 1941, evening, and night of 2nd-3rd November

German is the language of Europe—Suppression of Gothic script—Europe's eastern frontier—The permanence of the German race—Deforestation in Italy and fertility in the North—Nordic territories in Roman times.

In a hundred years, our language will be the language of

Europe. The countries east, north and west will learn German to communicate with us. A condition for that is that the so-called Gothic characters should definitely give place to what we used to call Latin characters, and now call the normal ones. We can see how right we were to make that decision last autumn. For a man who wanted to learn Russian (and we shan't make the mistake of doing that), it was already a terrible complication to adapt himself to an alphabet different from ours. I don't believe, by the way, that we're sacrificing any treasure of our patrimony in abandoning Gothic characters. The Nordic runes were written in what were more like Greek characters. Why should these baroque embellishments be a necessary part of the German genius?

In old times Europe was confined to the southern part of the Greek peninsula. Then Europe became confused with the borders of the Roman Empire. If Russia goes under in this war, Europe will stretch eastwards to the limits of Germanic colonisation.

In the Eastern territories I shall replace the Slav geographical titles by German names. The Crimea, for example, might be called Gothenland.

Here and there one meets amongst the Arabs men with fair hair and blue eyes. They're the descendents of the Vandals who occupied North Africa. The same phenomenon in Castille and Croatia. The blood doesn't disappear.

We need titles that will establish our rights back over two thousand years.

I'd like to remind those of us who speak of the "desolate Eastern territories" that, in the eyes of the ancient Romans, all Northern Europe offered a spectacle of desolation. Yet Germany has become a smiling country. In the same way, the Ukraine will become beautiful when we've been at work there.

We owe the present fertility of our soil to the deforestation of Italy. If it weren't for that, the warm winds of the South would not reach as far as here. Two thousand years ago Italy was still wooded, and one can imagine how our untitled countries must have looked.

The Roman Empire and the Empire of the Incas, like all great empires, started by being networks of roads. To-day the road is taking the place of the railway. The road's winning.

The speed with which the Roman legions moved is truly surprising. The roads drive straight forward across mountains and hills. The troops certainly found perfectly prepared camps at

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their staging areas. The camp at Saalburg gives one an idea.

I've seen the exhibition of Augustan Rome. It's a very interesting thing. The Roman Empire never had its like. To have succeeded in completely ruling the world! And no empire has spread its civilisation as Rome did.

The world has ceased to be interesting since men began to fly. Until then, there were white patches on the map. The mystery has vanished, it's all over. To-morrow the North Pole will be a crossroads, and Tibet has already been flown over.

62. 5th November 1941, midday

SPECIAL GUESTS: REICHSFUEHRER SS HIMMLER, SS STAF. BLASCHKE AND DR. RICHTER

Characteristics of the criminal—The habitual criminal a danger in war-time—A faulty penal system—Juvenile criminals and the old lags—The procedure of appeal.

Our penal system has the result only of preserving criminals.

In normal times, there's no danger in that. But when the social edifice is in peril, by reason of a war or a famine, it may lead to unimaginable catastrophes. The great mass of the people is, on the whole, a passive element. On the one hand, the idealists represent the positive force. The criminals, on the other hand, represent the negative element.

If I tolerated the preservation of criminals, at a time when the best of us are being killed at the front, I should destroy the balance of forces to the detriment of the nation's healthy element. That would be the triumph of the rabble.

If a country suffers reverses, it runs the risk that a handful of criminals, thus kept under shelter, may cheat the combatants of the fruits of their sacrifice. It's what we experienced in 1918.

The only remedy for that situation is to impose the death penalty, without hesitation, upon criminals of this type.

In Vienna before the war, more than eight thousand men used to camp on the edge of the canals. The kind of rats that come rampaging out of their holes as soon as there are rumbles of a revolution. Vienna still possesses gutter-rats such as aren't found anywhere else. The danger is to give these dregs an opportunity to get together.

No magistrate, priest or politician can change an invet-

erate criminal into a useful citizen. Sometimes one can redeem a criminal, but only in exceptional cases.

The criminal is very willing, of course, to play the game of the worthy types who work to save delinquents—for he sees in it a possibility of saving his own neck. Afterwards he splits his sides at their expense with his confederates.

Our whole penal system is a mess. Young delinquents belonging to respectable families shouldn't be exposed to living communally with creatures who are utterly rotten. It's already an improvement that, in the prisons, young people are divided into groups. In any case, I'm a believer in the restoration of corporal punishment to replace imprisonment in certain cases. Like that, young delinquents would not risk being corrupted by contact with hardened criminals. A good hiding does no harm to a young man of seventeen, and often it would be enough. I've had the luck, in the course of my life, to have had a great variety of experiences and to study all the problems in real life. For example, it was in Landsberg gaol that I was able to check the correctness of these ideas.

A young man from Lower Bavaria, who would rather have cut his hand off than stolen, had had fruitful relations with a girl, and had advised her to go to an abortionist. For that he was given a sentence of eight months. Of course, some punishment was necessary. But if he'd been given a sound licking, and then let go, he'd have had his lesson. He was a nice boy. He used to tell us that, for his family, it was a disgrace they could never outlive, to have a son in prison. We often used to comfort him. As a result, he wrote to us to thank us for what we'd done for him, to tell us that he'd never forget it and to promise us that he'd never again commit the slightest evil deed. He used to end by saying that he'd only one wish: to enter the Party. Signed: Heil Hitler! The letter was intercepted by the prison censorship, and gave rise to a minute and niggling enquiry.

But there were also real bad lots there. Each of them took up at least half an advocate's time. There were the hibernators, the annual visitors, whom the guards used to see return with a certain pleasure, just as they themselves showed a certain satisfaction at seeing their old cells again. I also remember certain letters from prisoners to respectable people—letters that would wring your heart: "Now I realise what happens when you stop doing what religion teaches." Followed by a reference to such-and-such a wonderful sermon by the prison chaplain. My men once attended at a sermon. The man of God spoke of fulfilling one's conjugal duties, with tremolos in his voice!

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Whenever there's a question of granting certain prisoners a remission of their penalty, all sorts of things are taken into account, but these displays of contrition are not the least important factor. Thanks to this play-acting, many customers are let go before their term of sentence has expired.

I completely disagree with the procedure followed in Germany concerning matters taken to appeal. The higher court forms its judgment on the basis of the evidence given before the lower court, and this practice has many drawbacks. In the several dozen cases in which I've been involved, not once was the lower court's verdict altered. The mind of the judge of the higher court is automatically inhibited against this. In my opinion, the latter should know only the form of the accusation or complaint, and should go again from the beginning through the necessary enquiries. Above all, he should be really a higher type of man. The judge's purpose is to discover truth. As he is only a man, he can achieve this only by means of his intuition—if at all.

63. 5th November 1941, evening

SPECIAL GUESTS: SS COLONEL (STANDARTENFUEHRER) BLASCHKE AND DR. RICHTER

Cæsar's soldier's were vegetarians—Diet and long life—Living foodstuffs and sterile diet—Cancer a disease of the degenerate—Disinherited regions and their inhabitants—An honoured caste called the deer-stalkers—The helots of Sparta—Progress of the Germanic race—The impoverished proletariat of Europe—A recrudescence of anti-Semitism in Britain—Racial doctrine camouflaged as religion—Peculiarities of the Jewish mind.

There is an interesting document, dating from the time of Cæsar, which indicates that the soldiers of that time lived on a vegetarian diet. According to the same source, it was only in times of shortage that soldiers had recourse to meat. It's known that the ancient philosophers already regarded the change from black gruel to bread as a sign of decadence. The Vikings would not have undertaken their now legendary expeditions if they'd depended on a meat diet, for they had no method of preserving meat. The fact that the smallest military unit was the section is explained by the fact that each man had a mill for grain. The purveyor of vitamins was the onion.

It's probable that, in the old days, human beings lived longer than they do now. The turning-point came when man replaced the raw elements in his diet by foods that he sterilises when he eats them. The hypothesis that man ought to live longer seems to be confirmed by the disparity between his short existence as an adult, on the one hand, and his period of growth on the other. A dog lives, on the average, eight to ten times as long as it takes him to grow up. On that ratio, man ought normally to live from one hundred and forty to one hundred and eighty years. What is certain is that, in countries like Bulgaria, where people live on polenta, yoghurt and other such foods, men live to a greater age than in our parts of the world. And yet, from other points of view, the peasant does not live hygienically. Have you ever seen a peasant open a window?

Everything that lives on earth feeds on living materials. The fact that man subjects his foodstuffs to a physico-chemical process explains the so-called "maladies of civilisation." If the average term of life is at present increasing, that's because people are again finding room for a naturistic diet. It's a revolution. That a fatty substance extracted from coal has the same value as olive-oil, that I don't believe at all! It's surely better to use the synthetic substances for the manufacture of soap, for example.

It's not impossible that one of the causes of cancer lies in the harmfulness of cooked foods. We give our body a form of nourishment that in one way or another is debased. At present the origin of cancer is unknown, but it's possible that the causes that provoke it find a terrain that suits them in incorrectly nourished organisms. We all breathe in the microbes that give rise to colds or tuberculosis, but we're not all enrhumed or tuberculous.

Nature, in creating a being, gives it all it needs to live. If it cannot live, that's either because it's attacked from without or because its inner resistance has weakened. In the case of man, it's usually the second eventuality that has made him vulnerable.

A toad is a degenerate frog. Who knows what he feeds on? Certainly on things that don't agree with him.

It's amazing how lacking in logic men are. The people most devoid of logic are the professors. In two thousand years' time, when they study the origins of the inhabitants of the Ukraine, they'll claim that we emerged from the marshlands. They're incapable of seeing that originally there was nobody in the marshlands, and that it was we who drove the

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was in the habit of saying to them that, if anything displeased them in the activities of the firm, he would offer to pay them their week's wages in orthodox opinions instead of in money. This Müller was a *self-made man* (English expression in the original). There was a period when he was constantly coming to demand money from us. We were convinced that he was exploiting us. For this reason, Amann used every week to wage a war to the knife against him with the object of making him lower his rates.

The best trick I played on him was the adoption of the large format for the *Völkischer Beobachter*. Müller had thought himself the cunning one, for he supposed that, by being the only man who possessed a machine corresponding to our new format, he was binding us to him. In reality, it was he who was binding himself to our newspaper, and he was very glad to continue to print us, for no other newspaper used our format. Müller had become the slave of his machine. Moreover, we were the only newspaper that never had a fall in circulation. It was a piece of luck that we didn't have our own printing-shop, for the Party comrades who would have been our customers would have needed a lot of coaxing to make them pay their bills: "What about Party solidarity?" they'd have said.

In his own way, Adolf Müller was a good sort. He looked carefully after the well-being of his employees, and he always defended his workers' interests, even before the Labour Front existed. Himself an offspring of the people, he knew how to practise the art of "live and let live."

It's at this period that we laid the first foundations of our present Reich. When I think of the persecutions we met with! Newspapers suspended, meetings forbidden or sabotaged. Seen in retrospect, this was the golden age of our struggle. My entry into the Chancellery marks the end of that inspiring life. Until then, nine out of ten of the men with whom I was in contact belonged to the people. From that moment onwards, nine out of ten belonged to distinguished society. It was a turning upside down of my entire existence. To-day I once more find the old contact with the people in popular gatherings.

Addressing Dietl, the Fuehrer continued:

All that—I owe it to you, for, at the origin of the movement, it was with your men that you permitted me to act. To tell the truth, you contributed to the birth of the Third Reich.

I understand why the bourgeois bristle at the prospect of being governed by people like us. Compared with us, the Social Democrats numbered in their ranks men with much better outward qualifications—from the point of view of the bourgeois, I mean. The bourgeois could only be terrified as they witnessed the coming of this new society. But I knew that the only man who could be really useful to us was the man capable of mounting on the barricades.

Turning towards Hewel, the Fuehrer went on:

1923. At that period you already had magnificent uniforms. But 1920, 1922! The uniform was indispensable. With some people well dressed and others miserably, one cannot build a coherent formation. It's difficult to imagine that sort of thing nowadays. It's because I'm aware of all that that I know, too, that our movement is inimitable. What has happened in our midst is something unique—inconceivable in France, for example. And the French will never have a chief like the Duce.

74. Night of 1st-2nd December 1941

*German women married to Jews—"Decent" Jews—
The Jews and the Fourth Commandment—Society's debt to the Jews—Peculiarities of the Jewish—
Aryan half-caste—Microcosm and macrocosm—
The laws of nature—The preservation of the race
—The importance of the beautiful.*

Walter Hewel questioned whether it was right to reproach a woman for not having taken the decision, after 1933, to obtain a divorce from a Jewish husband. He questioned, incidentally, whether the desire to obtain a divorce in such circumstances did not rather betoken a conformism that, from a humane point of view, was not very creditable. G.D. interposed that the fact that a German woman had been capable of marrying a Jew was the proof of a lack of racial instinct on her part, and that one could infer from this fact that she had ceased to form a part of the community. The Fuehrer interrupted:

Don't say that. Ten years ago, our intellectual class hadn't the least idea of what a Jew is.

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Obviously, our racial laws demand great strictness on the part of the individual. But to judge of their value, one mustn't let oneself be guided by particular cases. It is necessary to bear in mind that in acting as I do I am avoiding innumerable conflicts for the future.

I'm convinced that there are Jews in Germany who've behaved correctly—in the sense that they've invariably refrained from doing injury to the German idea. It's difficult to estimate how many of them there are, but what I also know is that none of them has entered into conflict with this co-racialists in order to defend the German idea against them. I remember a Jewess who wrote against Eisner in the *Bayrischer Kurier*. But it wasn't in the interests of Germany that she became Eisner's adversary, but for reasons of opportunism. She drew attention to the fact that, if people persevered in Eisner's path, it might call down reprisals on the Jews. It's the same tune as in the Fourth Commandment. As soon as the Jews lay down an ethical principle, it's with the object of some personal gain!

Probably many Jews are not aware of the destructive power they represent. Now, he who destroys life is himself risking death. That's the secret of what is happening to the Jews. Whose fault is it when a cat devours a mouse? The fault of the mouse, who has never done any harm to a cat?

This destructive rôle of the Jew has in a way a providential explanation. If nature wanted the Jew to be the ferment that causes peoples to decay, thus providing these peoples with an opportunity for a healthy reaction, in that case people like St. Paul and Trotsky are, from our point of view, the most valuable. By the fact of their presence, they provoke the defensive reaction of the attacked organism. Dietrich Eckart once told me that in all his life he had known just one good Jew: Otto Weininger, who killed himself on the day when he realised that the Jew lives upon the decay of peoples.

It is remarkable that the half-caste Jew, to the second or third generation, has a tendency to start flirting again with pure Jews. But from the seventh generation onwards, it seems the purity of the Aryan blood is restored. In the long run nature eliminates the noxious elements.

One may be repelled by this law of nature which demands that all living things should mutually devour one another. The fly is snapped up by a dragon-fly, which itself is swallowed by a bird, which itself falls victim to a larger bird. This last, as it grows old, becomes a prey to microbes,

which end by getting the better of it. These microbes, in their turn, find their predestined ends.

If we had more powerful microscopes, we would discover new worlds. In the absolute, moreover, nothing is either great or small. Things are big or little by the standard one selects. What is certain, in any case, is that one cannot change anything in all that. Even a man who takes his own life returns finally to nature—body, soul and mind.

The toad knows nothing of his previous existence as a tadpole, and our memory serves us no better as regards our own previous state. That's why I have the feeling that it's useful to know the laws of nature—for that enables us to obey them. To act otherwise would be to rise in revolt against Heaven.

If I can accept a divine Commandment, it's this one: "Thou shalt preserve the species."

The life of the individual must not be set at too high a price. If the individual were important in the eyes of nature, nature would take care to preserve him. Amongst the millions of eggs a fly lays, very few are hatched out—and yet the race of flies thrives. What is important for us, who are men, is less the sum of knowledge acquired than the maintenance of conditions that enable science constantly to renew itself.

Nobody is compelled to consider life from a point of view that makes it unworthy to be lived. Man has a gift for seizing hold of what is beautiful. And what inexhaustible riches the world contains for the man who knows how to enjoy his senses! Moreover, nature has given man the desire to make others share in the joys he feels. The beautiful always claims its right to primacy. Otherwise, how is one to explain the fact that in periods of misfortune so many beings are ready to sacrifice their lives simply to ensure the continuity of their race?

The catastrophe, for us, is that of being tied to a religion that rebels against all the joys of the senses. Apropos of that, the hypocrisy of the Protestants is more than that of the Catholics. Protestantism has the warmth of the iceberg. The Catholic Church, that still has its thousand years of experience and has not lost contact with its Jewish origins, is obviously more adroit. She permits the orgies of Carnival, firstly because she is powerless to prevent them, and secondly because she recaptures the sinner on Ash Wednesday. By picturing to him the sufferings of Hell, she succeeds in inciting him to be properly generous. After periods of repentance, there's room for relaxation!

75. 13th December 1941, midnight

SPECIAL GUESTS: RIBBENTROP, ROSENBERG, GOEBBELS,
TERBOVEN AND REICHSLEITER BOUHLER

Time to solve the religious problem—Condemnation of the organised falsehood—The SS and religion—St. Paul and pre-Bolshevism—Paradise: according to Christians and according to Mahomedans—Negro tabus and the Eucharist—The Japanese and religion—Mussolini makes a mistake.

The war will be over one day. I shall then consider that my life's final task will be to solve the religious problem. Only then will the life of the German native be guaranteed once and for all.

I don't interfere in matters of belief. Therefore I can't allow churchmen to interfere with temporal affairs. The organised lie must be smashed. The State must remain the absolute master.

When I was younger, I thought it was necessary to set about matters with dynamite. I've since realised that there's room for a little subtlety. The rotten branch falls of itself. The final state must be: in St. Peter's Chair, a senile officiant; facing him, a few sinister old women, as gaga and as poor in spirit as anyone could wish. The young and healthy are on our side. Against a Church that identifies itself with the State, as in England, I have nothing to say. But, even so, it's impossible eternally to hold humanity in bondage with lies. After all, it was only between the sixth and eighth centuries that Christianity was imposed on our peoples by princes who had an alliance of interests with the shavelings. Our peoples had previously succeeded in living all right without this religion. I have six divisions of SS composed of men absolutely indifferent in matters of religion. It doesn't prevent them from going to their deaths with serenity in their souls.

Christ was an Aryan, and St. Paul used his doctrine to mobilise the criminal underworld and thus organise a proto-Bolshevism. This intrusion upon the world marks the end of a long reign, that of the clear Græco-Latin genius.

What is this God who takes pleasure only in seeing men grovel before Him? Try to picture to yourselves the meaning of the following, quite simple story. God creates the

conditions for sin. Later on He succeeds, with the help of the Devil, in causing man to sin. Then He employs a virgin to bring into the world a son who, by His death, will redeem humanity!

I can imagine people being enthusiastic about the paradise of Mahomet, but as for the insipid paradise of the Christians! In your lifetime, you used to hear the music of Richard Wagner. After your death, it will be nothing but hallelujahs, the waving of palms, children of an age for the feeding-bottle, and hoary old men. The man of the isles pays homage to the forces of nature. But Christianity is an invention of sick brains: one could imagine nothing more senseless, nor any more indecent way of turning the idea of the Godhead into a mockery. A negro with his tabus is crushingly superior to the human being who seriously believes in Transubstantiation.

I begin to lose all respect for humanity when I think that some people on our side, Ministers or generals, are capable of believing that we cannot triumph without the blessing of the Church. Such a notion is excusable in little children who have learnt nothing else.

For thirty years the Germans tore each other to pieces simply in order to know whether or not they should take Communion in both kinds. There's nothing lower than religious notions like that. From that point of view, one can envy the Japanese. They have a religion which is very simple and brings them into contact with nature. They've succeeded even in taking Christianity and turning it into a religion that's less shocking to the intellect.

By what would you have me replace the Christian's picture of the Beyond? What comes naturally to mankind is the sense of eternity and that sense is at the bottom of every man. The soul and the mind migrate, just as the body returns to nature. Thus life is eternally reborn from life. As for the "why?" of all that, I feel no need to rack my brains on the subject. The soul is unplumbable.

If there is a God, at the same time as He gives man life He gives him intelligence. By regulating my life according to the understanding that is granted me, I may be mistaken, but I act in good faith. The concrete image of the Beyond that religion forces on me does not stand up to examination. Think of those who look down from on high upon what happens on earth: what a martyrdom for them, to see human beings indefatigably repeating the same gestures, and inevitably the same errors!

In my view, H. S. Chamberlain was mistaken in regard-

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ing Christianity as a reality upon the spiritual level.

Man judges everything in relation to himself. What is bigger than himself is big, what is smaller is small. Only one thing is certain, that one is part of the spectacle. Everyone finds his own rôle. Joy exists for everybody. I dream of a state of affairs in which every man would know that he lives and dies for the preservation of the species. It's our duty to encourage that idea: let the man who distinguishes himself in the service of the species be thought worthy of the highest honours.

What a happy inspiration, to have kept the clergy out of the Party! On the 21st March 1933, at Potsdam, the question was raised: with the Church, or without the Church? I conquered the State despite the malediction pronounced on us by both creeds. On that day, we went directly to the tomb of the kings whilst the others were visiting religious services. Supposing that at that period I'd made a pact with the Churches, I'd to-day be sharing the lot of the Duce. By nature the Duce is a free-thinker, but he decided to choose the path of concessions. For my part, in his place I'd have taken the path of revolution. I'd have entered the Vatican and thrown everybody out—reserving the right to apologise later: "Excuse me, it was a mistake." But the result would have been, they'd have been outside!

When all is said, we have no reason to wish that the Italians and Spaniards should free themselves from the drug of Christianity. Let's be the only people who are immunised against the disease.

76. 14th December 1941, midday

SPECIAL GUESTS: ROSENBERG, BOUHLER, HIMMLER

Incompatibility of National Socialism and Christianity—The Popes of the Renaissance—A poisoned source.

Kerri, with the noblest of intentions, wanted to attempt a synthesis between National Socialism and Christianity. I don't believe the thing's possible, and I see the obstacle in Christianity itself.

I think I could have come to an understanding with the Popes of the Renaissance. Obviously, their Christianity was a danger on the practical level—and, on the propaganda level, it continued to be a lie. But a Pope, even a criminal

one, who protects great artists and spreads beauty around him, is nevertheless more sympathetic to me than the Protestant minister who drinks from the poisoned spring.

Pure Christianity—the Christianity of the catacombs—is concerned with translating the Christian doctrine into facts. It leads quite simply to the annihilation of mankind. It is merely whole-hearted Bolshevism, under a tinsel of metaphysics.

77. 17th December 1941, evening

SPECIAL GUESTS: DR. GOEBBELS AND HIMMLER

Pan-Germanic supporters and the Austrian Christian Socialists—Schönerer and Lueger—A great mayor—Anti-Semitism in Vienna—Opposition to the Hapsburg—Richard Wagner and the mayor of Leipzig—Other mayors.

There was a man in Vienna, before the first World War, who was always in favour of an understanding with anti-Semitic Rumania—and he saw in it the best way of preventing Hungary from acquiring too much importance. That was Lueger.

Lueger was also of the opinion that it was possible to maintain the Austrian State, but on condition that Vienna regained all its supremacy. Schönerer, on the other hand, took as his point of departure the idea that the Austrian State ought to disappear. His attitude towards the house of Hapsburg was brutally radical. From that time dates the first attempt to oppose the Germanic racial community to the monarchy. On that point, Lueger and Schönerer parted company.

Lueger, who had belonged to the Pan-Germanist movement, went over to the Christian-Social party, for he thought that anti-Semitism was the only means of saving the State. Now, in Vienna, anti-Semitism could never have any foundation but a religious one. From the point of view of race, about 50 per cent of the population of Vienna was not German. The number of Jews, amongst a million eight hundred thousand inhabitants, was close on three hundred thousand. But the Czechs of Vienna were anti-Semitic. Lueger succeeded in filling thirty-six of the hundred and forty-eight seats of the Vienna Municipal Council with anti-Semites.

When I arrived in Vienna, I was a fanatical opponent of Lueger As a Pan-German, and as a supporter of Schönerer,

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on behalf of the ancient and noble city of Nuremberg. Siebert came to see me again, but this time to weep on my bosom. He complained, with some justice, of Liebel's not very regular proceedings. After all, it was he (Siebert) who had provided all the money. . . . If I'm not mistaken, the matter was settled in such a way that Nuremberg finally got the keep!

The mayor of Regensburg is also excellent. He's our greatest builder of cities for workers.

I'm always disappointed when I observe that certain cities that have great pasts are not governed by first-rate administrators. The authority is vested in the Reich, but the administration should be decentralised. Otherwise what we'd have would be the reign of State officials, and the talents budding on the spot would be systematically ignored.

78. Night of 17th-18th December 1941

SPECIAL GUEST: DR. GOEBBELS

A new calendar?—Military traditions—The flags and standards of the Reich.

I was faced with that question when we first took power. Should we preserve the Christian chronology, or should we inaugurate a new era? I reasoned that the year 1933 merely renewed our link with a military tradition. At that time the notion of the Reich had been, so to speak, lost, but it has again imposed itself on us and on the world. When one speaks of Germany, wherever one may be, one no longer says anything but "the Reich."

The army of the Reich must gradually be steeped in the old traditions—especially those of Prussia, Bavaria and Austria.

It's regrettable that we have not yet arrived at a uniform style for the eagles and standards of our various arms. What a fine thing it is, the war-flag of the Reich! But it's used only by the Navy. Raeder knew that, when a ship hoists its colours, it's hoisting the colours of the nation. Fritsch, on the other hand, wanted to give the Army an independent personality, and that's why our regimental flags are, in a sense, the flags of an association. They emphasise whatever personifies each particular arm, whereas what should be accented is whatever recalls that they belong to the Reich. The Crusaders, in their struggle against the Saracens, all fought under the emblem of Christendom. The Romans, also, all had the same standard.

79. 18th December 1941, noon

SPECIAL GUEST: HIMMLER

Had the British but understood—Dutch regrets—Japan and the white races—Kiaochow.

What is happening in the Far East is happening by no will of mine. For years I never stopped telling all the English I met that they'd lose the Far East if they entered into a war in Europe. They didn't answer, but they assumed a superior air. They're masters in the art of being arrogant!

I was moved when Mussert said to me: "You will surely understand me at this hour. Three centuries of effort are going up in smoke."

Himmler intervened: "*We must consider this much compensation, that in this way the Dutch people will maintain its integrity, whereas, before, it was running the risk of corrupting itself with Malayan blood.*" Hitler continued:

The Japanese are occupying all the islands, one after the other. They will get hold of Australia, too. The white race will disappear from those regions.

This development began in 1914, at the moment when the European powers authorised Japan to lay her hands on Kiaochow.

80. Night of 23rd-24th December 1941

The Muesum at Linz—Belittling of great paintings by Jewish critics—Incompetence of the bourgeois leaders—The Venus of Bordone.

It occurs to me that already Linz Museum can bear comparison with no-matter-which museum in New York.

In the years 1890 to 1900, one could still form great collections. After that, it became practically impossible to lay one's hand on the truly great works. The Jews mounted guard and monopolised the lot. If I'd had money sooner, I'd have been able to keep in Germany a number of works that have emigrated. It's lucky I got there finally. Otherwise we'd have nothing left but rubbish, for the Jews do their business in works of real value.

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matters. Everything depends on the men. Without them, I could do nothing.

Nowadays certain small peoples have a greater number of capable men than the whole British Empire.

How many times I've heard it said in the Party that a new man should be found for such-and-such a post. Unfortunately I could only reply: "But by whom will you replace the present holder?"

I'm always ready to replace an inadequate man by another with better qualifications. In fact, whatever may be said about the bonds of loyalty, it's the quality of the man who assumes responsibilities that's finally decisive.

Of one thing there is no doubt, that Streicher has never been replaced. Despite all his weaknesses, he's a man who has spirit. If we wish to tell the truth, we must recognise that, without Julius Streicher, Nuremberg would never have been won over to National Socialism. He put himself under my orders at a time when others were hesitating to do so, and he completely conquered the city of our Rallies. That's an unforgettable service.

More than once Dietrich Eckart told me that Streicher was a schoolteacher, and a lunatic, to boot, from many points of view. He always added that one could not hope for the triumph of National Socialism without giving one's support to men like Streicher. Despite everything, Eckart was very fond of him.

Streicher is reproached for his *Stürmer*. The truth is the opposite of what people say: he idealised the Jew. The Jew is baser, fiercer, more diabolical than Streicher depicted him.

It's not a crime to speak publicly of affairs of State, for the State needs the people's approval. Of course, there are cases in which it's inopportune to speak of certain matters. Whoever is guilty of doing so is committing, as a rule, nothing worse than an offence against discipline.

Frick told me once that Streicher's stock had completely slumped at Nuremberg. I went to Nuremberg to try to form an opinion. Streicher came into the room, and there was a hurricane of enthusiasm!

I went once to a women's gathering. It took place at Nuremberg, and I'd been warned that Elsbeth Zander was a very serious competitor to Streicher. The meeting was held in the Hercules hall for bicycle-races. Streicher was welcomed with an indescribable enthusiasm. The oldest adherents of the Party all spoke in favour of Streicher and

against Elsbeth Zander. There was nothing for me to do but take my departure.

It goes without saying that the organisation of the Gau was very imperfect. If I take a functionary of the Civil Service as my criterion, the comparison is obviously not to Streicher's advantage. But I must recall that it wasn't a functionary who took Nuremberg for me in 1919.

When all's said, it was the Gauleiters themselves who asked me to be indulgent with Streicher. In all the circumstances, there was no comparison between the faults he committed and his recognised merits, which were brilliant.

As usual, one must look for the feminine angle!

Who escapes from criticism? I myself, if I disappear to-day, realise that a time will come, in a hundred years, perhaps, when I shall be violently attacked. History will make no exception in my favour. But what importance has that? It takes only another hundred years for these shadows to be effaced. I don't concern myself with such things, I go my way.

This Streicher affair is a tragedy. At the origin of the conflict lies the hatred sworn between two women.

In any case, there's just one statement I have to make, that Streicher is irreplaceable. His name is engraved in the memory of the people of Nuremberg. There's no question of his coming back, but I must do him justice. If one day I write my memoirs, I shall have to recognise that this man fought like a buffalo in our cause. The conquest of Franconia was his work.

I have a bad conscience when I get the feeling that I've not been quite fair to somebody. When I go to Nuremberg, it's always with a feeling of bitterness. I can't help thinking that, in comparison with so many services, the reasons for Streicher's dismissal are really very slender.

All that's said about his alleged disease is false. Streicher had only one disease, and that was nympholepsy.

In one way or another, we shall have to find a solution. I cannot dream of holding a rally at Nuremberg from which the man who gave Nuremberg to the Party is banished.

I can install some mediocrity in Streicher's place. He'll administer the Gau perfectly, as long as circumstances are normal. If a catastrophe occurs, the mediocrity will disappear.

The best advice I can give my successors is in such a case to be loyal.

Frau Streicher is outside this business. Frau Liebel is an ambitious woman.

Sec. conv.

D.T.

Probably none of us is entirely "normal." Otherwise we should spend all our days in the café on the corner. The Catholics, the bourgeois, everybody has accused me of being crazy because, in their eyes, a normal man is one who drinks three glasses of beer every evening. "Why all this fuss? It's obviously the proof that he's mad." How many men of our Party were regarded in their families as black sheep!

When I examine the faults for which Streicher is blamed, I realise that no great man would pass through this sieve. Richard Wagner was attacked because he wore silk pyjamas: "Prodigality, insensate luxury, no knowledge of the value of money. The man's mad!" As regards myself, it's enough that I could be blamed for entrusting money to all and sundry, and without having any guarantee that the money was wisely invested. The man who wants to kill my dog begins by saying that it has rabies! It does not affect me at all that I myself should be judged in this fashion. But I should be ashamed if I used such criteria in passing judgment on others.

All sanctions are justified when it's a question of a real offence: treason to the Movement, for example. But when a man has made a mistake in good faith?

Nobody has the right to photograph a man surprised in intimacy. It's too easy to make a man seem ridiculous. Let every man ask himself the question, what would he do if he had the bad luck to be photographed unawares in a delicate situation? The photos in question were taken from a house opposite. It was a disgusting way of behaving, and I've forbidden any use to be made of the photos.

It's not fair to demand more of a man than he can give. Streicher has not the gifts of a great administrator. Would I have entrusted the editorship of a great newspaper to Dietrich Eckart? From the financial point of view, there'd have been a terrifying mess. One day the newspaper would have come out, the next day not. If there'd been a pig to share out, Eckart would have promised it left and right, and distributed at least twenty-four hams. Those men are made like that, but without them it's impossible to get anything started.

I haven't myself the talents of a great administrator, but I've known how to surround myself with the men I needed.

Dietrich Eckart could not, for example, have been the Director of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. It would be like asking me to devote myself to agriculture. I'm quite incapable of it.

One day I had in my hands a pile of letters from Severing. If they'd been published, he'd have been annihilated. They were the outpourings of a draper's assistant. I said to Goebbels: "We haven't the right to make use of these." Reading these letters had made Severing seem to me more sympathetic than otherwise, and perhaps that's one of the reasons why later on I didn't persecute him.

In the same way, I have in the State archives photographs of Mathilde von Kemnitz. I forbid them to be published.

I don't think a man should die of hunger because he has been my opponent. If he was a base opponent, then off to the concentration camp with him! But if he's not a swindler, I let him go free, and I see that he has enough to live on. That's how I helped Noske and many others. On my return from Italy, I even increased their pensions, saying to myself: "God be praised, thanks to these people we've been rid of the aristocratic riff-raff that's still ruining Italy." Barring errors on my part, their pension is at present eight hundred marks a month.

What I couldn't allow, though, was that they should make some financial arrangement in my favour—as Severing, for example, offered to do more than once. I would seem to have bought them. In the case of one of them, I know what he has said about us: "On the path towards Socialism, the results surpass all we had dreamed of."

Thaelmann himself is very well treated in his concentration camp. He has a little house to himself.

Torgler has been set free. He's peacefully busy with a work on Socialism in the nineteenth century. I'm convinced he was responsible for the burning of the Reichstag, but I can't prove it. Personally, I have nothing against him. Besides, he has completely calmed down. A pity I didn't meet the man ten years earlier! By nature, he's an intelligent fellow.

That's why it's crazy of Spain to persecute genuine Falangists.

Thank God, I've always avoided persecuting my enemies. *

82. 29th December 1941

SPECIAL GUESTS: DR. TODT AND DIRECTOR-GENERAL FLEIGER

Industrialisation of the Reich—Coal and iron—
Work done by Russian prisoners—Take the long
view.

D.T. He taught me much, especially
of the varied states of war-mind
in the human

88. Night of 2nd-3rd January 1942

*Memories of Obersalzberg—Professor Hoffmann—
The paintings of Rottmann—Animals*

When I go to Obersalzberg, I'm not drawn there merely by the beauty of the landscape. I feel myself far from petty things, and my imagination is stimulated. When I study a problem elsewhere, I see it less clearly, I'm submerged by the details. By night, at the *Berghof*, I often remain for hours with my eyes open, contemplating from my bed the mountains lit up by the moon. It's at such moments that brightness enters my mind.

During my first electoral campaign, the question was how to win seats. Only the parties that had a certain importance had any hopes of doing so. I had no original formula for the campaign. I went up to Obersalzberg. At four o'clock in the morning I was already awake, and I realised at once what I had to do. That same day I composed a whole series of posters. I decided to overwhelm the adversary under the weight of his own arguments. And what weapons he supplied us with!

All my great decisions were taken at Obersalzberg. That's where I conceived the offensive of May 1940 and the attack on Russia.

When Hoffmann is away for a few days, I miss him.

Chr. Schr. exclaims: "My Fuehrer, if Professor Hoffmann knew that, he'd be delighted."

But he knows it very well. Not long ago he wanted to give me a Menzel. It was really very nice of him. I refused it. Even though I liked it, I wasn't going to deprive him of the picture. Besides, what would I have done with it? There'd have been no place for it at Linz. But, for Hoffmann's house, it's a treasure. The way in which Hoffmann can do me a service is by finding a Rottmann, for example, for my collection.

Rottmann's Greek and Roman landscapes at the Pinakothek have some extraordinary lighting effects. We have only one picture by him, for Linz. But, after all, we can't have everything. If anyone wants to study Rottmann, he has only to go to Munich.

Why is it that the screech of an owl is so disagreeable to a man? There must be some reason for that.

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1942

I imagine it to be the confused hubbub of the virgin forest. Animals cry aloud when they're hungry, when they're in pain, when they're in love. The language of the birds is certainly more developed than we think. We say that cats are playful creatures. Perhaps they think the same of us. They endure us as long as they can, and when they've had enough of our childishness, they give us a scratch with their claws!

89. 3rd January 1942, midday

*Great Britain should have avoided war—Nomura
and Kurusu, two Japanese diplomats—How to deceive.*

If there was a country that had particular reasons to avoid war, it was certainly Great Britain. The only way for her to keep her Empire was to have a strong air force and a strong navy. That was all she needed.

Oshima told me that, to deceive the Americans, they were sent N. and K.—for it was notorious that both of them had always been in favour of an understanding with the United States.

When one wants to deceive an adversary by simulating weakness, what a mistake to use a brave man and ask him to simulate the weakness for you! It's better to choose somebody who is out-and-out weak.

90. Night of 3rd-4th January 1942

*Recruitment of the SS—Himmler's value—Origins
of the SS and the SA—Sepp Dietrich—Seven hundred
seats in the Reichstag—Schoolmasters—Goering
and German honour—In praise of optimism
—Women love males—Forty degrees below zero
—Rommel's tanks—The Diet of Worms—Origin
of the German salute—The term "Fuehrer" explained.*

The SS shouldn't extend its recruiting too much. What matters is to keep a very high level. This body must create upon men of the elite the effect of a lover. People must know that troops like the SS have to pay the butcher's bill more heavily than anyone else—so as to keep away the young fellows who only want to show off. Troops in-

spired by a fierce will, troops with an unbeatable turn-out—the sense of superiority personified!

As soon as peace has returned, the SS will have to be given its independence again—a complete independence. There has always been a rivalry between troops of the line and guardsmen. That's why it's a good thing that the SS should constitute, in relation to the others, an absolutely distinct world. In peace-time it's an élite police, capable of crushing any adversary. It was necessary that the SS should make war, otherwise its prestige would have been lowered. I am proud when an army commander can tell me that "his force is based essentially on an armoured division and the SS Reich Division."

Himmler has an extraordinary quality. I don't believe that anyone else has had like him the obligation to deploy his troops in such constantly difficult conditions. In 1934, "the Old Gentleman" [Hindenburg] was still there. Even afterwards, a thousand difficulties arose.

Being convinced that there are always circumstances in which élite troops are called for, in 1922-23 I created the "Adolf Hitler Shock Troops." They were made up of men who were ready for revolution and knew that one day or another things would come to hard knocks. When I came out of Landsberg, everything was broken up and scattered in sometimes rival bands. I told myself then that I needed a bodyguard, even a very restricted one, but made up of men who would be enlisted without restriction, even to march against their own brothers. Only twenty men to a city (on condition that one could count on them absolutely) rather than a suspect mass.

It was Maurice, Schreck and Heyden who formed in Munich the first group of "tough ones," and were thus the origin of the SS. But it was with Himmler that the SS became that extraordinary body of men, devoted to an idea, loyal unto death. I see in Himmler our Ignatius de Loyola. With intelligence and obstinacy, against wind and tide, he forged this instrument. The heads of the SA [Sturm-Abteilung] for their part, didn't succeed in giving their troops a soul. At the present time we have had it confirmed that every division of the SS is aware of its responsibility. The SS knows that its job is to set an example, to be and not to seem, and that all eyes are upon it.

The rôle of Sepp Dietrich is unique. I've always given him opportunity to intervene at sore spots. He's a man who's simultaneously cunning, energetic and brutal. Under his swashbuckling appearance, Dietrich in a serious, conscientious, scrupulous character. And what care he takes of his

troops! He's a phenomenon, in the class of people like Frundsberg, Ziethen and Seydlitz. He's a Bavarian Wrangel, someone irreplaceable. For the German people, Sepp Dietrich is a national institution. For me personally, there's also the fact that he is one of my oldest companions in the struggle.

One of the tragic situations we've been through was in Berlin in 1930. How Sepp Dietrich could impose his personality! It was just before the elections on which everything depended. I was waiting at Munich for the results of the counting. Adolf Müller came in, very excited, and declared: "I think we've won. We may get sixty-six seats." I replied that if the German people could think correctly, it would give us more than that. Within myself I was saying: "If it could be a hundred!" Suddenly, we found ourselves with the certainty of a hundred seats. Müller offered to stand a round of drinks. It went up to a hundred and seven! How to express what I felt at that moment? We'd gone up from twelve seats to a hundred and seven!

I cannot endure schoolmasters. As always, the exceptions confirm the rule, and that's why young people become all the more attached to the exceptional ones.

After the first World War, the situation at the universities was difficult. The young officers who had a short time ago been at the front were somewhat awkward pupils.

One day I had an opportunity to hear a speech by Goering, in which he declared himself resolutely on the side of German honour. My attention had been called to him. I liked him. I made him the head of my SA. He's the only one of its heads who ran the SA properly, I gave him a dishevelled rabble. In a very short time he had organised a division of eleven thousand men.

Young Lutze has gone off to the front as a volunteer. Let's hope nothing happens to him. He's truly a pattern of what a young man should be—perfect in every way. When he has had a long enough period of training at the front, I'll take him onto my staff. He has plenty of breeding. On one occasion, Inge and he had come to Obersalzberg. They must have been thirteen and fourteen years old. Inge had done something that was not too well-behaved, no doubt. He turned to us and made the observation: "What young people are coming to, nowadays!"

I was present one day at the burial of some National Social-

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1924

At this moment, on the Eastern front, I'd prefer to lead a section of poachers in an attack rather than a section of those lawyers who condemn poachers.

I'm impressed by the opinion of the Japanese, who consider that the Englishman is a much better soldier than the American. The fact that the Englishman was beaten by us will not prevent him from believing in his superiority. It's a matter of upbringing.

At the beginning of the first World War, the English were not accustomed to artillery fire. After a bombardment of four hours, they were broken, whereas our fellows could hold out for weeks. The English are particularly sensitive to threats on their flanks.

All in all, the English soldier has not improved since the first World War. The same thing is true, by the way, of all our opponents, including the Russians. One can even say that the Russians fought better during the first World War.

I intended to attack in the West right away in the autumn of 1939. But the season was too far on.

The battle in Africa is at present a battle of materials. Rommel has been lacking tanks—the others still had some. That explains everything. And if Rommel lacked tanks, that's because we couldn't transport them.

The expression "Blitzkrieg" is an Italian invention. We picked it up from the newspapers. I've just learnt that I owe all my successes to an attentive study of Italian military theories.

In former days, when I arrived by motor-car in a town where I was expected, I always stood, bare-headed—and I stayed like that sometimes for hours, even in the worst weather. I sincerely regret that age and my health no longer allow me to do that. At bottom, I could endure much more than the others, including those who were waiting for me in the open air, whatever the weather.

The military salute is not a fortunate gesture. I imposed the German salute for the following reason. I'd given orders, at the beginning, that in the Army I should not be greeted with the German salute. But many people forgot. Fritsch drew his conclusions, and punished all who forgot to give me the military salute, with fourteen days' confine-

Language "New Father"

ment to barracks. I, in turn, drew my conclusions and introduced the German salute likewise into the Army.

On parades, when mounted officers give the military salute, what a wretched figure they cut! The raised arm of the German salute, that has quite a different style! I made it the salute of the Party long after the Duce had adopted it. I'd read the description of the sitting of the Diet of Worms, in the course of which Luther was greeted with the German salute. It was to show him that he was not being confronted with arms, but with peaceful intentions.

In the days of Frederick the Great, people still saluted with their hats, with pompous gestures. In the Middle Ages the serfs humbly doffed their bonnets, whilst the noblemen gave the German salute. It was in the *Ratskeller* at Bremen, about the year 1921, that I first saw this style of salute. It must be regarded as a survival of an ancient custom, which originally signified: "See, I have no weapon in my hand!"

I introduced the salute into the Party at our first meeting in Weimar. The SS at once gave it a soldierly style. It's from that moment that our opponents honoured us with the epithet "dogs of Fascists."

Thinking of that time reminds me of Scheubner-Richter's sacrifice. What dignity his wife displayed!

It's a heartbreaking grief to me that Dietrich Eckart did not live to see the Party's rise. What a revenge and what an achievement that was, for all those who were with us as long ago as 1923! Our old Nazis, they were grand fellows. They'd everything to lose, at that time, and nothing to win by coming with us.

In ten years, the expression "the Fuehrer" will have acquired an impersonal character. It will be enough for me to give this title an official consecration for that of Reich Chancellor to be blotted out. Even in the Army they now say "the Fuehrer." This title will later be extended to cover persons who will not have all the virtues of a leader, but it will help to establish their authority. Anyone at all can be made a president, but it's not possible to give the title of "Fuehrer" to a nobody. Another good thing is that every German can say "my Fuehrer"—the others can only say "Fuehrer." It's extraordinary how quickly this formula has become popular. Nobody addresses me in the third person. Anyone can write to me: "My Fuehrer, I greet you." I've killed the third person and dealt a death-blow to the last vestiges of servility, those survivals of the feudal age.

Secr. conv.

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I don't know how the expression was born, I've nothing to do with it. It suddenly implanted itself in the people, and gradually acquired the strength of usage. What a happy inspiration I had, to refuse the title of President of the Reich. You can imagine it: President Adolf Hitler!

There is no finer title than that of Fuehrer, for it was born spontaneously in the people. As for the expression "my Fuehrer," I imagine it was born in the mouth of women. When I wished to influence "the Old Gentleman," I used to address him as "Herr Generalfeldmarschall." It was only on official occasions that I used to say to him: "Herr Präsident." It was Hindenburg, by the way, who gave prestige to the presidential title. These fine shades may seem to be trifles, but they have their importance. They're what give the framework its rigidity.

The destiny of a word can be extraordinary. For two thousand years the expression "Caesar" personified the supreme authority. The Japanese also have their own expression to indicate the highest authority: they say "Tenno," which means "Son of Heaven." The Japanese are still at the point where we were sixteen hundred years ago, before the Church crept into the affair.

One must never admit that the authority of the State and the authority of the Party are two different things. The control of a people and the control of a State have to be combined in one person.

91. 4th January 1942, midday

SPECIAL GUESTS: SEPP DIETRICH AND COLONEL
ZEITZLER

*The Italian High Command made three mistakes—
On publicity—The beer demagogues—The first
loud-speakers—Air travel and weather forecast.*

The Italian High Command has committed three great mistakes in strategy. The resulting disasters have deprived the Italian Army of its former confidence. That's the explanation of its present mediocrity.

It was first of all a mistake to hurl the best regiments of bersaglieri against solidly fortified French positions, the plans of which were utterly unknown to the Italian Command, and to do so in the snow at a height of three thousand metres, and that precisely at a time when aircraft could play no part. It's not surprising that these regiments

were so sorely tested. We ourselves could not have achieved any result in such conditions. If they'd listened to me, they'd have taken the French in the rear by the Rhine valley.

The second mistake was Africa. The Italians had no protection against British tanks, and they were shot like rabbits. Many senior officers fell beside their guns. That's what gave them their panic terror of tanks.

The third mistake was their fatal enterprise against Albania. For this attack they used troops from Southern Italy—exactly what was needed for a winter campaign in mountainous country, without proper equipment, over an impracticable terrain, and without any organisation in depth!

Speaking of that, Keitel, we must see to it that the regiment of bersaglieri we're expecting is sent immediately onto the job. They couldn't endure a long march in this season and in such conditions. Let's prevent these bersaglieri from becoming demoralised before they've even arrived at the front!

Hitler turns to Sepp Dietrich:

Hoffmann often speaks of his desire to have me visit his model farm. I can see from here what would happen. He'd photograph me entering a barn. What publicity for the sales of his milk! I'd be posted up in all the dairies.

If I agree to be photographed with a cigar between my teeth, I believe Reemtsma would immediately offer me half a million marks!

And why not just as well some publicity for a master furrier? A pelisse on my back, a muff in my hand, on the look-out to shoot rabbits!

I once did myself incalculable harm by writing an open letter to an inn-keeper. I reproached him with the commercial demagoguery of the brewers, who made themselves out to be benefactors of the small man, struggling to ensure him his daily glass of beer. Very soon I saw Amann appear, completely overwhelmed, to tell me that the big beer-halls were cancelling their advertising contracts with the newspaper. That meant an immediate loss of seven thousand marks, and of twenty-seven thousand over a longer period. I promised myself solemnly that I would never again write an article under the domination of rage.

At the beginning of our activity, there were still no loud-speakers. The first ones that existed were the worst imaginable. Once, at the Sports Palace in Berlin, there was such a

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The Jews didn't believe the New Europe would be born.

They could never settle themselves in Japan. They've always mistrusted this world wrapped up in itself, they've always seen in it a powerful danger to themselves—and that's why they've constantly striven to keep England and America away from Japan.

Just as there have always been two Germanys, so there have always been two Japans: the one, capitalist and therefore Anglophil—the other, the Japan of the Rising Sun, the land of the samurai. The Japanese Navy is the expression of this second world. It's amongst the sailors that we've found the men nearest to ourselves.

Oshima, for example, what a magnificent head he has! On the other hand, certain men belonging to the Mikado's entourage have given me an impression of decadence.

Throughout a period of two thousand six hundred years, Japan never had war on her own soil. One thing for which one must be grateful to Ribbentrop is having understood the full significance of our pact with Japan, and drawn the conclusions from it with great lucidity. Our Navy was inspired by the same state of mind, but the Army would have preferred an alliance with China.

I'm very glad I recently said all I think about Roosevelt. There's no doubt about it, he's a sick brain. The noise he made at his press conference was typically Hebraic. There's nobody stupider than the Americans. What a humiliation for them! The further they fall, the greater their disillusionment. In any case, neither of the two Anglo-Saxons is any better than the other. One can scarcely see how they could find fault with one another! Churchill and Roosevelt, what impostors! One can expect utterly extravagant repercussions.

In the secrecy of their hearts, the South Americans loathe the Yankees.

I don't believe the Americans are attacking the Azores. They've let the moment go by.

From this moment the Dutch, whether they like it or not, are bound up with our fortunes.

Zeitler told me to-day that the Italian regiment of tanks has made a very incisive counter-attack.

To troops, the Spaniards are a crew of ragamuffins. They regard a rifle as an instrument that should not be cleaned under any pretext. Their sentries exist only in principle. They don't take up their posts, or, if they do

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1941

take them up, they do so in their sleep. When the Russians arrive, the natives have to wake them up. But the Spaniards have never yielded an inch of ground. One can't imagine more fearless fellows. They scarcely take cover. They flout death. I know, in any case, that our men are always glad to have Spaniards as neighbours in their sector.

If one reads the writings of Goeben on the Spaniards, one realises that nothing has changed in a hundred years. Extraordinarily brave, tough against privations, but wildly undisciplined. What is lamentable with them is the difference in treatment between officers and men. The Spanish officers live in clover, and the men are reduced to the most meagre pittance.

The Hungarians are good auxiliaries for us. With proper stiffening, we find them very useful.

As for Rumania, she has only one man, Antonescu!

94. 5th January 1942, midday

SPECIAL GUESTS: DR. TODT, SEPP DIETRICH, GENERAL GAUSE AND COLONEL ZEITLER

*The British lose the Far East—India or Tripoli
—British thunder—The American soldier.*

The situation of the English, on the military level, is compromised in two sectors of vital importance.

One of their great bases is Iran, Irak and Syria. That's where their fleet takes on supplies. The other is the Malay archipelago, where they're losing all their refuelling-points for oil. They can trumpet abroad their intentions concerning Europe, but they know very well that it's the possession of India on which the existence of their Empire depends.

If I were in their place, I'd say: "It will be impossible to reconquer India once it's lost." My chief care would be to put everything I had on the road there, even if it were only one division. I have a clear impression that they're ransacking their cupboards to try to save their positions in the Far East. Projects are one thing, but it's the event that calls the tune. It would be conceivable that the English should have Indian units moved to Europe—but these are mere movements for movement's sake, such as reduce an army's effectiveness. They'd lose in the one quarter without gaining in the other. If things go on following this rhythm, in four weeks the Japanese will be in Singapore. It would be a terribly hard blow. And the space there is so vast that there could be no question of holding it with a division.

long absence has brought it on him. If a nation were to quit the war before the end of the war, I seriously think it might be England. I don't definitely say so, but it seems to me possible.

England and America have now decided to produce synthetic rubber. It's not just a matter of building factories—they also need coal! The problem will become really acute for them in the next six months. At this moment all States have similar difficulties to overcome, and are living from one day to the next. But it's certain that, for England, her present difficulties have incalculable implications.

One safeguard for the future is that the Japanese should never give up the preponderance they are obtaining in the Pacific. The important question for England will be whether she can hold India. It might be possible to negotiate a separate peace which would leave India to England.

In that case, what would happen to the United States? They would be territorially intact. But one day England will be obliged to make approaches to the Continent. And it will be a German-British army that will chase the Americans from Iceland. I don't see much future for the Americans. In my view, it's a decayed country. And they have their racial problem, and the problem of social inequalities. Those were what caused the downfall of Rome, and yet Rome was a solid edifice that stood for something. Moreover, the Romans were inspired by great ideas. Nothing of the sort in England to-day. As for the Americans, that kind of thing is non-existent. That's why, in spite of everything. I like an Englishman a thousand times better than an American.

It goes without saying that we have no affinities with the Japanese. They're too foreign to us, by their way of living, by their culture. But my feelings against Americanism are feelings of hatred and deep repugnance. I feel myself more akin to any European country, no matter which. Everything about the behaviour of American society reveals that it's half Judaised, and the other half negrified. How can one expect a State like that to hold together—a State where 80 per cent of the revenue is drained away from the public purse—a country where everything is built on the dollar? From this point of view, I consider the British State very much superior.

100. Night of 8th-9th January 1942

Childhood memories—Religious instruction—The

Abbé Schwarz—"Sit down, Hitler!"—Preparation for confession—The story of Petronella.

In Austria, religious instruction was given by priests. I was the eternal asker of questions. Since I was completely master of the material, I was unassailable. I always had the best marks. On the other hand, I was less impeccable under the heading of Behaviour.

I had a particular liking for the delicate subjects in the Bible, and I took a naughty pleasure in asking embarrassing questions. Father Schwarz, our teacher, was clever at giving me evasive answers. So I kept on insisting until he lost his patience. One day—I've forgotten with reference to what—he asked me if I said my prayers in the morning, at midday and at night. "No, sir, I don't say prayers. Besides, I don't see how God could be interested in the prayers of a secondary schoolboy." "Sit down then!"

