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MISCELLANEOUS
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Germany

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omething else. In Africa Dr. Göring
ed doctor who attended Fanny's first
e had probably named Hermann after

this Austrian Jew. Epenstein had used his wealth to purchase his title, sexual
favors, and prestige. He became godfather to all the Göring children and
may have imprinted on the young Hermann's character traits that were not
always wholesome—the conclusion, for instance, that money could buy
everything, and a contempt for morality.

But it was Epenstein's castle in Franconia—the countryside around
Nuremberg—that left its most powerful mark on Göring's childhood. A
towering jumble of castellated walls, built and rebuilt over nine hundred
years on the site of an old fortress fifteen miles from the city, Veldenstein
Castle had begun to decay during the nineteenth century. In 1889 stones had
crumbled on to four houses beneath, and the then-owner, Nuremberg busi-
nessman Johann Stahl, decided to unload it onto some unsuspecting pur-
chaser. "Army physician Dr. Hermann Epenstein" (no von then), "property
owner of Berlin," bought it for twenty thousand marks on November 29,
1897; over the next forty years, until it was formally deeded to Field Marshal
Hermann Göring on Christmas Eve, 1938, this philanthropic gentleman would
pour one and a half million marks into the renovation and reconstruction of
its keep, its roof timbers, its inner and outer fortifications. Veldenstein Castle
was the romantic setting for Hermann's boyhood. Undoubtedly Epenstein
had provided it to the Göring family out of a sense of obligation to the elderly
former colonial governor, Dr. Göring, whose young wife he had taken quite
openly as his mistress.

This bizarre triangle would persist for fifteen years.

With the approach of manhood it dawned on the young Hermann that it
was not without carnal purpose that his godfather, Epenstein, had retained
for himself the finest of the castle's twenty-four rooms, close to Fanny
Göring's comfortably appointed bedroom—Forbidden territory now to his
cuckolded Papa, who was consigned to meaner quarters on the ground floor.

It was altogether a rare experience, growing up at Veldenstein. What boy
of spirit would not have thrilled to live in this ancient pile, surrounded by
dramatic mountain slopes and forests of dark conifers? Playing knights-in-
armor at age eight, Hermann would look down from the battlements and
have visions of Roman chariots and of plumed warriors galloping in the
valley. "You must come and see Veldenstein Castle," his sister Olga would
tell people in later years. "Then you will understand him better."

When he was five, his father had given him a Hussar's uniform. And when
his father's military friends came to stay at the castle, Hermann would play
with their caps and swords in his bedroom at night. He saw himself in sword
and buckler, jousting, crusading, triumphing—always triumphing in the end.

He was a robust child who suffered only tonsillitis and scarlet fever. As
a young man he developed arthritis, but this would vanish never to return
after his 1923 groin injury. The education begun in his parental home was
continued at Furth in 1898; his collected papers included reports from Furth
Private Boys' School dated March 21 and July 12, 1902. It was a Catholic

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Goebbels file 1945

Prologue: The Mark of Cain

EVERY man has some say in his own fortunes. It is open to each brain's owner to work upon it, to devise by intellectual training the swiftest path between it and the muscles and voice over which it is to be master. From the convolutions in the brain's left frontal lobe springs forth the voice that commands other men to hate, to march, to dance, to die. Moreover, man can *condition* this controlling instrument. Man is what he eats, that is true. But his brain is more than that—it is what he has seen about him too. The operas, the great works of art and poetry, the ill-defined sensations of national pride and humiliation, all these impressions are encoded and stored away by the neurons of the brain. And thus gradually one man comes to differ from the next.

Since prehistoric times the human brain has remained impenetrable and marvelous. Surgeons have trepanned into the human cranium in the hope of fathoming its secrets. The Greeks, the Romans, and the mediæval Arabs all opened up their fellow humans' skulls to gaze upon the brain. In 1945 the American army took Benito Mussolini's brain away for examination; they did the same with Dr Robert Ley's brain, and the Russians with Lenin's. But no instrument has yet explained the brain's capacity for evil.

THE BRAIN which indirectly occupies us now has deceased one evening in May 1945. Here it is, punctured by a 6·35-caliber bullet, lying in the ruined garden of a government building in Berlin. Next to its owner are the charred remains of a woman, the metal fastenings tumbling out of her singed, once-blonde hair. Around them both, callously grouped for the photographer, stand a Russian lieutenant-colonel, two majors, and several civilians.

It is May 2, 1945, five p.m., and the building is the late Adolf Hitler's Reich chancellery. The lieutenant-colonel is Ivan Isiaevich Klimenko, head of Smersh (a Russian acronym for Soviet Counter-Intelligence) in a rifle corps. He has been led here by the chancellery's cook Wilhelm Lange and its garage manager Karl Schneider. It has begun to pour with rain. Klimenko's men slide the two bodies onto a large red-and-gilt door torn from the building. They scoop up a fire-blackened Walther pistol found beneath the man's body, and another pistol found nearby; a gold badge; an engraved gold cigarette case, and other personal effects. All will be needed for identification.¹

Driving a Jeep, Klimentenko leads the way back to Smersh headquarters set up in the old jail house at Plötzensee. On the following day he returns to the chancellery, still hunting for the Führer. Below ground, inside the bunker, he finds the bodies of six children in pretty blue nightdresses or pajamas. He ships them out to Plötzensee too, together with the corpse of a burly German army officer, a suicide.

The Russians bring all the guests of the five-star Continental hotel out to Plötzensee, including a textiles merchant, a chaplain, and a hospital assistant, and invite them to identify the cadavers.² Even if the receding hairline, the Latin profile, the overwide mouth, and the unusually large cranium are not clues enough, then the steel splint with its two ringlike clamps to clutch the calf muscles, and the charred leather straps still tying it to the right leg leave no room for doubt at all. The foot is clenched like a dead chicken's claw: a club foot.

This is all that remains of Dr Joseph Goebbels, the malevolent genius whose oratory once inspired a nation to fight a total war and to hold out to the very end.

The Germans carry all the bodies outside on tarpaulins, and a Red Army truck transports them to a villa some ten kilometers north-north-east of Berlin where the Soviets are equipped to perform autopsies.

Soviet officers bring in Professor Werner Haase, one of Hitler's surgeons, and Hans Fritzsche, one of Goebbels' senior deputies, to view the bodies.³

Haase identifies them; Fritzsche hesitates, but the club foot and the orthopedic shoe clinch it for him. 'Check the gold party badge,' he suggests. The badge is cleaned of soot and dirt, and reveals the number 8762—Goebbels' membership number in the National Socialist German Workers' Party (the Nazi party). 'It's Dr Goebbels,' Fritzsche confirms.⁴

This is almost the last public appearance of Dr Joseph Goebbels. A few days later the Russians summon Hans Fritzsche out to G.P.U. (secret police) headquarters at Friedrichshagen in south-east Berlin and show him a notebook partly concealed by a metal plate: he recognizes Goebbels' handwriting, and asks to see more. The Soviet officer removes the plate and reveals a diary bound in red leather. 'We found twenty of these, up to about 1941, in the vaults of the Reichsbank,' he says.

The Russians arrange one final identification ceremony. In a copse near Friedrichshagen that Whitsun of 1945 they show Goebbels' entire family, now resting in wooden coffins, to his former personal detective, the forty-year-old Feldpolizei officer Wilhelm Eckold. He identifies his former master without hesitation.⁵

AMONG the personal effects was a gold cigarette case inscribed 'Adolf Hitler,' and dated '29.x.34.' That was Paul Joseph Goebbels' birthday. He had first opened his eyes and uttered his first scream at No. 186 Odenkirchener Strasse in the smoky Lower Rhineland town of Rheydt on October 29, 1897;⁶ it was a thousand-year-old textiles centre, set in a landscape of traditionally pious catholics and hardworking country folk.

'The daily visit to church,' writes Ralf Georg Reuth, Goebbels' most recent biographer, 'confession and family prayers at home and their mother making the sign of the cross on her kneeling children's foreheads with holy water, were as much a part of their life as the daily bread for which their father toiled at Lennartz' gas-mantle factory.'⁷ Their father Fritz Göbbels—that is the spelling in Paul Joseph's birth certificate—was W. H. Lennartz & Co.'s dependable catholic (though certainly not bigoted) bookkeeper.⁸ It is not over-fanciful to suspect that he chose the child's second name in honor of Dr Josef Joseph, a revered local Jewish attorney and close family friend.⁹

He himself had been born here to a tailor's family from Beckrath southwest of Rheydt. He had the same bulbous nose as his father Conrad Göbbels¹⁰ and as his brother Heinrich, a paunchy commercial traveler in textiles with all the ready wit that Fritz so sorely lacked. Fritz's mother Gertrud was a peasant's daughter. From first to last his relations with his youngest son Joseph were strained. Aware that his own career would see little more advancement, he made sacrifices for 'little Jupp' (Jüppche), which were to be most inadequately repaid. As his father, finally a director in the obligatory stovepipe hat, came to the end of his life Joseph would see in him only a 'petty minded, grubby, beer swilling pedant, concerned only with his pathetic bourgeois existence and bereft of any imagination.'¹¹ Among his effects were found blue cardboard account books in which he had detailed every penny he had spent since marriage.¹² Conceding grudgingly that his father would in all likelihood go to Heaven, Joseph would write: 'I just can't understand why Mother married the old miser.'¹³ His sympathies were all with her. 'I owe her all that I am,' he once wrote; and he remained beholden to her all his life.¹⁴

He had his mother's astute features—the face perceptibly flattened at each side, the nose slightly hooked, the upper front teeth protruding. She had been born Katharina Maria Odenhausen in the village of Uebach-over-Worms in Holland, and occasionally she lapsed into Rhenish Plattdeutsch¹⁵ when speaking with Joseph.¹⁶ Her father was a muscular Dutch blacksmith with a long beard, a man Joseph would look back upon as the dearest of his ancestors. He died of apoplexy in the Alexianer monastery at Mönchen-Gladbach. Her mother had then moved into Germany to serve as housekeeper to a distant relative, a local rector at Rheindahlen; she had spent her youth there with all her brothers and sisters except for Joseph Odenbach, Goebbels' architect godfather, who had stayed at Uebach. It was at Rheindahlen that Katharina had met Fritz Göbbels and married him in 1892.

So much for Goebbels' parents. Two sons had arrived before him, Konrad¹⁷ and Hans.¹⁸ Three sisters followed him: Two, Maria and Elisabeth, died young, a third, also christened Maria, was born twelve years after Joseph. We shall occasionally glimpse Konrad and Hans, struggling through the depression until Joseph's rise to power from which they too profited, being appointed to head Nazi publishing houses and insurance associations respectively. Maria remained the apple of his eye.¹⁹

Through living frugally, and thanks to a pay rise to 2,100 marks per annum, in 1900 his father was able to purchase outright a modest house at No. 140 Dahlemer Strasse in Rheydt (still standing today as No. 156).²⁰ Young Joseph had his room under the sloping roof, his mansard window's view limited to the skies above. This remained 'home' for him, the fulcrum of his life, long after he left it as a young man.

He remembered his sickly earliest years only dimly. He recalled playing with friends called Hans, Willy,¹ Otto (whom he knew as 'Örtche') and the Maassen brothers, and a bout of pneumonia which he only just survived. He was always a little mite of a fellow. Even in full manhood he would weigh little more than one hundred pounds.

At age six his mother placed him in the primary school (Volksschule) right next to the house. Goebbels was a stubborn and conceited boy. Fifteen or twenty years later he would reveal, in an intimate handwritten note, how his mental turmoil both delighted and tormented him: Each Saturday he would take himself off to church, there to contemplate 'all the good and the bad that the week had brought me, and then I went to the priest and confessed everything that was troubling my soul.'²²

His right leg had always hurt. When he was about seven, a medical disaster befell him which would change his life. 'I see before me,' he would reminisce, 'a Sunday walk—we all went over to Geistenbeck. The next day, on the sofa, I had an attack of my old foot pains. Mother was at the washtub. Screams. I was in agony. The masseur, Mr Schiering. Prolonged treatment. Crippled for rest of my life. Examined at Bonn university clinic. Much shrugging of shoulders. My youth from then on,' Goebbels mused piteously, 'somewhat joyless.' So this schoolboy with the large, intelligent cranium, underdeveloped body, and club foot lived out his childhood to a chorus of catcalls, jeers, and ridicule.

In adulthood his right foot was 18 centimeters long—3.5 centimeters shorter than the left; its heel was drawn up and the sole looked inwards (equino-varus). The right leg was correspondingly shorter than the left, and thinner. The indications are that Goebbels' defect was not genetic but was acquired as the result of some disease.²³ It defied all attempts at surgical remedy; had the deformation occurred at birth, when the bones are soft, it would have been relatively easy to manipulate them back into the right alignment. Perhaps it was the product of osteomyelitis (a bone marrow inflammation) or of infantile paralysis. He would hint, at age thirty, that the deformity developed from an accident at age thirteen or fourteen.²⁴

When he was ten they operated on his deformed foot. He later recalled the family visiting him one Sunday in the hospital; his eyes flooded with tears as his mother left, and he passed an unforgettably grim half-hour before the anesthetic. The operation left the pain and deformity worse than before. But his Aunt Christine brought him some fairy tales to read, and thus he discovered in reading a world of silent friends that could not taunt or ridicule.

** one of the stories*

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PROLOGUE: THE MARK OF CAIN xix

When he returned to his mansard room he began to devour every book and encyclopedia that he could lay his hands on.

He would show them: The brain, if properly prepared and used, could outwit the brawniest physique.

1809, 1830, 1833

Chapter I

HIMMLER
file

The Setting

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From 1933 to 1945 Heinrich Himmler kept a large staff of SS investigators busy exploring the details of his family genealogy. When the final report on the investigations was prepared, only one individual received more than the customary brief entry listing birth, occupation, marriage, and death. This individual was Heinrich's paternal grandfather, Johann Conrad Clemens Matthäus Himmler. The decision to include more detail about the life of Johann may have arisen from the desire to stress that he had once been a senior police official; but whatever the motive, the extra emphasis accorded him reflects the pivotal role he played in shaping the family environment in which Heinrich grew up. It was the life and career of Johann Himmler, more than any other factor, which established the conditions and set the tone of the two succeeding generations of the Himmler family.

Born in 1809, Johann Himmler came from a family of peasants and petty artisans in the Protestant area of Ansbach in northern Bavaria. He received some training as a weaver but seems to have been hampered by lack of money and an inclination for adventure. At the age of eighteen he enlisted as a private in the First Royal Bavarian Regiment; he reenlisted in 1830, and again in 1833. At the time of his second enlistment he was a member of the Second Military Police Company. His early military service was undistinguished and during his first five and a half years he failed to gain promotion to the rank of noncommissioned officer. Although the military records stress that he was not a drinker, part of his difficulty seems to have been a penchant for brawling and general mischief. He was punished by the military authorities on at least six occasions during these five and a half years, the punishments ranging from three days in jail for a fight in a bar to eight weeks' house arrest for debt. In June 1830 he was sentenced to six weeks' house arrest for what the authorities called "immoral behavior with a low woman."¹

Thus for the first twenty-five years of his life Johann Himmler was indistinguishable even in his vices from thousands of other young Germans of the early nineteenth

1809 , (1830) , 1833

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1865, 1872

E

century who drifted away from the farm and the shop to try their hands as soldiers. The first break in the pattern came in 1835, when he apparently failed to reenlist. For nearly a decade thereafter the official records are silent about his activities, but according to family tradition his love of soldiering took him further afield and he served in Greece and elsewhere. In September 1844 he reentered the Bavarian service, this time as a member of the Royal Police Company in Munich. Here he stayed for ten years. But his private life indicates that not all the adventurous fires had been quenched for while in Munich he fathered at least one illegitimate child.²

Obviously the later family pride in the career of Johann Himmler was not based upon these early adventures, except as they dramatized his later rise, and little sign of them appears in the official account of the *Reichsführer's* ancestors. It was the events from 1854 on which made Johann Himmler important to the family and the genealogists. On April 1, 1854, he was transferred from the Royal Police Company in Munich to the Police Company of Upper Bavaria with the rank of ordinary policeman. In the next eight years he advanced, first to the position of police station commander and finally to the rank of police sergeant (*Brigadier*). In June 1862 he left the royal police service, with its irregular hours and remote duty stations, to take a position in the district administration of Lindau on the Swiss border. Four months later he married Agathe Rosina Kiene, the daughter of a watchmaker and city official in Bregenz. At the time of the marriage Johann Himmler was fifty-three years old and his bride was twenty-nine. From these fragmentary scraps of information it seems probable that Johann Himmler left the police service in order to acquire a settled occupation that would permit marriage with a young lady who had reasonable prospects of a good dowry.³

From the outward signs that appear in official records the marriage seems to have been satisfactory. The couple remained together in Lindau for ten years and produced one child, Gebhard, who was born in 1865, three years after their marriage. Johann remained at his post in the administration of Lindau until he died in 1872 at the age of sixty-three.⁴

In addition to siring Gebhard Himmler, the father-to-be of Heinrich, Johann Himmler was to exert much indirect influence on the grandson whom he never saw. His career was

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HIMMLER file

E the first great success story of the Himmler family. He had struggled upward from humble origins and established a foundation of respectability and relative financial security which permitted future generations to continue the upward movement. To his family he was the personification of the ambition and pride of acquired status which played so important a role in the middle-class thinking of last century. The fact that he was a Protestant certainly did not dampen his or his family's devotion to competitive advancement.⁵ But of even more significance to his son and grandson was the occupational form through which he sought to rise in the world. It was not so much the fact that Johann had been a policeman that was important for the future (although his grandson Heinrich with his romantic inclination to find ancestral parallels was probably pleased about it) as the fact that he had risen through the ranks of the royal administration.

Historians have given considerable attention to the close ties that existed between the educated middle class and the royal administrations in Central Europe during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Equal stress has not however been laid on the fact that the lower echelons of these administrations—both civil and military—offered the lower classes the best available means of improving their social status. In contrast to Western Europe and America where trade and business held out the best prospects of advancement, the peasant or apprentice in Central Europe often found his greatest opportunity in the lower ranks of the royal service. There with diligence and ambition he could reach a position which would afford him a comfortable income and the satisfaction of lower-middle-class status. To be sure, even the most gifted peasant's son had no chance of entering the higher ranks of the bureaucracy, for here members of the educated middle class held on to their prerogatives with as much tenacity as the nobles did to theirs; but there was nothing to prevent the self-made lower official from using his position to provide an education for his children that would permit them to move up and become real bureaucrats.

Despite the success of many families, including the Himmlers, in negotiating this two-generation advance into the bureaucratic middle class, it would be a mistake to minimize the value conflicts and the emotional stresses and strains

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involved. The family's belief in upward social mobility stemmed from the customary middle-class desire for independence and self-reliance. When applied to the administrative systems of Central Europe, this value system was forced to function in an environment in which class privilege, tradition, and hereditary right were paramount. Successful practitioners of the art of administrative-status-seeking had to walk a thin line between personal competitiveness and the necessity for humble loyalty and social subservience. It was necessary to cast ambition in a mold that would stay within the confines of duty and never appear to challenge the system of hereditary privilege. The ambitious lower-class official had to assimilate a system of values in which competence balanced the art and outlook of a dutiful courtier.

