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then on he contented himself with the stars in the nightly movies.

Around 1939 Eva Braun was assigned a bedroom in the Berlin residence. It adjoined his; the windows looked out on a narrow courtyard. Here even more than in Obersalzberg she led a completely isolated life, stealing into the building through a side entrance and going up a rear staircase, never descending into the lower rooms, even when there were only old acquaintances in the apartment, and she was overjoyed whenever I kept her company during her long hours of waiting.

In Berlin, Hitler very seldom went to the theater, except to see operettas. He would never miss a new production of the by now classical operettas such as *Die Fledermaus* and *The Merry Widow*. I am certain that I saw *Die Fledermaus* with him at least five or six times in cities all over Germany. He customarily contributed considerable sums from Bormann's privy purse to have the operetta put on in lavish style.

In addition he liked revues. He went to the Wintergarten several times to attend a Berlin variety show and would certainly have gone more frequently but for the fact that he was embarrassed to be seen there. Sometimes he sent his house steward in his place and then late in the evening would look over the program and ask for an account of what had gone on. Several times he also went to the Metropol Theater which put on insipid musicals with plenty of scantily clad girls.

During the Bayreuth Festival every year he attended every single performance of the first cycle. It seemed to a musical layman like myself that in his conversations with Frau Winifred Wagner he displayed knowledge about musical matters in detail; but he was even more concerned about the directing.

Aside from Bayreuth, however, he very seldom attended performances of operas, and his initially rather keen interest in theater also dwindled. Even his enthusiasm for Bruckner never seemed very marked and imposed no obligations on others. Although a movement from a Bruckner symphony was played before each of his "cultural speeches" at the Nuremberg Party Rallies, for the rest he merely took care that Bruckner's works continued to be fostered at St. Florian. He saw to it, however, that his public image of a man passionately devoted to art was cultivated.

I never found out whether and to what extent Hitler had an in-

terest in literature. In naval matters and an interest during the ni

I myself threw all first by the way Hitler stand that he might v but to my notion th proved rather long, v parison relatively sh really work? Little v and conducted one c quent dinner on he of the evening.¹ His imperiled by his pass often asked me: "P drawings I had broug board at the entranc quires. Sometimes h to look in the anteroo

In the eyes of the nation day and nighting could be regarded temperament. Accord lem to mature during with trivial matters. I spend a few days of No doubt he also us boards, trying out new of different ways, tim and thus perfecting th again into his idleness.

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performances, spoke appreciatively of the art of one of his favorite actors, then went on to other subjects. The conversation was continued at a sluggish pace in the small drawing room. Beer, wine, and sandwiches were handed around, until Hitler at last said good night at about two o'clock in the morning. I frequently reflected that this mediocre group was assembling at the same spot where Bismarck used to talk brilliantly with friends and political associates.

A few times I suggested inviting a famous pianist or a scientist, in order to introduce a new element into the monotony of these evenings. But Hitler always fended off anything of this sort. "The artists would not be so eager to come as they say." In fact many of them would have regarded such an invitation as a distinction. Probably Hitler did not want to have the sluggish, banal conclusion of his daily routine disturbed; he was fond of it. Moreover, I often observed that Hitler felt a certain shyness toward people of high standing in some professional field. He did receive them occasionally, but in the reserved atmosphere of an official audience. Perhaps that was one of the reasons he had picked out so very young an architect as myself. He did not feel such an inferiority complex toward me.

During the early years after 1933 the adjutants were permitted to invite ladies, some of them screen stars selected by Goebbels. But as a rule only married women were admitted, usually with their husbands. Hitler followed this rule in order to forestall rumors which might harm the image shaped by Goebbels of a Leader whose style of life was absolutely respectable. Toward these women Hitler behaved rather like the graduate of a dance class at the final dance. He displayed a shy eagerness to do nothing wrong, to offer a sufficient number of compliments, and to welcome them and bid them good-bye with the Austrian kissing of the hand. When the party was over, he usually sat around for a while with his private circle to rave a bit about the women. He spoke more about their figures than their charm or cleverness, and always there was something in his tone of the schoolboy who is convinced that his wishes are unattainable. Hitler loved tall, full-figured women; Eva Braun, who was rather small and delicate of build, was actually not at all his type.

Abruptly, some time in 1935, as I recall, this practice ceased from one day to the next. I never learned the reason for this; perhaps it was due to some gossip. Whatever the reason, Hitler suddenly announced that henceforth the invitations to women were to stop. From

mis. early '30s

he had once expressed. Even so, Funk had difficulties recovering those millions of marks from Goering.

A favorite target of Goebbels's jokes and the subject of innumerable anecdotes was Rosenberg, whom Goebbels liked to call "the Reich philosopher." On this subject Goebbels could be sure that Hitler agreed with him. He therefore took up the theme so frequently that the stories resembled carefully rehearsed theatrical performances in which the various actors were only waiting for their cues. Hitler was almost certain to interject at some point: "The *Völkischer Beobachter* is just as boring as its editor, Rosenberg. You know, we have a so-called humor sheet in the party, *Die Brennessel*. The dreariest rag imaginable. And on the other hand the *VB* is nothing but a humor sheet." Goebbels also made game of the printer Müller, who was doing his best both to keep the party and not to lose his old customers, who came from strictly Catholic circles in Upper Bavaria. His printing program was certainly versatile, ranging from pious calendars to Rosenberg's antichurch writings. But Müller was allowed considerable leeway; in the twenties he had gone on printing the *Völkischer Beobachter* no matter how large the bill grew.

Many jokes were carefully prepared, tied up as they were with actual events, so that Hitler was kept abreast of interparty developments under the guise of foolery. Again, Goebbels was far better at this than all the others, and Hitler gave him further encouragement by showing that he was very much amused.

An old party member, Eugen Hadamowski, had obtained a key position as Reichssendeleiter (Head of Broadcasting for the Reich), but now he was longing to be promoted to Leiter des Reichsrundfunks (Head of the Reich Radio System). The Propaganda Minister, who had another candidate, was afraid that Hitler might back Hadamowski because he had skillfully organized the public address systems for the election campaigns before 1933. He had Hanke, state secretary in the Propaganda Ministry, send for the man and officially informed him that Hitler had just appointed him Reichsintendant (General Director) for radio. At the table Hitler was given an account of how Hadamowski had gone wild with joy at this news. The description was, no doubt, highly colored and exaggerated, so that Hitler took the whole affair as a great joke. Next day Goebbels had a few copies of a newspaper printed reporting on the sham appointment and praising the new appointee in excessive terms. He outlined the

article for Hitler mowski's raptur more Hitler and day Hanke asked speech into a d merriment at H bels no longer b Hadamowski. It the slightest opp ized that the f unacceptable to bels was describ free rein.

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I often asked surely could be ler was mistrust often seemed to or subtle manip for methodical Goebbels, Borm spoke out in ca not make Hitler more and more

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building and filed awestruck through the finished rooms. Hitler addressed them in the Sportpalast:

I stand here as representative of the German people. And whenever I receive anyone in the Chancellery, it is not the private individual Adolf Hitler who receives him, but the Leader of the German nation—and therefore it is not I who receive him, but Germany through me. For that reason I want these rooms to be in keeping with their high mission. Every individual has contributed to a structure that will outlast the centuries and will speak to posterity of our times. This is the first architectural creation of the new, great German Reich!

After meals he frequently asked which of his guests had not yet seen the Chancellery, and he was delighted whenever he could show one of them through. On such occasions he liked to show off his ability to store up data. Thus, he would begin by asking me: "How large is this room? How high?" I would shrug my shoulders in embarrassment, and he would give the measurements. They were exactly right. Gradually this developed into a prearranged game, since I too became adept at rattling off the figures. But since it obviously gave him pleasure, I played along.

Hitler's honors to me increased. He arranged a dinner in his residence for my closest associates; he wrote an essay for a book on the Chancellery, conferred the Golden Party Badge on me, and with a few shy words gave me one of the watercolors he had done in his youth. A Gothic church done in 1909, it is executed in an extremely precise, patient, and pedantic style. No personal impulses can be felt in it; not a stroke has any verve. But it is not only the brush strokes that lack all character; by its choice of subject, the flat colors, the conventional perspective, the picture seems a candid witness to this early period of Hitler. All his watercolors from the same time have this quality, and even the watercolors done while he was an orderly in the First World War lack distinctiveness. The transformation in Hitler's personality, the growth of self-assurance, came later. It is evident in the two pen sketches for the great hall in Berlin and for the triumphal arch, which he drew about 1925. Ten years later he would often sketch with a vigorous hand, using red and blue pencil, sometimes going over and over his drawing until he had forced his way through to the

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versation with Cardinal Faulhaber at Obersalzberg in November 1936. Afterward Hitler sat alone with me in the bay window of the dining room, while the twilight fell. For a long time he looked out of the window in silence. Then he said pensively: "There are two possibilities for me: To win through with all my plans, or to fail. If I win, I shall be one of the greatest men in history. If I fail, I shall be condemned, despised, and damned."

Hitler & Church

miss. 1937

For it was impossible, he said, to replace the church by any "party ideology." Undoubtedly, he continued, the church would learn to adapt to the political goals of National Socialism in the long run, as it had always adapted in the course of history. A new party religion would only bring about a relapse into the mysticism of the Middle Ages. The growing SS myth showed that clearly enough, as did Rosenberg's unreadable *Myth of the Twentieth Century*.

If in the course of such a monologue Hitler had pronounced a more negative judgment upon the church, Bormann would undoubtedly have taken from his jacket pocket one of the white cards he always carried with him. For he noted down all Hitler's remarks that seemed to him important; and there was hardly anything he wrote down more eagerly than deprecating comments on the church. At the time I assumed that he was gathering material for a biography of Hitler.

Around 1937, when Hitler heard that at the instigation of the party and the SS vast numbers of his followers had left the church because it was obstinately opposing his plans, he nevertheless ordered his chief associates, above all Goering and Goebbels, to remain members of the church. He too would remain a member of the Catholic Church, he said, although he had no real attachment to it. And in fact he remained in the church until his suicide.

Hitler had been much impressed by a scrap of history he had learned from a delegation of distinguished Arabs. When the Mohammedans attempted to penetrate beyond France into Central Europe during the eighth century, his visitors had told him, they had been driven back at the Battle of Tours. Had the Arabs won this battle, the world would be Mohammedan today. For theirs was a religion that believed in spreading the faith by the sword and subjugating all nations to that faith. The Germanic peoples would have become heirs to that religion. Such a creed was perfectly suited to the Germanic temperament. Hitler said that the conquering Arabs, because of their racial inferiority, would in the long run have been unable to contend with the harsher climate and conditions of the country. They could not have kept down the more vigorous natives, so that ultimately not Arabs but Islamized Germans could have stood at the head of this Mohammedan Empire.

Hitler usually concluded this historical speculation by remarking: "You see, it's been our misfortune to have the wrong religion. Why

mis. '30s, 1938

assembled in the anteroom. Hitler chose the lady he would take in to dinner, while Bormann, from about 1938 on, had the privilege of escorting Eva Braun, to the table; she usually sat on Hitler's left. That in itself was proof of Bormann's dominant position in the court. The dining room was a mixture of artistic rusticity and urban elegance of a sort which was often characteristic of country houses of the wealthy. The walls and ceilings were paneled in pale larchwood, the chairs covered with bright red morocco leather. The china was a simple white; the silver bore Hitler's monogram and was the same as that used in Berlin. Hitler always took pleasure in its restrained floral decoration. The food was simple and substantial: soup, a meat course, dessert, with either Fachinger mineral water or wine. The waiters, in white vests and black trousers, were members of the SS bodyguard. Some twenty persons sat at the long table, but because of its length no general conversation could arise. Hitler sat in the middle, facing the window. He talked with the person opposite him, who was different every day, or with the ladies to either side of him.

Shortly after dinner the walk to the teahouse began. The width of the path left room for only two abreast, so that the file resembled a procession. Two security men walked at the head. Then came Hitler with one other person, with whom he conversed, followed in any order by the dinner company, with more guards bringing up the rear. Hitler's two police dogs roamed about the area and ignored his commands—the only oppositionists at his court. To Bormann's vexation, Hitler was addicted to this particular walk, which took about half an hour, and disdained using the mile-long paved forest roads.

The teahouse had been built at one of Hitler's favorite lookout points above the Berchtesgaden valley. The company always marveled at the panorama in the same phrases. Hitler always agreed in much the same language. The teahouse itself consisted of a round room about twenty-five feet in diameter, pleasing in its proportions, with a row of small-paned windows and a fireplace along the interior wall. The company sat in easy chairs around the round table, with Eva Braun and one of the other ladies again at Hitler's side. Those who did not find seats went into a small adjoining room. According to taste, one had tea, coffee, or chocolate, and various types of cake and cookies, followed by liqueurs. Here, at the coffee table, Hitler was particularly fond of drifting into endless monologues. The subjects were mostly familiar to the company, who therefore listened

absently, though pretend fell asleep over one of his chatting in whispers, hop evening meal. It was all ve

After about two hours Hitler stood up, and the about twenty minutes' w: returning to the Berghof, while the retinue scatter the room of one of the y: remarks from Eva Braun.