When Father Schwarz entered the classroom, the atmosphere was at once transformed. He brought revolution in with him. Every pupil took to some new occupation. For my part, I used to excite him by waving pencils in the colours of Greater Germany. "Put away those abominable colours at once!" he'd say. The whole class would answer with a long howl of disapproval. Then I would get up and explain to him that it was the symbol of our national ideal. "You should have no other ideal in your heart but that of our beloved country and our beloved house of Hapsburg. Whoever does not love the Imperial family, does not love the Church, and whoever does not love the Church, does not love God. Sit down, Hitler!"

Father Schwarz had a huge, blue handkerchief that he used to fish up from the lining of his cassock. You could hear it crackle when he spread it out. One day he had dropped it in class. During break, when he was talking with some other teachers, I went up to him holding the handkerchief at arm's length and disguising my disgust: "Here's your handkerchief, sir." He grabbed hold of it, glaring at me. At that moment the other boys, who had gathered round me, burst out into a noisy, artificially prolonged laughter.

In the Steinstrasse, Father Schwarz had a female relative, of the same name as himself, who kept a little shop. We used to visit her in a group and ask for the silliest objects: women's bloomers, corsets, etc. Of course, she didn't stock that kind of article. We left the shop indignantly, complaining in loud voices.

Opposite the school, in the Herrengasse, there was a con-

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vent. An excellent recruit came to us from Vienna, a real scamp. He used to blow kisses to the nuns when they passed a window. One day one of them smiled back at him. At once an old prude got up and drew the curtain violently. We even heard a cry. Half an hour later, our Rector gave us a scolding, expressing his amazement at our lack of respect.

If there hadn't been a few teachers who would intercede for me on occasion, the affair would have ended badly for me.

Before Easter we had lessons to prepare us for confession. It was a tremendous rag. As we had to give examples of sins to confess, we chose them in such a way as to tease Father Schwarz. One boy confessed that he had had bad thoughts about his teacher, another said he had deliberately vexed him, and so on. The priest told us we were guilty of a grave sin in not going more deeply into ourselves, and in confining ourselves to these superficial confessions. So we agreed we would confess to a series of appalling sins. During break I wrote out on the blackboard a terrifying confession, headed by the words: "Copy out." I was busy at work when there was a whistle. It was the signal from the boy whom we'd posted to keep "cave." I knocked the blackboard over and rushed to my form. The holidays went by, and everybody, including myself, forgot the matter.

At the beginning of next term, a boy was answering questions. He filled the empty side of the blackboard, which was facing him, and when he got to the bottom of the blackboard, he turned it round. The words I'd written came into sight: "I have committed fleshly sin, outside of marriage..." The teacher studied the handwriting, thought he recognised it as mine, and asked me if I was the author. I explained to him that this was an example of deep introspection—Father Schwarz having told us to be very precise on this subject. "You, Hitler, keep your examples to yourself. Otherwise I'll make an example of somebody..."

Often I promised myself to moderate my ways, but I couldn't help it, I couldn't endure all those hypocrisies. I can still see that Schwarz, with his long nose. I saw red when I looked at him. And I retorted as best I could! One day my mother came to the school, and he took the opportunity to pounce on her and explain that I was a lost soul. "You, unhappy boy..." he apostrophised me. "But I'm not unhappy, sir." "You'll realise you *are*, in the Next World." "I've heard about a scientist who doubts whether there is a Next World." "What do you (in German, "Du") mean?" "I must inform you, sir, that you are addressing me as

"thou." "You won't go to Heaven." "Not even if I buy an indulgence?"

I was very fond of visiting the cathedral. Without my realising it, this was because I liked architecture. Somebody must have informed Father Schwarz of these visits, and he supposed I went there for some secret reason. The fact was, I was full of respect for the majesty of the place. One day, on leaving, I found myself face to face with the priest. "And there was I thinking you were a lost soul, my son! Now I see you're nothing of the sort." This happened at a moment when Schwarz's opinion was not a matter of indifference to me, for it was the day before the examinations. So I carefully refrained from enlightening him. But he never knew what to think of me, and that vexed him. I had read a lot of works by freethinkers, and he knew it. When I bearded him with my ill-digested scientific knowledge, I drove him nearly out of his wits.

At Linz there was an association of "persons physically separated," for at that time not even civil divorce existed in Austria. The aforesaid organisation used to organise demonstrations against this barbarism. Public demonstrations were forbidden, but private meetings were allowed, on condition that only members of the association were present. I went to one of these meetings, signed a form of membership at the door, and was seized with virtuous indignation when I heard the speaker's account of the situation. He described men who were models of ignominy, and whose wives, by law, could never separate from them. I at once convinced myself that it was my duty to spread the truth amongst the public, and I wrote a play on the subject. Since my writing was illegible, I dictated the play to my sister, pacing up and down in my room. The play was divided into a number of scenes. I displayed a lofty, burning imagination. At that time I was fifteen years old.

My sister said to me: "You know, Adolf, your play can't be acted." I couldn't persuade her that she was mistaken. She even persisted in her obstinacy to such a point that one day she went on strike, and that was the end of my masterpiece. But the thoughts I'd had on the subject were useful as providing fuel for my conversations with Schwarz. At the first opportunity, still burning with indignation, I tackled him on the matter. "I really don't know, Hitler, how you manage to discover such subjects." "Because it interests me." "It *oughtn't* to interest you. Your blessed father is dead..." "But my father has nothing to do with it. It's

I who am a member of the Association of Persons Physically Separated." "You're *what*? Sit down!"

I'd had Schwarz for three years. Before him (his name comes back to me now) it was Father Silizko—a great enemy of ours.

One of our teachers, a certain Koenig, had been a superintendent in charge of steam boilers. One day an explosion gave him a physical shock that expressed itself in a defective pronunciation. He could no longer pronounce the letter "h." When he read out the names of the class, at his first lesson, I pretended not to hear, although I was sitting right in front of him. He repeated it several times, but without result. When he had identified me, he asked me why I didn't answer. "My name's not Itler, sir. My name is Hitler."

I've always wondered why our teachers were so careless of their persons.

At Steyr we had a Jew as teacher. One day we shut him up in his laboratory. In his class things were like in a Jewish school—everything was anarchy. This teacher had no authority at all. The boys were afraid of him at first, so it seems—because he used to howl like a madman. Unfortunately for him, one day he was caught laughing immediately after being angry. The boys realised that his bouts of anger were mere play-acting, and that was the end of his authority.

I had discovered in my landlady's house a huge scarf, which I borrowed from her. I tied it round my neck, and went to school in this rig. The teacher asked what was the matter with me, and I answered in an indistinct murmur, making him think that I couldn't speak. He was scared of a possible infection, supposing I was in very bad shape, and at once exclaimed: "Be off, be off! Go home, take care of yourself!"

I always had the habit of reading during lessons—reading books, of course, that had nothing to do with the aforesaid lessons. One day I was reading a book on diseases caused by microbes, when the teacher pounced on me, tore the book from my hands, and threw it into a corner. "You should take an example from me, and read serious works, if read you must."

Steyr was an unpleasant town—the opposite of Linz. Linz, full of national spirit. Steyr, black and red—the clergy and Marxism. I lodged with a school-companion in Grunmarkt, No. 9, in a little room overlooking the courtyard.

The boy's first name was Gustav, I've forgotten his surname. The room was rather agreeable, but the view over the courtyard was sinister. I often used to practise shooting rats from the window. Our landlady was very fond of us. She regularly took sides with us against her husband, who was a cipher in his own house, so to speak. She used to attack him like a viper.

I remember the sort of quarrel they often used to have. A few days before, I had asked my landlady—very politely—to give me my breakfast coffee a little less hot, so that I should have time to swallow it before we set off. On the morning of this quarrel, I pointed out to her that it was already half-past the hour, and I was still waiting for my coffee. She argued about whether it was so late. Then the husband intervened. "Petronella," he said, "it's twenty-five to." At this remark, made by someone who had no right to speak, she blew up. Evening came, and Petronella had not yet calmed down. On the contrary, the quarrel had reached its climax. The husband decided to leave the house, and, as usual, asked one of us to come with him—for he was afraid of the rats, and had to be shown a light. When he'd gone, Petronella bolted the door. Gustav and I said to one another: "Look out for squalls!" The husband at once injured his nose on the shut door, and politely asked his wife to open. As she didn't react, except by humming, he ordered her to do as she was told, but without any better success. From threats he passed to the most humble supplication, and ended by addressing himself to me (who could only answer that his charming spouse had forbidden me to obey him). The result was that he spent the night out of doors, and could not return until next morning with the milk, pitiful and cowed. How Gustav and I despised the wet rag! Petronella was thirty-three years old. Her husband was bearded and ageless. He was a member of the minor nobility, and worked as an employee in the service of the municipality.

At that time Austria contained a great number of noble families in straitened circumstances. I wonder whether Petronella is still alive. We were very fond of her. She looked after us in all sorts of small ways, she never missed an opportunity of stuffing our pockets with dainties. In Austria the good women who provided lodgings for students were usually called by the Latin word, *crux*.

After the examinations, we organised a great party. It's the only time in my life I've been drunk. I had obtained my certificate, next day I was to leave Steyr and return to my mother. My comrades and I secretly gath-

ered over a quart of local wine. I've completely forgotten what happened during that night. I simply remember that I was awoken at dawn, by a milkwoman, on the road from Steyr to Karsten. I was in a lamentable state when I got back to the house of my *crux*. I had a bath and drank a cup of coffee. Then Petronella asked me whether I had obtained my certificate. I wanted to show it to her, I rummaged in my pockets, I turned them inside out. Not a trace of my certificate! What could I have done with it, and what was I to show my mother? I was already thinking up an explanation: I had unfolded it in the train, in front of an open widow, and a gust of wind had carried it off! Petronella did not agree with me, and suggested that it would be better to ask at the school for a duplicate of the document. And, since I had drunk away all my money, she carried her kindness so far as to lend me five gulden.

The director began by keeping me waiting for quite a long time. My certificate had been brought back to the school, but torn into four pieces, and in a somewhat inglorious condition. It appeared that, in the absent-mindedness of intoxication, I had confused the precious parchment with toilet paper. I was overwhelmed. I cannot tell you what the director said to me, I am still humiliated, even from here. I made a promise to myself that I would never get drunk again, and I've kept my promise.

I was fifteen to sixteen years old, the age when all young people write poetry. I liked visiting the waxworks, and I passed for choice through the door surmounted by the label *For Adults Only*. This is the age when one wants to know all, and be ignorant of nothing. I remember visiting a cinema near the Southern Station of Linz. What a horror of a film!

Speaking of the cinema, I was present once at a showing given in aid of some charity. What was curious was the choice of films, which was more than doubtful from the point of view of morals. The Austrian State was tolerant in that sphere! I found myself cheek by jowl with a teacher named Sixtel. He said to me, laughing: "So you, too, are a keen supporter of the Red Cross!" This remark seemed to me shocking.

G.D. asked whether any of Hitler's teachers had witnessed his rise to power.

Yes, some of them. I was not a model pupil, but none

of them has forgotten me. What a proof of my character!

101. 9th January 1942, evening

Whale oil and vegetable oils.

Nowadays humanity depends basically on the whale for its nourishment with fats. I gather that the number of whales in the seas of the world tends rather to fall than to increase. The East will supply us with the vegetable fats that will replace whale-oil.

102. Night of 9th-10th January 1942

Health and sickness—Air travel and electoral campaigns—The Fuehrer's plot—Travel facilities in the Eastern Territories.

I haven't been sick since I was sixteen. The last time I was in bed was in 1918, in a military hospital. The fact that I've never been sick makes me think that, when an illness attacks me, it will have a more violent effect on me. I have the impression that it won't drag on and on!

Only ten years ago, I could fly in an aircraft at a height of 6,000 metres without the help of oxygen. The two Dietrichs fainted. It would have been different if I'd had to move, no doubt. Anyway, it was lucky that it was so, for there were never enough masks for everybody.

Another time we were flying at only 4,000 metres, but Baur had to come down with all speed to escape a storm that was beneath us. It gave me terrible headaches, which lasted all day long. That's why I greatly admire *stuka* pilots.

Recently Goering expressed his dissatisfaction to me that Baur had been flying a Heinkel. He insists that Baur should always use the same type of aircraft. If he always flew a Heinkel, that would be different. As regards Baur himself, he's delighted to have the new Condor.

There is always an element of danger in flying. One is dependent, in short, on a single man. It's enough for this man to have a moment of weakness, and everything's finished. Moreover, there are the atmospheric conditions. If one's caught by ice on the wings, there's nothing to do but try a chance landing, which isn't always easy.

Formerly I used to fly all the time. To-day I take care that nothing should happen to me. When the situation is easier, I'll pay less attention to the matter.

I've made two landings in a fog. One comes down, and doesn't know what one might run into. Once, it was at Munich. We saw very dimly the red flares of the ground-lighting. Baur, who has an extraordinary speed of decision, at once dived without bothering about the direction of the wind. We were in an old Rohrbach. I had the feeling that we were descending at mad speed. Suddenly the ground rose to meet us. Baur levelled out the aircraft at the very last moment. Already our wheels were down. But there was still the risk of running into an obstacle. Baur succeeded in turning within a few yards of the hangars.

Another time, we tried to put ourselves in the same situation at Bremen. At that period the Lufthansa was infested by Jews. They let me fly when it was forbidden to fly all over Reich territory. They obviously had only one wish—that I should end my career in an aircraft accident! We were coming down blindly when the ground rose up. Baur had just time to level out and thus avoid a herd of cattle.

Yet another time, we had to go through three storms in succession. It was in the direction of Brunswick. How many times we made forced landings in the fields! On the 29th of July 1932, for example, at Ulm.

On another occasion, I said to Baur: "We must go, we're expected at Munich." We had no equipment for night flying. So Baur had had an improvised lighting system installed. On arriving at Munich, we wheeled around above the stadium. It was at the time of the Papen elections, when we got our two hundred and ninety-seven seats. That same day I'd had meetings at Constance, Friedrichshafen and Kempten. At the meeting in Munich, I could hardly speak. I was dizzy. As I went back home, I thought I was going to faint. I got nothing easily in those days! I remember I once spoke at Stralsund at three o'clock in the morning.

These rapid, incessant moves were due to the necessity of my speaking sometimes in great halls and sometimes in the open air, and we didn't always have a choice of dates. For example, on my birthday in 1932. The day before, I'd held six meetings at Königsberg, the last ending at half-past two in the morning. I was in bed by five, and by half-past eight I was back on the airfield. A young girl of ravishing beauty offered me a nosegay, and I regarded that as a happy omen. Meetings at Schneidemühl, at Kassel, then at Göttingen, where from forty to fifty thousand people were waiting for us in the night, under torrential rain.

Next day, at three o'clock in the morning, we set out by car for Wiesbaden, Trier and Koblenz. The organisation of

these round-trips was very difficult, for we had to take mainly into account the possibility of getting hails. Often I had to use a little Junker single-motor that had belonged to Sepp Dietrich. It was a rather unstable aircraft, and we were violently shaken by the bad weather. Baur once set it down on a race-course. He did better than that, for he succeeded in starting off again in black darkness. As a matter of fact, we had no meteorological protection.

My very first flight, Munich to Berlin, was so unfavourable that I spent years without entering an aircraft again.

My weakness is for motor-cars. I owe it some of the finest hours of my life. The Rhine seen from the air is no great shakes. In a car it's better. But the ideal thing is in a boat.

As regards the East, the only means of locomotion is the aircraft. Here, there's nothing to lose. When we have built our first autobahnen, dotted every hundred kilometres by a little town that will remind us of Germany, that will already be better. These autobahnen will have to be different from ours, or else the travellers will be seized by the boredom of the journey and will have crises of agoraphobia. The way from Cologne to Bonn is already difficult to endure. When I go from Berlin to Munich, my fancy is continually being taken by lovely things. But a thousand kilometres over a plain, that's terrifying! We shall have to populate that desert. The autobahnen of the East will have to be built on ridges, so that they'll remain clear during the winter. The wind must be able to sweep them continually.

103. 10th January 1942, evening

Japan's sudden rise to wealth—Capitalist exploitation of India—The blood-sucker of widows—India or the control of Europe.

Japan is in process of making itself independent in all fields. It's guaranteeing its supplies of rubber, oil, zinc, wolfram and a number of other products. Japan will be one of the richest countries in the world. What a transformation! This country that as recently as a few weeks ago was regarded as one of the poorest! There are few examples in world history of a more rapid and complete reversal of the situation.

The wealth of Great Britain is the result less of a perfect commercial organisation than of the capitalist exploitation of

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The adventures of Dietrich Eckart—Hitler incognito—Reunions at Passau and Berchtesgaden—Local stories—The construction of the Berghof—First Christmas at Obersalzberg—Journey to Buxtehude—A providential fire—Dietrich Eckart, mentor—Picturesque quarrels—The first of the Faithful.

The Hochlenzer was built in 1672. It's a region where there are traces of very ancient habitation. There's a reason for that, for through here passed the old salt route that led from Hallein to Augsburg, passing through Salzburg and Berchtesgaden. Hallthurm was a landmark on this route.

I don't suppose our ancestors considered this region very inviting. Every year, about Christmas, the children rig themselves out in terrifying masks—a survival of a period when people thought that in this way they could chase away evil spirits. Bad spirits gather in wild and desolate regions! Imagine this narrow road, where the traders obliged to pass that way lived in constant fear of attack, either by wild beasts or by brigands. They needed a whole day to cover a distance that to-day takes us twenty minutes.

In the spot where I have my house, there was nothing before 1917. Nothing but fields. I think it was in 1917 that the Winter family, of Buxtehude, built the little house on whose site I built mine.

The visit to Obersalzberg that made the keenest impression on me was the visit I made at the time when my house was being built. It was my first for several months, and I was full of the excitement of discovery. The main work had only just been finished. The dimensions of the house made me somewhat afraid it would clash with the landscape. I was very glad to notice that, on the contrary, it fitted in very well. I had already restricted myself for that reason—for, to my taste, it should have been still bigger.

The house that belonged to Cornelius, *Sonnenköpfli*, was celebrated. The Bechsteins wanted me to acquire it. But I set too much store by the view in the direction of Salzburg, perhaps out of nostalgia for my little fatherland. Moreover, it's too warm in summer at *Sonnenköpfli*. The *Berghof* has a truly ideal situation. How I'd like to be up there! It will be a glorious moment when we can climb up there again. But how far away it is, terribly far!

To put it briefly, it was Dietrich Eckart who introduced me to Obersalzberg. There was a warrant out for his arrest, and we were seeking to hide him. First of all he'd taken refuge at Munich, with the Lauböcks. But he couldn't

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resist the temptation to telephone right and left. Already by the second day, he was clamouring that his girl-friend Anna should go and visit him. "I'm incapable of hiding," he used to say. We decided to fetch him back to his home. As a precautionary measure, patrols of ours used to watch the house. Here and there one could see the silhouette of a policeman sticking up, but they were too cowardly to embroil themselves with us. Christian Weber came to see me and tell me about the Büchners of Obersalzberg, whom I didn't yet know. Weber had been their paying guest, and he thought it would be just the place for hiding Dietrich Eckart. The Büchners ran the pension Moritz.

One day Röhm telephoned to me, asking me to go and see him immediately at the office of our military administration. There was a "wanted persons" service there that functioned in parallel with that of the civil police. Röhm told me that an attempt would be made to arrest Eckart during the night, and he advised me to take him elsewhere. I'd myself observed that the house was beginning to be hemmed in by policemen. A little later in the day I learnt from Röhm that all the roads round Munich had been barred. "Take him to the English Garden," he told me. "There you'll find a Reichswehr vehicle that I'm putting at his disposal." I commented to Röhm that Eckart would certainly not consent to depart by himself. "So much the better," said Röhm. "It will be excellent if the vehicle is full." I went to see Drexler, and asked him if he would like to go off for a few weeks with Dietrich Eckart. He was enthusiastic at the proposal. Eckart began by jibbing at the idea, but in the evening he let himself be led off. All this happened during the winter 1922-1923. So they went up to Obersalzberg, where there was still a lot of snow. I've had no details of that journey.

Next day the police came to my house. They knew nothing, of course. That reminds me that we used to treat these police fellows very rudely. When we were telephoning, and suspected that the line was tapped, we used to exclaim at once: "Good God, another of these chimpanzees taking an interest in us!"

Christian Weber gave us news regularly. All that I knew was that they were in a boarding-house somewhere near Berchtesgaden.

One day in April I went to Berchtesgaden, accompanied by my young sister. I told her that I had to have an interview on the mountain, and I asked her to wait for me. I set off on foot with Weber. The path rose sharply, and went on and on: a narrow path, through the snow. I asked Web-

er whether he took me for a chamois, and threatened to turn back and return by day. Then we found a house before us, the pension Moritz. Weber said to me: "No knocks at the door; we can go in." As a precaution, we had not announced ourselves. Eckart, brought from his bed, came to meet us in his nightshirt, displaying heels bristling with hair like barbed-wire. He was very much moved.

I asked Eckart at what hour I should get up next day in order to admire the landscape. He told me that it was marvellous at 7:30. He was right—what a lovely view over the valley! A countryside of indescribable beauty.

Eckart was already downstairs. He introduced me to the Büchners: "This is my young friend, Herr Wolf." Nobody could think of forming any connection between this person and that crazy monster Adolf Hitler. Eckart was known at the boarding-house under the name of Dr. Hoffmann. At midday he took me to the *Türken* inn, promising me a genuine goulash. He was addressed there as "Herr Doktor," but I saw at once that everybody knew his real identity. When I mentioned this to him, he answered that there were no traitors in Obersalzberg. After a meeting at Freilassing, he had spoken under the name of Hoffmann, but during the speech he had become carried away by passion and had so far forgotten himself as to say: "What's that nonsense you're telling me? Why, I'm better informed than you are. I'm Dietrich Eckart!"

I didn't stay there long, and went back to Munich. But every time I had a few free days, I used to return up there. We often went on excursions. Once we were caught in the Purtscheller hut by a terrible storm, so fierce we thought the hut was about to fly away. Dietrich Eckart cursed: "What folly to have shut myself up in such a wretched shanty!" Another time, Büchner took Eckart on his motor-cycle. I can still see them climbing at full speed the stiff, winding path to Obersalzberg. What a team!

A day came when it was impossible to keep Eckart at the boardinghouse any longer. People were saying everywhere that a horde of policemen were coming to pick him up. One afternoon we moved him into Göll's little house. As he always did when he moved, he took with him his bed and his coffee-grinder.

I had become immediately attached to Obersalzberg. I'd fallen in love with the landscape. The only people who knew who I was were the Büchners, and they'd kept the secret. All the others thought of me as Herr Wolf. So it was very amusing to hear what people said at table about Hitler.

I'd decided to go to Passau for a meeting. Our boarding-house had a customer accompanied by a very pretty wife. We were chatting together, and suddenly he said to me: "I've come from Holstein as far as Berchtesgaden. I refuse to miss the opportunity of seeing this man Hitler. So I'm going to Passau." It seemed to me that this was a bad lookout for me, and that I would lose my incognito. I told him I was going there, too, and offered to take him in my car. When we reached Passau, a car was waiting for me. I went ahead and warned my friends that I was Herr Wolf, asking them to avoid any gaffes with the braggart whom I was leaving in their care. I invited the braggart to come into the meeting with my friends, telling him I'd join him in the hall. The fact was that I had to take off the overalls hiding my uniform.

I immediately recognised my man by his stupidly scarred face, lost in the confused uproar of the hall. When he saw me mount the platform and begin to speak, he fixed his eyes upon me as if I were a ghost. The meeting ended in a terrible brawl, in the course of which Schreck was arrested. I took my companion back to Obersalzberg. He was dumbfounded. I begged him to keep my secret, telling him that if I were recognised I should be obliged to change my place of refuge, and that this would be a great vexation. He gave me his word.

On the way back, it was Göring who was at the wheel. He drove like a madman. On a bend, before we arrived at Tittmoning, we suddenly found ourselves on a dung-heap. Maurice took over the wheel again, and drove us back to Berchtesgaden without further obstacle.

Next day I could see, from the way the braggart's wife had of staring at me, that he had spoken to her. But towards the others he had been entirely discreet.

For a long time a meeting had been arranged at Berchtesgaden. The moment came when it was no longer possible to avoid it. "German Day at Berchtesgaden. Present: Comrade Adolf Hitler." Great sensation at Obersalzberg. The whole boarding-house, forty to fifty people in all, came down into the valley to see the phenomenon. Dinner-time had been advanced so that they could arrive punctually.

I came down by motor-cycle. At the Crown inn, I was welcomed by a formidable ovation. All my boarding-house was gathered in front of the door—but the good people were in no way surprised, being convinced that every new arrival was greeted in this vociferous fashion. When I climbed on the platform, they stared at me as if I'd gone mad. When

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they became aware of the reality, I saw that it was driving them out of their minds.

When Wolf returned to the boarding-house, the atmosphere there was poisoned. Those who had spoken ill of Adolf Hitler in my hearing were horribly embarrassed. What a pity!

The pleasant period was when my features weren't known, and I could travel in peace all over the Reich. What a pleasure it was for me to be mistaken for no matter whom!

One of my first escapades after my emergence from prison, in 1925, consisted in a visit to Berchtesgaden. I told the Büchners that I had work to do and needed absolute quiet. I accordingly installed myself in the small annex.

Then the Büchners went away. I shall always follow their fortunes with interest. I judge people according to how they treated us at the period of our struggle. The Büchners were admirable to us at a time when we were weak. Büchner was a very nice fellow, and his wife was a person full of energy. They gave way, in 1926 or 1927, to Dressel, a Saxon. What a change! Dressel was horribly lazy, his house was ill-kept, his food uneatable. A drunken brother-in-law into the bargain. The café was kept by a charming girl, who to-day works with Amann, and whom Dressel mistreated. She was the daughter of a porcelain-manufacturer, Hutschenreuther, whose business had turned out badly. What a relief for her when Amann got her out of there! Dressel even withheld from his staff the 10 per cent for service to which they were entitled. All this was so disgusting that we decided not to stay there any longer.

After that I stayed at the *Marineheim*. The Bechsteins were there, and had begged me to keep them company. But the atmosphere was intolerable. The Bechsteins, who were people of the world, themselves admitted it. A society entirely lacking in naturalness, characters swollen with pretentiousness, the quintessence of everything that revolts us! After the incident of Herr Modersohn's luggage, I went away. I couldn't remain any longer in a house inhabited by such puppets.

Then I selected the *Deutsche Haus* in Berchtesgaden. I lived there for nearly two years, with breaks. I lived there like a fighting-cock. Every day I went up to Obersalzberg, which took me two and a half hours' walking there and back. That's where I wrote the second volume of my book. I was very fond of visiting the *Dreimäderlhaus*, where there were always pretty girls. This was a great treat for me. There was one of them, especially, who was a real beauty.

sect. conv.

In 1928 I learnt that the *Wachenfeld* house would be coming up to let. I thought this would be an excellent solution, and I decided to go and look at it. Nobody was there. Old Rasp, whom I met there, told me that the two ladies had just gone out. Winter, who had had the house built, was at that time a big industrialist in Buxtehude. He'd given it his wife's maiden name, Wachenfeld.

The two ladies came back. "Excuse me, ladies. You are the proprietors of this house. I've been told that you wanted to let it." "You are Herr Hitler? We are members of the Party." "Then we are wonderfully suited." "Come in, come and have a cup of coffee." Then I visited the house, and was completely captivated. We at once came to an agreement. The proprietors were delighted to let the entire house by the year, for a hundred marks a month. They considered that I was doing them a service in not leaving the house empty. They were so kind as to add that, in the event of sale, which was improbable, they would give me the first option.

Angela Simon
I immediately rang up my sister in Vienna with the news, and begged her to be so good as to take over the part of mistress of the house. Since my sister was often alone, with a little servant-girl, I procured two watch-dogs for her. Nothing ever happened to her.

I went once to Buxtehude. Since I'd invested a lot of money in the house, I wanted a price, against the event of sale, to be fixed before a lawyer. The most agreeable thing for me would have been to buy at once, but Frau Winter couldn't make up her mind to sell the house, which she had from her late husband. We had arrived by car from Hamburg. When I asked where was the Winter factory, I was told that it had burned down precisely the night before. I told myself that I'd come at the proper moment.

I visited Frau Winter in her house. I was received at first by her daughter. The mother came, beaming: "What a coincidence!" she said. "You arrive, and the factory was burnt down last night. Two pieces of luck!" The fact was that during the inflation two Jews had bought the factory for nothing, profiting by a widow's weakness. She added: "This is such a good day for me that I agree to sell you the house."

She led me in front of a photograph: "Look at this scamp!" she said. "For three weeks he's been with the Army, and I've had no letter from him." I tried to explain to her that perhaps the young man was on manoeuvres and unable to write. She was delighted that I'd supplied her with a pretext for regarding herself as having been unjust

to the boy. I was certainly subjugated by this adorable old lady of eighty. She reminded me of Frau Hoffmann—only taller, thinner and more alert.

I went for a short walk with the old lady, and learnt that she had the right to dwell only in the house belonging to the factory. By good luck, although the lightning had struck the factory, the living-house had been spared!

That's how I became a property owner at Obersalzberg.

Yes, there are so many links between Obersalzberg and me. So many things were born there, and brought to fruition there. I've spent up there the finest hours of my life. My thoughts remain faithful to my first house. It's there that all my great projects were conceived and ripened. I had hours of leisure, in those days, and how many charming friends! Now it's stultifying hard work and chains. All that's left to me now is these few hours that I spend with you every night.

For the Baroness, I was somebody interesting. Eckart had introduced me as follows: "Here's a young friend who one day will be a very important man." How she wanted to know what I did! I told her I was a writer.

How I loved going to see Dietrich Eckart in his apartment in the Franz Joseph Strasse. What a wonderful atmosphere in his home! How he took care of his little Anna! When he died, she told me with all the tears of bitterness that she would never again meet a man as disinterested as he was.

We've all taken a step forward on the road of existence, and we could no longer picture to ourselves exactly what Dietrich Eckhart was for us. He shone in our eyes like the polar star. What others wrote was so flat. When he admonished someone, it was with so much wit. At the time, I was intellectually a child still on the bottle. But what comforted me was that, even with him, it hadn't all sprouted itself—that everything in his work was the result of a patient and intelligent effort. There are things I wrote ten years ago that I can no longer read.

Our society, at the boarding-house, was composed of Dietrich Eckhart, with his girl-friend, Anna, of Gansser, the Baroness Abegg, Esser, Heinrich Hoffmann and Drexler. I remember bringing up from Berchtesgaden in a basket, a bust acquired by the Baroness that everybody attributed to Donatello. I regretted the sweat it cost me all the more since, when I dragged it from the basket, it proved to be a bad copy in clay.

We often spent agreeable evenings in the *Deutsche Haus*,

sometimes in the café, sometimes in one or other of our rooms. Gansser used to fill the house with the booming of his voice and his Bavarian accent. He scented traces of plots everywhere.

Miezel was a delightful girl. At this period I knew a lot of women. Several of them became attached to me. Why, then, didn't I marry? To leave a wife behind me? At the slightest imprudence, I ran the risk of going back to prison for six years. So there could be no question of marriage for me. I therefore had to renounce certain opportunities that offered themselves.

Dr. Gansser deserves eternal gratitude from the Party. I owe him a whole series of very important relationships. If I hadn't, thanks to him, made the acquaintance of Richard Frank—the wheat man—I wouldn't have been able to keep the *Beobachter* going in 1923. The same's true of Bechstein. For months I travelled in his car when it was loaded with dynamite. He used to say, to calm me: "I can't use any other chauffeur, for this one is so completely stupid that I can say anything at all in front of him. If he runs into another car, it can't be helped; up in the air we'll go!"

When it was a question of setting off on a journey, Eckart was the most precise man on earth, Gansser the most imprecise. Eckart would arrive at the station an hour and a half before the train's departure. Gansser was never there. Eckhart used to say to me: "Have you any news of Gansser? I'm afraid he's late again. You—don't go away, or I'll be left alone!" The train would be leaving the platform when we would see Gansser, overflowing with his luggage, having traversed the whole train after having succeeded in bringing off a flying leap into the last carriage. Eckart would apostrophise him: "You, you're a man born after his time. That explains everything!"

Eckart was born a Protestant. When he was with Gansser, he used to defend Catholicism. "But for Luther, who gave Catholicism new vigour, we'd have finished with Christianity much sooner." Gansser, as a pastor's son, used to defend Luther. One day Eckart brought their traditional dispute to the following conclusion: "I must tell it to you now. You're merely a sub-product of Protestant sexuality—that is to say, of a sexuality that's not at ease in good society."

I had a great number of loyal supporters in Munich. They had everything to lose, by adopting this position, and nothing to win. To-day, when I happen to meet one

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of them, it moves me extraordinarily. They showed a truly touching attachment towards me. Small stallkeepers of the markets used to come running to see me "to bring a couple of eggs to Herr Hitler." There were important ones like Pöschl, Fuess and Gahr, but also quite small men, whom today I find much aged. I'm so fond of these unpretentious fellows. The others, the ten thousand of the élite, whatever they do is the result of calculation. Some of them see me as an attraction to their drawing-rooms, others seek various advantages. Our newspaper-sellers were often boycotted and beaten up. One of our most faithful supporters, since 1920, was old Jegg. My happiest memories are of this time. The attachment I then felt to the people has never left me. There are such bonds joining me to them that I can share in their troubles and joys. I put myself spontaneously in their place. For years I lived on Tyrolean apples, and so did Hess. It's crazy what economies we had to make. Every mark saved was for the Party. Another loyal supporter was little Neuner, Ludendorff's valet. There were also noblemen: Stransky, Scheubner-Richter, von der Pfordten. I realised the similarity of opposites. My comrades at the beginning already came from all parts of Germany. Nothing in the groundwork of the Party has changed. I still rely on the same forces.

It's a great time, when an entirely unknown man can set out to conquer a nation, and when after fifteen years of struggle he can become, in effect, the head of his people. I had the luck to number some strong personalities among my supporters.

111. Night of 17th-18th January 1942

*Sledge-hammer blows of the Russian campaign—
German and American aircraft—The torment of
Malta—Grave Italian errors.*

"First of all snow, later frost!" That's all one could read in the books about Russia. And Hilger himself has no more to tell. It's a proof that one can't trust all the observations. It's obviously easy to calculate the average temperatures, based on the results over several years, but it would be indispensable to add that in some years the variations in temperature can be greater, and far greater, than the calculated averages allow one to suppose.

The staggering blow for us was that the situation was entirely unexpected, and the fact that our men were not

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equipped for the temperatures they had to face. Moreover, our Command could not at once adapt its tactics to the new conditions. Nowadays we allow the Russians to infiltrate, whilst we remain where we are without budging. They get themselves wiped out behind our lines, or else they gradually wither away in the villages for lack of supplies. It takes solid nerves to practise such tactics. I can even say openly that my respected predecessor had not the nerves required for that. Generals must be tough, pitiless men, as crabbed as mastiffs—cross-grained men, such as I have in the Party. Those are the sort of soldiers who impose their will on such a situation.

If the frost hadn't come, we'd have gone on careering forward—six hundred kilometres, in some places. We were within a hair's breadth of it. Providence intervened and spared us a catastrophe.

The oil we needed at that moment, we already had—and all we needed was this intervention. The idiot who bestowed that "all temperatures" oil upon us! I hate those specialists' jobs. I regard everything that comes from a theoretician as null and void.

Aesthetical forms, mechanical finish—let's keep these pre-occupations for peace-time. What-I need at this moment are locomotives that will stand the grind for five or six years. All these details, which result in a machine remaining on record for another ten years, are a matter of complete indifference to me.

Recently one of our new Messerschmitts fell into enemy hands. They were dumbfounded. An American magazine wrote that the opinion was widespread that the Germans had only mediocre material, but that it was necessary to yield to the evidence that within three years, at least, the United States would not be able to produce an aircraft of that quality. "To oppose it with the aircraft at present in service," it added, "would be to send our pilots to suicide."

It must be observed, while we're on the subject, that a German aircraft requires at least six times as much work as an American aircraft. The Italian fighters, too, are superior to the Hurricanes.

At Malta, our tactics consist in attacking without respite, so that the English are compelled to keep on firing without interruption.

The Italians have just launched another torpedo-attack on the harbour of Alexandria. In the opinion of the English, these attacks are the work of very brave men.

What we've just experienced in Russia, because of the weather—the sort of upset that leaves you groggy for a moment—is something the Italians experienced before us: as a result of the serious mistakes they made in the employment of their forces. We recovered from it quickly—but will they recover?

112. 18th January 1942, evening

Persuading other people—Hindenburg, the "Old Gentleman"—First contacts with the Marshal—Germany, Awake!—Von Papen's millions—Versailles blackmail—If the French had occupied Mainz.

My whole life can be summed up as this ceaseless effort of mine to persuade other people.

In 1932 I had a conversation at the *Kaiserhof* with Meissner. He told me that, if he was a democrat, it was in a perhaps slightly different way than we imagined—and that, in fact, we weren't so far removed from one another. He promised me that, in any case, he would do what he could for me with Field-Marshal Hindenburg. "It won't be easy," he added, "for the 'Old Gentleman's' habits of thinking and feeling are in revolt against all you represent."

I must recognise that Meissner was the first man who made me understand Hindenburg's exact situation. In whom could the Field-Marshal find support? In any case, not among the German Nationalists, who were a lot of incompetents. He was not disposed to violate the constitution. So what could we do? It required a great effort from him to collaborate with certain Social-Democrats and certain representatives of the Centre. He also had an aversion for Hugenberg (who had one day described him as a "traitor" for having maintained Meissner in his job).

Hindenburg invited me: "Herr Hitler, I wish to hear from your own mouth a summary of your ideas." It is almost impossible, across such a gap, to communicate to others one's own conception of the world. I tried to establish contact with the Field-Marshal by having recourse to comparisons of a military nature. Connection was fairly rapidly made with the soldier, but the difficulty began the instant there was a question of extending our dawning comprehension to politics. When I'd finished my summary, I felt that I'd moved Hindenburg and that he was yielding. At once he made this a pretext for reproaching me with an incident that had occurred in East Prussia:

"But your young people have no right to behave as they do. Not long ago, at Tannenberg, they shouted out, so that I could hear: 'Wake up, wake up!' And yet I'm not asleep!" Certain charitable souls had given "the Old Gentleman" to suppose that the shout was meant for him personally, whereas in reality our supporters were shouting: "Wake up, Germany!" (*Deutschland, erwache*—a Nazi slogan.)

Shortly after this interview, Hindenburg informed me that he would consult me whenever there was a decision to take. But the influence of the enemies I numbered amongst those about me remained so strong that even in 1933 I couldn't see him except in the presence of Papen. One day, Papen being absent, I appeared in the Field-Marshal's presence by myself.

"Why is Herr von Papen always with you?" he asked. "But it's you I want to talk to!" When Papen came back, he must have regretted the trip that had called him away.

"The Old Gentleman" regarded Papen as a sort of greyhound, but I think he was fond of him. Papen knew admirably how to handle him. We owe a debt of gratitude to Papen, by the way, for it was he who opened the first breach in the sacred constitution. It's obvious one couldn't expect more from him than that.

Unless Antonescu gains the ear of the people, he's undone. The commander who has no troops behind him cannot maintain himself for long. It's thanks to the People's Party that Ataturk assured his rule. It's the same thing in Italy. If Antonescu were to disappear today, there would be a terrible struggle in the Army between the claimants to his succession. That wouldn't happen if there were an organisation that could impose his successor. In his place, I'd have made the Legion the basis of power, after first shooting Horia Sima.

Without a solid political basis, it's not possible either to settle a question of succession or to guarantee the normal administration of the State. From this point of view, the Rumanians are in a state of inferiority in relation to the Hungarians. The Hungarian State has the advantages of a parliament. For us, such a thing would be intolerable; but theirs is one whose executive power is, in practice, independent.

Papen's misfortune was that he had no support. We were not strong enough to shore him up. Anyway, I wouldn't have done it, for Papen was not our man.

The sum total of the deficits of the Reich and the German

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States was reaching the yearly figure of five and a half thousand millions. On top of that, we had to pay five thousand millions to our enemies. "Marvellous result!" Papen said to me, after his return from Geneva, speaking of the hundred and fifty thousand millions that appeared on paper. "With that, on the 30th of January, we'll have eighty-three millions in the Reich's vaults!" Then we had the following dialogue: "With what do you propose to pay?" "But we'll have to pay, otherwise they'll make us go bankrupt." "How will they do that? They have nothing to distract on!"

When I demanded three thousand millions for rearmament, I again met this objection of what we owed abroad. I replied: "You want to give this money to foreigners? Let's rather use it in our own country!"

I made my point of view clear to the British Ambassador when he presented his credentials. His reply was: "You mean to say that the new Germany does not recognise the obligations of preceding governments?" I replied: "Freely negotiated agreements, yes! But blackmail, no! Everything that comes under the heading of *Treaty of Versailles* I regard as extortion." "Well, I never!" he said. "I shall immediately inform my Government of that."

Never again, from that day on, did England or France think themselves entitled to claim the smallest payment from us.

As regards the English, I had no worries. But I feared that the French might take this pretext for occupying Mainz, for example.

113. Night of 18th-19th January 1942

*The Party programme—The unthinking public—
The Russian winter—Rhetoric and common
sense—On the Neanderthal man—Our ancestors
the Greeks.*

I'm sometimes asked why I don't modify the Party programme. To which I reply: "And why should I modify it?"

This programme belongs to history. It was already ours on the day of the foundation of the Party, on the 24th February 1919. If anything should be changed, it's for life to take the initiative. I haven't got to identify myself with a medical review or a military publication—things which have to present matters under discussion in their latest state.

What luck for governments that the peoples they ad-

minister don't think! The thinking is done by the man who gives the orders, and then by the man who carries them out. If it were otherwise, the state of society would be impossible.

The difficulty of the situation is not so much the winter in itself, but the fact of having men, and not knowing how to transport them; of disposing abundantly of ammunition, and not knowing how to get it on the move; of possessing all the necessary weapons, and not knowing how to put them in the hands of the combatants. As for the railways, I'm keeping them behind. If they don't do better next time, I'll have a word to say to them!

All the same, it's better that it should be I who speak on the 30th, and not Goebbels. When it's a question of raising morale, I know how to preserve the golden mean between reason and rhetoric. In his last appeal, Goebbels exhorted the soldiers at the front to remain tough and calm. I'd not have expressed myself like that. In such a situation, the soldier is not calm, but resolved. One must have been through it to understand these matters.

A skull is dug up by chance, and everybody exclaims: "That's what our ancestors were like." Who knows if the so-called Neanderthal man wasn't really an ape? What I can say, in any case, is that it wasn't *our* ancestors who lived there in prehistoric times. The soil we live on must have been so desolate that our ancestors, if they passed that way, certainly continued their journey. When we are asked about our ancestors, we should always point to the Greeks.

114. 19th January 1942, evening

Stupidity of duelling—Some duels—Village scuffles—Honour is not a caste privilege.

I've always had a lot of trouble in stopping my men from fighting duels. In the end I was forced to forbid duelling. We lost some of our best people in that stupid fashion. Just try to imagine the reasons for some of these duels!

One day we were at the Reichsadler. Hess was there, with his wife and sister-in-law. In comes a half-drunk student, who permits himself to make some impertinent remarks about them. Hess asks him to come out of the inn with him and clarify his views. Next day two hobbledoys come to see Hess and ask him to explain the insult

Self. winners

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to their comrade! I forbade Hess to become involved in this ridiculous affair, and asked him to send me the two seconds. I said to them: "You're trying to pick a quarrel with a man who fought against the enemy for four years. Aren't you ashamed?"

Our friend Holzschuher was involved in an affair that might have ended in a duel. The pretext was grotesque. I said to the people concerned: "I know some Communist hide-outs where, for any of our men, the mere fact of showing oneself is to risk one's life. If any of us is tired of living, let him go and make a trip round those places!"

I've never known a single case of a duel that deserved to be taken seriously.

We had an irreparable loss in Strunk—our only journalist in the international class. His wife was insulted—he was killed. Where's the logic?

In 1923, Dietrich Eckart was simultaneously challenged to a duel by sixteen or seventeen flabby adolescents. I intervened, and put the whole affair in good order. In my presence, nobody turned a hair.

Obviously there are cases in which two individuals have a conflict that no tribunal could settle. Let's assume they quarrel over a woman. A solution must be found. One of the two has got to disappear.

But in time of war there's no question of condoning affairs of that kind. The country can't afford such superfluous deaths.

For peasants' brawls, I'm inclined to be extremely indulgent. The young man whose honour is in question can no longer show himself in the village unless he has fought for his sweetheart. There's nothing tragic in affairs of that sort.

It sometimes happens that a court finds a man guilty of murder when he's really only a culpable homicide. It's sufficient if the accused has once, in bravado, threatened to kill the other man. Then at once people wish to interpret the act as the execution of a well-considered plan. What would happen if all those who have offered threats of this sort, in the country areas, were regarded as murderers? In such cases, and when I see that the accused is a decent lad, I wink an eye. The penalty is first of all commuted into imprisonment. After some time, it becomes conditional liberation.

Who, in Germany, is allowed to see justice done for himself, even on a point of honour? I don't see that honour is the privilege of a caste. If the Labour Front demanded that its members should have the right to duel, there'd

soon be nobody left in Germany except abortions with no sense of honour.

In principle, I'd be inclined to permit duelling between priests and between lawyers.

For decent people, there are more noble and more effective ways of serving one's country. In this sphere, it's time to impose a scale of values that has some relation to reality. In comparison with the important things of life, these incidents seem mere trifles.

How many families are wearing black because of this ridiculous practice?

Besides, it proves nothing. In duelling, what matters is not to have right on your side, but to aim better than your opponent.

115. 20th January 1942, midday

SPECIAL GUEST: REICHSFUEHRER SS HIMMLER

The worker and the German community—Men worthy of command—The age of officers.

In the old Imperial Army, the best rubbed shoulders with the worst. Both in the Navy and in the Army, everything was done to exclude the worker from the German community, and that's what gave rise to Social-Democracy. This attitude did a lot of harm.

The institution of the warrant-officer doing an officer's job was a serious mistake. In every regiment there are officers who are particularly gifted and therefore destined for rapid promotion. Numerous warrant-officers would have deserved to have the same chances of promotion, but their way was barred, the question of an N.C.O. in the officers' caste being practically impossible. On the other hand, the most junior teacher could automatically become an officer. And what's a teacher?

One must not generalise, either to one effect or to the other, and it's only when a man has proved himself that one knows whether he is worthy of command. If he is, then he must be given the prerogatives corresponding to his functions. The man who commands a company must necessarily have the rank of captain. It's due to him, if only to give him the authority he needs. Cases are not rare of warrant-officers who had to command a company for more than two years—and of lieutenants who had to command a battalion. It's a duty towards the soldiers to give those who command them the rank that corresponds to

grammes of fish per head. In Japan the average is from fifty to sixty kilos. We still have leeway to make up! To encourage the consumption of fish is above all a matter of organisation and presentation, for it's essentially a perishable commodity. Before the first World War, it was incomparably easier to find fish in Munich than in Vienna, for example. It seems that since then conditions in Austria have much improved.

It's very difficult to persuade a cannibal not to eat human flesh. According to his ideas, it's a law of nature.

Hitler turns toward Admiral Fricke:

Above all, don't go believing that I'll issue a decree forbidding the navy to eat meat! Supposing the prohibition of meat had been an article of faith for National Socialism, it's certain our movement wouldn't have succeeded. We would at once have been asked the question: "Then why was the leg of the calf created?" At present, the base of our diet is the potato—and yet only 1 per cent of the soil in Germany is devoted to growing the potato. If it was 3 per cent, we'd have more to eat than is needed. Pasturages cover 37 per cent of the surface of our country. So it's not man who eats grass, it's his cattle. Amongst the animals, those who are carnivores put up performances much inferior to those of the herbivores. A lion's in no shape to run for a quarter of an hour—the elephant can run for eight hours! The monkeys, our ancestors of prehistoric times, are strictly vegetarian. Japanese wrestlers, who are amongst the strongest men in the world, feed exclusively on vegetables. The same's true of the Turkish porter, who can move a piano by himself. At the time when I ate meat, I used to sweat a lot. I used to drink four pots of beer and six bottles of water during a meeting, and I'd succeed in losing nine pounds! When I became a vegetarian, a mouthful of water from time to time was enough. When you offer a child the choice of a piece of meat, an apple or a cake, it's never the meat that he chooses. There's an ancestral instinct there. In the same way, the child would never begin to drink or smoke if it weren't to imitate others. The consumption of meat is reduced the moment the market presents a greater choice of vegetables, and in proportion as each man can afford the luxury of the first fruits.

I suppose man became carnivorous because, during the Ice Age, circumstances compelled him. They also prompted him to have his food cooked, a habit which, as one knows

his dog

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to-day, has harmful consequences. Our peasants never eat any food that hasn't been cooked and re-cooked, and thus deprived of all its virtues. The southern peoples are not acquainted either with a meat diet or with cooking. I lived marvellously in Italy. I don't know any country that enlivens one more. Roman food, how delicious it is!

Not long ago, I drank for the first time in my life a really good wine, with an extraordinary bouquet. The drinkers with me said it was too sweet. I know people who seem normal and yet suddenly hurl themselves on drinks that on me have the effect of vitriol. If Hoffmann were bitten by a serpent, I suppose the serpent would fall down stiff in a moment, dead-drunk.

When I go into an inn where people are smoking, within an hour I feel I've caught a cold. The microbes hurl themselves upon me! They find a favourable climate in the smoke and heat.

118. Night of 22nd-23rd January 1942

The story of the dog Föxl.

How many times, at Fromelles, during the first World War, I've studied my dog Föxl. When he came back from a walk with the huge bitch who was his companion, we found him covered with bites. We'd no sooner bandaged him, and had ceased to bother about him, than he would shake off this unwanted load.

A fly began buzzing. Föxl was stretched out at my side, with his muzzle between his paws. The fly came close to him. He quivered, with his eyes as if hypnotised. His face wrinkled up and acquired an old man's expression. Suddenly he leapt forward, barked and became agitated. I used to watch him as if he'd been a man—the progressive stages of his anger, of the bile that took possession of him. He was a fine creature.

When I ate, he used to sit beside me and follow my gestures with his gaze. If by the fifth or sixth mouthful I hadn't given him anything, he used to sit up on his hump and look at me with an air of saying: "And what about me, am I not here at all?" It was crazy how fond I was of the beast. Nobody could touch me without Föxl's instantly becoming furious. He would follow nobody but me. When gas-warfare started, I couldn't go on taking him into the front line. It was my comrades who fed him. When I returned after two

days' absence, he would refuse to leave me again. Everybody in the trenches loved him. During marches he would run all round us, observing everything, not missing a detail. I used to share everything with him. In the evening he used to lie beside me.

To think that they stole him from me! I'd made a plan, if I got out of the war alive, to procure a female companion for him. I couldn't have parted from him. I've in my life never sold a dog. Foxl was a real circus dog. He knew all the tricks.

I remember, it was before we arrived at Colmar. The railway employee who coveted Foxl came again to our carriage and offered me two hundred marks. "You could give me two hundred thousand, and you wouldn't get him!" When I left the train at Harpsheim, I suddenly noticed that the dog had disappeared. The column marched off, and it was impossible for me to stay behind! I was desperate. The swine who stole my dog doesn't realise what he did to me.

It was in January 1915 that I got hold of Foxl. He was engaged in pursuing a rat that had jumped into our trench. He fought against me, and tried to bite me, but I didn't let go. I led him back with me to the rear. He constantly tried to escape. With exemplary patience (he didn't understand a word of German), I gradually got him used to me. At first I gave him only biscuits and chocolate (he'd acquired his habits with the English, who were better fed than we were). Then I began to train him. He never went an inch from my side. At that time, my comrades had no use at all for him. Not only was I fond of the beast, but it interested me to study his reactions. I finally taught him everything: how to jump over obstacles, how to climb up a ladder and down again. The essential thing is that a dog should always sleep beside its master. When I had to go up into the line, and there was a lot of shelling, I used to tie him up in the trench. My comrades told me that he took no interest in anyone during my absence. He would recognise me even from a distance. What an outburst of enthusiasm he would let loose in my honour! We called him Foxl. He went through all the Somme, the battle of Arras. He was not at all impressionable. When I was wounded, it was Karl Lanzhammer who took care of him. On my return, he hurled himself on me in frenzy.

When a dog looks in front of him in a vague fashion and with clouded eyes, one knows that images of the past are chasing each other through his memory.

119. 23rd January 1942, midday

SPECIAL GUESTS: LAMMERS, HIMMLER AND COLONEL ZEITZLER

his dog

See. Convers.

1944

mis.

(1915 →)

Appreciation of the Czechs—The internal policy of the Hapsburgs—When the Poles harried the Jews—The "decent" Jews.

The man who shaped the old Reich hadn't the slightest notion of what people are like. They grew up in a climate of stupidity. They understand nothing about Austria. The fact that Austria was not a State, in the meaning we give the term, but a fruit-salad of peoples, is one that escapes them. *Sancta simplicitas*. There was no such thing, properly speaking, as an Austrian Army, but an army composed of Czech, Croat, Serb units, etc.

Every Czech is a born nationalist who naturally relates everything to his own point of view. One must make no mistake about him: the more he curbs himself, the more dangerous he is. The German of the Old Reich lets himself be duped by the apparent obligingness of the Czech, and by his obsequiousness. Neurath let himself be completely diddled by the Czech nobility. Another six months of that régime and production would have fallen by 25 per cent. Of all the Slavs, the Czech is the most dangerous, because he's a worker. He has a sense of discipline, he's orderly, he's more a Mongol than a Slav. Beneath the top layer of a certain loyalty, he knows how to hide his plans. Now they'll work, for they know we're pitiless and brutal. I don't despise them, I have no resentment against them. It's destiny that wishes us to be adversaries. To put it briefly, the Czechs are a foreign body in the midst of the German community. There's no room both for them and for us. One of us must give way.

As regards the Pole, it's lucky for us that he's idle, stupid and vain. The Czech State—and that's due to the training the Czechs have had—was a model of honesty. Corruption practically didn't exist amongst them. Czech officials are generally inspired by a sense of honour. That's why a man like Hacha is more dangerous than a rogue of a journalist. He's an honest man, who won't enrich himself by a crown in the exercise of his functions. Men liable to corruption are less dangerous. Those are things that the Second Reich never understood. Its way of behaving towards the Poles was a deplorable set-back. It only succeeded in strengthening their sense of patriotism. Our compatriots of the frontier regions, who would know how to set about things with the neighbouring peoples, were repressed by the kindly Germans of the interior—who suppose, for their part, that kindness is the way to win these foreign hearts for Germany. At the time of Maria Theresa everything was going well, and one can

say that in the 'forties there was no question of a Polish patriotism. With the rise to power of the bourgeoisie, the conquered territory was lost again.

The Tsar Ferdinand of Bulgaria said to me one day: "Do you know who's the most dangerous man? Beneš. Titulescu is venal, but Beneš, I don't believe he is." Ferdinand was really very clever.