It was Gebhard Himmler, Johann's son, who was forced to grapple directly with such a situation. Johann was fifty-six at the time of the boy's birth, and the period of his uncertainty about what was important in life was long past. Gebhard had little chance to escape having the paternal values stamped upon him at an early age. However, he did escape the potentially hazardous confrontation over values that often occurs in adolescence, because Johann died when the boy was seven; from then on it was through his mother that he came face to face with his father's achievements and beliefs. Agathe Kiene Himmler was a strong woman who appears to have exerted great influence over her son and his family until her death in 1916. Only the rough outlines of her personality appear in the surviving documents, but she must have been a formidable combination of maternal love and ambition for she instilled in Gebhard the ambitions of his father and at the same time helped him develop the complex personality traits necessary for a leap into full middle-class status. How this was achieved and how the boy reconciled his childhood needs with the role expected of him it is now impossible to establish. Except for the fact that he grew up in Lindau with his mother and was raised a Catholic, we have no documentary evidence until he appears in the official roster of the University of Munich for 1884-85 as a student of philosophy.⁶

A university education was the essential prerequisite for a commoner with serious career ambitions. Apparently Gebhard Himmler began his university career without

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definite ideas about a major area of study or the form his life's work was to take. In the course of an unusually long ten-year residence at the university he focused his attention on philology, including the German and classical languages, and shorthand, in which he retained a lifelong interest. He seems to have been a highly devoted and successful student, the length of whose residence at Munich was not due to any academic deficiency.⁷

In 1894, at the age of twenty-nine, he left the university and embarked on the two occupational roles which were to dominate his career. He accepted a position as a beginning teacher (*Assistent*) at the *Ludwigs Gymnasium* in Munich and at the same time assumed the responsibility of tutor in the household of Prince Arnulf of Wittelsbach. His decision to enter *Gymnasium* teaching was the most important decision he made, for he was to remain in *Gymnasium* education and administration for the next thirty years. In Germany the humanistic *Gymnasium* was the secondary school most closely tied to classical education and, prior to the full onslaught of a technically oriented society, enjoyed the highest social prestige. Many of Germany's best university-trained teachers made their careers in the *Gymnasium* and achieved a standing in society far higher than that of American teachers in secondary education. A Bavarian who rose through the ranks of teacher and professor to that of *Rektor* attained a status rivaled by few non-nobles.*

If Gebhard Himmler's decision to begin *Gymnasium* teaching opened a door which led to full professional middle-class status, his appointment as princely tutor drew him into the center of the system of royal service and patronage. He was employed by Prince Arnulf of Wittelsbach as tutor for his only son, Heinrich. Prince Heinrich, who was then ten years old, was far removed from the throne, being a nephew of the regent (later King Ludwig III) of Bavaria who had two sons, six daughters, and a brother with prior claims to reign. Although there was little or no chance that his young charge would ever reach the throne, Gebhard Himmler nevertheless had excellent prospects of princely (or, more

*In *Gymnasien* in other parts of Germany the titles varied. Only in Bavaria and a few other states was the title of professor used in the *Gymnasium*.

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remotely, royal) favor if he proved satisfactory to his patrons. This would be the deciding test of whether he had successfully absorbed the values and personality traits of a royal servant.

For three years Gebhard Himmler simultaneously taught in the *Gymnasium* and tutored Prince Heinrich. In both occupations, especially the latter, he performed exceptionally well. He not only secured the favor of Prince Arnulf and his wife for the whole Himmler family but also earned the respect and affection of the young prince as well. From this point on, he was always able to count on help in time of need from either Prince Heinrich or his mother, and this turned out to be a source of security which was to last beyond the prince's death in 1916 and the end of the monarchy in 1918.⁸

In 1897 Gebhard Himmler's duty as tutor to the prince drew to a close in a manner appropriate for a successful academic courtier. Two years previously he had moved from his temporary position as teacher at the *Ludwigs Gymnasium* to a similar position at the *Wilhelms Gymnasium* in Munich. When his work as tutor ended, he was promoted to a position as permanent teacher on the *Wilhelms Gymnasium* staff. There can be little question that this appointment was made easier by the favor of his royal employers.⁹

With a permanent position and a firm foothold on the professional ladder Gebhard Himmler now had the income and prospects necessary for a successful marriage. On July 22, 1897, he married Anna Maria Heyder in Munich. His bride, the future mother of Heinrich Himmler, was the daughter of a businessman who had come to Munich from the Regensburg area. Born and raised in Munich, she had grown up in a family where age relationships were strikingly similar to those in her husband's family. Her father was fifty-six when she was born and died when she was eight. Like Gebhard Himmler, she was raised by her mother but unlike him she was orphaned at the comparatively early age of twenty-one. At the time of her marriage she was thirty-one, and her husband thirty-two. From indirect references to the relative prosperity of the newly married couple it appears that Anna Heyder Himmler had inherited some money and that the union represented an advantageous combination of hard cash and promising career prospects.¹⁰

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Following the marriage the Himmlers moved into a roomy and comfortable second-floor apartment at Hildegardstrasse 6 in the central section of Munich. Twelve months later, on July 29, 1898, their first child was born, a boy who was given his father's name, Gebhard. Two years later Heinrich, their second son, was born. Little is known about personal relationships within the family during the first years, but certain characteristics of the parents which were clearly manifest later were already present. Anna Himmler was an efficient housekeeper who highly valued a set routine. She was careful with money and enjoyed making the day-to-day economies which allowed the family to live comfortably on the salary of a junior teacher and still maintain the amenities of middle-class life.¹¹

In her treatment of the children Frau Himmler displayed the same traits that characterized her as a homemaker. She was deeply concerned about their welfare and took her maternal responsibilities very seriously. She established precise schedules and procedures to insure that the children's physical needs, such as proper diet and well-washed clothes, were always met. The effort to give her offspring good manners and correct middle-class attitudes also took up much of her time and attention. Her daily routine was characterized by diligence and a tendency to worry about possible breaks in the routine or failure to do what was right and proper. One may seriously doubt whether the children received many expressions of spontaneous affection, but they did have the benefit of an unusual amount of personal attention and support.

The character and personality of Gebhard Himmler closely paralleled those of his wife. He was unusually conscientious about his work and tended to occupy himself with school business at all hours of the day and night (worried references to "Vati" being overworked abound in the family correspondence). His zeal on the job was matched by the pedantry which influenced all his actions. Both at home and in school each activity had its proper time and place. His handwriting was faultless, and his filing system had a slot for every kind of material. Even his hobbies, the collection of stamps, coins, and writings about the Germanic past, reflected his passion for correct organization.

Despite his professional zeal Gebhard Himmler was a devoted family man with a deep interest in his children's

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activities. He was no aloof father; within the limits prescribed for a genteel *pater familias* he involved himself directly in his children's rearing and development. Often his interest took the form of setting rules and carefully checking to make certain that the youngsters did what was expected of them. Even before the children went to school he systematically examined their pronunciation and speech patterns and kept detailed records of their verbal peculiarities and cute sayings.¹²

Yet it would be both inaccurate and unfair to leave the impression that Gebhard Himmler and his wife were nothing but pedants who drove their children through a series of dreary routines. They sincerely tried to make life happy for them and gave them an ample supply of the toys, games, and diversions which they wanted. They involved their children in their own love of nature and varied the regular routine with trips and long summer vacations in the country. The study of classical literature, including of course the German classics which the parents loved, became a family affair, and the children received constant encouragement to develop culturally and intellectually. Yet even when the softer aspects of the family's life are taken into consideration, the impression of a rigid hierarchical family remains. This is largely due to the social milieu in which the Himmlers lived and to the efforts the parents made to prepare their children for the world in which they in turn would live. To estimate the social relevance of these efforts it is necessary to examine the tone of Bavaria at that time.

At the turn of the century Bavaria shared in the security and optimism which characterized most of European society before World War I. The social order was stable, future development seemed assured, and the majority of people held a common set of beliefs and loyalties. Foremost among the commitments of the average Bavarian was his identification with the young German Reich and its achievements in power politics, economic expansion, and culture. Despite the Bavarian reluctance to join the Reich in 1870-71, thirty years of unification and dramatic growth had engendered a deep German patriotism in the Bavarian people. Conscious of himself as a German in speech, culture, and historical tradition, the Bavarian largely identified himself with the Germany that Bismarck had created.

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But alongside his pride in Germany the average Bavarian continued to nurse his old loyalty to the Kingdom of Bavaria. In this he was not just longing for a romantic past; he was identifying himself with a living reality. For Bavaria was in fact different from Prussia and most of the other German states. It had its own ruling house, and much of the governmental activity which affected people's daily lives originated in Munich rather than Berlin. The social tone was also strikingly different from that which prevailed in the North. Not only were there differences in dialect and *Gemütlichkeit*, but Bavaria remained much closer to preindustrial society than many parts of Germany. Despite increasing urbanization traditional agriculture had not yet been engulfed by a rising industry, and the class structure still reflected the economic and political realities of a large noble landholding class, a numerous peasantry, and a proud ruling house. Intertwined with the economic and political realities of this traditionalist society were the power and the importance of the Catholic church. In spite of the large Protestant population in Northern Bavaria the kingdom of the Wittelsbachs was Catholic in name and fact. The church was a living reality for the great mass of the people and enjoyed unusual power and prestige, in part because the most explosive modern forces had so lightly touched the institutional and economic structure of society.

The predominance of the Catholic church and the old Bavarian way of life made for easy cultural and personal relations with people from similar backgrounds outside the confines of the German Reich. This was especially true for Bavaria's neighbors in Habsburg Austria and parts of Switzerland, where social conditions were similar and a common Catholicism extended further than the immediate borderlands. Bavaria's traditional trans-Alpine connections with Italy were strengthened and intensified by the fact that Italy was the home of the church. Similarly the long history of political understanding between Bavaria and France was reinforced by the common religion of the two areas. This did not mean that Bavaria's religious loyalties would lead her to reverse the actions of 1870-71 and consider independence again; it merely revealed that the average Bavarian had a stronger emotional attachment than Germans in other sections of the Reich to the nations and cultures of his coreligionists.

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From the vantage point of the present, it is obvious that these likes and sympathies were not consistent. Pride in the new Germany did not erase resentment of domination by Berlin; grumbling about the "Prussians" was one of the most popular pastimes in the land of the Wittelsbachs. Similarly the rising levels of hatred and diplomatic tension engendered by the alliance blocks conflicted with the traditional cultural and religious loyalties of Bavarians. It was difficult to hate France as the "national enemy" while at the same time valuing French culture and the historic ties to "Catholic France." What kept the inconsistencies from tormenting most Bavarians—aside from a tendency toward political passivity—was the conviction that the social fabric was so strong that they could indulge their conflicting loyalties with little fear that they would ever have to choose between them.

The relative backwardness and conservatism of Bavaria held the most radical forces at bay. Industrialization existed; the Social Democratic party had some support; there was a nucleus of racist, radical nationalists as well as of Munich intellectuals who craved drastic change. But in face of the overwhelming weight of throne, altar, and the established class structure there appeared little danger that any of these groups would seriously upset the prevailing order. A conservative Bavarian such as Gebhard Himmler could cheer the Kaiser, enjoy the French classics, patronize the peasants, favor progress, be proud of Germany's modernity and Bavaria's traditionalism, and still believe that his world was well ordered.

Although no documented account of how the average Bavarian coped with this jumble of beliefs and loyalties can be presented, it is possible to speculate on some of the factors that helped him adjust to them. The overlapping character and partial contradiction of his primary loyalties seem to have kept his resentments and prejudices within reasonably safe bounds. There was hatred or dislike of a large number of groups. Anarchists, republicans, socialists, and Freemasons were the primary objects of suspicion and fear. Prussians, Protestants, Poles, Frenchmen, and Jews also aroused varying degrees of dislike and suspicion. But it was difficult to isolate many of these negative symbols from the Bavarian's amorphous collection of national, local, and religious loyalties. Stereotypes of Poles, Frenchmen, German Protestants, Prussians, and German Jews fitted into his

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Chapter II

The Years of Peace

On June 21, 1900, Gebhard Himmler replied to a letter he had received from his former student, Prince Heinrich. The letter was not as formal as most of his letters to the Prince; it began simply "Dear Prince Heinrich" instead of "Illustrious Prince, Most Gracious Prince and Lord"¹ which was his customary salutation. Though informal in tone Herr Himmler's letter exuded a feeling of humble gratitude for the fulfillment of one of his fondest dreams. The Prince had offered to serve as godfather for the Himmlers' second child. At the end of his letter the writer poured out all of his feelings of family pride and gratitude: "I cannot close, dear Prince Heinrich, without expressing my feelings of gratitude that you or her Royal Highness will act as godparent to the child that the dear Lord will send us in the fall. . . . My dear wife asks me to present [*zum Fuss zu legen*] her most humble thanks to you, and through you to her Royal Highness."²

The assurance of a princely godparent for their child raised the Himmlers to the pinnacle of self-satisfaction and apparently allowed them to pass through the last four months of Anna Himmler's second pregnancy with a profound sense of confidence and inner peace. When, on October 7, 1900, the baby boy was born, the father could hardly contain his joy. He wrote to Prince Heinrich the day after the birth:

After consulting the priest of St. Anna I take the liberty of humbly informing you that the baptism of our little Heinrich will occur on Saturday the thirteenth of this month. . . . After the baptism I would like the honor of being allowed to offer you a glass of champagne. It would perhaps interest you to know, dear Prince Heinrich, that on his second day of existence on this earth, our little offspring weighed seven pounds and 200 grams [8 pounds, 5 ounces] and measured 52 cm. [20½ inches]. Thankfully he is lively and always hungry. . . . In joyful anticipation of the coming day of honor [*Elventages*] I am, dear Prince, your thankful and happy Gebh. Himmler.³

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The object of all of this pride and enthusiasm, little Heinrich Himmler, obviously meant more than just a second son—he was a living certificate of achievement and family status. We may assume that his parents tried to assure that, as such, he received sufficient care and attention. For the first five months after his birth the family remained in the Hildegardstrasse apartment, but in spring 1901 they moved into a larger apartment on the Liebigstrasse which was further north and in the central section of the city. Here the family resided for fourteen months, except for the summer months, during which Frau Himmler and the children vacationed in the Alps at Füssen near Hohenschwangau, and Herr Himmler journeyed back and forth between the vacation spot and the city.⁴

We know little about the day-to-day activities in the Himmler household during this period and even less about the actual care of the new infant. Obviously there was no lack of money. The baby's physical needs were amply cared for by his mother and Thilda Nöbauer, a full-time maid and children's nurse who lived with the family. Both parents doted on their little Heinrich; and his godfather Prince Heinrich frequently inquired about him and sent the customary greetings on his name-day. When in early 1902 he began to speak, his father carefully recorded his first words and his way of pronouncing "mamma, papa, Gebhard," and so on. Duly informed of his godchild's early prowess, Prince Heinrich sent his congratulations.⁵

In summer 1902 Herr Himmler was appointed a professor at the Gymnasium at Passau. He had been increasingly dissatisfied with his instructorship in classical languages at the Wilhelms Gymnasium, and the transfer was doubly welcome. It is improbable that the move to Passau constituted any very sharp break for the Himmlers who had friends and relatives in Passau to make the move and new adjustment easier. With Professor Himmler's higher income suitable quarters were easily arranged, and the family quickly settled into a residence at Theresienstrasse 39.⁶

Early the following year, however, the contentment and security of the Himmlers' new life suddenly collapsed. Passau had a good record in public health and customarily faced few problems with communicable disease. But in the first months of 1903 it was racked by a wave of respiratory illnesses which resulted in a sharp rise in the infant mortality rate. In

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February little Heinrich contracted a serious respiratory infection which seems to have settled in his lungs and produced all the symptoms of tuberculosis. In their concern and fright the Himmlers not only used the medical help available in Passau but also brought Dr. Quenstedt, who had delivered Heinrich and been present at his baptism, all the way from Munich to treat him. The danger from contagious diseases in Passau was so serious that the doctors advised that the child be taken out of the city. In early spring Frau Himmler took the children to the little village of Wolfegg, north of Lindau (the area where Gebhard senior had been raised), where they could have the benefit of pure mountain air. While the baby was being nursed back to health by his mother, the local doctors, and Dr. Quenstedt, his father continued his work in Passau and visited the family whenever possible.⁷

The period of Heinrich's convalescence was a time of extreme tension for the family. During the spring and summer of 1903 letters filled with worried comments passed back and forth between Professor Himmler and Prince Heinrich. The boy made some progress but stopped short of complete recovery. Apparently Prince Heinrich shared the family's concern; at any rate he made at least one trip to visit his namesake while he was ill—a courtesy for which the parents were deeply grateful. Finally in July Dr. Quenstedt was able to report that the worst was over, although spots of infection remained in the upper lungs and exposure to contagious disease would constitute a grave risk.⁸ Because of the questionable health conditions prevailing in Passau the family faced yet another perplexing decision. After a month's hesitation and careful investigation of conditions with the health authorities they decided to return home to the Theresienstrasse residence. Once in Passau, they could do little but hope that all would be well. At the end of August Professor Himmler wrote to Prince Heinrich:

We have, thank God, brought the two children back cheerful and in good shape. The examination made by the district physician here on August 28th confirms the results of Dr. Quenstedt's examination in Wolfegg on July 28th, namely that Heinrich has made very great improvement even though the disease is still present in the uppermost part of the lungs. That may heal, in the opinion of both doctors, if the child is spared childhood diseases, especially

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severe measles next winter. We must now leave that to God. As both doctors have confirmed to us, we have done all that humans can do.⁹

The year 1903-4 was thus a tense time for the Himmlers. Writing to Prince Heinrich during the Christmas season Professor Himmler voiced the now familiar mood of worry and gratitude for small improvements: "Things are going rather normally for us now, thank God. An examination by the district physician yesterday showed that Heini's healthy condition, which has been achieved by so much struggle is holding, with the exception of some spots of remaining infection. May it continue! It has been such a dark shadow"¹⁰ The strain resulting from this constant worry and sense of helplessness tended to mar the enthusiasm and satisfaction that the Himmlers had felt when they moved to Passau. The border city must now have seemed a place of isolated and dangerous exile, for in Munich they could count on a wider circle of sympathetic friends and colleagues as well as excellent medical care. These considerations probably played a major part in Professor Himmler's decision to leave his post in Passau in the spring of 1904 and take up a similar position at the *Ludwigs Gymnasium* in Munich.¹¹

The move back to Munich achieved its main objective: Heinrich's condition improved steadily and in the course of 1904-5 returned to normal health. The family now lived in a third-floor apartment at Amalienstrasse 86, behind the university and close to all the modern facilities that the capital offered.¹² Heinrich was thus freed from some of the overprotectiveness which his parents had lavished on him during the previous year. His position as the center of attention was further diminished by the illness and misfortune which overtook his older brother, Gebhard, when he began school in September 1904. The Himmlers had enrolled Gebhard in a special program in the cathedral school rather than in the adjacent Amalien school. From the time of his entrance, however, he contracted one illness after another and in the course of his first year there lost a total of 147 days of school as he passed from flu to bronchitis and back again. In fact, he missed so much classtime that he did not receive a first-grade completion certificate. As soon as school ended his parents hustled him off to a vacation haven at Oberaudorf on the Austrian border near Rosenheim. They

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recuperation in the Alps, he was able to move through the second year of school with a minimum of academic or medical difficulty.¹⁵ E

The two boys' success in recovering from their rather traumatic first years of school should not obscure the fact that they were exposed to unusually severe pressures and controls during these years. The precautions and restrictions imposed by their poor health were reinforced by Professor Himmler's rigid supervision of their education. The father took every precaution to ensure that their schooling embodied the social tone appropriate to the family's status and ambition. He recorded his assessment of the qualities and activities of the boys' teachers. He also compiled a complete list of all the students in each class, and beside each name he noted the occupation of the child's father, as if considering how to protect the family from any association which might endanger its social position.¹⁶ No matter what their fears concerning the children's physical condition, the parents never lost sight of their main goal: to prepare their offspring for careers as professional men with close connections with the court.