Two hours later the co of the afternoon ritual. A followed by the still uncha

The Troost studio had size furniture: a sideboard which housed phonograph honorary citizenship aw china closet; a massive c front of the large pictur which Hitler used for sign maps. There were two sit the room, with the red place; the other, near the fine veneer was protected the movie projection cal Along the opposite wall speakers, and adorned by Arno Breker. Above this movie screen. Large oil posed bosom ascribed to reclining nude said to be very handsome frame; a with Roman ruins by Pa ing by Eduard von Steir King Henry, founder of casionally let it be know his own income.

We found places on th

me to afternoon dinner at Karinhall—this was a rare and exceptional occasion. The meal was not too lavish, but I was rather taken aback when at its end an ordinary brandy was poured for us, while Goering's servant poured his, with a certain solemnity, from a dusty old bottle. "This is reserved for me alone," he commented without embarrassment to his guests and went on about the particular French palace in which this rare find had been confiscated. Afterward, in an expansive mood, he showed us the treasures stowed away in the Karinhall cellar. Among them were some priceless classical pieces from the Naples Museum; these had been removed before the evacuation of Naples at the end of 1943. With the same pride of ownership he had his cupboards opened to allow us a glimpse of his hoard of French soaps and perfumes, a stock that would have sufficed for years. At the conclusion of this display he sent for his collection of diamonds and other precious stones, obviously worth hundreds of thousands of marks.

Hitler's purchases of paintings stopped after he had appointed the head of the Dresden Gallery, Dr. Hans Posse, as his agent for building the Linz collection. Until then Hitler had chosen his purchases himself from the auction catalogues. In the course of this he had occasionally been victimized by his habit of appointing two or three rivals to carry out a particular assignment. There were times when he would have separately instructed both his photographer, Heinrich Hoffmann, and one of his art dealers, to bid without limit. The result was that Hitler's two emissaries kept fearlessly outbidding one another long after all other bidders had dropped out. This went on until one day Hans Lange, the Berlin auctioneer, called my attention to this state of affairs.

Shortly after the appointment of Posse, Hitler showed him his previous acquisitions, including the Grützner collection. The showing took place in Hitler's air-raid shelter, where he had stored these treasures for safety. Chairs were brought in for Posse, Hitler, and myself, and SS orderlies carried in picture after picture. Hitler went on about his favorite paintings in his usual way, but Posse refused to be overpowered either by Hitler's position or by his engaging amiability. Objective and incorruptible, he turned down many of these expensive acquisitions: "Scarcely useful," or "Not in keeping with the stature of the gallery, as I conceive it." As was so often the case when Hitler was dealing with a specialist, he ac-

baroque style of Vienna's Ringstrasse—products of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Curiously enough, such architectural sketches often shared the page with sketches of weapons and warships.

In comparison to that sort of thing, Troost's architecture was actually spare. Consequently, his influence upon Hitler remained marginal. Up to the end Hitler lauded the architects and the buildings which had served him as models for his early sketches. Among these was the Paris Opera (built 1861-74) by Charles Garnier: "The stairwell is the most beautiful in the world. When the ladies stroll down in their costly gowns and uniformed men form lanes—Herr Speer, we must build something like that too!" He raved about the Vienna Opera: "The most magnificent opera house in the world, with marvelous acoustics. When as a young man I sat up there in the fourth gallery . . ." Hitler had a story to tell about van der Nüll, one of the two architects of this building: "He thought the opera house was a failure. You know, he was in such despair that on the day before the opening he put a bullet through his head. At the dedication it turned out to be his greatest success; everyone praised the architect." Such remarks quite often led him to observations about difficult situations in which he himself had been involved and in which some fortunate turn of events had again and again saved him. The lesson was: You must never give up.

He was especially fond of the numerous theaters built by Hermann Helmer (1849-1919) and Ferdinand Fellner (1847-1916), who had provided both Austria-Hungary and Germany at the end of the nineteenth century with many late-baroque theaters, all in the same pattern. He knew where all their buildings were and later had the neglected theater in Augsburg renovated.

But he also appreciated the stricter architects of the nineteenth century such as Gottfried Semper (1803-79), who built the Opera House and the Picture Gallery in Dresden and the Hofburg and the court museums in Vienna, as well as Theophil Hansen (1803-83), who had designed several impressive classical buildings in Athens and Vienna. As soon as the German troops took Brussels in 1940, I was dispatched there to look at the huge Palace of Justice by Poelaert (1817-79), which Hitler raved about, although he knew it only from its plans (which was also true of the Paris Opera). After my return he had me give him a detailed description of the building.

Such were Hitler's architectural passions. But ultimately he was

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true story emerges, as I think it has, as far as the author is able to remember and comprehend it, throughout these pages.

This careful self-scrutiny occurs too in connection with his part in the treatment of the Jews. Actually Speer played no role whatever in the Jew-baiting or in the exterminations. The exterminations were known to comparatively few people. Even those most concerned, the Jews in concentration camps, and incredibly, many of those within sight of the gas chambers, refused to believe the stories they heard.* The mass killings were beyond imagination—they sounded like clumsy propaganda; Speer, however, was in a position to find out about them. He tells us that one of his friends, Gauleiter Hanke, had visited Auschwitz and warned him in the summer of 1944 against making a similar visit. But the Minister of Armaments and War Production had no business that required him to be concerned with rumors of any death mills; his business was with the prisoners who could man his factories, so he never pursued the matter, never looked behind the terrible curtain Hanke had pointed out to him. He preferred not to know, to turn his face away, to concentrate on his own huge task. He believes this was a grievous failure, a sin of omission more inexcusable than any crime he may have committed.

It is for this reason that Speer did not resist his long prison term as did, for example, Admiral Doenitz. Doenitz always felt himself unjustly convicted; he has a large volume of letters from British and American naval officers sharing his view who wrote to him, on their own initiative, to protest the Nuremberg court's verdict and his sentence of ten years. In Speer's case too, non-Germans, including the three Western governors of the prison, had taken the view that he had been given an excessive sentence and had recommended a commutation, but the Russians who had voted to hang Speer held him to his full term. Speer has no complaint to make against the Russians or anyone else. He came to know the Russian guards well at Spandau; they exchanged stories about their children and families and no one ever mentioned the past. Speer was grateful for that; he knew his

* Two recent publications have dealt with this astonishing incomprehension. One, *The Destruction of the Dutch Jews*, was written by Jacob Presser, who was himself a concentration camp prisoner. The other is an article by Louis de Jong, director of the Dutch Institute of War Documentation; it is entitled, "Die Niederländer und Auschwitz" and appeared in the January 1969 issue of the *Vierteljahrshfte*, published by the Institut für Zeitgeschichte in Munich.

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Hitler often talked about mountain tours he had undertaken in the past. From a mountain climber's point of view, however, they did not amount to much. He rejected mountain climbing or alpine skiing: "What pleasure can there be in prolonging the horrible winter artificially by staying in the mountains?" His dislike for snow burst out repeatedly, long before the catastrophic winter campaign of 1941-42. "If I had my way I'd forbid these sports, with all the accidents people have doing them. But of course the mountain troops draw their recruits from such fools."

The destination was often the Hochlenzer, a small mountain inn, on the Scharitzkehl, about an hour's walk, where we sat outside at

Another time we drove motorboat to the Bart hike over the Scharitz walk we had to threaten we had to have been lured out by the many people did not wear civilian clothes, since we were among the hikers. But the Schiffmeister restauranting our group; they entered. Hitler in the lead before we were overtaken and cake while the big reinforcements had been which had been driven back, and he stood behind a shield, so that even the men of the escort squad on either side, while the I sat as usual in the jug get that surge of rejection. Wherever Hitler went a car stopped for a short exultation was not caused by the effect of Hitler were subject to this in himself was eternally time I admired him in private.

Perhaps it is under

plain wooden tables and had a glass of milk or beer. On rare occasions there would be a longer tour; I remember one with General von Blomberg, the Commander in Chief of the army. We had the impression that weighty military problems were being discussed, since everyone had to stay far enough behind to be out of hearing. Even when we rested for a while in a clearing in the woods, Hitler had his servant spread his blankets at a considerable distance from the rest of us, and he stretched out on them with the general—a peaceful and innocent-seeming sight.

Another time we drove by car to the Königssee and from there by motorboat to the Bartholomä Peninsula; or else we took a three-hour hike over the Scharitzkehl to the Königssee. On the last part of this walk we had to thread our way through numerous strollers who had been lured out by the lovely weather. Interestingly enough, these many people did not immediately recognize Hitler in his rustic Bavarian clothes, since scarcely anyone imagined that he would be among the hikers. But shortly before we reached our destination, the Schiffmeister restaurant, a band of enthusiasts began excitedly following our group; they had belatedly realized whom they had encountered. Hitler in the lead, almost running, we barely reached the door before we were overtaken by the swelling crowd. We sat over coffee and cake while the big square outside filled. Hitler waited until police reinforcements had been brought up before he entered the open car, which had been driven there to meet us. The front seat was folded back, and he stood beside the driver, left hand resting on the windshield, so that even those standing at a distance could see him. Two men of the escort squad walked in front of the car, three more on either side, while the car moved at a snail's pace through the throng. I sat as usual in the jump seat close behind Hitler and shall never forget that surge of rejoicing, the ecstasy reflected in so many faces. Wherever Hitler went during those first years of his rule, wherever his car stopped for a short time, such scenes were repeated. The mass exultation was not called forth by rhetoric or suggestion, but solely by the effect of Hitler's presence. Whereas individuals in the crowd were subject to this influence only for a few seconds at a time, Hitler himself was eternally exposed to the worship of the masses. At the time I admired him for nevertheless retaining his informal habits in private.

Perhaps it is understandable that I was carried along by these tem-

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pests of homage. But it was even more overwhelming for me to speak with the idol of a nation a few minutes or a few hours later, to discuss building plans with him, sit beside him in the theater, or eat ravioli with him in the Osteria. It was this contrast that overcame me.

Only a few months before I had been carried away by the prospect of drafting and executing buildings. Now I was completely under Hitler's spell, unreservedly and unthinkingly held by him. I was ready to follow him anywhere. Yet his ostensible interest in me was only to launch me on a glorious career as an architect. Years later, in Spandau, I read Ernst Cassirer's comment on the men who of their own accord threw away man's highest privilege: to be an autonomous person.*

Now I was one of them.

Two deaths in 1934 delimited the private and the political realms. After some weeks of severe illness, Hitler's architect Troost died on January 21; and on August 2, Reich President von Hindenburg passed away. His death left the way clear for Hitler to assume total power.

On October 15, 1933, Hitler had solemnly laid the cornerstone for the House of German Art in Munich. He delivered the ceremonial hammer blows with a fine silver hammer Troost had designed specially for this day. But the hammer broke. Now, four months later, Hitler remarked to us: "When that hammer shattered I knew at once it was an evil omen. Something is going to happen, I thought. Now we know why the hammer broke. The architect was destined to die." I have witnessed quite a few examples of Hitler's superstitiousness.

But for me Troost's death meant a grave loss. A close relationship had just become established between us, and I counted on profiting, both humanly and artistically, from it. Funk, then state secretary in Goebbels's Propaganda Ministry, took a different view. On the day of Troost's death I met him in Goebbels's anteroom, a long cigar in his round face. "Congratulations! Now you're the first!" he said to me.

I was twenty-eight years old.

* In *The Myth of the State* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1946), p. 286, Ernst Cassirer writes: "But here are men, men of education and intelligence, honest and upright men who suddenly give up the highest human privilege. They have ceased to be free and personal agents." And earlier: "Man no longer questions his environment; he accepts it as a matter of course."

* I spoke to him on that occasion

Architect

FOR A WHILE IT LOOKED over Troost's office. the necessary sympathy take that in hand my stranger than his late

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Hitler acquired a plan. He acknowledged Gall chief of the studio

Hitler also remained

Hitler was extremely excited and, as I believe to this day, inwardly convinced that he had come through a great danger. Again and again he described how he had forced his way into the Hotel Hanselmayer in Wiessee—not forgetting, in the telling, to make a show of his courage: “We were unarmed, imagine, and didn’t know whether or not those swine might have armed guards to use against us.” The homosexual atmosphere had disgusted him: “In one room we found two naked boys!” Evidently he believed that his personal action had averted a disaster at the last minute: “I alone was able to solve this problem. No one else!”