It's the duty of the Party to settle these questions once and for all in the course of the next five hundred years. The Hapsburgs broke their teeth on them. They believed they could smooth everything down by kindness. The Czechs didn't have the feeling that they were being treacherous in acting as they did. In any case, it's one of the incomprehensible circumstances of history that the ancient Bavarians left those territories and the Czechs settled there. Such a situation is unbearable from the geopolitical point of view. The result has been, we have the Poles close at hand, and, between them and the Czechs, nothing but the narrow Silesian strip.

If I withdraw fifty thousand Germans from Volhynia, that's a hard decision to take, because of the sufferings it entails. The same is true of the evacuation of Southern Tyrol. If I think of shifting the Jew, our bourgeoisie becomes quite unhappy: "What will happen to them?" Tell me whether this same bourgeoisie bothered about what happened to our own compatriots who were obliged to emigrate?

One must act radically. When one pulls out a tooth, one does it with a single tug, and the pain quickly goes away. The Jew must clear out of Europe. Otherwise no understanding will be possible between Europeans. It's the Jew who prevents everything. When I think about it, I realise that I'm extraordinarily humane. At the time of the rule of the Popes, the Jews were mistreated in Rome. Until 1830, eight Jews mounted on donkeys were led once a year through the streets of Rome. For my part, I restrict myself to telling them they must go away. If they break their pipes on the journey, I can't do anything about it. But if they refuse to go voluntarily, I see no other solution but extermination. Why should I look at a Jew through other eyes than if he were a Russian prisoner-of-war? In the p.o.w. camps, many are dying. It's not my fault. I didn't want either the war or the p.o.w. camps. Why did the Jew provoke this war?

A good three hundred or four hundred years will go by before the Jews set foot again in Europe. They'll return first of all as commercial travellers, then gradually they'll become emboldened to settle here—the better to exploit us. In

the next stage, they become philanthropists, they endow foundations. When a Jew does that, the thing is particularly noticed—for it's known that they're dirty dogs. As a rule, it's the most rascally of them who do that sort of thing. And then you'll hear these poor Aryan boobies telling you: "You see, there *are* good Jews!"

Let's suppose that one day National Socialism will undergo a change, and become used by a caste of privileged persons who exploit the people and cultivate money. One must hope that in that case a new reformer will arise and clean up the stables.

120. 24th January 1942, evening

Raw materials, synthetic materials and the Four Year Plan—Two possibilities for the British—Out with Churchill and Roosevelt!

Even in peace-time it is important, when arming oneself, to concentrate solely on those raw materials which one knows one will have in time of war.

When the Four Year Plan was hatched, in 1936, circumstances forced us to have recourse to substitute products.

One can have no idea what it takes, even only in optical instruments, to equip an army of several million men.

One day the English will realise that they've nothing to gain in Europe. Sixteen thousand millions of debts from the first World War, to which have since been added nearly two hundred thousand millions! The Conservatives must reckon that, in order to gain a rapid success in Northern Norway, for example, they would have to pay for this by abandoning India. But they're not so mad as to envisage such a solution! If they want to save New Zealand and Australia, they can't let India go.

The English have two possibilities: either to give up Europe and hold on to the East, or *vice versa*. They can't bet on both tables. When it's a matter of the richest country in the world (from the capitalist point of view), one understands the importance of such a dilemma. It would be enough for them to be aware of it for everything to be changed. We know that the bourgeoisie becomes heroic when its pocket-book is threatened.

A change of government would be associated, in England, with the decision to abandon Europe. They'll keep Churchill in power only as long as they still have the will to pursue the struggle here. If they were really cunning, they'd put an

secret lowers.

1942

of works of art? Isn't it, above all, a dwelling, the framework for a private life, with its extensions and its radiance? If I possess a gallery of ancestors, should I discard it on the pretext that not all the pictures in it are masterpieces? The houses of that period—and the same remark is equally true of Makart's studio—were filled with private memories. As far as I'm concerned, I keenly regret that Makart's studio hasn't been kept as it was in the artist's lifetime. Respect for the venerable things that come to us from the past will one day benefit those who to-day are young. Nobody can imagine what Makart's vogue was like. His contemporaries extolled him to the heights.

At the beginning of this century there were people called Wagnerians. Other people had no special name. What joy each of Wagner's works has given me! And I remember my emotion the first time I entered Wahnfried. To say I was moved is an understatement! At my worst moments, they've never ceased to sustain me, even Siegfried Wagner. (Houston Stewart Chamberlain wrote to me so nicely when I was in prison.) I was on Christian-name terms with them. I love them all, and I also love Wahnfried. So I felt it to be a special happiness to have been able to keep Bayreuth going at the moment of its discomfiture. The war gave me the opportunity to fulfil a desire dear to Wagner's heart: that men chosen amongst the people—workers and soldiers—should be able to attend his Festival free of charge. The ten days of Bayreuth season were always one of the blessed seasons of my existence. And I already rejoice at the idea that one day I shall be able to resume the pilgrimage!

The tradition of the Olympic Games endured for nearly a thousand years. That results, it seems to me, from a mystery similar to that which lies at the origin of Bayreuth. The human being feels the need to relax, to get out of himself, to that communion in an idea that transcends him. The Party Congress answers the same need, and that's why for hundreds of years men will come from the whole world over to steep themselves anew, once a year, in the marvellous atmosphere of Nuremberg. They'll come, and they'll see side by side the proofs we shall have left of our greatness, and at the same time the memories of old Nuremberg.

On the day following the end of the Bayreuth Festival, and on the Tuesday that marks the end of the Nuremberg Congress, I'm gripped by a great sadness—as when one strips the Christmas tree of its ornaments.

The Congress, for me, is a terrible effort, the worst moment of the year. We shall prolong its duration to ten days, so that I may not be obliged to speak continually. It's because of the superhuman effort which that demands of me that I was already obliged to have the opening proclamation read out. I no longer have the strength to speak as long as I used to. So I'll withdraw when I realise I'm no longer capable of giving these festivities the style that suits them. The most difficult effort comes at the march-past, when one has to remain motionless for hours. On several occasions it has happened to me to be seized by dizziness. Can anyone imagine what a torture it is to remain so long standing up, motionless, with the knees pressed together? And, on top of that, to salute with outstretched arm? Last time, I was compelled to cheat a little. I also have to make the effort of looking each man in the eyes, for the men marching past are all trying to catch my glance. In future I must be given cover against the sun.

The Pope is generally a frail old gentleman. He's therefore carried on a baldachin. They used to wave palms around the Pharaohs, to give them some air.

After the war, it will perhaps be best to have the columns march past sixteen deep, and not twelve deep as hitherto. The march-past would last four hours instead of five—and that would always be so much gained!

123. Night of 24th-25th January 1942

The Fuehrer's chauffeurs—Driving a car—Some instructions.

My life is the hands of a few individuals: my driver, my orderlies, perhaps also a cook.

Kempka begged me, in spring, to allow him to rejoin an armoured unit. I wonder which is the more useful to the nation: the man who shoots down some enemy tanks—which others could do in his place—or the man who continues to be the driver who enjoys all my confidence. He's been in my service for nine years, now, and I've nothing but praise for him. His predecessor, Schreck, was a companion of the years of struggle. When things went badly around us, the front-line soldier awoke in him. In such situations, Kempka would perhaps have fainted! But he drives with extraordinary prudence—always excepting when he's suffering from unrequited love, and *that* I notice at once.

After all, I can't devote my time, at the present juncture, to training a new driver. If I were certain that Kempka

See. Convers.

mis.

I believe the United States have promised Brazil to buy up its crop of coffee after the war. The Brazilians must have been lured in one way or another. States like Brazil should understand that such a policy will more and more drive Europe to autarky.

Vögler made me the proposal, in 1933, to supply us with two million tons of synthetic petrol in the space of three years on condition that we should undertake to buy his entire output, at a price fixed beforehand, for a period of ten years. His offer covered our entire needs for the year 1934. The Ministry of Economics torpedoed the scheme. It was arranged in advance that the I.G. Farben would finance the construction of the factories. The scheme furthermore guaranteed employment for hundreds of thousands of workers.

As a result of this piece of torpedoing, I sacked some high officials of the Ministry of Economics, and I installed Keppler there. Thereupon they tripped him up with the knave of Düsseldorf. And thus another nine months were wasted. Behind Schacht was Deterding. I'd much like to know who *wasn't* corrupt in that bucket-shop!

These circumstances led me to set afoot the Four Year Plan, at the head of which I placed Göring.

As regards buna, there were the same kinds of resistance. Whatever I did, things didn't go forward. Things began to change at the Ministry of Economics when Funk took it in hand.

It was only after the beginning of the winter of 1936, that I began to have something to say about the State Railways. Until then, it was the clauses of the Treaty of Versailles that were operative. I cancelled these clauses by a law that I had passed by the Reichstag, so that no lawyer could come and argue with me about the illegality of the measures on which I decided.

Thus the State Railways, the State Bank and the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal came back beneath our sovereignty. What troubles I had, until the moment when I could regain effective control of German affairs in their entirety!

It's an imperative obligation for the white man, in the colonies, to keep the native at a distance.

The Japanese haven't any transport problems to solve. Wherever they instal themselves, they can live on the re-

sources of the region. All they need is ammunition. The Americans, on the other hand, need a gigantic transport fleet.

All the same, what happened wasn't inevitable. The English had a right to be cowards, but at least they had to be clever. A policy of friendship with us would have entailed their offering us Guinea, for example. Now, because of their stupidity, they're losing a whole world—and they've turned us into allies of the Japanese!

What would have happened on the 13th March 1936, if anybody other than myself had been at the head of the Reich!¹ Anyone you care to mention would have lost his nerve. I was obliged to lie, and what saved us was my unshakable obstinacy and my amazing aplomb. I threatened, unless the situation eased in twenty-four hours, to send six extra divisions into the Rhineland. The fact was, I only had four brigades. Next day, the English newspapers wrote that there had been an easing of the international situation.

I must recognise that Ribbentrop is not a particularly agreeable companion, but he's a sturdy and obstinate man. Neurath displayed the same qualities on that occasion. A retreat on our part would have spelt collapse.

Our negotiators were in a situation similar to that of 1919. They could have obtained much more favourable peace-conditions. But was it in the interests of the German people? That was quite another question. What did it matter, after all, to obtain an army of two or three hundred thousand men in place of the army of a hundred thousand? What matters to a nation is to be free. And it was the German

We had a fundamental problem to deal with, and it's only after the event that one can say that a certain good could be born of evil. But it goes without saying that the task of a negotiator is to extract the best possible conditions from his adversary. Amongst the Social-Democrats there were men who favoured an energetic policy, and were willing to take the risks. It was two Catholics, Wirth and Erzberger, who gave in.

If we'd had an Army of two or three hundred thousand men, the French Army would not have degenerated as it did. That circumstance stood us in good stead. The French having fallen into indolence, we recovered much more quickly than they did.

¹ Hitler sent troops into the Rhineland March 7, 1936—Ed.

The creative forces make their home in the bosom of the optimist. But faith is at the bottom of everything.

131. 30th January 1942, midday

SPECIAL GUESTS: DR. LEY, HEYDRICH, DR. WEBER
AND BENNO VON ARENT

*A French agent—Further misdeeds of the jurists—
Memories of prison—Hacha*

As an orator, my most dangerous opponent was Ballerstedt. What a feat it was to hold my own against him! His father was a Hessian, his mother was from Lorraine. He was a diabolical dialectician. To give his hearers the impression that he agreed with them, he'd begin with a eulogy of the Prussians. I've been condemned several times for accusing this man of treason—and yet, he was in fact sold to the French. Finally I got three months' imprisonment for breaking up one of his meetings. In the reasons adduced for the verdict, the point of view was put in evidence that the fact of regarding Ballerstedt's policy as treason towards the Reich did not correspond to any objective reality. The Court recorded that this was simply a matter of policy which I, personally, regarded as treason.

The experience I've had, in the course of my life, of the stupidity of lawyers has resulted in these people's being definitely classified, in my view. They're the people who used to burn witches!

Originally I used to think it was an idiosyncrasy of Dietrich Eckart's continually to attack lawyers. He used to say that the mere fact of wanting to be a lawyer came from a mental deficiency. Alternately, he used to explain, the mental deficiency came of being a lawyer. It was Eckart who asked the advocate Zetzschwitz, on whom some dignity had just been conferred: "Was it to reward you for having lost all your cases?"

My first long term of imprisonment was at Stadelheim. As he led me into my cell, the warder amiably pointed out to me that a number of celebrated men had lived there before: Ludwig Thoma, for example—and likewise, Kurt Eisner.

Kriebel continually complained at Landsberg. During the first days, it was because of the heating. He spent his time finding fault with the warders. One day he had the idea of sending for the prison regulations, which dated from 1860. He read them attentively and discovered that the prisoners

were entitled, notably, to a chest of drawers. Another day it was revealed to him that the reverend priests were obliged to visit the prisoners, and he complained of not yet having seen the shadow of a cassock. The Mufti—this was the name we gave the director of the prison—was at his wits' end and came and consulted me: "Might Colonel Kriebel be a war-wounded?" "What do you mean by that?" "He's raving mad." "I think he once had malaria." "So he should be treated with care?" "I think that would be the proper course."

We must present Hacha as one of the greatest men who've ever lived—but on condition that he leaves the Czechs a legacy that will destroy them for ever. We mustn't hesitate to make at least as much of him as King Wenceslas—so that until the end of time all the cowards can complain of him. His successor? It doesn't matter who, as long as he's a lecher. We'll always get along better with cads than with men of character!

We'll settle the Czechs' hash if we follow a consistent policy with them, without letting this policy be influenced by accidents of persons. Since the Battle of the White Mountain, in 1620, and until 1867, the Austrian State pursued this policy towards the Czechs. Thus the Czechs ended in being ashamed of speaking their own tongue. A great part of the Czechs are of Germanic origin, and it's not impossible to re-Germanise them.

132. 31st January 1942, evening

*Former German colonies—The British plutocracy—
The psychological moment to stop the war—Possibility of collaboration with France—The era of Italian Fascism—The birth of the SA—Two worlds cheek by jowl—The fossils of the Italian Court—Venice, Naples, Rome, Florence—The third Power.*

The German colonies suffered from a lack of skilled labour. That explains why there was no possibility for big investments. Yet they were territories populated by three or four million natives.

In India, the English invested huge sums: railways and other methods of transport, factories and port installations. If each of three hundred and eighty million Indians merely buys a reel of cotton every year, imagine what a volume of business that adds up to!

Cotton goods were at first manufactured in England. It's

only little by little that factories were built in India herself. It's the capitalist notion of business that led to the result. People thought that the saving on transport costs and the employment of less expensive labour would increase the margin of profit. For a capitalist, it would be a crime to waste a crumb. What was the result? To-day England has an army of two million and a half unemployed.

There are in Great Britain more than four hundred taxpayers with a yearly income of more than a million pounds. In Germany, only the Kaiser, Henckel von Donnersmarck and Thurn-and-Taxis had incomes of three to four million marks. A man who had a fortune of a million marks was already regarded as a nabob.

But for the first World War, the English would have gone on enjoying the blessings of the Victorian Age.

What is Libya to Great Britain? Another desert. Every war comes to an end at the moment when one of the belligerents decides he must cut costs. In this war it's the English who'll throw in the sponge. Strategic successes can make no difference to the Empire's precarious situation. England can continue to be viable only if she links herself to the Continent. She must be able to defend her imperial interests within the framework of a continental organisation. It's only on this condition that she'll keep her Empire.

But nothing's more difficult than to come down from a pedestal. Thus Austria clung until 1866 to the fiction of supremacy—and then it took her another seventy years to learn from the facts.

British military prestige has been re-established by the conquest of Benghazi. It was the psychological moment to put an end to the war. But Churchill had Russia at the back of his mind—and he didn't see that, if Russia were to triumph over Germany, Europe would at once come under the hegemony of a Great Power.

Too many Jews had an interest in seeing events take this turn. The Jew is so stupid that he himself saws through the branch on which he's sitting. In 1919 a Jewess wrote in the *Bayrischer Kuriers*: "What Eisner's¹ doing now will recoil upon our heads." A rare case of foresight.

France remains hostile to us. She contains, in addition to her Nordic blood, a blood that will always be foreign to us. In addition to Paris, which is more spontaneous in its reactions, she has the clerical and masonic South. In imitation of Talleyrand in 1815, the French try to profit by our

¹ Kurt Eisner, organiser of the revolution in Bavaria (1918) which overthrew the monarchy. Assassinated, 1919—Ed.

moments of weakness to get the greatest possible advantage from the situation. But with me they won't succeed in their plans. There's no possibility of our making any pact with the French before we've definitely ensured our power. Our policy, at this moment, must consist in cleverly playing off one lot against the other. There must be two Frances. Thus, the French who have compromised themselves with us will find it to their own interests that we should remain in Paris as long as possible. But our best protection against France will be for us to maintain a strong friendship, lasting for centuries, with Italy. Unlike France, Italy is inspired by political notions that are close to ours.

I was thinking of the Italian delegation I received yesterday. I met men who have rulers' qualities such as are very much to my taste. What handsome individuals, and what a resolute air! Those are men who could play a part at the top level.

The Fascists paid with their blood much more than we did. The story of the conquest of power in Italy is an heroic epic. It always warms my heart to think of it. I can understand their emotion when they once more live through the time of the March on Rome.

Why should such men suddenly become worthless as soldiers? It's quite simply because they lack a command. The Italian people is idealistic, but the cadres of the Italian Army are reactionary.

It's strange how, throughout the last hundred years, our two peoples have had perceptibly the same destiny. First of all, the wars for unity, then the fact that each was cheated of its rights. Then, more recently, the two sister revolutions that knew nothing of one another.

It was in 1921 that I first heard Fascism mentioned. The SA was born in 1920, without my having the least idea of what was going on in Italy. Italy developed in a manner at which I was the first to be surprised. I could see fairly clearly the orientation that it would be proper to give the Party, but I had no ideas concerning paramilitary organisations. I began by creating a service to keep order, and it was only after the bloody brawls of 1920 that I gave these troops the name of *Sturm-Abteilung* (SA), as a reward for their behaviour. I had taught them the technique of concentrating their efforts on limited objectives, and at meetings to attack the opponent table by table. But it was confined to that. When the brassard proved no longer sufficient, I equipped them with a specially designed cap. That was after Coburg. The skier's cap didn't cost much. It was all done in

a very empirical manner. Nothing of that sort was thought out in advance.

The SS started with formations of seven or eight men. In these we gathered the tough ones. Things developed spontaneously, and subsequently acquired a speed comparable to that of developments in Italy. The Duce himself has told me that at the moment when he undertook the struggle against Bolshevism, he didn't know exactly where he was going.

What crowns these parallel destinies is that to-day we are fighting side by side against the same Powers and against the same personages.

At the same period, the Duce and I were both working in the building-trade. This explains that there is also a bond between us on the purely human level. I have a deep friendship for this extraordinary man.

From the cultural point of view, we are more closely linked with the Italians than with any other people. The art of Northern Italy is something we have in common with them: nothing but pure Germans.

The objectionable Italian type is found only in the South, and not everywhere even there. We also have this type in our own country. When I think of them: Vienna-Ottakring, Munich-Giesing, Berlin-Pankow! If I compare the two types, that of these degenerate Italians and our type, I find it very difficult to say which of the two is the more antipathetic.

There is a difference as between day and night, between the genuine Fascists and the others. Those society people with whom we are compelled to associate, that cosmopolitan world, they're more or less the same there and here. But the man of the people has plenty of spirit and, even physically, quite a different bearing. Compare that man with the parade-ground Fascists who people the Embassy—why, it's like in Germany, with our diplomats from the Wilhelmstrasse—excuse me, Hewel!

All these people are intolerable—deceivers, hypocrites, liars. I've never seen anything worse than those courtiers at Naples. As for the bodyguard they so kindly gave me—what foul creatures, what gallows-birds! The Fascists and the others, they're really two worlds in watertight compartments. The Fascists call the courtiers "lobsters," because of their red livery.

I was greeted at the station by the Duke of Pistoia, a real degenerate. Beside him was another duke, no less degenerate. There was an admiral there who looked like a court toad, a bogus coin, a liar. Happily there was also a group of Fascists. All of them, even Ciano, spoke with the deepest contempt of this ridiculous masquerade.

During my excursions with the Duce, my breath was taken away by the skill and audacity of the motor-cyclists who escorted us. What a handsome race!

When I went out with the Court, I was perched on a badly slung carnival carriage, which hobbled along in a lamentable fashion. The least depressing people there were the *carabinieri* who escorted us. "There's hope," the Duce said to me, "that in fifty years" time the Court will discover the internal-combustion engine."

The officers' corps belongs to this fossilised world. The senior officers have no contact with the people. Zeitzler told me he had a meal of five or six courses, given by front-line officers. Meanwhile the other ranks were supplied with a watery soup. I consider it scandalous that such a thing can happen in the middle of a war. It must either feed the soldier's hatred for his officers, or make him indifferent to everything. Our own fellows say the Italian simple soldier is a man full of good will, inclined to enthusiasm for any cause, and that one could get all one wanted out of him if he were well led.

Perhaps the Duce came on the scene a year or two too early with his revolution. He probably should have let the Reds have their own way for a bit first—they'd have exterminated the aristocracy. The Duce would have become Head of a Republic. Thus the abscess would have been lanced.

When I was with Mussolini, the crowd shouted: "Duce! Duce!" When I was with the King, it shouted: "Fuehrer! Fuehrer!" In Florence I was alone with the Duce, and I read in the eyes of the population the respect and burning love they devoted to him. The common people gazed at him as though they'd have liked to eat him.

Rome captivated me. At Naples, I was interested above all by the harbour. At the Court, I was aware only of the hostile atmosphere. But at Florence, everything was quite different—simply because the Court, that foreign body, wasn't there. I've retained a painful memory of a visit I paid to units of the fleet in the Bay of Naples. The little King didn't know where to look; nobody paid him any attention. At table I was surrounded only by courtiers. I'd rather have entertained myself with the Marshals.

During the parade, at Rome, the front row was occupied by old nanny-goats, dried-up and enamelled, and wearing outrageously low-necked dresses, what's more, with a crucifix hanging between their withered breasts. The generals were in the second row. Why display this come-down of the human race?

At the palace in Venice, on the other hand, everything teemed with lovely girls. But they managed to apologise to me for the *faux pas* that had been committed. Some mannequins from a fashion-house in Rome, I was told, had strayed into the audience!

The difficulty for the Duce is that he's made himself a sort of prisoner to this society, and has thus to some extent betrayed his own men. In his place, I'd invite some lovely girls from the Campagna to my receptions—the place overflows with them. It wouldn't occur to me to compete with the King on his own ground, I'd be beaten in advance.

These misunderstandings arise because the situation is not clear.

The poor Duce; I'm often sorry for him. All the affronts he has to swallow. I don't think I'd endure them.

There's also the third power—the Vatican. Don't forget that! Why be surprised if our confidential letters are broadcast to the world a few days after being received?

I'll never forget the gratitude we owe to Noske, Ebert and Scheidemann for having rid us of such people. Their intentions weren't pure, and that's why they've been punished, but we've reaped all the profit!

133. 1st February 1942, evening

SPECIAL GUEST: HIMMLER

The instigators of the 1918 revolution—Attitude towards former opponents—The Bavarian police—The arms traffic.

Amongst the men who became conspicuous during the events of 1918, I draw certain distinctions. Some of them, without having wished it, found themselves dragged into the revolution. Amongst these was first of all Noske, then Ebert, Scheidemann, Severing—and, in Bavaria, Auer.

In the struggle that set these men against us, I was merciless. It was only after our victory that I could say to them: "I understand the motives that drove you on."

Those who were truly base men were men of the Catholic Centre—Spiecker, for example. Tortuous methods and lies. Brüning utterly lacked character, and Treviranus was a bounder.

I'm full of understanding for a worker who was hurled into a hostile world, and, quite naturally, found himself exposed to the seductions of Marxism. But not for those swine of theoreticians like Hilferding and Kautsky. Braun was not

the worst of them. In any case, he was quick to put water in his wine. Luppe, at Nuremberg, was not a bad mayor. As for Scharnagel, he was a baker from head to foot.

In Bavaria, men like Stützel, Schweyer, Koch and others were not bribable, but this did not prevent them from being fundamentally base. Lerchenfeld and Lortz were just poor devils. Matt was more a fool than a knave. Several of them were descended from Mongols and Huns. Some of them succeeded in improving themselves in the following generation.

I've been particularly correct towards my opponents. The Minister who condemned me, I've made him my Minister of Justice. Amongst my prison guards, several have become chiefs of the SA. The director of my prison has risen in rank. The only one whose situation I've not improved is Schweyer. On the contrary, I've suppressed his plurality of offices, for on top of his pension as Minister he used to receive eighteen thousand marks as administrator of Bavarian Electricity.

Social-Democracy of the time lacked only a leader. Its worst mistake was to persevere in a path condemned by the facts.

I was pitiless to all who indulged in Separatism—if only by way of warning, and to get it into everyone's head that in that sort of thing we have no time for jokes. But, in a general way, I can say I've been full of moderation.

My conversations with Nortz, the Police President, were amusing. In 1923, two days before the 27th January, he claimed the right to compel me to hold in a hall a meeting that I wanted to hold in the open air. He invoked the security of the State as an argument in support of his decision, and likewise the fact that he had not enough police forces to guarantee our safety. I retorted that we were capable of guaranteeing order by our own methods. Moreover, I claimed the right to hold a dozen meetings in succession, not just one. I added that if he opposed our decision, the blood that would be shed would be upon his head. Our haggling continued, and Nortz finally proposed that we should split the baby in two: six meetings, instead of twelve, held simultaneously in the Circus and on the Field of Mars in front of the Circus (for I'd declared that the Circus wasn't big enough to hold all my supporters). Finally, Nortz granted me my twelve meetings, but in the following form: we would hold simultaneously six times two meetings. For him that made six—for us, twelve!

I had another conflict with him concerning an individual

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scale
whom the police maintained in our midst. The man was, in any case, ill chosen, for he stank of the police spy at a radius of a hundred metres. One day I was visited by a policeman who announced himself to me as an old comrade from the front. He said he was racked by remorse, for it was he who took down the spy's reports from dictation. I asked the comrade from the front to go on recording what the spy had to say, but on condition that he sent me a copy every time. In reality, the comrade in question was inspired quite simply by a desire for revenge, as I subsequently learnt. He was the victim of our spy, who was cuckolding him!

When I asked for the Circus for our demonstration on the 1st May, Nortz refused it me on the pretext that his forces were not enough to ensure order, and that my men continually provoked their adversaries. I leapt on the word "provoke." "My men!" I said. "But it's *you* who send us provocative agitators in plain clothes. It's *your* spies who urge my innocent lambs on to illegal acts." Nortz supposed I was exaggerating. When I insisted, and offered him proofs, he sent for his colleague Bernreuther. The latter, who was certainly well informed, tried to calm me down. It was only when I threatened them that I'd publish in my newspaper a replica of the reports in my possession, that the affair was settled. An hour later, we had the authorisation to hold our meeting.

There had been talk of attempting a *coup*, in agreement with the bourgeois parties. It was to take place here and there all over Germany, especially in Thuringia. I'd been well let down by the bourgeois over the business, which I remember as the finest of our mess-ups. But Nortz couldn't prevent our march on Oberwiesefeld.

At three o'clock in the morning, after taking possession of our weapons, we occupied Oberwiesefeld according to plan. The hours passed, and still nothing happened. Our bourgeois allies had stayed in their beds. Calm prevailed throughout Germany, whilst we awaited from all quarters the confirmation of the expected risings. At six o'clock, gangs of Reds gathered to meet us. I sent some men to provoke them, but they didn't react. Ten o'clock, eleven o'clock, and the Reich still did not emerge from its stupor—and we were still there on the look-out, armed to the teeth!

We had to make up our minds to go home. During the return march, we met a few inoffensive Reds, fellows who could be dispersed by a flourish of trumpets. We beat them up a little, in the hope of getting a big row started, but it was no use.

Everything was over when a trotting, horse-drawn bat-

EARLY PURCHASE OF WEAPONS

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tery, which I hadn't sent for, arrived from Tölz. It unfolded like a flower, right in the face of the police. I'd done well to swear never again to undertake anything in collaboration with the bourgeois.

Three days later I was summoned to appear before the Prosecutor General, a bloody man, to reply to the accusation of having endangered public security. "I in no way infringed public order," I said. "But an attempt was made to do so." "Who says that?" "The law declares that the fact of arming gangs..." "Who is speaking of gangs? My men are perfectly disciplined. As for my weapons, they were stored in the State arsenals." "So you possess weapons?" "Of course. Are you not aware that the others possess them, too?"

This inculpation had no consequences. In the circumstances, Stenglein and Ehardt were sitting pretty.

This was how I'd procured weapons. A certain Councillor Schäffer had a store of weapons at Dachau, and he offered to sell them to me. At that time I made it a principle to leave weapons in the hands of the civic guards, reasoning that they would keep them in good condition as long as there was no question of using them, and that in case of need they would ask nothing better than to hand them over to us, so that we could take their place in the first rank.

Nevertheless, I thought it opportune not to reject Schäffer's proposal. I therefore went to Dachau with Göring. We had the impression we'd fallen into a bandits' lair. Their first concern was to ask us for the password. We were led into the presence of a woman. I remember her, for this was the first time I saw a woman with her hair dressed like a boy's. She was surrounded by a gang of individuals with gallows-birds' faces. This was Schäffer's wife. We drove the bargain, although not without my warning them that they wouldn't see the colour of my money until the weapons were in my possession. We also found, on the airfield at Schleissheim, thousands of rifles, mess-tins, haversacks, a pile of useless junk. But, after it had been repaired, there would be enough to equip a regiment.

I went to see Lossow and handed him all this material, urging him to take care of it and telling him, moreover, that I would make no use of it except in the event of a show-down with Communism. It was thus solemnly agreed that the material would remain in the hands of the Reichswehr as long as this eventuality did not arise. Amongst the mixed parcels, there were notably seventeen guns of all calibres.

I got my hands on the second parcel in particularly comic circumstances: Somebody had mysteriously rung me up on the telephone to ask me to "take possession of the crates." I didn't waste time in having the whole bill of fare read out to tell me what it was all about. I thought to myself that there were crates going for the asking, and I told myself that it was at least worth the trouble of going to find out. Nevertheless, I asked my interlocutor's name. "Voll," he said, "the brother-in-law of the proprietor of the warehouse."

I arrived at this warehouse, which was in the Landsberger-strasse, and, sure enough, I found there forty-eight crates that had been deposited there in my name. Voll told me that they contained arms, and that it was impossible for him to keep them any longer, for there were numerous Communists amongst his workers. He begged me to have the crates removed as soon as possible. I went first to see Röhm and ask him if he could put any trucks at my disposal. He replied that he couldn't do that immediately. I then applied to Zeller. He accepted, refusing any payment but laying it down as a condition that he should share the booty with me. Agreed. When we were loading the trucks, up came Major Stefani. He claimed that the arms were his. "They're in my name," I replied, "and nobody will stop me from taking possession of them."

Three days later Zeller told me that the aforesaid arms were from his own warehouse in the Franz Joseph Strasse, from which they'd been stolen. "What are you complaining about?" I said. "Haven't you recovered half of them?"

There were arms practically everywhere in those days: in monasteries, on farms, amongst groups of civic guards. It was to the citizens' credit that they thus assembled arms that had been thrown away by soldiers returning, demoralised, from the front—and that others had pillaged at the depots.

134. 2nd February 1942, midday

Churchill and Robespierre—The citadel of Singapore—In praise of François-Poncet—Inadequacy of the diplomats—Reorganisation of German diplomacy.

Churchill is like an animal at bay. He must be seeing snares everywhere. Even if Parliament gives him increased powers, his reasons for being mistrustful still exist. He's in the same situation as Robespierre on the eve of his fall.

Nothing but praise was addressed to the virtuous citizen, when suddenly the situation was reversed. Churchill has no more supporters.

Singapore has become a symbol to the entire world. Before 1914, it was only a commercial harbour. It was between the two wars that Singapore began its great rise and acquired the strategic importance that it's recognised to have to-day. When one builds a citadel like Singapore, it must be made an impregnable position—else it's a waste of money. The English have lived on the idea of an invincibility whose image is invoked for them by the magic names of Shanghai, Hongkong and Singapore. Suddenly they have to sing smaller, and realise that this magnificent façade was merely a bluff. I agree, it's a terrible blow for the English.

I've been told that an English statesman left a will in which he reminded his compatriots of the following sacred truth: that the only danger to England was Germany!

François-Poncet did not want the war. The reports dating from the end of his mission to Berlin are worthless, in my view. The little vulgarities in which he indulged at my expense had no other object but to prove to his compatriots that he wasn't contaminated by us. If he had said in his reports what he really thought, he'd have been recalled at once. In all his reports, he insisted on the necessity of following the evolution of the situation in Germany with close attention.

Poncet is the most intelligent of the diplomats I've known—including the German ones, of course. I'd not have risked discussing German literature with him, for I'd have been put out of countenance. When he said good-bye to me at the Gralsburg, he was very much moved. He told me he'd done everything humanly possible, but that in Paris he was regarded as a man won over to our cause. "The French are a very clever people," he added. "There's not a Frenchman who doesn't believe that in my place he would do much better than I."

François-Poncet speaks absolutely perfect German. He once made a speech at Nuremberg that began: "Now that I've had conferred upon me the dignity of an orator of the National-Socialist Party..." I've forgiven him all his remarks about me. If I meet him, I shall confine myself to saying to him: "It's dangerous to give one's opinion in writing on people whom one does not entirely know. It's better to do it *viva voce*."

Our difficulties on the subject of Morocco were smoothed out by him in two days. Henderson and Poncet certainly both had connections in industry. Henderson, for his part, was interested in seeing to it that war should come. Poncet was the proprietor of some factories in Lorraine. But, tell me, do you know a diplomat who poked his nose into everything, as he did, who was connected with everybody and knew everything? Nothing escaped him. What didn't he distribute, like sweets! A supplementary attraction of his was his wife. What natural behaviour! She hadn't the slightest affectation. Truly, an exceptional woman.

One day there was a dramatic incident! A foreign statesman passing through Berlin paid François-Poncet a visit. It was the hour when children were leaving school. The children rushed into the drawing-room, shouting "Heil Hitler!" When he told me the story, Poncet appealed to me: "It was very embarrassing for me. Put yourself in my place!"

Soon afterwards, François-Poncet went to Paris, and returned to Berlin without his children. I asked him if his children weren't happy in Berlin. "Young people are easily influenced," he said. "Just think, my children don't know who is the President of the Republic. I'm aghast! The other day we were passing by a monument in Paris and suddenly they exclaimed: 'Look, daddy, there's Bismarck!' I decided to send them to a good school in France."

In my opinion, the man most guilty of all is Churchill—then Belisha, Vansittart and a swarm of others. The French let themselves be dragged in. In a general way, they supposed that Germany was about to collapse immediately. The Polish ambassador Lipski had the cheek to write in a report that he knew from a sure source that Germany could hold out only for a week. People like that bear a great share of responsibility for what has happened. Lipski, particularly, used to frequent the Dirksens' receptions. If a man like Lipski could believe such a thing—a man who was present at all the Party demonstrations—what can the other diplomats have written? I attach absolutely no value to what these people say.

Each time he changes his post, the diplomat begins by paying his formal visits at the city where he's now residing. He exchanges conventional remarks with all and sundry. He has fulfilled the essential part of his mission. After that he moves in a closed world, with no windows open on the outside, and knows nothing of what is happening in the country, except through the tittle-tattle of a barber, a manicurist or a chauffeur. But these latter, by dint of living in

the narrow circle of their clientèle, have themselves lost contact with the people. In any case, they're cunning enough to tell tendentious old wives' tales, if they think it appropriate.

The less these diplomats know, the more they talk. They've nothing to do, and it would never occur to any of them to profit by his leisure to learn something.

François-Poncet is the only one I knew who used to run about continually, taking an interest in everything—to the point even of sometimes embarrassing me a little.

Besides the big mandarins, one usually has to deal with agents of the needy, sponging type. They're timid, scared—always groping to know whether they should or should not pass on certain information. At the slightest slip or indiscretion, they might lose their jobs, be switched on to a side-track. In many cases, it seems to me it would be better to replace them by more modest representatives, who would confine themselves to receiving and sending despatches.

Of what use were our own diplomats to us? What did they teach us before the first World War? Nothing! During the first World War? Nothing! After the first World War? Nothing! I suppose that for the others it must be very much the same.

Diplomacy should be reorganised from top to bottom. Take the case of the Far East. What useful information did I get from our services? A man like Colin Ross, for example, gave me infinitely more precious information on the subject. And yet Kriebel, whom we had out there, was one of our men. It was he who wrote to me that the Japanese were not nearly strong enough to settle with the Chinese. I recalled him, and he tried to justify himself in my eyes by insisting: "But it's what everyone was saying in Shanghai!" That kind of thing is obviously explained by the company he kept. All of the same kidney, as is usual amongst diplomats. Colin Ross, on the other hand, saw all kinds. His view was that the Japanese would win the war, but that in the long run they'd be absorbed by the Chinese.

I am speaking now only of the diplomats of the classic sort. Amongst these, I admit only two exceptions: François-Poncet and Böttcher—the only ones who ruled the roost. Men like Abetz will always be regarded as amateurs by the careerists.

The Dutch representative was a man who knew what he was about. He worked hard, and he gave his Government valuable information.

The anti-democratic parties, just like the democratic parties, had to go through these grotesque ceremonies.

The other parties had practically no paying members. We, with our two and a half million members, banked two and a half million marks every month. Many members paid more than the subscription demanded (at first it was fifty pfennig a month, then it was raised to a mark). Fräulein Schleifer, from the post-office, used to pay ten marks a month, for example. Thus the Party disposed of considerable sums. Schwarz was very open-handed when it was a question of large matters, but extremely thrifty in small ones. He was the perfect mixture of parsimony and generosity.

It was necessary to have a minimum of sixty thousand votes in a district to be entitled to a mandate. Our base was in Bavaria. Here we had six mandates, to start with, which gave us an equal number of delegates to the Reichstag.

There were some extraordinary parties in that Republic. The most incredible was Häusser's. I happened to be passing through Stuttgart. This was in 1922 or 1923. Frau Waldschmidt suggested that I should go and see this phenomenon, without committing myself. I'm fairly sure Häusser was an Alsatian. If my memory is correct, he addressed his audience more or less as follows: "You, you filthy rabble..." And it went on in the same tone, consisting solely of insults. In the Munich district, he got a greater number of votes than Stresemann. As for us, we had all the difficulty in the world to have Epp elected.

What scatter-brains we sometimes had opposed to us! Let's not complain about it too much—it mustn't be forgotten that one day Bismarck was beaten by a cobbler.

137. Night of 3rd-4th February 1942

*Memories of Bayreuth—The automobile craze—
Leaving Landsberg—Reconstitution of the Party—
The world will recapture its sense of joy.*

I've been lucky that I never had an accident while travelling.

You know the story of the Hound of the Baskervilles. On a sinister, stormy night I was going to Bayreuth through the Fichtelgebirge. I'd just been saying to Maurice: "Look out on the bend!" I'd scarcely spoken when a huge black dog hurled itself on our car. The collision knocked it into the

distance. For a long time we could still hear it howling in the night.

I'd settled down with the Bechsteins, within a few yards of Wahnfried. On the morning of my arrival, Cosima Wagner paid me a visit, which I returned in the course of the day. Siegfried was there. Bayreuth exerted its full charm upon me. I was thirty-six years old, and life was delightful. I had all the pleasures of popularity, without any of the inconveniences. Everybody put himself out to be nice to me, and nobody asked anything of me. By day I'd go for a walk, in leather shorts. In the evening, I'd go to the theatre in a dinner-jacket or tails. Afterwards, we would prolong the evening in the company of the actors, either at the theatre restaurant or on a visit to Berneck. My supercharged Mercedes was a joy to all. We made many excursions, going once to Luisenberg, another time to Bamberg, and very often to the Hermitage.

There are a lot of photos of me taken at this time which Frau Bechstein has. She used often to say to me: "You deserve to have the finest motor-car in the world. I wish you had a Maybach."

The first thing I did on leaving the prison at Landsberg, on the 20th December 1924, was to buy my supercharged Mercedes. Although I've never driven myself, I've always been passionately keen on cars. I liked this Mercedes particularly. At the window of my cell, in the fortress, I used to follow with my eyes the cars going by on the road to Kaufbeuren, and wonder whether the time would return when I would ride in a car again. I discovered mine by reading a prospectus. At once I realised that it would have to be this or none. Twenty-six thousand marks, it was a lot of money! I can say that, as to what gives the Mercedes-Benz its beauty nowadays, I can claim the fatherhood. During all these years I've made innumerable sketches with a view to improving the line.

Adolf Müller had taught me to drive all right, but I knew that at the slightest accident my conditional liberty would be withdrawn, and I also knew that nothing would have been more agreeable to the Government. In November 1923 I was already owner of a marvellous Benz. On the 9th, it was in Müller's garage under lock and key. When the police came to seize it, they must have filed through the chain. But they dared not use it in Munich, for the whole population would have risen in revolt, shouting: "Car-thieves!" So they sent it to Nuremberg, where it immediately had an

See.
Comments.

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accident. I've bought it back since, and it can be seen among our relics.

It was a queer experience when the Mufti of the prison came to tell me, with all sorts of circumlocution, and panting with emotion: "You're free!" I couldn't believe it was true. I'd been sentenced to six years!

I owe my liberation to the jurymen Hermann, a scowling, supercilious man, who throughout the trial had looked at me with a grim expression. I supposed him to be a member of the Bavarian People's Party, reflecting that the Government had doubtless appointed jurymen to suit it.

Through Hermann I learnt the details of my trial. The jury wanted to acquit me. On the evidence of my defence, they were convinced that Kahr, Lossow and Seisser must have been equally guilty. They were informed of the objection that an acquittal might entail the risk of having the affair referred to the Court at Leipzig. This made the jury reflect. They decided it was prudent to have me found guilty, the more so as they had been promised a remission of the sentence after six months. This had been a little piece of knavery on the Court's part, for they had no reason to suppose that an appeal by the public prosecutor could have resulted in the case being referred to the Supreme Court. In fact it's certain that Kahr, Lossow and Seisser would not have appeared at Leipzig. Since the promise of conditional liberation was not kept, Hermann wrote to the Government informing it that the three jurymen would appeal to public opinion if I were not set free immediately.

When I left Landsberg, everybody wept (the Mufti and the other members of the prison staff)—but not I! We'd won them all to our cause. The Mufti came to tell me that Ludendorff, on the one hand, and the Popular Block, on the other, wanted to send a car for me. Since he was afraid of demonstrations, I reassured him by saying: "I'm not keen on demonstrations, I'm keen only on my freedom." I added that I would make no use of the offers of transport, but it would be agreeable to me if my printer, Adolf Müller, might come and fetch me. "Do you permit me," he asked, "to inform the Government to that effect? These gentlemen would be much reassured."

Müller accordingly arrived, accompanied by Hoffmann. What a joy it was for me to be in a car again! I asked Müller whether he couldn't accelerate. "No," he replied. "It's my firm intention to go on living for another

twenty-five years." At Pasing we met the first messengers on motor-cycles. I found them gathered at my door, in the Thierschstrasse, in Munich, men like Fuess, Gahr and the other old faithfuls. My apartment was decorated with flowers and laurel wreaths (I've kept one of them). In his exuberant joy, my dog almost knocked me down the stairs.

The first visit I paid was to Pöhner. He could almost have kissed me—he who had in front of him what I had behind me. He had a conversation with Cramer Cletl, asking him to inform Held that I maintained my demand that all my men should also be set at liberty. Held granted me an appointment, and I must acknowledge that his attitude was entirely correct. Thus, later on, I refrained from making any trouble for him, unlike what I did for Schweyer. Held asked me whether, if I started the Party up again, I contemplated associating myself with Ludendorff. I told him that such was not my intention. Held then told me that, because of the attitude taken up by Ludendorff towards the Church, he found himself obliged to oppose him. I assured him that the Party programme did not entail a struggle with the Church, and that Ludendorff's affairs were no concern of mine. Held undertook to get in touch with the Minister of Justice and to inform me of the decisions that would be taken concerning my men.

The news reached Pöhner that Gürtner, the Minister of Justice, refused to be persuaded that my demand was justified. I again visited Held, who advised me to go and see Gürtner. There, I fell in with a lawyer! He opposed me with a lawyer's arguments. My men, he claimed, had not been imprisoned so long as I had. In any case, he couldn't set them free before the vacation. Besides, he hadn't the files. I had no difficulty in replying to him that the files were not necessary, that I knew all the names! During my enumeration, he reacted violently at the name of Hess: "Not him, in any case! He exposed Ministers to the risk of being stoned by the crowd!" "What can we do about that? Is it our fault if you are so unpopular? Besides, nothing happened to you!"

My point of view was as follows: it was not possible for my men to remain in prison whilst I, who was responsible for everything, was at liberty. Held confessed to me that he did not understand Gürtner's attitude. The latter, by reason of his belonging to the National-German Party, should have felt closer to me than Held himself. It was finally Pöhner who, with extreme brutality, informed Gürtner of his views. On returning home one evening, I found a message

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Sew.
Low.

signed by my thirteen companions. They had just been set free. Next morning, Schaub came to fetch my mail. He had lost his job. He has never left me since that moment.

I had already borrowed three hundred marks to pay for the taxis that the newly liberated men had to take when they left Landsberg—but they were already in Munich when I learnt of their liberation.

I didn't know what to do with my first evening of freedom. I had the impression that at any moment a hand would be laid on my shoulder, and I remained obsessed by the idea that I'd have to ask leave for anything I wanted to do!

During the first weeks, I remained quite quiet, but time seemed to me to drag. I regained contact with reality, and began by reconciling the enemy brothers. On the 27th January 1925, I again founded the Party.

My thirteen months of imprisonment had seemed a long time—the more so because I thought I'd be there for six years. I was possessed by a frenzy of liberty. But, without my imprisonment, *Mein Kampf* would not have been written. That period gave me the chance of deepening various notions for which I then had only an instinctive feeling. It was during this incarceration, too, that I acquired that fearless faith, that optimism, that confidence in our destiny, which nothing could shake thereafter.

It's from this time, too, that my conviction dates—a thing that many of my supporters never understood—that we could no longer win power by force. The State had had time to consolidate itself and it had the weapons. My weakness, in 1923, was to depend on too many people who were not ours. I'd warned Hess that it would take us two years to give the Party a solid foundation—and, after that, the seizure of power would only be a matter of five to ten years. It was in accordance with these predictions that I organised my work.

There are towns in Germany from which all joy is lacking. I'm told that it's the same thing in certain Calvinistic regions of Switzerland. In Trier and Freiburg, women have addressed me in so ignoble a fashion that I cannot make up my mind to repeat their words. It's on such occasions that I become aware of the depth of human baseness. Clearly, one must not forget that these areas are still feeling the weight of several centuries of religious oppression.

Near Würzburg, there are villages where literally all the women were burned. We know of judges of the Court of the Inquisition who gloried in having had twenty to thirty thousand "witches" burned. Long experience of such horrors cannot but leave indelible traces upon a population.

In Madrid, the sickening odour of the heretic's pyre remained for more than two centuries mingled with the air one breathed. If a revolution breaks out again in Spain, one must see in it the natural reaction to an interminable series of atrocities. One cannot succeed in conceiving how much cruelty, ignominy and falsehood the intrusion of Christianity has spelt for this world of ours.

If the misdeeds of Christianity were less serious in Italy, that's because the people of Rome, having seen them at work, always knew exactly the worth of the Popes before whom Christendom prostrated itself. For centuries, no Pope died except by the dagger, poison or the pox.

I can very well imagine how this collective madness came to birth.

A Jew was discovered to whom it occurred that if one presented abstruse ideas to non-Jews, the more abstruse these ideas were, the more the non-Jews would rack their brains to try to understand them. The fact of having their attention fixed on what does not exist must make them blind to what exists. An excellent calculation on the Jew's part. So the Jew smacks his thighs to see how his diabolic stratagem has succeeded. He bears in mind that if his victims suddenly became aware of these things, all Jews would be exterminated. But, this time, the Jews will disappear from Europe.

The world will breathe freely and recover its sense of joy, when this weight is no longer crushing its shoulders.

138. 4th February 1942, evening

SPECIAL GUEST: HIMMLER

Charlemagne—The call of the South—Struggling through the mud—Henry the Lion—The sweetness of life—Improving living conditions—For the Reich no sacrifice is too great.

The fact that Charlemagne was able to federate the quarrelsome and bellicose Germans shows that he was one of the greatest men in world history.

We know to-day why our ancestors were not attracted to the East, but rather to the South. Because all the regions lying east of the Elbe were like what Russia is for us to-day. The Romans detested crossing the Alps. The Germanic peoples, on the other hand, were very fond of crossing them—but in the opposite direction. One must bear in mind that at this period Greece was a marvellous garden, in which oak-

forests alternated with orchards. It was only later that olive-growing was introduced into Greece.

The reason why the climate has become temperate in Upper Bavaria is that Italy was deforested. The warm winds of the South, which are no longer held in check by the vegetation, pass over the Alps and make their way northwards.

The Germanic needed a sunny climate to enable his qualities to develop. It was in Greece and Italy that the Germanic spirit found the first terrain favourable to its blossoming. It took several centuries to create, in the Nordic climate, the conditions of life necessary for civilised man. Science helped there.

For any Roman, the fact of being sent to *Germania* was regarded as a punishment—rather like what it used to mean to us to be sent to Posen. You can imagine those rainy, grey regions, transformed into quagmires as far as eye could see. The megalithic monuments were certainly not places of worship, but rather places of refuge for people fleeing from the advance of the mud. The countryside was cold, damp, dreary. At a time when the other people already had paved roads, we hadn't the slightest evidence of civilisation to show. Only the Germanics on the shores of the rivers and the sea-coasts were, in a feeble way, an exception to this rule. Those who had remained in Holstein have not changed in two thousand years, whilst those who had emigrated to Greece raised themselves to the level of civilisation.

What persists, through the centuries, in a people's customs is what relates to their habits of eating. I'm convinced that the soup of Holstein is the origin of the Spartan gruel. As regards the archaeological discoveries made in our part of the world, I'm sceptical. The objects in question were doubtless made in entirely different regions. Their presence would indicate that they were articles of exchange, which the Germanics of the coast obtained for their amber. In the whole of Northern Europe, the level of civilisation cannot much have surpassed that of the Maoris. Nevertheless, the Greek profile, and that of the Cæsars, is that of the men of this North of ours, and I'd wager that I could find amongst our peasants two thousand heads of that type.

If Henry the Lion had not rebelled against the Imperial power, certainly nobody would ever have had the notion of expanding to the East. Supposing he'd succeeded, the Slav world would have been given a Germanic ruling class, but it wouldn't have gone further than that. All these strivings to-

wards the East were translated into a loss of Germanic blood, to the profit of the Slavs.

I prefer to go to Flanders on foot rather than eastwards in a sleeping-car. It has always been my delight, towards March, to leave Munich and go to meet the spring in the Rhineland. On the way back, one leaves the sweetness of living behind as one passes the mountains of Swabia. There is still a smiling valley near Ulm, and then one is definitely caught once more by the rude climate of the high Bavarian plain. I'm sorry for those who have to suffer this hardening process permanently.

Yet we've made those inclement regions habitable. In the same way, we'll transform the spaces of the East into a country in which human beings will be able to live. We must not forget that over there are found iron, coal, grain and timber. We'll build there welcoming farms, handsome roads. And those of our people who thrust as far as that will end by loving their country and loving its landscapes—as the Germans on the Volga used to do.

You'll understand, Himmler, that if I want to establish a genuine civilisation to the North and East, I'll have to make use of men from the South. If I were to take official architects of the Prussian Government to beautify Berlin, for example, I'd do better to abandon the project!

In our ambition to play a rôle on the world level, we must constantly consult Imperial history. All the rest is so new, so uncertain, so imperfect. But Imperial history is the greatest epic that's been known since the Roman Empire. What boldness! What grandeur! These giants thought no more of crossing the Alps than crossing a street.

The misfortune is that none of our great writers took his subjects from German Imperial history. Our Schiller found nothing better to do than to glorify a Swiss cross-bowman!

The English, for their part, had a Shakespeare—but the history of his country has supplied Shakespeare, as far as heroes are concerned, only with imbeciles and madmen.

Immense vistas open up to the German cinema. It will find in the history of the Empire—five centuries of world domination—themes big enough for it.

When I meet the heads of other Germanic peoples, I'm particularly well placed—by reason of my origin—to discuss with them. I can remind them, in fact, that my country was for five centuries a mighty empire, with a capital like Vienna, and that nevertheless I did not hesitate to sacrifice my country to the idea of the Reich.

I've always been convinced of the necessity of welcoming

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into the Party only truly sturdy fellows, without taking heed of numbers, and excluding the lukewarm. In the same way as regards the new Reich, wherever there are wholesome Germanic elements in the world, we shall try to recover them. And this Reich will be so sturdy that nobody will ever be able to attempt anything against it.

139. 5th February 1942, midday

A raid on the Brown House—The Munich putsch —Imprisoned Ministers.

One day the police made a raid on the Brown House. I had in my strong-box some documents of the highest importance. One of the keys I had on me, and I happened to be in Berlin. The other was in Hess's possession. The police demanded that he should open the strong-box. He excused himself for not being able to do so, pleading that I was absent and it was I who had the key. The police therefore had to content themselves with putting seals on the box and waiting for my return. Hess had informed me by telephone of this search. Two days later, he told me I could return. The fact was, he had noticed that it was possible to unscrew the handles on which the seals had been placed. Very cleverly, Hess had himself performed this operation, had opened the box with his own key, and had shut it again (replacing the seals), after having emptied it of compromising documents.

On my return, the police presented themselves for the opening of the strong-box. I protested very energetically, in order to induce them to threaten me that they'd resort to force. I then decided to unlock the box. The lid was opened, the box contained nothing. Their discomfited expressions were a pleasure to behold.

On another occasion, I was present when the police took the Brown House by storm. The crowd in the street hurled insults at the policemen who were straddling over the railings. At the windows of the Nuncio's palace, on the other side of the street, where one never saw anyone, there were gloating faces of fat ecclesiastics. The search, which was unfruitful, went on until the middle of the night.

What a struggle there was before we could obtain the right to hoist our flag over the Brown House! The police were against it but they were not themselves in agreement on the subject, and they even brought us in to be present at their disputes. For once, our luck lay in the immeasurable

stupidity of the lawyers. Our skill triumphed over their arguments. This detail shows that one should in no circumstances put one's trust in lawyers. They certainly won't defend our régime any better than they defended its predecessor.

Little by little, there was a revulsion in our favour. Now and then a policeman would come and whisper into our ears that he was at heart on our side. More and more we could count on genuine supporters amongst them, who did not hesitate to compromise themselves for the Party, and through whom we learnt whatever was afoot.