In fall 1908 young Gebhard was enrolled in the *Wilhelms Gymnasium* where six years earlier his father had taught. At the same time Heinrich was transferred from the cathedral school to the Amalien school for "family reasons," as his father's notes termed them; apparently Professor Himmler had changed his mind about the relative academic and social standing of the two schools. Thus it was in the Amalien school that Heinrich completed his last two years of primary education. There he did well and enjoyed some pleasant boyhood friendships with his classmates.¹⁷

In summer 1910, following Heinrich's completion of elementary school, the family vacationed at Lengries, a village in the foothills of the Alps and ten kilometers south of Tölz. During these summer months, to underscore the fact that his early childhood was over and the serious business of the *Gymnasium* awaited him, his father had him keep a diary. To show what was required and set the proper tone, Professor Himmler wrote the heading on the diary and made the first entry:

July 13. VII Departed at 11:50 and arrived safely on the bus in L[engries] at 2:00. We have a very

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INTRODUCTION

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to 1945 and interpret it as it was conceived and to a large extent actually created by these men, each of whom in varying degrees formed an individual empire in his own image within the larger empire built by Hitler.

We contend that the twelve years of Nazi rule in Europe offer us as clear a warning for the future in human terms as the explosion of the two atom bombs over Hiroshima and Nagasaki. It was the Nazis themselves who finally forced us to use violence against them when the provocation offered by their actions became too outrageous to be endured. But far too many people favoured what they stood for at the time, or still hanker after their memory today, for us to be sure the warning has been more than superficially taken by the world as a whole. For this reason alone it seems to us necessary to tell the story of these men's lives without bias or false emphasis, in order to show as precisely as possible what drove these leaders of a great country to behave in the way they did, and what, above all, they have in common with the rest of us, who profess now so readily to detest them.

It has been an illuminating experience for Heinrich Fraenkel to discuss in Germany the character and actions – or often the inaction – of Himmler with men and women who had to work closely with him. In preparing this biography, as with those of Goebbels and Göring, we have gone wherever possible to the sources of first-hand evidence. We have also been greatly assisted by Himmler's daughter Gudrun and his brother Gebhard, both of whom entertain memories of him which remain affectionate. They still find it very hard to reconcile the image of the man they knew so intimately with the public image of Himmler which was inspired by a fear and a hatred that became universal. It has been our task to try to achieve this reconciliation, to try to understand why this simple, unassuming man became a mass-murderer convinced of the essential rightness of his actions.

Himmler's contribution to the theory and practice of Nazism was that of a conscientious pedant who had always hankered after being a soldier but had ended by becoming a policeman. His brief career as a commander-in-the-field at the end of the war proved a complete disaster, though not in his own view, since he had to be induced to resign. But in its own strict terms, Himmler's career as Hitler's Chief of Police was a triumphant success, and it could be argued that Nazism found its most complete and practical expression in the

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The Office kept stud records for every S.S. man, who was issued with a genealogical or clan book (Sippenbuch)³ which recorded his right and duty to mate with his chosen woman and procreate children by her. His bride and her parents were required to prove that they were free of all disease, mental or physical, and the girl was meticulously examined and measured by S.S. doctors who had to satisfy themselves that she could be suitably fertile. The Aryan blood of her ancestors, uncontaminated by Slav, Jewish or other inferior racial elements, had to be established as far back as 1750 for every woman marrying into the S.S.

Later Himmler was to set up a number of S.S. Bride Schools at which, in addition to their political education, the future wives of S.S. men were taught housewifery, the hygiene of childbirth and the principles of rearing their future children in the correct Nazi tradition.

The order, as inhuman as it was outrageous, lay at the heart of Himmler's future racial policy, and what seemed at first to be merely an absurdity to some of Himmler's own colleagues was later to become the poisonous root from which sprang the practice of compulsory euthanasia and the genocide of those he regarded as racially impure.

The significance of the S.S. Marriage Code must be understood in its proper light. It could be claimed that, in introducing eugenics and selective breeding among the restricted group of men in his charge, Himmler was anticipating a principle which civilized societies will be led to adopt in the future. He would most certainly have argued himself that this was so. But if such principles are eventually to be adopted, there must surely be every medical, psychological and social safeguard to ensure that the men and women who are bred represent in one way or another the widest capabilities and qualities latent in the human race. It is not necessarily to Himmler's discredit that he was ambitious to see the human race improved; but it was pernicious that he believed himself fit, together with a few unqualified and unscrupulous colleagues, to determine what the ideal human being should be. He had absorbed a few ill-founded theories and with the temerity of ignorance hastened to put them into immediate practice without taking any account of the cost in human suffering. Thus the men who had through various motives, either worthy and unworthy, joined the S.S. found themselves caught in a ludicrous trap, and had either to submit to Himmler's

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Grützner, whose pictures of tipsy monks and inebriated butlers seemed hardly the right sort of thing for a teetotaler like Hitler. But Hitler regarded these paintings solely from their "artistic" aspect: "What, that one is priced at only five thousand marks?" The painting's market value could not have been more than two thousand marks. "Do you know, Hoffmann, that's a steal! Look at these details. Grützner is greatly underrated." The next work by this painter cost him considerably more. "It's simply that he hasn't been discovered yet. Rembrandt also counted for nothing for many decades after his death. His pictures were practically given away. Believe me, this Grützner will some day be worth as much as a Rembrandt. Rembrandt himself couldn't have painted that better."

For all departments of art Hitler regarded the late nineteenth century as one of the greatest cultural epochs in human history. That it was not yet recognized as such, he said, was only because we were too close to it in time. But his appreciation stopped at Impressionism, whereas the naturalism of a Leibl or a Thoma suited his activist approach to art. Makart ranked highest; he also thought highly of Spitzweg. In this case I could understand his feeling, although what he admired was not so much the bold and often impressionistic brushwork as the staunch middle-class genre quality, the affable humor with which Spitzweg gently mocked the small-town Munich of his period.

Later, to the consternation of the photographer, it turned out that a forger had exploited this fondness for Spitzweg. Hitler began to be uneasy about which of his Spitzwegs were genuine, but quickly repressed these doubts and commented maliciously: "You know, some of the Spitzwegs that Hoffmann has hanging are fake. I can tell at a glance. But let's not take away his pleasure in them." He said that last with the Bavarian intonation he liked to fall into while in Munich.

He frequently visited Carlton's Tearoom, a bogus luxurious place with reproduction furniture and fake crystal chandeliers. He liked it because the people there left him undisturbed, did not bother him with applause or requests for autographs, as was generally the case elsewhere in Munich.

Frequently, I would receive a telephone call late at night from Hitler's apartment: "The Fuehrer is driving over to the Café Heck and has asked that you come too." I would have to get out of bed and had no prospect of returning before two or three o'clock in the morning.

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Occasionally Hitler would appear late during our days, down with the old fighters, me up so much that I would be morning."

The Café Heck, in contrast with plain wooden chairs where Hitler used to sit, was stopped after 1933. There were over so many years that Munich friends; but then Hitler tended to become too speak to him and almost requests on all sorts of did not always assume all the geniality he outwardly, they adopted as posed was their well-comported with the history.

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After 1933 there were quite divergent views, spied tempt. A mixture of scenes within the party. Each mates around him. Thus his SS following, from Goering also had his members of his family, Goebbels felt at ease in Hess occupied himself with chamber music, and had

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Occasionally Hitler would apologize. "I formed the habit of staying up late during our days of struggle. After rallies I would have to sit down with the old fighters, and besides my speeches usually stirred me up so much that I would not have been able to sleep before early morning."

The Café Heck, in contrast to Carlton's Tearoom, was furnished with plain wooden chairs and iron tables. It was the old party café where Hitler used to meet his comrades. But any such meetings stopped after 1933. The Munich group had shown him such devotion over so many years that I had expected him to have a group of close Munich friends; but there was nothing of the sort. On the contrary, Hitler tended to become sulky when one of the old comrades wanted to speak to him and almost always managed to refuse or delay such requests on all sorts of pretexts. No doubt the old party comrades did not always assume the tone of respectful distance that Hitler, for all the geniality he outwardly displayed, now thought proper. Frequently, they adopted an air of unseemly familiarity; what they supposed was their well-earned right to such intimacy no longer comported with the historical role Hitler by now attributed to himself.

On extremely rare occasions he might still pay a visit to one or another of them. They had meanwhile acquired lordly mansions; most of them held important offices. Their one annual meeting was the anniversary of the putsch of November 9, 1923, which was celebrated in the Bürgerbräukeller. Surprisingly, Hitler did not at all look forward to these reunions; it was clear that he found it distasteful to have to be present.

After 1933 there quickly formed various rival factions that held divergent views, spied on each other, and held each other in contempt. A mixture of scorn and dislike became the prevailing mood within the party. Each new dignitary rapidly gathered a circle of intimates around him. Thus Himmler associated almost exclusively with his SS following, from whom he could count on unqualified respect. Goering also had his band of uncritical admirers, consisting partly of members of his family, partly of his closest associates and adjutants. Goebbels felt at ease in the company of literary and movie people. Hess occupied himself with problems of homeopathic medicine, loved chamber music, and had screwy but interesting acquaintances.

As an intellectual Goebbels looked down on the crude philistines of the leading group in Munich, who for their part made fun of the

~~after 1933~~ →

After two or three days in Munich, Hitler usually ordered preparations for the drive to "the mountain"—Obersalzberg. We rode over dusty highways in several open cars; the autobahn to Salzburg did not exist in those days, although it was being built on a priority basis. Usually the motorcade stopped for coffee in a village inn at Lambach am Chiemsee, which served delicious pastries that Hitler could scarcely ever resist. Then the passengers in the following cars once more swallowed dust for two hours, for the column rode in close file. After Berchtesgaden came the steep mountain road full of potholes, until we arrived at Hitler's small, pleasant wooden house on Obersalzberg. It had a wide overhanging roof and modest interior: a dining

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room, a small living room, and three bedrooms. The furniture was bogus old-German peasant style and gave the house a comfortable petit-bourgeois look. A brass canary cage, a cactus, and a rubber plant intensified this impression. There were swastikas on knick-knacks and pillows embroidered by admiring women, combined with, say, a rising sun or a vow of "eternal loyalty." Hitler commented to me with some embarrassment: "I know these are not beautiful things, but many of them are presents. I shouldn't like to part with them."

Soon he emerged from his bedroom, having changed out of his jacket into a Bavarian sports coat of light-blue linen, which he wore with a yellow tie. Usually he fell to talking about his building plans.

A few hours later a small Mercedes sedan would drive up with his two secretaries, Fräulein Wolf and Fräulein Schröder. A simple Munich girl would usually be with them. She was pleasant and fresh-faced rather than beautiful and had a modest air. There was nothing about her to suggest that she was a ruler's mistress: Eva Braun.

This sedan was never allowed to drive in the official motorcade, for no one was to connect it with Hitler. The secretaries also served the function of disguising the mistress's presence. I could only wonder at the way Hitler and Eva Braun avoided anything that might suggest an intimate relationship—only to go upstairs to the bedrooms together late at night. It has always remained incomprehensible to me why this needless, forced practice of keeping their distance was continued even in this inner circle whose members could not help being aware of the truth.

Eva Braun kept her distance from every one of Hitler's intimates. She was the same toward me too; that changed only in the course of years. When we became more familiar with one another I realized that her reserved manner, which impressed many people as haughty, was merely embarrassment; she was well aware of her dubious position in Hitler's court.

During those early years of our acquaintanceship Hitler, Eva Braun, an adjutant, and a servant were the only persons who stayed in the small house; we guests, five or six of us, including Martin Bormann and Press Chief Dietrich, as well as the two secretaries, were put up in a nearby pension.

Hitler's decision to settle on Obersalzberg seemed to point to a love of nature. But I was mistaken about that. He did frequently admire a beautiful view, but as a rule he was more affected by the awe-

Speer

Paris. 1930s

hospitals, laboratories, and medical schools. The banks of the Spree between the museum island and the Reichstag—a neglected area full of junkyards and small factories—were also to be reconstructed and additions and new buildings for the Berlin museums undertaken.

The land beyond the ring formed by the autobahn was to be set aside for recreation purposes. The typical Brandenburg pine forest of the area had been given into the charge of a high official in the Forestry Bureau who took his orders from me. Instead of pines, a woodland of deciduous trees was to be established here. After the model of the Bois de Boulogne, Grunewald was to be provided with hiking paths, rest areas, restaurants, and athletic fields for the capital's millions. The work had already begun. I had tens of thousands of deciduous trees planted, in order to restore the old mixed forest which Frederick the Great had cut for lumber to finance the Silesian War. Of the whole vast project for the reshaping of Berlin, these deciduous trees are all that have remained.

In the course of the work a new urban concept emerged from Hitler's initially pointless plan for a grand avenue. In the light of all this, his original idea seemed relatively insignificant. At least where urban renewal was concerned, I had gone far beyond Hitler's megalomaniacal notions. I imagine that this had rarely happened to him in the course of his life. He went along with all these expansions of the original idea and gave me a free hand, but he could not really work up much enthusiasm for this part of the project. He would look at the plans, but really only glance at them, and after a few minutes would ask with palpable boredom: "Where do you have the plans for the grand avenue?" Then he would revel in visions of ministries, office buildings and showrooms for major German corporations, a new opera house, luxury hotels, and amusement palaces—and I gladly joined in these visions. Nevertheless, I considered these official buildings as subsidiary to the total plan; Hitler did not. His passion for building for eternity left him without a spark of interest in traffic arrangements, residential areas, and parks. He was indifferent to the social dimension.

Hess, on the other hand, was interested only in the residential structures and scarcely took notice of the representational aspect of our plans. At the end of one of his visits he chided me for putting too much emphasis on the latter. I promised him that for every brick used for these ostentatious buildings, I would use one for a resi-

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dential structure. Hitler was rather annoyed when he heard of this bargain; he spoke of the urgency of his requirements but did not cancel our arrangement.

It has been generally assumed that I was Hitler's chief architect, to whom all others were subordinate. This was not so. The architects for the replanning of Munich and Linz had similar powers bestowed upon them. In the course of time Hitler consulted an ever-growing number of architects for special tasks. Before the war began, there must have been ten or twelve.

When buildings were in question, Hitler repeatedly displayed his ability to grasp a sketch quickly and to combine the floor plan and renderings into a three-dimensional conception. Despite all his government business and although he was often dealing with anywhere from ten to fifteen large buildings in different cities, whenever the drawings were presented to him again—often after an interval of months—he immediately found his bearings and could remember what changes he had asked for. Those who assumed that a request or a suggestion had long since been forgotten quickly learned otherwise.

In these conferences he usually behaved with restraint and civility. He asked for changes amiably and without any note of insult—entirely in contrast to the domineering tone he took toward his political associates. Convinced that the architect should be responsible for his building, he encouraged the architect to do the talking, not the Gauleiter or Reichsleiter who accompanied him. For he did not want any non-professional higher authority snarling up the explanations. If the architect's ideas ran counter to his own, Hitler was not stubborn: "Yes, you're right, that's better."

The result was that I too was left with the feeling of creative independence. I frequently had differences of opinion with Hitler, but I cannot recall a single case in which he forced me as the architect to adopt his view. This comparatively equal relationship is the reason why later on, as Minister of Armaments, I assumed greater initiative than the majority of ministers and field marshals.

Hitler reacted obstinately and ungraciously only when he sensed a mute opposition based on antagonistic principles. Thus Professor Bonatz, the teacher of a whole generation of architects, received no more commissions after he had criticized Troost's new buildings on Munich's Königsplatz. Bonatz was in such disfavor that even Todt did

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Hitler declared architect." And when I would say: "Oh, you I sometimes ask a political career if in willing to employ him of political mission separable. It seems sketches he made an ical career had been have seemed a wild who could crown his

The German Olympic State Secretary Pfundler its first plans for March, the architect partition walls, similar the site and came before summoned to discuss curtly informed State Games. They could since the Chief of State in a modern glass

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not dare consult him for the building of a few bridges on the autobahn. Only my intervening with Frau Troost brought Bonatz back into currency. "Why shouldn't he build bridges?" she remarked to Hitler. "He's very good on technical structures." Her word was weighty enough, and thereafter Bonatz built autobahn bridges.

Hitler declared again and again: "How I wish I had been an architect." And when I responded: "But then I would have no client," he would say: "Oh, you, you would have made your way in any case!" I sometimes ask myself whether Hitler would have forsaken his political career if in the early twenties he had met a wealthy client willing to employ him as architect. But at bottom, I think, his sense of political mission and his passion for architecture were always inseparable. It seems to me that this theory is borne out by the two sketches he made around 1925, when at the age of thirty-six his political career had been virtually wrecked—for certainly it must then have seemed a wild absurdity that he would ever be a political leader who could crown his success with a triumphal arch and a domed hall.

The German Olympic Committee was thrown into a quandary when State Secretary Pfundtner of the Ministry of the Interior showed Hitler its first plans for the rebuilding of the Olympic Stadium. Otto March, the architect, had designed a concrete structure with glass partition walls, similar to the Vienna Stadium. Hitler went to inspect the site and came back in a state of anger and agitation. Having been summoned to discuss some plans with him, I was present when he curtly informed State Secretary Pfundtner to cancel the Olympic Games. They could not take place without his presence, he said, since the Chief of State must open them. But he would never set foot inside a modern glass box like that.

Overnight I made a sketch showing how the steel skeleton already built could be clad in natural stone and have more massive cornices added. The glass partitions were eliminated, and Hitler was content. He saw to the financing of the increased costs; Professor March agreed to the changes, and the Olympic Games were held in Berlin after all—although I was never sure whether Hitler would actually have carried out his threat or whether it was merely a flash of pique, which he often used to get his way.

Hitler also abruptly threatened withdrawal from the Paris World's Fair of 1937, although the invitation had already been accepted

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Obersalzberg

THERE IS A SPECIAL TRAP FOR EVERY HOLDER OF POWER, WHETHER the director of a company, the head of a state, or the ruler of a dictatorship. His favor is so desirable to his subordinates that they will sue for it by every means possible. Servility becomes endemic among his entourage, who compete among themselves in their show of devotion. This in turn exercises a sway upon the ruler, who becomes corrupted in his turn.

The key to the quality of the man in power is how he reacts to this situation. I have observed a number of industrialists and military men who knew how to fend off this danger. Where power has been exercised over generations, a kind of hereditary incorruptibility grows up. Only a few individuals among those around Hitler, such as Fritz Todt, withstood the temptation to sycophancy. Hitler himself put up no visible resistance to the evolution of a court.

The special conditions of his style of rule led Hitler, especially after 1937, into increasing isolation. Added to that was his inability to make human contacts. Among his intimates we sometimes spoke

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photographer Hoffmann and Hoffmann's friend Ohnesorge, the Minister of Posts, he decided that Hitler had rights to the reproduction of his picture on postage stamps and was therefore entitled to payments. The percentage royalty was infinitesimal, but since the Fuehrer's head appeared on all stamps, millions flowed into the privy purse administered by Bormann.

Bormann developed another source by founding the Adolf Hitler Endowment Fund of German Industry. Entrepreneurs who were profiting by the economic boom were bluntly requested to show their appreciation by voluntary contributions to the Fuehrer. Since other party bigwigs had had the same notion, Bormann obtained a decree assuring him a monopoly on such contributions. But he was clever enough to return a part of the donations to various party leaders "in behalf of the Fuehrer." Almost all of the top party functionaries received gifts from this fund. This power to set the living standards of the Gauleiters and Reichsleiters did not attract attention; but fundamentally it conferred on Bormann more power than many other positions within the hierarchy.