His entourage tried to deepen his distaste for the executed SA leaders by assiduously reporting as many details as possible about the intimate life of Roehm and his following. Brückner showed Hitler the menus of banquets held by the Roehm clique, which had purportedly been found in the Berlin SA headquarters. The menus listed a fantastic variety of courses, including foreign delicacies such as frogs’ legs, birds’ tongues, shark fins, seagulls’ eggs, along with vintage French wines and the best champagnes. Hitler commented sarcastically: “So, here we have those revolutionaries! And our revolution was too tame for them.”

After paying a call on the President he returned overjoyed. Hindenburg had approved his operation, he said, saying something like: “When circumstances require it, one must not shrink from the most extreme action. One must be able to spill blood also.” The newspapers concurrently reported that President von Hindenburg had officially praised Chancellor Hitler and Prussian Prime Minister Hermann Goering* for their action.

The leadership became frenziedly busy justifying the operation. A day of great activity ended with a speech by Hitler to a special session of the Reichstag. His feelings of guilt were audible in his protestations of innocence. A Hitler defending himself was something we would not encounter again in the future, not even in 1939, at the beginning of the war. Even Minister of Justice Gürtner was dragged into the proceedings. Since he was nonpartisan and consequently did not appear to be dependent on Hitler, his support carried special weight

* While in prison I learned from Funk that Hindenburg had made a similar remark to him. The inside story of Hindenburg’s congratulatory telegram remains an unfathomable mystery.

June '34

with all doubters. The fact that the army silently accepted General Schleicher's death seemed highly significant. But what most impressed me, as well as many of my unpolitical acquaintances, was the attitude of Hindenburg. The field marshal of the First World War was held in reverence by people of middle-class origins. Even in my school days he epitomized the strong, steadfast hero of modern history, and as such seemed to belong to a somewhat legendary realm. During the last year of the war, we children were allowed to take part in the nationwide ceremony of driving nails into huge statues of Hindenburg—each nail representing a contribution of a mark. Thus for as long as I could remember he had been for me the symbol of authority. That Hitler's action was approved by this supreme judge was highly reassuring.

It was no accident that after the Roehm putsch the Right, represented by the President, the Minister of Justice, and the generals, lined up behind Hitler. These men were free of radical anti-Semitism of the sort Hitler advocated. They in fact despised that eruption of plebeian hatreds. Their conservatism had nothing in common with racist delusions. Their open display of sympathy for Hitler's intervention sprang from quite different causes: in the Blood Purge of June 30, 1934, the strong left wing of the party, represented chiefly by the SA, was eliminated. That wing had felt cheated of the fruits of the revolution. And not without reason. For the majority of the members of the SA, raised in the spirit of revolution before 1933, had taken Hitler's supposedly socialist program seriously. During my brief period of activity in Wannsee I had been able to observe, on the lowest plane, how the ordinary SA man sacrificed himself for the movement, giving up time and personal safety in the expectation that he would some day receive tangible compensation. When nothing came of that, anger and discontent built up. It could easily have reached the explosive point. Possibly Hitler's action did indeed avert that "second revolution" Roehm was supposed to have been plotting.

With such arguments we soothed our consciences. I myself and many others snatched avidly at excuses; the things that would have offended us two years before we now accepted as the standard of our new environment. Any troublesome doubts were repressed. At a distance of decades I am staggered by our thoughtlessness in those years.¹

These events led the very next day to a new commission for me.

"You must rebuild the transfer the top SA I have them nearby in my objection that the Borsig Palace, Hitler away! Don't give that

With these orders, manager of course to wait for a few months

When I returned to the building be impossible project without consid

Papen remained in arrange their files a week or two. I then

building without further plaster decorations from creating the maximum cracks of the doors

impossible. Hitler was approval he made jokes

Twenty-four hours saw a large pool of Herbert von Bose, or away and from then affect me any more de

On August 2, Hind commissioned me to monuments at the Tannen

I had a high wooden were limited to banisters that framed the inner with a staff of SS leaders ures to me. He retained gave me the impression deal with people but r

The benches of first impression. The weakest black; but unfortunate

Aug '34

continued for the next few days and the paint remained wet. We had bales of black cloth flown by special plane from Berlin and covered the benches with it. Nevertheless the wet paint soaked through, and a good many of the funeral guests must have ruined their clothes.

On the eve of the funeral the coffin was brought on a gun carriage from Neudeck, Hindenburg's East Prussian estate, to one of the towers of the monument. Torchbearers and the traditional flags of German regiments of the First World War accompanied it; not a single word was spoken, not a command given. This reverential silence was more impressive than the organized ceremonial of the following days.

In the morning Hindenburg's coffin was placed on a bier in the center of the Court of Honor. The speaker's lectern was set up right beside it, rather than at a discreet distance. Hitler stepped forward. Schaub took the manuscript of his funeral oration from a briefcase and laid it on the lectern. Hitler began to speak, hesitated, and shook his head angrily in a manner quite out of keeping with the solemnity of the occasion. The adjutant had given him the wrong manuscript. After the mistake was corrected, Hitler read a surprisingly cool, formal memorial address.

Hindenburg had long—much too long for Hitler's impatience—made difficulties for him. The old man had been rigid and thick-headed on many matters; Hitler had often had to resort to cunning, cleverness, or intrigue to win him over. One of Hitler's shrewd moves had been to send Funk, then still Goebbels's state secretary and an East Prussian by birth, to the President's morning press briefing. As a fellow countryman, Funk was often able to take the sting out of a bit of news that Hindenburg found objectionable or to present the matter so that the President did not take offense.

Hindenburg and many of his political allies had expected the new regime to reinstate the monarchy. Any such step, however, was far from Hitler's mind. He was apt to make such remarks as:

I've permitted the Social Democratic ministers like Severing to continue receiving their pensions. Think whatever you like about them, you have to grant there is one thing to their credit: They did away with the monarchy. That was a great step forward. To that extent they prepared the way for us. And now we're supposed to bring back this monarchy? Am I to divide my power? Look at Italy! Do they think I'm that dumb? Kings have always been ungrateful to their foremost

associates. We need that. Even though

Early in 1934 I The temporary bl to be replaced by those first sketches me: a mighty flight flanked on both e enced by the Per, ored guests preser possible midway in

With some trep worried because 1 ment. The structu of eighty feet. It calla in Rome.

Hitler took his professionally ass drawings, and rer ning to think he v time at our first leave. To this day comments, he ren

Where other a first draft. He lik even during cons this first test of Henceforth he re if I were his equa

Hitler liked to his time and its remind men of architecture, he perors of Rome? buildings had no in the history o architecture will

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65 L *Architectural Megalomania*

associates. We need only remember Bismarck. No, I'm not falling for that. Even though the Hohenzollerns are being so friendly right now.

Early in 1934 Hitler surprised me with my first major commission. The temporary bleachers on the Zeppelin Field in Nuremberg were to be replaced by a permanent stone installation. I struggled over those first sketches until, in an inspired moment, the idea came to me: a mighty flight of stairs topped and enclosed by a long colonnade, flanked on both ends by stone abutments. Undoubtedly it was influenced by the Pergamum altar. The indispensable platform for honored guests presented problems; I tried to place it as unobtrusively as possible midway in the flight of stairs.

With some trepidation I asked Hitler to look at the model. I was worried because the design went far beyond the scope of my assignment. The structure had a length of thirteen hundred feet and a height of eighty feet. It was almost twice the length of the Baths of Caracalla in Rome.

Hitler took his time looking at the plaster model from all sides, professionally assuming the proper eye level, silently studying the drawings, and remaining totally impassive through it all. I was beginning to think he would reject my work. Then, just as he had done that time at our first meeting, he tersely said, "Agreed," and took his leave. To this day I am not sure why, given as he was to long-winded comments, he remained so terse about such decisions.

Where other architects were concerned, Hitler usually rejected the first draft. He liked an assignment to be worked over several times and even during construction would insist on changes in detail. But after this first test of my ability he let me go on without interference. Henceforth he respected my ideas and treated me, as an architect, as if I were his equal.

Hitler liked to say that the purpose of his building was to transmit his time and its spirit to posterity. Ultimately, all that remained to remind men of the great epochs of history was their monumental architecture, he would philosophize. What had remained of the emperors of Rome? What would still bear witness to them today, if their buildings had not survived? Periods of weakness are bound to occur in the history of nations, he argued; but at their lowest ebb, their architecture will speak to them of former power. Naturally, a new

national consciousness could not be awakened by architecture alone. But when after a long spell of inertia a sense of national grandeur was born anew, the monuments of men's ancestors were the most impressive exhortations. Today, for example, Mussolini could point to the buildings of the Roman Empire as symbolizing the heroic spirit of Rome. Thus he could fire his nation with the idea of a modern empire. Our architectural works should also speak to the conscience of a future Germany centuries from now. In advancing this argument Hitler also stressed the value of a permanent type of construction.

The building on the Zeppelin Field was begun at once, in order to have at least the platform ready for the coming Party Rally. To clear ground for it, the Nuremberg streetcar depot had to be removed. I passed by its remains after it had been blown up. The iron reinforcements protruded from concrete debris and had already begun to rust. One could easily visualize their further decay. This dreary sight led me to some thoughts which I later propounded to Hitler under the pretentious heading of "A Theory of Ruin Value." The idea was that buildings of modern construction were poorly suited to form that "bridge of tradition" to future generations which Hitler was calling for. It was hard to imagine that rusting heaps of rubble could communicate these heroic inspirations which Hitler admired in the monuments of the past. My "theory" was intended to deal with this dilemma. By using special materials and by applying certain principles of statics, we should be able to build structures which even in a state of decay, after hundreds or (such were our reckonings) thousands of years would more or less resemble Roman models.²

To illustrate my ideas I had a romantic drawing prepared. It showed what the reviewing stand on the Zeppelin Field would look like after generations of neglect, overgrown with ivy, its columns fallen, the walls crumbling here and there, but the outlines still clearly recognizable. In Hitler's entourage this drawing was regarded as blasphemous. That I could even conceive of a period of decline for the newly founded Reich destined to last a thousand years seemed outrageous to many of Hitler's closest followers. But he himself accepted my ideas as logical and illuminating. He gave orders that in the future the important buildings of his Reich were to be erected in keeping with the principles of this "law of ruins."

In the course to Bormann and forth appear in his doctor, the had already received struck a jar now counted me said a word of n lery or at the B preferred such inspections he w such occasions I was appointed his deputy, Rud same rank upon Party Rally, th

After January the Labor Fron posed to take o provoked a goo Joy itself. A sho of Limburg, Le neatness and cl dens. By tempe wanted to have project turned me personally. offices and to l Lawn was to ta to be turned i breaks. We urg workers' cante artifacts for ti sturdy furniture We provided o businessmen o able to draw i solved Arts an voted themsel

workers' living conditions and moving closer to the ideal of a classless People's Community. However, it was somewhat dismaying to discover that Hitler took hardly any interest in these ideas. He who could lose himself in the details of an architectural project proved remarkably indifferent when I came to him with reports of my progress in this social area. The British ambassador in Berlin, at any rate, thought better of it than Hitler.*

It was due to my new party rank that in the spring of 1934 I received my first invitation to an official evening reception that Hitler gave as party chief, one to which wives were also invited. We were seated in groups of six to eight persons at round tables in the large dining hall of the Chancellor's residence. Hitler went from table to table, said a few friendly words, and made the acquaintance of the ladies. When he came up to us I introduced my wife, whom I had hitherto not mentioned to him. "Why have you deprived us of your wife for so long?" he commented privately a few days later, obviously much taken with her. In fact one reason I had avoided introducing her earlier was my dislike for the way Hitler treated his mistress. Moreover, it seemed to me that it should have been the business of the adjutants to invite my wife or to call Hitler's attention to her existence. But you could not expect any sense of etiquette from them. In the final analysis Hitler's own petit-bourgeois origins were reflected in the behavior of the adjutants.

That first evening they met, Hitler said to my wife with a certain solemnity: "Your husband is going to erect buildings for me such as have not been created for four thousand years."

Every year a rally was held at the Zeppelin Field for the assemblage of middle and minor party functionaries, the so-called *Amtswalter*, who were in charge of the various organizations affiliated with the NSDAP. While the SA, the Labor Front, and, of course, the army tried to make a good showing at its mass meetings and impress Hitler and visitors by their bearing and discipline, it proved a rather difficult task to present the *Amtswalter* in a favorable fashion. For the

* Sir Neville Henderson, *Failure of a Mission* (New York, 1940), p. 15: "There are, in fact, many things in the Nazi organization and social institutions, as distinct from its rabid nationalism and ideology, which we might study and adapt to our own use with great profit both to the health and happiness of our own nation and old democracy."

most part they had paunches; they simply ranks. There were construction Section for Party had already provoked saving idea came to me

I explained my plan. The thousands of flags were to be held in a field. The flagbearers, lanes in which the Army take place at evening, and the great eagle dramatic effect. But occasionally seen our into the sky. I asked these. Goering made searchlights represent Hitler won him over: thing like this, other lights."