A particularly repulsive individual was Hermann in 1923. He was one of the chiefs of the criminal police. Believing in our success, he put himself at our disposal as soon as we'd proceeded to the arrest of members of the Government, offering us his help in laying our hands on those who'd escaped our net. When the affair had turned out badly, we knew that he'd be one of the chief witnesses for the prosecution, and we were very curious to see how he'd behave. We were ready, according to what he said, to shut his mouth by saying to him: "Wasn't it you, Hermann, who handed Wutzelhofer over to us?" But he was as dumb as a carp.

It was Weber who opened up for us, unknown to the proprietor, the *Villa Lehmann*, in which we locked up the members of the Government. We'd threatened them that if a single one of them attempted to flee we'd shoot them all. Their panic was so great that they remained shut up for two days, though the revolution had come to an end long before. When Lehmann returned to his house, he was quite surprised to discover this brilliant assemblage.

A few days later, Lehmann even had the surprise of receiving a visit from a daughter of one of the Ministers. She'd come to fetch a signet-ring that her father claimed to have forgotten between the pages of a book he had taken from the library. Instead of a signet-ring, what she was looking for was a pile of foreign bank-notes that the father had slipped into a book by the poet Storm!

140. 5th February 1942, evening

Excursions with Baroness Abegg—The fake Donatello—A dubious Murillo.

I would find no pleasure in living all the time on the banks of the Königssee. It's too depressing. None of our

equipped. If I need to know the time, I can rely on the clock on the instrument-panel. All the instruments are in perfect working order. I've never had a more conscientious driver. In utterly critical situations, he wouldn't have the same calmness as Schreck. He's entirely wrapped up in his driving. When I had Schreck beside me, it was the old war-time comrade who sat at the wheel.

One day I had to be in Hanover with all speed in order to catch the night train for Munich. I'd been lent a car with a Saxon driver. Since we could see nothing, I suggested that he should switch on his headlights. "They're switched on," he said, "but the battery's flat." A moment later, it was a tire that gave up the ghost. I saw my Saxon becoming very busy with his car, and I asked him whether he hadn't a spare wheel. "I have one, all right," he said, "but it's been flat for some days." It suddenly occurred to me that Lutze must be behind us. Sure enough, he arrived—at the wheel of an Opel, the first of the eighteen-h.p., four-cylinder models, the most wretched car that ever came out of the Opel works. So I continued my journey with Lutze, and I asked him whether there was any chance of arriving in time for my train. He's an optimist, like all drivers. The unlucky thing for Lutze is that he has only one eye and is a poor judge of distances. He lost no time in going astray at a fork, and suddenly we found ourselves confronted by a ditch. We finally got out of it by using the reverse gear. I didn't worry—I was already resigned to missing the train!

Lutze drove through Hanover at a crazy speed. Another five minutes, another two minutes to go. We arrived at the station. I had just time to leap into the train.

I've had some queer drivers in my time.

Göring made a point of always driving on the left-hand side of the road. In moments of danger, he used to blow his horn. His confidence was unfailing, but it was of a somewhat mystic nature.

Killinger was also an ace at the wheel!

Once I saw Bastian get down peacefully from his car, knock out some fools who'd jeered at him, take the wheel again and move off in complete calm.

One day I was a passenger in a car that was taking me back from Mainz. Schreck was driving behind us in a car equipped with a siren. We arrived in the middle of a bunch of cyclists. They were Reds and began to hurl insults at us. But when they heard Schreck's siren, they left their bicycles

on the road and scattered into the fields. Schreck went by quite calmly, crushing the bicycles. The Reds were taken aback, wondering how a police car could behave like that. When they realised their mistake, they began to abuse us again in their choicest terms. "Murderers, bandits, Hitler-ites!" They recognised me, and I take that fact as my badge of rank.

We often had very painful incidents of this kind. It was no joke, at that time, to find oneself at grips with a mob of opponents.

When one has been driven for years by the same men, one no longer sees them as drivers, but as Party comrades.

148. 17th February 1942, midday

SPECIAL GUEST: HIMMLER

Fascists and aristocrats—Roatta the rat—The Duce should sacrifice the monarchy—The Jews and the natural order—The unhealthy intellectuals of Europe—If the German professor ruled the world.

The genuine Fascists are friendly to Germany, but the court circles, the clique of aristocrats, detest everything German.

At Florence, the Duce said to me: "My soldiers are brave fellows, but I can't have any confidence in my officers." The last time I met Mussolini, his accents were still more tragic.

I learnt, with Pfeffer, that when men acquire the habit of a certain type of behaviour, and make the gestures corresponding to it, it ends by becoming a second nature to them. Words lose their meaning, the best-established notions create new events. With them, pride becomes transformed into vanity, egotism becomes confused with idealism.

It's difficult to conceive that a genuine officer can be a sneaking spy. Now, that was just what Roatta was. He sabotaged the plan of attack by Italian troops along the valley of the Rhine, in June 1940.

Until the Duce succeeds in getting rid of this aristocratic Mafia, he won't be able to appoint a genuine élite to the highest posts. This Mafia is every bit as base as the German underworld. It's composed of cretins, who, however, are not so cretinous as not to have a sense of what gives other people their superiority. Their activities, although purely negative, are nonetheless effective, for these are the people who

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149. 17th February 1942, evening

Big properties in Hungary—The birthplaces of great men—Books for young people—Folk-dancing—Leather shorts.

The magnates of Hungary used to be noted for their hospitality. On their country estates they used to receive up to seventy guests at a time. The wines were better than in Austria, but the country-houses were not so beautiful. For most of the time these noblemen led delightful lives in Paris or in the gambling-resorts of the Côte d'Azur. One of them, Esterhazy, at least had it greatly to his credit that Haydn didn't end up like Mozart in a communal grave—which is what happened in Vienna, the homeland of music.

It's my view that, simply for the sake of their beauty, the great noblemen's estates should be preserved. But they must retain their size, otherwise only the State would be capable of maintaining them as private country-houses. And the ideal thing is that they should remain not only in private hands, but also in the family that has traditionally lived in them—else they lose their character. Thus these great monuments of the past, which have retained their character as living organisms, are also centres of culture. But when the country-house is occupied by a caretaker acting as a guide, a little State official with a Bavarian or Saxon accent, who ingenuously recites his unvarying piece of claptrap, things no longer have a soul—the soul is gone.

Wahnfried, as in Wagner's lifetime, is a lived-in house. It still has all its brilliance, and continues to give the effect of a lover. Goethe's house gives the impression of a dead thing. And how one understands that in the room where he died he should have asked for light—always more light! Schiller's house can still move one by the picture it gives of the penury in which the poet lived.

All these thoughts occurred to me whilst I was reflecting what might become of my house at Obersalzberg. I can already see the guide from Berchtesgaden showing visitors over the rooms of my house: "This is where he had breakfast . . ." I can also imagine a Saxon giving his avaricious instructions: "Don't touch the articles, don't wear out the parquet, stay between the ropes . . ." In short, if one hadn't a family to bequeath one's house to, the best thing would be to be burnt in it with all its contents—a magnificent pyre!

I've just been reading a very fine article on Karl May. I

found it delightful. It would be nice if his work were republished. I owe him my first notions of geography, and the fact that he opened my eyes on the world. I used to read him by candle-light, or by moonlight with the help of a huge magnifying-glass. The first thing I read of that kind was *The Last of the Mohicans*. But Fritz Seidl told me at once: "Fenimore Cooper is nothing; you must read Karl May." The first book of his I read was *The Ride through the Desert*. I was carried away by it. And I went on to devour at once the other books by the same author. The immediate result was a falling-off in my school reports.

Apart from the Bible, *Don Quixote* and *Robinson Crusoe* are the two most often read books in the world. Cervantes' book is the world's most brilliant parody of a society that was in process of becoming extinct. At bottom, the Spaniards' habits of life have scarcely changed since then. Daniel Defoe's book gathers together in one man the history of all mankind. It has often been imitated, but none of these desert-island stories can compete with the original. One Christmas I was given a beautiful illustrated edition. Cervantes' book has been illustrated by Gustave Doré in a style of real genius. The third of these universal works is *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. I could also mention *Gulliver's Travels*. Each of these works contains a great basic idea. Unfortunately, we have nothing of the kind in our literature. In Germany, besides Karl May, Jules Verne and Félix Dohn are essential. All those reach a fairly high level.

When I was a young man, there was a book that had an extraordinary success. Its title was *Old Heidelberg*. Such works can contribute enormously to the publicity of a city or a region. Bremen and Spessart had the same thing happen to them.

But it's a disaster when a city-dwelling poet sets himself to sing of the beauties of mountains. People who really belong to them don't lend themselves to dramatic presentation. Their songs are heard amongst themselves. What other people sing doesn't really belong to our folklore. At one time I bore a severe grudge against Hagenbeck for having made fun of our customs. The dance we call *Schuhplattler* is the most virile imaginable. It has nothing to do with the dance that our trumpery mountaineers perform under that name. It's really a pity we haven't succeeded in popularising it by means of the theatre. The Americans have devised a dance with clappers that's really worthy of the stage. It's a dance that owes nothing to Africa, but everything to Scotland. We, for our part, have only been able to make fun of *Schuhplattler*, and for that we have idiots to thank.

It goes without saying that the North German can't assimilate our folk-lore. Do you know anything more ridiculous than a Berliner in leather shorts? A Scotsman can be received in London, in the best society, dressed in his national costume—but anyone in Berlin who put on a Tyrol costume would give the impression that he was going to Carnival. It was with great reluctance that I had definitely to give up wearing leather shorts. It was too much of a complication for me to have to change my clothes several times a day, like a mannequin, to adapt myself to the psychology of my visitors. In such dress, I couldn't have been taken seriously by Germans from north of Coburg. Throughout my youth, even in winter, I never wore anything else.

I first of all adopted the kind of costume that goes with riding-boots, then I fell back on the bourgeois pair of trousers. Indeed, as soon as one gives up the most comfortable clothes, why should one take to the most uncomfortable in exchange? But it's rather sad to see the old costumes gradually dying out.

I suggested to Himmler than he might dress two or three guard units in leather shorts. Obviously they would have to be handsome chaps, and not necessarily all from the South. I can quite well imagine a soldier with a Hamburg accent displaying sunburnt knees.

Apart from all that, leather shorts have the advantage that one's not afraid of getting them dirty. On the contrary, they're ennobled by stains, like a Stradivarius by age. In Germany nowadays all the young men are wearing leather shorts.

There are two things that I find charming when worn by young people—short trousers and skiing trousers. To think that there are idiots who wanted to make them wear boots!

The habit of skiing can never be too much encouraged—because of Russia.

150. 18th February 1942, evening

SPECIAL GUEST: GENERAL ROMMEL

Portrait of Churchill

Churchill is the very type of corrupt journalist. There's not a worse prostitute in politics.

He himself has written that it's unimaginable what can be done in war with the help of lies.

He's an utterly amoral, repulsive creature. I'm convinced that he has his place of refuge ready beyond the Atlantic.

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"I'VE ALWAYS DETESTED SNOW"

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He obviously won't seek sanctuary in Canada. In Canada he'd be beaten up. He'll go to his friends the Yankees.

As soon as this damnable winter is over, we'll remedy all that.

151. 19th February 1942, evening

SPECIAL GUESTS: MINISTER SPEER AND FIELD-MARSHAL MILCH

A presentiment about the Russian winter.

I've always detested snow; Bormann, you know, I've always hated it. Now I know why. It was a presentiment.

152. Night of 19th-20th February 1942

*Colonising methods—The perversity of education—
Regrets for the help given to Spain—The theatre
in Germany—Enriching the Museums.*

No sooner do we land in a colony than we install children's crèches, hospitals for the natives. All that fills me with rage.

White women degrading themselves in the service of blacks. On top of that we have the shavelings shoving their oar in with their mania for making angels! Instead of making the natives love us, all that inappropriate care makes them hate us. From their point of view, all these manifestations are the peak of indiscretion. They don't understand the reasons for our behavior, and regard us as intolerable pedants who enjoy wielding the policeman's truncheon.

The Russians don't grow old. They scarcely get beyond fifty or sixty. What a ridiculous idea to vaccinate them. In this matter, we must resolutely push aside our lawyers and hygienic experts. No vaccination for the Russians, and no soap to get the dirt off them. But let them have all the spirits and tobacco they want. Anyway, some serious scientists are against vaccination.

Dirt shows on black people only when the missionaries, to teach them modesty, oblige them to put on clothes. In the state of nature, negroes are very clean. To a missionary, the smell of dirt is agreeable. From this point of view, they themselves are the dirtiest swine of all. They have a horror of water.

amounted to a revolution, and everybody rebelled against Hörbiger.

Science has a lot of difficulty in imposing its views, because it is constantly grappling with the spirit of routine. The fact is, men do not *wish* to know. In the last few years, the situation of science has improved.

It's a piece of luck when men are found at the head of a State who are inclined to favour bold researches—for these latter are rarely supported and encouraged by official science.

There's no greater privilege, in my view, than to play the part of a patron of the arts or the sciences. Men would certainly have regarded it as a vast honour to be allowed to encourage the career of a man like Richard Wagner. Well, it's already a great deal gained that people like him are no longer burned alive! One sometimes hears it regretted that our period does not provide geniuses of the same stature as those of bygone times. That's a mistake. These geniuses exist; it would be enough to encourage them. For my part, when I know that a scientist wishes to devote himself to new researches, I help him. I shall not cease to think that the most precious possession a country can have, is its great men. If I think of Bismarck, I realise that only those who have lived through 1918 could fully appreciate his worth. One sees by such examples how much it would mean if we could make the road smooth for men of talent.

It's only in the realm of music that I can find no satisfaction. The same thing is happening to music as is happening to beauty in a world dominated by the shavelings—the Christian religion is an enemy to beauty. The Jew has brought off the same trick upon music. He has created a new inversion of values and replaced the loveliness of music by noises. Surely the Athenian, when he entered the Parthenon to contemplate the image of Zeus, must have had another impression than the Christian who must resign himself to contemplating the grimacing face of a man crucified.

Since my fourteenth year I have felt liberated from the superstition that the priests used to teach. Apart from a few Holy Joes, I can say that none of my comrades went on believing in the miracle of the eucharist.

The only difference between then and now is that in those days I was convinced one must blow up the whole show with dynamite.

154. 21st February 1942

A rich Jewish couple.

I'm thinking of the wife of Consul Scharrer. She had hands laden with rings which were so big that she couldn't move her fingers. She was the sort of Jewess one sees in caricatures. He was a great devotee of the turf. His wife and his horses were his only preoccupations.

One day Werlin showed me Scharrer's car. Its radiator was plated, not in nickel, but in gold. It furthermore contained a thousand little articles of everyday use, starting with a lavatory, all in gold. I can still see Consul Scharrer when he used to arrive in a top-hat, with his cheeks more puffed out than those of Christian Weber, for the Sunday concert on the avenue.

On their property at Bernried they had white peacocks. Although he received Prussian princes in his house, in the depths of his heart Scharrer was a Bavarian autonomist. A parrot of genius one day made the unforgivable blunder of crying, amidst this brilliant assembly: "Prussian swine!"

Unfortunately for him, Scharrer had a flame. His wife was furious, and threw him out of the house. He died in poverty.

She, the wife, was a daughter of the big brewer, Busch, who had made his fortune in the United States. He must have been some worthy Bavarian, who by chance married a Jewess. As regards Frau Scharrer, she looked like a ball. Nobody ever checked up whether she was wider or taller. When she was sitting in her carriage, her arms necessarily followed the shape of her body, and her hands hung down at the sides. There are Jewesses like that in Tunis. They are shut up in cages until they put on weight. She finally offered herself to a young lover. It's a painful situation for a husband to be so dependent on a wife as rich as Croesus.

155. 22nd February 1942, evening

SPECIAL GUEST: A DANISH STURMBANNFUEHRER SS (MAJOR)
OF THE VIKING DIVISION

In praise of Dr. Porsche—Defence of the European peninsula—The Russian masses against the individual—Nations must fuse—Europe saved in 1933.

Although one wouldn't think it seeing him so modest and self-effacing, Dr. Porsche is the greatest engineering genius in Germany to-day. He has the courage to give his ideas time to ripen, although the capitalists are always urging him

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parties. For me, it's marvelous. I don't concern myself with these matters, so to speak, and Schwarz only reports to me once a year. It's an immense relief for a man whose business is to breathe life into a movement, not to have to bother about affairs of administration. I appreciate the privilege that has been mine, throughout my existence, to meet men who had the liking for responsibilities and the talent necessary to accomplish independently the work that was entrusted to them.

Amann is one of the oldest of my companions. He was infinitely valuable to me, for I had no notion of what double-entry book-keeping was.

My first treasurer was a former poacher who had lost an arm in the exercise of his talents. His name was Meier. The arm that was left to him was very useful for ringing the bell we used at our meetings. He lived in a cabin which one entered by a ladder designed for fowls.

At that time the Party had a total strength of thirty, and daddy Jegg was already one of our chaps. Meier was the very type of proletarian, in the good sense of the word. The fact that he was one-armed, moreover, earned him respect. As for his rôle of treasurer, the inflation finally took away all its importance. He was succeeded by Singer. He was a very fine man, a small Bavarian official, exactly what suited us at that time. My supporters all had little jobs. Singer, for example, was a guardian at the Bavarian National Museum. He looked after his old mother in a touching manner.

Whilst I was in Landsberg, the Party having been dissolved, Schwarz turned up. He'd begun by looking after the treasury of the Popular Block. One day Esser came to visit me, to announce that he'd discovered the *rara avis* and to advise me to use him in the new Party. I sent for the man, and it was Schwarz. He told me he was fed up with working with a lot of parsons, and that he'd be delighted to work for me. I was not slow to perceive his qualities. As usual, the man had been stifled by the mediocrities for whom he worked.

Schwarz organised, in model fashion, everything that gradually became the Party's gigantic administration. He'd be quite capable of administering the finances of Berlin, and would succeed marvellously as the mayor of a big city. He had the fault—and what luck that was!—of not being a lawyer, and nobody had more practical good sense than he had. He knew admirably how to economise on small things—with the result that we always had what we needed for important matters. It was Schwarz who enabled me to

administer the Party without our having to rely on the petty cash. In this way, unexpected assets are like manna. Schwarz centralised the administration of the Party. All subscriptions are sent directly to the central office, which returns to the local and regional branches the percentage that's due to them. When I need information concerning any one—no matter which—of our members, I have only to pick up the telephone, and I get it within two minutes—even if I don't know the member's name, and know him only by his Party number. I don't know whether there's such a perfect and also such a simple organisation anywhere else in the world. This centralisation carried to an extreme nevertheless fits in with a high degree of decentralisation on another level. Thus the Gauleiters enjoy total independence in their sector.

As regards Amann, I can say positively that he's a genius. He's the greatest newspaper proprietor in the world. Despite his great discretion, which explains why it's not generally known, I declare that Rothermere and Beaverbrook are mere dwarfs compared to him. To-day the *Zentral Verlag* owns from 70 per cent to 80 per cent of the German press. Amann achieved all that without the least ostentation. Who knows, for example, that the *Münchener Neueste* is one of our press organisations? Amann makes a point of preserving the individual personality of each of his newspapers. He's likewise very clever when it's a matter of handing over to others businesses that are not showing a profit. That's what happened when he gave Sauckel a newspaper. It had belonged to Dinter, and Amann had taken it over for political reasons. A short time afterwards, I happened to ask Sauckel what Amann's present had brought him in. "Up to date, it has cost me twenty thousand marks," he replied. Amann had the idea that the profit of the central organisation was made up of the profits made on each separate business. Hence one can conclude that no business which was in the red had, from any point of view, the slightest interest for Amann. That reminds me that Dietrich used to publish in Coburg a magazine entitled *Flamme*, which was even more violent than Streicher's *Stürmer*. And yet I never knew a gentler man than Dietrich.

One must never forget the services rendered by the *Stürmer*. Without it the affair of the Jew Hirsch's perjury, at Nuremberg, would never have come out. And how many other scandals he exposed!

One day a Nazi saw a Jew, in Nuremberg station, im-

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patiently throw a letter into the waste-paper basket. He recovered the letter and, after having read it, took it to the *Stürmer*. It was a blackmailer's letter in which the recipient, the Jew Hirsch, was threatened that the game would be given away if he stopped coughing up. The *Stürmer's* revelation provoked an enquiry. It thus became known that a country girl, who had a place in Nuremberg in the household of Herr Hirsch, had brought an action against him for rape. Hirsch got the girl to swear in court that she never had relations with other men—then produced numerous witnesses who all claimed to have had relations with her. The German judges did not understand that Jews have no scruples when it's a question of saving one of their compatriots. They therefore condemned the servant to one and a half years in prison. The letter thrown impatiently away by Hirsch was written by one of the false witnesses suborned by him—which witness considered that he could conveniently add blackmail to perjury.

To-day everyone's eyes are opened, but at the time people found it difficult to believe that such things could happen. Poor girls who worked in big shops were handed over defenceless to their employers. In such a state of affairs, Streicher rendered immense services. Now that Jews are known for what they are, nobody any longer thinks that Streicher libelled them.

The discovery of the Jewish virus is one of the greatest revolutions that have taken place in the world. The battle in which we are engaged to-day is of the same sort as the battle waged, during the last century, by Pasteur and Koch. How many diseases have their origin in the Jewish virus!

Japan would have been contaminated, too, if it had stayed open to the Jews.

We shall regain our health only by eliminating the Jew. Everything has a cause, nothing comes by chance.

157. Night of the 22nd-23rd February 1942

The principal newspapers of the Party—Tristan and other pieces at Vienna.

The organisation of our press has truly been a success. Our law concerning the press is such that divergences of opinion between members of the Government are no longer an occasion for public exhibitions, which are not the newspapers' business. We've eliminated that conception of political freedom which holds that everybody has the right to say

whatever comes into his head. Amann controls more than half of the German press.

It's enough for me to send for Lorenz and inform him of my point of view, and I know that next day all the German newspapers will broadcast my ideas. Our little Dr. Dietrich is an extremely clever man. He doesn't write well, but his speeches are often first-rate. I'm proud to be able to think that, with such collaborators at my side, I can make a sheer about-turn, as I did on 22nd June last, without anyone's moving a muscle. And that's a thing that's impossible in no country but ours.

Our illustrated newspapers have greatly improved. But, to compete abroad with the Anglo-Saxon weeklies, the *Leipziger Illustrierte* should be more eye-catching. The *Berliner*, the *Münchener* and the *Wiener* are well-made illustrated papers—the *JB* still better. The *Kölnner* gained the limelight some years ago thanks to the documents it published. On the other hand, we could easily do without the *Deutsche Illustrierte*. *Das Reich* is a great success.

When peace has returned, we shall need, as a pendant to *Das Reich*, a Sunday weekly for people in the country. It should be easy to read, should have a serialised novel—so that young girls should likewise get their share—and should be copiously illustrated.

The English newspapers are in a privileged position as regards both the text and the photographic documentation. From all parts of the world, their material reaches them in floods. We ourselves shall be enabled by our new conquests to make progress in that field.

The brilliance, and what's called the charm, of Vienna are explained by a long past. For five centuries Vienna was the capital of an empire.

I was so poor, during the Viennese period of my life, that I had to restrict myself to seeing only the finest spectacles. Thus I heard *Tristan* thirty or forty times, and always from the best companies. I also heard some Verdi and other works—leaving out the small fry.

158. 24th February 1942, midday

How great artists can serve their country.

I've learnt that young Roller has just fallen at the front. If I'd known that he'd gone out! But nobody told me.

There are hundreds of thousands of men who could serve their country in no better way than by risking their lives

Secr. Councils.

mis.

for her, but a great artist should find another way. Can fate allow it that the most idiotic Russian should strike down men like that? We have so many men seconded for special duties! What harm could it do to add to their number the five or six hundred gifted men whom it would be important to save?

Roller is irreplaceable. We had only Sievert, Arent and Praetorius—Austria had given us the young Roller. Why didn't Schirach warn me? I saw his *Friedenstag*. What a lovely thing!

The young Roller was a brave man. Before the Anschluss he would have had to leave Austria. I'm convinced he went out as a volunteer.

I could have sent him anywhere at all, for personal reasons, if he hadn't insisted on staying in Vienna.

159. Night of 24th-25th February 1942

An exemplary officer—A group of merry fellows.

The death of Under-Secretary of State Hofmann has deeply grieved me.

In 1919 I harangued his battalion at Passau. What a marvellous lot of men we had there! Blazing patriots. To start with, Hofmann trusted me—and yet at that time I stood for so little. Hofmann was already convinced that it was I who would save Germany.

At the time of the Kapp putsch, Hofmann sent a telegram: "Putting myself under Kapp's orders. What's regiment doing?" There were a lot of officers of that sort in Bavaria. Seeckt got rid of them all. The only ones who were kept were those who never wavered.

I know three people who, when they're together, never stop laughing. They're Hoffmann (Hitler's friend and "photographer"), Amann and Goebbel. When Epp joins them, the whole thing becomes a madhouse. As a matter of fact, Epp is not particularly quick. When the others are laughing at the third joke, Epp is beginning to catch on to the first, and starts to let out a huge laugh, which goes on and on.

Amann, what a jolly chap he is! Already when we were at the front, he used to let joy loose amongst us. In my unit, even at the worst time there was always someone that would make us laugh.

I'm very fond of Hoffmann. He's a man who always makes fun of me. He's a "dead-pan" humorist, and he never fails to find a victim.

Self. Conders.

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1933

160. 26th February 1942, midday

Strengthening the German position—The British proletariat and the threat of revolution—The three objectives of revolution—Paradise on earth—The last somersaults of Christianity.

In the last few weeks, I've the feeling that our position has got considerably stronger. The little countries are beginning to look on us as a guarantee of order. They'll approach us all the more when they see that England is tying herself up more closely with Bolshevism.

When the masses in England realise their own power, probably they'll make a bloody revolution. One can only hold the masses by habit—or else by force. Nothing stops me from thinking that they're keeping on the island, as a guard against unexpected circumstances, regiments that would be very useful elsewhere. If the Conservative Party lost the support of the army, the only thing left to it would be to make an alliance with the nine thousand supporters of Mosley. They'd need a Cromwell to save them, a Premier who would take everything into his own hands. For lack of this solution, the revolution will sweep away everything.

It will be one of National Socialism's merits that it knew how to stop the revolution at the proper moment. It's very nice to see the people arise, but one must be a realist and go further than phrases. Nobody any longer counts the revolutions that have miscarried, or that degenerated for lack of being led. I've not forgotten the difficulties I had to overcome in 1933 and 1934. Revolution opens a sluice-gate, and it's often impossible to curb the masses one has let loose.

A revolution has three main objectives. First of all, it's a matter of breaking down the partitions between classes, so as to enable every man to rise. Secondly, it's a matter of creating a standard of living such that the poorest will be assured of a decent existence. Finally, it's a matter of acting in such a way that the benefits of civilisation become common property.

The people who call themselves democrats blame us for our social policy as if it were a kind of disloyalty: according to them it imperils the privileges of the owning classes. They regard it as an attack on liberty; for liberty, in their view, is the right of those who have power to continue to exercise it. I understand their reaction very well—but we

essential always to proceed in a uniform manner. The landscape of Flanders doesn't call for roads like ours. These regions should each keep its own character. Let's not kill the picturesque in the world.

The Hungarians are better governed than the Rumanians. What a pity they can't instal Croats instead of Rumanians! The Hungarians are wildly nationalist. They assimilate the Germans at extraordinary speed, and they know how to select the best of them for posts of command. We shan't succeed in preserving the German minorities in Hungary except by taking over control of the State—or else we shall have to withdraw our minorities from Hungary.

Apart from those in Transylvania, the German minorities in Hungary have a tendency to degenerate. I realized this at Nuremberg, when I saw their delegation march past. In our plans for colonisation in Russia, we'll find room for these minorities. It's not profitable for us to repatriate minorities, but if I settle them on territories that don't cost me anything, that's quite different. A government must have a lot of authority to succeed in such an operation. Anyway, I suppose that if we want to practise a sincere friendship with Hungary, we shall have to withdraw our minorities from the country.

Obviously, if we want to convert the Danube into a German river, our policy will have to be different. In that case, we'd have to settle all our minorities from the Balkans on the banks of the river. But we would be obliged to give the Germans of the Banat, for example, a land as fertile as the Banat.

It's clear that the Hungarians and Rumanians will never be reconciled, even if they regard Germany as a common enemy.

If I settle the fifteen hundred thousand Germans of our minorities in the Eastern territories, I'll build an autobahn fifteen hundred kilometres long, dotted at intervals of fifty to a hundred kilometres with German agglomerations, including some important towns.

That's a tentative solution, but the Danube remains the Danube. We should establish a strong foothold at the Iron Gates. Unfortunately it's an unprepossessing region and won't attract our colonists. It will always be possible to populate the region by the exploitation of the copper-mines. That will be an excellent way of procuring the copper we need, and there will be all the more reason for it if we're not on good terms with the Yugoslavs.

The Danube is also the link with Turkey.

And it's only when one's lines of communication are safe that one can build a world empire.

162. Night of 26th-27th February 1942

*Relief in Russia—The fate of Napoleon—GHQ
Wolfsschanze—Death blow to the petty bourgeois
ideal.*

Sunday will be the 1st March.

Boys, you can't imagine what that means to me—how much the last three months have worn out my strength, tested my nervous resistance.

I can tell you now that during the first two weeks of December we lost a thousand tanks and had two thousand locomotives out of operation. As a result of the general lack of material, I seemed to be a liar, and yet I wasn't lying. I told the front that trains were arriving, but the locomotives were always broken down. I told the front that tanks were arriving, but they arrived in what a state!

Now, when I send something to the southern sector, I know that it will reach its destination. We have nothing more to fear from climatic mishaps.

Now that January and February are past, our enemies can give up the hope of our suffering the fate of Napoleon. They've lost nothing by waiting. Now we're about to switch over to squaring the account. What a relief!

I've noticed, on the occasion of such events, that when everybody loses his nerves, I'm the only one who keeps calm.

It was the same thing at the time of the struggle for power, but at that time I had the luck to be only thirty, whilst my opponents were twenty or thirty years older.

Here in the Wolfsschanze, I feel like a prisoner in these dugouts, and my spirit can't escape. In my youth I dreamed constantly of vast spaces, and life has enabled me to give the dream reality. Ah, if we were at least in Berlin!

Space lends wings to my imagination. Often I go at night to the cardroom, and there I pace to and fro. In that way I get ideas.

My finest headquarters, when all is said, was Felsenest. At the Wolfsschlucht, the place wasn't very safe, and I had constant eye-ache because of the caustic emanations given off by the fire-proofed wood of which the barracks had been built. The third of our headquarters was quite simple, but

Self - doubts.

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very agreeable. Unfortunately, it was so damp there that we'd all have ended by falling sick if we'd stayed there. The fourth, which was intended to be our genuine headquarters, I saw only in a photograph. They made exactly what I didn't want, a castle—and that's the main reason why I refused to settle there.

When peace has returned, I'll begin by spending three months without doing anything. Our soldiers themselves should have a holiday. I'll immediately resign the command of the Wehrmacht. I'll at once send for Speer again. All our war-time administrative services will be reduced to their simplest terms. Even the Four Year Plan will be reduced to a more modest scope of activity. I'll pass it over to the Ministry of Economics, by the way. What counts is to organize the work properly, and to see that everywhere we have the *right man in the right place* (English expression in the original).

I shall be glad to know that the *petit bourgeois* ideal of a nation squeezed between the Elbe and the Weser is receiving its death-blow. A new youth is there, avid to make the world's acquaintance, ready to carry on.

163. 27th February 1942, midday

Laws, man-made and natural—God and the religions—Force and torture impose belief—The true religion—Truth will triumph—Towards a new conception of the world.

I believe that Providence gives the victory to the man who knows how to use the brains nature has given him. The notions of law invented by the jurists have little to do with natural laws. The wisdom of nations sometimes expresses truths as old as the world, that perfectly reproduce nature's intentions. "God helps him who helps himself!" It's obvious that man forgets his own destiny.

One day I explained to Eltz that what is conventionally called creation is probably an immovable thing, that only man's conception of it is subject to variations. Why doesn't God give everybody the possibility of understanding truth? Every man of average culture knows that at this precise moment the Catholic religion is of interest to just one tenth of the population of the globe. He's astonished, too, that Providence, which has willed all that, can allow so many religions, all true from the point of view of those who practise them, to compete for the faith of the faithful. He

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knows, too, thanks to the view in depth that history enables him to take, that the Christian religion interests only those living in a tiny period of the life of mankind.

God made men. But thanks to original sin we are men in the image of our world, earning our bread in the sweat of our brow.

For five hundred thousand years, God impassively contemplated the spectacle of which He is the author. Then one day He decided to send upon earth His only son. You remember the details of that complicated story!

Those who don't believe should, it seems, have faith imposed on them by force. If God is truly interested in men being enlightened, one wonders why He resorts to torture for that purpose.

While we're on the subject, let's add that, even amongst those who claim to be good Catholics, very few really believe in this humbug. Only old women, who have given up everything because life has already withdrawn from them, go regularly to church. All that's dead wood—and one shouldn't waste one's time in concerning oneself with such brains.

In the trade union formed by the Church, many of the members have tangible interests to defend, and see no further. A given set of grimaces, certain people identify them with true religion. After, that let's express surprise that these cynical exploiters of God are the true purveyors of atheism.

Why should men fight to make their point of view triumph, if prayer should be enough? In the Spanish struggle, the clergy should have said: "We defend ourselves by the power of prayer." But they deemed it safer to finance a lot of heathens, so that Holy Church could save her skin.

If I'm a poor devil and die without having had time to repent, I'm all right. But if, as a preliminary, I can dispose of ten marks to the Church's benefit, my affairs appear in a more favourable light. And is that what God would have wanted?

That little country girls and simple working men should be set dancing to that tune, that's a thing that can be explained. But that intelligent men should make themselves accomplices to such superstitions and that it's because of these superstitions, and in the name of love, that hundreds of thousands of human beings have been exterminated in the course of history—that is something I cannot admit.

I shall never believe that what is founded on lies can endure for ever. I believe in truth. I'm sure that, in the long run, truth must be victorious.

* D. B. He is always forgetting who he is.

Feb. 1942

D.T.

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It's probable that, as regards religion, we are about to enter an era of tolerance. Everybody will be allowed to seek his own salvation in the way that suits him best. The ancient world knew this climate of tolerance. Nobody took to proselytising.

If I enter a church, it's not with the idea of overturning idols. It's to look for, and perhaps to find, beauties in which I'm interested.

It would always be disagreeable for me to go down to posterity as a man who made concessions in this field. I realise that man, in his imperfection, can commit innumerable errors—but to devote myself deliberately to error, that is something I cannot do. I shall never come personally to terms with the Christian lie. In acting as I do, I'm very far from the wish to scandalise. But I rebel when I see the very idea of Providence flouted in this fashion.

It's a great satisfaction for me to feel myself totally foreign to that world. But I shall feel I'm in my proper place if, after my death, I find myself, together with people like me, on some sort of Olympus. I shall be in the company of the most enlightened spirits of all times.

I adopted a definite attitude on the 21st March 1933 when I refused to take part in the religious services, organised at Potsdam by the two Churches, for the inauguration of the new Reichstag.

I've never concerned myself, in the Party, with learning to which Church the men around me belonged, or did not belong. But if I were to die to-day, it would shock me to know that there's a single "sky-pilot" within a radius of ten kilometres around me. The idea that one of these fellows could bring me the slightest help would by itself make me despair of Providence.

As far as I'm concerned, I act according to my convictions. I don't prevent anyone from praying silently, but I rebel against all blasphemy. So let nobody waste prayers on me that I shall not have asked for.

If my presence on earth is providential, I owe it to a superior will. But I owe nothing to the Church that trafficks in the salvation of souls, and I find it really too cruel. I admit that one cannot impose one's will by force, but I have a horror of people who enjoy inflicting sufferings on others' bodies and tyranny upon others' souls.

Our epoch will certainly see the end of the disease of Christianity. It will last another hundred years, two hundred years perhaps. My regret will have been that I couldn't, like whoever the prophet was, behold the promised land from afar. We are entering into a conception of the world

Moses

Secr. Convers.

that will be a sunny era, an era of tolerance. Man must be put in a position to develop freely the talents that God has given him.

What is important above all is that we should prevent a greater lie from replacing the lie that is disappearing. The world of Judæo-Bolshevism must collapse. *

164. 27th February 1942, evening

A Governor for Belgium—The Dutch and Germanic solidarity—Dislike of monarchs—A second French Government—Slogans for the British.

In Holland, Denmark and Norway there are movements whose leaders have preferred to nourish an ambition to be one day, thanks to us, Presidents of the Council, rather than to be, without us, merely retired majors, or something similar.

I need a man for Belgium. The difficulty is to choose the man. No question of sending there a North German, somebody brutal, a martinet. I need an extraordinarily clever man, as supple as an eel, amiable—and at the same time thick-skinned and tough. For Holland, I have in Seyss-Inquart a man who has these qualities. I must surrender to the evidence that I'm again going to have to fall back upon my Austrian compatriots. When I try to decide who, amongst my Gauleiters, would carry enough guns, I always come back to Jury. He's clever, intelligent, conciliatory—but intractable in the essential things. My Gauleiter from Styria would be perfect, too, but he's still a little young.

How would it be to send men like Seyss and Jury to Russia? It would be better to send bulls! But one mustn't confuse suppleness and weakness—and both of them would cut a good figure there. Schirach has done his job very well, and he's now in the running for any important task.

Seyss has succeeded in encouraging in Holland a movement that is numbering more and more adherents, and is waging war against Wilhelmína without our having to put a shoulder to the wheel. The idea of Germanic solidarity is making more and more impression on the minds of the Dutch.

As regards the monarchs, the worst nuisances are those who've grown old in harness. They become, in a sort of way, tabu. You scarcely touch them, and everybody begins to howl. Francis Joseph, for example, was much less intelligent than his successor, but a revolution against him was

P.T.* At last he came back to the point

D.T.

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not possible. What a lot of affronts he swallowed in the course of his interminable life! Finally he acquired the style of a Buddha! For more than half a century he witnessed events without reacting to them.

If the Dane goes about it like the old Swede (who does nothing but gather his strength by playing tennis), he'll reach the age of Methuselah. Gustav V was telling me that he had an excellent constitution, for if his absence from the country lasted more than four weeks, he had to be replaced. It's by dint of doing nothing that these puppets become impudently old. In Denmark, we already have the successor. That's Clausen.

When we've reached that point, we'll have three men who'll have sinned so much that they'll be obliged to remain allied to us whatever happens. We can count on Clausen, and likewise on Mussert.

In Belgium, there's this damned king! If only he'd cleared out like the others. I'd have allowed his pretty girl-friend to go and join him.

In Paris, we'll probably have a second French government. Abetz is too exclusively keen on collaboration, to my taste. Unfortunately, I can't tell him precisely what my objects are, for he has a wife. The fact is, I know of a man who talks in his sleep, and I sometimes wonder whether Abetz doesn't do the same. But he's intelligent at organising resistance in Paris against Vichy, and in this respect his wife is useful to him. Thus things take on a more innocent character.

If we succeeded in forming a second French government in Paris, the opposition in Vichy would have only one wish, that we should stay—for fear that it should be discovered how many of them are paid by us. My opinion is that the longer we stay in Paris, the better worth while it will be. In any case, I shall never have any difficulty in finding occupants for Paris, and there's no risk that one day a unit of the Wehrmacht may mutiny, saying: "We don't want to stay in France any more!"

I've explained to Himmler that, if I'd been an emperor of the Holy Empire, I'd have put him in disgrace. I very well understand the emperors who were not tempted by the conquest of the East. These spaces had no roads, and no means of heating. Winter there lasted all the year round. It's easy to say: "Blood and soil." But for the particularism of the German princes, we'd have succeeded in Germanising the whole of Northern Italy. Racially, the West is to a great extent Germanic. Himmler's theory needs serious con-

Secr. answers.

sideration. We pay far too much honour to Henry the Lion, for he helped in frustrating the policy of Barbarossa and Heinrich VI. If everyone had supported the emperor's policy, what would we not have achieved?

Supposing the expansion to the West had been pursued logically, we'd have a great Germanic empire stretching from Denmark to the Loire—and England would not have acquired the importance that is hers to-day.

The moment has come when propaganda can play an important rôle in our favour. It's not a matter of attacking each Englishman individually, to induce him to such and such a particular action. It's a matter of a propaganda that sets forth undeniable facts, and consequently slogans that fall upon a soil well prepared to receive them. For example: "The British Empire is becoming more and more a colony of American Jews."

On the organ of Westminster Abbey, the *Internationale* was played after the service. What can that mean, if not the fall of Christianity?

It's enough to compare the statements now being made in London with those issuing a year ago from Lisbon, to realise the change in the situation. It's a turning-point in history.

165. Night of 27th-28th February 1942

Financial organisation of the Party press.

Amann's great idea was to guarantee the financial existence of the newspaper by the profits realised on the Party editions. These profits accumulated so quickly that the newspaper quickly stopped being exposed to any risks.

Amann realised what a *tour de force* it was to maintain the house of publication during my incarceration in Landsberg. For once, the juggleries of the lawyers were useful to us. The publishing house was a limited company, and the law required the unanimous agreement of its members for its dissolution. By chance, one of the members, Herr von Sebottendorff, was always abroad (in Turkey, I think), and of course Amann could never succeed in getting hold of him.

At the time, I owned a part of the capital (Gutberlet had made me a present of a share of five thousand marks, and I had bought other shares). The firm had existed for thirty or forty years under the name of Franz Eher Pub-

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lishing Co. I retained for the newspaper the name of *Völkischer Beobachter*. Dietrich Eckart was furious. "What's the meaning of that word, *Beobachter* (observer)?" he would say. "I could understand something like 'the chain-smasher!'"

Very intelligently, for reasons of camouflage, Amann created on the side the *Hoheneichen* Publishing Co., whose name covered certain publications. And he left the press to Adolf Müller so as not to have to bring action against Party comrades for payment of their bills.

166. 28th February 1942, evening

Housing crisis—new constructions.

To put an end to the housing crisis, we shall build, as soon as the war is over, a million dwellings a year, and that for five consecutive years.

The time necessary to build a house should not exceed three months. In this field, the achievements of modern technology must be used in their entirety. The mistress of the house must be set free from all the minor chores that make her waste her time. Not only must the children's play-gardens be near the houses, but the mother must not even be compelled to take her children there herself. All she should have to do is to press a button for the woman in charge to appear immediately. No more refuse to take downstairs, no more fuel to carry up. In the morning, the works of the alarm-clock must even switch on the mechanism that boils the water. All these little inventions that lighten the burden of life must be set to work.

I have a man, Robert Ley, to whom it will be enough for me to entrust this mission. A nod from me, and he'll set everything humming.

Every dwelling should carry the right to a garage, and there's no question of this garage costing forty or fifty marks a month. It ought to cost a tenth of that. If we haven't reached that point to-day, it's once again those damned lawyers we have to thank. I've been told that these maniacs of the Civil Service have found nothing better to do than to compose a file in which all possible accidents, imaginable or unimaginable, have been foreseen. And they've used this as a foundation on which to base their regulations. Thus they make such demands that building-costs become impossibly high. In many cases, they're based on technical peculiarities that became obsolete twenty years ago. For example, there is a regulation limiting the angle

of the stairs to a certain number of degrees. This regulation, if it's applied, entails enormous expenses: time wasted, room wasted, materials wasted.

What's more, it's necessary to standardise the necessary components for the construction of interiors. Don't ask where to begin! If we succeed in sparing the five million families who'll inhabit the new apartments the useless expense usually involved in a move to a new dwelling, this will already be progress. Everything must have a beginning. Let's begin at once!

167. Night of 28th February-1st March 1942

The Bayreuth Festival 1925—Bayreuth and National Socialism—Rôle of Cosima Wagner—Siegfried Wagner.

In 1925, the Bechsteins had invited me to stay with them in Bayreuth. They lived in a villa in the Liszt Strasse (I think this was the name of the street), within a few yards of Wahnfried. I had hesitated to go there, for I was afraid of thus increasing the difficulties of Siegfried Wagner, who was somewhat in the hands of the Jews.

I arrived in Bayreuth towards eleven o'clock in the evening. Lotte Bechstein was still up, but her relatives were in bed. Next morning, Cosima Wagner came and brought me some flowers. What a bustle there was in Bayreuth for the Festival! There exist a few photographs of that period, in which I figure, taken by Lotte Bechstein.

I used to spend the day in leather shorts. In the evening, I would put on a dinner-jacket or tails to go to the opera. We made excursions by car into the Fichtelgebirge and into Franconian mountains. From all points of view, those were marvellous days. When I went to the cabaret of the *Chouette*, I found myself immediately in sympathy with the artistes. I was not yet celebrated enough for my fame to interfere with my peacefulness.

Dietrich Eckart, who had been a critic in Bayreuth, had always told me of the extraordinary atmosphere prevailing there. He told me that one morning they had broken into the *Chouette*, and had gone, in company with the artistes, into the meadow behind the theatre, to play the *Miracle of Good Friday* there.

At the first performance of *Parsifal* that I attended at Bayreuth, Clewing was still singing. What a stature, and what a magnificent voice! I'd already been present at performances of *Parsifal* in Munich. That same year, I was

also present at the *Ring* and the *Meistersinger*. The fact that the Jew Schorr was allowed to sing the rôle of Wotan had the effect of a profanation on me. Why couldn't they have got Rode from Munich? But there was Braun, an artist of exceptional quality.

For years I was unable to attend the Festival, and I'd been very distressed about it. Cosima Wagner also lamented my absence. She often urged me to come, by letter or by telephone. But I never passed through Bayreuth without paying her a visit.

It's Cosima Wagner's merit to have created the link between Bayreuth and National Socialism. Siegfried was a personal friend of mine, but he was a political neutral. He couldn't have been anything else, or the Jews would have ruined him. Now the spell is broken. Siegfried has regained his independence, and one again hears works by him. Those dirty Yids had succeeded in demolishing him! I heard, in my youth, his *Bärenhäuter*. It's said that the *Schmied von Marienburg* is his best work. I still have a lot of things to see and hear!

In Berlin, I've been present at a performance of a work of Richard Wagner's youth, *The Novice of Palermo*, containing themes that are still reminiscent of Mozart. Only, here and there, a few new themes make their appearance, the first-fruits of a new style.

168. 1st March 1942, midday

SPECIAL GUEST: HIMMLER

A picturesque personality, the Party printer.

It was through Dietrich Eckart that I got to know Müller. Our first encounter was not favourable, and I was astonished that Eckart should have put me in touch with such an individual. "I agree that he's as black as the devil," Eckart replied, "and more cunning than the cunningest peasant, but he's the best printer I've known in my life, and also the most generous man."

That happened well before I had the *Völkischer Beobachter*. Müller was wedged in his arm-chair with the self-assurance of a plutocrat. His first words were: "To prevent any misunderstanding from arising, let it be clearly understood that, where there's no payment, there's no printing, either."

When one visited him, Müller never ceased to groan.

Müller

Secr. Convers.

mms.

Nevertheless he grew fatter and fatter. He printed more and more. He constantly bought new machines, but his leit-motiv was: "I can't get along on these rates, I'm ruining myself." "To see you so fat, one wouldn't believe it!" "I've so many worries that I drink a little to drown them, and that swells you up!" His press is equipped in the most modern style. He's a real genius in the Party. Cunning, nobody could be more so, but he was an employer with a sense of social responsibility. He paid his workers well, and when he took them on an outing, he paid no attention to expense. For a firm of that size, in any case, that meant less than nothing. And the *Völkischer Beobachter* was always there to cough up!

I never made a journey with Müller without his having to pay a visit to some woman by whom he had a child. At the birth of each of his bastards, he would open an account for them at the Savings Bank, with a first payment of five thousand marks. I actually know four illegitimate children of his. I wonder how such an ugly man manages to have such lovely children! I must add that Müller adores children.

Every week, he spends two days with Ida on the Tegernsee, although he's divorced from her. He had married her simply so that his children should have a respectable name. He likewise spends two days with his legitimate wife, at Munich, and lastly two days at his business. The rest of the time he devotes to shooting.

That Müller's really quite a fellow.

169. 1st March 1942, evening

SPECIAL GUEST: HIMMLER

Jealousy of women—Disproportion between men and women—Polygamy and the Thirty Years' War—Hypocrites of the upper classes—The bourgeois marriage—Social prejudices on their way out.

In the eyes of a woman, the finest of dresses at once loses its charm—if she sees another woman wearing one like it. I've seen a woman suddenly leave the opera at the sight of a rival who had entered a box wearing the same dress as herself. "What cheek!" she said. "I'm going!"

In the pleasure a woman takes in rigging herself out, there is always an admixture of some trouble-making element, something treacherous—to awaken another woman's jealousy by displaying something that the latter doesn't possess.

Women have the talent, which is unknown to us males, for giving a kiss to a woman-friend and at the same time piercing her heart with a well-sharpened stiletto. To wish to change women in this respect would be ingenuous: women are what they are. Let's come to terms with their little weaknesses. And if women really only need satisfactions of that sort to keep them happy, let them not deprive themselves, by any means! For my part, I prefer to see them thus occupied than devoting themselves to metaphysics. There's no worse disaster than to see them grappling with ideas. In that respect, the point of disaster is reached by women painters, who attach no importance to beauty—when it's a question of themselves!

Other women are extremely careful of their appearance, but not beyond the moment when they've found a husband. They're obsessed by their outlines, they weigh themselves on exact scales—the least gramme counts! Then you marry them, and they put on weight by the kilo!

Without doubt, when we mock at women's artifices, they could pay us back by pointing out our own coquetry—our poor, male coquetry. It's true that we shave, that we get our hair cut, that we, too, try to correct the mistakes of nature!

When I was a child, only actors and priests had shaven faces. At Leonding, the only civilian whose face was beardless was regarded as the most extreme of eccentrics. The beard gives character to some faces, but it's easier to descry the true personality of a shaven man. By the way, the evolution that has taken place in the sense of sobriety seems to accord with the laws of nature. Hasn't man gradually, through the ages, cleared away some of his hair?

In the countries where women are more numerous than men, the female has recourse to all kinds of methods to dispossess her rivals. It's a form of the spirit of conservation, a law of the species. The gentlest woman is transformed into a wild beast when another woman tries to take away her man. The bigger the element of femininity in a woman, the further is this instinct developed. Must one regard this innate savagery as a fault? Is it not rather a virtue?

The state of society in which woman was regarded merely as a slave (as is still the case in certain tribes) would be, if we returned to it, a clear regression for humanity. But it's not the only possible state. In prehistoric times, matriarchy was certainly a fairly widely spread form of social organisation. When all's said, a people never dies out for lack of men. Let's remember that after the Thirty Years'

War polygamy was tolerated, so that it was thanks to the illegitimate child that the nation recovered its strength. Such particular situations cannot give rise to a legal regulation—but as long as we have in Germany two and a half million women vowed to celibacy, we shall be forbidden to despise the child born out of wedlock.

Social prejudices are in the process of disappearing. More and more, nature is reclaiming her rights. We're moving in the proper direction. I've much more respect for the woman who has an illegitimate child than for an old maid. I've often been told of unmarried women who had children and brought these children up in a truly touching manner. It often happens amongst women servants, notably. The women who have no children finally go off their heads.

It's somewhat striking to observe that in the majority of peoples the number of women exceeds that of men. What harm is there, then, in every woman's fulfilling her destiny? I love to see this display of health around me. The opposite thing would make me misanthropic. And I'd become really so, if all I had to look at were the spectacle of the ten thousand so-called élite. Luckily for me, I've always retained contacts with the people. Amongst the people, moral health is obligatory. It goes so far that in the country one never reproaches a priest for having a liaison with his servant. People even regard it as a kind of guarantee: the women and girls of the village need not protect themselves. In any case, women of the people are full of understanding; they admit that a young priest can't sweat his sperm out through his brain.

The hypocrites are to be found amongst the ten-thousand-strong élite. That's where one meets the Puritan who can reproach his neighbour for his adventures, forgetting that he has himself married a divorcée. Everybody should draw from his own experience the reasons to show himself indulgent towards others. Marriage, as it is practised in bourgeois society, is generally a thing against nature. But a meeting between two beings who complete one another, who are made for one another, borders already, in my conception, upon a miracle.

I often think of those women who people the convents—because they haven't met the man with whom they would have wished to share their lives. With the exception of those who were promised to God by their parents, most of them, in fact, are women cheated by life. Human beings are made to suffer passively. Rare are the beings capable of coming to grips with existence.

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Master has painted himself and what is his pupils' share, that's due to the fact that gradually the disciples themselves became masters. What a disaster it was, the day when the State began to interfere with the training of painters! As far as Germany is concerned, I believe that two academies would suffice: in Düsseldorf and Munich. Or perhaps three in all, if we add Vienna to the list. Obviously there's no question, for the moment, of abolishing any of our academies. But that doesn't prevent one from regretting that the tradition of the studios has been lost. If, after the war, I can realise my great building programme—and I intend to devote thousands of millions to it—only genuine artists will be called on to collaborate. The others may wait until doomsday, even if they're equipped with the most brilliant recommendations.

Numerous examples taken from history prove that woman—however intelligent she may be—is not capable of disassociating reason from feeling, in matters of a political nature. And the formidable thing in this field is the hatred of which women are capable. I've been told that after the occupation of the province of Shanghai, the Japanese offered Chiang Kai-shek's Government to withdraw their troops from Chinese territory, on condition: (a) of being able to maintain a garrison in Shanghai's international concession; (b) of obtaining advantageous terms on the conclusion of a trade treaty. It seems that all the generals approved of this proposal and encouraged Chiang Kai-shek to accept it. But when Mme Chiang Kai-shek had spoken—urged on by her measureless hatred of Japan—the majority of the generals reversed their decisions, and thus it was that Japan's offer, although a very generous one, was rejected.

One might speak likewise of the influence of Lola Montez over Ludwig I of Bavaria. The latter was, by nature, a reasonable and understanding king. But that woman completely drove him from his course.

176. 29th March 1942, at dinner

Commercial honesty in the Middle Ages—Five hundred years of honesty—Legal juggling—Reforms in the magistrature—Three exceptions among the good lawyers.

The Fuehrer had alluded to the respect enjoyed by merchants and princes during the Middle Ages. In the discredit now attached to them, he saw the work of the Jews.

The Hanseatic League should not be regarded solely as an instrument of political power. It also personified, on the level of relations between individuals, a conception of justice. For example, it never agreed to carry a consignment unless it was provided with a sure guarantee of the weight and quality of the goods. Equipped with the Hansa's seal, the goods thereby enjoyed a high reputation, both in the interior of the country and abroad. A case is cited of some cloth merchants who had employed the Hanseatic agency in Lübeck to send a bale of linen to Bergen. Now, this merchandise did not correspond to the Hansa's specifications, with the result that, by way of a sanction, the guilty city was excluded for a period of ten years from the traffic of the League. What is important to notice is that the decision was not taken as the result of a complaint by the addressee, but simply as the result of a check-up held at the outset. It was observed that the merchandise did not correspond to the specifications, a few threads of flax were absent in the weaving of the linen.