With his typical perseverance, from 1934 on Bormann followed the simple principle of always remaining in closest proximity to the source of all grace and favor. He accompanied Hitler to the Berghof and on trips, and in the Chancellery never left his side until Hitler went to bed in the early morning hours. In this way Bormann became Hitler's hard-working, reliable, and ultimately indispensable secretary. He pretended to be obliging to everyone, and almost everyone availed himself of Bormann's services—all the more so since he obviously served Hitler with utter selflessness. Even his immediate superior, Rudolf Hess, found it convenient to have Bormann close to Hitler at all times.

The powerful men under Hitler were already jealously watching one another like so many pretenders to the throne. Quite early there were struggles for position among Goebbels, Goering, Rosenberg, Ley, Himmler, Ribbentrop, and Hess. Only Roehm had been left by the wayside, and before long Hess was to lose all his influence. But none of them recognized a threat in the shape of trusty Bormann. He had succeeded in representing himself as insignificant while imperceptibly building up his bastions. Even among so many ruthless men, he stood out by his brutality and coarseness. He had no culture, which might have put some restraints on him, and in every case he

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carried out whatever Hitler had ordered or what he himself had gathered from Hitler's hints. A subordinate by nature, he treated his own subordinates as if he were dealing with cows and oxen. He was a peasant.

I avoided Bormann; from the beginning we could not abide each other. We treated each other with formal correctness, as the private atmosphere at Obersalzberg required. With the exception of my own studio, I never designed a building for him to execute.

Hitler's stays on "the mountain" provided him, as he often stressed, with the inner calm and assurance for his surprising decisions. He also composed his most important speeches there, and it is worth noting how he wrote them. Thus, before the Nuremberg Party Rally he regularly retreated to Obersalzberg for several weeks in order to work out his long speeches on basic principles. As the deadline drew nearer, his adjutants kept urging him to begin the dictation and kept everyone and everything away from him, even architectural plans and visitors, so that he would not be distracted from the work. But Hitler postponed the task from week to week, then from day to day, and would reluctantly set to work on it only under extreme time pressure. By then it was usually too late to finish all the speeches, and during the Rally, Hitler usually had to stay up nights to make up for the time he had squandered at Obersalzberg.

I had the impression that he needed this pressure in order to be able to work, that in the bohemian manner of the artist he despised discipline and could not or would not force himself to work regularly. He let the content of his speeches or his thoughts ripen during these weeks of apparent idling until all that had accumulated poured out like a stream bursting its bounds upon followers or negotiators.

Our move from our secluded valley to the bustle of Obersalzberg was ruinous to my work. The very sameness of the day's routine was tiring, the unchanging group around Hitler—the same coterie who regularly met in Munich and in Berlin—was boring. The only difference from Berlin and Munich was that wives were present on the mountain, and also two or three women secretaries and Eva Braun.

Hitler usually appeared in the lower rooms late in the morning, around eleven o'clock. He then went through the press summaries, received several reports from Bormann, and made his first decisions. The day actually began with a prolonged afternoon dinner. The guests

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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, hoping 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.

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The Troost studio had size furniture: a sideboard which housed phonograph honorary citizenship aw china closet; a massive c front of the large picture 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 ca 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.

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absently, though pretending attention. Occasionally Hitler himself fell asleep over one of his monologues. The company then continued chatting in whispers, hoping that he would awaken in time for the evening meal. It was all very familial.

After about two hours the teatime ended, generally around six. Hitler stood up, and the procession moved on to the parking area, about twenty minutes' walk, where a column of cars waited. After returning to the Berghof, Hitler usually withdrew to the upper rooms, while the retinue scattered. Bormann frequently disappeared into the room of one of the younger stenographers, which elicited spiteful remarks from Eva Braun.

Two hours later the company met again for supper, with repetition of the afternoon ritual. Afterward, Hitler went into the salon, again followed by the still unchanged company.

The Troost studio had furnished the salon sparsely, but with over-size furniture: a sideboard over ten feet high and eighteen feet long which housed phonograph records along with various certificates of honorary citizenship awarded to Hitler; a monumental classicist china closet; a massive clock crowned by a fierce bronze eagle. In front of the large picture window stood a table twenty feet long, which Hitler used for signing documents or, later, for studying military maps. There were two sitting areas: one a sunken nook at the back of the room, with the red upholstered chairs grouped around a fireplace; the other, near the window, dominated by a round table whose fine veneer was protected by a glass top. Beyond this sitting area was the movie projection cabinet, its openings concealed by a tapestry. Along the opposite wall stood a massive chest containing built-in speakers, and adorned by a large bronze bust of Richard Wagner by Arno Breker. Above this hung another tapestry which concealed the movie screen. Large oil paintings covered the walls: a lady with exposed bosom ascribed to Bordone, a pupil of Titian; a picturesque reclining nude said to be by Titian himself; Feuerbach's *Nana* in a very handsome frame; an early landscape by Spitzweg; a landscape with Roman ruins by Pannini; and, surprisingly, a kind of altar painting by Eduard von Steinle, one of the Nazarene group, representing King Henry, founder of cities. But there was no Grützner. Hitler occasionally let it be known that he had paid for these paintings out of his own income.

We found places on the sofas or in one of the easy chairs in either

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of the sitting areas; the two tapestries were raised; and the second part of the evening began with a movie, as was also the custom when Hitler was in Berlin. Afterward the company gathered around the huge fireplace—some six or eight persons lined up in a row on the excessively long and uncomfortably low sofa, while Hitler, once more flanked by Eva Braun and one of the ladies, ensconced himself in one of the soft chairs. Because of the inept arrangement of the furniture the company was so scattered that no common conversation could arise. Everyone talked in low voices with his neighbor. Hitler murmured trivialities with the two women at his side, or whispered with Eva Braun; sometimes he held her hand. But often he fell silent or stared broodingly into the fire. Then the guests fell silent also, in order not to disturb him in important thoughts.

Occasionally the movies were discussed, Hitler commenting mainly on the female actors and Eva Braun on the males. No one took the trouble to raise the conversation above the level of trivialities by, for example, remarking on any of the new trends in directing. Of course the choice of films scarcely allowed for any other approach, for they were all standard products of the entertainment industry. Such experiments of the period as Curt Ortel's Michelangelo film were never shown, at least not when I was there. Sometimes Bormann used the occasion to take some swipes at Goebbels, who was responsible for German film production. Thus, he would remark that Goebbels had made all kinds of trouble for the movie based on Kleist's *The Broken Jug* because he thought Emil Jannings's portrayal of the lame village magistrate, Adam, was a caricature of himself. Hitler gleefully watched the film, which had been withdrawn from circulation, and gave orders that it be shown again in the largest Berlin movie theater. But—and this is typical of Hitler's sometimes amazing lack of authority—for a long time this simply was not done. Bormann, however, kept bringing up the matter until Hitler showed serious irritation and let Goebbels know that his orders had better be obeyed.

Later, during the war, Hitler gave up the evening showings, saying that he wanted to renounce his favorite entertainment "out of sympathy for the privations of the soldiers." Instead records were played. But although the record collection was excellent, Hitler always preferred the same music. Neither baroque nor classical music, neither chamber music nor symphonies, interested him. Before long the order of the records became virtually fixed. First he wanted a few bravura

selections from Wagner operettas. That remark I guess the names of right, as he frequently

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selections from Wagnerian operas, to be followed promptly with operettas. That remained the pattern. Hitler made a point of trying to guess the names of the sopranos and was pleased when he guessed right, as he frequently did.

To animate these rather barren evenings, sparkling wine was handed around and, after the occupation of France, confiscated champagne of a cheap brand; Goering and his air marshals had appropriated the best brands. From one o'clock on some members of the company, in spite of all their efforts to control themselves, could no longer repress their yawns. But the social occasion dragged on in monotonous, wearing emptiness for another hour or more, until at last Eva Braun had a few words with Hitler and was permitted to go upstairs. Hitler would stand up about a quarter of an hour later, to bid his company goodnight. Those who remained, liberated, often followed those numbing hours with a gay party over champagne and cognac.

In the early hours of the morning we went home dead tired, exhausted from doing nothing. After a few days of this I was seized by what I called at the time "the mountain disease." That is, I felt exhausted and vacant from the constant waste of time. Only when Hitler's idleness was interrupted by conferences was I free to put myself and my associates to work on designs. As a favored permanent guest and inhabitant of Obersalzberg I could not withdraw from these evenings, agonizing as they were, without appearing impolite. Dr. Otto Dietrich, the press chief, ventured to slip away to performances at the Salzburg Festival a few times, but in doing so he incurred Hitler's anger. During Hitler's longer stays at Obersalzberg the only way to save oneself was to flee to Berlin.

Sometimes familiars of Hitler's old Munich or Berlin circles, such as Goebbels, Franz Schwarz, the party treasurer, or Hermann Esser, State Secretary for Tourism in the Ministry of Propaganda, put in an appearance. But this happened rarely and then only for a day or two. Even Hess, who should have had every reason to check the activities of his deputy, Bormann, turned up only two or three times, at least while I was there. These close associates, who could frequently be met at afternoon dinners in the Chancellery, obviously avoided Obersalzberg. Their absence was particularly noticeable because Hitler showed considerable pleasure when they turned up and frequently asked them to come often and to stay longer. But they had meanwhile

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become the centers of their own circles, and it was therefore rather uncomfortable for them to submit to Hitler's altogether different routine and to his manner, which in spite of all his charm was painfully self-assertive.

Eva Braun was allowed to be present during visits from old party associates. She was banished as soon as other dignitaries of the Reich, such as cabinet ministers, appeared at table. Even when Goering and his wife came, Eva Braun had to stay in her room. Hitler obviously regarded her as socially acceptable only within strict limits. Sometimes I kept her company in her exile, a room next to Hitler's bedroom. She was so intimidated that she did not dare leave the house for a walk. "I might meet the Goerings in the hall."

In general Hitler showed little consideration for her feelings. He would enlarge on his attitude toward women as though she were not present: "A highly intelligent man should take a primitive and stupid woman. Imagine if on top of everything else I had a woman who interfered with my work! In my leisure time I want to have peace. . . . I could never marry. Think of the problems if I had children! In the end they would try to make my son my successor. Besides, the chances are slim for someone like me to have a capable son. That is almost always how it goes in such cases. Consider Goethe's son—a completely worthless person! . . . Lots of women are attracted to me because I am unmarried. That was especially useful during our days of struggle. It's the same as with a movie actor; when he marries he loses a certain something for the women who adore him. Then he is no longer their idol as he was before."

Hitler believed that he had a powerful sexual appeal to women. But he was also extremely wary about this; he never knew, he used to say, whether a woman preferred him as the Chancellor or as Adolf Hitler, and as he often remarked ungallantly, he certainly did not want witty and intelligent women about him. In making such remarks he was apparently not aware of how offensive they must have been to the ladies present. On the other hand Hitler could sometimes behave like a good head of a family. Once, when Eva Braun was skiing and came to tea rather late, he looked uneasy, kept glancing nervously at the clock, and was plainly worried that she might have had an accident.

Eva Braun came of a family of modest circumstances. Her father was a schoolteacher. I never met her parents; they never appeared and

continued to live remained simple jewelry* that Hitler semiprecious stor insulting in their Hitler would ch bourgeois taste.

Eva Braun had to influence Hitler however, she did conditions in Munich he was instantly c with plenty of en took mountain to gave her a week's of course. She w nized, she danced ing with young a Madame Pompad as she set off some

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* N. E. Gun's Eva valuable jewelry. So nor does any appea to the objects of vammann during the w.

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continued to live as befitted their station until the end. Eva Braun, too, remained simple; she dressed quietly and wore the inexpensive jewelry* that Hitler gave her for Christmas or her birthdays: usually semiprecious stones worth a few hundred marks at most and actually insulting in their modesty. Bormann would present a selection, and Hitler would choose these trinkets with what seemed to me petit-bourgeois taste.

Eva Braun had no interest in politics. She scarcely ever attempted to influence Hitler. With a good eye for the facts of everyday life, however, she did sometimes make remarks about minor abuses in conditions in Munich. Bormann did not like that, since in such cases he was instantly called to account. She was sports-loving, a good skier with plenty of endurance with whom my wife and I frequently undertook mountain tours outside the enclosed area. Once Hitler actually gave her a week's vacation—when he himself was not at Obersalzberg, of course. She went to Zürs with us for a few days. There, unrecognized, she danced with great passion into the wee hours of the morning with young army officers. She was very far from being a modern Madame Pompadour; for the historian she is interesting only insofar as she set off some of Hitler's traits.

Out of sympathy for her predicament I soon began to feel a liking for this unhappy woman, who was so deeply attached to Hitler. In addition, we were linked by our common dislike for Bormann, although at that time what we resented most was the coarseness with which he was raping the beauty of nature at Obersalzberg and betraying his wife. When I heard at the Nuremberg Trial that Hitler had married Eva Braun in the last day and a half of his life, I felt glad for her—even though I could sense even in this act the cynicism with which Hitler had treated her and probably women in general.

I have often wondered whether Hitler felt anything like affection for children. He certainly made an effort when he met them, whether they were the children of acquaintances or unknown to him. He even tried to deal with them in a paternally friendly fashion, but never managed to be very convincing about it. He never found the proper

* N. E. Gun's *Eva Braun: Hitler's Mistress* (Meredith, 1968) gives a list of valuable jewelry. So far as I remember she did not wear anything of the sort, nor does any appear in the many photographs of her. Perhaps the list refers to the objects of value which Hitler saw to it that she received through Bormann during the war.

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easy manner of treating them; after a few benign words he would soon turn to others. On the whole he regarded children as representatives of the next generation and therefore took more pleasure in their appearance (blond, blue-eyed), their stature (strong, healthy), or their intelligence (brisk, aggressive) than in their nature as children. His personality had no effect whatsoever upon my own children.

What remains in my memory of social life at Obersalzberg is a curious vacuity. Fortunately, during my first years of imprisonment, while my recollections were still fresh, I noted down a few scraps of conversations which I can now regard as reasonably authentic.

In those hundreds of teatime questions of fashion, of raising dogs, of the theater and movies, of operettas and their stars were discussed, along with endless trivialities about the family lives of others. Hitler scarcely ever said anything about the Jews, about his domestic opponents, let alone about the necessity for setting up concentration camps. Perhaps such topics were omitted less out of deliberate intention than because they would have been out of place amidst the prevailing banality. On the other hand, Hitler made fun of his closest associates with striking frequency. It is no accident that these particular remarks have remained in my mind, for after all they involved persons who were officially immune from all criticism. Hitler's private circle was not held to these rules, and in any case Hitler considered it pointless to attempt to keep women from gossiping. Was it self-aggrandizement when he spoke disparagingly of everything and everyone? Or did such talk spring from his general contempt for all persons and events?

Thus Hitler had little sympathy with Himmler in his mythologizing of the SS.

What nonsense! Here we have at last reached an age that has left all mysticism behind it, and now he wants to start that all over again. We might just as well have stayed with the church. At least it had tradition. To think that I may some day be turned into an SS saint! Can you imagine it? I would turn over in my grave. . . .

Himmler has made another speech calling Charlemagne the "butcher of the Saxons." Killing all those Saxons was not a historical crime, as Himmler thinks. Charlemagne did a good thing in subjugating Widu-

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Hitler & Church

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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

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didn't we have the religion of the Japanese, who regard sacrifice for the Fatherland as the highest good? The Mohammedan religion too would have been much more compatible to us than Christianity. Why did it have to be Christianity with its meekness and flabbiness?" It is remarkable that even before the war he sometimes went on: "Today the Siberians, the White Russians, and the people of the steppes live extremely healthy lives. For that reason they are better equipped for development and in the long run biologically superior to the Germans." This was an idea he was destined to repeat in far more drastic tones during the last months of the war.

Rosenberg sold his seven-hundred page *Myth of the Twentieth Century* in editions of hundreds of thousands. The public regarded the book as the standard text for party ideology, but Hitler in those teatime conversations bluntly called it "stuff nobody can understand," written by "a narrow-minded Baltic German who thinks in horribly complicated terms." He expressed wonderment that such a book could ever have attained such sales: "A relapse into medieval notions!" I wondered if such private remarks were carried back to Rosenberg.

Hitler believed that the culture of the Greeks had reached the peak of perfection in every field. Their view of life, he said, as expressed in their architecture, had been "fresh and healthy." One day a photograph of a beautiful woman swimmer stirred him to enthusiastic reflections: "What splendid bodies you can see today. It is only in our century that young people have once again approached Hellenistic ideals through sports. How the body was neglected in earlier centuries. In this respect our times differ from all previous cultural epochs since antiquity." He personally, however, was averse to any kind of sports. Moreover, he never mentioned having practiced any sport at all as a young man.

By the Greeks he meant the Dorians. Naturally his view was affected by the theory, fostered by the scientists of his period, that the Dorian tribe which migrated into Greece from the north had been of Germanic origin and that, therefore, its culture had not belonged to the Mediterranean world.

Goering's passion for hunting was one of his favorite topics.

How can a person be excited about such a thing. Killing animals, if it must be done, is the butcher's business. But to spend a great deal

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Before the war Hitler was already talking about the time when, his political goals accomplished, he would withdraw from the affairs of state and finish out his life in Linz. When this time came, he would say, he would no longer play any political part at all; for only if he withdrew completely could his successor gain authority. He would not interfere in any way. People would turn to his successor quickly enough once it became evident that power was now in those hands. Then he himself would be soon forgotten. Everyone would forsake him. Playing with this idea, with a good measure of self-pity, he continued: "Perhaps one of my former associates will visit me occasionally. But I don't count on it. Aside from Fräulein Braun, I'll take no one with me. Fräulein Braun and my dog. I'll be lonely. For why should anyone voluntarily stay with me for any length of time? Nobody will take notice of me any more. They'll all go running after my successor. Perhaps once a year they'll show up for my birthday." Naturally everyone at the table protested and assured him that they would remain faithful and always stay by him. Whatever Hitler's motives may have been for these allusions to an early retirement from politics, he at any rate seemed to assume at such times that the source of his authority was not the magnetism of his personality but his position of power.

The nimbus that surrounded Hitler for those of his collaborators who did not have any intimate association with him was incomparably greater than for his immediate entourage. Members of the "retinue" did not speak respectfully of the "Fuehrer," but of the "Chief." They were sparing in their use of "Heil Hitler" and greeted one another with an ordinary "Guten Tag." They even openly made fun of Hitler, without his taking offense. Thus, his standard phrase, "There are two possibilities," would be used by one of his secretaries, Fräulein Schröder, in his presence, often in the most banal of contexts. She would say: "There are two possibilities. Either it is going to rain or it is not going to rain." Eva Braun in the presence of his table companions might pertly call Hitler's attention to the fact that his tie did not go with his suit, and occasionally she gaily referred to herself as "Mother of the Country."

Once, when we were seated at the round table in the teahouse, Hitler began staring at me. Instead of dropping my eyes, I took it as a challenge. Who knows what primitive instincts are involved in such staring duels. I had had others, and always used to win them, but

information, a little part of them was quite aware of how much he loved people.

* D.T. These bouts of self-offense were a species of ego-moratorium, a cleaning-out of recurrent polit. bourgeois

this time I had to muster almost inhuman strength, seemingly forever, not to yield to the ever-mounting urge to look away—until Hitler suddenly closed his eyes and shortly afterward turned to the woman at his side.

Sometimes I asked myself: Why can't I call Hitler my friend? What is missing? I spent endless time with him, was almost at home in his private circle and, moreover, his foremost associate in his favorite field, architecture.