The actual effect faded and thirty sharp values of forty feet, we thousand feet, after wing was of a vast roof infinitely high over this wreath of lights, the mirage. I imagine resplendent architecture most beautiful architecture which has survived the solemn and beautiful Ambassador Henderson.

When it came to the out the dignitaries, these too were a lot had all they could do appeared they stiff:

1, 2 July 1939

them: this was characteristic of him. Morell rarely washed and was in that sense unapproachable. Hitler defended him thus: "I don't retain Morell to sniff at him, but to keep me fit." His eating habits were audible and unpleasant. In July 1939 he was among the guests at Frau Winifred Wagner's house at Bayreuth. When Hitler inquired of Verena, his favourite among the Wagner girls, why she was not eating she pointed to the disturbing spectacle of the fat doctor busily and noisily devouring a whole orange with both hands, sucking its contents through a small window that he had scooped out of its peel.

Morell was the first doctor that Hitler allowed to give him a complete physical examination. As he described it, the Führer's medical history was not unusual. His tonsils had been removed, though he had no recollection of any operation; as a child he had displayed a pulmonary apical pathology, that had disappeared in later years. Morell noticed a scar on Hitler's left thigh, caused by wartime shrapnel. During the 1923 putsch, the dying Scheubner-Richter had pulled Hitler down, resulting in a fracture of Hitler's left shoulder-blade (so that for many years now Hitler had been unable to abduct or rotate his upper left arm more than a limited amount).

In 1938 and 1939, Hitler was unquestionably at the peak of his health. He looked younger than fifty. Major physical exertions like the Birthday Parade were child's play to him. He could still laugh heartily, and was outwardly a very healthy man despite a few private eccentricities like his extreme vegetarianism. The laboratory that periodically ran checks for Morell on the contents of "Patient A's" stomach expressed discreet surprise that these consisted solely of vegetable fibres. A typical Berghof menu for Hitler in the summer of 1937 was this: "Barley soup followed by semolina noodles and an egg and green salad."

From Morell's own records, it is clear that most of his medicines were administered by hypodermic syringe, whether his patients suffered from coughs or cancer. They often felt better afterwards: but Morell was usually just giving shots of harmless dextrose, hormones or vitamins that had very little long-term benefit. He also administered liberal quantities of sulphonamide drugs to treat even the common cold – effective enough, but an irresponsible use of a drug to which the human body rapidly becomes resistant. Hitler certainly was impressed. "Without Morell," he once said, "I would not be able to achieve half as much. I would never be able to endure the mental and physical burden." Three to six Morell-type injections a day soon stopped Hitler's colds almost before they started. The daily injections of 10 cc of glucose and of Morell's own proprietary compound, Vitamultin, containing virtually every vitamin from A to K – it consisted of ascorbic acid, calcium, nicotinic acid amine, and either caffeine or cocoa as a sweetener – left Hitler with a kind of euphoria: and soon Morell was treating Hitler with his "pep" shots of glucose before major speeches and parades. In this way the body's

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normal built-in powers of resistance were being replaced by injected substitutes – not narcotics, but just as habit-forming.

In fact, Hitler's stomach spasms returned despite the Mutaflor treatment. Morell then prescribed intramuscular injections of "Progynon", a preparation with benzoic acid and dihydro-follicle hormone which tends to prevent spasm of the gastric walls. He also administered "Luizym" enzyme tablets, to make Hitler's vegetable food intake more digestible. From 1938 to 1940 he also occasionally injected 3 cc of "Glyconorm" – the product of another of his associated factories, Nordmark Werke in Hamburg, containing metabolic ferments, vitamins and amino acids. Yet after a while the stomach cramps returned. In 1939, Morell put Hitler on a course of "Euflat" pills that was to last five years, and injections of "Eukodal" and "Eupaverinum".

A modern expert scanning Morell's treatment notes has suggested he was "polypragmatic" – keen to dose Hitler with a bit of everything: not enough to do much harm, but not enough to do much good. Hitler trusted him, and so did most of his staff. In a prison camp in 1945, Brandt rebuked him: "Your behaviour has brought disgrace on the entire medical profession!" Yet Morell cured Goebbels of a skin disease where twenty-two leading dermatologists had failed. And when Rudolf Hess flew to Scotland in 1941, it was Morell's little vitamin pills and energy tablets that he had packed in his luggage. Morell's patient, Hitler, was to outlive both Neville Chamberlain and Franklin D. Roosevelt.

It is to the actions of Chamberlain and Roosevelt in April 1939 that we now return, as – late that month – Europe took another lurch towards war. For domestic political reasons, Chamberlain decided to reintroduce National Service and announced this on the twenty-sixth. Henderson had just returned to Berlin from London, where a strident British press campaign was beginning. He informed the Foreign Office on 25 April – an unpublished telegram, intercepted however by the FA for Hitler – that this rendered his position very unpleasant: "The press is making life very difficult for me." Next day's FA wiretaps showed that the Foreign Office told him to give the Nazi government advance warning of Chamberlain's conscription announcement – Hitler too was due to speak at the Reichstag shortly – and to reassure it that National Service was not to be construed as directed against Germany.

Hitler's speech on 28 April was primarily a diatribe against Roosevelt, however. Hitherto he had felt able to ignore the President's forays into European politics. At the time of Munich, Roosevelt had sent him an open telegram: Neurath took it from Wiedemann's hands and pocketed it with the words, "What business does Roosevelt have poking his nose in here?" That was Hitler's attitude too. He blamed Roosevelt's anti-Reich stance on Jewish

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nigg began, and both Keitel and Dr Kajetan Mühlmann testified that it was not a gentle process obtaining Schuschnigg's signature.

Mühlmann – an art-historian and Austrian Nazi sympathizer – had “happened” to be down in Berchtesgaden that day; Papen had called him up to the Berghof to advise Hitler. Hitler asked whether Schuschnigg was likely to adhere to the agreement, indicating: “I myself don’t believe he will.” Mühlmann disagreed. While they were talking Ribbentrop came in and complained. “Mein Führer, I’ve reached agreement with him on every point except one: he won’t appoint Seyss-Inquart as minister of security.” Hitler retorted, “Tell him that if he doesn’t agree, I’ll invade this very hour!” (This was bluff.) Shortly after, Papen entered: “Mein Führer, there are smiles all round now.” But even now Schuschnigg was insisting on six days’ grace, as only President Miklas could appoint new ministers. Hitler called him back into his study and resumed his bluster. Once he threatened, “Do you want Austria to become another Spain?” Then he threatened that Schuschnigg should not set much store by Italian military aid: Italy was still weak from her warring in Abyssinia and Spain, and her army was valueless. “In any war 10,000 German soldiers would suffice to thrash the entire Italian army!” Then he asked Schuschnigg to step outside, and as the door opened he called out into the Great Hall: “General Keitel!”

When Keitel hurried in, asking what was wanted, Hitler just motioned him to a chair: “I don’t want anything. Just sit there.” This dumb charade lasted ten minutes before Schuschnigg was called back in. Papen expressed embarrassment later at this treatment of the visiting chancellor, but Hitler had sized up his opponent well: now Schuschnigg initialled the final draft of the agreement without further objection. He seems to have fallen wholly under Hitler’s hypnotic influence – although to his credit he had withstood it for longer than many of the Wehrmacht’s most seasoned generals later did. “I have to admit”, he told a Viennese intimate two days later, “that there’s something of the prophet about Hitler.”

For all Hitler’s tough talk, the evidence – quite apart from the warship-launching ceremony that he was planning – is that he had no intention of starting a forcible invasion of Austria, provided that Schuschnigg kept his part of the bargain. (Wilhelm Keppler had warned on the seventh that Schuschnigg was governed by “periodic moods”.) Hitler told his Luftwaffe adjutant that Austria would come closer to the Reich of her own accord now – perhaps that very autumn of 1938 – unless Schuschnigg committed some *Dummheit* meantime. To deter Schuschnigg from second thoughts, however, he ordered the OKW to fake preparations for an “invasion”; Canaris personally arranged this at Abwehr regional headquarters in Munich. At first these fears seemed

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ants, ministers and advisers by allowing them to undermine each other's powers while leaving him supreme as the final arbiter of what after all should be done.

Himmler's place in this strange and ugly administration was still circumscribed on the one hand by Frick, the weak but obstinate bureaucrat who was Minister of the Interior, and on the other by the High Command of the Army, who disliked the continued existence outside their control of a quarter of a million men in S.S. uniform just as they had disliked the larger, but far less well disciplined forces of Roehm. As far as the bureaucrats were concerned, now that Göring's attention was diverted from the political police in his pursuit of other interests, Himmler and Heydrich made short work of Frick and of Guertner, the Minister of Justice, both of whom sought during 1934-5 to restrain them and their agents in the S.S. and the Gestapo from seizing any person they wished and holding them in 'protective custody'. Frick even attempted to draft a law, initially limited to Prussia, giving prisoners in the camps a right of access to the courts. When this draft was put on the agenda of the Prussian Ministerial Council by Göring, Himmler was invited to attend the meeting, though he was not a member of the Council, and he saw to it that the draft was rejected. His victory over Frick was complete, when on 2 May 1935, the Prussian court of Administration accepted that the activities of the Gestapo were outside their jurisdiction.

It was not, however, until 10 February 1936 that Hitler finally decreed that the Gestapo was a special police organization with powers that extended to the whole of Germany. The following June Himmler was made Chief of the German Police in the Ministry of the Interior, so confirming by right of decree what had been the practice for a considerable period owing to the absence of any effective opposition. Frick, though technically Himmler's superior in police matters, gave up the hopeless task of attempting to interfere with him.¹⁵

Another open critic of Himmler was Schacht, the banker, who was a ruthless and ambitious autocrat. Having been made Minister of Economics by Hitler, he was determined to conduct his affairs in his own way, though he was eventually to be superseded by Göring. Gisevius states that he went to Schacht's residence and at his request searched it with an engineer for hidden microphones when the Minister suspected that Heydrich's agents were spying on him and

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hardened her. Her social station in life did not rise with his, since she could not come to town and share it with him. As early as October 1931 she writes naively about the good news for the Nazis, adding, 'How I'd like to be present at all these great events.' But Himmler kept her as firmly as possible in the background. She was, nevertheless, very conscious of being the Herr Reichsführer's wife, and dealt with the local tradespeople on those terms, driving as hard a bargain as she could in the process. They much preferred to deal with Himmler, who, when they encountered him during one of his visits, seemed to them far more human and less socially pretentious. He loved his daughter Gudrun, and it was to see her rather than Marga that he came to Gmund.

Marga had two sisters, Lydia and Bertha; Bertha on 19 April 1936 received an official letter from her brother-in-law which began:

19-dumb
'I am told that you've been in our office again making tactless and bloody silly (*saudumme*) remarks. I herewith forbid you (i) to enter my office; (ii) to telephone anyone in my office except myself or S.S. Brigadeführer Wolff . . . Henceforth you are to refrain from any remarks about S.S. matters and personalities. All departmental chiefs have been acquainted with this letter. Heil Hitler!'

He accused Bertha of making adverse remarks about Heydrich and saying that when he, Himmler, was absent from Berlin she had to run the office for him.

Himmler's relations with his parents during their final years were friendly and correct. He set his father the task of research into the family ancestry, and a letter about this, sent by the old man from Munich in February 1935, begins: 'My dear Heinrich, this time your father does not come to you with a request but to give you something', while his mother scribbles a postscript saying how proud she feels to see her son's name and picture so often in the papers. But, she adds, he should not work too hard; he must look after himself, and come and see them soon in Munich.

Himmler called to see his parents whenever he could and sent them for drives in his official car, carefully noting that the cost of the fuel should be deducted from his salary.

Himmler's removal to Berlin preceded by barely a month Hitler's sudden and savage assault on Roehm and his associates at the head of the S.A. We know that the decision to undertake this purge was

not taken lightly, for Roehm, in spite of his threatening ambitions and his moral corruption, was a man towards whom Hitler still felt loyalty and even friendship. It is possible that he was afraid of him. At this early stage in his career as dictator he disliked taking any violent, widespread and public action which might lead to consequences he could not wholly foresee and which he feared he might be unable to control. But Himmler and Göring were determined to be rid of Roehm and break the influence of the S.A., and they joined together in the common cause to persuade Hitler that the commander of the S.A. and his dissatisfied forces were planning a *coup d'état*.