It was not one of the Hansa's least merits to have stabilised the notion of commercial probity, as it is still honoured in some houses in Bremen and Hamburg. It was thanks to very severe sanctions, and even to barbarous punishments, that gradually this conception of probity in trade was established. When the Hansa refused its seal to a merchant, for the latter, in view of the League's prestige and the extent of its relations, this meant the first-fruits of ruin.

The example of the Hansa inspired all commercial and industrial activity of the Middle Ages. That's how the price of bread could be kept the same for four hundred years, that of barley—and, consequently, that of beer—for more than five hundred years; and this in spite of all the changes of money. The notion of probity was not implanted solely in commercial relations. It was the basis of the small crafts; the guilds and corporations always took care that this tradition should be maintained. A baker, for example, who cheated on the quality of the flour intended for the manufacture of rolls, was ducked several times in a basin filled with water, and in such a way that he escaped only by a hair from drowning.

As soon as the Jews were allowed to stick their noses out of the ghetto, the sense of honour and loyalty in trade began to melt away. In fact, Judaism, this form of mental depravation that must at all costs be abolished, has made the fixing of prices depend on the laws of supply and demand—factors, that is to say, which have nothing to do with the intrinsic value of an article. By creating the sys-

tem of *caveat emptor*, the Jew has established a juridicial basis for his rogueries. And thus it is that during the last two centuries, and with rare exceptions, our commerce has been dragged down to such a level that it has become absolutely necessary to apply a remedy. One first condition is necessary: to do away with the Jews.

There was a time when I suffered from fistulas, and this affliction seemed to me more serious than it actually was. Having thought of the possibility of cancer, I one day settled down at my table to write, on official paper, a holograph will. As you know, this task demands a quite special effort on my part, since for years I've had the habit of writing directly on the machine or dictating what I have to say. My will hadn't had time to grow old when I learnt of a decision by the Court of Appeal that declared an old woman's will null and void simply because mention of the place was printed on the paper instead of being written by her hand. I took my head in both hands and wondered what the law was coming to, if the will of the Chancellor of the Reich in person did not satisfy the legal formalities. I came to the conclusion that such juggleries are simply a mockery, and scarcely the sort of thing that gets Justice respected. So I sent for Gürtner, the Minister of Justice, and requested him to have the idiocy put right. Well, it took nothing less than a Decree to achieve this result.

I was equally struck by another stupidity. It often happens that people leave me legacies. In principle I refuse these, only permitting the NSV (the Party's welfare organisation) to benefit by them. Now, so that such a declaration may be valid, my signature must be authenticated by a notary. So it seems, according to our worthy jurists, that the signature of the German Chancellor, accompanied by the Seal of the Reich, is worth less than that of a notary! A merely reasonable being could not conceive of such a thing. That's only a small example, but I suggest in principle that it's impossible for a normal intelligence to understand any part of the edifices built up by the jurists, and I can explain this mental distortion only by the influence of the Jews. In a nutshell, I regard the whole of our present jurisprudence as a systematisation of the method that consists in saddling other people with one's own obligations. I shall therefore do everything in my power to make the study of law utterly contemptible, if it is to be guided by such notions. I understand, of course, that University studies should turn out men who are fitted for life and capable of ensuring for the State the preservation of natural law. But

the studies to which I am referring merely cultivate the liking for irresponsibility in those who devote themselves to them.

I'll see to it that the administration of justice shall be cleared of all judges who don't constitute a genuine élite. Let their number be reduced to a tenth, if necessary! The comedy of courts with a jury must come to an end. I wish once and for all to prevent a judge from being able to shake off this responsibility by claiming that he has been out-voted by the jurymen, or by invoking other excuses of that nature. I desire only judges who have the requisite personality—but in that case they must be very generously reimbursed. I need men for judges who are deeply convinced that the law ought not to guarantee the interests of the individual against those of the State, that their duty is to see to it, above all, that Germany does not perish.

Gürtner has not succeeded in forming judges of this type. He has himself had a lot of difficulty in getting rid of his legal superstitions. Threatened by some and despised by others, he has succeeded only slowly in adopting more reasonable attitudes, spurred on by the necessity of bringing justice into harmony with the imperatives of action.

If anyone were to think I chose Gürtner as Minister of Justice because once upon a time, in his capacity as judge, he must have treated me with particular understanding, that wouldn't at all correspond to the facts. It was I who had to make an effort of objectivity—and a great effort, too—to call to the Ministry of Justice the man who had me imprisoned. But when I had to choose amongst the men who were in the running, I couldn't find anyone better. Freissler was nothing but a Bolshevik. As for the other (Schlegelberger), his face could not deceive me. It was enough to have seen him once.

I've had an ample harvest of experiences with the lawyers. In 1920, when I organized my first big assemblies in Munich, a certain Councilor Wagner put himself at my disposal as a speaker. That was a period when I was in search of starched collars, in the hope that they'd help me to reach the intellectual class. So what a blessing I thought this man's offer, and what a bait to win over the lawyers! It's true that, before giving him a chance to speak before a big gathering, I had the prudence to try him out before twenty or so faithful followers gathered at the Sternecker beer-hall. What faces they pulled when they heard the worthy soul, with trembling hands and wagging head, recommending the reconstruction of a State in which "the clan was based on the family, the stock upon the clan, and the

and Christianity, it is so less by reason of a free choice than by reason of a compulsion exercised upon it by these triumphant forces. In the same way, in Imperial times, it was under the empire of compulsion that the German people engineered its fusion beneath a Christianity represented by a universal church—in the image of ancient Rome, which also inclined to universality. It is certain that a man like Charlemagne was not inspired merely by a desire for political power, but sought, in faithfulness to the ancient idea, for an expression of civilisation. Now, the example of the ancient world proves that civilisation can flourish only in States that are solidly organised. What would happen to a factory given over to anarchy, in which the employees came to their work only when the fancy took them?

Without organisation—that is to say, without compulsion—and, consequently, without sacrifice on the part of individuals, nothing can work properly. Organised life offers the spectacle of a perpetual renunciation by individuals of a part of their liberty. The more exalted a situation a man occupies, the easier this renunciation should appear to him. Since his field of vision is wider, he should be able all the better to admit the necessity for self-compulsion. In a healthy State, this is what distinguishes the élite from the men who remain mingled with the great masses. The man who rises must grow with his task, his understanding must expand simultaneously with his functions. If a street-sweeper is unable or unwilling to sacrifice his tobacco or his beer, then I think: "Very well, my good man, that's precisely why you're a street-sweeper and not one of the ruling personalities of the State!" It's just as well, by the way, that things are like that, for the nation, collectively, has just as much need of its street-sweepers.

Guided by these rules, which are quite simple and quite natural, Charlemagne gathered the Germans into a well-cemented community and created an empire that continued to deserve the name long after his death. The fact was that this empire was made of the best stuff of the ancient Roman Empire—so much so that for centuries the peoples of Europe have regarded it as the successor to the universal empire of the Caesars. The fact that this German empire was named "the Holy Roman Empire" has nothing whatsoever to do with the Church, and has no religious significance.

Unlike the idea attached to the word "Reich," the idea of the "Chancellor of the Reich" has unfortunately lost its significance in the course of the centuries. On a single occasion a giant gave it its full glory, and then it came to signify abortions like Wirth, Brüning, etc. At present, in

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At H. H. Simling about Napoleon

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view of the authoritarian form we have given the State, that has no importance. One can even declare that this title is not a suitable designation for the Head of the State. Historically, as a matter of fact, it is connected with the mental picture according to which, above the Chancellor, there is yet another person who represents the State as its supreme chief—and it little matters whether he is called Emperor, President, or by some quite different name.

In the National Socialist form of State, the title "Fuehrer" is the most suitable. It implies, amongst other things, the idea that the Head of the State has been chosen by the German people. Although it sometimes produces superfluities and over-lappings—when one reads beneath a photograph, for example: "At the Fuehrer's side, the Oberfuehrer So-and-So," that has no importance, at least while I'm still alive. But when I'm no longer there, it will be necessary to alter that and to give the notion of "Fuehrer" a uniform meaning.

In any case it would be inopportune to change the title of the Head of the State, since this title is associated with the very form of the State itself. In addition to being a display of family pride in political matters, it was Napoleon's greatest error, and at the same time a proof of bad taste on his part, to have renounced the title of "First Consul" in order to have himself called "Emperor." As a matter of fact, it was under the title of "First Consul" that the revolution—the one that shook the world—carried him to power above the *Directoire* (that public-house committee)—him, the Republican General. By giving up this title and having himself called Emperor, he denied the Jacobins, his former companions in the struggle, and lost their support. At the same stroke he alienated, both at home and abroad, countless partisans who saw in him the personification of the moral resurrection that the French Revolution was to bring with it. To understand the effect produced by this wilful action, it's enough to imagine the effect it would have on the people of Munich, and on the rest of the world, if I had myself carried through the streets of Munich in a gilded coach.

In any case, Napoleon gained nothing by committing this fault, for the old monarchies did not fail to display the scorn they felt for a self-made man. The only thing he ever got from them was the *Habsbürgertum* (a joke on the name of the Hapsburg dynasty and the word *Bürgertum*, meaning bourgeoisie), which was foisted upon him and whose arrival irremediably wounded the national pride of the French. In fact, in the eyes of the French, the lovely Joséphine, cast off in favour of the *Habsbürgertum*, was the model of the strictly Republican French woman. She was

* Dr. T. Of course, A.H. was the same
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esteemed as the woman who, at Napoleon's side, had climbed the rungs leading to the highest post in the State. The stupefaction caused in Europe by that title of "Emperor" is well characterised by the gesture of Beethoven, who tore up a symphony he had just dedicated to Napoleon. He trampled on the fragments, exclaiming: "He's not the extraordinary man I believed, he's only a man!"

What's tragic in Napoleon's case is that when he adopted the imperial title, formed a court and instituted a ceremonial, he didn't realise that, by making common cause with degenerates, he was merely putting himself on their level. Personally, I should regard it as an example of pure lunacy if anyone came and offered me, for example, a dukedom. It would be like asking me to recognise bonds of kinship with all the dwarfs who bear the title.

By looking after his relatives' interests as he did, Napoleon furthermore displayed incredible weakness on the purely human level. When a man occupies such a position, he should eliminate all his family feeling. Napoleon, on the contrary, placed his brothers and sisters in posts of command, and retained them in these posts even after they'd given proofs of their incapability. All that was necessary was to throw out all these patently incompetent relatives. Instead of that, he wore himself out with sending his brothers and sisters, regularly every month, letters containing reprimands and warnings, urging them to do this and not to do that, thinking he could remedy their incompetence by promising them money, or by threatening not to give them any more. Such illogical behaviour can be explained only by the feeling Corsicans have for their families, a feeling in which they resemble the Scots.

By thus giving expression to his family feeling, Napoleon introduced a disruptive principle into his life. Nepotism, in fact, is the most formidable protection imaginable: the protection of the *ego*. But wherever it has appeared in the life of a State—the monarchies are the best proof—it has resulted in weakening and decay. Reason: it puts an end to the principle of effort.

In this respect, Frederick the Great showed himself superior to Napoleon—Frederick who, at the most difficult moments of his life, and when he had to take the hardest decisions, never forgot that things are called upon to endure. In similar cases, Napoleon capitulated. It's therefore obvious that, to bring his life's work to a successful conclusion, Frederick the Great could always rely on sturdier collaborators than Napoleon could. When Napoleon set the interests of his

family clique above all, Frederick the Great looked around him for *men*, and, at need, trained them himself.

Despite all Napoleon's genius, Frederick the Great was the most outstanding man of the eighteenth century. When seeking to find a solution for essential problems concerning the conduct of affairs of State, he refrained from an illogicality. It must be recognised that in this field his father, Frederick-William, that buffalo of a man, had given him a solid and complete training. Peter the Great, too, clearly saw the necessity for eliminating the family spirit from public life. In a letter to his son—a letter I was re-reading recently—he informs him very clearly of his intention to disinherit him and exclude him from the succession to the throne. It would be too lamentable, he writes, to set one day at the head of Russia a son who does not prepare himself for State affairs with the utmost energy, who does not harden his will and strengthen himself physically.

Setting the best man at the head of the State—that's the most difficult problem in the world to solve.

In a republic in which the whole people is called upon to elect the chief of the State, it's possible, with money and publicity, to bring the meagrest of puppets to power.

In a republic in which the reins of power are in the hands of a clique made up of a few families, the State takes on the aspect of a trust, in which the shareholders have an interest in electing a weakling as President, so that they may play an important part themselves.

A hereditary monarchy is a biological blunder, for a man of action regularly chooses a wife with essentially feminine qualities, and the son inherits his mother's mildness and passive disposition.

In a republic that sets at its head a chief elected for life, there's the risk that he will pursue a policy of personal self-interest.

In a republic where the Chief of State changes every five or ten years, the stability of the government is never assured, and the execution of long-term plans, exceeding the duration of a lifetime, is thereby compromised.

If one sets at the head of the State an old man who has withdrawn from all worldly considerations, he is only a puppet, and inevitably it's other men who rule in his name.

Thinking over all that, I've arrived at the following conclusions:

1. The chances of not setting a complete idiot at the head of the State are better under the system of free elections than in the opposite case. The giants who were the elected German Emperors are the best proof of this. There was not

the rigours of the past winter. If there is a question of choosing men to rule us, it must not be forgotten that war is also a manifestation of life, that it is even life's most potent and most characteristic expression. Consequently, I consider that the only men suited to become rulers are those who have valiantly proved themselves in a war. In my eyes, firmness of character is more precious than any other quality. A well-toughened character can be the characteristic of a man who, in other respects, is quite ignorant. In my view, the men who should be set at the head of an army are the toughest, bravest, boldest, and, above all, the most stubborn and hardest to wear down. The same men are also the best chosen for posts at the head of the State—otherwise the pen ends by rotting away what the sword has conquered. I shall go so far as to say that, in his own sphere, the statesman must be even more courageous than the soldier who leaps from his trench to face the enemy. There are cases, in fact, in which the courageous decision of a single statesman can save the lives of a great number of soldiers. That's why pessimism is a plague amongst statesmen. One should be able to weed out all the pessimists, so that at the decisive moment these men's knowledge may not inhibit their capacity for action.

This last winter was a case in point. It supplied a test for the type of man who has extensive knowledge, for all the bookworms who become preoccupied by a situation's analogies, and are sensitive to the generally disastrous epilogue of the examples they invoke. Agreed, those who were capable of resisting the trend needed a hefty dose of optimism. One conclusion is inescapable: in times of crisis, the bookworms are too easily inclined to switch from the positive to the negative. They're waverers who find in public opinion additional encouragement for their wavering. By contrast, the courageous and energetic optimist—even although he has no wide knowledge—will always end, guided by his subconscious or by mere commonsense, in finding a way out.

God be praised, in our people the optimists are in a majority. In basing itself upon them, by the way, the Church has given away its whole game. In the last analysis, in fact, the Christian doctrine is addressed to the optimist, with the object of persuading him that the present life will be followed by another life, a much nicer one, on condition that he decides in time for the right creed—I nearly said, for the right side. Compared with the natural objectivity of the male, the true upholders of optimism are women. They discover the most amazing qualities in their offspring within a week of their birth, and they never lose this faith.

181. 5th April 1942, midday

German patents stolen—Protection in the future—Effrontery of the Russians—The future of Finland and Turkey—Opportunities in Russia—The importance of climate—Leningrad is doomed.

Addressing Professor Morell: We shall have to see to it that the French don't sell our *Germanine*, which was the product of so much research, under another name, and, what's more, as a French product. In the peace treaty, we shall absolutely have to introduce a clause preventing the French from continuing to exploit the patents we were compelled to hand over to them by the terms of the Versailles *Diktat*. In a general way, it's crazy to go on informing foreign countries in this matter, through the Patent Office. With the exception of Brazil, a country that has never particularly distinguished itself in the field of inventions, there is no country that doesn't think itself permitted at this moment to cancel the protection associated with patents and to arrogate to itself the right to exploit ours. *In future, I want German patents to be kept systematically secret.*

One thing has long struck me. Countries like Russia and Japan, for example, which have no notable inventions to protect, are in the habit of applying to America, England and Germany when there are certain products or machines that they want to manufacture themselves. They have a specimen of the article in question—a machine-tool, for example—sent from each of the three countries, they procure if possible the relative blue-prints, and then, from the models they have before their eyes, they set themselves to build a fourth machine, which naturally has a good chance of being the best. . . . A year of collaboration with Russia showed me how far effrontery can go in this field. Exploiting to the utmost the difficult situation in which I found myself, the Soviets went so far as to demand the right to buy from us location instruments intended for artillery, battleships and even entire battle cruisers, with their blueprints. At the time, the situation was such that I had to end by sending them a heavy battleship. Luckily, by temporising on deliveries in detail, I succeeded in not supplying them with the artillery material. That taught me a lesson that will be useful to me all my life. When Russian experts turned up at a factory to buy a machine, it sometimes happened that, after having seen all that had been shown them, they'd express the wish to

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school in Germany. The Reichsfuehrer SS explained that, to guarantee that instruction would be given in accordance with the purposes of the Germanic Reich, he had refused a financial contribution from Holland and had asked Schwarz to set aside a specific sum exclusively for the financing of these schools. There was a project for the creation of similar schools in Norway. They, too, would be financed solely by the Reich Party treasurer. "If we want to prevent Germanic blood from penetrating into the ruling class of the peoples whom we dominate, and subsequently turning against us, we shall have gradually to subject all the precious Germanic elements to the influence of this instruction."

The Fuehrer approved of this point of view.

In any case, we must not commit the mistake of enlisting in the German Army foreigners who seem to us to be worthwhile fellows, unless they can prove that they're utterly steeped in the idea of the Germanic Reich. While we're on the subject, I'm sceptical about the participation of all these foreign legions in our struggle on the Eastern front. One mustn't forget that, unless he is convinced of his racial membership of the Germanic Reich, the foreign legionary is bound to feel that he's betraying his country. The fall of the Hapsburg monarch clearly shows the full size of this danger. On that occasion, too, it was thought the other peoples could be won over—Poles, Czechs, etc.—by giving them a military formation in the Austrian Army. Yet at the decisive moment it became obvious that precisely these men were the standard-bearers of rebellion. That's why it's no longer appropriate to build the Germanic Reich under the standard of the old Germany. It's not possible to unite the Germanic peoples under the folds of the black-white-and-red flag of the old German Empire—for the same reason as prevented the Bavarians from entering the German Reich, in 1871, under the flag of Prussia. It's the reason why I began by giving the National Socialist Party, as a symbol of the union of all Germanics, a new rallying-sign which was valid also inside our own national community—the swastika flag.

Let's avoid attempting the Germanisation of our vital space on too great a scale. Let's be cautious, especially with the Czechs and the Poles. According to Himmler, history proves that the Poles have their nationality tattooed on their bodies. They must therefore be kept under control by giving them the strongest possible stiffening of German officers and N.C.O.s, and by trying to have them outnumbered by the German elements. It was agreed with Frank, the Governor-General of occupied Poland, that the Cracow district

(with its purely German capital) and also the Lublin district should be peopled by Germans. Once these two weak spots have been strengthened, it should be possible to drive the Poles slowly back. I don't believe it's necessary to proceed with much circumspection in this field, for we would be condemning ourselves to renew an experience we already had after the divisions of Poland. The soul of Poland remained lively because, on the one hand, the Poles hadn't to take the Russian domination seriously, and, on the other hand, they'd succeeded in putting themselves politically in a strong position with the Germans, being helped in this by their allegiance to a Catholicism deeply tinged with politics (one can even say that the Poles played a decisive rôle in German home policy).

It's very important for the future that the Germans don't mingle with the Poles, so that the new Germanic blood may not be transmitted to the Polish ruling class. Himmler is right when he says that the Polish generals who genuinely put up a serious resistance in 1939 were, so to speak, exclusively of German descent. It's an accepted fact that it's precisely the best elements of our race who, as they lose awareness of their origin, add themselves to the ruling class of the country that has welcomed them. As for the elements of less value, they retain the characteristics of their ethnic group and remain faithful to their Germanic origin. The same caution is necessary towards the Czechs. They're skilled at not awakening the distrust of their occupiers, and are wonderful at playing the rôle of subjects. It's true they've had five centuries' experience of it! I saw them at work in Vienna during my youth. Arriving penniless and dragging their worn-out shoes over the streets of the city, they quickly acquired the Viennese accent—and one fine day one was quite surprised to see them installed in the key-positions.

We shall not win the peace, on the racial level, unless the Reich knows how to maintain a certain stature. Confronted with the United States, whose population is scarcely greater than ours, our strength lies in the fact that four-fifths of our people are of Germanic race.

The attitude of our rulers after the collapse of 1918 was truly inconceivable. Numerous industrialists had at that time tried to conceal a portion of our weapons from the enemy—and these weapons were the more precious in that they represented the result of the efforts due to the patience and perseverance of our searchers. Far from supporting and encouraging these industrialists in their activity, our governors created a thousand difficulties for them, going so far as to accuse them of betraying the interests of the country. And

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On reflexion, it seems to be that an annual grant of fifty millions should be enough for the Catholic Church. It would be paid directly to the princes of the Church, who would be responsible for the sharing out. Thus we could have the "official" guarantee (since it would be a Church matter) of a "just" distribution of the money. These fifty millions would certainly bring us in more than the nine hundred million now squandered every year. You can bet anything, if one relies on historical precedents, that the princes of the Church would lick my boots for the value of the money, the more so if they could do what they liked with it. Therefore, if it's possible to buy the high dignitaries of the Church with money, let's do it! And if one of them wanted to enjoy his life, and for this purpose put his hand into the till, for the love of Heaven let him be left in peace! The ones we have to fear are the ascetics with rings under their eyes, and the fanatics.

After this war, I'll take the necessary steps to make the recruiting of priests extraordinarily difficult. In particular, I'll no longer allow children, from the age of ten and upwards, to devote their lives to the Church, when they've absolutely no notion what they're undertaking—in accepting celibacy, for example. Only the man who has passed his twenty-fourth year, and has finished his Labour Service and his military service, will be able to embrace an ecclesiastical career. At that age, then, if anyone is ready to vow himself to celibacy—well, let him become a priest, with God's help! In parenthesis, that reminds me that some idiots made me the fatuous proposal that chiefs of the Party should be celibate! While I'm on the subject, it's interesting to know how they've hitherto succeeded in filling the convents and monasteries. With the women, it's generally reasons of a sentimental nature that constitute the chief motive. With the men, on the other hand, it's usually not either the feelings or the reason that play a decisive part, but more earthy motives, such as material distress, for example. In the course of the law-suits brought against the monasteries, it was discovered that, in numerous cases, poverty had driven the unemployed to turn into monks. The men who tried to recover their liberty were caught by the priests and fetched back. Thus one must rejoice that the closing of the monasteries enables us to restore to the life of society many men who are capable of rendering services to the community and wishful to work. This measure does not entail great difficulties. The fact is, the monasteries are generally corporations, and consequently can be

dissolved by means of private agreements made with the Prior. Let the Prior receive a monthly payment of five hundred marks, and his direct collaborators allowances of from a hundred to two hundred marks, and most of them will be quite ready to renounce their cloistered lives. In the old days nearly a thousand monasteries and convents were closed in this fashion in Austria.

It is a pity that, in its conflict with the Catholic Church, the Evangelical Church cannot be regarded as an adversary of any stature. This fact is expressed even in material details, and it was a thing that struck me during a diplomatic reception. In their magnificent vestments, the Nuncio and the bishop who accompanied him had so much style that one couldn't have claimed the Catholic Church wasn't worthily represented. Opposite them, the representatives of the Evangelical Church wore starched collars of doubtful cleanliness and greasy frock-coats. Their attire was so out of place in that setting that I proposed to them that I should put suitable garments at their disposal for the next diplomatic reception. These representatives of the Evangelical Church are such petty bourgeois that they tried to discredit the Protestant Bishop of the Reich in my eyes by reporting to me that he had spent fourteen hundred marks on the purchase of new suites for a bedroom and a waiting-room. I retorted to the gentlemen that, if they had asked me for a subsidy of thirty thousand marks for this bishop (in his capacity of Pope of the Evangelical Church), I would at once have had it granted by the State; but that, in addressing themselves to me, as they had done, they had pronounced their own condemnation. Men of that sort have not the stature that would enable the Evangelical Church to match itself effectively against the Catholic Church. The limit of it is that these people aren't even honest. For example, at the moment when the struggle about the dismissal of the Bishop of the Reich had been joined, Marshal Göring was able to record, a telephone call from Pastor Niemoeller to somebody else. Niemoeller, referring to a conversation with Hindenburg, was boasting as follows: "We gave the old man an Extreme Unction, and we pulled his leg so hard that he's ready definitely to sack that whore-master of a bishop!" That same day, Niemoeller was pleading his case in front of me, in the most unctuous style interspersed with biblical quotations, to persuade me to take action against the Bishop of the Reich. I thereupon asked Göring to read out the monitoring note of the telephone conversation. If you'd seen the fright of Niemoeller and the

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delegates of the Evangelical Church! They literally collapsed, to the point of becoming dumb and invisible. Some time later, I told Hindenburg of the incident. He dismissed the whole affair, merely remarking: "The fact is, the most insignificant of these intriguers seems to take himself for a Pope!"

185. 8th April 1942, midday

Cowardice of the middle classes—The Nazi Party wins over the workers—Nuremberg, the citadel of Marxism—German workers and their Jewish masters.

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Since the beginning of my political activity, I have made it a rule not to curry favour with the bourgeoisie. The political attitude of that class is marked by the sign of cowardice. It concerns itself exclusively with order and tranquillity, and we know in what sense to understand that. I aimed, instead, to awaken the enthusiasm of the working-class world for my ideas. The first years of my struggle were therefore concentrated on the object: win over the worker to the National-Socialist Party. Here's how I set about it:

1. I followed the example of the Marxist parties by putting up posters in the most striking red.

2. I used propaganda trucks that were literally carpeted with posters of a flaming red, equipped with equally red flags and occupied by thundering loud-speakers.

3. I saw to it that all the initiates of the movement came to meetings without stiff collars and without ties, adopting the free-and-easy style so as to get the workers into their confidence.

4. As for the bourgeois elements who, without being real fanatics, wanted to join the ranks of the National-Socialist Party, I did everything to put them off—resorting to bawled-out propaganda, dishevelled clothes, etc. My object was to rid myself right from the beginning of the revolutionaries in rabbits' pelts.

5. I ordered our protective service to treat our opponents roughly and chuck them out of our meetings with so little mildness that the enemy press—which otherwise would have ignored our gatherings—used to make much of the blows and wounds they give rise to, and thus called attention to them.

6. I sent a few of our own people to take a course in public speaking in the schools organised by the other parties. Thanks to this, we obtained a good insight into the ar-

guments which would be used by those sent to heckle at our meetings, and we were thus in a position to silence them the moment they opened their mouths. I dealt with the women from the Marxist camp who took part in the discussions by making them look ridiculous, by drawing attention either to the holes in their stockings or to the fact that their children were filthy. To convince women by reasoned argument is always impossible; to have had them roughly handled by the ushers of the meeting would have aroused public indignation, and so our best plan was to have recourse to ridicule, and this produced excellent results.

7. At all my meetings I always spoke extempore. I had, however, a number of Party members in the audience, with orders to interrupt along lines carefully prepared to give the impression of a spontaneous expression of public opinion, and these interruptions greatly strengthened the force of my own arguments.

8. If the police intervened, women of our Party were given the task of drawing their attention either to opponents or to completely unknown people who happened to find themselves near the entrance to the hall. In cases like this, the police invariably go about their job quite blindly, like a pack of hounds, and we found that this method was most efficacious, both for ridding ourselves of undesirable elements of the audience and for getting rid of the police themselves.

9. I disorganised the meetings of other Parties by sending members of our Party in the guise of ushers to maintain order, but in reality with instructions to riot and break up the meeting.

By judicious use of all the above methods, I succeeded in winning the support of such large numbers of the better elements of the working classes, that, in the last elections that took place before our assumption of power, I was able to organise no fewer than a hundred and eighty thousand Party meetings.

Julius Streicher rendered particularly valuable service in our struggle to gain the support of the working classes. And now it is he whom we must thank for the capture of Nuremberg, that one-time stronghold of Marxism. The population of that city—in so far as they were interested in any way in politics, and with the exception of the Jewish colony—was made up of working men who were members either of the Socialist Party or of the Communist Party.

By his unrelenting attacks on the Jews, Streicher succeeded in alienating the workmen from their Jewish masters. Even so, the workers of Nuremberg, engaged for the most part in

the mental trades, were by no means an unintelligent lot, and they were most stubborn adherents of Marxism. Streicher's success, then, is all the more meritorious, and he showed himself to be a master of tactics in the handling of a meeting. Not only did he annihilate the shop stewards with a torrent of ridicule, but he deprived them of any means of retaliation, and made use of their discomfiture as an additional weapon with which to convince the workers.

186. 9th April 1942, midday

Economic and military errors we must not repeat—The example of the American motor industry—Mass production and limited number of models—A unique engine, cooled by air—Our debt of gratitude to Dino Alfieri—Cut out the word "if"—Criteria when judging a politician—The Italian débâcle in Albania—How to restore order in an army in flight.

This war, like the first World War, has led to a very large measure of standardisation in our technical production. But we must not repeat the mistakes we made at the end of 1918; we must make sure that our war-time achievements and experiences, economic as well as military, are not lost sight of in the days of peace ahead.

In the economic field we can learn much from the United States. The motor industry of the United States, by standardisation of types and mass-production, has reduced the cost of a motor-car to such an extent that every workman over there can afford to keep and run a car. Our own procedure has been exactly the reverse. We are constantly bringing out new models and modifying and improving existing ones. The result is that we have to produce an immense number and variety of spare parts, for the parts of a different model of the same make of car are never interchangeable. Nothing like this occurs in America.

After the war, we must, for military reasons, limit the German motor industry to the production of a dozen models, and the primary objective of the industry should be the simplification of the engine. Higher power must be achieved by increasing the number of standard cylinders rather than by the introduction of a variety of new cylinders. The dashboard, too, must be simplified. But the most important task will be the design of one single engine which can be used just as well for a field kitchen as for an ambulance, a reconnaissance car, road-haulage or a heavy artillery tractor.

The twenty-eight-horse-power engine of the Volkswagen should be able to meet all these military requirements. This war has proved that great speeds are of no particular military use, and we must get away from this craze for "performance." Provided that the military vehicles mentioned above can attain a speed of between ten and twenty kilometres an hour, they will be perfectly adequate.

The ideal standard engine which I envisage must possess two characteristics:

- (a) It must be air-cooled;
- (b) It must be easy and swift to dismantle and change.

This latter characteristic is particularly important, because, as this war has shown, it is more difficult to get spare parts than to get a complete engine unit. Obviously, too, there must be a great measure of standardisation and simplification in the manufacture of the engine envisaged.

In reply to a remark by Ambassador Hewel that doubts were being voiced in Berlin about the abilities of the Italian Ambassador, Signor Alfieri, the Fuehrer said:

The exceptional services rendered by Alfieri to the cause of German-Italian friendship far outweigh any little weaknesses he may now show. I shall never forget that at the time of the Austrian National-Socialist *coup d'état* in 1934, which led Mussolini to make the one political mistake of his life, Alfieri was among those who came out on the side of Germany. Great credit is due to that small band of men who put Mussolini on his guard against the intrigues and false friendship of the French and thus saved him from further grave political errors. In this, Alfieri did a great service, not only to his own country, but also to Germany. The unarmed Germany of the time would have emerged from a struggle against the combined forces of France, Italy, and Great Britain in a state of ruin and desolation comparable only to the situation at the end of the Thirty Years' War.

The criteria by which a politician should be judged are, firstly, the positive virtues he possesses, and, secondly, the actual services he has rendered to his country. In politics facts alone are of value, and any juggling with possible hypotheses is quite futile. It is, for example, perfectly true, but of no importance, to say that had the Romans been defeated by the Huns on the Catalaunian Fields the growth of west-

ern culture would have been impossible and the civilisation of the time would have been destroyed—as indeed our own civilisation to-day will be destroyed if the Soviets are victorious in this war.

In politics, the use of that little word "if" must be avoided. Where should we be to-day if the Czechs had had a little imagination, or if the Poles had been realists and had gone about their affairs with a little more honesty? It is precisely the fact that the Pole is a dreamer and the Czech is an out-and-out realist which has enabled us swiftly and successfully to establish the new order in the territories formerly known as Czechoslovakia and Poland.

It is equally impossible to imagine what might have happened if the Italian front had not been stabilised in Albania, thanks to Mussolini. The whole of the Balkans would have been set alight at a moment when our advance towards the south-east was still in its early stages. The most serious aspect of the situation was the fact that we could place no confidence in Russian protestations of friendship. It is even quite probable that we should never have received permission from the King of Bulgaria for the entry into his country of German Commandos in disguise, charged with the mission of preparing for the entry of our troops. In actual fact Boris is by temperament a fox rather than a wolf, and would have exposed himself to so great a danger only with the utmost reluctance. The fox, as we all know, prefers to pursue a course which will allow him, if danger threatens, to eliminate all trace of his passing.

At the time of the Italian difficulties on the Albanian front, I pondered for some time over the best thing to do if an army started to retreat without orders and could not be brought to make a stand; and the conclusion I reached was that summary executions by shooting would be the one remedy. But it was not the little infantryman who should be shot, the poor, wretched little devil who bears the brunt of war, the pangs of hunger and the plague of fleas. The man to shoot is the commander of the unit in retreat, regardless of who he may be.

187. 9th April 1942, at dinner

The God of the Christians protects the Japanese pagans—Japanese religion and the cult of hero-worship—The unhealthy character of Christianity—Superstition—Brutality of the Catholic Church—The maintenance of morale without the aid of the Church.

It is very curious that devout Christians like the British and the Americans should, despite their constant and fervent prayers, receive such a series of hidings from the pagan Japanese! It rather looks as if the real God takes no notice of the prayers offered day and night by the British and the Americans, but reserves His mercies for the heroes of Japan. It is not surprising that this should be so, for the religion of the Japanese is above all a cult of heroism, and its heroes are those who do not hesitate to sacrifice their lives for the glory and safety of their country. The Christians, on the other hand, prefer to honour the Saints, that is to say, a man who succeeds in standing on one leg for years at a time, or one who prefers to lie on a bed of thorns rather than to respond to the smiles of inviting maidens. There is something very unhealthy about Christianity.

Another peculiarity of the Christian faith, as it is taught by the Catholic Church, is that it is a school of pessimism rather than of optimism. The Japanese religion, on the contrary, rouses men to enthusiasm by the promise it holds of the rewards in the Hereafter, while the unfortunate Christian has no prospect before him but the torments of Hell.

Such pessimism has a marked effect. Even a child of three can be made to acquire a terror of mind which will remain with him for the whole of his life. We all know many grown-up people who are nervous in the dark, simply because they had been told in their childhood that a bogey-man, a robber or the like lurked in the shadows.

It is no less difficult to eradicate these childish inhibitions than it is to free the human soul of that haunting terror of Hell which the Catholic Church impresses on it with such vigour during its most tender years. A man possessed of a minimum of intelligence who takes the trouble to ponder over these questions has no difficulty in realising how nonsensical these doctrines of the Church are. For how, he must ask himself, can a man possibly be put on a spit, be roasted and tortured in a hundred other ways when, in the nature of things, his body has no part in the resurrection? And what nonsense it is to aspire to a Heaven to which, according to the Church's own teaching, only those have entry who have made a complete failure of life on earth! It won't be much fun, surely, to have to meet again there all those whose stupidity, in spite of the biblical tag "blessed are the humble of heart," has already infuriated one beyond endurance on this earth! Imagine, too, how tremendously attractive a Heaven will be to a man, which contains only women of indifferent appearance and faded intel-

lect! Only those, we are told, with the minimum of sin shall enter through the gates of Heaven; now, in spite of the fact that the burden of sin must inevitably grow heavier with each successive year, I have yet to meet a priest anxious to leave this life as quickly, and therefore with as light a burden, as possible! But I could name many a Cardinal of sixty and over who clings most tenaciously to life on this sinful earth. When one examines the Catholic religion closely, one cannot fail to realise that it is an almost incredibly cunning mixture of hypocrisy and business acumen, which trades with consummate skill on the deeply engrained affection of mankind for the beliefs and superstitions he holds. It is inconceivable that an educated priest should really believe all the nonsense that the Church pours out; a proof there, to my mind, is the fact that the priests themselves always try to confuse the issue on the subject of the swindle of dispensations, and avoid whenever possible any discussion of the subject.

In spite of these obvious faults and weaknesses, there are nevertheless a large number of intelligent people who preserve their faith in the Church. They believe that man requires some species of brake on his activities and that, in spite of its many shortcomings, the Church represents the best deterrent that at present exists. The pity is, that people who reason in this manner appear to forget that the Church does not strive to propagate its teaching by reason and gentle persuasion, but by force and threat. This is certainly not my idea of education. It is moreover obvious that, had the Church followed solely the laws of Love, and had she preached Love alone as the means of instilling her moral precepts, she would not have survived for very long. She has therefore always remained faithful to the ancient maxim that the right hand must not know what the left hand does, and has bowed to the necessity of imposing her moral principles by means of the utmost brutality, not hesitating even to burn in their thousands men and women of merit and virtue. We ourselves are to-day much more humane than the Church. We obey the Commandment: "Thou shalt not kill," by catching and executing a murderer; but the Church, when the executive power lay in her hands, crucified, quartered and did him to death with indescribable torture.

Maintenance of the nation's morale is a task which the statesman can accomplish just as well as any Church. All he has to do is to incorporate in the law of the land all the moral beliefs of the healthy elements of the people and then

to support those laws uncompromisingly with the authority of force.

188. 10th April 1942

Foreign students at German universities.

Hitler has just been studying the list of the new Bulgarian Ministers.

There are a large number of Bulgarians who have studied engineering or taken their degrees in Germany. It would be a good policy to facilitate the taking of degrees by foreigners at our universities, and we shall make friends for life of men who spent some of their youth in this fashion. The Universities of Erlangen, Giessen and even Würzburg, which all have difficulty in keeping going, should take special pains to attract foreigners, while Heidelberg, which enjoys so great a reputation in the Anglo-Saxon world, should ensure that everything possible is done to ensure the well-being of foreign students.

189. 10th April 1942, evening

Methods of external broadcasting—Give the facts without comment.

Propaganda destined for abroad must not in any way be based on that used for home consumption.

Broadcasts to Britain, for example, must contain plenty of music of the kind that is popular among Britons. In this way, when their own transmitting stations starve them of music, they will acquire the habit of listening-in more and more to the concerts we broadcast for them. As regards news-bulletins to Britain, we should confine ourselves to plain statements of facts, without comment on their value or importance. News about British high finance, its interests in certain sections of the armament industry, in the leadership and conduct of the war should be given without comment, but couched in such a way that the British listeners will themselves draw their own conclusions. As the old saying has it, little drops of water will gradually wear the stone away.

For our own people we must broadcast not only the facts but also copious and precise commentaries on their importance and significance. Good propaganda must be stimulat-

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more cunning in this respect: not only do they keep their press in complete ignorance of all their plans, but they also systematically camouflage everything which has anything to do with their army. The war against Finland in 1940, for instance, was nothing but a great piece of camouflage on their part, for even then Russia possessed armed forces which placed her among the first of the Powers, on a par with Germany and Japan.

193, 22nd April 1942, midday

Problem of German re-armament in 1933—A man of stature at the head of the Reichsbank, Schacht—The scruples of Schwerin-Krosigk—The stupidity of General Blomberg—And the evasions it forced upon me—Schacht rebels—Mobilisation of our foreign credits—Our stock of raw materials—The Metropolitan Opera House in New York closes its doors—The Americans have no great artists.

It was with Dr. Luther, the then President of the Reichsbank, that I had, in 1933, one of my first discussions on the subject of our rearmament. In view of the deficit in the Reich budget, which then stood at about three milliard marks, and of the financial state of the Laender, which was not much better, it was impossible to make even the smallest effort towards rearmament without the collaboration of the Reichsbank.

In the course of this conversation I impressed upon Dr. Luther that, unless she regained her military power, Germany was doomed to strangulation. Luther listened to me for two hours, at the end of which he assured me of his profoundly nationalist sympathies and promised me all the help he could give me. He then mentioned a precise figure, telling me that he would put a hundred million marks at my disposal! For a moment I thought I must have misunderstood him, for I did not think it possible that a financier should have so little knowledge of the vast expense involved in a policy of rearmament. But when I asked him to repeat what he had said, Luther again gave me the figure of one hundred million. Further comment was obviously superfluous, so I simply asked the President of the Reich to remove the man from his office. This, however, was not possible, without further ado, as the Reichsbank was still an international organisation. I was then compelled to try to reach an amicable agreement. I told Luther that any col-

laboration between us was impossible, that he might perhaps have some legal means of retaining his position, but that I had now assumed office, that I would brook no argument from him, and that, if the interests of the country demanded it, I should not even hesitate to break him; and then—and this was the idea that Meissner had suggested as a solution—I offered him the post of Ambassador to Washington, if he would voluntarily resign his present position. This he declared himself ready to accept, provided I would add an allowance of fifty thousand marks a year to his pension. I can see him still, his eyes modestly downcast, assuring me that it was pure patriotism which caused him to fall in with my suggestions!

So I had to pay good money to open the way for the appointment of a man of international reputation to the Presidency of the Reichsbank—Dr. Schacht. Schacht understood at once that it would be ridiculous to think of launching any rearmament programme unless we were prepared to vote many milliards for its implementation. In this manner I was able to extract a sum of eight milliards, though the announcement of the figure caused Schwerin-Krosigk, the then Minister of Finance, many grave misgivings. At this moment General Blomberg was unfortunately stupid enough to disclose that, apart from these eight milliards, a further supplementary sum of twelve milliards would be required to carry out the preliminary phase of the rearmament programme. I reproached Blomberg bitterly for his indiscretion. After all, seeing that the whole gang of financiers is a bunch of crooks, what possible point was there in being scrupulously honest with them? By far the best thing was to state our needs bit by bit as they arose. This method was also to the advantage of the financial experts themselves; for if things should go wrong, they would then be in a position to justify themselves in the public eye by claiming that they had not been told the truth.

It is characteristic of Schacht that, from the first eight milliard marks, he retained five hundred million as interest! He is a man of quite astonishing ability and is unsurpassed in the art of getting the better of the other party. But it was just his consummate skill in swindling other people which made him indispensable at the time. Before each meeting of the International Bank at Basle, half the world was anxious to know whether Schacht would attend or not, and it was only after receipt of the assurance that he would be there that the Jew bankers of the entire world packed their bags and prepared to attend. I must say the

tricks Schacht succeeded in playing on them proves that even in the field of sharp finance a really intelligent Aryan is more than a match for his Jewish counterpart. It is Schacht who was the instigator of the plan, subsequently put into practice, of devaluing German shares held abroad. Most of these represented reparations held in the form of shares; these shares were then later purchased in the open market by intermediaries on our behalf at prices varying from 12 per cent to 18 per cent of their real value, after which German industry was compelled to redeem from us at par value. In this way, thanks to a profit of 80 per cent and over, we were able to organise an export dumping campaign which brought in three-quarters of a milliard marks in foreign currency.

It is greatly to Schacht's credit that he remained completely silent on the existence of this foreign currency. There were several occasions on which, had the existence of these funds been known, the most determined efforts would have been made to deprive us of them. I am thinking particularly of the time when we did not know where to lay our hands on the money for the salaries of our officials, and of the moment when we were faced with a complete lack of rubber. It was only in 1938, when war was obviously inevitable, that I made publicly known the existence of these reserves. It was clear that the future belligerents would, like ourselves, make the most strenuous efforts to buy up any and everything in the way of raw materials that the world's markets had to offer. Speed, therefore, was essential if we wished to avoid seeing our gold and foreign currency reserves transformed suddenly into paper and metal of no value. It was to Funk that I entrusted the task of buying our share of raw materials. In spite of his ability, I felt I could not quite trust Schacht in this matter, for I had often seen how his face lit up when he succeeded in swindling somebody out of a hundred-mark note, and I feared that in the face of such temptation he would quite probably try his Freemason's tricks on me!

It is reported that the Metropolitan Opera House in New York is to be closed; but the reasons given for its closing are certainly false. The Americans do not lack money; what they lack is the artists required to maintain the activities of the greatest of their lyrical theatres. One requires but little knowledge to know that the most famous operas are all of either German, Italian or French origin, and that among the artists who perform them the Germans and the Italians

are the most celebrated. Deprived of the services of the artists from these two countries, the management has preferred to close its doors rather than expose the inadequacy of American artists.

Our newspapers must not miss this opportunity! Copious comment should be made on this illuminating pointer to the cultural standard of the United States.

194. 23rd April 1942, midday

*How to refresh the blood-stream of effete peoples
—The rôle of the SS—Build bonny babies—A people of soldiers—War and love go arm in arm—
The use of foreign man-power—Servility of the Czechs—British rebuffs in India—The history of Germany starts with Arminius—The personality of Rudolf von Hapsburg.*

Reichsfuehrer SS Himmler mentioned the order he had given two years ago on the duty of healthy members of the SS to perpetuate their species. In view of the heavy losses suffered in this war by the SS, particularly among the younger and unmarried members, Himmler was very pleased now that he had given the order when he did. The fine blood of these men who were gone would not be wholly lost, but was being perpetuated in their children. The Fuehrer expressed himself as follows:

At Berchtesgaden we owe a great deal to the infusion of SS blood, for the local population there was of specially poor and mixed stock. I noticed this particularly while the Berghof was being built, and I was most anxious to do something to improve it. To-day, thanks to the presence of a regiment of the Leibstandarte, the countryside is abounding with jolly and healthy young children. It is a practice which must be followed; to those districts in which a tendency towards degeneracy is apparent we must send a body of élite troops, and in ten or twenty years' time the bloodstock will be improved out of all recognition. I rejoice to know, therefore, that our soldiers regard it as a duty to their country to persuade the young women to bear healthy children. Especially at this moment, when the most precious of our blood is being shed in such quantities, the maintenance of our race is of vital importance. First-class troops should, I think, also be stationed in the East Prussian lake districts and in the forests of Bavaria.

Italy, to see him relegated to the rear rank whenever any of the Court entourage are about. The joy is always taken out of the reception he arranges for me by the fact that I am compelled to submit to contact with the arrogant idlers of the aristocracy. On one occasion these morons tried to ruin my pleasure at the spectacle of a dance given by the most lovely young maids from the Florence Academy, by criticising the dancing in most contemptuous terms. I rounded on them with such fury, however, that I was left to enjoy the rest of the programme in peace!

It was certainly no pleasure to me to find myself continually in the company of the Court hangers-on, particularly as I could not forget all the difficulties which the King's entourage had put in the Duce's way from the very beginning. And now they think they are being tremendously cunning in flirting with Britain!

Nothing, to my mind, is more typical of the ineptitude of these aristocratic loafers than the fact that not once did the Crown Princess of Italy succeed in offering me a hot and decently cooked meal! When a German hostess offers me hospitality she makes it a point of honour, however humble she may be, not only to give me an excellent meal but also to see that it is decently hot. These degenerates of the Italian aristocracy give proof of their futility in even the most elementary things in life. What a pleasure it was, in contrast, to talk to an intelligent and charming woman like Edda Mussolini! A woman of this kind shows the stuff she is made of by volunteering to be a nurse with the divisions serving on the Eastern front—and that is just what she is doing at the present moment.

196. 24th April 1942, midday

Decisive hours of this war—Importance of the occupation of Norway—Weakness of German High Command in 1914-18—Lack of popular interest in the Navy—And how we roused it.

The two decisive events of the war up to the present have been the Norwegian campaign in 1940 and our defensive struggle in the East during last winter. I attach this measure of importance to the occupation of Norway because I cannot understand, even in retrospect, how it was that the powerful British Navy did not succeed in defeating, or at least in hindering, an operation which did not have even the support of the very modest German naval forces. If the Norwegian campaign had failed, we should not have

been able to create the conditions which were a pre-requisite for the success of our submarines. Without the coast of Norway at our disposal, we should not have been able to launch our attacks against the ports of the Midlands and Northern Britain, and operations in the Arctic waters would also have been impracticable. The advantages which our Norwegian success have given us allow us, by comparison, to see how unimaginative and unenterprising the German High Command was during the first World War. It seems incredible, to our eyes to-day, that the main engagement of that war should have been the battle of Jutland—that little peninsula which nowadays is merely a protuberance in the midst of the home waters which we control.

I am not at all sure that the inadequacies of our High Command in 1914-18 have not their origins in the indifference of the whole German people towards naval warfare. I well remember how difficult it was in 1912, in a town like Munich, to buy a book on the Navy or the colonies. It was for this reason that, when I gave orders for the construction of the first of our new warships immediately after my assumption of power, I supported my action with wide publicity and propaganda. As a result, our little Navy became an extremely popular service, and this helped me greatly when I came to replace with new ships the old battleships which had been salvaged round about 1920 from the naval cemetery. Our new units have been built in accordance with the most modern precepts of naval construction, and their crews have been recruited not only from coastal districts but from all over Germany. Proud milestones along the magnificent trail we have blazed are the construction of the *Emden*, twelve ultra-modern torpedo-boats, then three cruisers of the K Class (*Koeln*, *Karlsruhe*, *Königsberg*). Next came the construction of the units of the Deutschland Class, and finally those that composed the High Seas Fleet.

197. 24th April 1942, at dinner

Marriage and the child problem—German soldiers marrying women of the occupied countries—The unmarried mothers of former Austria—The educative rôle of the Schools of the Reich—The wives of our leaders.

This conversation took place during a journey from Fuehrerhaupt-quartier to Berlin. The subject under discussion was marriage and children. The Fuehrer said:

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appearance. The eye must also participate in the pleasures of the opera; otherwise one might as well not play the piece at all, but just let the artists sing their parts.

Above all, the meretricious system of inviting "guest artists" for particular performances must cease. Why sacrifice the regular artists instead of giving them an opportunity of showing their talent? The right policy is to encourage those artists who are accredited to the theatre, and then to hold on at all costs to those who show more than average ability and make it worth their while to refrain from going to Berlin or elsewhere, where all they will get will be a job as an understudy.

Great conductors are as important as great singers. Had there been a sufficiency of good conductors during the time of the Weimar Republic, we should have been saved the ridiculous spectacle of the rise to eminence of a man like Bruno Walter, who in Vienna was regarded as a complete nonentity. It was the Jewish press of Munich, which was echoed by its Viennese counterpart, that drew attention to the man and suddenly proclaimed him to be the greatest conductor in Germany. But the last laugh was against Vienna; for when he was engaged as conductor of the superb Viennese Orchestra, all he could produce was beer-hall music. He was dismissed, of course, and with his dismissal Vienna began to realise what a dearth there was of good conductors, and sent for Knappertsbusch.

He, with his blond hair and blue eyes, was certainly a German, but unfortunately he believed that, even with no ear, he could, with his temperament, still produce good music. To attend the Opera when he was conducting was a real penance; the orchestra played too loud, the violins were blanketed by the brass, and the voices of the singers were stifled. Instead of melody one was treated to a series of intermittent shrieks, and the wretched soloists looked just like a lot of tadpoles; the conductor himself indulged in such an extravaganza of gesture that it was better to avoid looking at him at all.

The only conductor whose gestures do not appear ridiculous is Furtwängler. His movements are inspired from the depths of his being. In spite of the very meagre financial support he received, he succeeded in turning the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra into an ensemble far superior to that of Vienna, and that is greatly to his credit. Some people attribute this superiority to the fact that Berlin possesses a number of genuine Stradivarius, but this explanation must be accepted with reserve. The truth is—and this, to my mind, is much more important—that Berlin enjoys the ser-

vices of two quite exceptional soloists. One is twenty-three years old, and the second is only nineteen. When one succumbs to the charm of their crystal-clear execution, one realises that the bow of a twenty-year-old is bound to have more lightness than that of an old violinist of sixty.

With the intention of finding a man of outstanding ability, to become the Director of Music of the future at Linz, I have instructed Klemens Kraus to seek out and train a musician who will prove worthy of this honour.

203. Berghof, 1st May 1942, midday

*Architectural problems—Our architects must plan on a grand scale—Bayreuth, Weimar and Dresden
—The humanities in these towns—Development of cultural life.*

I am very grateful to Professor Giesler for having so successfully transformed the Schloss Klessheim, which is to be our Guest House for distinguished visitors and which was opened in its new rôle by a visit from the Duce. The general lay-out, which corresponds so closely to my own ideas of spaciousness, pleases me particularly. There is nothing niggardly or trashy, such as one sees in the houses of some of the minor potentates. Schloss Klessheim is the Guest House of a great nation. Giesler has planned on a great scale. He has succeeded in leaving vast spaces between the portals and the staircase, and between the staircase and the entrance to the reception halls.

A sense of spaciousness is important, and I am delighted to see our architects planning on broad and spacious lines. Only thus shall we avoid the springing up of more towns in which the houses are cluttered up almost on top of each other, as one sees in Zwickau, Gelsenkirchen and so on. If I were banished to a town of this kind, devoid of all beauty, I should lose heart and happiness just as surely as if I had been banished from my fatherland. I am therefore determined that some measure of culture and beauty shall penetrate even into the humblest of our towns, that, step by step, the amenities of all our towns will reach a higher level. There is a lot of truth in the assertion that the culture of a town is dependent upon its traditions. Bayreuth, Weimar and Dresden afford classic examples. It may well be that it is impossible for any city to achieve an appearance which is pleasing to our sense of culture, unless at some time or other some great man has breathed his inspiration into its walls. But we must at least see to it that from the ranks of

our Party plenipotentiaries even the smallest little hamlet is given a worthy bearer not only of the torch of National Socialist supremacy, but also of its cultural way of life. If it is not always possible to find the right man in the person of every Kreisleiter, then with the help of the Party and its organisation we must ensure at least that the Kreisleiter becomes the central point of a measure of civilised amenity. Once this is accomplished, the way is open for a further progress along the path of civilisation and culture.

It is not sufficient that a town should have a museum which the students occasionally visit; our representative must see to it that the men of the Labour Service and the Wehrmacht find it worthy of visit, and that gradually in this way the interest in, and the appreciation of, art will be aroused throughout the masses of the nation. The eye of the children must be weaned from the niggardly and trained on the grandiose, for only thus will they learn to appreciate both the ensemble and the finer points of any work of art.

204. 3rd May 1942, midday

The Bürgerbraeu plot—A Swiss tries his hand at assassination—Measures against assassins—Some unavoidable risks.

In the two really dangerous attempts made to assassinate me I owe my life not to the police, but to pure chance.

On 9th November 1939, I left the Bürgerbraeu ten minutes before the appointed time because of an urgent conference in Berlin which it was imperative that I should attend.