Everything was missing. Never in my life have I met a person who so seldom revealed his feelings, and if he did so, instantly locked them away again. During my time in Spandau I talked with Hess about this peculiarity of Hitler's. Both of us agreed that there had been moments when we felt we had come close to him. But we were invariably disillusioned. If either of us ventured a slightly more personal tone, Hitler promptly put up an unbreakable wall.

Hess did think there had been one person with whom Hitler had had a closer bond: Dietrich Eckart. But as we talked about it, we decided that the relationship had been, on Hitler's side, more a matter of admiration for the older man, who was regarded chiefly in anti-Semitic circles as a leading writer, than a friendship. When Eckart died in 1923 there remained four men with whom Hitler used the *Du* of close friendship: Hermann Esser, Christian Weber, Julius Streicher, and Ernst Roehm.* In Esser's case he found a pretext after 1933 to reintroduce the formal *Sie*; Weber he avoided; Streicher he treated impersonally; and Roehm he had killed. Even toward Eva Braun he was never completely relaxed and human. The gulf between the leader of the nation and the simple girl was always maintained. Now and then, and it always struck a faintly jarring note, he would call her *Tschapperl*, a Bavarian peasant pet name with a slightly contemptuous flavor.

Hitler must already have realized the immense drama that his life was, the high stakes he was playing for, by the time he had a long con-

* Hermann Esser was one of the very first party members and later became the state secretary for tourism. Christian Weber, also one of the earliest party members, was reduced to a rather limited role after 1933; among other things he was in charge of the horse races at Riem. Ernst Roehm was head of the SA and was murdered by Hitler in 1934. Julius Streicher was Germany's foremost anti-Semite, editor of *Der Stürmer* and Gauleiter of Franconia.

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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."

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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conception he had dimly in mind. Nevertheless he still thought well enough of the modest watercolors of his youth to give them away occasionally as a special distinction.

For decades a marble bust of Bismarck by Reinhold Begas had stood in the Chancellery. A few days before the dedication of the new building, while workmen were moving the bust to the new headquarters, it dropped and broke off at the neck. I felt this as an evil omen. And since I had heard Hitler's story that right at the beginning of the First World War the Reich eagle had toppled from the post-office building, I kept the accident a secret and had Arno Breker make an exact copy. We gave it some patina by steeping it in tea.

In the aforementioned speech Hitler made the following pronouncement: "This is the special and wonderful property of architecture: When the work has been done, a monument remains. That endures; it is something different from a pair of boots, which also can be made, but which the wearer wears out in a year or two and then throws away. This remains, and through the centuries will bear witness to all those who helped to create it." On January 10, 1939, the new building destined to last for centuries was dedicated: Hitler received the diplomats accredited to Berlin in the Grand Salon and delivered his New Year address to them.

Sixty-five days after the dedication, on March 15, 1939, the President of Czechoslovakia was ushered into Hitler's new study. This room was the scene of the tragedy which ended at night with Hacha's submission and early in the morning with the occupation of his country. "At last," Hitler reported later, "I had so belabored the old man that his nerves gave way completely, and he was on the point of signing; then he had a heart attack. In the adjoining room Dr. Morell gave him an injection, but in this case it was too effective. Hacha regained too much of his strength, revived, and was no longer prepared to sign, until I finally wore him down again."

On July 16, 1945, seventy-eight months after the dedication, Winston Churchill was shown through the Chancellery. "In front of the Chancellery there was a considerable crowd. When I got out of the car and walked among them, except for one old man who shook his head disapprovingly, they all began to cheer. My hate had died with their surrender, and I was much moved by their demonstrations."

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would hand him my roll of drawings and then, unaccompanied, like someone who belonged to the household, step into the spacious entrance hall: a room with two groups of comfortable seats, the white walls adorned with tapestries, the dark-red marble floor richly covered with rugs. There would usually be several guests there conversing, while others might be making private telephone calls. In general this room was favored because it was the only one where smoking was permitted.

It was not at all customary to use the otherwise mandatory "*Heil Hitler*" in greeting; a "*Guten Tag*" was far more common. The party lapel badge was also little flaunted in this circle, and uniforms were relatively seldom seen. Those who had penetrated as far as this privileged group could allow themselves a certain informality.

Through a square reception salon, which thanks to its uncomfortable furniture remained unused, you reached the actual living room, where the guests would be chatting, usually standing. This room, about a thousand square feet in area, was the only one in the entire apartment furnished with a measure of *Gemütlichkeit*. Out of respect for its Bismarckian past it had been preserved during the major reconstruction of 1933-34 and had a beamed ceiling, wood wainscoting, and a fireplace adorned by a Florentine Renaissance coat of arms which Chancellor von Bülow had once brought back from Italy. This was the only fireplace on the lower floor. Around it were grouped a sofa and chairs upholstered in dark leather; behind the sofa stood a largish table with a marble top on which several newspapers usually lay. A tapestry and two paintings by Schinkel hung on the walls. They had been lent by the National Gallery for the Chancellor's apartment.

Hitler was royally unreliable about the time of his appearance. The dinner was usually set for about two o'clock, but it was apt to be three or later before Hitler arrived, sometimes from the upper private rooms of the apartment, often from a conference in the Chancellery. His entrance was as informal as that of any private individual. He greeted his guests by shaking hands; everyone gathered in a circle around him. He would express his opinion on one or another problem of the day; with a few favored guests he inquired, usually in a conventional tone, about the well-being of "your spouse." Then he took the news excerpts from his press chief, sat down off to one side, and began to read. Sometimes he would pass an excerpt on to one of the

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the side tables—an advantage, I always thought, since there we could talk with less constraint.

The food was emphatically simple. A soup, no appetizer, meat with vegetables and potatoes, a sweet. For beverage we had a choice between mineral water, ordinary Berlin bottled beer, or a cheap wine. Hitler was served his vegetarian food, drank Fachinger mineral water, and those of his guests who wished could imitate him. But few did. It was Hitler himself who insisted on this simplicity. He could count on its being talked about in Germany. Once, when the Helgoland fishermen presented him with a gigantic lobster, this delicacy was served at table, much to the satisfaction of the guests, but Hitler made disapproving remarks about the human error of consuming such ugly monstrosities. Moreover, he wanted to have such luxuries forbidden, he declared.

Goering seldom came to these meals. Once, when I left him to go to dinner at the Chancellery, he remarked: "To tell the truth, the food there is too rotten for my taste. And then, these party dullards from Munich! Unbearable."

Hess came to table about once every two weeks; he would be followed by his adjutant in a rather weird getup, carrying a tin vessel containing a specially prepared meal which was to be rewarmed in the kitchen. For a long time it was hidden from Hitler that Hess had his own special vegetarian meal served to himself. When someone finally gave the secret away, Hitler turned irritably to Hess in the presence of the assembled company and blustered: "I have a first-class diet cook here. If your doctor has prescribed something special for you, she will be glad to prepare it. But you cannot bring your food with you." Hess, even then inclining to obstinate contrariness, began explaining that the components of his meals had to be of special biodynamic origin. Whereupon Hitler bluntly informed him that in that case he should take his meals at home. Thereafter Hess scarcely ever came to the dinners.

When, at the instance of the party, word was sent out that all households in Germany should eat a one-dish meal on Sundays, thereby promoting guns instead of butter, only a tureen of soup was served at Hitler's table too. The number of Sunday guests thereafter shrank to two or three, which provoked some sarcastic remarks from Hitler about the spirit of sacrifice among his associates. For there would also be a list passed around the table, with every guest pledging his dona-

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intellectual level. Basically, Hitler preferred to have people of the same origins as himself in his immediate entourage; no doubt he felt most at ease among them. In general he was pleased if his associates showed some "flaw in the weave," as we called it at the time. As Hanke commented one day: "It is all to the good if associates have faults and know that the superior is aware of them. That is why the Fuehrer so seldom changes his assistants. For he finds them easiest to work with. Almost every one of them has his defect; that helps keep them in line." Immoral conduct, remote Jewish ancestors, or recent membership in the party were counted as flaws in the weave.

Hitler would often thebrize to the effect that it was a mistake to export ideas such as National Socialism. To do so would only lead to a strengthening of nationalism in other countries, he said, and thus to a weakening of his own position. He was glad to see that the Nazi parties of other countries produced no leader of his own caliber. He considered the Dutch Nazi leader Mussert and Sir Oswald Mosley, chief of the British Nazi party, mere copyists who had had no original or new ideas. They only imitated us and our methods slavishly, he commented, and would never amount to anything. In every country you had to start from different premises and change your methods accordingly, he argued. He had a better opinion of Degrelle, but did not expect much of him either.

Politics, for Hitler, was purely pragmatic. He did not except his own book of confessions and professions, *Mein Kampf*, from this general rule. Large parts of it were no longer valid, he said. He should not have let himself be pinned down to definite statements so early. After hearing that remark I gave up my fruitless efforts to read the book.

When ideology receded into the background after the seizure of power, efforts were made to tame down the party and make it more respectable. Goebbels and Bormann were the chief opponents of that tendency. They were always trying to radicalize Hitler ideologically. To judge by his speeches, Ley must also have belonged to the group of tough ideologists, but lacked the stature to gain any significant influence. Himmler, on the other hand, obviously was going his own absurd way, which was compounded of beliefs about an original Germanic race, a brand of elitism, and an assortment of health-food notions. The whole thing was beginning to assume far-fetched pseudo-religious forms. Goebbels, with Hitler, took the lead in ridiculing

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these dreams of Himmler's, with Himmler himself adding to the comedy by his vanity and obsessiveness. When, for example, the Japanese presented him with a samurai sword, he at once discovered kinships between Japanese and Teutonic cults and called upon scientists to help him trace these similarities to a racial common denominator.

Hitler was particularly concerned with the question of how he could assure his Reich a new generation of followers committed to his ideas. The general outlines of a plan were drafted by Ley, to whom Hitler had also entrusted the organization of the educational system. Adolf Hitler Schools were established for the elementary grades and Ordensburgen (Order Castles) for higher education. These were meant to turn out a technically and ideologically trained elite. To be sure, all this elite would have been good for was positions in a bureaucratic party administration, since thanks to their isolated and specialized education the young people knew nothing about practical life, while on the other hand their arrogance and conceit about their own abilities were boundless. It was significant that the high party functionaries did not send their own children into these schools; even so fanatical a party member as Gauleiter Sauckel refrained from launching a single one of his many boys on such a course. Conversely, Bormann sent one of his sons to an Adolf Hitler School as punishment.

In Bormann's mind, the *Kirchenkampf*, the campaign against the churches, was useful for reactivating party ideology which had been lying dormant. He was the driving force behind this campaign, as was time and again made plain to our round table. Hitler was hesitant, but only because he would rather postpone this problem to a more favorable time. Here in Berlin, surrounded by male cohorts, he spoke more coarsely and bluntly than he ever did in the midst of his Obersalzberg entourage. "Once I have settled my other problems," he occasionally declared, "I'll have my reckoning with the church. I'll have it reeling on the ropes."

But Bormann did not want this reckoning postponed. Brutally direct himself, he could ill tolerate Hitler's prudent pragmatism. He therefore took every opportunity to push his own projects. Even at meals he broke the unspoken rule that no subjects were to be raised which might spoil Hitler's humor. Bormann had developed a special technique for such thrusts. He would draw one of the members of

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the entourage into telling him about seditious speeches a pastor or bishop had delivered, until Hitler finally became attentive and demanded details. Bormann would reply that something unpleasant had happened and did not want to bother Hitler with it during the meal. At this Hitler would probe further, while Bormann pretended that he was reluctantly letting the story be dragged from him. Neither the angry looks from his fellow guests nor Hitler's gradually flushing face deterred him from going on. At some point he would take a document from his pocket and begin reading passages from a defiant sermon or a pastoral letter. Frequently Hitler became so worked up that he began to snap his fingers—a sure sign of his anger—pushed away his food and vowed to punish the offending clergyman eventually. He could much more easily put up with foreign indignation and criticism than opposition at home. That he could not immediately retaliate raised him to a white heat, though he usually managed to control himself quite well.

Hitler had no humor. He left joking to others, although he could laugh loudly, abandonedly, sometimes literally writhing with laughter. Often he would wipe tears from his eyes during such spasms. He liked laughing, but it was always laughter at the expense of others.

Goebbels was skilled at entertaining Hitler with jokes while at the same time demolishing any rivals in the internal struggle for power. "You know," he once related, "the Hitler Youth asked us to issue a press release for the twenty-fifth birthday of its staff chief, Lauterbacher. So I sent along a draft of the text to the effect that he had celebrated his birthday 'enjoying full physical and mental vigor.' We heard no more from him." Hitler doubled up with laughter, and Goebbels had achieved his end of cutting the conceited youth leader down to size.

To the dinner guests in Berlin, Hitler repeatedly talked about his youth, emphasizing the strictness of his upbringing. "My father often dealt me hard blows. Moreover, I think that was necessary and helped me." Wilhelm Frick, the Minister of the Interior, interjected in his bleating voice: "As we can see today, it certainly did you good, *mein Führer*." A numb, horrified silence around the table. Frick tried to save the situation: "I mean, *mein Führer*, that is why you have come so far." Goebbels, who considered Frick a hopeless fool, com-

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mented sarcastically: your youth, Frick."

Walthar Funk, who of the Reichsbank, to vice president, Brink it was finally realized Funk not only wanted casual way of event Brinkmann, it seemed boys of the Reichsb Hotel Bristol, one of violin for them. This propaganda of all G everyone at table la front of the Ministr large package of n you know, the not passers-by, saying: ' afterward, Funk co for all to see. He cal "Everyone older tl to the right." The you?"—"Forty-nine s left side are dismi pension."

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* A pun in Germ.

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mented sarcastically: "I would guess you never received a beating in your youth, Frick."

Walther Funk, who was both Minister of Economics and president of the Reichsbank, told stories about the outlandish pranks that his vice president, Brinkmann, had gone on performing for months, until it was finally realized that he was mentally ill. In telling such stories Funk not only wanted to amuse Hitler but to inform him in this casual way of events which would sooner or later reach his ears. Brinkmann, it seemed, had invited the cleaning women and messenger boys of the Reichsbank to a grand dinner in the ballroom of the Hotel Bristol, one of the best hotels in Berlin, where he played the violin for them. This sort of thing rather fitted in with the regime's propaganda of all Germans forming one "folk community." But as everyone at table laughed, Funk continued: "Recently he stood in front of the Ministry of Economics on Unter den Linden, took a large package of newly printed banknotes from his briefcase—as you know, the notes bear my signature—and gave them out to passers-by, saying: 'Who wants some of the new Funks?'"* Shortly afterward, Funk continued, the poor man's insanity had become plain for all to see. He called together all the employees of the Reichsbank. "Everyone older than fifty to the left side, the younger employees to the right." Then, to one man on the right side: "'How old are you?'—'Forty-nine sir.'—'You go to the left too. Well now, all on the left side are dismissed at once, and what is more with a double pension.'"

Hitler's eyes filled with tears of laughter. When he had recovered, he launched into a monologue on how hard it sometimes is to recognize a madman. In this roundabout way Funk was also accomplishing another end. Hitler did not yet know that the Reichsbank vice president in his irresponsible state had given Goering a check for several million marks. Goering cashed the check without a qualm. Later on, of course, Goering vehemently objected to the thesis that Brinkmann did not know what he was doing. Funk could expect him to present this point of view to Hitler. Experience had shown that the person who first managed to suggest a particular version of an affair to Hitler had virtually won his point, for Hitler never liked to alter a view

* A pun in German; *Funken* = sparks.—Translators' note.

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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

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article for Hitler, with all its ridiculous phrases, and acted out Hadamowski's rapture upon reading these things about himself. Once more Hitler and the whole table with him was convulsed. That same day Hanke asked the newly appointed Reichsintendant to make a speech into a dead microphone, and once again there was endless merriment at Hitler's table when the story was told. After this, Goebbels no longer had to worry that Hitler would intervene in favor of Hadamowski. It was a diabolic game; the ridiculed man did not have the slightest opportunity to defend himself and probably never realized that the practical joke was carefully plotted to make him unacceptable to Hitler. No one could even know whether what Goebbels was describing was true or whether he was giving his imagination free rein.

From one point of view, Hitler was the real dupe of these intrigues. As far as I could observe, Hitler was in fact no match for Goebbels in such matters; with his more direct temperament he did not understand this sort of cunning. But it certainly should have given one pause that Hitler allowed this nasty game to go on and even encouraged it. One word of displeasure would certainly have stopped this sort of thing for a long while to come.

I often asked myself whether Hitler was open to influence. He surely could be swayed by those who knew how to manage him. Hitler was mistrustful, to be sure. But he was so in a cruder sense, it often seemed to me; for he did not see through clever chess moves or subtle manipulation of his opinions. He had apparently no sense for methodical deceit. Among the masters of that art were Goering, Goebbels, Bormann, and, within limits, Himmler. Since those who spoke out in candid terms on the important questions usually could not make Hitler change his mind, the cunning men naturally gained more and more power.

Let me conclude my account of afternoon dinners in the Chancellery by relating another joke of this perfidious type. This time the target was the foreign press chief, Putzi Hanfstaengl, whose close personal ties with Hitler were a source of uneasiness to Goebbels. Goebbels began casting aspersions on Hanfstaengl's character, representing him as miserly, money grubbing, and of dubious honesty. He once brought in a phonograph record of an English song and attempted to prove that Hanfstaengl had stolen its melody for a popular march he had composed.

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The foreign press chief was already under a cloud when Goebbels, at the time of the Spanish Civil War, told the table company that Hanfstaengl had made adverse remarks about the fighting spirit of the German soldiers in combat there. Hitler was furious. This cowardly fellow who had no right to judge the courage of others must be given a lesson, he declared. A few days later Hanfstaengl was informed that he must make a plane trip; he was given sealed orders from Hitler which were not to be opened until after the plane had taken off. Once in the air, Hanfstaengl read, horrified, that he was to be put down in "Red Spanish territory" where he was to work as an agent for Franco. At the table Goebbels told Hitler every detail: How Hanfstaengl pleaded with the pilot to turn back; it must all be a misunderstanding, he insisted. But the plane, Goebbels related, continued circling for hours over German territory, in the clouds. The passenger was given false location reports, so that he believed he was approaching closer and closer to Spanish territory. Finally the pilot announced that he had to make an emergency landing and set the plane down safely at Leipzig airport. Hanfstaengl, who only then realized that he had been the victim of a bad joke, began asserting that there was a plot against his life and soon afterward vanished without a trace.

All the chapters in this story elicited great merriment at Hitler's table—all the more so since in this case Hitler had plotted the joke together with Goebbels. But when word came a few days later that the missing press chief had sought asylum abroad, Hitler became afraid that Hanfstaengl would collaborate with the foreign press and profit by his intimate knowledge of the Third Reich. But for all his reputation for money grubbing, Hanfstaengl did nothing of the sort.

I, too, found myself going along with this streak in Hitler, who seemed to enjoy destroying the reputation and self-respect of even his close associates and faithful comrades in the struggle for power. But although I was still under Hitler's spell, my feeling had evolved considerably from what it had been during the early years of our association. Seeing him daily as I did, I acquired some perspective and occasionally a capacity for critical observation.

My close relation with him, moreover, centered increasingly around architecture. To be able to serve him with all my ability and to translate his architectural ideas into reality still filled me with enthusiasm. In addition, the larger and more important my building

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behaved quite informally, sat opposite me in one of the comfortable chairs and inquired about the progress of my buildings.

By this time it was often six o'clock. Hitler went to his rooms on the upper floor, while I drove to my office, frequently for only a short time. The adjutant might telephone to say that Hitler had asked me to come to supper, which meant I had to return to the Chancellor's apartment two hours later. But often, when I had plans to show, I went unasked.