Roehm had made difficulties for himself by using the place he had won in Hitler's Cabinet to urge that the S.A. (which now numbered 3 million men) and the regular Army should be merged under a single command that he clearly wanted to assume himself. Hitler, who had his own eye fixed on Hindenburg's Presidency now that the old man was within a few months of his death, had struck a secret bargain with the High Command of the Army and Navy, agreeing that he would disband the S.A. if they would acquiesce to his becoming President. The S.A., in fact, was no longer of use to him, and its unruly presence in the state was a constant embarrassment now that the campaigns in the streets were won and the sureties of power lay in gaining final control of the armed forces themselves. He had in any case promised Sir John Simon and Anthony Eden, when they had visited Germany on 21 February as Ministers of State, that he would demobilize two-thirds of the S.A. and permit an Allied inspection of the rest.

Heydrich's files were gutted for evidence that would blacken Roehm and the commanders of the S.A. in the eyes of Hitler, and prove they were conspiring with other acknowledged dissidents, such as the subtle and devious Schleicher, whom Hitler had displaced as Chancellor, and Gregor Strasser, who had in 1932 attempted to draw a radical section of the Nazi party away from Hitler's authority and was now living in retirement. According to an affidavit made by Frick, Hitler's Minister of the Interior, and filed at the time of the Nuremberg Trial, it was Himmler rather than Göring who finally determined Hitler to take action.³

Himmler had spent the first weeks of the new phase in his command touring the principal centres where his S.S. detachments were stationed and addressing them on the subject of loyalty to the Führer. In Berlin, Heydrich was preparing for Göring the lists of

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those members of the S.A. who should be seized. On 6 June, Heydrich's S.D. was proclaimed by Hitler the official Intelligence office of the Party, from whom no information they required should be withheld. S.A. leaders in Berlin and the south were kept under constant watch.

The pace of events that led to the bloody climax of 30 June began to quicken. Hitler ordered Roehm to give all his storm-troopers a month's leave from July 1st, and Roehm himself, with Hitler's agreement, went on a nominal sick-leave to Bavaria on 7 June. He maintained a formal contact with Hitler, who even promised to visit him for further discussions on 30 June. After a conference with Hitler in Berlin on 20 June, Himmler claimed he was shot at while driving in his car to the interment of the body of Carin, Göring's first wife, in the mausoleum Göring had built at his great country estate of Carinhall, named after her.⁴

At the Nuremberg Trial, Eberstein described how 'about eight days before 30 June' he was summoned and told that Roehm was planning a *coup d'état*. Himmler ordered him to hold his S.S. men 'in a state of quiet readiness' in their barracks. Eberstein also gave an account of how the local executions were conducted under orders from Heydrich:

'In the course of that day, 30 June, a certain S.S. Colonel Beutel came to me from the S.S. with a special order which he had received from Heydrich. He was a young man, this Beutel, and he did not know what he should do; he came to obtain advice from me, an older man. He had an order in which there were approximately twenty-eight names and a postscript, from which it appeared that some of these men were to be arrested and others were to be executed. This document had no signature on it and therefore I advised this S.S. Colonel to get positive clarification as to what should take place, and warned him emphatically against any rash action.

'Then, as far as I know, a courier was sent to Berlin and brought back eight orders of execution which came from Heydrich. The order read somewhat as follows: "By order of the Führer and Reich Chancellor . . ." then followed the name of the person concerned, "so-and-so is condemned to death by shooting for high treason".

'These documents were signed by Heydrich . . . On the basis of these documents eight members of the S.A. and the Party too

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were shot by the political police of Saxony in Dresden . . . That's what I know about it, at least in my area.⁵

Himmler during the period immediately preceding the purge kept in touch with the War Office, and in particular with Walter von Reichenau, a general in Army Administration who was prepared to work with the Nazis.

Between 21 and 29 June, Hitler toured restlessly from place to place on a variety of official duties, while in Berlin Himmler held a conference of the S.S. High Command on 24 June, while the Army was put on an alert on 25 June. On the same day Heydrich began, with the help of a few chosen officers of the S.D., to prepare the final lists of marked men both in the S.A. and outside it. In the middle of the wedding-feast of Gauleiter Terboven of Essen, for whom both Hitler and Göring acted as witnesses, Himmler arrived from Berlin with urgent news that action must be taken with as little delay as possible. This was no doubt part of Göring's and Himmler's scheme to keep Hitler in a state of alarm; after further conference, they left Hitler and returned to Berlin to carry out the final preparations for the purge.

Actual

Hitler was finally goaded into action during the small hours of 30 June, when he flew to Munich before dawn and drove by car to the sanatorium at the Tegernsee, where he roused Roehm from sleep, accused him of treachery and had him arrested. Himmler's special detachment of guards commanded by Sepp Dietrich, the *Leibstandarte*, whose duty it was to protect Hitler, had been sent south to give all necessary aid, but Hitler, unable or unwilling to face the summary executions that were due to follow, retired to the Brown House, the Party headquarters in Munich. Confusion followed, for Hans Frank, the Bavarian Minister of Justice, was unwilling to execute men in the mass without trial merely because their names were on a typed list provided by Göring and Himmler and underlined in pencil by Hitler. Roehm himself was not finally shot until 2 July.

In Berlin, Göring and Himmler had neither time nor desire to observe the formalities of justice. They had their lists, they had their prisoners, and the executioners, squads of Göring's private police, stood waiting to shoot their victims at Gross-Lichterfelde. The scene in Göring's private residence at Leipzigerplatz, where he and Himmler identified the prisoners as they were brought in,

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accused them of treason and summarily ordered them to be shot as soon as their names had been ticked on the lists, has been described by eye-witnesses – in particular by Papen who, as Hitler's Vice-Chancellor, Göring thought it wise to protect. He sent his adjutant, Bodenschatz, to bring him to the Leipzigerplatz, where he could be placed under guard. As soon as Papen arrived, Himmler gave the signal by telephone that the Vice-Chancellery could be raided. Bose, Papen's press counsellor, was shot and his personal staff arrested. When Papen was finally given permission to leave, he found his office occupied by S.S. men and a state of violent confusion existing between them and Göring's own police. Finally Papen was put under house arrest with an S.S. guard, whose captain said he was responsible to Göring for the Vice-Chancellor's safety. Without doubt Himmler and Heydrich, new to the exercise of such absolute power, would have had him shot. Göring was more diplomatic.⁶

The orgy of killing that spread throughout Germany during the weekend started from Göring's headquarters. When they learned that Hitler accompanied by Goebbels was flying to Berlin from Munich, Göring and Himmler gathered their typed sheets together and drove with Frick to the Tempelhof airport to deliver an account of their stewardship. The sky was blood-red as the plane landed, and Hitler, sleepless for forty-eight hours, silently shook hands with the men, who clicked their heels as he greeted them, and then inspected a guard of honour lined up on the tarmac. The scene, unforgettably described by Gisevius who was present, had its own Wagnerian melodrama. Himmler, obsequious but officious, pressed his list of names under Hitler's bloodshot eyes. While the others stood around at a discreet distance, the Führer ran his finger down the record of the dead or those about to die, while Göring and Himmler whispered to him. Then, with Hitler in the lead, the executioners moved off to the waiting cars, moving silently like a funeral procession in order of precedence.

Goebbels hastened to suppress reports of the mounting deaths in the German press, which was by now under his complete control. Only representatives of the foreign press, who had been hastily convened earlier that afternoon by Göring, were given a bare outline of Roehm's alleged conspiracy by the man who had invented it. The assassinations did not stop until the following day, which was Sunday, when Frick, unburdening himself to Gisevius, finally expressed his horror at the behaviour of Himmler and Göring. He

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then went to warn Hitler, who had by now had some sleep, that the S.S. might well offer an even more sinister threat to his security than the S.A. But the Führer only wanted to relax at a tea-party he was giving in the garden of the Chancellery.

For Himmler and Heydrich, the provincials from the south, the massacre of 30 June was a rapid initiation into the ways of Hitler's court. Heydrich was created a lieutenant-general of the S.S. with effect from the date the men he had listed had begun to face the firing-squad. Göring received the personal congratulations of Hindenburg, sent from his deathbed. On 26 July the S.S. was formally given its independence by Hitler. When Hindenburg eventually died on 2 August, Hitler merged the offices of President and Chancellor and made himself *Der Führer*, Supreme Head of the State, and also Commander-in-Chief of the Armed Forces of the Reich. The Army was immediately required to take the oath of allegiance to Hitler in person.

On the day before Hitler's proclamation of the independence of the S.S., their associates in Vienna murdered the Austrian Federal Chancellor, Dr Dollfuss, as part of an abortive attempt to seize Vienna for the Austrian Nazis. Hitler at once disowned any part in this plot that had failed, not because he disapproved of what had been attempted but because it had been both ill-timed and unsuccessful. As would be expected, there is no exact record that either Himmler or Heydrich were directly involved in the instructions given to the S.S. in Austria. It must at least have shaken Hitler's confidence in the discretion of his S.S. commanders. Although they remained strictly silent at this stage, when Hitler chose to dissociate himself from the assassination, they were at a later and more favourable time after the *Anschluss* to hear the Austrian S.S. men who died during the course of the *putsch* proclaimed as martyrs by Rudolf Hess. In July 1934, however, when Hitler was still involved in the aftermath of the Roehm purge, this bloody act by his adherents in Austria compromised still further the heroic reputation he was attempting to build up in the world outside Germany. It is not known whether he reprimanded the men he had so recently promoted into the select ranks of the Nazi leadership, but at the very least, Himmler must have carried some responsibility for the indiscreet murder of the Chancellor, since the Austrian S.S. obtained their arms from the S.S. in Germany. Among the men arrested in Austria was Ernst Kaltenbrunner, a lawyer whom Heydrich had employed as

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Jewish victims alone are estimated to have died by the end of the war, became the ultimate indictment of the Nazi system. Their continued existence over a period of twelve years makes our century, which should have been the most civilized, one of the worst in human history. A pathological fear of the camps and what was done in them to helpless people spread all over Germany and occupied Europe; even to admit knowledge of them at the time they were in operation became a lasting inhibition in the minds of most German people. Open recognition of detailed facts which were first made known at the International Military Tribunal in Nuremberg after the war and have been elaborated at subsequent trials is still avoided by the majority of people both inside and outside Germany.

The principal author of this extended act of human degradation was Himmler, who believed his task to be a necessary duty in which human feeling had no proper place. Suffering was inevitable when a mass-deterrent on this scale had to be created, and he believed the guardians in the camps were more the victims of necessity than those whom they oppressed. It would be quite wrong to think that Himmler had no conscience and no pity; but his real pity was given to the men and women of his Death's Head units who had to have this fearful burden placed upon them. It became a constant anxiety that preyed upon him and eventually destroyed his health. His feelings about this, the worst of all his tasks, he was eventually to let loose on Kersten, the man who relieved his pain and became as a result the confidant of his most secret thoughts.

During this early phase, however, Himmler took great pride in the concentration camps. In October 1935, after receiving birthday congratulations from Hitler, he conducted Hess and other distinguished guests round the show places of Dachau, where the following month a unit of the S.S. additional to the Death's Head specialists were to be housed in cheerful barracks built for them by the prisoners. This new unit shared some garrison duty with the camp guards, but their main purpose was to undergo military training. The base camps had married quarters attached to them, and even in the worst phases of the history of the camps during the war the wives and families of the S.S. guards had to accustom themselves to the experience of living near these centres of torture and death.¹⁴

After the Roehm purge, the para-military nature of the S.S. was soon to be developed. Hitler had to watch not only those who were

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critical of his régime abroad and might have been prepared to take action against him, but also the High Command of the German Army, which still had the remnants of power to depose him if the will could be turned into the deed. The period of his gradual open defiance of the Allies and of the terms imposed by them in the Treaty of Versailles was about to begin, and the pattern of training for the S.S. changed in accordance with the stages through which Hitler's successful defiance of the Allies and his subjection of the High Command were to pass. In January 1935, he regained the Saar by plebiscite; in March he announced conscription for the Army and the open establishment of an Air Force, Göring's Luftwaffe; in June Ribbentrop, then Ambassador in Britain, succeeded in bringing off the Naval Pact which permitted Germany to develop a limited naval fleet; while in December came the shady dealings over Ethiopia which were in the end to leave Mussolini free to proceed with its conquest.

Hitler decided the S.S. should provide a full division of men trained for war, and he induced the Army to accept this anomalous position by making it part of the plan for conscription. In November 1934 a lieutenant-general in the Army, Paul Hauser, was selected to take charge of this aspect of S.S. training. Hauser took over Heydrich's leadership school at Bad-Toelz and turned it into the first of a number of highly disciplined establishments for training officer cadets. According to Reitlinger, Hauser after the war regarded his S.S. school at Bad-Toelz as an ideal model for the training of NATO officers. His school represented the beginning of Himmler's Waffen S.S., the military section of the S.S. corps which was later to become an international force when the S.S. spread its recruitment among the more 'suitable' races in the conquered territories.