In the other attempt my life was saved because the would-be killer, a Swiss, who stalked me for three months in the neighbourhood of the Berghof, regularly missed me when I went out, and when he tried to continue his stalking in Munich, he was discovered by a railway official. The man apparently had travelled beyond Munich with a ticket from Berchtesgaden to Munich, and the railway official in question asked for an explanation. The story that he had been in Berchtesgaden for several months, trying to deliver a letter to me, aroused the suspicions of the railwayman, who caused him to be held for interrogation. When the man was searched a sealed envelope addressed personally to me was found on him, but the envelope was empty, a circumstance which led to a full confession.

The confessions of this Swiss interested me in so far as they confirmed my conviction that not a soul could cope

with an assassin who, for idealistic reasons, was prepared quite ruthlessly to hazard his own life in the execution of his object. I quite understand why 90 per cent of the historic assassinations have been successful. The only preventive measure one can take is to live irregularly—to walk, to drive and to travel at irregular times and unexpectedly. But that, after all, is merely normal caution, and not prevention.

As far as is possible, whenever I go anywhere by car I go off unexpectedly and without warning the police. I also have given Ratenhuber, the commander of my personal Security Squad, and Kempka, my chauffeur, the strictest orders to maintain absolute secrecy about my comings and goings, and have further impressed on them that this order must still be obeyed even when the highest officials in the land make enquiries.

As soon as the police get to hear that I am going somewhere, they abandon all normal procedure and adopt emergency measures, which, to say the least of it, are most alarming to normal people, and yet they never seem to realise that it is just these emergency antics which are conspicuous and draw attention where no attention is desired. I had a splendid example of this sort of thing when, at the time of the Anschluss, I went to Vienna and Pressburg. The police raised the alarm along the whole route both from Vienna to Nicolsburg and on to Pressburg—an action which was all the more dangerous because they simply did not have the necessary forces at their disposal to guard the roads. Apart from this, the Gestapo plain-clothes men dressed themselves in such an astonishing collection of clothes—rough woolen mackintosh coats, ostler's capes and so forth—that I, and indeed any moron, could recognise them for what they were at a glance. When I gave orders that we were to follow a route other than the one agreed upon and were to stop, like any other citizen, at the traffic lights in the villages, I was able to continue my journey unnoticed and unmolested.

Police protection is of great importance only on those occasions when the date, time and place have been precisely fixed. Even on these occasions the activities of the police have a disturbing effect, cause crowds to collect and lead to endless difficulties. These things, however, must be accepted with good grace on occasions like the First of May, the Ninth of November, the Harvest Festival of Bückeberg, where seven hundred thousand people foregather, and my own birthday. In the midst of such crowds it is easy for some fanatic armed with a telescopic-sighted firearm to

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be to persuade the Polish Bishop to remain in close touch with the German Gauleiter, and thus to ensure the transmission, through him, of all the instructions thought desirable to the priests under him. In this way, Forster concluded, it would be possible to maintain order in the country, even during the transition period.

The views of Gauleiter Forster met with strong opposition, especially from Reichsleiter Bormann. The latter admitted the necessarily empirical character of some of the decisions to be taken, but maintained that, as regards the Poles, care should be exercised not to Germanise them on too wide a scale, for fear they might inoculate the German population with too strong a dose of their blood, which could have dangerous consequences. At this point the Fuehrer spoke again:

It is not possible to generalise on the extent to which the Slav races are susceptible to the Germanic imprint. In point of fact, Tsarist Russia, within the framework of her pan-Slav policy, propagated the qualification Slav and imposed it on a large diversity of people, who had no connection with the Slavonic race. For example, to label the Bulgarians as Slavs is pure nonsense; originally they were Turkomans. The same applies to the Czechs. It is enough for a Czech to grow a moustache for anyone to see, from the way the thing droops, that his origin is Mongolian. Among the so-called Slavs of the South the Dinaris are predominant. Turning to the Croats, I must say I think it is highly desirable, from the ethnical point of view, that they should be Germanised. There are, however, political reasons which completely preclude any such measures.

There is one cardinal principle. This question of the Germanisation of certain peoples must not be examined in the light of abstract ideas and theory. We must examine each particular case. The only problem is to make sure whether the offspring of any race will mingle well with the German population and will improve it, or whether, on the contrary (as is the case when Jew blood is mixed with German blood), negative results will arise.

Unless one is completely convinced that the foreigners whom one proposes to introduce into the German community will have a beneficial effect, well, I think it's better to abstain, however strong the sentimental reasons may be which urge such a course on us. There are plenty of Jews with blue eyes and blond hair, and not a few of them have the appearance which strikingly supports the idea of the Germanisation of their kind. It has, however, been undisputedly established that, in the case of Jews, if the physical

characteristics of the race are sometimes absent for a generation or two, they will inevitably reappear in the next generation. One thing struck me when I visited the Arsenal at Graz. It is that among the thousand suits of armour to be seen there, not one could be worn by a present-day Styrian—for they are all too small. To me, that is a proof that the representatives of the Germanic tribes who settled formerly in Styria not only infused new strength into the indigenous blood-stream, but also, by virtue of their own more vigorous blood, imposed their own attributes on the natives, and thus created a new racial type. This encourages me to station troops who are ethnically healthy in those regions where the race is poor quality and thus to improve the blood-stock of the population.

You may object that such a practice might well undermine the moral sense of the German people. My answer to that is, that it is just the sort of horrified objection one would expect from the moral hypocrite and the pretentious upper ten thousand. These people are shocked at the idea that a Turk may have four legitimate wives, but they admit that the Prussian Princes had forty, and often more, mistresses in the course of their lives. Such hypocrisy drives me to fury. The Prussian Prince, as he gets bored with his successive mistresses, can pack them off like bits of refuse of no importance, and we have here among us blackguards who regard them as men of honour. And these same renegades heap sarcasm on the honest German citizen who, with complete disregard of caste, marries the girl by whom he has had a child! It is these hypocrites who are responsible for mass abortions and for the existence of all those healthy women deprived of a man, simply as the result of reigning prejudice. Is there a more lovely consecration of love, pray, than the birth of a handsome babe, glowing with health? Although it is obvious to the eyes of any reasonable person that nature blesses the love of two beings by giving them a child, these sinister degenerates claim, if you please, that the status of a man or a woman depends on a sealed document given by the State—as if that were of any importance in comparison with the ties which unite two people in love!

To my way of thinking, the real ideal is that two beings should unite for life and that their love should be sanctified by the presence of children. If our farms have remained often for centuries, in some cases for as long as seven hundred years, in the possession of the same family, it is for the most part because marriages were arranged only when an infant was on the way. And for centuries the Catholic

Church bowed to this custom and tolerated what was called "the trial." When the birth of the infant was imminent, the priest would remind the future father of his duty to marry. Unfortunately the Protestant Church has broken with these healthy customs and has prepared the way, with the aid of laws written or unwritten, for a hypocrisy whose object it is to stigmatise as something shameful a marriage which has been provoked by the arrival of a child. And don't let us forget, if we are going to be completely truthful, that a large part of the Prussian nobility owes its existence to a faux pas on the part of one of the girls of the bourgeoisie.

Moreover, these prejudices only operate in reverse, and logic has no bearing on the trend of our desires—for the admissibility of the dissolution of marriage on account of incompatibility is legally recognised. If it is contrary to the law of nature to insist on the maintenance of a union in which the partners are unable to agree, it is no less wrong to put obstacles in the way of a marriage justifiable on the grounds of perfect reciprocal unity. My age saves me from the suspicion that I am perhaps pleading *pro domo*, and so I am able to invite attention to the importance of this problem.

I shall have no peace of mind until I have succeeded in planting a seed of Nordic blood wherever the population stand in need of regeneration.

If at the time of the migrations, while the great racial currents were exercising their influence, our people received so varied a share of attributes, these latter blossomed to their full value only because of the presence of the Nordic racial nucleus. Thus it is that we have acquired a sense of poetry, a tendency to nostalgia, which finds its expression in music. But it is thanks to those attributes that are peculiar to our race and which have been preserved in Lower Saxony that we have been able harmoniously to absorb extraneous characteristics—for we possess one faculty which embraces all the others, and that is, the imperial outlook, the power to reason and to build dispassionately.

In the notes in which the ideas of Frederick the Great were jotted down, I was pleased to find again and again opinions similar to those I have just expressed. For instance, when *der alte Fritz* stigmatises as "moral cannibalism" the opposition to his healthy racial policy, which was on all fours with our own, and when he comes out in favour of marriage based on the presence of an illegitimate child, then I have nothing but approval.

216, 13th May 1942, at dinner

*Political instability of Vichy—France's alternatives—
—Inadequacy of Pétain—Mistrust of Laval—Dan-
gers of a phantom government—What Germany
will keep.*

The thing that strikes me above all in the present-day policy of the French is the fact that, because they were anxious to sit on every chair at the same time, they have not succeeded in sitting firmly on any one of them. The explanation is that the soul of the country has been torn asunder. In the Vichy Government alone a whole heap of tendencies is apparent—anti-Semitic nationalism, clerical pro-Semitism, royalism, the spirit of revolution and so on. And as a final misery, if an energetic man make a mistake, there seems to be no provision in the political plan whereby a swift and clear-cut decision can be reached. There are nevertheless only two possible courses which French policy can pursue, and France must choose one of the following:

(a) She must renounce her metropolitan territory, transfer her seat of Government to North Africa and continue the war against us with all the resources of her African colonial empire, or

(b) She must join the Axis Powers, and thus save the greater part of her territory. She must intervene in Central Africa and ensure for herself possessions there, which will compensate for her for the loss of the territories which she will inevitably have to cede, when the peace treaty is signed, to Germany, Italy and Spain.

If she adopts the second alternative, France will not only have a chance of participating actively in the war against Britain and the United States, and thus of realising her ambitions in Africa, but she will also win the good-will of the Axis Powers. If France makes this decision, our communications to North Africa will be child's play. Further, such a decision would accelerate the entry of Spain into the war, and the French fleet would immediately become an important factor in the current military operations. Her fortunes, then, would all be staked on one card. If she comes in with us, however, she must clearly understand that it is essential for us to retain the strategic positions which we at present occupy on the Channel coast. At the same time she

must resign herself to the idea of satisfying the territorial demands of Germany, Italy and Spain, both in Europe and in Tunisia. She will be able to compensate herself by conquests in Central Africa.

On the other hand, if she adopts the first solution, or if she persists in her present equivocal attitude, then she must expect to lose all along the line. Somehow or other the Americans will get a grip on Martinique; while Britain will not only never dream of giving up Madagascar, but will also certainly do her best to recoup her Far Eastern losses by thrusting towards southern and western Africa, with the object of founding new dominions there. Spain will not withdraw her demands—nor will Italy. And Japan certainly has no intention of restoring Indo-China to France, where the latter now has nothing more than a caricature of a Government.

A country whose future depends on so tragic an alternative requires at its head a man capable of coldly facing the consequences of the situation. Marshal Pétain is not the man. It is true that he has extraordinary authority over the French, but he owes this primarily to the prestige conferred on him by his great age. When it is a question of taking decisions upon which everything, absolutely everything, depends for the future of his country, I think that the experience of a man of that age is of itself a handicap. For myself, I admit that I now think twice before giving a decision in a case where, ten years or so ago, I should have jumped without hesitation. Such being the situation, I feel that any meeting with Marshal Pétain would be devoid of interest, in spite of the respect in which I hold this upright man, who, when he was in Spain, always maintained courteous relations with our ambassador and who, moreover, has never ceased to advise his Government to come to terms with Germany. To make a comparison, I would say it would be like giving the principal part in an opera to some famous old singer covered with glory, and then, when faced with a deplorable result, consoling oneself by saying that twenty or thirty years ago, anyway, he had a throat of gold. It is a great pity that among Pétain's colleagues there is not one capable of taking the decisive action required. Laval, for example, is nothing but a parliamentary hack. The net result is that the Vichy Government has no real power. A phantom Government is always a source of danger. If France is at the moment safe from disintegration, protected against the threat of a *coup de main* or a civil war, she owes it all to the presence of our occupation troops, who constitute the only real power in the country.

During an inspection I was making of the Atlantic Wall constructions, I was accosted by one of the workmen. "Mein Fuehrer," he said, "I hope we're never going away from here. After all this tremendous work, that would be a pity." There is a wealth of wisdom in the man's remark, for it shows that a man hates to abandon a place on which he has worked so hard. I need scarcely say that nothing on earth would persuade us to abandon such safe positions as those on the Channel coast, captured during the campaign in France and consolidated by the Organisation Todt, and retire into the narrow confines of the North Sea!

In the same way, we must organise the Crimea in such a manner that, even in the dim future, we should never be constrained to leave to others the benefits of the work we have done there. We shall have to modernise the ports of the Crimea and establish strong fortifications on the narrows which command the approaches to the peninsula. These fortifications will have to be so strong, that the workmen who constructed them will themselves be convinced that here we have an impregnable position. It will be sufficient to have just one such base in the Crimea, for the Black Sea has for us an interest that is purely economic. And, as we have no interests in the Mediterranean, this should give us, after the war, a chance of establishing really amicable relations with Turkey.

217. 14th May 1942, at dinner

Rise of the Völkischer Beobachter—Suppression of the freedom of the Press—The National Socialist journalist—Rôle of a national Press—The lure of authority—The task of command.

If the *Völkischer Beobachter*, which originally had merely a few thousand subscribers, has now become a gigantic enterprise, in which reckoning is by the million, we owe it first and foremost to the exemplary industry of Reichsleiter Amann. Thanks to a quite military discipline, he has succeeded in getting the very best out of his colleagues, suppressing particularly all contact between the editorial and the administrative staffs. I don't know how often Amann, when telling me of the great financial development of the newspaper, begged me to make no mention of the fact in front of Rosenberg, the editor-in-chief, or the other members of the editorial staff. Otherwise, he used to say, they would plague him for higher salaries. What discipline, with the severity that is proper to it, Amann succeeded in im-

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posing on all his colleagues! He behaved as if the editorial staff and the editors were nothing but a necessary evil. And yet—what a task of immense educational value he has thus accomplished! He has moulded exactly the type of journalist that we need in a National-Socialist State. We want men who, when they develop a theme, do not first of all think of the success the article will bring them or of the material benefits it will give them; as formers of public opinion, we want men who are conscious of the fact that they have a mission and who bear themselves as good servants of the State.

As a supporter of this viewpoint, I have tried, since I came into power, to bring the whole of the German press into line. To do so, I have not hesitated, when necessary, to take radical measures. It was evident to my eyes that a State which had at its disposal an inspired press and journalists devoted to its cause possessed therein the greatest power that one could possibly imagine.

Wherever it may be, this fetish of the liberty of the press constitutes a mortal danger *par excellence*. Moreover, what is called the liberty of the press does not in the least mean that the press is free, but simply that certain potentates are at liberty to direct it as they wish, in support of their particular interests and, if need be, in opposition to the interests of the State.

It is not easy, at the beginning, to explain all this to the journalists and to make them understand that, as members of a corporate entity, they had certain obligations to the community as a whole. And endless repetitions were necessary before I could make them see that, if the press failed to grasp this idea, it would end only in harming itself. Take the case of a town with, say, a dozen newspapers; each one of them reports the various items in its own way, and in the end the reader can only come to the conclusion that he is dealing with a gang of opium-smokers. In this way the press gradually loses its influence on public opinion and all contact with the man in the street. The British press affords so excellent an example, that it has become quite impossible to gauge British public opinion by reading the British newspapers. This has been carried to such a pass, that as often as not the press bears no relation whatsoever to the lines of thought of the people.

That is exactly what happened in Vienna before 1914, in the time of Burgomeister Lueger. In spite of the fact that the entire Viennese press was in the hands of Jewry and in the pay of the Liberals, Lueger, the leader of the Christian Social Party, regularly obtained a handsome majority—

a fact which showed all too clearly the hiatus existing between the press of Vienna and public opinion.

As, in the military sphere, the aircraft has now become a combat weapon, so the press has become a similar weapon in the sphere of thought. We have frequently found ourselves compelled to reverse the engine and to change, in the course of a couple of days, the whole trend of imparted news, sometimes with a complete *volte face*. Such agility would have been quite impossible, if we had not had firmly in our grasp the extraordinary instrument of power which we call the press—and known how to make use of it.

A year before, when the Russo-German Pact was signed, we had the task of converting to a completely reverse opinion those whom we had originally made into fanatical opponents of Russia—a manoeuvre that must have appeared to be a rare old muddle to the older National Socialists. Fortunately, the spirit of Party solidarity held firm, and our sudden about-turn was accepted by all without misgiving. Then, on 22nd June 1941, again: "About turn!" Out shot the order one fine morning without the slightest warning! Success in an operation of this nature can only be achieved if you possess the press and know how to make tactical use of it.

When you regard the rôle of the press from this angle, you will realise at once that the profession of the journalist now is very different from that of the journalists of yore. There was, indeed, a time when the profession of journalism was one without any real importance, for rarely had the individual journalist any opportunity to give proof of personal character. To-day, the journalist knows that he is no mere scribbler, but a man with a sacred mission of defending the highest interests of the State. This evolution has been in progress throughout the years following our taking power, and to-day the journalist is conscious of his responsibilities, and his profession appears to him in a new light.

Viewed in this way, the rôle of the press must be guided by certain principles, which must be rigorously applied.

For example, when there are problems, over which men of eminence are scratching their heads without being able to find the solution, it is unwise in the extreme to air them in public; much better wait till the thing is settled. Before a military operation, no one would dream of communicating the orders to the troops, so that the rank and file could discuss them among themselves and express their opinion of the best way of carrying out the operation. To act in such a manner would be tantamount to a surrender of all sense

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eighty or two hundred marks, and thus gave them the chance of devoting themselves entirely to their art. This also had considerable effect on the theatre itself; firstly, it allowed them to engage really good-looking girls for the stage; secondly, it enabled the theatre to retain them and train them in the further perfection of their art; and thirdly, it meant that the theatre could foster their general education and thus fit them, at the latest at the age of thirty-five or so, to leave the stage, marry and settle down.

225. 21st May 1942, after dinner

The assumption of power—Negotiations with Papen—Intrigues of Schleicher—My demand for the Chancellorship and new elections—Refusal to assume office except by legal means—Danger of military dictatorship and a military putsch—General Hammerstein tries intimidation—Political greed of German Nationalist Party—Hindenburg sides with me—Blomberg neutralises the Wehrmacht—Only two Nazis in the first Cabinet—The tortuous rôle of Papen—Initial difficulties—My relations with Hindenburg become more close—Hindenburg rebuffs the King of Sweden.

When I roundly refused to consider any compromise and accept the Vice-Chancellorship in a von Papen Cabinet, and after the vain and treacherous attempts of General Schleicher, supported by Gregor Strasser, had failed to split the solid unity of the Party, political tension reached its zenith. Not only did Schleicher fail to win over a log-rolling majority in the Reichstag, but as a result of his go-slow policy as regards national economy, the number of unemployed rose, during the first fifteen days of his régime, by no less than a quarter of a million. In January 1933—one month, that is, after his assumption of office—Schleicher saw no other alternative but to dissolve the Reichstag and form a military Cabinet, upheld solely by the support of the President of the Reich.

But the idea of a military dictatorship, in spite of his great personal confidence in General Schleicher, filled old von Hindenburg with the liveliest apprehension. For in his heart of hearts the Old Gentleman was opposed to soldiers meddling in politics; besides that, he was not prepared to go further in the delegation of political plenipotentiary power than he felt himself able to do in accordance with his constitutional oath.

Faced with this situation of extreme political tension, von Hindenburg, through the intermediary of von Papen, approached me, and in the famous Cologne conversations explored the ground. For myself, I had the impression that all was going well for me. I made it quite clear, therefore, that I would not hear of any compromise, and threw myself, heart and soul, personally into the Lippe electoral campaign.

After the electoral victory at Lippe—a success whose importance it is not possible to over-estimate—the advisers of the Old Gentleman approached me once more. A meeting was arranged at Ribbentrop's house with Hindenburg's son and Herr von Papen. At this meeting I gave an unequivocal description of my reading of the political situation, and declared without mincing words that every week of hesitation was a week irretrievably wasted. The situation, I said, could be saved only by an amalgamation of all parties, omitting, of course, those fragmentary bourgeois parties which were of no importance and which, in any case, would not join us. Such an amalgamation, I added, could be successfully assured only with myself as Reichs Chancellor.

At this juncture I deliberately neglected my work within the Party in order to take part in these negotiations, because I considered it of the highest importance that I should legitimately take over the Chancellorship with the blessing of the Old Gentleman. For it was only as constitutionally elected Chancellor, obviously, and before undertaking any measures of reconstruction, that I could overcome the opposition of all the other political parties, and avoid finding myself in constant conflict with the Wehrmacht. My decision to attain power constitutionally was influenced primarily by my knowledge of the attitude of the Wehrmacht vis-à-vis the Chancellorship. If I had seized power illegally, the Wehrmacht would have constituted a dangerous breeding place for a *coup d'état* in the nature of the Röhm putsch; by acting constitutionally, on the other hand, I was in a position to restrict the activities of the Wehrmacht to its legal and strictly limited military function—at least until such a time as I was able to introduce conscription. Once that was accomplished, the influx into the Wehrmacht of the masses of the people, together with the spirit of National Socialism and with the ever-growing power of the National-Socialist movement, would, I was sure, allow me to overcome all opposition among the armed forces, and in particular in the corps of officers.

On 24th January 1933—the day after the SA assault on the Karl Liebknecht-Haus in Berlin had resulted in a tremendous loss of prestige for the Communist Party and caused great indignation in Berlin—I was again invited by von

** D.T. It is at this time that he decided to retreat to Poland (an event 18 mo. later.)*

Papen to a conference. Von Papen told me at once that Schleicher had formally asked the Old Gentleman for plenipotentiary powers to set up a military dictatorship, but that the latter had refused and had stated that he proposed inviting Adolf Hitler, in the rôle of leader of a national front, to accept the Chancellorship and to form a Government, with the proviso that von Papen should be nominated Vice-Chancellor.

I replied that I took cognisance of the offer, and, without permitting any discussion of detail, stated the conditions under which I was prepared to accept. These were the immediate dissolution of the Reichstag and the organisation of new elections. Under the pretext that I should be away from Berlin, I avoided a tentative suggestion that I should have a ten-minute talk with the Old Gentleman. Mindful of the experiences of the previous year, I was anxious to avoid giving rise to any undue optimism within the Party, such as was invariably the case whenever I was received by the Old Gentleman.

I took the opportunity in this conversation with Herr von Papen of pressing home my advantage and carrying a step further the negotiations started by Göring for the tentative formation of a Government. It was with the German Nationalists that the negotiations proved most difficult, for Geheimrat Hugenberg displayed a greed for portfolios out of all proportion to the strength of his party, and, because he feared that he would probably lose a great number of votes in any new elections, he would not hear of an early dissolution of the Reichstag. On 27th January, after a short absence from Berlin, I had a personal conference with Hugenberg, but we were unable to agree.

The negotiations for the formation of a Government were further complicated by General Schleicher and his clique, who did all in their power to wreck them. General von Hammerstein, Schleicher's most trusted colleague and Commander-in-Chief of the Army, was even stupid enough to have the impertinence to ring me up and tell me that "under no circumstances would the Wehrmacht sanction my acceptance of the Chancellorship!" If Herr Schleicher and his friends really imagined they could shake my determination with puerilities of this sort, they were grievously mistaken. My only reaction was to impress emphatically on Göring to accept as Minister of the Reichswehr only a General who had enjoyed my confidence, such as General von Blomberg, who had been recommended to me by my friends in East Prussia.

On 28th January the Weimar Republic finally collapsed.

Schleicher resigned, and von Papen was instructed to sound the various parties with a view to the formation of a new Government. For my own part, I at once declared that any half measures were now acceptable to me. The 29th, naturally, was buzzing with conferences, in the course of which I succeeded in obtaining Hugenberg's agreement to the dissolution of the Reichstag in return for the promise to give him the number of seats in the new Government which he had originally demanded for his Party, convincing him that with the Reichstag in its present form, it would be impossible to achieve anything.

The next afternoon Göring brought me the news that on the morrow the Old Gentleman proposed officially to invite me to accept the Chancellorship and the task of forming the Government.

Late in the afternoon, we were surprised by a completely insane action by Schleicher and his clique. According to information received from Lieut.-Colonel von Alvensleben, General von Hammerstein had put the Potsdam garrison on an alarm footing; the Old Gentleman was to be bundled off to East Prussia to prevent his interference, and the Wehrmacht was to be mobilised to stop by force the assumption of power by the NSDAP.

My immediate counter-action to this planned putsch was to send for the Commander of the Berlin SA, Graf Helldorf, and through him to alert the whole SA of Berlin. At the same time I instructed Major Wecke of the Police, whom I knew I could trust, to prepare for a sudden seizure of the Wilhelmstrasse by six police battalions. Through Herr von Papen I informed the Old Gentleman of the Schleicher clique's intentions. Finally I instructed General von Blomberg (who had been selected as Reichswehr Minister elect) to proceed at once, on arrival in Berlin at 8 a.m. on 30th January, direct to the Old Gentleman to be sworn in, and thus to be in a position, as Commander-in-Chief of the Reichswehr, to suppress any possible attempts at a *coup d'état*.

By eleven o'clock on the morning of 30th January, I was able to inform the Old Gentleman that the new Cabinet had been formed, and that the majority in the Reichstag required by constitution to enable it to function had been acquired. Shortly afterwards I received at the hands of the Old Gentleman my appointment as Chancellor of the German Reich.

At the beginning my task as the head of this Cabinet was the reverse of simple. With the exception of Frick, I had initially not one single National-Socialist member of the Cabinet. It is true that some of the others, like Blomberg and

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Neurath, had promised me their support, but the remainder were quite determined to go their own way. Gereke, the Commissioner for Labour, who a little later was arrested and found guilty of embezzlement, was from the beginning my most persistent opponent. I was therefore very pleased when Seldte came and declared that the die was cast, and that in future his party would do nothing that might hinder my efforts.

Apart from the difficulties inherent in the formation of a Government, I very quickly realised that the Old Gentleman had called upon me to accept the Chancellorship only because he could see no other constitutional way out of the political *impasse*. This was obvious from the number of conditions he imposed. He informed me, for instance, that all questions connected with the Reichswehr, the Foreign Office and overseas appointments remained in his hands. He further decided that von Papen must be present whenever he received me officially; and it was only after much hesitation and the intervention of Meissner, that the Old Gentleman was pleased to sign the order for the dissolution of the Reichstag, which I had managed to rattle through during the session of 31st January.

Within a week or so, however, my relations with Hindenburg began to improve. One day, when he wanted to see me about something or other, I invited his attention to the custom he himself had established—namely, that I could not visit him except in the company of von Papen—and pointed out that the latter was at the moment away from Berlin. The Old Gentleman replied that he wished to see me alone, and that in future the presence of von Papen could be regarded as unnecessary. Within three weeks we had progressed so far that his attitude towards me became affectionate and paternal. Talking of the elections fixed for the 3rd March, he said, "What are we going to do if you fail to get a majority? We shall have the same difficulties all over again." When later the first results of the elections began to come in, our relations had attained such a degree of frank cordiality, that the Old Gentleman exclaimed in a voice charged with real satisfaction: "Hitler wins!" And when the overwhelming victory of the National Socialists was confirmed, he told me straight out that he had always been averse to the parliamentary game and was delighted that the comedy of elections was now done with, once and for all.

That the Old Gentleman, in spite of his advanced age, still remained a great man was well demonstrated by the way he handled a situation arising out of a report on the disarmaments negotiations from Ambassador Nodoln. Nodoln

proposed to acquiesce in a proposal that Germany should at once proceed with her disarmament, and that that of the remaining Powers should follow—in a few years' time. After I had rejected this proposal out of hand and had informed the Old Gentleman of my action, Nodoln, without consulting me, begged audience of Hindenburg. The Old Gentleman flung him out and told me afterwards that he had not been in the least taken in by Nodoln's arguments, but had indeed dismissed him with a brusque: "You're pro-Moscow! Very well—you'd better get out of here!" (*Scheren Sie sich dahin!*)

This incident is a typical example of the way in which the Old Gentleman reduced every problem to its simplest denominator. He had completely succeeded in unravelling the tangled intrigues woven against us at Geneva—which were tantamount simply to our binding ourselves to obligations which the others had not the slightest intention of honouring. In the same direct manner, within a few minutes of MacDonald's handing to Germany the demands made of her in the League of Nations, he sanctioned the release to the world's press by Funk, the Reich Press Chief, of the news that Germany was withdrawing from the League. When the German people with a huge 95 per cent majority expressed approval of the decision and, incidentally, of my policy, the Old Gentleman was delighted.

The Old Gentleman was wonderful, too, in his appreciation of the situation as regards the re-occupation of the demilitarised zone of the Rhineland, and carried his point by sheer forceful personality. The various Ministers, on the contrary, had to be won over, one by one, to the idea of the entry of the Wehrmacht into this zone. Von Papen was even filled with anxiety, lest the French should take retaliatory measures of occupation. I myself, however, stuck to my opinion that the French could be allowed to occupy Mainz, provided that we recaptured our liberty of action and were in a position to do what we liked in the rest of the Reich, and were, first and foremost, in a position to re-arm. Subsequent events proved that I was right. It is true that, in order to set the minds of the people at rest, I went personally to the Rhineland. But the German people, by giving me a 99 per cent majority in the elections to the Reichstag on 29th March 1936, proved conclusively that they both understood and approved my policy.

It was by no means easy to convince the Old Gentleman, but once one had done so, he always gave his fullest support to whatever it might be. For instance, at first he would not hear of any anti-Semitic measures. But when, at a

dinner at the Swedish Legation, at which both were present, the King of Sweden expressed certain criticisms of the German policy towards the Jews, the Old Gentleman refuted them, saying in his deep, sonorous, bass voice that this was a purely domestic German affair, with which the German Chancellor alone was competent to deal.

I had some difficulty, also, in persuading the Old Gentleman of the necessity of curtailing the liberty of the press. On this occasion I played a little trick on him and addressed him not as a civilian with "Mr. President," but as a soldier with "Field Marshal," and developed the argument that in the Army criticism from below was never permitted—only the reverse, for what would happen if the N.C.O. passed judgment on the orders of the captain, the captain on those of the general and so on? This the Old Gentleman admitted and without further ado approved of my policy, saying: "You are quite right, only superiors have the right to criticise!" And with these words the freedom of the press was doomed.

For the fact that the Old Gentleman so faithfully followed my lead and always did his utmost to understand my intentions, I am deeply grateful. To what extent he had to free himself from old ideas in the process is shown by his remarks on the appointment of Gauleiter Hildebrandt to the post of Reichsstatthalter. The Old Gentleman signed the appointment, growling as he did so: "The fellow was only a farm labourer. Isn't he content with having been made a member of the Reichstag and being given the opportunity of spending the rest of his life in peace and quiet there!"

Once I had won him over to my side, the Old Gentleman's solicitude towards me was truly touching. Again and again he said that he had a Chancellor who was sacrificing himself for his country, and that often he could not sleep at night for thinking of "his Chancellor flying from one part of the Reich to another in the service of the people." What an eternal shame it was, he added, that such a man must belong to one Party.

226. 22nd May 1942, midday

Recruiting spies—The need for barbarous methods
—Weaknesses of the judges—Habit encourages crime.

Spies nowadays are recruited from two classes of society: the so-called upper classes and the proletariat. The middle classes are too serious-minded to indulge in such

* *Recall to Hindenburg thinking of how to move Hitler*

activity. The most efficient way of combating espionage is to convince those who are tempted to dabble in it that, if they are caught, they will most certainly lose their lives.

In the same way I am of the opinion that one should proceed with the utmost severity against other contemptible forms of crime which have sprung up under war conditions—for instance, theft under cover of the black-out. For, except by truly barbaric methods, how can one suppress such crimes, under cover of the black-out, as bag-snatching, assaults on women, housebreaking when the cellar door is left open and so on? For all such crimes there must be one penalty alone—the death penalty, whether the evil-doer is seventy or seventeen years of age.

Unless in war-time one punishes crime in the homeland with the utmost severity, two dangers will arise:

(a) The numbers of the criminal classes will increase and become uncontrollable;

(b) One will have the anachronism of the decent man losing his life at the front, while the criminal at home gets away with it, because he knows full well that for such a crime he can, under paragraph so-and-so, only be imprisoned for a specified period.

One must clearly understand that in wartime the population divides itself into three categories—the out-and-out idealist, the out-and-out egotist and the betwixt and between.

If we permit the blackguard to be treated with mercy at home, while the idealists are dying in large numbers in the field, then we are paving the way for a reverse process of selectivity, and showing that we have forgotten the lessons of the world war in 1917-18. I maintain therefore that there is no alternative. The man at the front MAY die, the blackguard at home MUST die. Any State which is not prepared to accept this principle has not the right to expose its idealists to death in the field.

The judges of to-day have no clear notion of their duties. For the most part they were appointed before we took power and, like the priesthood, have succeeded in maintaining their corporate entity in spite of changes of regime, and have therefore conserved all their liberal tendencies. I feel myself constrained in the circumstances to intervene, and I shall not hesitate to dismiss ruthlessly any judge who consistently gives judgment harmful to the good of the people and contrary to the national outlook; for I feel that it is my personal responsibility to see that there does not spring up a race of rascals on the home front, such as we

entertainment. Actually, women who are carrying on relations with some foreigner do not choose a café for a rendezvous, but invite them, rather, to their so-called *salons*. As for the women who frequent cafés, they are for the most part workers—postal employees, teachers, nurses and the like—off duty and enjoying a moment of repose. There are also a number of housewives, who, deprived of all home life at the moment, but having to work much harder than ever they worked in peace-time, have a right to seek a little distraction. For the rest, if you keep all the somewhat flighty women out of the cafés, the first people to suffer in consequence will be the lads on leave from the front. For goodness' sake, don't let us rush to the police every time some small peccadillo raises its head. Let us rather stick to educative measures. Don't forget, after all, that it was not by using fear inspired by police methods that we National Socialists won over the people, but rather by trying to show them the light and to educate them.

The same principle applies to food control. The professional black marketeer must be pursued and punished with the utmost rigour, but there is no need to stop trains, hold up motor-cars and badger people because they have bought a couple of eggs "off the record." And the peasant who, after having fulfilled the obligations put on him, helps a friend out with a bit from his surplus, need not have the police put on his tracks. The only effect of that would be to make him eat up all his surplus himself.

Those who took the initiative in causing passengers in trains and cars to be searched ought to remember the conditions which obtain in the North, the land of the big properties. They surely must have forgotten that even in peacetime the humble peasant women used to go to the town market to sell a few eggs, a few pounds of butter—things which she thought too precious to be eaten at her own table. No—but if one thinks that this sort of little black-market is assuming too large proportions, to a point where it may have some influence on prices, then the State must intervene again, and buy out of hand, but at prices a little above official market rates, the entire surplus.

In this case we must act warily, not forgetting that a peasant who has fulfilled the obligations put upon him has the right to dispose of his surplus as he pleases. This encourages him to work harder, and it also helps in consolidating the value of money. Actually, while the peasant tends to hoard, the townsman, on the contrary, tends—particularly in troublesome times—to transform his money into goods.

Dr. Goebbels said the Fuehrer's idea of making the State step in as a subsidiary purchaser was a solution after the manner of Columbus and the egg. When the Fuehrer asked how soon it would be possible to draw up adequate regulations, Bormann replied that the necessary steps had been taken and would come into force very soon, and that a system of price control appropriate to the situation had also been evolved. The Fuehrer continued:

It really is enough to make anyone angry, when one thinks that people are being deprived of essential food simply thanks to the pettiness of certain regulations—and that the food all the time is rotting in the store-rooms. I was furious, for example, when I heard that our soldiers were forbidden to purchase anything they liked in the French shops. The mighty intellects which conceived measures of this kind are obviously incapable of putting themselves in the place of the soldier who wants to send a little parcel home—a few pairs of stockings, a bit of chocolate, etc.—or to appreciate the tremendous joy such a parcel gives in the family. It required Göring's personal intervention to get this stupid rule cancelled.

As regards fruit and vegetables, Forster said he had authorised direct sale from producer to consumer, with the object of preventing the deterioration of perishable goods while passing through the hands of middle-men. Forster, thought, for example, that it was ridiculous to try to stop people with threats from buying asparagus and strawberries direct from the producer. These criticisms aimed at the inadequacy of the measures introduced by the Ministry of Food met with general agreement, and the Fuehrer declared that they were well-founded.

The gentlemen in the Ministry must be made to understand that this nonsense has got to stop. Such inept conceptions are simply the result of stubborn concentration on the conditions obtaining in North German big business. Surely they must see by this time that it is the manifold diversity of conditions existing in the field of food supply and distribution which themselves make it essential to restrict rules of universal application to an absolute minimum.

Dr. Goebbels expressed the fear that, from the Berlin point of view, the workmen might well be placed at a disadvantage by an unrestricted authorisation of direct purchase by consumer from producer. The effect might be that the

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wealthy would send their servants, and the idle would go themselves, into the country and buy up all the fruit and vegetables, while the Berlin workman would then find nothing to buy in the fruit and vegetable stalls of the local market. Replying to a question by the Fuehrer, Bormann said that direct purchase was being controlled by the Gauleiters according to local conditions. In certain West German territories, for example, and in Mutschmann's area it was forbidden. The Fuehrer concluded:

It is essential that the continual carting to and fro of fruit and vegetables, with the great loss of perishable goods which ensues, must be stopped. The transportation of potatoes, too, hither and thither all over Germany, as Speer recently proved to me with voluminous graphs, is sheer idiocy. Speer further told me that beer and cigarettes were also being carted about in the same aimless fashion. This chaos must also come to an end. It is nonsense that cigarettes manufactured in Dresden should be sent to Berlin for distribution, and that then a portion of them, representing the ration for Saxony, should solemnly be sent back to Dresden. We cannot afford the luxury of such futilities.

We must approach this problem of the transportation of supplies with strict logic. Such produce as is not required for local consumption must be sent to the NEAREST district in which there is a deficiency in these particular goods. Industrial towns must be assured of their supplies by help from the neighbouring countryside. We must encourage the setting up of big concerns, for not only are they easier to supervise, but they will also produce many times the volume that would be produced by a number of minor undertakings, occupying the same amount of ground.

We must further ensure a more methodical utilisation of food-stuffs in the great cities, by increasing in them the number of canteens for workers and employees and the number of public kitchens. This will enable the citizens to have a decent meal two or three times a week, and at the same time save ration coupons.

The overriding principle must be that everything in the way of agricultural produce that is grown in the territories under German control must be at the disposal of the consumer. If, for example, eggs go bad in the Ukraine for lack of means of transportation, then we must use the immense reserves of straw held in that country for the manufacture of additional fuel for the gas-burning forms of transportation, which could help solve the problem. As Speer rightly

said, if we stop carting beer uselessly about the country, we shall have ample refrigerator waggons for other purposes.

240. 24th June 1942, at dinner

The right man in the right place—The choice of leaders—A free hand for regional Chiefs—Decentralisation and unity—Choice of the Head of the State—Emperors by election.

From the time I started to organise the Party, I made it a rule never to fill an appointment until I had found the right man for it. I applied this principle to the post of Berlin Gauleiter. Even when the older members of the Party bombarded me with complaints over the Party leadership in Berlin, I refrained from coming to their assistance, until I could promise them that in Dr. Goebbels I had found the man I was seeking. For Dr. Goebbels poses two attributes, without which no one could master the conditions in Berlin: he has intelligence and the gift of oratory. Further, he is a typical son of the Ruhr—that type which, thanks to its close ties with the iron and steel processes, gives us a man of exceptional value and merit.

When I invited Goebbels to study the organisation of the Party in Berlin, he reported in due course that the weakness lay in the junior leaders, and he asked me for a free hand to make the necessary changes, and purge the Party of all unsatisfactory elements. I have never regretted giving him the powers he asked for. When he started, he found nothing particularly efficient as a political organisation to help him; nevertheless, in the literal sense of the word, he captured Berlin. He worked like an ox, regardless of all the stresses and strains to which the latent opposition of people like Stinnes must have exposed him.

It is no longer possible to-day to insist on the same *corps d'élite* as leaders of the Party as we were able to find during the years of struggle (*Die Kampfzeit*). For in those days veritable idealists rushed forward, fanatically determined to give their all for the Idea.

Reichsleiter Bormann is quite right when he mentions Major Dincklage in this respect—"the Rucksack Major," as he was called. Night and day Dincklage was on the road, speaking and recruiting for the NSDAP. When he got home, he stayed there for just so long as was needed to pack a little food in his rucksack, and off he went again. And he was typical of very many at the time.

Whenever I ponder over the question of selection of lead-

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ways, after all, at liberty to dissociate themselves from the family black sheep.

In Japan the principle of corporate family responsibility is so deeply rooted, that every family exercising influence, whether in the Army or in the political field, considers it a duty, as a matter of course, to prevent any member from doing anything contrary to the national interest. If their efforts are not successful and they feel that the national reputation of the family has been smirched by the erring son, then all the male members commit hari-kiri, to clear the family honour.

It is this principle of corporate responsibility that must be applied in the case of the brothers of the traitor Starhemberg, for the family of Prince Starhemberg has for centuries been one of the most influential families in Austria, and should therefore have been fully aware of their duties towards the German community, even during the time of the Weimar Republic. But don't let us get angry about Starhemberg; let us rather rejoice over the fall of Sebastopol.

Freiherr von Liebig has always been regarded as an ardent nationalist, and it was as such that he was brought to my attention. When I met him, however, I was repelled by the fellow's undeniable Jewish appearance. I was nevertheless repeatedly assured that in the family tree of the Freiherr, which went very far back, there was no vestige of non-Aryan ancestry. And now, by pure chance, we have found out that one of the Freiherr's ancestors, born at Frankfurt-on-Main in 1616, was a pure, hundred per cent Jew! And so, although more than three hundred years separate the present Freiherr from his Jewish ancestor, and although with this one exception all his ancestors were pure Aryans, he nevertheless has all the unmistakable racial characteristics of the Jew.

This confirms the opinion I have already expressed when speaking about the Englishman, Cripps, that all half-caste families—even if they have but a minute quantity of Jewish blood in their veins—produce regularly, generation by generation, at least one pure Jew. Roosevelt affords the best possible proof of the truth of this opinion.

Roosevelt, who both in his handling of political issues and in his general attitude, behaves like a tortuous, pettifogging Jew, himself boasted recently that he had "noble" Jewish blood in his veins. The completely negroid appearance of his wife is also a clear indication that she, too, is a half-caste.

Such examples should open the eyes of all reasonable people and be a warning of the menace that half-castes can

be. A complete assimilation of foreign blood is not possible, and the characteristics of the foreign race inevitably continue to reappear.

Our people therefore is only harming itself if it accepts half-castes into the Wehrmacht, and thus admits them to a position of equality with pure-blooded Germans. We cannot accept the responsibility of burdening our blood-stream with the addition of further foreign elements. Exceptions in favor of half-castes must therefore be reduced to a minimum.

The surest sign of the collapse of British domination in Egypt is the instructions given by the British Ministry of Information to the press to minimise the importance of Alexandria to the British Empire; for the British press is so well-informed and accurately directed, that it is only when, in the opinion of the Government, some Dominion or other portion of the Empire cannot possibly be held any longer, that it starts such tricks in an endeavour to turn public attention to some other portion of the Commonwealth.

In the case of Egypt, the press story will have to be made very convincing, for while the loss of Hong Kong and Singapore has hit only the well-to-do classes, Egypt for the man in the street represents one of the most important props of British prosperity. For Churchill and his supporters, therefore, the loss of Egypt must inevitably give rise to fears of a considerable strengthening of the popular opposition.

One must not lose sight of the fact that to-day there are already twenty-one members of Parliament who openly oppose Churchill; and even though the discipline of the voting system is invoked to silence them, it is not by methods such as these that Churchill will succeed in remaining in office. Only if he succeeds by skilful handling of public opinion in turning popular attention from Egypt on to, say, India, will he be able to oppose with any chance of success a tremendously increased opposition.

The Fuehrer stated that Gerede, the Turkish Ambassador to Berlin had been called to Ankara for consultation with the Turkish Foreign Minister. In this connection the Fuehrer continued:

The fall of Sebastopol has roused the greatest jubilation in Ankara, and the hatred of the Turks for the Russians was given a free rein during the rejoicings. If, as a result, Gerede should be appointed Foreign Minister, we shall have no

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cause to complain. He is not, admittedly, a militant diplomat, like Oshima, but he's a man who is absolutely convinced that Germany and Turkey must go forward hand in hand.

Oshima and Gerede are without doubt the two ablest foreign diplomats at the moment in Berlin. Oshima is the more assured, because he has in the Japanese Armed Forces an organisation at his back which has both the knowledge and the power to control the political situation to the best advantage of the country. Gerede lacks any similarly strong support; the Turkish armed forces play no part in politics, and so he must needs further the interests of his country with the subtlety of a foil rather than the force of a sabre.

If Gerede should be appointed Foreign Minister, the problem of the Near East will, from our point of view, assume a totally different aspect. The other principal actor in this part of the world, the Grand Mufti, is also a realist rather than a dreamer, where politics are concerned. With his blond hair and blue eyes, he gives one the impression that he is, in spite of his sharp and mouse-like countenance, a man with more than one Aryan among his ancestors and one who may well be descended from the best Roman stock. In conversation he shows himself to be a pre-eminently sly old fox. To gain time in which to think, he not infrequently has things translated to him first into French and then into Arabic; and sometimes he carries his caution so far that he asks that certain points be committed straightway to writing. When he does speak, he weighs each word very carefully. His quite exceptional wisdom puts him almost on equal terms with the Japanese.

And what cunning diplomats the Japanese are, is exemplified by a small episode, in the course of which I myself, I must confess, all but fell into a trap. Somebody had apparently put forward a theory some time or other that, because of their susceptibility to some sort of disturbance of the sense of balance, the Japanese could never become first-class air pilots. When the responsible Japanese statesman discovered that this twaddle was being swallowed whole by the gullible General Staffs in various countries, they did their utmost to foster the idea. And behind this camouflage they proceeded to build up an Air Force, whose successes have astounded the world.

I have myself often successfully applied the principle that when the representatives of a foreign Power reach a conclusion which is faulty in itself, but which it is in our interest that it be accepted as accurate—then, let well alone.

When, after the assumption of power, I made a start

with our rearmament programme, I had to reckon with the certainty of countermeasures from the West. The current rumours of differences between the SS and the Reichswehr were, in this rather ticklish situation, of the greatest assistance to me. The French Ambassador, François-Poncet, greedily gobbled up all these rumours, and the more we fed him, the more emphatically did he report to Paris that any military intervention by France would be quite unnecessary, as the tension between SS and Reichswehr would undoubtedly develop in its own time into a life-and-death struggle.

In the same way, the Röhm putsch was portrayed in François-Poncet's reports as an internecine breaking of German heads in the hallowed manner of the Middle Ages, which would leave France at liberty to pull the chestnuts out of the fire as she wished. The Röhm putsch was thus of the greatest assistance to us in postponing the taking of any military measures by either France or Britain long enough for the progress of our rearmament to make any intervention by these Powers impossible.

245. 2nd July 1942, at dinner

The Tyrolese in the Crimea—The struggle between State and Church—Joan of Arc, witch—Patriotism and dynastic interests.

I have just read a report by Gauleiter Frauenfeld on the South Tyrol. In it he proposes that the South Tyrolese should be transplanted *en masse* to the Crimea, and I think the idea is an excellent one. There are few places on earth in which a race can better succeed in maintaining its integrity for centuries on end than the Crimea. The Tartars and the Goths are the living proof of it. I think, too, that the Crimea will be both climatically and geographically ideal for the South Tyrolese, and in comparison with present settlements it will be a real land of milk and honey.

Their transfer to the Crimea presents neither physical nor psychological difficulty. All they have to do is to sail down just one German waterway, the Danube, and there they are.

The Fuehrer next addressed Bormann on the subject of some books which the latter had given him to read. The Fuehrer said:

The passages you have marked interest me very much indeed. It would really be most valuable if these books could

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ress. The bird is one degree in advance of the flying fish, which itself is higher than the ordinary fish; and in the same way, the aircraft is an advance on the ship—and the future belongs to the air.

248. 4th July 1942, at dinner

German Embassy at the Vatican—Interpretations of the Concordat—My relations with the Papal Nuncio—Americans stand no nonsense from the Church—A milliard a year into the pockets of the priests!—The Concordat must be ended—Faulty manœuvres by the Wilhelmstrasse—I refuse open war with the Church—An account to be settled with Bishop von Galen—The Bishops will soon fawn on the State.

Should we decide to recall our present representative from the Vatican, I can see no adequate reason for sending any fresh incumbent to this Embassy. The relations between Germany and the Vatican are based on the Concordat. But this same Concordat is no more than the survival of agreements reached between the Vatican and the different German States, and, with the disappearance of the latter and their incorporation in the German Reich, it has become obsolete. It is true that it has as its basis these various agreements, but it is a confirmation of past agreements rather than a current agreement in force. I am therefore of the considered opinion that the juridical consequence of the disappearance of the sovereignty of the individual German States and its incorporation in the sovereignty of the Reich render the continuation of diplomatic relations with the Vatican redundant.

From military reasons connected with the war I have so far refrained from translating this conception into fact. Equally, however, I have shown myself unresponsive to the attempts of the Vatican towards extension of the provisions of the Concordat to embrace the newly acquired territories of the Reich. The Saar, Sudetenland, Bohemia and Moravia, the Reichsgau Danzig-East Prussia, the Warthegau, a large part of Silesia and Alsace-Lorraine have, in fact, no relations with the Roman Catholic Church which are supported by formal international agreement. In these territories, therefore, Church affairs must be settled locally.

If the Papal Nuncio seeks audience of the Foreign Office and tries through this channel to gain some say in religious developments in the new territories, his advances must be rejected. He must be told clearly that, in the absence of

any particular Concordat, the settlement of Church affairs in these territories is a matter to be settled exclusively between the relevant State representative—that is, the Reichsstatthalter—and the head of the local ecclesiastical body.

I should, of course, have preferred Minister Lammers to impart this information to the Papal Nuncio. Unfortunately the Wilhelmstrasse, with its usual greed for fields of fresh authority, has allowed itself to be imposed upon by the Papal Legate. Well, I shall be interested to see how these gentleman get themselves out of the tangle!

Regulations framed to cover the whole Reich cannot but make more difficult the clarification of relations between State and Church, at which we are aiming; for the Catholic Church strives always to seek advantage where we are weakest by demanding the application to the whole Reich of those of the various Concordats which conform most closely to its aspirations.

Therefore, as regards future relations between State and Church, it is very satisfactory from our point of view that in nearly half the Reich negotiations can now be conducted by the appropriate Reichsstatthalter, unfettered by the clauses of the central Concordat. For this means that in each district the Gauleiter can, according to the degree of emancipation acquired by the population of his Gau, lead the people forward step by step in the sense that we desire.

[*Note by translator.* The diatribe which occupies the next few paragraphs is couched in most bitter and often vulgar terms. Throughout Hitler uses the opprobrious term "Pfaffe" (in one case "Pfaffengeschmeiss"), of which there is no direct English equivalent. The translator has tried to reproduce the atmosphere of the passage.]

Although, in general, I hold no brief for the Americans, I must in this respect take off my hat to them. The American statesmen, by subjecting the Church to the same regulations governing all other associations and institutions, have limited its field of activity to reasonable proportions; and, as the State does not contribute from State Funds one single cent to the Church, the whole clergy cringes and sings hymns in praise of the Government. This is not to be wondered at! The parson, like everyone else, has got to live; what he makes out of the public offertory doesn't amount to much, and so he is more or less dependent on State charity. As he has no legal claim whatever on the State, he therefore takes very good care that his demeanor is always pleasing in the eyes of the State and therefore deserving of the crumbs it cares to toss to him.

Once we cease handing out milliards of marks a year to the Church, our damn parsons will very quickly change their

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tune and, instead of having the impudence to revile us and attack us in the most shameful manner, will very soon be eating out of our hands. We can make this clerical gang go the way we want, quite easily—and at far less cost than at present.

Contributions should be made to selected individual parsons. If we give some Bishop—for himself and his subordinates—a round million, he will pocket the first three hundred thousand for his own use—otherwise he's no true parson! The distribution of the meagre rest among the parsons of his whole diocese will cause a pretty little uproar among the whole brood—and leave us laughing like hell!

In one respect, however, we must remain absolutely obdurate. Any petitions for State intervention must be rejected out of hand. Justification for such rejection is obvious. On its own showing the Church knows full well that no profane spirits could possibly succeed in mediating in Church affairs as well as the clergy itself. How can you expect some wretched little Government jack-in-office like myself, to whom the light has not been vouchsafed, to tackle so vital and intricate a problem!

Agreement as to distribution of funds must, as in other agreements, be left in the hands of the Reichsstatthalter. I don't think we need fear that they will enter upon any commitments which are directed against either the State or its interests. For one thing, the Gauleiters are under firm control, and for another, most of the Reichsstatthalters are much stricter in these affairs than I am.

Once the war is over we will put a swift end to the Concordat. It will give me the greatest personal pleasure to point out to the Church all those occasions on which it has broken the terms of it. One need only recall the close co-operation between the Church and the murderers of Heydrich. Catholic priests not only allowed them to hide in a church on the outskirts of Prague, but even allowed them to entrench themselves in the sanctuary of the altar.

The development of relations between State and Church affords a very instructive example of how the carelessness of a single statesman can have after-effects which last for centuries. When Charlemagne was kneeling at prayer in St. Peter's, Rome, at Christmas in the year 800, the Pope, giving him no time to work out the possible effects of so symbolic an action, suddenly bent down and presto! popped a golden crown on his head! By permitting it, the Emperor delivered himself and his successors into the hands of a power which subjected the German Government and the German people to five hundred years of martyrdom.

To-day, as always, there are responsible people to be found who are careless enough to allow a crown of gold to be popped on to their heads, and one cannot exaggerate the enormous effects which such an action, seemingly trifling at the time, can later produce.

Much in the same class and equally stupid is the idea of the Wilhelmstrasse that every note from the Vatican must be answered. The very act of answering is tantamount to an admission of the right of the Vatican to interfere in German domestic issues—if only in ecclesiastical issues—and to maintain official correspondence with us.

Not only the history of the past, but also present times afford numberless examples of the very hard-boiled diplomats to be found in the service of the Catholic Church, and of how extremely cautious one must be in dealing with them.

Just after my entry into Vienna I heard a tremendous whistling and cheering under my window and was told it was for Cardinal Archbishop Innitzer, who was on his way to visit me. I expected to see a wretched little parson, downcast and oppressed with the burden of his sins. Instead of which there appeared a man who addressed me with self-assurance and a beaming countenance, just as if, throughout the whole period of the Austrian republic, he had never even touched a single hair of the head of any National Socialist! Let me add, however, that once one has come into contact with gentlemen of this type, one soon learns to recognise them on sight.