From six to eight persons would assemble on those evenings: his adjutants, his doctor, the photographer Hoffmann, one or two Munich acquaintances, quite often Hitler's pilot Bauer along with his radio man and onboard mechanic, and the inevitable Bormann. This was the most private circle in Berlin, for political associates such as Goebbels were usually not wanted in the evenings. The level of the conversations was a distinct stage lower than at the afternoon affairs. The talk wandered off into trivialities. Hitler liked to hear about the theater. Scandals also interested him. The pilot talked about flying; Hoffmann contributed anecdotes about Munich artistic circles and reported on his art collecting. But usually Hitler would tell stories about his life and development.

The meal again consisted of simple dishes. Kannenberg, the house steward, did try a few times to serve better food for these rather private meals. For a few weeks Hitler actually ate caviar by the spoonful with gusto, and praised the taste, which was new to him. But then he asked Kannenberg about the price, was horrified, and gave strict orders against having that again. Thereupon the cheaper red caviar was served him, but that too he rejected as an extravagance. To be sure, these expenses were insignificant in comparison with the total outlay for the Chancellor's household. But the idea of a caviar-eating Leader was incompatible with Hitler's conception of himself.

After supper the company moved into the salon, which was otherwise reserved for official occasions. Everyone settled into easy chairs; Hitler unbuttoned his jacket and stretched out his legs. The lights slowly dimmed, while household employees, including some of the women, and members of Hitler's bodyguard were admitted through a rear door. The first movie began. There we sat, as at Obersalzberg, mute for some three or four hours, and when these films came to an end at about one in the morning, we stood up stiff and dazed. Hitler alone seemed sprightly; he discoursed on the actors'

⑤ — This is a report of the pleasure he knew when his mother would adore him for his qualities.

performances, spruce actors, then went on to a slugging sandwiched were at about two o'clock mediocre group used to talk brilliant

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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-by 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

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.

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terest in literature. Mostly he talked about books on military science, naval matters and architecture, which he would pore over with great interest during the night hours. On other books he made no comment.

I myself threw all my strength into my work and was baffled at first by the way Hitler squandered his working time. I could understand that he might wish his day to trail off in boredom and pastimes; but to my notion this phase of the day, averaging some six hours, proved rather long, whereas the actual working session was by comparison relatively short. When, I would often ask myself, did he really work? Little was left of the day; he rose late in the morning and conducted one or two official conferences; but from the subsequent dinner on he more or less wasted time until the early hours of the evening.¹ His rare appointments in the late afternoon were imperiled by his passion for looking at building plans. The adjutants often asked me: "Please don't show any plans today." Then the drawings I had brought with me would be left by the telephone switchboard at the entrance, and I would reply evasively to Hitler's inquiries. Sometimes he saw through this game and would himself go to look in the anteroom or the cloakroom for my roll of plans.

In the eyes of the people Hitler was the Leader who watched over the nation day and night. This was hardly so. But Hitler's lax scheduling could be regarded as a life style characteristic of the artistic temperament. According to my observations, he often allowed a problem to mature during the weeks when he seemed entirely taken up with trivial matters. Then, after the "sudden insight" came, he would spend a few days of intensive work giving final shape to his solution. No doubt he also used his dinner and supper guests as sounding boards, trying out new ideas, approaching these ideas in a succession of different ways, tinkering with them before an uncritical audience, and thus perfecting them. Once he had come to a decision, he relapsed again into his idleness.

*Werner & Gerson Gersons
mis. 1926*

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would fall on the actual buildings. Most of these models were made on a scale of 1:50; cabinetmakers reproduced every small detail, and the wood was painted to simulate the materials that would actually be used. In this way whole sections of the grand new avenue were gradually put together, and we could have a three-dimensional impression of the building intended to be a reality in a decade. This model street went on for about a hundred feet through the former exhibition rooms of the Academy of Arts.

Hitler was particularly excited over a large model of the grand boulevard on a scale of 1:1000. He loved to "enter his avenue" at various points and take measure of the future effect. For example, he assumed the point of view of a traveler emerging from the south station or admired the great hall as it looked from the heart of the avenue. To do so, he bent down, almost kneeling, his eye an inch or so above the level of the model, in order to have the right perspective, and while looking he spoke with unusual vivacity. These were the rare times when he relinquished his usual stiffness. In no other situation did I see him so lively, so spontaneous, so relaxed, whereas I myself, often tired and even after years never free of a trace of respectful constraint, usually remained taciturn. One of my close associates summed up the character of this remarkable relationship: "Do you know what you are? You are Hitler's unrequited love!"

These rooms were kept under careful guard and no one was allowed to inspect the grand plan for the rebuilding of Berlin without Hitler's express permission. Once, when Goering had examined the model of the grand boulevard, he had his escort walk on ahead, then said in a deeply moved tone: "A few days ago the Fuehrer spoke to me about my mission after his death. He leaves me free to handle everything as I think best. But he made me promise one thing, that I would never replace you by anyone else after his death; that I would not tamper with your plans, but let you take complete charge. And that I must place the money for the buildings at your disposal, all the money you ask for." Goering made an emotional pause. "I solemnly took the Fuehrer's hand and promised him that, and I now make the same promise to you." Whereupon, he gave me a long and sentimental handshake.

My father, too, came to see the work of his now famous son. He only shrugged his shoulders at the array of models: "You've all gone completely crazy." The evening of his visit we went to the theater

It was for me a complete power of reconstruction as a great as the stubbornness of a man who has

a distrust by the father about his own architecture

and saw a comedy in which Heinz Rühmann was appearing. By chance Hitler was at the same performance. During the intermission he sent one of his adjutants to ask whether the old gentleman sitting beside me was my father; then he asked us both to his box. When my father—still erect and self-controlled in spite of his seventy-five years—was introduced to Hitler, he was overcome by a violent quivering such as I had never seen him exhibit before, nor ever did again. He turned pale, did not respond to Hitler's lavish praise of his son, and then took his leave in silence. Later, my father never mentioned this meeting, and I too avoided asking him about the fit of nerves that the sight of Hitler had produced in him.

"You've all gone completely crazy." Nowadays, when I leaf through the numerous photos of models of our one-time grand boulevard, I see that it would have turned out not only crazy, but also boring.

We had, of course, recognized that lining the new avenue solely with public buildings would lead to a certain lifelessness and had therefore reserved two-thirds of the length of the street for private buildings. With Hitler's support we fended off efforts by various government agencies to displace these business buildings. We had no wish for an avenue consisting solely of ministries. A luxurious movie house for premières, another cinema for the masses accommodating two thousand persons, a new opera house, three theaters, a new concert hall, a building for congresses, the so-called House of the Nations, a hotel of twenty-one stories, variety theaters, mass and luxury restaurants, and even an indoor swimming pool, built in Roman style and as large as the baths of Imperial Rome, were deliberately included in the plans with the idea of bringing urban life into the new avenue.¹ There were to be quiet interior courtyards with colonnades and small luxury shops set apart from the noise of the street and inviting strollers. Electric signs were to be employed profusely. The whole avenue was also conceived by Hitler and me as a continuous sales display of German goods which would exert a special attraction upon foreigners.

Whenever, nowadays, I look through the plans and the photos of the models, even these varied parts of the avenue strike me as lifeless and regimented. When on the morning after my release from imprisonment I passed one of these buildings on the way to the airport,² I saw in a few seconds what I had been blind to for years: our plan completely lacked a sense of proportion. We had set aside block units of between five hundred feet and six hundred and sixty feet

even for private buildings. All the buildings, however, were to follow the same pattern. The result was that the avenue would lead into this avenue.

Our happy railroad station, its glass, would radiating the rays of the escalator. Central Station.

State visit idea was the out of the street the urban scene thirty-three lined with the Rams which tail after the late autumn.

This plaza "Triumph," a triumph on the certainly pre-terminus to and fifty feet three hundred the other buildings literally have.

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programs. Every Gauleiter henceforth wanted to immortalize himself in his own city. Almost every one of the plans provided, as did my Berlin design, for intersecting axes; they imitated my design even to the orientation. The Berlin model had become a rigid pattern.

In conferring with me over plans, Hitler perpetually drew sketches of his own. They were casually tossed off but accurate in perspective; he drew outlines, cross sections, and renderings to scale. An architect could not have done better. Some mornings he would show me a well-executed sketch he had prepared overnight, but most of his drawings were done in a few hasty strokes during our discussions.

I kept these quick sketches of Hitler's, noting their dates and subjects, and have preserved them to this day. It is interesting that of a total of one hundred and twenty-five such drawings, a good fourth of them relate to the Linz building project, which was always closest to his heart. Equally frequent are sketches for theaters. One morning he surprised me with a neatly drawn design for a commemorative shaft for Munich, which was to be a new symbol of the city dwarfing the towers of the Frauenkirche. He regarded this project, like the Berlin triumphal arch, as his very own, and did not hesitate to make revisions, based on his own sketch, in the design of a Munich architect. Even today these changes strike me as real improvements, providing better for the transition between the static elements of the base and the dynamic thrust of the column.

Hermann Giessler, whom Hitler commissioned to draw up the plans for Munich, could do marvelous imitations of Dr. Ley, the stammering Labor Front leader. Hitler was so delighted with this sort of comedy that he would ask Giessler again and again to tell the story of a visit by the Leys to the showrooms where the models for the Munich city plan were on exhibition. First, Giessler described how the leader of the German workers appeared at the studio in an elegant summer suit, with white stitched gloves and straw hat, accompanied by his wife, who was dressed with equal ostentation. Giessler showed him the Munich plan until Ley interrupted: "I'll build on this entire block. What will that cost? A few hundred millions? Yes, we want to build solidly. . . ."

"And what will be the purpose of the building?"

"A large fashion house. We'll set all the fashions. My wife will take care of that end. We need a whole building for it. Let's! My wife and I will set the German fashions. . . . And . . . and . . . and we'll

1934
Munich

from
Linz
5 miles
and
3000

1934 mis.

need whores too! Lots of them, a whole house full, with the most modern furnishings. We'll take everything in hand; a few hundred millions for the building, that's nothing." Hitler laughed until the tears came over the depraved notions of his "labor leader." Giessler, who had had to act out this scene innumerable times, was sick to death of it.

My own building plans were not the only ones Hitler was energetically promoting. He was constantly approving forums for provincial capitals and urging his corps of leaders to officiate as patrons of public edifices. He liked to see a good deal of ruthless competition, since he assumed that this was the only road to outstanding achievement. This attitude of his often irritated me. He could not understand that there were limits to what we could do. Thus, he passed over my objection that before long it would be impossible for me to keep any deadlines because his Gauleiters were using up the available quarry materials for their own buildings.

Himmler came to Hitler's aid. When he heard of the threatening shortage of brick and granite, he offered to employ his prisoners to increase production. He proposed to Hitler that an extensive brickworks be set up in Sachsenhausen, near Berlin, under SS direction and as SS property. Since Himmler was extremely receptive to innovations, someone soon turned up with a new system for manufacturing brick. But the promised production did not follow, for the technique proved a failure.

Another promise made by Himmler, who was constantly pursuing futuristic projects, ended similarly. He offered to supply granite blocks for the buildings in Nuremberg and Berlin using the labor of concentration camp prisoners. He immediately started a firm with a noncommittal name and set the prisoners to breaking stone. Because of the incredible ignorance of the SS entrepreneurs, the blocks developed cracks, and the SS was finally forced to admit that it could supply only a small part of the promised granite. Dr. Todt's road-building organization took the rest of the material produced and used it for cobblestones. Hitler, who had placed great hopes in Himmler's promises, was more and more annoyed. Finally, he commented sarcastically that the SS had better devote itself to making felt slippers and paper bags, the traditional prison products.

Out of the multitude of projects, I myself was to design the square

* Himmler is crushed by this.
Hitler is furious, all those
architects, all those society boys
in black

in front of the great he over Goering's new but than enough, for I was buildings. But since the a decade I was able to others, with a studio of me to keep personal on Lindenallee in the formerly been Reichsk hours of the evening, office in Pariser Platz. men I considered Germ designs for bridges, was Command of the Navy scale of the design. Ger Hall, Wilhelm Kreis th Hall, and various mus Gropius and Mies van electrical company, wa ministrative building or forth objections from society; they were outa calism should be allow nue." Hitler, who th Leningrad (built when my decision. Several ti take part in the design his simple small-town temptation to design big

For sculpture I empl the pupil of Maillol. In commissioning a sculptu

Historians have come away from the party.* I away from me, whom t especially interested in

* For example, Trevor-R

uniform and they don't know how to cut granite blocks.

1936? mis.
n 37 or 38

in front of the great hall, at Hitler's request. In addition I had taken over Goering's new building and the south station. That was more than enough, for I was also to design the Nuremberg Party Rally buildings. But since these various projects were to be carried out over a decade I was able to manage if I turned the technical details over to others, with a studio of eight to ten associates. It was still possible for me to keep personal control of a group that size. My private office was on Lindenallee in the West End, near Adolf Hitler Platz, which had formerly been Reichskanzler Platz. But my afternoons, until the late hours of the evening, were regularly reserved for my city-planning office in Pariser Platz. Here I assigned major commissions to those men I considered Germany's best architects. Paul Bonatz, after many designs for bridges, was given his first high-rise commission: the High Command of the Navy. Hitler was especially pleased with the grand scale of the design. German Bestelmeyer was assigned the new Town Hall, Wilhelm Kreis the High Command of the Army, the Soldiers' Hall, and various museums. Peter Behrens, the teacher of Walter Gropius and Mies van der Rohe, who had long worked for the AEG electrical company, was entrusted with building the firm's new administrative building on the grand boulevard. This naturally called forth objections from Rosenberg and his cultural watch-and-ward society; they were outraged that this forerunner of architectural radicalism should be allowed to win immortality on "the Fuehrer's avenue." Hitler, who thought well of Peter Behrens's embassy in Leningrad (built when the city was still St. Petersburg), backed up my decision. Several times I also pressed my teacher, Tessenow, to take part in the design competitions. But he did not want to abandon his simple small-town craftsman's style and stubbornly resisted the temptation to design big buildings.

For sculpture I employed chiefly Josef Thorak and Arno Breker, the pupil of Maillol. In 1943, Breker acted as my intermediary in commissioning a sculpture by Maillol to be set up in Grunewald.

Historians have commented that in my private associations I kept away from the party.* It might also be said that the party bigwigs kept away from me, whom they regarded as an interloper. But I was not especially interested in what the Reichsleiters and Gauleiters felt,

* For example, Trevor-Roper, Fest, and Bullock.

p174 Xerox

1939

mis.

175 L *Our Empire Style*

In March 1939, I took a trip with a group of close friends through Sicily and southern Italy. Wilhelm Kreis, Josef Thorak, Hermann Kaspar, Arno Breker, Robert Frank, Karl Brandt, and their wives, formed the party. Magda Goebbels, the Propaganda Minister's wife, came along at our invitation; she used a false name for the journey.

There were certainly a good many love affairs in Hitler's entourage, and he tolerated them. Thus Bormann, with a crudeness that might be expected from this unfeeling and amoral man, had his movie-actress mistress visit him at Obersalzberg and actually stay in his house in the midst of his family. Frau Bormann put up with this situation in a way I found incomprehensible.

Goebbels, too, had many love affairs. Half amused, half revolted, his state secretary, Hanke, would tell how the all-powerful Minister of Culture would blackmail young movie actresses. But Goebbels's intimacy with the Czech film star Lida Baarova was more than an affair. At the time, his wife broke with him and demanded that he live separately from her and the children. Hanke and I were entirely on the wife's side, but Hanke himself complicated this marital crisis when he fell in love with his minister's wife, who was so many years his senior. In order to extricate her from this embarrassment, I proposed that she accompany us on the trip. Hanke wanted to follow her; during our travels he bombarded her with love letters; but she was firm in her refusal.

Throughout this trip, Frau Goebbels proved a pleasant and sensible woman. In general the wives of the regime's bigwigs resisted the temptation of power far more than their husbands. They did not lose themselves in the latter's fantasy world. They looked on at the often grotesque antics of their husbands with inner reservations and were not caught up in the political whirlwind in which their men were carried steeply upward. Frau Bormann remained a modest, somewhat browbeaten housewife, although blindly devoted both to her husband and the party ideology. I had the impression that Frau Goering was inclined to smile at her husband's mania for pomp. And in the final analysis Eva Braun, too, proved her inner superiority. At any rate she never used for personal ends the power which lay within her grasp.

Sicily, with its Doric temple ruins in Segesta, Syracuse, Selinus, and Agrigento, provided a valuable supplement to the impressions of our earlier journey to Greece. At the sight of the temples of Selinus and Agrigento, I observed once again, and with some

Xerox 176

1942 mls, '42

251 L *Organized Improvisation*

were all supposed to settle their interrelationships among themselves, but I took the liberty of intervening in important questions or whenever differences of opinion arose.

Our method of work was just as unusual as this form of organization. The old-line officials of the government bureaucracy spoke disdainfully of a "dynamic Ministry" or a "Ministry without an organization plan" and a "Ministry without officials." It was said that I applied rough-and-ready or "American" methods. My comment, "If jurisdictions are sharply separated, we are actually encouraging a limited point of view,"⁸ was prompted by rebellion against the caste mentality of the system, but also bore some resemblance to Hitler's notions of improvised government by an impulsive genius.

Another principle of mine also gave offense. This had to do with personnel policy. As soon as I assumed my post I gave instructions, as the Fuehrer's Minutes of February 19, 1942, record, that the leading men in important departments who were "over fifty-five years old must be assigned a deputy who is no older than forty."

Whenever I explained my organizational plans to Hitler, he showed a striking lack of interest. I had the impression that he did not like to deal with these questions; indeed, in certain realms he was altogether incapable of distinguishing the important from the unimportant. He also did not like establishing clear lines of jurisdiction. Sometimes he deliberately assigned bureaus or individuals the same or similar tasks. "That way," he used to say, "the stronger one does the job."

Within half a year after my taking office we had significantly increased production in all the areas within our scope. Production in August 1942, according to the *Index Figures for German Armaments End-Products*, as compared with the February production, had in-

was responsible for preserving the regular procedures of government administration.

I brought the head of the Planning Department, Willy Liebel, from Nuremberg, where he had been mayor. The director of the Technical Department, Karl Saur, had risen from the intermediate ranks of party functionaries, after previously occupying a subordinate position in industry. The head of the Supply Department, Dr. Walter Schieber, was a chemist by profession; he was typical of the older party member in the SS and party who had had previous experience as specialists. Xaver Dorsch, my deputy in the Todt Organization, was our oldest party member. The head of the department responsible for consumer goods production, Seebauer, had also joined the party long before 1933.

mis.

1941

L

17

Commander in Chief Hitler

AMATEURISHNESS WAS ONE OF HITLER'S DOMINANT TRAITS. HE HAD never learned a profession and basically had always remained an outsider to all fields of endeavor. Like many self-taught people, he had no idea what real specialized knowledge meant. Without any sense of the complexities of any great task, he boldly assumed one function after another. Unburdened by standard ideas, his quick intelligence sometimes conceived unusual measures which a specialist would not have hit on at all. The victories of the early years of the war can literally be attributed to Hitler's ignorance of the rules of the game and his layman's delight in decision making. Since the opposing side was trained to apply rules which Hitler's self-taught, autocratic mind did not know and did not use, he achieved surprises. These audacities, coupled with military superiority, were the basis of his early successes. But as soon as setbacks occurred he suffered shipwreck, like most untrained people. Then his ignorance of the rules of the game was revealed as another kind of incompetence; then his defects were no longer strengths. The greater the failures

1941 mis.

became, the more obstinately his incurable amateurishness came to the fore. The tendency to wild decisions had long been his forte; now it speeded his downfall.