Himmler's relations with Hitler, with Göring, Frick, and Schacht, the banker who became Hitler's Minister of Economics in 1934, with the Army High Command, and above all, with his principal officer, Heydrich, were governed by the opportunism which controlled the actions of all the Nazis, whatever the level of the position they held in the Party or the leadership. Opportunism is the peculiar vice of politicians, and the Nazi mentality, with its complete rejection of any kind of political morality, forced the pace of the intrigues by means of which they tried to outwit each other. Hitler was quite prepared to squander the limited talents of his command-

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I WOULD BE GIVING A MORE ACCURATE PICTURE OF THOSE YEARS IF I were to speak chiefly of my professional life, my family, and my inclinations. For my new political interests played a subsidiary part in my thinking. I was above all an architect.

As owner of a car I became a member of the newly founded Motorists Association of the National Socialist Party (NSKK), and since it was a new organization I promptly started as head of the Wannsee Section—Wannsee was the Berlin suburb where we lived. For the time being, any serious political activity for the party was far from my thoughts. I was, incidentally, the only member in Wannsee, and therefore in my section, who had a car; the other members only expected to have one after the "revolution" they dreamed of took place. By way of preparation they were finding out where in that rich suburb the right cars were available for X Day.

This party office sometimes led to my calling at Kreisleitung West (District Headquarters of the West End), which was headed by an uncomplicated but intelligent and highly energetic young

July 27, 1932

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giving the general impression of a cross, uncontrolled man who treats his associates contemptuously.

This Hitler was very different from the man of calm and civilized manner who had so impressed me at the student meeting. Although I did not give much thought to it, what I was seeing was an example of Hitler's remarkable duplicity—indeed, "multiplicity" would be a better word. With enormous histrionic intuition he could shape his behavior to changing situations in public while letting himself go with his intimates, servants, or adjutants.

The cars came. I took my passenger into my rattling roadster and drove at top speed a few minutes ahead of Hitler's motorcade. In Brandenburg the sidewalks close to the stadium were occupied by Social Democrats and Communists. With my passenger wearing the party uniform, the temper of the crowd grew ugly. When Hitler with his entourage arrived a few minutes later, the demonstrators overflowed into the street. Hitler's car had to force its way through at a snail's pace. Hitler stood erect beside the driver. At that time I felt respect for his courage, and still do. The negative impression that his behavior at the airport had made upon me was wiped out by this scene.

I waited outside the stadium with my car. Consequently I did not hear the speech, only the storms of applause that interrupted Hitler for minutes at a time. When the party anthem indicated the end, we started out again. For that day Hitler was speaking at still a third meeting in the Berlin Stadium. Here, too, the stands were jammed. Thousands who had not been able to obtain admission stood outside in the streets. For hours the crowd waited patiently; once more Hitler was very late. My report to Hanke that Hitler was on his way was promptly announced over the loudspeaker. A roar of applause burst out—incidentally the first and only applause that I myself was ever the cause of.

The following day decided my future. The faltboats were already at the railroad station and our tickets to East Prussia purchased. We were planning to take the evening train. But at noon I received a telephone call. NSKK Chief Nagel informed me that Hanke, who had now risen to organization leader of the Berlin District, wanted to see me.

Hanke received me joyfully. "I've been looking everywhere for you. Would you like to rebuild our new district headquarters?" he

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L 21 *Profession and Vocation*

plexity of our problems—all that bewildered and fascinated me. I knew virtually nothing about his program. He had taken hold of me before I had grasped what was happening.

I was not even thrown off by attending a meeting of the racist Kampfbund Deutscher Kultur (League of Struggle for German Culture), although I heard many of the aims advocated by our teacher Tessenow roundly condemned. One of the speakers called for a return to old-fashioned forms and artistic principles; he attacked modernism and finally berated Der Ring, the society of architects to which Tessenow, Gropius, Mies van der Rohe, Scharoun, Mendelsohn, Taut, Behrens, and Poelzig belonged. Thereupon one of our students sent a letter to Hitler in which he took exception to this speech and spoke with schoolboyish ardor of our admired master. Soon afterward he received a routine letter from party headquarters to the effect that National Socialists had the greatest respect for the work of Tessenow. We laid great weight on that. However, I did not tell Tessenow at the time about my membership in the party.*

It must have been during these months that my mother saw an SA parade in the streets of Heidelberg. The sight of discipline in a time of chaos, the impression of energy in an atmosphere of universal hopelessness, seems to have won her over also. At any rate, without ever having heard a speech or read a pamphlet, she joined the party. Both of us seem to have felt this decision to be a breach with a liberal family tradition. In any case, we concealed it from one another and from my father. Only years later, long after I had become part of Hitler's inner circle, did my mother and I discover by chance that we shared early membership in the party.

Quite often even the most important step in a man's life, his choice of vocation, is taken quite frivolously. He does not bother to find out

* After 1933 all the accusations made against Tessenow at this meeting, as well as his connection with the publisher Cassirer and his circle, were cited as incriminating. He became politically suspect and was barred from teaching. But thanks to my privileged position, I was able to persuade the Minister of Education to have him reinstated. He kept his chair at the Berlin Institute of Technology until the end of the war. After 1945 his reputation soared; he was elected one of the first rectors of Berlin's Technical University. "After 1933, Speer soon became a total stranger to me," Tessenow wrote to my wife in 1950, "but I have never thought of him as anything but the friendly, good-natured person I used to know."

Jan '33

and the election was lost. Membership shrank; the treasurer wrung his hands over the unpaid bills. To the workmen he could show only his empty cashbox. As party members they had to consent to wait for their pay, in order not to bankrupt the party.

A few days after the dedication Hitler also inspected the district headquarters, which was named after him. I heard that he liked what he saw, which filled me with pride, although I was not sure whether he had praised the architectural simplicity I had striven for or the ornateness of the original Wilhelmine structure.

Soon afterward I returned to my Mannheim office. Nothing had changed; the economic situation and therefore the prospect of commissions had grown worse, if anything. Political conditions were becoming even more confused. One crisis followed on the heels of another, and we paid no attention. For us, things went on as before. On January 30, 1933, I read of Hitler's appointment as Chancellor, but for the time being that did not affect me. Shortly afterward I attended a membership meeting of the Mannheim local party group. I was struck by the low personal and intellectual level of the members. "A country cannot be governed by such people," I briefly thought. My concern was needless. The old bureaucratic apparatus continued to run the affairs of state smoothly under Hitler, too.*

Then came the election of March 5, 1933, and a week later I received a telephone call from District Organization Leader Hanke in Berlin: "Would you come to Berlin? There is certainly work for you

* Particularly in the early years Hitler achieved his successes largely by using the existing organizations that he had taken over. In the administrative bureaucracy the old civil servants carried on as before. Hitler found his military leaders among the elite of the old Imperial Army and the Reichswehr. Practical matters concerning labor were still partially in the hands of the old union officials. And later, of course (after I introduced the principle of industrial self-responsibility), the directors who helped to achieve the extraordinary increase in armaments production from 1942 on were ones who had already made names for themselves before 1933. Significantly, great successes resulted from combining these old, proven organizations and carefully selected officials from them with Hitler's new system. But undoubtedly this harmonious phase would have been only transitional. After a generation at most, the old leadership would have been replaced by a new one trained in Adolf Hitler Schools and Ordensburg [Order Castles, special training schools for Nazi leaders] according to the new educational principles. Even in party circles the products of such schools were occasionally regarded as too ruthless and arrogant.

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May 1, 1933

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genten Theater. Two flights up I was admitted to an anteroom containing mementos or presents of low quality. The furniture, too, testified to poor taste. An adjutant came in, opened a door, said casually, "Go in," and I stood before Hitler, the mighty Chancellor of the Reich. On a table in front of him lay a pistol that had been taken apart; he seemed to have been cleaning it. "Put the drawings here," he said curtly. Without looking at me, he pushed the parts of the pistol aside and examined my sketches with interest but without a word. "Agreed." No more. Since he turned to his pistol again, I left the room in some confusion.

There was astonishment in Nuremberg when I reported that I had received the approval from Hitler in person. Had the organizers there known how spellbound Hitler was by any drawing, a large delegation would have gone to Munich and I would at best have been allowed to stand at the very back of the group. But in those days few people were acquainted with Hitler's hobby.

In the autumn of 1933 Hitler commissioned his Munich architect, Paul Ludwig Troost, who had designed the fittings for the ocean liner *Europa* and rebuilt the Brown House, to completely redo and refurnish the Chancellor's residence in Berlin. The job was to be completed as quickly as possible. Troost's building supervisor came from Munich and was thus not familiar with Berlin construction firms and practices. Hitler then recollected that a young architect had finished an annex for Goebbels in a remarkably brief time. He assigned me as an aide to the Munich supervisor; I was to choose the firms, to guide him through the mazes of the Berlin construction market, and to intervene wherever needed in the interests of speed.

This collaboration began with a careful inspection of the Chancellor's residence by Hitler, his building supervisor, and myself. In the spring of 1939, six years later, in an article on the previous condition of the place, Hitler wrote:

After the 1918 Revolution the building gradually began to decay. Large parts of the roof timbers were rotted and the attics completely dilapidated. . . . Since my predecessors in general could count upon a term of office of only three to five months, they saw no reason to remove the filth of those who had occupied the house before them nor to see to it that those who came after would have better conditions than

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they themselves. They had no prestige to maintain toward foreign countries since these in any case took little notice of them. As a result the building was in a state of utter neglect. Ceilings and floors were moldy, wallpaper and floors rotting, the whole place filled with an almost unbearable smell.¹

That was certainly exaggerated. Still, the condition of this residence was almost incredible. The kitchen had little light and was equipped with long-outmoded stoves. There was only one bathroom for all the inhabitants, and its fixtures dated from the turn of the century. There were also innumerable examples of bad taste: doors painted to imitate natural wood and marble urns for flowers which were actually only marbled sheet-metal basins. Hitler exclaimed triumphantly: "Here you see the whole corruption of the old Republic. One can't even show the Chancellor's residence to a foreigner. I would be embarrassed to receive even a single visitor here."

During this thorough tour, which lasted perhaps three hours, we also went into the attic. The janitor explained: "And this is the door that leads to the next building."

"What do you mean?"

"There's a passage running through the attics of all the ministries as far as the Hotel Adlon."

"Why?"

"During the riots at the beginning of the Weimar Republic it turned out that the rioters could besiege the residence and cut the Chancellor off from the outside world. The passage was created so that in an emergency he could clear out."

Hitler had the door opened, and sure enough, we could walk into the adjacent Foreign Office. "Have the door walled up," he said. "We don't need anything like that."

After the repairs had begun, Hitler came to the site at noon almost every day, followed by an adjutant. He studied the progress that had been made and took pleasure in the rooms as they came into being. Soon the band of construction workers were greeting him in a friendly and easy way. In spite of the two SS men in civilian dress who stood unobtrusively in the background, these scenes had an idyllic air. You could see from Hitler's behavior that he felt "at home" amid construction. Yet he avoided any cheap popularity-chasing.

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* D.T. How aware he was of
Spec. How much he wished
to impress this *young man*

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The supervisor and I accompanied him on these tours. In a terse but not unfriendly manner, he addressed his questions to us: "When is this room to be plastered? . . . When are the windows coming? . . . Have the detail drawings arrived from Munich? Not yet? I'll ask the Professor [that was the way he usually referred to Troost] about them myself." Another room was inspected: "Ah, this has already been plastered. That hadn't been done yesterday. Why, this ceiling molding is very handsome. The Professor does that sort of thing wonderfully. . . . When do you think you'll be finished? I'm in a great hurry. All I have now is the small state secretary's apartment on the top floor. I can't invite anyone there. It's ridiculous, how penny-pinching the Republic was. Have you seen the entrance? And the elevator? Any department store has a better one." The elevator in fact would get stuck from time to time and was rated for only three persons.

That was the tone Hitler took. It is easy to imagine how this naturalness of his impressed me—after all, he was not only the Chancellor but also the man who was beginning to revive everything in Germany, who was providing work for the unemployed and launching vast economic programs. Only much later, and on the basis of tiny clues, did I begin to perceive that a good measure of propagandist calculation underlay all this simplicity.

I had already accompanied him some twenty or thirty times when he suddenly invited me, in the course of a tour: "Will you come to dinner with me today?" Naturally this unexpected gesture made me happy—all the more so since I had never expected it, because of his impersonal manner.

I was used to clambering around building sites, but that particular day I unluckily had a hod of plaster fall on me from a scaffolding. I must have looked at my stained jacket with a rueful expression, for Hitler commented: "Just come along; we'll fix that upstairs."