The Papal Nuncio, on whom, as doyen of the diplomatic corps, falls the duty of delivering the congratulatory address at the New Year's ceremony, invariably tries to use the occasion to turn the conversation to the position of the Catholics in Germany. But I always manage to side-step him, asking him in a most amiable and pressing manner for news of the health of his Holiness and, when this engrossing subject has been dealt with, turning hastily to greet the remainder of the diplomatic corps. Except at this reception, I have on principle always refused to meet the Papal Nuncio, and fob off on to Lammers instead. I have thus succeeded in withdrawing myself from all personal contact with the Vatican.

During the years of our struggle Rosenberg once submitted to me the draft of a leading article he proposed publishing in reply to the attacks of the Catholic Church. I forbade him to publish it; and I still think it was a great mistake that Rosenberg ever let himself be drawn into a battle of words with the Church. He had absolutely nothing

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to gain from it; the hesitant Catholics of their own free will regarded the Church with a critical eye, and from the truly devout not only could he expect no fair hearing for his "heretical outpourings," but he must also have realised that the opposition propaganda would condemn him for his meddling in matters of faith and successfully point to him as man guilty of mortal sin.

The fact that I remain silent in public over Church affairs is not in the least misunderstood by the sly foxes of the Catholic Church, and I am quite sure that a man like the Bishop von Galen knows full well that after the war I shall extract retribution to the last farthing. And, if he does not succeed in getting himself transferred in the meanwhile to the Collegium Germanicum in Rome, he may rest assured that in the balancing of our accounts, no "I" will remain uncrossed, no "I" undotted!

The attitude of the Bishop von Galen affords just one more argument in favour of terminating the Concordat after the war, substituting for it regional regulations and immediately withdrawing from the Church the financial support at present guaranteed to it by that treaty.

I am sure it will give my Reichsstatthalter great pleasure to inform some Bishop, who, from the State's point of view, has strayed from the straight and narrow path, that the Reichsgau, owing to a temporary lack of funds, is, unfortunately and to his own personal deep regret, compelled temporarily to stop such contributions as it was in the habit of making from time to time!

When once the Concordat and its financial obligations have been repudiated, and the Church becomes dependent on the offertory, it will pocket a bare 3 per cent of the money it at present gets from the State, and all the Bishops will come creeping and begging to the Reichsstatthalter.

It will be the duty of the Reichsstatthalter to make it quite clear after the war that he will deal with the Church in exactly the same way as he deals with any other national association, and that he will not tolerate the intervention of any foreign influence. The Papal Nuncio can then return happily to Rome, we shall be saved the expense of an embassy at the Vatican, and the only people who will weep tears over the jobs that have been lost will be the Foreign Office!

249. 4th July 1942, at dinner

Two men in advance of their time—Naming battle-

*ships—Stronger collaboration from Czechoslovakia
—Those who are not for me are against me.*

I think it is very astonishing that men like Ulrich von Hutten and Goetz von Berlichingen should have been so far in advance of their times and so progressive in their ideas, and it is a great pity that they had behind them in their struggle no strong and concrete doctrine, which would have given them the necessary moral *elan* and perseverance. Their completely German outlook nevertheless entitles them to a high place in the esteem of the German people. I have for this reason suggested that battleships or other large warships at present under construction should be named after them.

I rejected the suggestion that a battleship should be named after myself, because if such a ship has had bad luck, the superstitious would regard it as an unfavorable omen for my own activities. Imagine a battleship named after me having to spend six months in dry dock for repairs! Look, for example, at the very harmful effect the announcement of the destruction of Fort Stalin at Sebastopol had on Russian morale.

In a State which is founded on a concrete political philosophy, prudence must be exercised in the naming of warships. *October Revolution*, *Marat*, the *Commune of Paris* in the Soviet Navy is an example of what I mean. I have therefore ordered that the battle cruiser *Deutschland* should be re-named, for the loss of a ship of that name would cause greater consternation than the loss of any other ship. For the same reason I will not allow the names of anyone associated with the National Socialist movement or philosophy to be used for any warships. After a man like Goetz von Berlichingen, on the other hand, you can name as many ships as you like; for such is his popularity among the people, that even if any number of ships bearing his name were successively sunk, the christening of a new one with the same name will always be greeted with applause.

The Fuehrer stated that, according to a telegram received, the Government of Bohemia and Moravia had organised a gigantic rally of the Czech people, at which an appeal for complete co-operation with the Greater German Reich was made, and that the appeal had gone on to say that those who in the future held themselves aloof from such co-operation would be branded as traitors to the Czech people. The Fuehrer's remarks on the subject were:

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must not be impeded by the interests of industry. When once we are convinced that slime from the sea-bed is, on account of higher nitrogen content, a better fertiliser than any artificial manure, we must transport whole trainloads of it, in spite of the protests of our chemical industry.

As most people are egotists at heart, any efficient functioning of a national economy is not possible without State direction and control. The Venetian Republic affords an excellent example of how successful a State directed economy can be. For five hundred years the price of bread in Venice never varied, and it was left to the Jews with their predatory motto of Free Trade to wreck this stability.

The opinion was expressed that the strong pro-monarchist tendencies which had recently been manifest in Spain could perhaps be attributable to the ambition of Franco to obtain, in the event of the restoration of the monarchy, a minor coronet for himself. The Fuehrer disagreed.

I disagree entirely. Franco has, I think, sufficient intelligence to realise that any king—if he stopped at that—would at least dismiss him and his followers on the spot, tarnished as they are with the responsibility for the civil war. Nobody is so monumentally stupid as a king; that I know from my own personal experience. About a year after the victory of our Party, one of our former potentates, Rupprecht of Bavaria, sent an emissary to me to say that he was sure I would recognize the necessity of restoring the monarchy. The emissary, following his instructions, went on to say quite frankly that I could not, of course, remain as Reich Chancellor in the restored monarchy, because my continued presence would be an obstacle to the unification of the German people. I should, however, be most generously treated and should be rewarded—with a dukedom!

This fellow was so damn stupid that he could not even see that it was just he himself and his fellow Princes who had always been the cause of the disintegration of the German people throughout history, and that never has there been a stronger and more integrated unity of the German races than that which we have achieved under my leadership.

And the idiot imagined that some confounded nincompoop could tempt me to give up the leadership of this great people—by making me a Duke!

251. 5th July 1942, evening

Falsification of war communiqués—Switzerland be-

lieves the Jewish lies—No foe in Europe compares with the British—But Nationalist Socialist Germany will beat them in the end—Britain in the hands of the Jews—Conservation of our racial integrity—Farcical success of Saint Paul.

Commenting on a completely false Soviet war communiqué which had been published in the Swedish and Swiss Press as well as in that of Britain and America, the Fuehrer said:

These communiqués are typical Jewish fabrications. Although they do not even give names of places, they are nevertheless published by news agencies all the world over; and the explanation is, of course, that these agencies themselves are for the most part in the hands of Jews.

Unfortunately, this Jewish twaddle is being accepted without question not only in Britain and America, but also in Sweden and Switzerland. The reason why the Jews and their fabrications find such credence becomes apparent if you take a look at a country like Switzerland. In that country, Tom has milk interests, Dick follows the prices of the grain market, and Harry exports watches. In these circumstances, even old Wilhelm Tell himself could not maintain the military spirit at any high level. As a result, military knowledge has been so discounted, that any Swiss officer who shows a true appreciation of the facts of this war is immediately relieved of his command.

In Germany, one of the primary services rendered by the NSDAP is its success in restoring to the people the emphatic conviction that perpetual military training of the rising generations must always continue.

If this spirit is to be maintained, it is essential that those who have distinguished themselves either by great successes in the field or as men of very wide experience in war should be made available as models and instructors for the rising generation. The Reserve of Officers must be carefully nursed, for in the military training of the individual the Reserve Officers, the living incarnations of the martial spirit of our race, have an incomparable military duty towards the whole people. Apart from this, the schools and other centres of instruction must in all circumstances foster that interest—an interest, by the way, which remained active even during the Weimar Republic—which Germans have always shown in the connection between science and the military art.

I have always been an ardent disciple of the belief that,

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in a struggle between peoples, the people with the higher average morale must always emerge victorious. In my opinion, that an inferior people should triumph over a strong is a negation of the laws of nature.

The British maintained their position of world domination for three hundred years solely because there was during that period nothing on the Continent comparable in race or intelligence to oppose them. Napoleon himself was no real menace to them, because, in the frenzy of the French Revolution, he had no solid basis on which to found a new order in Europe; and apart from him, there has never been in Europe, since the disintegration of the old German Empire, any State which, in either quantity or quality, could compare with the British.

Thanks to the development of National Socialist Germany, I firmly believe, if only on purely biological grounds, we shall succeed in surpassing the British to such an extent that, with one hundred and fifty to two hundred million Germans, we shall become the undisputed masters of the whole of Europe. A recrudescence of the problem of Rome or Carthage in the new guise of Germany or Great Britain is not, in my opinion, possible. For the result of this war will be that, whereas in Britain each additional million of population will be an additional burden on the island itself, the increasing growth of our own races will have open to them horizons of political and ethnological expansion which are limitless.

Further, any alleviation of the overcrowding of towns by a movement back to the land is not possible in Britain, for this would necessitate an immediate revolution of the whole social system of the Kingdom, which, in its turn, would lead to the disintegration of the rest of the Empire.

These very important facts have been largely overlooked in Britain because the country is ruled not by men of intelligence but by Jews, as one must realise when one sees how the intrigues of the Jews in Palestine are accepted in Britain without comment or demur.

One of our most important tasks will be to save future generations from a similar political fate and to maintain for ever watchful in them a knowledge of the menace of Jewry. For this reason alone it is vital that the Passion Play be continued at Oberammergau; for never has the menace of Jewry been so convincingly portrayed as in this presentation of what happened in the times of the Romans. There one sees in Pontius Pilate a Roman racially and intellectually so superior, that he stands out like a firm, clean rock in the middle of the whole muck and mire of Jewry.

The preservation of our racial purity can be assured only by an awareness of the racial issues involved; our laws, therefore, must be framed with the sole object of protecting our people not only against Jewish, but also against any and every racial infection.

We must do all we can to foster this racial awareness until it attains the same standard as obtained in Rome in the days of her glory. In those days the Roman protected himself subconsciously against any racial adulteration. The same thing occurred in Greece at the height of her power; according to reports handed down to us, the very market-place itself in Athens shook with laughter when St. Paul spoke there in favour of the Jews. If nowadays we do not find the same splendid pride of race which distinguished the Grecian and Roman eras, it is because in the fourth century these Jewish-Christians systematically destroyed all the monuments of these ancient civilisations. It was they, too, who destroyed the library at Alexandria.

252. 6th July 1942, at dinner

Relations with the foreign press—Miserly outlook of our Press Chief—The Nuremberg Rally—Four thousand special trains.

When I visited Berlin before we came into power, I used to stay at the Kaiserhof; and as I was always accompanied by a complete General Staff, I generally had to book a whole floor, and our bill for food and lodging usually came to about ten thousand marks a week. I earned enough to defray these costs mostly by means of interviews and articles for the foreign press. Towards the end of the struggle period I was being paid as much as two or three thousand dollars a time for such work.

In placing these articles and arranging interviews I often had rows with my Foreign Press Chief, Hanfstaengl, because, as a business man rather than a politician, he judged everything in terms of cash received. Once, for example, when I told him to get a certain article published in the whole world press just as quickly as it could possibly be done, he lost a lot of valuable time haggling over the best terms obtainable.

On one occasion he came back at me three times in an attempt to gain my consent to the sale of an article to some news agency, finally hoping to persuade me by dangling an offer of a thousand pounds sterling before my eyes. When I turned on him in fury and shouted: "Get to hell

out of this, you and your damned greed! Can't you understand that if I want a certain article to appear at a certain time throughout the world, money just doesn't matter?" he simply shook his head wonderingly, unable to understand how I could possibly let a cool thousand slip through my fingers in this way.

His rapacity and avarice frequently made Hanfstaengl impossible to deal with. On one occasion in some small peasants' tavern he made the whole company look ridiculous by raising a frightful row over the bill for a supper which, mark you, he wasn't being called upon to pay for personally, and on which in any case, there had been an overcharge of only threepence! He was a mighty consumer of vegetables—but he never ordered any for himself; instead—and this is typical of the man—he kept a sharp eye on the rest of the company, and then would go round the table, gathering up the odds and ends left by the others and muttering in justification: "Vegetables are the most health-giving food in the world!" In the evenings, in the same way, remarking that cheese was "so nourishing," he would go round scrounging bits of cheese from the whole company.

On one occasion when we had to undertake a journey in a great hurry I told Hanfstaengl to get something to eat for everybody before we left. Although he knew full well that most of us disliked cheese, he came back with two baskets full of cheese sandwiches—and then with the greatest aplomb and satisfaction he carted the not inconsiderable remnants off to his own house!

Reichsleiter Bormann and General Bodenschatz then told anecdotes about Hanfstaengl and his miserly avarice which confirmed the description the Fuehrer had painted of him.

In the course of our many electoral tours my companions and I have got to know and to love the Reich from Berlin to its uttermost corners. As for the most part I was invited to take my meals *en famille*, I also got to know intimately Germans all over Germany. There I used to meet whole families, in which the father would be working in our political section, the mother was a member of the Women's Association, one brother was in the SS, the other in the Hitler Youth, and the daughter was in the German Girl's League. And so when we all meet once a year at the Party Rally at Nuremberg, it always gives me the impression of being just one huge family gathering.

The Party Rally has, however, been not only a quite unique occasion in the life of the NSDAP but also in many

respects a valuable preparation for war. Each Rally requires the organisation of no fewer than four thousand special trains. As these trains stretched as far as Munich and Halle, the railway authorities were given first-class practice in the military problem of handling mass troop transportation.

Nor will the Rally lose its significance in the future. Indeed, I have given orders that the venue of the Rally is to be enlarged to accommodate a minimum of two million for the future—as compared to the million to a million and a half to-day. The German Stadium which has been constructed at Nuremberg, and of which Horth has drawn two magnificent pictures, accommodates four hundred thousand people and is on a scale which has no comparison anywhere on earth.

253. 7th July 1942, midday

Our dreamy archaeologists—Deforestation is the precursor of decadence—The antiquity of our towns.

People make a tremendous fuss about the excavations carried out in districts inhabited by our forebears of the pre-Christian era. I am afraid I cannot share their enthusiasm, for I cannot help remembering that, while our ancestors were making these vessels of stone and clay, over which our archaeologists rave, the Greeks had already built an Acropolis.

One must be cautious also with any detailed assertions as regards the standard of culture attained by our ancestors during the first Christian millennium. If, for example, some most ancient school primer is discovered in East Prussia, one must not immediately leap to the conclusion that it originated there. In all probability it had come from the south in exchange for a piece of amber.

The real protagonists of culture, both in the thousand years before Christ and in the thousand years after Him, were the peoples of the Mediterranean. This may appear improbable to us to-day, because we are apt to judge these people from present-day appearances. But that is a great mistake.

North Africa was once a heavily wooded territory, and Greece, Italy and Spain, too, at the time of the Græco-Roman era also had many vast forests. In passing judgment on Egyptian history, too, let me advise caution. Like Greece and Italy, Egypt also during the period of her glory was a most habitable country with a most equable climate. So when a people begin to cut down their trees without making any

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provision for re-forestation—and thus rob nature's wise irrigation system of its most essential pre-requisite—you may be sure that it is a sign of the beginning of their cultural degeneration.

The many false ideas prevalent among our people as regards the cultural development of our ancestors have been encouraged to no small degree by false premises about the age of our cities. I was myself taken aback, for instance, when I found that Nuremberg itself was but seven centuries old. Nuremberg's reputed antiquity is attributable in some measure to the slyness of the Nurembergers themselves. The Oberbürgermeister Liebel—as he himself confessed to me—allowed the seven hundredth anniversary to pass unheralded, because he did not wish the attention of people, who believed the city to be much older, drawn to the truth of the matter.

It has, however, been reasonably firmly established that the origin of Nuremberg was an old Salic castle, round which, little by little, a village grew. Most medieval cities were founded in the same way; hence the large number of towns created during the Middle Ages in Eastern Germany. These fortress castles were of great importance for the protection of the peasantry. Without them, the country folk would never have been able to maintain themselves against the oriental hordes, which even at that time ceaselessly pressed against our frontiers, and sometimes even over-ran our territories. In Transylvania, where these fortresses were not so numerous, fortifications had to be constructed against, among others, the Turks, and this explains why one frequently finds that even the churches are designed to resist attack.

254. 7th July 1942, at dinner

The changing Spanish scene—Serrano Suñer and the Church—Where Franco's policy differs from National Socialism or Fascism—Spanish Reds are not Russia's vassals—A nincompoop not a hero—The intervention of Heaven in war—and of the skies—a different thing—The first Falange—General Muñoz Grande, a fine soldier—Anti-social elements, female Communists.

General Jodl told the Fuehrer of an incident which had occurred at the Spanish frontier on the occasion of the return home of some wounded of the Blue Division. These men were refused places in the South Express, and when

pleased indeed that the intrigues of the Serrano Suñer clique to get this General dismissed from the command of the Blue Division were frustrated at the last moment; for the Blue Division may well once more play a decisive rôle, when the hour for the overthrow of this parson-ridden régime strikes.

In a report on the disorders in Serbia, it was stated that over 95 per cent of the insurgents taken prisoner were ex-criminals. The Fuehrer said:

I am not in the least surprised to hear it, for it only confirms my own ideas about revolutionaries, based on the experience of 1918-19.

If you wish to prevent a revolution by anticipation, the first thing you must do, as soon as the situation becomes critical, is to kill off the whole anti-social rabble; and you can do this only if you have already gathered them safely together in a concentration camp.

The theory that by thus putting them in prison you deprive this anti-social rabble of the benefits of the influence of family life is pure clap-trap. If you allow them the blessings of family life, all you are doing it to build the foundation cells for a further brood of criminals. Children who grow up in the company of subversive-minded parents themselves becomes rogues, for their mothers are invariably of the same pernicious ilk as their rogue fathers.

Our period of struggle gave me valuable experience of this. At the SS rallies it was the females of the Communist species who were the most despicable. These hags would pelt our men with everything they could lay their hands on, and when our men started to defend themselves, they would hold up their own children, regardless of the danger, as shields to protect themselves. What better proof than that can you have of their complete disregard for the safety and welfare of their children, in which they show themselves to be the complete antithesis of the normal parent and faithful adherents to their own criminal, anti-social instincts?

255. 8th July 1942, midday

Destruction of a British convoy bound for Archangel.

To my great delight, our aircraft and submarines have already succeeded in sinking no less than thirty-two ships out of a British convoy of thirty-eight on its way to Archangel.

for that would jeopardize the whole object of the interview. I shall, on the contrary, emphasise that German military precision and thoroughness ensure that we are prepared for any and every eventuality—including that of a Second Front.

In accordance with Dr. Dietrich's recommendation, I have agreed that this interview should be granted to some foreign journalist who has already shown appreciation of the German press and its work. Whether he be the representative of a country great or small, neutral or friendly, is of no consequence, for—as the Reich Press Chief rightly says—this interview will certainly be reproduced in the whole world press.

I could, of course, give my opinions on the Second Front in a public speech; but to make a speech without having a specific reason for it is always a bad practice. The intelligent man will swiftly see through the ruse and recognise the real object behind it; and if this object is too blatantly apparent, the desired effect will be completely ruined.

On the other hand, if the question of the Second Front is introduced obliquely in the course of an interview of the Eastern theatre of operations, I can, I am sure, convey exactly the impression I desire in a few incidental sentences.

263. 19th July 1942, midday

Naval warfare—The advantage of little ships— Sea and superstition.

When a battleship is sunk, the loss of life may be as high as two thousand souls. But if we could construct a mass of tiny craft, each fitted with a torpedo tube and manned by a single man, the losses we should suffer would be fractional in comparison, and the successes, from the combat point of view, might well be considerably greater.

Many years ago, I once asked Graf Luckner why he always used comparatively small craft for his world sailing tours? Luckner gave me the significant answer that, when anything goes wrong on a big ship, people save themselves by getting into little boats—one might therefore just as well start off at once in the latter and have done with it!

Luckner, of course, was a marvellous spinner of yarns, and I could listen to him for hours on end. One day some one or other explained to me that certain of Luckner's statements were nonsense—and I was as angry with my informant as a child who has been deprived of his Christmas tree!

The Fuehrer then asked Admiral Krancke if he could explain the origin of the terms "a seaman's yarn" and "spinning a yarn"? The Admiral replied that in the old days on long voyages the sailors, bored with the same food and the eternal sea and having but few books to read, passed their spare hours telling each other stories, which grew taller and taller, and at the same time fashioning yarns for fishing and so on—hence the expression. The Fuehrer continued:

I once had an ex-sailor as a servant. At all hours of the day and night the fellow used to try to spin me yarns which any fool could see were nonsense. In the end I had to tell him that I was quite as good a liar as he was, and that he must not tempt me to try to go one better! As even that did not stop him, we were forced to part company.

A thing which always strikes me about sailors' tales is the great part that superstition plays in them. Sailors, apparently, are like actors in this respect. In the lives of both there occur unexpected events which they cannot possibly foresee and with which they cannot cope. The sailor never knows when a storm or even a hurricane will descend on him, and the actor cannot tell whether the audience will receive him with applause or with derisory whistling; and so they are both extremely superstitious.

Superstition, I think, is a factor one must take into consideration when assessing human conduct, even though one may rise superior to it oneself and laugh at it. It was for this reason, to give you a concrete example, that I once advised the Duce not to initiate a certain action on the thirteenth of the month. For the same reason I think it is a bad thing to let a ship sail on a Friday, because all old salts know that a Friday sailing is unlucky. Such things are the imperious of life, which one cannot afford to neglect, for those who believe in them are quite capable, at a moment of crisis, of causing the greatest consternation.

Just when the difficulties of the eastern winter campaign in the East had reached their height, some imbecile pointed out that Napoleon, like ourselves, had started his Russian campaign on 22nd June. Thank God, I was able to counter that drive with the authoritative statement of historians of repute that Napoleon's campaign did not, in fact, begin until 23rd June!

The horoscope, in which the Anglo-Saxons in particular have great faith, is another swindle whose significance must not be under-estimated. Just think of the trouble given to the British General Staff by the publication by a well-known

astrologer of a horoscope foretelling final victory in this war for Germany! All the newspapers in Britain had to dig out all the false prophecies previously published by this eminent quack and reprint them, before public anxiety could be pacified!

In judging any question connected with superstition, it must be remembered that, although an oracle's prophecies may be wrong a hundred times (when they are promptly forgotten), it suffices for one prophecy to be fortuitously confirmed by subsequent events, for it to be believed, cherished and handed down from generation to generation.

264. 21st July 1942, at dinner

Society in France—A ruling class which retains its powers.

It is characteristic of the French that every well-to-do citizen—be he business man, officer, famous artist or prominent politician—always buys himself, generally in the village or district of his origin, a little house with a neat garden. The result is that in almost every French village you find among the mass of nondescript cottages one or more handsome villas, belonging to an advocate, a painter, a cotton-spinner or the like.

The French upper classes usually spend two or three months in the country and thus acquire an affection for the land, the political importance of which must not be overlooked. Gradually they get to know each individual villager and thus very quickly become associated with all the joys and sorrows, great and small, of the simplest, and at the same time most solid, class of the population.

There is, in State affairs, no finer way of binding the upper classes to the interests of the country.

265. 22nd July 1942, midday

King of England and Duke of Normandy—The Channel Islands and the Frisian Isles—Those who work and those who reap.

The inhabitants of the Channel Islands which we occupy consider themselves as members of the British Empire rather than as subjects of the King, whom they still regard, not as King, but as the Duke of Normandy. If our occupation troops play their cards properly, we shall have no difficulties there.

our soldiers with the slogan of the German Communist Party: "No more War!" For at the same time as they were trying by Communist Party terrorism, by strikes, by their press, and by every other means at their disposal to ensure the triumph of pacifism in our country, the Russians were building up an enormous army. Disregarding the namby-pamby utterances about humanitarianism which they spread so assiduously in Germany, in their own country they drove their workers to an astonishing degree, and the Soviet worker was taught by means of the Stakhanov system to work both harder and longer than his counterpart in either Germany or the capitalist States. The more we see of conditions in Russia, the more thankful we must be that we struck in time. In another ten years there would have sprung up in Russia a mass of industrial centres, inaccessible to attack, which would have produced armaments on an inexhaustible scale, while the rest of Europe would have degenerated into a defenceless plaything of Soviet policy.

It is very stupid to sneer at the Stakhanov system. The arms and equipment of the Russian armies are the best proof of its efficiency in the handling of industrial manpower. Stalin, too, must command our unconditional respect. In his own way he is a hell of a fellow! He knows his models, Genghiz Khan and the others, very well, and the scope of his industrial planning is exceeded only by our own Four Year Plan. And there is no doubt that he is quite determined that there shall be in Russia no unemployment such as one finds in such capitalist States as the United States of America. . . .

Bormann, who has just returned from a tour of inspection of the Kolkhoz in the vicinity of General Headquarters, gave his impressions:

"When one looks at the children, it is difficult to realise that sooner or later they, too, will acquire the flat, Slav faces of their parents. Like the inhabitants of the Baltic States, they are fair, with blue eyes, bonny and chubby-faced. In comparison, our children look like tottering little chicks. It really is curious to think that these children will become Ukrainian adults, with their vulgar, inexpressive faces. I was much struck by the fact that in these huge open spaces one saw so many children and so few men. Such prolific breeding may one day give us a knotty problem to solve, for as a race they are much harder by nature than we are. The men have admirable teeth, and rarely does one see a man wearing glasses. They are well fed and bursting with good health at all ages. The difficult conditions under which

these men have lived for centuries have brought into being a merciless process of selection. If one of us drinks a drop of their water, he all but dies. They on the other hand live in the dirt, drink the muddy stagnant water of their ponds and thrive on it. We fill ourselves with quinine as a safeguard against malaria, while the Ukrainians are so immune, not only to malaria but to scarlet fever as well, that they can live with impunity in surroundings teeming with fleas and ticks.

"If these people are allowed, under German supervision—that is, under greatly improved conditions—to multiply too quickly, it will be against our interests, for the racial pressures which these damned Ukrainians will exercise will constitute a real danger. Our interests demand just the reverse—namely, that these territories, hitherto Russian, should in time be populated by a larger number of German colonists than local inhabitants." Hitler commented:

I recently read an article from the pen of some Herr Doktor advocating the prohibition of the sale in the occupied territories of contraceptives. If any criminal lunatic should really try to introduce this measure I'd soon have his head off! In view of the extraordinary fertility of the local inhabitants, we should be only too pleased to encourage the women and girls to practise the arts of contraception at all times. Far from prohibiting the sale of contraceptives, therefore, we should do our utmost to encourage it. We should call on the Jews for help! With their unrivalled sense of commerce they are the very people for the job!

In all seriousness, however, there is a very real danger that these local inhabitants will increase too rapidly under our care and domination. Their conditions of life will inevitably improve under our jurisdiction, and we must take all the measures necessary to ensure that the non-German population does not increase at an excessive rate. In these circumstances, it would be sheer folly to place at their disposal a health service such as we know it in Germany; and so—no inoculations and other preventative measures for the natives! We must even try to stifle any desire for such things, by persuading them that vaccination and the like are really most dangerous!

It is, furthermore, essential to avoid doing anything which might give rise to a feeling of superiority or of racial pride among the natives. This is of the utmost importance, for it is only by the creation of the very reverse state of mind that we shall be able to prepare the ground for the accomplishment of our plans.

lay between the Berghof and a property at Steingaden. Fortunately, I chose the Berghof. If I had taken the Steingaden place, I should have been compelled to become a producer of the famous Steingaden cheese, in order to keep the place up. Suppose, then, that for some reason or other the price of cheese went up. Everybody would immediately say: Of course! The Fuehrer is himself personally interested in the price of cheese.

This viewpoint of the Fuehrer was supported by Field Marshal Keitel, who told the following story. The former Food Minister, Hugenberg, had energetically encouraged the campaign undertaken by the State to promote the consumption of milk. When his own trucks, carrying milk from his own properties, passed through the streets, plastered with posters of the official campaign, everybody said that the real object of the exercise was to bolster the sales of the Minister's milk business! The Fuehrer continues:

When an official retires from State service, he should not be allowed to enter a line of business with which he previously had official dealings. For one may be quite sure that any firm would gladly employ him—not on account of the services he could render, but for the connections which he undoubtedly would have. If this were not so, then directors would not earn fees amounting to thirty-six thousand marks a year—and more. Further, it is a scandal that men of this kind should usurp the positions to which others have a prior claim, namely, those who have passed their whole lives in the service of an enterprise and have risen, step by step, to the top. This one characteristic is alone sufficient to demonstrate the immorality of the whole system. Big business is as hot on the trail of such connections as the Devil after the soul of a Jew.

If once one permits a Gauleiter to become a shareholder or a director in some industrial undertaking, one will not be able to prevent the Kreisleiter, the Mayor and other junior officials from doing the same; and that would spell the beginning of corruption.

For all these reasons, we must see to it that any State official who has invested all his money in shares should forthwith invest it in State loans instead. This—as the Field Marshal rightly remarks—was the practice in the old Army; in the old Imperial Army, an officer was not allowed to invest either his own fortune or the dowry of his wife in a private industrial concern, but was expected to subscribe to State loans recommended and guaranteed by the State. This was a good

Foreign Affairs? They surely will stake a claim on the grounds that some of these nomads might, one fine day, wish to go beyond even the far-flung frontiers of the German Reich of the future!

272. 28th July 1942, midday

The transport of grain.

The question under discussion was whether a hundred thousand tons of grain captured at Morosovskaya should be transferred to Germany. It represented two million sacks, or forty million seven-pound loaves. The Fuehrer gave his opinion as follows:

A hundred thousand tons! That rings a bell in my memory. It was exactly the amount that I had to find, fighting like a lion, so that the Swabians should not be deprived of their beloved Spätzle.¹ I do not believe in the theory that all foodstuffs must be distributed equally throughout the Reich. Common sense dictates that the Swabians should have their Spätzle and Munich should get its beer, Vienna a little more coffee and white bread, and for the Berliners an extra ration of *charcuterie*! For there is no doubt about it, the morale of the people is dependent to quite a considerable degree on a sympathetic understanding of, and catering for, the little things that make life more pleasant for them.

This grain from Morosovskaya should, I think, be sent to Germany and distributed among the workers in heavy industry.

273. 29th July 1942, midday

Men and machines.

During the first war we had to wait until 1918 before the Army consented to release forty thousand workmen needed urgently for the construction of submarines. In 1917 the military authorities refused to make available the men required for the manufacture of tanks. In this the High Command committed a fatal error, sacrificing a potentially tremendous improvement in war technique in order to avoid a decrease in their available man-power. For the decisive factor in any war is the possession of the technically superior weapons.

Our main preoccupation to-day must be to maintain

¹ Spätzle—a sort of dumpling greatly liked by the Swabians.

plained with precision, and if she advances with the times, the ground must inevitably be cut from under her feet. For this reason she is opposed to all progress. It adds little to our knowledge of the Creator when some parson presents to us an indifferent copy of a man as his conception of the Deity. In this respect, at least, the Mohammedan is more enlightened, when he says: to form a conception of Allah is not vouchsafed to man.

The most pressing danger, as I see it, is that Christianity, by adhering to a conception of the Beyond which is constantly exposed to the attacks of unceasing progress, and by binding it so closely to many of the trivialities of life which may at any moment collapse, is ripening mankind for conversion to materialistic Bolshevism. And that is a terrible tragedy. Man will lose all sense of proportion, and once he considers himself to be the lord of the universe, it will be the end of everything. And if the Church in Spain continues in the way it is doing, it will end on the refuse-heap.

The rapidity with which Mustapha Kemal Ataturk rid himself of his parsons makes one of the most remarkable chapters in history. He hanged thirty-nine of them out of hand, the rest he flung out, and St. Sophia in Constantinople is now a museum!

In Venice, in 1934, the Duce once said to me: "One of these days the Pope will have to leave Italy; there is not room for two Masters!"

In the Spanish people there is a mixture of Gothic, Frankish and Moorish blood. One can speak of the Spaniard as one would speak of a brave anarchist. The Arabian epoch—the Arabs look down on the Turks as they do on dogs—was the most cultured, the most intellectual and in every way best and happiest epoch in Spanish history. It was followed by the period of the persecutions with its unceasing atrocities.

The Russian priest was not hated; he was merely despised for the parasite he was, hanging on at all costs to his job for what it would bring him. The Russian Princes, unlike the German and Spanish, were never slaves of the Church. In Spain the clergy is hated and will very soon be wiped out!

All who have watched Franco's progress say that he is heading for another revolution. The rest of the world cannot be separated from Spain by a Chinese wall. Sooner or later the explosion must come. Here, too, we see a fundamental truth: The parasites, in their avarice, do not realise that they are destroying the very ground which is their foundation. The Church of to-day is nothing more than a heredi-

tary joint stock company for the exploitation of human stupidity. If I had not decided in 1936 to send him the first of our Junker aircraft, Franco would never have survived. To-day, his salvation is attributed to Saint Isabella! Isabella the Catholic—the greatest harlot in history, who was decorated by the Pope with the Rose of Virtue about the same time as our Ludwig of Bavaria was all but crucified on account of Lola Montez! The real tragedy for Spain was the death of Mola; there was the real brain, the real leader. Franco came to the top like Pontius in the Creed. The most evil spirit is undoubtedly Serrano Suñer, whose task it is to prepare the way for the Latin Union. In reality he is the gravedigger of modern Spain!

276. 3rd August 1942, evening

Bees and ants—Intelligence and instinct—Weak and strong.

Here is one of the most curious things in nature. There is a certain species of ant, in which the whole race dies when the queen ant dies. If a queen bee is ill, the whole hive is uneasy. There is another species of ant which cultivates mushrooms on which to raise lice. The ants look after the lice, carry them out into the sunshine and then back into the mushroom box. Then they make a special brew of them, on which the queen ant is constantly fed.

The question occurs to me—where does natural instinct end and human reason begin? One must draw distinctions. A bitch has puppies. Bitches get no training, but they all tend their young with uniform efficiency. That is basic instinct, which must not be confused with reason, which takes its decisions according to certain definite facts. The most primitive of instincts, to which all forms of life respond, are those of feeding and reproduction of the species.

In my youth I had every opportunity to study bees, for my old father was a keen apiarist. Unfortunately I was frequently so badly stung that I all but died! To be stung by a bee in our family was an ordinary, everyday occurrence. My mother often pulled out as many as forty-five or fifty stings from the old gentleman when he returned from clearing the hives. He never protected himself in any way; all he did was to smoke all the time—in other words, a good excuse for another cigar!

The weakling has always in history gathered to himself the smallest following. This was the case in Russia. The last Tsar, who was a man of no personality, had no following. It is the bloodhounds that the people follow. Things are

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no different in the West. We can only gain our ends by merciless and continual perseverance. That is contrary to the opinion of many of our upper ten thousand who are always the telephone lines, the harbingers of weakness. How often have I heard the objection: with your brutal methods, you will achieve nothing! With any other methods I would certainly have achieved nothing. The soldier, too, is for the most part devoted to the leader who is stern but just. If a man is a real leader, the people will follow him.

277. 4th August 1942, midday

Memories of the first war—The lace workers of Belgium—Ypres and Lübeck.

When we went into the line in 1916, to the south of Bapaume, the heat was intolerable. As we marched through the streets, there was not a house, not a tree to be seen; everything had been destroyed, and even the grass had been burnt. It was a veritable wilderness.

In the present campaign I got my greatest surprise when I revisited Arras. In the old days it was just a mound of earth. And now—! Fields filled with blossom and waving corn, while on Vimy Ridge the scars are much as they were, shell-holes and all. I believe it is much the same in the Champagne.

The soldier has a boundless affection for the ground on which he has shed his blood. If we could arrange the transport, we should have a million people pouring into France to revisit the scenes of their former struggle.

Marching along the roads was a misery for us poor old infantrymen; again and again we were driven off the road by the bloody gunners, and again and again we had to dive into the swamps to save our skins! All the thanks we got was a torrent of curses—"Bloody So-and-Sos" was the mildest expression hurled at us.

My first impression of Ypres was—towers, so near that I could all but touch them. But the little infantryman in his hole in the ground has a very small field of vision.

I shall send our people who have been given the task of rebuilding Lübeck to Ypres before they start work. Fifty different shades of tiles, from salmon-pink, through gold to deep violet! The new Ypres is a city out of fairyland!

In those days the girls making lace always sat working outside the houses, surrounded, of course, by a horde of soldiery. But at least they were able to buy and send home genuine Flemish lace and the embroidery of Brabant.

If a soldier in France buys chocolate or a pair of stock-

"WE DID NOT START THE WAR"

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ings for his wife, I agree absolutely with the Reichsmarshal; we did not start the war, and if the French population have got nothing, what the blazes does it matter to us!

I wish to goodness we could buy something here. But here there is nothing but mud.

278. 4th August 1942, evening

American military courts in Britain—Invasion from the West.

Speaking to Dr. Dietrich, the Fuehrer said:

If I were you, I should treat this business—the introduction of American courts of law for American soldiers in Britain—in the following way: The Turks have abolished extra-territoriality, and Britain has stepped into Turkey's shoes; swift decline of Britain to a second-class Power!

They can only make a landing in the West by throwing in the finest of their units—nothing less has a hope of success. But that means staking their all on one card.

As regards the Air Arm, their experts will probably say to themselves, "Germany is in a position to increase her forces at will and with lightning speed, and to attack in three or four places at the same time. We simply haven't the requisite forces!"

I think that the soldiers will fight tooth and nail to avoid having to shoulder the responsibility, particularly as they well know how cautious the politicians can be! So, the Generals write memoranda to show that the thing is not possible; the politicians retort that, on the other hand, only operations conceived on the largest possible scale stand a chance of success—but they will say so in a way which will permit them, in case of failure, to turn round and exclaim: "There! What did I tell you!" And the soldier's only reply can be: "There's no going back now! If things go wrong, all is lost!"

Even so—think of the declaration of war in 1939! They had no armaments at all—and yet they declared war! In those days they had, I believe, six divisions. It's quite possible that they will again let themselves be hoodwinked by fairy tales from the *émigrés*. The soldiers, I know, were against war. But there are people over there who don't give a damn if Britain does collapse—yes, I mean the Jews! There are others who say: "If the Russians are beaten, then we shall be the war criminals—there will be trials, and we shall end up in the Tower." The soldiers will defend

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the sense not to exercise their bureaucracy in occupied territory to the advantage of the local inhabitant and the detriment of their own country! They have a genius for keeping others at a distance and in winning and preserving respect. Here, perhaps, we have the worst possible example of our methods—delousing infuriates the local inhabitants, as does our fanatical desire to civilise them. The net result is that they say to themselves: "These people aren't really our superiors—it's only the way they're made!"

281. 6th August 1942, midday

The grandeur of the open spaces—Flemish and Dutch peasants—Ukrainian markets.

How small Germany looks from here! The British—and the Russians—possess that self-assurance which is born of vast spaces. I hope that in time we, too, shall acquire it.

Somebody ought immediately to write a book: "The Ideal State of the Future—a Problem of Diet and Education." And in it one should advocate that the citizen should be fed on grass in order to increase his docility and amenity to discipline!

It is a fact that tuberculosis is more prevalent among cattle kept in stables than in cattle out at pasture. In my part of the world the peasants maintain that big windows and plenty of light reduce the milk output. In North Germany, where the cattle live almost entirely in the open, there is practically no tuberculosis at all. In wooded territories, on the other hand, the cattle are kept in stalls throughout almost the whole year, and it is only recently that the veterinary surgeons have realised how dangerous that can be. Most of the properties there are so small that they cannot afford to keep oxen, and harness their cows to the carts.

In Germany we have some districts which are deplorable—part of the Bavarian forest land, the western part of the Hessian mountains, the Waldviertel, and parts of the Swabian Alb. The life of the peasants in these territories is a real hell on earth. If all the work and endeavour used there could be applied to this part of the world, we should increase production five times over.

When I was quite a kid (*ein Bub*) the whole of my homeland was strewn with boulders; it must originally have been at the bottom of a glacier into which the rocks of the moraines were thrust. Gradually the peasants blasted the rock-masses away. But the same conditions continue all the way

down to Lower Austria. And somehow, it makes the landscape seem very friendly and attractive.

In the German Reich we have only one district that can compare with the Ukraine—the Moravian plains northwards from Vienna, eastwards from Brünn and south-eastwards from Olmütz; and that is a land of unbelievable fertility.

One of the things which astonished me most at the beginning of the first war was the amazing industriousness of the Flemish farmer. You would hardly credit the things I saw! Nothing is wasted. When a mounted column passed through, the children would be on the alert, and the moment it had passed, out they would come and pounce on any manure that might have fallen. Every square yard is utilised to the utmost, exactly as in Holland. There is, however, a dangerous side to this tendency. Such people are apt to lose the broad view, which, after all, is the most important. The man who possesses the wide spaces must show himself to be the master of the others, even if he restricts his activities to the colonisation of his own country.

When the rest of the world was engaged in seizing the open spaces, Germany was in the throes of religious warfare.

The foundation of St. Petersburg by Peter the Great was a fatal event in the history of Europe; and St. Petersburg must therefore disappear utterly from the earth's surface. Moscow, too. Then the Russians will retire into Siberia.

It is not by taking over the miserable Russian hovels that we shall establish ourselves as masters in the East. The German colonies must be organised on an altogether higher plane.

We have never before driven forward into empty spaces. The German people have absorbed both northern and southern Austria, and the original inhabitants are still there; but they were Sorb-Wends, members of basic European stock, with nothing in common with the Slavs.

As for the ridiculous hundred million Slavs, we will mould the best of them to the shape that suits us, and we will isolate the rest of them in their own pig-sties; and anyone who talks about cherishing the local inhabitant and civilising him, goes straight off into a concentration camp! At harvest time we will set up markets at all the centres of any importance. There we will buy up all the cereals and fruit, and sell the more trashy products of our own manufacture. In this way we shall receive for these goods of ours a return considerably greater than their intrinsic value. The profit will be pocketed by the Reich to defray the price of the campaign. Our agricultural machinery fac-

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tories, our transport companies, our manufacturers of household goods and so forth will find there an enormous market for their goods. It will also be a splendid market for cheap cotton goods—the more brightly coloured the better. Why should we thwart the longing of these people for bright colours?

My one fear is that the Ministry for Eastern Territories will try to civilise the Ukrainian women. These girls, bursting with health, would introduce a welcome strain into the race, for many of them are obviously of sound Germanic origin—otherwise, whence the fair, blue-eyed children? The best among them we will gradually assimilate and take into the Reich; the rest can remain here.

282. 6th August 1942, evening

*Income tax and the peasant—Taxation in kind—
The peasant and the beauties of nature.*

Our peasants always lack ready money because the ground at their disposal is too small for their needs. I have often wondered whether it would not be a good idea to re-introduce some sort of tithe system, under which the peasant could pay his taxes in kind. As things are, the middle-man gets for his potatoes, for instance, three or four times what he pays the peasant for them. It would therefore be to the peasant's advantage to be able to pay his taxes in potatoes rather than in money. The advantages accruing to the State would counteract the loss of revenue from taxation.

In most professions income can be judged in terms of money, but this does not hold in the case of the small farmer. German agriculture will benefit greatly if we introduce new regulations to govern farming based on the potential revenue of the property.

In Württemberg and Baden the situation is particularly bad. As a result of the never-ending process of division among heirs, the properties are becoming smaller and smaller. I shall not mind at all if I am compelled to eject four or five thousand peasants from Alsace; I can replace them with the greatest ease with men from Baden and Württemberg. In the Middle Ages a hide of land sufficed. But now the introduction of the triple-crop system demands much more space.

Our country to-day is over-populated, and the numbers emigrating to America are incredible. How I wish we had the German-Americans with us still! In so far as there are

any decent people in America, they are all of German origin.

In Britain they have the sound law that only the eldest son of a peer can inherit the title; in our country we have nobles by the score, who cannot make a living and who will not die. This calls for reform in the future. The whole social structure of the State must be built up on cold, logical lines.

Once we are in a position to start colonising in the East, most of our difficulties will disappear. When the first few hundred are comfortably settled, the rest will soon follow. It is the earth that attracts the peasant. Several hundreds of thousands have emigrated from Salzburg and Upper Austria to East Prussia. It is only in the pictures of the Court artists that one sees peasants gazing at the stars in heaven. The real peasant keeps his eye firmly on the land, and he lives by the plough. The beauties of the woods were discovered, not by the peasant, but by the professor. Wherever good-quality land is to be found, there one also finds the best type of peasant. It is not, however, the good earth that has improved the peasant stock, but rather that the best type of peasant always finds and takes possession of the best land.

The peasantry therefore is the solid backbone of the nation, for husbandry is the most chancy occupation on earth. What, think you, would happen if the work of a city worker or an official depended on chance? Work on the land is a schooling which teaches energy, self-confidence and a readiness to make swift decisions; the town-dweller, on the contrary, must have everything exactly mapped out for him, and does all he can to eliminate the slightest chance of any risk. As a last resort he takes out an insurance policy—and the insurance company which issues it to him re-insures itself into the bargain!

France, which has 59 per cent of its population on the land, is still fundamentally sound. It is a great tragedy when once a nation loses the solid foundation of its peasantry. The great British landowners have not the faintest idea of practical agriculture—quite apart from the time and money they waste on their celebrated lawns!

The Italians have a splendid foundation of peasantry. Once when I was travelling to Florence, I thought, as I passed through it, what a paradise this land of southern France is! But when I reached Italy—then I realised what a paradise on earth can really be! Herein lies one of the Duce's main sources of strength. He once said to me: "Fueh-

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fairs, they are veritable von Moltkes! They have quite convinced me on one point—you cannot exist in the colonies without Scotch whisky!

285. 9th August 1942, midday

SPECIAL GUESTS: REICH MINISTERS VON RIBBENTROP AND DR. LAMMERS; REICHSFUEHRER SS HIMMLER; GAULEITERS BÜRKEL, SIMON, ROBERT WAGNER

Britons have no rights in Europe—The Great German Reich—The granary of the East.

The British are nothing but a twig from the German tree. They have no claim whatever to a share in the responsibility for the security of Europe. For that Germany is prepared to accept full and sole responsibility. By harsh rule we must bring law and order to the Continent. The Balkans we will leave alone for the moment, so that we can continue to export arms to them.

If the Hungarians go to war with the Rumanians, then, unless I am much mistaken, Antonescu will knock hell out of them!

The day will come when the Viennese idea will be proved to be right. In the ten thousand cafés of Vienna, this is how the Hungarian problem is envisaged: "Hungary belongs to us, and the people in Berlin know nothing about it. It was we who liberated the Hungarians from the Turks, and order will not be restored in Hungary until we liberate the country again. So why on earth don't we take it over and have done with it! And the Slovenes? It is no doubt fine that they should be independent; but after all they, too, belong to us!"

Vienna is becoming more pan-Germanic than the Germans themselves! They are inspired by the feeling that they have a mission to fulfil—and we might just as well egg them on a little.

Belgrade used to be a miserable little collection of hovels; it was Prince Eugene who brought fame to the city.

From the East we shall get between ten and twelve million tons of grain annually; I think we ought to build spaghetti factories on the spot; all the prerequisites are there. This will enable us to give a little extra to those western territories which are rich in industry, but badly off as regards foodstuffs.

There is one thing about which we must be quite clear;

anyone here who gets ideas above his station and beyond the confines of his farm must be sharply jumped upon.

286. 9th August 1942, evening

SPECIAL GUESTS: GAULEITERS BÜRKEL, ROBERT WAGNER AND SIMON

Riches of the Ukraine—The giant Stalin.

There are here a million tons of wheat in reserve from last year's harvest. Just think what it will be like when we get things properly organized, and the oil-wells are in our possession! This Ukraine produces thirteen or fourteen million tons a year. Even if we show ourselves to be half as successful as organisers as the Russians—there's a cool six million for us! Next year, after the next harvest, we must organise thoroughly and work at full speed! One thing which we have so far not taken into account is the fact that every three days there is a thunderstorm. This country is a regular forcing-house; fifty degrees of heat one moment, then a torrent of rain, and then the heat again!

Had it not been for the mud and rain last October, we should have been in Moscow in no time. We have now learnt that the moment the rain comes, we must stop everything.

When the war ends, the German people need not bother its head about what it is going to do during the next fifty years!

We shall become the most self-supporting State, in every respect, including cotton, in the world. The only thing we shall not have will be a coffee plantation—but we'll find a coffee-growing colony somewhere or other! Timber we shall have in abundance, iron in limitless quantity, the greatest manganese-ore mines in the world, oil—we shall swim in it! And to handle it all, the whole strength of the entire German man-power! By God! how right the peasant is to put his trust solely in the earth! What's the use of talking about scenic beauty, when the earth is oozing with wealth! In the future, it will be a pleasure to work!

Stalin is half beast, half giant. To the social side of life he is utterly indifferent. The people can rot, for all he cares. If we had given him another ten years, Europe would have been swept away, as it was at the time of the Huns. Without the German Wehrmacht, it would have been all up with Europe even now. The doors of the Continent would have been flung open for him by the idiocy of the masses.

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The worst of our winters is now behind us.
In a hundred years' time there will be millions of German peasants living here.

287. 11th August 1942, evening

SPECIAL GUESTS: REICH MINISTER SPEER, GENERAL REINECKE

*Reichsmark and Ost-Mark—Peace with Britain—
The finest colony in the world—Fabulous inventions
of a gang of epileptic Jews.*

The German Reichsmark must be made unassailable and must become the most stable currency in the world.

Here, in the East, there exists in reality only one currency—the produce of the soil. For local usage we will create an Ost-Mark. We will fix the rate of exchange at five Ost-Marks to the Reichsmark. But tourists coming here will be given only one hundred Ost-Marks for their hundred Reichsmarks, for with that he can get as much value here as he can with a hundred Reichsmarks in Germany. The difference will be pocketed by the State.

Prices here and at home are quite different, and they must remain so, in favour of the Reich; this will give us the wherewithal with which to pay for the war. Our goal must be to reduce the war debt by from ten to twenty milliard marks a year and thus become the only belligerent of this war to be free of war debts within ten years, and be in a position to concentrate, broadly speaking, on the colonisation of the territories acquired. Any substantial war indemnity from our enemies, I think, will not be obtainable. From the British we shall certainly get nothing. If the British were to come to to-morrow and say that they would like to make peace on the basis that each bears his own costs, I should most probably agree. In actual fact, we have already been paid. The real profiteers of this war are ourselves, and out of it we shall come bursting with fat! We will give back nothing and will take everything we can make use of. And if the others protest, I don't care a damn! We have the richest and best colonies in the world; in the first place, they are next door to us; in the second, they are inhabited by healthy peoples, and in the third, they produce in abundance everything we require except coffee. Within ten years, the colonies of the other countries will have lost their value. The greatest boon we could get would be peace as soon as we can have it.

The great ambition of the parson clique is, and always has

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been, to undermine the power of the State. And for as long as we suffer these parsons in our midst, it serves us right! Every country gets the type of parson it deserves; at the moment I can do nothing about it, and so I continue to keep them happy. But one of these days I shall bring this conflict, as old as German history itself, to an abrupt and decisive conclusion. I'll make these damned parsons feel the power of the State in a way they would never have dreamed possible! For the moment I am just keeping my eye on them; if I ever have the slightest suspicion that they are getting dangerous, I will shoot the lot of them. This filthy reptile raises its head wherever there is a sign of weakness in the State, and therefore it must be stamped on whenever it does so. We have no sort of use for a fairy story invented by the Jews. The fate of a few filthy, lousy Jews and epileptics is not worth bothering about. The foulest of the carrion are those who come clothed in the cloak of humility, and the foulest of the foul is Count Preysing! What a breast! the Popish inquisitor is a humane being in comparison. Vileness and hypocrisy walk arm in arm; both must be extirpated. The uselessness of the parson is nowhere better illustrated than here at the front. Here we have enemies who are dying by the million—and without a single one of these liars. The Catholic Church has but one desire, and that is to see us destroyed.

When Eckart was in Landsberg, the prison parson came and said to him: "Eckart, if anything should happen to you—which God forbid!—have you given a serious thought to the future?"

"I have given the question of the Hereafter much more serious consideration than ever you have done, my good sir," replied Eckart. "And if the Hereafter is in reality what you believe it to be, then, take it from me, I can be of more help to you than you can be to me!"

Dripping hypocrisy with the swift and poisoned arrow behind it!

288. 12th August 1942, midday

Marriage customs—German Nationalists in 1921
—Admiral Schröder—The Marines.

I have never attended a wedding which was conducted with becoming solemnity. Marriage is a holy act, the binding into one of two human beings of different sex; less moving, perhaps, for a man than for a woman, but still a most solemn occasion. And what do most of the guests do but make pointed jokes at the expense of the bride and

bridegroom! I attended one wedding—that of Thiersch—which every guest made a short and suggestive speech; and this was regarded as the height of wit! I wonder why it is?

As regards superficiality, we are as children in comparison with the British. It is quite astonishing how trumpery trash and good taste exist cheek by jowl in Britain. I once had a book on British masterpieces of architecture—and what magnificent conceptions it contained! In London the Government buildings may be redolent with history, but history is made in the great castles of the countryside.

The National Club in Berlin! I was taken there one day in 1921 by Gansser. The people had absolutely no idea whatsoever of how the German problem should be solved. One of the good gentlemen told me solemnly that all Germany's hopes rested on Kahr! The further away from Bavaria one went the greater the stature that Kahr seemed to acquire in the people's eye! And in a nonentity like that they placed their hopes of salvation! It was there that I met the old Admiral Schröder, our first supporter.

Next day I went to the Officers' Club in the Pariser Platz. Of them all, it was Schröder who made the best impression on me. A grand old bull of a man, charged with energy! My 1921-22 programme had filled most citizens with consternation. They were even terrified lest people should know they had even heard of it! The purging of all foreign elements in Germany, introduction of compulsory military service, re-constitution of the German Army, abolition of the freedom of the press, suppression of provincial governments! Good heavens! Such ideas were pure blasphemy! People swore solemn oaths that they had never lent an ear to such things! But old Schröder, the most energetic of men, that uncompromising fanatic, accepted the whole thing without further ado. He was to the Navy what Lützow was to the Army. Hutier, too, was a national figure, and a fine one at that. But he had, I think, a tiny streak of the Catholic in him. When I discover a man like Schröder, I grab him at once.

Schröder had already retired, when, during the war, he received the order to join up and raise corps of Marines. What we accomplish to-day is child's play in comparison with the efforts we were called upon to make then. Schröder had absolutely nothing! But in no time he was leading his corps to battle. I myself saw these Marines in action for the first time at the battle of the Somme; and compared with them, we felt we were the rawest of recruits.

We then received orders to march to Ostend for a test. The Regiment arrived there in a most deplorable state. Any Rus-

sian regiment, after a five-hundred-mile retreat, would have looked like the Brigade of Guards in comparison. While in Ostend I had the chance of going for a short trip on a submarine, and the sailors, smart, efficient, turned out always as if for a review, were magnificent! It made one ashamed to be seen in their company.