Every two or three weeks I traveled from Berlin to spend a few days in Hitler's East Prussian, and later in his Ukrainian, headquarters in order to have him decide the many technical questions of detail in which he was interested in his capacity as Commander in Chief of the army. Hitler knew all the types of ordnance and ammunition, including the calibers, the lengths of barrels, and the range of fire. He had the stocks of the most important items of armament in his head—as well as the monthly production figures. He was able to compare our quotas with our deliveries and draw conclusions.

Hitler's naïve pleasure at being able to shine in the field of armaments, as previously in automobile manufacturing or in architecture, by reciting abstruse figures, made it plain that in this realm also he was working as an amateur. He seemed to be constantly endeavoring to show himself the equal of or even the superior of the experts. The real expert sensibly does not burden his mind with details that he can look up or leave to an assistant. Hitler, however, felt it necessary for his own self-esteem to parade his knowledge. But he also enjoyed doing it.

He obtained his information from a large book in a red binding with broad yellow diagonal stripes. It was a catalogue, continually being brought up to date, of from thirty to fifty different types of ammunition and ordnance. He kept it on his night table. Sometimes he would order a servant to bring the book down when in the course of military conferences an assistant had mentioned a figure which Hitler instantly corrected. The book was opened and Hitler's data would be confirmed, without fail, every time, while the general would be shown to be in error. Hitler's memory for figures was the terror of his entourage.

By tricks of this sort, Hitler could intimidate the majority of the officers who surrounded him. But on the other hand he felt uncertain when he was confronting an out-and-out technical expert. He did not insist on his opinion if a specialist objected.

My predecessor, Todt, had sometimes gone to conferences with Hitler accompanied by two of his closest associates, Xaver Dorsch and Karl Saur; occasionally, he would bring one of his experts along.

*He had
looked
He
loved
looking
at the
book
late
at
night
He would
have
little
fantasy,
later
confirmed*

*embarrassing
his generals with their lack of detailed knowledge*

But he thought involve his associate first I did not expect in any case key spect for special experts who had discussion.

I was thus surprised—the fear of both and technical headquarters accom everybody in the headquarters. Depending on experts were in tion room of the It was a model area, the walls lined by a heavy window. In on chairs. Here out

During these possible. I opened asked one of environment, barriers, and preferred upon years of success sense of their tion developed whom they were partly with my people were frained from the numbing speech those of lesser by the swift- ties and justified presented with

1941 mis.

277 L Commander in Chief Hitler

But he thought it important to deliver his reports personally and to involve his associates only on difficult points of detail. From the very first I did not even take the trouble to memorize figures which Hitler in any case kept in his head better than I. But knowing Hitler's respect for specialists, I would come to conferences flanked by all those experts who had the best mastery of the various points under discussion.

I was thus saved from the nightmare of all "Fuehrer conferences"—the fear of being driven into a corner by a bombardment of figures and technical data. I consistently appeared at the Fuehrer's headquarters accompanied by approximately twenty civilians. Before long everybody in Restricted Area I, as the specially guarded area round the headquarters was known, was making fun of "Speer's invasions." Depending on the subjects to be discussed, from two to four of my experts were invited to the conferences which took place in the situation room of the headquarters, adjacent to Hitler's private apartment. It was a modestly furnished room about nine hundred square feet in area, the walls paneled in light-colored wood. The room was dominated by a heavy oak map table thirteen feet long next to a large window. In one corner was a smaller table surrounded by six arm-chairs. Here our conference group sat.

During these conferences I remained in the background as far as possible. I opened them with a brief reference to the subject and then asked one of the experts present to state his views. Neither the environment, with its innumerable generals, adjutants, guard areas, barriers, and passes, nor the aureole that this whole apparatus conferred upon Hitler, could intimidate these specialists. Their many years of successful practice of their professions gave them a clear sense of their rank and their responsibility. Sometimes the conversation developed into a heated discussion, for they quite often forgot whom they were addressing. Hitler took all this partly with humor, partly with respect. In this circle he seemed modest and treated my people with remarkable courtesy. With them, moreover, he refrained from his habit of killing opposition by long, exhaustive, and numbing speeches. He knew how to distinguish key matters from those of lesser importance, was adaptable, and surprised everyone by the swiftness with which he could choose among several possibilities and justify his choice. Effortlessly, he found his bearings when presented with technical processes, plans, and sketches. His ques-

Latot 278

ein klares Beispiel

INSIDE THE THIRD REICH

1942
mis.
286 L

by a group of enthusiastic mountain climbers. All of us could sympathize with the impulse behind this act, but otherwise it seemed to us completely unimportant. I often saw Hitler furious but seldom did his anger erupt from him as it did when this report came in. For hours he raged as if his entire plan of campaign had been ruined by this bit of sport. Days later he went on railing to all and sundry about "these crazy mountain climbers" who "belong before a court-martial." There they were pursuing their idiotic hobbies in the midst of a war, he exclaimed indignantly, occupying an idiotic peak even though he had commanded that all efforts must be concentrated upon Sukhumi. Here was a clear example of the way his orders were being obeyed.

Urgent business called me back to Berlin. A few days later the commander of the army group operating in the Caucasus was relieved, although Jodl vigorously defended him. When I returned to headquarters again about two weeks later, I found that Hitler had quarreled with Keitel, Jodl, and Halder. He refused to shake hands with them or to dine with them at the common table. From then on until the end of the war he had his meals served in his bunker room, only occasionally inviting a few select persons to join him. The close relations that Hitler had with his military associates were shattered for good.

Was the cause merely the failure of the offensive on which he had placed so many hopes, or did he for the first time have an inkling that this was the turning point? The fact that from then on he stayed away from the officers' table may have been due to the fact that he would no longer be sitting among them as the invincible leader in peace and war, but as a man whose plans had come to grief. Moreover, he must by now have run through the stock of general ideas with which he had regaled this group. Perhaps he also felt that his magic was failing him for the first time.

For several weeks Keitel skulked about mournfully and displayed great devotion, so that Hitler soon began treating him somewhat more amicably. His relations with Jodl—who had characteristically remained impassive through it all—likewise straightened out. But General

casian mountain passes, following the old military road from Grozny. Hitler considered this road a poor one to use for sending reinforcements, since it was blocked for months at a time by snow and avalanches. One group from the mountain division had gone off to take Mount Elbrus.

1942?
ck with p 285
287 Comm

Halder, the army chief of staff, was probably and thus gave a rather different view, was just the opposite. He made his reports in a very different kind of man given to independence. He was kind of Chief of Staff. Hitler was fond of saying that he energetically sees to it that everything probably did not pick up. Zeitzler had up to the hierarchy; he was pronounced

After the appointment of the only civilian in the conferences. I continued to have contact with me—for which rising production figures had been shown me if he had been present because of the storm had calmed down.

Every day around noon. It lasted two to three hours on a plain armchair around the map table: the Army General Staff, the navy, the Waffen-SS, rather young men with the rank of colonel or major. Keitel was there. Sometimes Goering was there and perhaps in an upholstered stool brought beside Hitler.

Desk lamps with the eastern theater was together, each of them

* Several months passed before he was able to attend.

Xerox p 285; (284 if necessary.)

mis
1942

Halder, the army chief of staff, had to go. He was a quiet, laconic man who was probably always thrown off by Hitler's vulgar dynamism and thus gave a rather hapless impression. His successor, Kurt Zeitzler, was just the opposite: a straightforward, insensitive person who made his reports in a loud voice. He was not the type of military man given to independent thinking and no doubt represented the kind of Chief of Staff that Hitler wanted: a reliable "assistant" who, as Hitler was fond of saying, "doesn't go off and brood on my orders, but energetically sees to carrying them out." With that in mind, too, Hitler probably did not pick him from the ranks of the higher generals. Zeitzler had up to that time held a subordinate place in the army hierarchy; he was promoted two grades at once.

After the appointment of the new Chief of Staff, Hitler permitted me—the only civilian for the time being*—to participate in the situation conferences. I could take this as a special proof of his satisfaction with me—for which he had every reason, given the constantly rising production figures. But this favor would probably not have been shown me if he had felt threatened by a loss of prestige in my presence because of opposition, vehement debates, and disputes. The storm had calmed down again; Hitler had regained his standing.

Every day around noon the grand situation conference took place. It lasted two to three hours. Hitler was the only one who was seated—on a plain armchair with a rush seat. The other participants stood around the map table: his adjutants, staff officers of the OKW and the Army General Staff, and Hitler's liaison officers to the air force, the navy, the Waffen-SS, and Himmler. On the whole they were rather young men with likable faces, most of them holding the rank of colonel or major. Keitel, Jodl, and Zeitzler stood casually amongst them. Sometimes Goering came too. As a gesture of special distinction and perhaps in consideration of his corpulence, Hitler had an upholstered stool brought in for the Reich Marshal, on which he sat beside Hitler.

Desk lamps with long, swinging arms illuminated the maps. First the eastern theater was discussed. Three or four strategic maps, pasted together, each of them about five by eight feet, were laid out on the

* Several months passed before Bormann and Ribbentrop received permission to attend.

mis. 1942

long table in front of Hitler. The discussion began with the northern part of the eastern theater of war. Every detail of the events of the previous day was entered on the maps, every advance, even patrols—and almost every entry was explained by the Chief of Staff. Bit by bit the maps were pushed farther up the table, so that Hitler always had a comprehensible segment within reading distance. Longer discussion was devoted to the more important events, Hitler noting every change from the status of the previous day. Just the daily preparation for this conference was a tremendous burden on the time of the Chief of Staff and his officers, who no doubt had more important things to do. As a layman I was astonished at the way Hitler in the course of hearing the reports made deployments, pushed divisions back and forth, or dealt with petty details.

At least during 1942 he received the news of grave setbacks calmly. Or perhaps this was already the beginning of the apathy he later displayed. Outwardly, at any rate, he showed no sign of despair. He seemed determined to present the image of the superior war lord whose composure nothing could shake. Frequently he stressed that his experiences in the trenches of the First World War had given him more insight into many details of military policy than all his military advisers had acquired in the General Staff school. This may well have been true, for certain restricted areas. In the opinion of many army officers, however, his very "trench perspective" had given him a false picture of the process of leadership. In this regard his knowledge of detail, the detailed knowledge of a corporal, rather hampered him. General Fromm commented in his laconic fashion that a civilian as commander in chief might have been better than, of all people, a corporal—moreover one who had never fought in the east and therefore could not conceive the special problems of warfare in this part of the world.

Hitler practiced a policy of patchwork of the pettiest sort. Moreover, he labored under the handicap that the nature of any given terrain cannot really be gathered adequately from maps. In the early summer of 1942 he personally ordered the first six of our Tiger tanks to be thrown into battle. As always, when a new weapon was ready, he expected it to turn the tide of battle. He regaled us with vivid descriptions of how the Soviet 7.7 centimeter antitank guns, which penetrated our Panzer IV front armor even at sizable distances, would fire shot after shot in vain, and how finally the Tiger would roll over

the antitank gun ne had chosen made tac of the marshy subsoil these objections, not Tiger assault started and I was rather a technically. There was The Russians calmly then fired direct hits thereupon could not take evasive action it were also finished (never referred to it again

The situation in the theater in Africa, where Hitler tended to interfere with Rommel, who on the day's move headquarters, somewhat situation. Hitler like of conduct.

Properly speaking, Staff ought to have war. But Hitler had not actually performed of activity. But in the independent leaders' general staffs existed them—in keeping with more critical the staffs fought over vice versa.

Once the "army's of the last twenty-day situation"—as these the liaison officer rarely by the command of German cities, were ments in submarine

P289 (and 290 know necessary)

1943 Amis.

During the next several months problems connected with the building of the large U-boat pens along the Atlantic brought Doenitz and me together several times. Admiral Raeder, Commander in Chief of the navy, seemed to be annoyed. He tartly forbade Doenitz to discuss technical questions directly with me.

At the end of December 1942, Captain Schütze, the successful U-boat commander, informed me of serious dissension between the Berlin navy command and Doenitz. From various signs and portents, Schütze said, the submarine fleet knew that their commander was going to be relieved in the near future. A few days later I heard from State Secretary Naumann that the navy censor in the Propaganda Ministry had stricken the name of Doenitz from the captions of all press photos showing an inspection tour undertaken jointly by Raeder and Doenitz.

When I was in headquarters at the beginning of January, Hitler was worked up over foreign press reports of a naval battle which the navy command had not informed him about in detail.* As if by chance, in our subsequent conference he raised the question of the feasibility of assembly-line building of U-boats, but soon he became more interested in the troubles I was having in my collaboration with Raeder. I told him of the stricture against my discussing technical questions with Doenitz, of the U-boat officers' fears that their commander was going to be replaced, and of the censorship of the photo captions. By now I had learned, from watching Bormann's tactics, that one had to plant suspicions very carefully and gradually for them to be effective with Hitler. Any direct attempt to influence him was hopeless, since he never accepted a decision which he thought had been imposed on him. Therefore I merely hinted that all obstacles standing in the way of our U-boat plans could be eliminated if Doenitz were given his head. Actually, what I wanted to achieve was the replacement of Raeder. But knowing the tenacity with which Hitler clung to his old associates I hardly hoped that I would succeed.

On January 30, Doenitz was named Grand Admiral and simultaneously appointed Commander in Chief of the navy, while Raeder

* This was the naval battle that took place December 31, 1942. Hitler held that the *Lützow* and the *Hipper* had retreated in the face of weaker English forces. He accused the navy of lacking fighting spirit.



Hitler and Speer

Hitler's sketch of

1943

MA

325
Xerox.

POLAND

*Hitler's special train—His
front line—Warsaw in
the air—Another Polish ring*

oppressive heat lay over
the city. I telephoned and asked
him to come. He wanted to talk
but did not think it wise.
At five o'clock we met in a small
room run by my Counter-
intelligence. I took to the head waiter,
and to the agents in my employ.
He seemed deeply troubled
by my questions, however, but
while we ate and I waited

at the West End. In those days
Hitler's power and wealth.
The dazzling confusion of
the city, the bustling crowds,
the life of peacetime.
The bar and was looking
to keep on driving. He
was away from the crowds.
Between Berlin and Pots-
dam and started to walk.
Talk, but more as though
from time to time a cool
the old trees. Then there
voice of my friend. He
sences and almost with-

'There's going to be war. It can't be prevented any longer. Hitler made his decision long ago; you must have known it. Everything's ready. Even if the Western powers or Poland make a last-minute shot at conciliation—even if Italy intercedes, it won't change Hitler's basic plan. At the very most it might mean a slight delay, that's all.'

His voice grew more excited as he told me that Heydrich had asked him to come to his office, and, surprisingly, had confided to him one of Hitler's secret orders. Before September 1, if possible, an absolutely irreproachable cause for war had got to be created, one that would stand in history as a complete justification, and would brand Poland in the eyes of the world as the aggressor against Germany. It had therefore been planned to dress troops in Polish uniforms and attack the Gleiwitz radio transmitter. Hitler had assigned Heydrich and Admiral Canaris, Chief of Army Intelligence, to carry out this operation. However, Canaris was so repelled by the order that he had managed to withdraw and Heydrich alone was in charge of it. Heydrich had explained to Mehlhorn the details of the plan. The Polish uniforms were to be supplied at Keitel's command by the OKW—the Supreme Command of the Armed Forces.

I asked Mehlhorn where they would get the Poles who were to wear these uniforms. 'That's just it,' Mehlhorn replied. 'That's the devilish thing about this plan: the "Poles" will be convicts from the concentration camps. They're going to be armed with proper Polish weapons, but most of them will just be mown down, of course. They've been promised that any who get away with it will have their freedom immediately. But who's going to believe such a promise?'

Mehlhorn paused. Then he said, 'Heydrich has put me in command of the attack.' He gripped my arm hard: 'What am I to do?' he asked. 'Heydrich has given me this assignment to get rid of me. I know it. He wants my death! What can I do?'

Now it was my turn to be silent. What advice could I possibly give? Finally I said, 'The whole thing is insane. One can't make world history by tactics of that kind. The thing couldn't possibly be kept secret, not for long anyway. Somewhere, somehow, it'll all come out. You must keep clear of it though. Try to talk your

1939

1939#

One day we returned so early that a lot of our food and drink had hardly been touched. The next day we were called out early and the thermos flasks were not ready. I only had time to take what was left over from the previous day—a bottle of cognac, half-full, and two packets of sandwiches, which I had placed near a window, hoping they would remain fresh overnight.

After driving for about two hours in the open car, Himmler asked for something to eat, so Gruppenführer Wolff took a packet of sandwiches from me and they both began to eat. They had already got through the first packet when they happened to look at the second. The rest of the sandwiches were all covered with green mould. Himmler's face grew even greener as he tried desperately not to be sick. I quickly offered him some cognac—usually he did not drink; at the most two or three glasses of table wine—but he took a deep gulp and then, as he recovered, fixed me with a steely glance. I was prepared for the worst. 'I notice you ate none of the sandwiches yourself.' I hastened to explain, but there was a terrible look in his eyes as he thanked me for restoring his life with the cognac after having tried to poison him.

By this time the German armies were closing in on Warsaw and we went by plane to watch this last and most exciting phase of the campaign. We flew along the Vistula down to the Bug, over the so-called 'Land of the Four Rivers': Pissa, Narew, Vistula and San. Most of the countryside over which we flew appeared completely untouched by war.

After landing very near Warsaw, we inspected two heavily damaged Polish armoured trains which had been put out of action by Stukas. Hitler climbed about among the wreckage, inspecting everything very closely. Three or four bombs had landed near the trains and had torn huge craters in the earth. After estimating the number of hits and near hits, he ordered that the bomb-sight of the Stukas should be improved. He personally measured the thickness of the train's armour-plate with a ruler, and inspected the armament, the calibre of the guns, etc. He insisted on seeing everything for himself as he clambered about with Keitel running after him, puffing and sweating.

Dr Morell, Hitler's personal physician, had come along on this flight at Hitler's request. For some of the time we had flown

through very rough weather and always disliked him, but it was : ting there, a picture of woe, loo all his pills and injections.

Later we watched the artillery though the officers reporting on tance of the defenders had great fantry spearheads had penetrated artillery were firing one full salvo deafening. From time to time P but Hitler paid no attention. He that he should leave the zone o see everything for himself.

After three or four hours we aircraft had already taken off w was not with us. Finally he arriv He was dripping with sweat and him in a small wood—literally attempting to make a long dete fire and had lost his way.

Finally we took off. A great Warsaw as again and again fres formation like swarms of hornet and destruction upon it.

On the way back Himmler as had a lengthy discussion about I his immediate and complete sur me about our relations with th secret clauses of our agreement w were to occupy their zone of P. told me that we were turning o sians and said that I should beg for the new frontier. He would Russians were likely now to de or conduct them even more into opinion I should make a report,

I was astonished. 'That questio I said. 'They will intensify their i

*all for effect. "He pays no attention"

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At this meeting I explained to Best and Stevens that my trip to Berlin had taken longer than I had expected and that unfortunately the German opposition had been unable to reach a final decision. I then suggested that it might be best if I accompanied the General (the fictitious leader of the group) to London, where final discussions on the highest level could be held with the British Government. The British agents saw nothing against this and said they could have a courier plane ready the next day at the Dutch airport of Schiphol, to take us to London. In the end we agreed that I would try to bring the leader of the German opposition to a meeting next day at the same time and place.