In his apartment the guests were already waiting, among them Goebbels, who looked quite surprised to see me appear in this circle. Hitler took me into his private rooms. His valet was sent off for Hitler's own dark-blue jacket. "There, wear that for the while." And so I entered the dining room behind Hitler and sat at his side, favored above all the other guests. Evidently he had taken a liking to me. Goebbels noticed something that had entirely escaped me in my ex-

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citement. "Why, you're wearing the Fuehrer's badge.* That isn't your jacket, then?" Hitler spared me the reply: "No, it's mine."

On this occasion Hitler for the first time addressed a few personal questions to me. Only now did he discover that I had designed the May 1 decorations. "I see, and you did the ones in Nuremberg too? There was an architect who came to see me with the plans! Right, that was you! . . . I never would have thought you could have got Goebbels's building finished by the deadline." He did not ask about my membership in the party. In the case of artists, it seemed to me, he did not care one way or the other. Instead of political questions, he wanted to find out as much as possible about my origins, my career as an architect, and my father's and grandfather's buildings.

Years later Hitler referred to this invitation:

You attracted my notice during our rounds. I was looking for an architect to whom I could entrust my building plans. I wanted someone young; for as you know these plans extend far into the future. I need someone who will be able to continue after my death with the authority I have conferred on him. I saw you as that man.

After years of frustrated efforts I was wild to accomplish things—and twenty-eight years old. For the commission to do a great building, I would have sold my soul like Faust. Now I had found my Mephistopheles. He seemed no less engaging than Goethe's.

* Hitler was the only party member to wear a gold "badge of sovereignty"—an eagle with a swastika in its talons. Everyone else wore the round party badge. But Hitler's jacket did not differ from ordinary civilian jackets.

problems that I ought to have faced. A good many perplexities were smothered by the daily rush. In writing these memoirs I became increasingly astonished to realize that before 1944 I so rarely—in fact almost never—found the time to reflect about myself or my own activities, that I never gave my own existence a thought. Today, in retrospect, I often have the feeling that something swooped me up off the ground at the time, wrenched me from all my roots, and beamed a host of alien forces upon me.

In retrospect, what perhaps troubles me most is that my occasional spells of uneasiness during this period were concerned mainly with the direction I was taking as an architect, with my growing estrangement from Tessenow's doctrines. On the other hand I must have had the feeling that it was no affair of mine when I heard the people around me declaring an open season on Jews, Freemasons, Social Democrats, or Jehovah's Witnesses. I thought I was not implicated if I myself did not take part.

The ordinary party member was being taught that grand policy was much too complex for him to judge it. Consequently, one felt one was being represented, never called upon to take personal responsibility. The whole structure of the system was aimed at preventing conflicts of conscience from even arising. The result was the total sterility of all conversations and discussions among these like-minded persons. It was boring for people to confirm one another in their uniform opinions. D.7.

Worse still was the restriction of responsibility to one's own field. That was explicitly demanded. Everyone kept to his own group—of architects, physicians, jurists, technicians, soldiers, or farmers. The professional organizations to which everyone had to belong were called chambers (Physicians' Chamber, Art Chamber), and this term aptly described the way people were immured in isolated, closed-off areas of life. The longer Hitler's system lasted, the more people's minds moved within such isolated chambers. If this arrangement had gone on for a number of generations, it alone would have caused the whole system to wither, I think, for we would have arrived at a kind of caste society. The disparity between this and the *Volksgemeinschaft* (community of the people) proclaimed in 1933 always astonished me. For this had the effect of stamping out the promised integration, or at any rate of greatly hindering it. What eventually developed was a society of totally isolated individuals.

times larger than the original Chancellor's office. But after talking the matter over with Hitler, I tucked in a private office to supplement this vast hall; it again measured about six hundred square feet.

As things worked out, the old office was not to be used. For Hitler wanted to be able to show himself to the crowd and therefore had me build a new "historic balcony" in great haste. "The window was really too inconvenient," Hitler remarked to me with satisfaction. "I could not be seen from all sides. After all, I could not very well lean out." But the architect of the first reconstruction of the Chancellery, Professor Eduard Jobst Siedler of the Berlin Institute of Technology, made a fuss about our doing violence to his work, and Lammers, chief of the Reich Chancery, agreed that our addition would constitute an infringement on an artist's copyright. Hitler scornfully dismissed these objections: "Siedler has spoiled the whole of Wilhelmsplatz. Why, that building looks like the headquarters of a soap company, not the center of the Reich. What does he think? That I'll let him build the balcony too?" But he propitiated the professor with another commission.

A few months later I was told to build a barracks camp for the workmen of the autobahn, construction of which had just begun. Hitler was displeased with the kind of quarters hitherto provided and instructed me to develop a model which could be used for all such camps: with decent kitchens, washrooms, and showers, with a lounge and cabins containing only two beds each. These quarters were indeed a great improvement over the building site barracks commonly used up to that time. Hitler took an interest in these model buildings and asked me to give him a report on their effect on the workers. This was just the attitude I had imagined the National Socialist leader would have.

Until the remodeling of his Chancellor's residence was done, Hitler stayed in the apartment of State Secretary Lammers, on the top floor of the office building. Here I frequently had lunch or dinner with him. Evenings he usually had some trusty companions about: Schreck, his chauffeur of many years; Sepp Dietrich, the commander of his SS bodyguard; Dr. Otto Dietrich, the press chief; Brückner and Schaub, his two adjutants; and Heinrich Hoffmann, his official photographer. Since the table held no more than ten persons, this group almost completely filled it. For the midday meal, on the other hand, Hitler's old Munich comrades foregathered, such as Amann,

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Schwarz, and Esser or Gauleiter Wagner. Frequently, Werlin was present also; he was head of the Munich branch of Daimler-Benz and supplier of Hitler's personal cars. Cabinet ministers seemed seldom present; I also saw very little of Himmler, Roehm, or Streicher at these meals, but Goebbels and Goering were often there. Even then all regular officials of the Chancellery were excluded. Thus it was noticeable that even Lammers, although the apartment was his, was never invited—undoubtedly with good reason.

For in this circle Hitler often spoke his mind on the day's developments. He used these sociable hours to work off the nervous strain of his office. He liked to describe the way he had broken the grip of the bureaucracy, which threatened to strangle him in his capacity as Reich Chancellor:

In the first few weeks every petty matter was brought to me for decision. Every day I found heaps of files on my desk, and however much I worked there were always as many again. Finally, I put an end to that nonsense. If I had gone on that way, I would never have accomplished anything, simply because that stuff left me no time for thinking. When I refused to see the files they told me that important decisions would be held up. But I decided that I had to clear the decks so I could give my mind to the important things. That way I governed the course of development instead of being governed by the officials.

Sometimes he talked about his drivers:

Schreck was the best driver you can imagine, and our supercharger is good for over a hundred. We always drove very fast. But in recent years I've told Schreck not to drive over fifty. How terrible if something had happened to me. What fun we had teasing the big American cars. We kept right behind them until they tried to lose us. Those Americans are junk compared to a Mercedes. Their motor couldn't take it; after a while it would overheat, and they'd have to pull over to the side of the road, looking glum. Served them right!

Every evening a crude movie projector was set up to show the newsreel and one or two movies. In the early days the servants were extremely inept at handling the apparatus. Frequently, the picture was upside down or the film strip broke. In those days Hitler took

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such accidents with more good humor than his adjutants, who were fond of using the power they derived from their chief to bawl out underlings.

The choice of films was a matter Hitler discussed with Goebbels. Usually they were the same ones being shown in the Berlin movie houses at the time. Hitler preferred light entertainment, love, and society films. All the films with Emil Jannings and Heinz Rühmann, with Henny Porten, Lil Dagover, Olga Tschechowa, Zarah Leander, or Jenny Jugo had to be procured as quickly as possible. Revues with lots of leg display were sure to please him. Frequently we saw foreign films, including those that were withheld from the German public. Sports and mountaineering films were shown very rarely, animal and landscape movies and travelogues never. Hitler also had no feeling for the comedies of the kind I loved at the time, those featuring Buster Keaton or Charlie Chaplin. German movie production was not nearly sufficient to fill the quota of two new movies every day. Many were therefore shown twice or even more often—interestingly enough, never those with tragic plots. The ones we saw more than once were frequently spectaculars or movies with his favorite actors. His preferences, and the habit of seeing one or two films every evening, continued until the beginning of the war.

At one of these dinners, in the winter of 1933, I happened to be seated beside Goering. "Is Speer doing your residence, my Fuehrer? Is he your architect?" I wasn't, but Hitler said I was. "Then permit me to have him remodel my house too." Hitler gave his consent, and Goering, scarcely inquiring what I thought of the proposal, put me into his big open limousine after the meal was over and dragged me off to his residence like a piece of booty. He had picked out for himself the former official residence of the Prussian Minister of Commerce, a palace that the Prussian state had built with great lavishness before 1914. It was situated in one of the gardens behind Leipziger Platz.

Only a few months before, this residence had been expensively redone according to Goering's own instructions, with Prussian state funds. Hitler had come to see it and commented deprecatingly: "Dark! How can anyone live in such darkness! Compare this with my professor's work. Everything bright, clear, and simple!" I did in fact find the place a romantically tangled warren of small rooms gloomy with stained-glass windows and heavy velvet hangings, clut-

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tered with massive Renaissance furniture. There was a kind of chapel presided over by the swastika, and the new symbol had also been reiterated on ceilings, walls, and floors throughout the house. There was the feeling that something terribly solemn and tragic would always be going on in this place.

It was characteristic of the system—and probably of all authoritarian forms of society—that Hitler's criticism and example produced an instant change in Goering. For he immediately repudiated the decorative scheme he had just completed, although he probably felt fairly comfortable in it, since it rather corresponded to his disposition. "Don't look at this," he said to me. "I can't stand it myself. Do it any way you like. I'm giving you a free hand; only it must turn out like the Fuehrer's place." That was a fine assignment. Money, as was always the case with Goering, was no object. And so walls were ripped out, in order to turn the many rooms on the ground floor into four large rooms. The largest of these, his study, measured almost fifteen hundred square feet, thus approaching the size of Hitler's. An annex was added, mostly of glass framed in bronze. Bronze was in short supply; it was treated as a scarce metal and there were high penalties for using it for nonessential purposes, but that did not bother Goering in the least. He was rapturous every time he made an inspection; he beamed like a child on its birthday, rubbed his hands, and laughed.

Goering's furniture suited his bulk. An old Renaissance desk was of enormous proportions, as was the desk chair whose back rose far above his head; it had probably been a prince's throne. On the desk he had two silver candelabra with enormous parchment shades to illuminate an oversized photograph of Hitler; the original, which Hitler had given him, had not seemed impressive enough. He had had it tremendously enlarged, and every visitor wondered at this special honor that Hitler had seemingly conferred on him, since it was well known in party and government circles that Hitler presented his portrait to his paladins always in the same size, inside a silver frame specially designed for it by Frau Troost.

There was an immense painting in the hall which could be drawn up to the ceiling in order to expose openings to a projection room behind the wall. The painting struck me as familiar. In fact, as I subsequently learned, Goering had in his unabashed fashion simply ordered "his" director of the Kaiser Friedrich Museum to deliver the

on the stairs, nor ever accompanied him downstairs when he left. In the anteroom, Hitler would greet him: "I can't wait, *Herr Professor*. Is there anything new—let's see it!" And we would plunge right in—Hitler and I would stand in the studio itself while Troost, composed and quiet as always, spread out his plans and the sketches of his ideas. But Hitler's foremost architect had no better luck than I later did; Hitler seldom showed his enthusiasm.

Afterward Troost's wife, *Frau Professor*, would show samples of the textiles and wall colors to be used for the Munich Fuehrer Building. These were subtle and restrained, actually too understated for Hitler's taste, which inclined toward the gaudy. But he liked what he saw. The balanced bourgeois atmosphere which was then the fashion in wealthy society had about it a muted luxury that obviously appealed to him. Two or more hours would pass; then Hitler would take his leave, tersely but very cordially, to go to his own Munich apartment. He would throw a few quick words to me: "But come for lunch in the Osteria."

At the usual time, around half past two, I went to the Osteria Bavaria, a small artists' restaurant which rose to unexpected fame when it became Hitler's regular restaurant. In a place like this, one could more easily imagine a table of artists gathered around Lenbach or Stuck, with long hair and huge beards, than Hitler with his neatly dressed or uniformed retinue. But he felt at ease in the Osteria; as a "frustrated artist" he obviously liked the atmosphere he had once sought to attain to, and now had finally both lost and surpassed.

Quite often the select group of guests had to wait for hours for Hitler. There would be an adjutant, also Bavarian Gauleiter Wagner if by this time he had slept off last night's drinking bout, and of course Hitler's constant companion and court photographer, Hoffmann, who by this time was quite often slightly tipsy. Very often the likable Miss Unity Mitford was present, and sometimes, though rarely, a painter or a sculptor. Then there would be Dr. Dietrich, the Reich press chief, and invariably Martin Bormann, Rudolf Hess's secretary, who seemed utterly inconspicuous. On the street several hundred people would be waiting, for our presence was indication enough that *he* would be coming.