Turning to Admiral Krancke:

I suppose this accounts for the slight inferiority complex which the land forces feel in the presence of the Navy. We had to cut up our greatcoats in order to make puttees, and we looked like a bunch of tatterdemalion ballet-dancers! They, on the other hand, looked frightfully smart in their belts and gaiters; and we were not sorry when we escaped to the decent obscurity of our-trenches once more.

289. 12th August 1942, isolated remarks

Fats—Dancing and the artistic sense—Bavarian national costume.

With this war-time soap I can wash my hands as often as I like without fear of cracked skin. I do wash my hands very frequently, on account of the dog. But with the old peacetime soap, I became very sore. Why is that?

The experiment of extracting fats from coal has not been a success. It was the Reichsmarschall who pressed for it; I myself was against it. It seems rather absurd to use vegetable oil for soap-making—and eat fats extracted from coal!

In the future, small arms must consist of machine-guns and automatic rifles only; and every weapon must have a telescopic sight, if accuracy is to be deadly.

Dancing was the first method of artistic expression employed by man. The most beautiful dance in the world is without doubt the waltz, a perfect harmony of movement and music. After it I should place the Schuhplattler dance of Upper Bavaria, which, thanks to its austere and dignified style, never makes a man look ridiculous. But the ballroom dancing of to-day...! It's nothing but a series of simian posturings! In a film one sometimes sees people dancing without music. It is one of the most ridiculous things I've ever seen!

Let me make a rather curious remark. The two professions in which one most readily reaches ripe old age are those of the actor and the officer. It is not really surprising,

Wehrmacht doesn't want it." There was a mass of people working against me behind my back and systematically sabotaging my efforts. And yet—what on earth did it matter if expenditure exceeded budgetary estimate? The Air Force regularly over-spent about two milliards annually.

A crisis could only have arisen after all the unemployed labour had been absorbed, and this did not happen until late 1937 or early 1938. Up till then the only difficulties we had to face were those of foreign exchange. Schacht had told me that we had at our disposal a credit of fifteen hundred million marks abroad, and it was on this basis that I planned my Four Year Plan, which never caused me the slightest anxiety. Göring, by the way, was given very wide powers in this field. And that is how things are to-day, and we never find ourselves blocked for want of money.

I always protested against the homeopathic-like quantities which the Wehrmacht demanded! The industrialists were always complaining to me about this niggardly procedure—to-day an order for ten howitzers, to-morrow for two mortars, and so on. And that when one knows that production lines require four to eight months before they can set to work! In the end I had to step in and order mass production—and mass production without limit. Had it not been for these restrictive practices, our Navy would to-day have had four more battleships than it actually possesses; craftsmen, steel—we had everything we needed. My political economy has always been aimed at obtaining the maximum return for expenditure. I have invariably been opposed to certain practices, as, for instance, the financing of a factory destined to produce material for the Wehrmacht. The Four Year Plan made such practices impossible, for under it, the money voted to the Wehrmacht had to be spent exclusively on the purchase of material. To give an order for five hundred thousand haversacks, and then to advance to industry the money to build a factory for their manufacture, is sheer stupidity!

As for the Navy, they never once made any demands on their own behalf; it was always I who had to do it for them, and then, if you please, the Navy themselves would whittle down the programme I proposed for them! The Army were no better; here again it was I who had to urge the adoption of a programme of real expansion, and it was the Army which countered with hesitancy and evasions. I was so frustrated that in the end I was compelled to withdraw their prerogatives from the Army and assume them myself. I can give you dozens of examples; the best one is the West Wall itself. Then Heligoland; the Navy declared

that defences there were quite unnecessary, and it was only when war had been actually declared that they agreed to the fortification of the island. Tanks, I was told, were of no value unless they were both light and fast; again after a hard struggle, I imposed my will and ordered the manufacture of heavy tanks. I ordered the installation of wired-wireless throughout Germany; the Ministry of Propaganda evaded the execution of my order on the grounds that the Ministry of Posts and Telegraph had declared that the project was not yet technically sufficiently advanced. But the Ministry had never suffered from lack of funds with which to perfect the technique!

Before the war, when I saw that the Army could not be induced to take any steps as regards motorisation, I went myself to Krupps and arranged that the SS units be equipped with Panzer Mark IV. Hardly had war been declared, when the Army shrieked to high heaven that these tanks be allotted to them!

Immediately after the re-introduction of conscription in 1936 I demanded that the whole country should forthwith be put in a state of defence. The negative results were puerile. The Army, it is true, submitted a scheme, to be spread over several years (and to be completed in 1952!), the net result of which would have been the construction of a few strong-points. There was no question of any lack of funds; it was just that the General Staff wanted it that way. So it was that I was always compelled to use my overriding powers to get my own way. It is much the same even now; but now there is no excuse. We have a Reich War Minister whose sole duty it is to come to me and say: "We require this and that." It was for this sole purpose that he was appointed!

During all these years I have never allowed the slightest discussion with the finance branch. I have never had a conference with Schacht to discover what means were at our disposal. I restricted myself to saying simply: "This is what I require, and this is what I must have." I would add: "Has the mark so far suffered any harm? Is it not retaining its full value, thanks to the authority of the State and its economic principles? You are not here to tell me that such-and-such a project is impracticable; your job is to provide me with the means to make it practicable!"

Schacht always opposed me on principle. His negative attitude produced so devastating an effect on his audience that on one occasion at the end of the conference Stülpnagel cried: "Poor old Germany!" But I was more than a match for Herr Schacht. These financiers seemed to have no idea

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of the real efficiency of our economic principles. One day when Krosigk came to me full of objections, I said to him: "My dear Herr Krosigk, you are quite wrong. The thing has got to be done. No State has ever gone bankrupt for economic reasons—but only as the result of losing a war!"

The most able of our financiers was my Party colleague Reinhardt. His estimate of our revenue from income tax was most accurate, and thanks to him we were able to raise our revenue from this source from five milliards to eighty milliards without increasing the cost of living and without suffering any of the devaluation which one sees in other countries.

My attention was recently drawn to the fact that all the laws which we submit are systematically rejected by three Ministers—Schacht, Stanislaus and Neurath. The rest are always in agreement. And the infuriating thing is that most of these laws are no concern of the Ministers mentioned, who, in any case, are not members of the Cabinet!

The best method is always to settle the thing directly with the Minister concerned, and thus avoid tedious discussion, in which one will argue from the legal point of view, while another quotes principles of financial orthodoxy. That sort of thing drives me to fury. One day I said to one of these gentlemen: "The German nation has survived the period of the great migrations, the wars with the Romans, the onslaughts of the Huns, the Magyars and the Mongols, the Thirty Years' War, the campaigns of Frederick the Great and Napoleon—and it will no doubt survive even my rule!"

292. 16th August 1942

An invention of the lawyers—Sabotaging the nation's morale.

Major Engel reported that at Königsberg Air Port one of the Port officials had seized from a plane some foodstuffs brought in by the pilots and destined for the black market. The Fuehrer was very angry and said:

This is the sort of thing which one would expect from enemies of the State and which would infuriate our soldiers beyond all control, if they knew of it. So that's the thanks they get from the Home Front! Sabotage of the people's will to resist! I'll get to the bottom of this affair; I don't care whether the culprit is in the Wehrmacht or the Customs, I'll have him in prison, and I shall employ the utmost savagery

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to put an end to such practices. What can one bring back from the East—works of art? There are none. Only odds and ends of food, and one cannot do better than distribute that among German families. It is perfectly true that the soldier lives better at the front than he does at home on leave. The instigator of this sorry practice is without doubt a lawyer—probably the Minister of Finance himself! What a pity Bormann was not there!

293. 20th August 1942, midday

SPECIAL GUESTS: DR. LAMMERS, DR. THERACK
AND DR. ROTHENBERGER

Crimes big and little—The punishment fits the crime—Judges and the nation's morale—I am not by nature a brutal man—No mercy on traitors—An anti-Semitic Jew—The Hero of a hundred murders—Legislators and Magistrates—The education of judges—The lawyer as a civil servant.

I have just read that a man has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment for having ill-treated an animal; apparently he kicked a hen which had strayed into his garden. Well, I do not approve. In my opinion shooting hares is a far greater horror of cruelty. Every sportsman who shoots an animal without killing it should, in my opinion, receive at least a like sentence. The nation must not get the idea that one type of sadist is applauded and the other put in prison. The sportsman shoots game to satisfy his lust for murder. The man who kicked the hen simply did so to guard his garden from damage, and had no murderous intention. I know how irritating it can be when a hen gets in your garden, and every time you chase it out, back it comes again! When I was a child my parents had a little garden in Leonding. Our neighbour insisted on letting her hens forage in our garden. One day I loaded a shot-gun and blazed off at them. Since then I have learnt that the legal remedy is for hens to be confiscated and returned only after damages have been paid. All that palaver over a hen pecking in a neighbour's garden!

The case of the persistent poacher who steals a hen is quite different. Here, I would say, his activities constitute an offence against public austerity in time of war.

I think justice in cases like these must take motive, which is by no means constant, into consideration. I have had a

good deal to do with the law and have been behind the bars for quite a time. At Landsberg, the Great Pundit once told me quite solemnly that he could not make up his mind whether punishment should be administered as revenge, as a means of prevention, or as a method of correction! My retort was that as far as the man at the receiving end was concerned, it didn't make a damn of difference!

Seriously, I do not think one can lay down hard-and-fast rules in these matters. For example, if some youth of eighteen snatches a woman's handbag in peace-time, I would not condemn him to death. But now we are at war; we have the black-out. A large majority of the women have been incorporated into industry, and we are obliged to take severe precautions for their protection. In Berlin at one time the criminals become so bold, that women did not dare to go out alone after dark. If they are not checked, crimes of this sort can develop into an epidemic of rape, robbery with violence, etc. A timely intervention is therefore very necessary; the spark must be put out before it bursts into flame.

Take, for example, the robberies from cellars. These are very serious, particularly at a time like this, when we are compelled to break down the walls between the cellars of various dwelling-houses. When the thieves begin to take advantage of this state of affairs, we must either take active steps against them or see the whole of our air-raid shelter system—and with it the morale of the population—put in jeopardy. One single bomb falling in the midst of a row of houses may cause two thousand deaths, and the man who risks his life at the front might with justice become bitter against a State which expects this sacrifice from him, and at the same time does not trouble to safeguard his family at home. Harsh and brutal lines of distinction must therefore be drawn. If a man hits a hen over the head, it is not a crime that is likely to initiate a crime wave; but when some blackguard systematically robs from gardens and takes away the few miserable vegetables the owner is trying to produce, then, I say, he's a criminal of the most ignominious type, for whom no punishment is too severe. Those sort of crimes must be strangled at birth.

Measures must be introduced—and must be made clear to all—to ensure the repression of any breach of public law and order, and to make certain, too, that the inevitable cheapening of life at the front is not counterbalanced by a proportionate over-valuation of the lives of the less worthy elements on the Home Front.

The morale of a people depends to a large extent on the

activity of their judges. Every war gives rise to a species of selectivity in reverse; the finest and fittest perish by the thousand. Even among the brave the choice of arm of the services constitutes a sort of super-selective process, the bravest of the brave going for Air Force and the submarine service. And then, in all branches of the service the call is continual: "Who volunteers for . . . ?" and always gallant men come forward—and die. In time, then, there remains only the rascal living in peace and security. The man who is sent to prison has the certainty that nothing further can befall him. If this process is allowed to continue for three or four years, it will upset the whole equilibrium of the nation.

Prison is no longer a hardship; on the Volkshof front men lie not on a bunk as in prison, but in the icy water, exposed to the winds, sleepless, often without food or hope of relief.

A people, taken *en masse*, is neither wholly good nor wholly bad. It possesses neither the courage to be wholly admirable nor the wickedness to be wholly evil. It is the extremes at each end of the scale that decide the level of the average. If the good are decimated while the evil are preserved, then it is quite possible, as happened in Germany in 1918, for a handful of a few hundred evil vagabonds to do violence to a whole nation.

In Berlin itself eight Party members fall for every non-Party man killed; and unfortunately it is always the flower of the Party—my SA leaders, my Regional and Group Leaders—who are the first to fall. If I failed to exterminate the vermin as a counter-balance, a dangerous situation would arise. I am certainly not a brutal man by nature, and consequently it is cold reason that guides my actions. I have risked my own life a thousand times, and I owe my preservation simply to my good fortune. I say, therefore, that sentiment must play no part in these matters; we must apply a rule of iron and admit of no exceptions. This may often pain me personally, and it may well lead to errors which one will later regretfully acknowledge. But any other course of action is out of the question.

At the end of the first war I was far more imbued with humanitarian ideals than was our system of justice. Circumstances alter cases. The main thing is to be honest and logical with one's self. Weakness in wartime is not admissible. In the case of a traitor, the amount of damage he has done carries little weight; it is the act itself which counts. There are some crimes which, without any shadow of doubt, put him who commits them outside the pale of the community. In the Third Reich no traitor shall commit treason and es-

returned from the front? You have, I see, a wound-stripe and the insignia of the Iron Cross, First Class—what is your opinion of this deserter?" I told him in unmistakable terms what I thought of the swine. The Justizrat smiled. "I object to this witness on the score of personal prejudice," he declared solemnly. The objection was upheld and the filthy Sauper got off scot-free! When the case ended, an officer who was in the public gallery came up to me with outstretched hand. "For God's sake, let's get out of here!" he cried.

I have a reputation for driving very slowly through built-up areas. One day, my chauffeur received a summons for having driven through a village near Nuremberg at an excessive speed. I attended the court personally, and the following dialogue took place:

The Judge. But, Herr Hitler, what is your object in defending this case?

Myself. I am objecting because it is not true that we were doing more than thirty kilometres an hour.

The Judge. In this court everyone charged with exceeding the speed limit is invariably fined; I'm sorry, but I'm afraid I can make no exception in your particular case!

I had engaged a lawyer recommended to me by the insurance company to which our Association paid thousands of marks yearly; to save the man trouble I drove him to and from the court in my own car. Thanks to him, the court fine was reduced from thirty to ten marks. And three weeks later I received a bill from him for over four hundred!

The same jurist should, in my opinion, be available for duty as either a judge or an advocate. As a State servant he can fulfil both rôles. He should have the right at law, when defending an incorrigible criminal, to plead extenuating circumstances; but not to defend his innocence with the oratory of an angel!

Very far-reaching reforms are required in our judicial system. But they must be introduced gradually, and concurrently with the gradual reorganisation of the whole legal profession.

294. 20th August 1942, evening

Dangers of over-mechanisation of an army—God favours the big battalions—Frederick the Great, an exceptional case—American civilisation—Bismarck and Wilhelm II—The ignominious behaviour of the Kaiser—Insignificance of German potentates—Mussolini, air pilot.

The opinion is repeatedly expressed that war should, ideally, be waged by a highly trained technical force with the maximum of mechanisation and the minimum of manpower. These theories, however, are demonstrably false, because practice has shown that any one arm acquires its maximum efficiency only when used in collaboration with other arms. The various weapons are indeed so interdependent that success in war is achieved by the skilful and combined use of all of them. Even in ancient days war was never waged with one arm alone.

The saying that God favours the big battalions is not without significance. Without the requisite force, nothing can be accomplished. To think otherwise is to try to make a virtue out of necessity; if this were not so, the smaller peoples of the world would not have been the victims of oppression throughout history. It was only because they anticipated war in the West, which would give them the chance swiftly to seize the Baltic States, that the Russians stopped the war with Finland. The history of war can furnish not one single instance in which victory has gone to the markedly weaker of the combatants. The nearest approach to it is the case of Frederick the Great, who had luck in defeating, by superior skill, adversaries who were numerically slightly superior.

It makes me laugh when I think what consternation would be caused among us humans if the news suddenly announced that an inter-planetary ship had landed in America! All our earthly little wars would stop immediately!

American civilisation is of a purely mechanised nature. Without mechanisation, America would disintegrate more swiftly than India. Actually, in America the European has reverted to becoming a nomad. What a pity that the film "The Emperor of America" did not end by pointing the moral lesson! Trenker has produced two films which are masterpieces of their kind—"Mountains in Flames" and "The Rebel." In these he was beholden to no man; but in his other films he was financed by Catholic interests.

A question which is frequently put to me is, should we now release the film "Bismarck"? I know of no more trenchant criticism of the Kaiser than that given in the third volume of Bismarck's own memoirs when I read it I was appalled. But even Bismarck's criticism is not as damning as are the speeches of the Kaiser himself. Bismarck shows how the eyes of the whole people were fixed on the Kaiser, and what great things could have been accomplished had there been a monarch endowed with more tact, more human charity and a greater readiness to accept the responsibilities

make head or tail of it! Rosenberg insisted on this extremely high level; at that time, where the leading article now appears, he gave us deeply philosophical treatises written by Professors, and mostly on Central Asia and the Far East.

During the Reichstag fire, I went in the middle of the night to the offices of the *Völkischer Beobachter*. It took half an hour before I could find anyone to let me in. Inside there were a few compositors sitting around, and eventually some sub-editor appeared heavy with sleep. He was quite incapable of grasping what I was telling him, and kept on repeating: "But really! there's no one here at this time of night; I must ask you to come back during business hours!" "Are you mad!" I cried. "Don't you realise that an event of incalculable importance is actually now taking place!" In the end I got hold of Goebbels, and we worked till dawn preparing the next day's edition.

I often find it difficult to get on with our Baltic families; they seem to possess some negative sort of quality, and at the same time to assume an air of superiority, of being masters of everything, that I have encountered nowhere else. Nevertheless, I was very relieved, in 1941, when we received the lists of German families in the Baltic States, to find included in them all our old friends of the nineteen-twenties. One very lovable trait is their marvellous spirit of solidarity. As they have for centuries been the rulers among an inferior race, they are not unnaturally inclined to behave as if the rest of humanity were composed exclusively of Latvians. Constituting as they do a minority, they were all intimately acquainted with each other and kept themselves rigorously apart.

For my own part, I know nothing at all about family histories. There were relations of mine, of whose existence I was quite unaware until I became Reich Chancellor. I am a completely non-family man with no sense of the clan spirit; I belong solely to the community of my nation. The Balts are wont to gauge the intelligence of everyone with whom they come in contact by the yardstick of his being the nephew of Count This or Princess That. I, on the other hand, have to think twice before I can remember my cousins or my aunts; to me the whole thing is uninteresting and futile. One of our Party members was most anxious to show me the results of the laborious investigations he had made into the history of his own family. I cut him very short. "Pfeffer," I said, "I am just not interested. All that sort of stuff is a matter of pure chance; some families keep family records, others do not." Pfeffer was shocked at this lack of appreciation; and there are people who spend

three-quarters of their lives in research of this kind. Pfeffer was, however, most insistent in his desire to show me that his wife, at least, was a descendant of Charlemagne. "That," I retorted, "must have been the result of a slip! a *faux-pas* which can be traced back to Napoleon would be splendid; but of anything else, the less said the better!" Really, you know, it is only the women who transgress who deserve any praise; for many a great and ancient family owes its survival to the tender peccadillo of a woman! The original slip is, of course, decently disregarded, particularly as its motive was not to infuse new blood, but was usually the result of an animal attraction for some virile being, who, quite incidentally, became the instrument for restoring new health into the veins of a degenerating family. Think what would have happened to the German Princes if little things like this had not happened!

Saukel told me a very curious fact. All the girls whom we bring back from the Eastern territories are medically examined; and 25 per cent of them are found to be virgins. That couldn't happen in Upper Bavaria! Contrary to popular belief, it is wrong to suppose that virginity is a particularly desirable quality; one cannot help suspecting that those who have been spared have nothing particular to offer! And what is popularly said on the subject of Christian virgins I hesitate to repeat. When in the marriage ceremony the priest mentions virginity and the holy bond of matrimony, one always sees some of the lads grin and nudge each other; quite a number of them probably know this "Christian virgin" inside out!

In point of fact there is no great harm in this, and it is explained by the rural custom of matrimonial trial. The rural districts are so poor that the hiring of any servants is out of the question and if there are no children, disaster overtakes them; from the age of twelve and thirteen the boys have to work all day. And so the custom of trial has sprung up. It is only when a lad prolongs the period of trial too long that he is looked upon askance, and is expected to marry the girl. Generally speaking, one must admit that there is no more primitive instinct than love; the unfortunate thing is, that the results of these customs are not outstandingly satisfactory. It is in the small towns that one finds the best blood, for it is there that people lead the healthiest lives. In the country, the peasants are bowed down with work and burdened with a hygienic system that is bad in every way. But at least in the country they have a breath of fresh air; and that blows when the girls of the Labour Service (*Arbeitsdienst*), clad lightly in their sports

corporate entity, I shall have plenty to say to him; I should like each petty little district to have its own Pope. Once only in my life have I been stupid enough to try to unite some twenty different sects under one head; and God, to whom be thanks, endowed my twenty Protestant Bishops with such stupidity, that I was saved from my own folly. If I had succeeded, I should now have two Popes on my back! And two blackmailers! I can easily deal with the seventeen Protestant Bishops who still exist—but it is only because I have the absolute power that I can do it.

In this respect the Holy Roman Empire had no success; and yet it survived as a power in the eyes of the world long after it had ceased, in fact, to exercise any power at all.

A principle which must never be forgotten is that a confederation of States can be maintained only by a continuation of the methods used to conquer them and bring them into confederation.

Fundamentally speaking, Belgium, France and Norway, are not our natural enemies. I have no desire to incorporate all Frenchmen in the Reich; those who dwell on our borders and with whom we have contact were all Germans four hundred years ago. I admit, if I were to follow the example of the old Germany and ignore completely their origins and environment, then I should have to impose on them the will of the State without mercy or consideration. But the real question one must ask oneself is: Can we absorb them with advantage—do they by blood belong to our own race? And then one must act in accordance with the answer one gives oneself.

There is perhaps a fourth example—the Austrian Empire. What a mosaic, what an astonishing conglomeration it contained! And yet it held together. In a case like this, however, those in power sign their own death-warrant when they introduce universal suffrage. Up to that moment, the German minority had held the power so securely in their own hands that no one has the right to say that minority government is a monopoly of British genius. Then, however, there arose a general feeling that this State, in reality a German State, should not be allowed to continue, for fear that it might lead to complete German domination and eventually to the foundation of a single pan-Germanic Empire. The Hungarians, too, were most uneasy. Then came 1848; the Hungarians rebelled, but the rebellion was crushed with—most unfortunately—Russian assistance. Yet, in spite of this, mention of the monarchy in Hungary arouses the deepest emotions to this very day, for the Hungarians still consider

themselves to be the last survivors of the glorious epoch of Imperial grandeur.

With our eighty-five million Germans, we have in the Reich itself a major part of the population of the Germanic races. No other nation possesses so strong a proportion of these elements. It would then be a sorry business if, with such strength at our disposal, we failed to bring law and order to ancient Europe. We may have a hundred years of struggle before us; if so, all the better—it will prevent us from going to sleep!

People sometimes say to me: "Be careful! You will have twenty years of guerilla warfare on your hands!" I am delighted at the prospect! With a number of small armies we can continue to dominate a large number of peoples. In the future our divisions will not be in dull garrison towns like Lechfeld and Hommerburg, but will be sent to the Caucasus! Our lads have always shouted with joy at the prospect of service abroad, and I shall see to it that in the future they range the four corners of the world. Germany will remain in a state of perpetual alertness.

We will adopt the British attitude of arrogance. In the time of the old German Emperors, let it not be forgotten, the Kings of England were of little more account than the King of Denmark to-day. In the first war, we found, on going through the paybooks of prisoners of war, that many of them had served in the South African War. They had been all over the world, and for them the fatherland was their Regiment! With men like that, nothing is impossible!

For the future it will, I think, be essential to introduce a three-year period of military service; only by so doing can we ensure efficiency in the handling of new technical weapons. A three-year period will be a great advantage to those who later propose to adopt a learned profession, for it will give them ample time to forget all the muck that was jammed into their heads at school; they will have time to discard everything which will not be of future use to them, and that, in itself, is most valuable. Everybody, for example, learns two or three foreign languages, which is a complete waste of time. The little one learns is not of the slightest use when one goes abroad. Everybody, I agree, should receive a basic education. But the whole method of instruction in secondary and higher schools is just so much nonsense. Instead of receiving a basic education, the student finds his head crammed with a mass of useless learning, and in the end is still ill-equipped to face life. Lucky are those who have the happy knack of being able to forget most of what they have been taught. Those who cannot forget are ripe to be-

1919 the German people had already decided to continue the struggle. A wave of sympathy for Germany swept over Britain as a result of the bombardment of Almeria, and the Eden-Vansittart gang worked for years before they could suppress it.

Recently they have announced the internment of eleven thousand Fascist followers of Mosley. The real reason for the destruction of the Duke of Windsor was, I am sure, his speech at the old veterans' rally in Berlin, at which he declared that it would be the task of his life to effect a reconciliation between Britain and Germany. That rally in Berlin bore the stamp of sincere and mutual esteem, and the subsequent treatment of the Duke of Windsor was an evil omen; to topple over so fine a pillar of strength was both wicked and foolish.

The campaign of antagonism against Germany was organised by Churchill on the orders of his Jewish paymasters, and with the collaboration of Eden, Vansittart and company. The Jews had already succeeded, step by step, in gaining complete control of the press. To counteract Rothermere, the Jews cut off his complete revenue from advertising, and it was Rothermere himself who told me the story of how he was compelled to toe the line. Any and every nation which fails to exterminate the Jews in its midst will sooner or later finish by being itself devoured by them. In retrospect it is quite impossible to understand how all this happened. Old Baldwin started the rot; he himself had great interests in the arms industry, and rearmament certainly put many hundreds of millions into his pocket. Another with the same interests was Chamberlain. Churchill, the raddled old whore of journalism, picked up a few crumbs. Churchill is an unprincipled swine. A perusal of his memoirs proves it; in them he strips himself naked before the public. God help a nation that accepts the leadership of a Thing like that!

307. 1st September 1942, evening

Schirach and the charms of Vienna—Vienna before 1918—and after—Vienna, Munich and Berlin—Churchill's visit to Moscow—Goethe on smoking.

During the two years that he has been in Vienna, Schirach has come more and more under the influence of the city. I myself have never succumbed to the magic of

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Vienna, because I have been adamantly true to my German sentiments.

Before 1914, Vienna was incredibly rich, and she was not burdened with those puffed-up parvenus who were an ornament of Berlin at the time. The Viennese cuisine was delightful; at breakfast nothing was eaten, at mid-day the little *midinettes* lunched off a cup of coffee and two croissants, and the coffee in the little coffee-shops was as good as that in the famous restaurants. For lunch, even in the fashionable places, only soup, a main dish and dessert were served—there was never an entrée. A menu in French was unknown. The first time I came to Berlin, I was given a menu printed in French; the same custom, I found, was followed up to 1933 in the Chancellery. But I swiftly stopped that, when I got there.

After 1918 the average Viennese found himself reduced to extreme poverty. But before the war it was wonderful; never shall I forget the gracious spectacle of the Vienna Opera, the women sparkling with diadems and fine clothes. In 1922 I was again at the Opera—and what a difference! In the places of the cultured society of old there now sat the Jewish riff-raff; the women stretched out their hands to show off their jewelry—a heart-rending sight! I never once saw the Imperial box occupied. I suppose the Emperor Franz Joseph was not musical. I am an implacable enemy of the Hapsburgs, but the sight of this mob sprawling to the very edge of the Imperial box was disgusting and repulsive, and it angered me immensely.

I returned to Vienna quite recently. This repellent mob has now disappeared, but Vienna is an impoverished city. In the old days it was quite a sight to see the handsome carriages bowling along the roads, which were for the most part paved with wood. The relations between master and man in old Vienna were charming in the mutual loyalty and affection which characterised them. There is only one town in Germany, Munich, in which social differences were so little marked. I can blame no Viennese for looking back with sad longing to the Vienna of old; my younger sister is filled with this nostalgia.

Berlin, of course, is a city vibrating with energy; it has all the faults of youth, but it will soon learn. In former times, Berlin was a simple and dignified city. Then came the epoch of the nineteen-course dinners, a surfeit of bad food indifferently cooked, the era of Wilhelm II and the bad taste which was its hallmark! A happy hunting-ground for the upstart, a vicious and degenerate Society, and a Court life that was as ridiculous as it was undignified. A woman like the

When war was declared, a bare 40 per cent of the Members of Parliament were in their seats; immediately afterwards, on another occasion, two hundred and fifty-four members ostentatiously refrained from voting. Never has Britain waged a war which is such an offence to the intelligence and which was thrust upon her by a small clique. Iceland, too, the Americans will never give up. The Americans and the British brother nations? So what? The German brotherhood of nations fought the most bitter internecine wars for centuries on end. If only Britain had supported the Southern States in the American Civil War! And what a tragedy that God allowed Germans to put Lincoln firmly in the saddle!

The first time the Princess Hohenlohe visited me, she brought a letter from Rothermere. I asked Neurath if he considered it advisable for me to receive her? His reply was that, if we could get Rothermere on our side, it would be a terrific accomplishment; and that, at all costs, I must hear what she had to say. When the scarecrow appeared, I muttered "For God and Fatherland" and braced myself to receive her.

In his letter Rothermere said he would gladly use his Press to further a *rapprochement* between Britain and Germany. We subsequently exchanged a series of letters, one of which was very important. I had written to Rothermere to say that I had no grounds for hostility towards Italy, and that I considered Mussolini to be an outstanding personality; that if the British thought they could ride roughshod over a man like Mussolini, they were greatly mistaken; that he was the incarnation of the spirit of the Italian people (in those days I still had illusions about the Italians); that attempts to strangle Italy were futile; and that Italy, as Germany had done before her, would look after herself; and finally, that Germany could be no party to any action directed against Italy or Italian interests.

Thereupon Rothermere came over to see me, and the Princess accompanied him. I must admit I prefer a friendly little kitchen wench to a politically minded lady! Nevertheless, the fact remains—the attitude of the *Daily Mail* at the time of our re-occupation of the Rhineland was of great assistance to us, as it was also over the question of our naval programme. All the British of the Beaverbrook-Rothermere circle came to me and said: "In the last war we were on the wrong side." Rothermere told me that he and Beaverbrook were in complete agreement that never again should there be war between Britain and Germany.

Later, the Princess sought, by means of a court case, to

make use of this correspondence to her own advantage. She had taken photostat copies of all the letters, and sought permission of the court to publish them. The judge—and this shows that, in spite of everything, judges are decent people—said that he had read all the letters, which reflected great credit on both correspondents concerned, but that he could not see that this was a good reason for their publication.

310. 3rd September 1942, midday

Ownership of the soil and its products—Fools to the top of the tree—The press and parliamentary immunity.

The soil belongs to the nation, and the individual has only the rights to the loan and the fruits of it. It is therefore the duty of everyone to extract the maximum value from the good earth. When Professor Hoffmann asserts that his property is the most productive in his district, then that, I think, is a good justification for his possession of it. The more he puts into the earth, the more he will get out of it.

I have just read in the *Hoheitsträger* the assertion that the soil of the Ukraine is no more fertile than that of Germany. All I can say is that the article must have been written by someone who knows nothing of agriculture. If the same amount of endeavour were extended here in the Ukraine as is exerted by the farmer in Upper Bavaria, the rich black soil of the former would offer a far greater yield. The office theorists are invariably men who have had no practical success in life. Herr Wagener, proud holder of honorary degrees, is appointed Agricultural Adviser to the Party—and later we find that he has made a mess of every single thing he ever undertook! It is the same in every branch of the State machine, but particularly in the agricultural branch, that the blockheads are put in authority over the experts. Whenever anyone writes anonymously, I immediately think: judging from its stupidity, this is probably another article by Kranz!

Every article should bear the signature of the author. During the struggle period, all the newspapers had a permanent editor, either a man who was soft in the head—in which case he stoutly spent as much time in prison as out of it—or a Member of the Reichstag! Then the damn German Nationalist party came along and voted against parliamentary immunity, with the result that when the Reichstag was dissolved, the detectives were outside waiting for their vic-

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*Duke Otto—The art of cultivating idols—Serrano
Suñer and the Latin Union.*

Epp has just submitted a paper on the colonial problem to me. I must say, no colonies which we may obtain elsewhere in the world will compare with those which we hold in the East.

Serrano Suñer, had he been given the chance, would gradually have engineered the annihilation of the Falange and the restoration of the monarchy. His disgrace has certainly been accelerated by my recent declaration that he was an absolute swine!

Alphonso XIII was certainly a man, yet he, too, brought ruin on himself. Why, I wonder, did he not keep Primo de Rivera? I can understand most things, but I shall never understand why, when once one has seized power, one does not hold it with all one's might!

Princes constitute a race unique in the world for the depth of their stupidity; they are the classic example of the laws of selectivity working in reverse. If the Hapsburgs were to return to Hungary, they are so stupid, that their presence would immediately give rise to a crisis without parallel. There are circumstances in which an attitude of passivity is absolutely untenable. With each generation, the Princes of Europe become a little more degenerate. In Bavaria this process developed into tragedy, for they eventually became insane. When all is said and done, the whole of the European royal families are descended from the old Frankish nobility, which was founded by Charlemagne and has since withered away through inbreeding. The Austrian Princes had a better chance for survival, for they were allowed to seek their wives amongst commoners.

I cannot but admire the patience of the people who tolerate such fripperies! The practice of kneeling to Royalty had at least this advantage, that it prevented the subjects from contemplating the idiot faces of their rulers!

Efforts for improving the breed of cattle never cease, but in the case of the aristocracy, the reverse obtains. The Hohenzollerns are no exception to the rule; they all have their little idiosyncrasies—not excluding our dear little A. W. [Prince August Wilhelm, son of Kaiser Wilhelm II and member of the NSDA Party.] There should be a law prohibiting Princes from having any intercourse with anyone, except chauffeurs and grooms!

If the crown of Brazil were offered to the Spanish Pretender, he would accept it unhesitatingly. He would become King of Sweden with the same enthusiasm! He doesn't care

a damn what the country is, as long as he is King of it! Are people like that of any real value? To browse through the archives of these families is an edifying experience; the Wittelsbachs wanted to exchange Salzach for Belgium, but the whole thing fell through thanks to a disagreement over sixty-eight acres of land, and thanks, also, to a certain degree, to the intervention of Frederick the Great, who did not wish to see the influence of the Hapsburgs spread westwards. The negotiations were conducted by the Minister Kreittmeyer, which is why our friend Hanfstaengl insisted on the destruction of Kreittmeyer's statue in Munich. I myself was opposed to it. The men of those days did not possess the national sense, as we understand it to-day. Ludwig I of Bavaria was the first monarch who thought in terms of the whole German Reich. For the others, dynastic interests were predominant.

The journey of Otto, the son of Zita, to Budapest reads like a novel. His suite consisted of a Hungarian nobleman—and a trumpeter, perched on the engine, who from time to time all but burst his lungs with his trumpetings! Horthy did not even deign to receive him. The whole buffoonery had been organised by Zita; its repulse was the work of Madame Horthy. I leave you to imagine for yourselves the *denouement* of this grandiose undertaking! The only person whose head it entered to welcome the heroes was the brother of Franz Lehar. In Vienna, Otto would just about have been fitted to become a *maitre d'hôtel*. If the Hapsburgs had had an ounce of character they would have defended their heritage or died; as it was, they docilely surrendered their rights—and then tried to recover them by force!

Humanity cannot exist without an idol. The Americans, for instance, must needs put their President on a pedestal—for as long as he remains President. The monarchies have shown themselves singularly adept at setting up this particular type of idol, and there is no doubt that the whole performance has a measure of common sense in it. It succeeds splendidly, provided always that it is backed by force and power. The Church, for example, possesses nothing but the outer trappings; its troops consist of inoffensive archers, nice fellows with broken arrows! One has only to see them marching in the Corpus Christi procession to understand why the revolutionaries of 1918 left them in peace!

When Franco appears in public, he is always surrounded by his Moorish Guard. He has assimilated all the mannerisms of Royalty, and when the King returns, he will be the ideal stirrup-holder!

I am quite sure that Serrano Suñer was goaded on by the

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clergy. His plan was to found a Latin Union of France, Italy and Spain, and then to range it at Britain's side—the whole to have the blessing of the Archbishop of Canterbury—and a little spicing of Communism for good measure!

I think one of the best things we ever did was to permit a Spanish Legion to fight at our side. On the first opportunity I shall decorate Muñoz Grande with the Iron Cross with Oak Leaves and Diamonds. It will pay dividends. Soldiers, whoever they may be, are always enthusiastic about a courageous commander. When the time comes for the Legion to return to Spain, we must re-equip it on a regal scale, give it a heap of booty and a handful of Russian Generals as trophies. Then they will have a triumphal entry into Madrid, and their prestige will be unassailable.

Taking it all round, the Spanish press is the best in the world!

315. 6th September 1942, midday

The tenuous thread of Destiny—Russian mistakes at Stalingrad—Racial mixtures—Sailors on leave.

It is sobering to think on how thin a thread of fate the history of the world sometimes depends! We lost the 1914-18 war; but we have not the right to say that we did so because the Home Front let us down. Our enemies at the time had some men of the highest quality. It was in 1916, at the battle of the Somme, that tanks made their first appearance; but it was not until 1917 that our industry was switched to their construction, with orders to make an initial quota of six hundred. At the same moment Fuller, supported by Lloyd George and Churchill, succeeded in causing the ban on their production to be lifted, which had been imposed by Haig.

It is becoming more and more obvious that a rift in public opinion in Britain is gradually widening, each individual going to the Right or the Left as it suits him.

Of all our allies, it is Antonescu who has the greatest breadth of vision. He is a man of real personality, and he has, moreover, realised that this war gives Rumania the chance to become predominant in the Balkans, but at the expense of finding the other Balkan States in alliance against her.

The concentration of effort in the defence of Stalingrad is a grave mistake on the part of the Russians. The victor in war is he who commits the fewest number of mistakes, and who has, also, a blind faith in victory. If the Russians

had not decided to make a stand at Stalingrad, they would have done so elsewhere; but it does prove that a name can give to a place a significance which bears no relation to its intrinsic value. For the Bolsheviks it would have been an evil omen to lose Stalingrad—and so they still hold Lenin! For this reason I have always refused to allow my name, or that of any of my colleagues, to be given to anything exposed to the hazards of war—be it a town or a battleship. It is precisely in time of war that people become most superstitious. The Romans, including Julius Caesar, were a superstitious people; although it is quite possible that Caesar was not really superstitious, but simply bowed to public opinion. I myself would never launch an attack on the thirteenth, not because I myself am superstitious, but because others are. Dates play no part in my life. I have frequently had setbacks on days deemed propitious, and successes on days condemned as unlucky.

The break-through to Abbeville was an advance of a mere three hundred and fifty kilometres, which is nothing in comparison with distances in the East. There we must pursue ceaselessly and give them no respite.

What a fine race the Dutch are! The girls are splendid and very much to my taste. The blemishes in the Dutch are due to interbreeding with the Malays, and that, in its turn, is the result of sexual urge and the lack of a sufficiency of white women in their colonies. We had much the same thing in our own colonies; a German had the right to marry a negress, provided she was a Catholic, but not a German girl, if she happened to be a Protestant. Even to-day, the Catholic priest chatters for months if one of his flock wishes to marry a Protestant. It is not very long ago that, in the country, a marriage between Catholic and Protestant was stigmatised as an insult to the Holy Altar; but nobody bothered their heads about the colour of bastards! In the British Empire, things are very different; but the Church of England is a political, rather than an ecclesiastical, organisation.

Again and again I am asked to sanction marriage between one of our soldiers and a foreign girl, and as often as not the soldier is a splendid young lad and the girl a little trollop. Nothing but catastrophe could come of such unions. The branches of the services most exposed to this danger are the Navy and the anti-aircraft units, because they stay in one place longer than anyone else. It was the same in the first war. The Flemish girls were most attractive, and had the war had a normal ending, many of them would undoubtedly have married German soldiers.

The Fuehrer turns jestingly to Admiral Krancke:

Your sailors have only three hours' liberty ashore each day; can't you give them a bit more? If they must hang about in port, they will be best employed chasing the girls!

316. 6th September 1942, evening

German emigration and the use of chemical fertilisers—Between us and the British—Retaliation—Britain started the air bombing.

In the past it was economic pressure which compelled Germans to emigrate *en masse*; this pressure ceased abruptly—almost overnight, one might say—with the introduction of artificial chemical fertilisers, which had a profound effect on our food-production problem. To this must be added the industrialisation of the country as the result of the inventions of the early nineteenth century.

For centuries on end war was confined to conflicts between States within the Reich. The British, on the other hand, have always waged war against foreigners, and as a consequence have no conception of chivalry in war. For many years we were held up to ridicule in the world press as *der deutsche Michel*; but now the British press treats us more kindly. Gradually they have come to regard us as socially acceptable, because we have shown that we pursue our own way, regardless of everybody.

It is essential that we should give the British as good as we get, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. We must straightway declare that from now on pilots descending by parachute will be fired on, that submarines will shell survivors from torpedoed ships, regardless of whether they are soldiers or civilians, women or children! Within a month those devils over there will have realised that they hold the muddy end of the stick, and will act accordingly. I make no secret of the fact that in my eyes the life of a single German is worth more than the lives of twenty Britishers, and in this respect we hold the advantage. We hold infinitely more prisoners-of-war than they do, and the great thing is to capture as many "honourables" as possible. The handcuffing of a hundred and thirty officers after the Dieppe raid had a splendid effect. They are completely indifferent to the fate of the ordinary soldier, but the hanging of half a dozen British Generals would shake British society to its very foundations. Now that Mrs. Churchill goes about arm in arm with Madame Maisky, British prisoners-of-war can-

Self. comments.

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not complain if they are made to live with Russian prisoners. This would be an excellent measure, to which their only counter would be to make our prisoners live with the Italians! If they were to threaten more drastic reprisals, we will retort by hanging the captains of all ships sunk! The Merchant Navy would then begin to act very differently. The Japanese do this, while we entertain them with coffee and cognac. The British are realists, devoid of any scruple and as cold as ice; but as soon as we show our teeth, they become propitiatory and almost friendly!

It was the British who started air attacks. For four months we patiently—and perhaps erroneously—held our hands. The German is always restrained by moral scruples, which mean nothing to the British; to the latter such an attitude is merely a sign of weakness and stupidity. In the past we have readjusted the balance only by retorting in the most ruthless and even barbarous manner.

Our gains in the West may add a measure of charm to our possessions and constitute a contribution to our general security, but our Eastern conquests are infinitely more precious, for they are the foundations of our very existence.

317. 7th September 1942, midday

SPECIAL GUESTS: REICH MINISTER SPEER, REICHSKOMMISSAR KOCH, FIELD MARSHAL MILCH

School-day memories—Towards a seasoned system of education.

1902-3

We pupils of the old Austria were brought up to respect old people and women. But on our professors we had no mercy; they were our natural enemies. The majority of them were somewhat mentally deranged, and quite a few ended their days as honest-to-God lunatics! Those among them who were good fellows we treated with the utmost affection; but they were very few and far between.

Information about the individual weaknesses of the various masters was handed on from class to class and from generation to generation. In the third form we had a physics master named Koenig. Each form knew that at the beginning of the new scholastic year, the pupils would be divided into two groups—why, I still have no idea. Koenig would give the following order: "The pupils on the side nearest the window will gather near the window; those on the stove side of the room will gather in the vicinity of the stove!" Immediately the pupils rushed to do the reverse. The

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CLASSROOM MEMORIES

wretched man danced with indignation, exclaiming that the students became more stupid with every year; it never entered his head that the real fool was he himself!

The priest who taught us divinity was a very tubby, portly little man. Before his entry, we used to slant the forms inwards along the gangway through which he had to pass, making it narrower and narrower. Never did the stupid man realise the trick; solemnly he would walk on until finally, half-way to his desk, he found himself stuck between the benches!

Before the lesson in natural science, we used to strew the floor of the classroom with grass and nutshells, and explain innocently that we had been studying botany.

We had a methodical plan, according to the season of the year, for fomenting riot and chaos in the classroom. In the spring a very successful trick was to release a swarm of cockchafer (large beetles) in class and then exclaim in unison: "O-oh, sir! how can we study with all these cockchafers in the room!"

As you may imagine, I was in particularly bad odour with the teachers. I showed not the slightest aptitude for foreign languages—though I might have done, had not the teacher been a congenital idiot. In addition, I could not bear the sight of him, and in honesty I must confess that the feeling was reciprocated. Behind a frowsty beard one caught a glimpse of a collar, greasy and yellow with dirt, and he was in every way a most repellent creature; he was furious because I learnt not a word of French. A bright youngster of thirteen or fourteen can always get the better of a teacher dulled by the grind of years of teaching.

Our teachers were absolute tyrants. They had no sympathy with youth; their one object was to stuff our brains and to turn us into erudite apes like themselves. If any pupil showed the slightest trace of originality, they persecuted him relentlessly, and the only model pupils whom I ever got to know have all been failures in after-life.

Good teaching should recognise and develop the personality of the individual pupil. In this respect the foundation of a corps of teachers and the revision of educational methods have brought a very great improvement in modern times.

Among our teachers there was only one who dressed decently; and it is an interesting fact that, when I once visited Klagenfurt, I found him—in the SS! The old gentleman, who was then already on pension, had, it seems, been a member of the illegal SS before the *Anschluss*. I was very much moved to meet him again.

1902-03

I can readily understand why the youth of ancient Greece sometimes went far afield, in order to study under the teacher of their choice. And it was grouped around their teachers, by the way, that the youth of ancient days went into battle. There is no enthusiasm greater than that of a young man of thirteen to seventeen years of age. They will gladly let themselves be cut to pieces for the sake of their teacher, if he is a real man. I should very much like to see our youth led into battle by their teachers!

Part Four

1943

13th June—24th June

318. 13th June 1943, evening

*Dangers of over-centralisation of cultural life—
The future of technology—The French painters—
The great artistic achievements of the nineteenth
century were German—Architecture in Berlin and
Munich.*

I am very nervous lest, one day when I am no longer here, someone should get the idea of centralising in Berlin a series of museums for the artistic masterpieces of the Reich, for military trophies and weapons and for examples of German industrial and scientific genius. This would give a completely erroneous conception of the unified state, and the worst of it would be that the initiator would certainly claim that in so doing he was following the conceptions "of our late Fuehrer." In point of fact we should, on the contrary, pursue a policy of judicious decentralisation. The Deutsches Museum in Munich, with its twenty-three kilometres of exhibits of all kinds, amply fulfills the purely national need, and it would be disastrous if somebody said we must have a museum in Berlin with forty-five kilometres of exhibits! In the Military Museum which I intend to found in Linz, I wish to devote one section to the science of fortification, from the earliest times down to the days of the Maginot

laden with personal prejudices. Reason alone must have the last word.

Part Five

1944

13th March—29th-30th November

324. 13th March 1944, midday

A nursery for film actors—Futility of the art critics—Weber's FREISCHUTZ and Bizet's CARMEN.

It is often said that among our film actors we have none capable of playing certain parts—that, for instance, of the hero. This type of artist, they say, is non-existent. I have never heard such nonsense. But to find them, you must, of course, look for them. Producers make the mistake of seeking always in the same old circle—the stage and the theatrical agencies. If they would look elsewhere, they would soon find what they want. One has only to think of the splendid types of manhood to be found even now, after five years of war, in our regiments.

Some years ago, before the war, I passed a camp of the Labour Service (*Arbeitsdienst*) at Bergdorf. Immediately my car was surrounded by a crowd of bronzed and laughing young men. I remember remarking to one of my companions: "Why don't our film producers come to places like this in search of talent? In a year or two it would be possible to transform one of these lads into an accomplished actor, even if it were just for one particular part for which they are seeking a star." In this respect Leni Riefenstahl has the right idea: she scours the villages in search of the peasant types she requires.

In the nature of things, the opinion of an art critic must not be accepted as an irrevocable and unassailable truth. His criticism is, after all, only the expression of his own personal opinion. When in ten different newspapers ten different critics give their opinion on one and the same work,

ten separate personal opinions emerge—unless, of course, they have previously received instructions from interested parties. Has such an opinion any value? I doubt it. We are too prone to forget that the ancients disregarded the art critic. They judged a work on its merits, as they saw them, which, after all, is the natural method of selection. Art criticism, as it has developed since the beginning of the nineteenth century, means either the death of a work of art, since the critics never cease to tear it to pieces; or the death of the press, since the public could have no faith in a press in which the critic of each individual newspaper gives a completely different story on exactly the same work. If we were to be deprived of art critics, we should not lose very much!

One single critique signed with a well-known name may destroy the aspirations of an artist for as long as twenty years. Examples are not lacking. How many of the artists whom we admire greatly to-day were previously castigated by the oracles of the times! What is true of painters is true of artists in other fields. Do not forget that a single adverse critique by E. T. A. Hoffmann was sufficient gravely to prejudice the chances of success of *Der Freischütz*. And this work, with its deep harmonies, had all the ingredients which should have appealed to the romanticism in Hoffmann. Think of Wagner and how he was torn to bits for ten years by the critics! Had there been no one who appreciated him, it is questionable whether he would have continued with his work. The same thing happened with *Carmen*. And now the critics who tore these masterpieces to shreds are completely and utterly forgotten, and the works live on.

325. 23rd March 1944, midday

Charm of the Rhineland—And of other parts of Germany—The marvellous countryside of Bohemia and Moravia.

I saw the Rhine for the first time in 1914, when I was on my way to the Western Front. The feelings which the sight of this historic stream inspired in me remain for ever graven on my heart. The kindness and spontaneity of the Rhinelanders also made a profound impression on me; everywhere they received us and feted us in a most touching manner. The evening we reached Aachen, I remember thinking that I should never forget that day for the rest of my life; and indeed the memory of it remains to-day as vivid as ever, and every time I find myself on the banks of the Rhine I re-live again the wondrous experience of my

first sight of it. This is no doubt one of the main reasons—quite apart from the unrivalled beauty of the countryside—that impels me each year to revisit the Rhineland.

There are other parts of Germany, apart from the Rhineland, which give me intense pleasure to visit—the Kyffhäuser, the forests of Thuringia, the Harz and the Black Forest. It is most exhilarating to drive for miles through the woods and forests, far away from the throng.

One of my greatest delights has always been to picnic quietly somewhere on the roadside; it was not always easy, for our column of cars would often be pursued by a crowd of motorists, eager to see their Fuehrer off duty, and we had to employ all sorts of ruses to shake off these friendly and well-meaning pursuers; sometimes, for instance, I would drive up a side-turning, leaving the column to continue along the main road. Our pursuers would then overtake the cars of the column one by one, and, failing to find me, would go ever faster in the hope of overtaking me farther on. In this way we managed occasionally to snatch a few hours of peace and tranquillity. On one occasion, I remember, a family out gathering mushrooms came suddenly on our picnic party. In a few moments these kindly folk had alerted the neighbouring village and the whole population was surging towards us, filling the air with their shouts of "Heil!"

It is a great pity that Germans know so little of their own country. Since 1938 the number of beauty spots within the boundaries of the Reich has increased considerably. In addition to Austria, we have the wonderful countryside of Bohemia and Moravia, which is a closed book to all but a few Germans. Some of them may have heard of the virgin forests of Bohemia, but how many have ever seen them? I have a collection of photographs taken in Bohemia, and they remind one of the vast forests of the tropics. To visit all the beauties of his country, a German to-day would require to take a holiday in a different district each year for the rest of his life.

326. 16th May 1944, evening

Research and Instruction—State encouragement for free research—The two tasks of research worker and teacher—Kant, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche—Instruction must be State-directed—My relations with the economists—The economists change their minds.

The theory that independent research and instruction are

two fields of activity false. Each has an enemy of a different type the State from a different

Research must remain restriction. The facts and Truth is never evil and further the efforts its activities hold no advantage from the many may well be that its represent tremendous power future.

Instruction, on the other hand, enjoy a like liberty of interests of the State, unrestricted; it has not of independence which

The attributes demanded of a research worker are functions to be found together in research is by nature curious to work, to ponder, to curious nature breeds in and most rigorous self-

Of quite a different type or no concern with truth with something, that is, himself. He is a man with and understanding to none who, therefore, are genuine in consequence he is a pedantically dogmatic.

There are many men who are useless as teachers who have no gift of work; yet all of them, contributions of outstanding knowledge.

I do not agree with should be restricted solely should embrace also the which, in essence, are the of scientific research science and placing them philosophy gives us a logic

1914-1918

it is. The boundary between research and philosophy is nebulous and constantly moving.

In the Great Hall of the Linz Library are the busts of Kant, Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, the greatest of our thinkers, in comparison with whom the British, the French and the Americans have nothing to offer. His complete refutation of the teachings which were a heritage from the Middle Ages, and of the dogmatic philosophy of the Church, is the greatest of the services which Kant has rendered to us. It is on the foundation of Kant's theory of knowledge that Schopenhauer built the edifice of his philosophy, and it is Schopenhauer who annihilated the pragmatism of Hegel. I carried Schopenhauer's works with me throughout the whole of the first World War. From him I learned a great deal. Schopenhauer's pessimism, which springs partly, I think, from his own line of philosophical thought and partly from subjective feeling and the experiences of his own personal life, has been far surpassed by Nietzsche.

It is the custom in Germany for students to pass from one university to another during the course of their studies—a custom, incidentally, which no other country has. But it would be false to assume that this variety in instruction is a safeguard against uniformity of outlook, for although the professors of the various universities fight among themselves, they are all fundamentally and at heart, in complete agreement. I came to realise this clearly through my contacts with the economists. This must have been about 1929. At that time we published a paper on certain aspects of the economic problem. Immediately a whole company of national economists of all sorts, and from a variety of universities, joined forces and signed a circular in which they unanimously condemned our economic proposals. I made one attempt to have a serious discussion with one of the most renowned of them, and one who was regarded by his colleagues as a revolutionary in economic thought—Zwiedineck. The results were disastrous!

At the time the State had floated a loan of two million seven hundred thousand marks for the construction of a road. I told Zwiedineck that I regarded this way of financing a project as foolish in the extreme. The life of the road in question would be some fifteen years; but the amortisation of the capital involved would continue for eighty years. What the Government was really doing was to evade an immediate financial obligation by transferring the charges to the men of the next generation and, indeed, of the generation after. I insisted that nothing could be more unsound, and that what the Government should really do was to take

radical steps to reduce
der capital more fluid.

I next argued that of exchange and so I never regarded and never mutable principles of a token of exchange for absolutely on the value money did not represent no value at all.

Zwiedineck was horrified, would upset the entire world, and would cause a breakdown.

When, later, after our theories into practice, the discountenance, but cal argument that my theory

327. 17

*Our religious policy
tun*

Throughout the course seldom had the opportunity the internal evolution of opportunity offered was about 1907-1909. It is in many respects new of the old Catholic way it was something quite new skill to exploit these as would most probably have German National Church must not be forgotten their desires to re Church; the State, then, being a bridge between the State was too weak, and the necessary vision to give the most of it; and so the the established Church, which and to excommunicate. Frocked carries no weight

The Modernists themselves that in the end they, too,