Shouts of rejoicing outside. Hitler headed toward our regular corner, which was shielded on one side by a low partition. In good weather we sat in the small courtyard where there was a hint of an

said a great deal to me; now they seemed empty, without tension, shallow and useless. What was more, in them Hitler openly aired his intention to pervert the very meaning of the concept of culture by mobilizing it for his own power goals. I found it incomprehensible that these tirades should once have impressed me so profoundly. What had done it?

I also never missed the first event of the Party Rally, a performance of *Die Meistersinger* with the ensemble of the Berlin State Opera under Furtwängler. One might have expected that such a gala night, which could be matched only by the performances in Bayreuth, would have been jammed. Over a thousand leaders of the party received invitations and tickets, but they apparently preferred to investigate the quality of Nuremberg beer or Franconian wine. Each of them probably assumed that the others would do their duty for the party and sit out the opera—indeed, legend has it that the top leadership of the party was interested in music. But in fact the leading men in the party were on the whole diamonds in the rough who had as little bent for classical music as for art and literature in general. Even the few representatives of the intelligentsia in Hitler's leadership, such as Goebbels, did not bother with such functions as the regular concerts of the Berlin Philharmonic under Furtwängler. Of all the prominent personalities of the Third Reich, only Minister of the Interior Frick could be met at these concerts. Hitler, too, who seemed partial to music, went to the Berlin Philharmonic concerts only on rare official occasions after 1933.

Given this background, it is understandable that the Nuremberg Opera House was almost empty in 1933 when Hitler entered the central box to hear *Die Meistersinger*. He reacted with intense vexation. Nothing he said, was so insulting and so difficult for an artist as playing to an empty house. He ordered patrols sent out to bring the high party functionaries from their quarters, beer halls, and cafés to the opera house; but even so the seats could not be filled. The following day many jokes were told about where and how the missing leaders had been picked up.

Next year Hitler explicitly ordered the party chiefs to attend the festival performance. They showed their boredom; many were visibly overpowered by sleep. Moreover, to Hitler's mind the sparse applause did not do justice to the brilliant performance. From 1935 on, therefore, the indifferent party audience was replaced by mem-

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tivities of a former weekend cottage, merely expanded to vast proportions.

All the cost estimates were exceeded by far, and Hitler was somewhat embarrassed:

I've completely used up the income from my book, although Amann's given me a further advance of several hundred thousand. Even so there's not enough money, so Bormann has told me today. The publishers are after me to release my second book, the 1928 one, for publication.* But I'm certainly glad this volume hasn't been published. What political complications it would make for me at the moment. On the other hand it would relieve me of all financial pressures at one stroke. Amann promised me a million just as an advance, and beyond that it would bring in millions. Perhaps later, when I'm further along. Now it's impossible.

There he sat, a voluntary prisoner with his view of the Untersberg where, legend has it, the Emperor Charlemagne still sleeps, but will one day arise to restore the past glory of the German Empire. Hitler naturally appropriated this legend for himself: "You see the Untersberg over there. It is no accident that I have my residence opposite it."

Bormann was linked to Hitler not only by his vast building projects on the Obersalzberg. He contrived at the same time to take over administration of Hitler's personal finances. Not only were Hitler's adjutants tied to the purse strings that Bormann controlled, but even Hitler's mistress was dependent upon him, as she candidly confessed to me. Hitler left it to Bormann to attend to her modest needs.

Hitler praised Bormann's financial skill. Once I heard him relate how Bormann had performed a significant service for the party during the difficult year of 1932 by introducing compulsory accident insurance for all party members. The income from this insurance fund considerably exceeded the expenditures, Hitler said, and the party was able to use the surplus for other purposes. Bormann also did his bit to eliminate Hitler's financial anxieties permanently after 1933. He found two sources of ample funds. Together with Hitler's personal

* Hitler's so-called second book was not published until 1961.

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This is proved by the files we have captured in the Czech foreign ministry.

His bellicose speech in Danzig had sounded alarm bells around the world. Ambassador von Hassell was not alone in wondering if it was the prelude to a solution of the Polish problem by brute force.⁴⁷ The British ambassador in Berlin heard that Hitler had ordered Goebbels to make the speech 'as [the] result of reports of castration of Germans in Poland.'⁴⁸ But even Henderson believed that Goebbels was deliberately playing down such incidents.

This was true: On June 23 the propaganda ministry ordered reports of Polish atrocities played down.⁴⁹ Goebbels forbade any discussion of Danzig as yet.⁵⁰ Even kite-flying items on Danzig printed by British newspapers were not to be picked up.⁵¹ He ordered the press to ignore specific belligerent and anti-German speeches by foreign statesmen, as well as foreign press items about German troop movements, induction of reservists, leave cancellations, and British naval maneuvers in the North Sea. He allowed reports about 'incidents in Poland [and] expropriations of German property,' but still subjected them to 'existing layout guidelines.' Page two was still prominent enough.⁵² He did however order to be emphasized all those news items which served to diminish Britain's prestige—her failing encirclement policy, her floundering negotiations with Moscow, her fumbling in Palestine, and her citizens' humiliation at the hands of Japanese troops in the Far East.⁵³ He made some exceptions: Lord Londonderry, a personal friend of Göring's, was to be spared, and Britain's military honor was not to be impugned.⁵⁴ He drafted a biting attack on Britain's encirclement efforts himself, but ordered his press to go easier on Britain, while still instructing editors not to overlook the twentieth anniversary of Versailles on June 28. 'The German people know only too well what our enemies would do to us if they got us in their power again.' 'So keep hammering it in—hold Britain up to contempt, depict her as baffled, mendacious, jumpy, and impotent.'⁵⁵

After touring the western fortifications Goebbels afterward sought to reassure the gauleiters and generals secretly assembled in a big Aachen hotel. 'Gentlemen,' he told them, 'there will be no war with England. Here is a letter from London which again confirms my opinion.'⁵⁶ The letter seemed to prove that the British were indeed bluffing. 'Believe me, gentlemen,' said Goebbels, folding away the letter, 'We're going to see things develop just like last time. A war of nerves without parallel, I agree, but they'll end up giving in.'⁵⁷ Nobody was eager to die for Danzig.

Hitler was now shipping troops to East Prussia, bordering Danzig, under camouflage of the approaching anniversary of the battle of Tannenberg. Goebbels asked newspapers to mention the coming anniversary, though 'without special emphasis.'⁵⁸

Goebbels was confident that Hitler would pull it off with just propaganda again. Continuing his delicious feud, he often told Hitler that he had no confidence in Ribbentrop at all, and squabbled with the foreign

minister over Yugoslav royal entrapment to Germany. In his diary that the reader not get the *Daily Express* a few days later a declaration domain; Hitler that Ribbentrop stability.⁶² When Goebbels got criticisms about tears of enjoyment kept up its press Ribbentrop at knuckles and relations, brought foreign policy.

Hitler was concerned the reports from in difficulties, merely playing, intended to hold the pool at the that he was at not breathe a evident from the film studios were.

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DURING July Goebbels unawares. started mailing letters attacking to answer these airily told Hitler: propaganda take example that the

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minister over the management of the visits of Count Ciano and the Yugoslav royal couple.⁵⁹ Once, in Vienna, Hitler had described Ribbentrop to Goebbels as bordering on insanity; when Goebbels told his diary that the man's prima-donna vanity got on his nerves he was telling the reader nothing that he had not long gathered already. Hitler even talked of getting rid of Ribbentrop.⁶⁰ To Goebbels' rage the London *Daily Express* published an accurate report on their feud.⁶¹ He revived it a few days later, sending Hanke to the Obersalzberg to wring from Hitler a declaration that radio, press, and even press attachés were his sole domain; Hitler humored his wish. Goebbels told his diary so often that Ribbentrop was demented that there is cause to question his own stability.⁶² When Ribbentrop took petty revenge on the press attachés, Goebbels got his own back by regaling Hitler at the Berghof with witticisms about this 'champagne dealer' and this 'would-be Bismarck' until tears of enjoyment ran down the Führer's face.⁶³ But the foreign ministry kept up its pressure on the press, and even a personal meeting between Ribbentrop and Goebbels, at which they sat facing each other with white knuckles and clenched teeth assuring each other of their desire for cordial relations, brought the matter no further. 'If he's as flexible as this in our foreign policy dealings,' wrote Goebbels, 'God help us.'⁶⁴

Hitler was conducting his own foreign policy that summer. Watching the reports from Moscow, he could see that the British negotiators were in difficulties, but, he told Goebbels, he could not deduce if Stalin was merely playing hard to get, holding out for a better price, or really intended to hold off altogether as Europe went to war, in order to scoop the pool at the end.⁶⁵ On June 10 Hitler confessed to Goebbels in Vienna that he was at a loss about what Moscow really wanted.⁶⁶ That he did not breathe a word to Goebbels about his secret overtures to Stalin is evident from the costly anti-Soviet movies to which several of Goebbels' film studios were still heavily committed.⁶⁷

Meanwhile Poland, bolstered by Britain's guarantee, remained intransigent—or insolent as Hitler and Goebbels saw it.⁶⁸ 'Poland,' said Hitler, 'is pursuing a very stupid political foreign policy. She won't be able to keep it up for long.' He mentioned that in August his own West Wall would be ready.⁶⁹

After supping with Hitler on July 4, Goebbels recorded that the Führer agreed with him they should nurture hatred against Britain—the German people must recognize her as their chief obstacle.⁷⁰

DURING July some British citizens took an initiative which caught Goebbels unawares. Commander Stephen King-Hall, a retired naval officer, started mailing to thousands of German addresses cleverly conceived letters attacking the top Nazis. Goebbels went to extraordinary lengths to answer these 'schoolboy essays.' When the first such letter came, he airily told Hitler that he would publish it in his own press—later a standard propaganda tactic—with a suitably juicy reply.⁷¹ His reply argued for example that their author, having served in the Royal Navy, had helped

starve to death hundreds of thousands of German women and children during the blockade; it recited every crime committed by the British empire-builders from the slave-trading history of Liverpool to the bombardment of Zanzibar. He also plotted an undefined 'masterpiece'—probably a fake letter in King Hall's name that was so absurd that nobody would believe him any more.⁷² 'We've got to work artfully,' he decided. 'But seemingly objectively.' The trouble was that Hitler announced that he wanted to see it first, and when Goebbels set out on July 8 on a prolonged journey to Austria he found Hitler who asked to see him at the Berghof still working on it.⁷³ 'Then we discuss top policy,' noted Goebbels, adding vaguely: 'We must wear down the Poles by further warlike preparations. At the decisive moment their nerves will crack. Britain will be worn down by ceaseless propaganda. And that's how we'll go on for the time being. There can scarcely be any doubt about the outcome.'⁷⁴

A second King-Hall letter turned up, but the Führer was still tinkering with the Goebbels reply to the first.⁷⁵ He did not finally release the reply until the fourteenth.⁷⁶ Goebbels ordered it printed in every German newspaper, but it was totally ignored by the British and French.⁷⁷ He was disappointed; he was sure he had hit home, but on the twentieth he noted that the incorrigible King-Hall was writing yet again.⁷⁸

ALMOST a landed gentlemen now, a man of property like Göring, Goebbels is perceptibly less eager to risk war than the haggard, penniless agitator he had been in the late Twenties. He has a wife and family, although he has not seen much of Magda since the spring. She has taken her brood to holiday in the mountains at Bad Gastein on June 28, leaving him disconsolate, guilty, and lonely; alone, he drives out to Lanke to inspect progress on the lakeside mansion.⁷⁹ He learns that Hanke has stubbornly increased his emotional pressure on Magda throughout the year, even showing her a little lakeside house he has bought, No. 13 Gustav-Freytag Strasse, in the Grunewald. Reaching a sudden decision after seeing Hitler at the Berghof on July 8, Goebbels leaves at five P.M. and is with Magda and the children at seven. He is determined to force a total reconciliation with her.

'The children, the children!' he writes after reaching Gastein. 'They rejoice and dance, because Papa's arrived.' He jots proud little cameos of them in his diary—Helga points out the local landmarks, Hilde is a little mouse, Hellmut a clown, and Holde a darling little infant. The spectacular Alpine scenery and climate are made for romance. He goes for long walks with Magda, and sits far into the night with her under the starlit skies, drinking in the peaceful sounds of nature, and the steady rushing of the waterfall.⁸⁰ He sleeps ten hours and learns that Hitler is still tinkering with his reply to King-Hall, but all that is far away. He takes the family over to Zell am See and swaps nostalgic stories with Magda about the years before they came to power. They pore over architectural blueprints, play games with the children, go rambling in the mountains,

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