I returned to Düsseldorf, but there was still no directive from Berlin and no permission to continue the conversations. I sent an urgent request to Berlin, warning them that without a decisive step of one sort or another my situation was becoming untenable. I received the reply that Hitler had not yet made a decision, but was inclined to break off the negotiations. He felt that they had gone far enough already. Apparently any discussion about his overthrow, even though it were bogus, made the Fuehrer uncomfortable.

So I sat in Düsseldorf, feeling impotent and frustrated, but the game intrigued me so much that I decided to go ahead. I got through to The Hague by wireless and confirmed the meeting for the next day. I must confess that at that moment I had no idea what sort of story I would tell my British friends. I realized that I was placing myself in a very ticklish position. If I aroused their suspicions in any way they could easily have me arrested again; the whole affair might come to a most unpleasant end. But I was determined to go on with the negotiations at all costs. I was angry with Berlin, although I knew that they had good reason for being hesitant: Hitler had tentatively set November 14 as the date for his attack on the West. The bad weather prevailing at that time may have been the main reason for abandoning this plan, but Himmler admitted later that my negotiations with the British agents might have been a contributing factor.

I spent a sleepless night, all sorts of plans whirling confusedly through my mind.

At breakfast I glanced at the morning papers. The headlines

proclaimed that the King of the Netherlands had made a joint solution to my immediate problem. British agents at today's meeting decided to wait and see how the Belgian proposal. I would add of the opposition from attend would certainly be there tomorrow to go to London. That was my

In the morning I had a talk with the role of the General, the leader of an industrialist, but held a high position was a leader of the SS—in fact part.

In the afternoon I crossed the to wait for threequarters of an was being watched very closely be harmless civilians: it was clear come suspicious.

Finally they arrived. It was a I had no difficulty in presenting planned that morning, thus expenses were entirely dissipated and with the warm cordiality of the plan established.

Back in Düsseldorf that evening He was in charge of a special commission Berlin unobtrusively to safeguard. He told me that in Berlin the safety. He had been ordered to frontier and cover all Dutch land. Dutch had tried to arrest me it very difficult, for his orders were me fall into the hands of the enemy therefore have resulted.

It gave me a rather strange feeling I thought of my plans for the

The year? ~~1937~~ 1940? mis.

at once. Hitler demanded that every evening the reports of the day's interrogation be shown to him personally. This meant that these reports had to be retyped on a special typewriter equipped with type three times the normal size, as Hitler's eyes were weak and he could only read very large print. He began to issue detailed directives on the handling of the case to Himmler, Heydrich, and me and gave releases to the press. To my dismay, he became increasingly convinced that the attempt on his life had been the work of the British Intelligence, and that Best and Stevens, working together with Otto Strasser, were the real organizers of this crime.

Meanwhile a carpenter by the name of Elser had been arrested while trying to escape over the Swiss border. The circumstantial evidence against him was very strong, and finally he confessed. He had built an explosive mechanism into one of the wooden pillars of the Beer Cellar. It consisted of an ingeniously worked alarm clock which could run for three days and set off the explosive charge at any given time during that period. Elser stated that he had first undertaken the scheme entirely on his own initiative, but that later on two other persons had helped him and had promised to provide him with a refuge abroad afterwards. He insisted, however, that the identity of neither of them was known to him.

I thought it possible that the 'Black Front' organization of Otto Strasser might have had something to do with the matter and that the British Secret Service might also be involved. But to connect Best and Stevens with the Beer Cellar attempt on Hitler's life seemed to me quite ridiculous. Nevertheless that was exactly what was in Hitler's mind. He announced to the press that Elser and the officers of the British Secret Service would be tried together. In high places there was talk of a great public trial, to be staged with the full orchestra of the propaganda machine, for the benefit of the German people. I tried to think of the best way to prevent this lunacy.

In the meantime new directives were continually being issued by Hitler. These made our work so much harder that often we were ready to tear our hair. For instance, within twenty-four hours he wanted a list of all the names of German emigrés in

Holland whom the Abwehr [having relations with the British]

Several days later at the Reich special detachment of the SS operation. We marched into the and stood at attention while a drawn up in front of us. The ceremony. We then marched first time I had been there; the diocese, but what I was most impressed—and were conducted to Hitler hung a large portrait of Bismarck, a firm, imperious stride, although he were about to give a but stared piercingly at each of us. He said he was grateful for our initiative, and courage. The tradition. Germany possessed no each success meant the building required even greater determination. Germany in the back during the ruthlessly destroyed. The current Secret Service was known to do little unless Germans themselves. In recognition of our achievement on the secret front was just as in the field of battle, he would now for the German Secret Service for the

Four of the men of the special Cross, First Class, the rest the made the presentation in person adding a few appreciative words of us again in military fashion investiture was at an end.

We drove away in several cars bodyguard presented arms. I am most impressed by the whole of

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INVESTIGATING THE BEER CELLAR EXPLOSION 101

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Holland whom the Abwehr [Military Intelligence] suspected of having relations with the British Secret Service, and so on.

Several days later at the Reich Chancellery, Hitler received the special detachment of the SS that had taken part in the Venlo operation. We marched into the courtyard in military formation and stood at attention while a guard of honour of the SS was drawn up in front of us. The whole thing was made into a solemn ceremony. We then marched into the Chancellery—it was the first time I had been there; the furnishings were excessively grandiose, but what I was most impressed by was the size of the rooms—and were conducted to Hitler's study, above the door of which hung a large portrait of Bismarck. Presently Hitler entered, affecting a firm, imperious stride, and placed himself in front of us as though he were about to give a command. At first he said nothing, but stared piercingly at each one of us in turn. Then he spoke. He said he was grateful for our achievement, both as individuals and as a group. He was especially pleased by our resolution, initiative, and courage. The British Secret Service had a great tradition. Germany possessed nothing comparable to it. Therefore each success meant the building up of such a tradition and required even greater determination. The traitors who would stab Germany in the back during this most decisive struggle must be ruthlessly destroyed. The cunning and perfidy of the British Secret Service was known to the world, but it would avail them little unless Germans themselves were ready to betray Germany. In recognition of our achievement and of the fact that the conflict on the secret front was just as important as armed combat on the field of battle, he would now present decorations to members of the German Secret Service for the first time in its history.

Four of the men of the special detachment received the Iron Cross, First Class, the rest the Iron Cross, Second Class. Hitler made the presentation in person, shaking each man's hand and adding a few appreciative words. Then he posted himself in front of us again in military fashion, and raised his right arm. The investiture was at an end.

We drove away in several cars while a company of Hitler's bodyguard presented arms. I must confess that at the time I was most impressed by the whole ceremony.

*D.T. His sense of tradition
was obviously developed.*

1940?

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we have to be locked

in this death struggle, while our real enemies in the East can sit back and wait until Europe is exhausted. That is why I do not wish to destroy Britain and never shall,'—here his voice became sharp and penetrating—'but they must be made to realize, and even Churchill must be made to realize, that Germany has the right to live too. And I will fight Britain until she has come down off her high horse. The time will come when they will be ready to reach an agreement with us. That is my real aim. You understand that?'

'Yes, my Fuehrer,' I replied, 'I understand the course of your thoughts. But one must not forget that the mentality of an island race is different to ours. Their history and their traditions are different. They are determined by the historical laws which their insular position has imposed upon them, and as a consequence of which they are a colonial power. Theirs is the insular way of life, ours the Continental, and as a consequence of that we are now a Continental power. It is very hard to reconcile the two and quite different national characters have resulted from these differences. The English are tenacious, unemotional and relentless: it is not for nothing that they bear the name "John Bull"'. A war like this, once it starts, is like an avalanche. And who would try to calculate the course of an avalanche?'

'My dear fellow,' replied Hitler, 'let that be my worry. One thing more,' he said after a pause: 'Have you been in touch with Ribbentrop about the Dutch note concerning the officer who died of wounds?' Then he turned to Heydrich and began to laugh. 'These Dutch really are too stupid. If I were in their place I would have kept quiet. Instead they play right into my hands with this note. And when the time comes, I'll pay them back. They admit the man was an officer of their General Staff, which proves that they and not we were the first to violate neutrality.'

I said that so far I had not spoken to Ribbentrop. Another pause followed. Then Hitler said to Himmler, 'There are still several things I have to discuss with you.' He rose abruptly, made a bow to the others at the table, and then turned to Heydrich and me. 'I would like you to stay too.'

We went into the next room where large easy chairs were arranged comfortably round the fireplace. On the way Himmler

1940

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said to me, 'You certainly are terribly pigheaded. But apparently the Fuehrer was amused.' And Heydrich added, 'My dear fellow, I had not realized you were such an Anglophile. Is that the result of your contact with Best and Stevens?' I realized that it would be wise to restrain myself and that I had gone about as far as I could.

For the next hour Hitler talked only to Himmler. He stood most of the time, rocking back and forth on his heels as he spoke, while Himmler close beside him inclined his face towards Hitler with an expression of rapt attention. I heard one of the SS adjutants whisper to another, 'Look at Heini—he'll crawl into the old man's ear in a minute.'

Hitler was drinking peppermint tea, but for his guests he had ordered champagne. After he had finished his conversation with Himmler, which had been carried on so softly that no one else could follow, Hitler turned again to the rest of the company. He spoke of the Luftwaffe, praising the work Goering was doing, and especially the fact that he availed himself of the experience of the veteran fighter pilots of the First World War. Then anti-aircraft defences, war production, and other questions of warfare were discussed. I reached home very late and completely exhausted.

The next day, at Hitler's orders, I attended a meeting between Heydrich and Mueller. The latter still looked very pale and overworked. He told us that during the night and morning three doctors, specialists in the psychiatric field, had worked on Elser and were still doing so. He had been given strong injections of pervitin, but had not changed his testimony under the drug's influence.

Mueller had also placed an entire carpenter's shop at Elser's disposal. There he had worked for the last few days and had almost completed a reconstruction of his bomb. He had also made a wooden pillar identical with the one in the Beer Cellar, and was demonstrating his method of concealing the bomb. Heydrich was extremely interested, so we went upstairs to the rooms where Elser was imprisoned.

It was the first time I had seen him. He was a small, pale man, with clear bright eyes and long black hair. He had a high fore-

head, and strong sensitive hand skilled artisan, and indeed the was a masterpiece. At first he was very rather frightened. He answered only with a strong Swabian accent words. It was only when we began to praise its ingenuity and precision. Then he really came to life and explanations of the problems involved bomb and how he had solved interesting that I completely forgave had put all this ingenuity.

When he was asked about his gave the same answers as before were and did not know now. In conversations about explosives and might be a dangerous business—replied quite unemotionally, although certainly there was danger, but from the day on which he had he had known that his own life was certain he would succeed in the ability. The preparations had taken

We looked at each other. Mueller Heydrich had a small derisive smile

The next day four of the best hypnotists to hypnotize Elser. Only one of the hypnosis Elser gave exactly the same

One of these hypnotists made the best analysis of Elser's character as an assassin was a typical warped fanatic. He had psychotic compulsions, matters, which spring from an unnoteworthy. This was due to an and acknowledgement which vengeance for the alleged injustice brother. In killing the leader of these all these compulsions because he

justified by freeing Germany
combined with the desire to suffer
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IX

1940

A PORTRAIT OF HITLER

Hitler's personality—His belief in his own 'mission'—His agnosticism—Causes of his breakdown in health—The basis of his anti-Semitism—Influence of Plaischinger and others on Hitler's racial theories—His concept of Western supremacy

I KNEW Hitler personally, I worked with him, and I am familiar with numerous details of his daily life, his methods, and his political and sociological conceptions. I ought, therefore, to be in a position to formulate a complete picture of his personality, but though I have often tried to do so, both in my own mind and in writing, I must confess that I have never really succeeded.

Hitler's knowledge was on the one hand sound and on the other completely superficial and dilettante. He had highly developed political instincts which were combined with a complete lack of moral scruples; he was governed by the most inexplicable hallucinatory conceptions and *petit-bourgeois* inhibitions. But his one dominant and dominating characteristic was that he felt himself appointed by providence to do great things for the German people. This was his historic 'mission', in which he believed completely.

It was his intense manner and the suggestive power of his personality that created the impression of an intellect and a range of knowledge far above the average. In addition, there was his extraordinary dialectical ability, which enabled him to out-argue even the most expert authorities in any field of discussion, often with most harmful results. He threw them so off-balance that they did not think of the appropriate replies until afterwards.

He had an insatiable craving for recognition and power, combined with a cultivated ruthlessness which reinforced his lightning reactions, his energy, and his determination. While fortune smiled on him these qualities enabled him to dominate Germany and to gain the startled attention of the whole world.

THE GOD: ADOLF HITLER

ghter at the expense of others."mitted them to be told in his being laughed at. Before wear- have himself photographed apher over the suitability of his

usly at one joke which he liked swan's neck so long? Answer: (sic)." 25 humorless. Time and time again d of obstinacy as strength. He of it as the key to his success. d, "because I would never allow s from a perception once it was

logues, he looked back longingly mphasize the same point he had changed. He insisted, for exam- absolutely crucial to his career ge of the world and a view of life tions: "I have had to change gling his ideas was "very em- the hour about past political deci- ed to inflexible stubbornness. He his entourage of the successful to the Rhineland in 1936, and shakable obstinacy and my amaz-

ved four different periods of his o. His boyhood friend wrote that "the unparalleled constancy in re was in his nature something ely rigid. . . . Adolf simply could w often did I experience this!" w Hitler well agreed: "It was im- change his views. . . . Anyone stronger fixation of his preju- that it was counterproductive to tion. While serving as the League g, Professor Carl Burckhardt, a orian, was incensed by the perse- intercede on their behalf. He dis- further persecution, noting sadly, goading Hitler on to the most who knew Hitler best during World Führer's intellectual development own it in Vienna in 1910. The

The Image and the Man

Ringstrasse remained for him absolute perfection in city planning; the rifle he had used in World War I was quite good enough for German soldiers three decades later.²⁸

Inability or refusal to change was also manifest in the details of his life-style and personal habits. The letters he wrote as an adult contained the same grammatical mistakes and spelling errors as the post-cards sent from Vienna and from the Front during World War I. His vocabulary in private conversation showed a surprising number of words he had learned as a boy in rural Austria. In the so-called *Tischgespräche* we find him speaking of *Dindln*, *Tschapperln*, and *Bazis*, of *Gigerln* and *Lackln*; he also uses such expressions as *krampf* and *Wortgefloedel*. In more formal writings and speeches he had a penchant for repeating favorite words and phrases. Thus, in his memoirs dictated in 1924, in his second book (written in 1928), and in conversations recorded in 1934 and 1943 he spoke repeatedly of "The Holy Grail of the German Blood" and referred to the Jews as the "Ferment of Decomposition."²⁹

As a youth in Vienna, he promised himself that one day he would write a great political work and designed the cover for it. It was adorned with a swastika, with the author's name given as it would appear so often in the future: "A. Hitler." The actual book, written years later, went through many editions, but Hitler could not bring himself to change it. A careful analysis of all the German editions of *Mein Kampf* shows that Hitler permitted his publishers to make only minor changes to correct grammatical mistakes.³⁰

Intimates all agreed that Hitler's daily routine was followed to the smallest detail. As chancellor, when taking his dog for a walk, Hitler went through the same field every time, and each time he threw a piece of wood from exactly the same spot in exactly the same direction. Any attempt to persuade him to deviate from the pattern would result in considerable agitation and anger on his part. A boyhood friend from Linz remembers similar behavior. Adolf had the habit of returning always to the same lonely spot outside town where "every bush and tree was familiar to him."

His personal hygiene was highly routinized: he washed his hands many times every day; he brushed his atrocious teeth after every meal. He kept the same suits, raincoats, shoes, and hat year after year; he wore a necktie until it disintegrated. He listened to the same records so often that he knew the serial numbers in his vast collection by heart.

At Berchtesgaden and in the Chancellery, the noon and evening meals had a fixed seating order made out according to his written instructions. The slightest deviation from his chart would draw down his fury. The topics discussed at meals remained constant, the same subjects coming up over and over and over again. After dinner every evening before the war there were one or two movies, some of them repeated many times. At midnight there was the nightly gathering around the blazing fire, where Hitler would talk on and on about the

General chrono
place in (1939)

1942

well the foe of parliament but he particularly admired King George VI. "Ah, Cromwell and George VIII are the only two who were also greatly impressed with the idea of hanging by the neck. He saw a film of the execution of Frederick as he was forced to die by the hands of his closest friend. Hitler should be handled: either

restored the use of the head-
neck seems to have been the
law to it that hanging by the
large number of cases. His
projected onto others in the
generals who had conspired
he ordered that each man be
to death with piano wire,
intensify his death agonies."

He loved the film and
became one of his favorite

He once expressed great
in the rotunda of the Uni-
paintings was by Franz von
he had first seen in a book
his gigantic desk for the
ent panels. One was of the
her hair.⁶⁰

Obsessed with decapitation
expressing castration anxiety
showed his own concern
ways. But he also talked
ambassador, for example, that
And he tried to persuade
that the Nazi press was
atrocities: "No one believes
sensational cases, such as
press. They excite public

ical significance to blood, so
all of human history was
messier metaphors, observed

that "blood is the cement of civilization." His theory greatly simplified the historical problem of explaining the rise and fall of cultural life on earth: Everything depended upon one factor alone: the purity or impurity of blood.

He used the word often in describing his rise to power. He promised that his opponents would "drown in a bloodbath"; he spoke of the sacred "Blood Flag" of 9 November 1923; he established a special "Blood Order" for those who had marched on that day. He also introduced the idea of *Blutkitt* (blood cement) in training his elite guard, the SS. He seems to have come across the idea in reading a book about Genghis Khan while a prisoner in Landsberg in 1924—though he may have heard that it was also practiced in Egypt and in Renaissance murder societies. (Similar techniques have been employed by the Mau Mau and the Manson cultists.) The idea, briefly, is this: in order to enforce absolute loyalty and obedience, organizers of terror societies force a prospective member, as part of his initiation rite, to commit an act which directly and flagrantly violates his most important personal taboos. Such an atrocity, by cutting the initiate off from society and from his previous value system, ties him irrevocably to the new organization because it is the only group which sponsors and approves the outrage he has perpetrated. In psychological terms, the traumatic act he has been obliged to commit reinforces his newly acquired superego, his value system, his new conscience.

In Hitler's Germany, medical doctors of the SS were required to perform, or to watch, "medical experiments" such as skin grafts and abdominal surgery on the unanesthetized bodies of Jewish or Polish "patients." Other initiates of the SS were forced to kill Jewish babies before the eyes of their mothers. Hitler's theory was that after members of his SS had participated in such activity, they would feel drawn together by the bonds of a common experience. The technique seems to have worked rather well.*

* The process of acquiescing to atrocity through participation in it is well illustrated in the experience of Professor Doctor Hans Hermann Kramer, who had a distinguished medical career and was chairman of the medical faculty at the University of Münster before joining the SS. One of his first assignments as an SS doctor at Auschwitz was to observe what was euphemistically called a *Sonderaktion* (a "Special Action"), a method of mass execution. Prisoners, especially mothers and their babies, were customarily thrown alive into pits measuring 20 by 40 meters on piles of wood soaked in gasoline. The piles were then ignited. When Dr. Kramer experienced his first *Sonderaktion* he found the experience shattering: "Awful. . . . Dante's Inferno. . . . I cannot stand it." But his diary indicates that after repeated performances he was able to take them in stride and indeed could discuss them with equanimity. "September 6, 1942: Today, Sunday, excellent lunch: tomato soup, half a hen with potatoes and red cabbage . . . sweets and marvelous vanilla ice. . . . In the evening at 8 o'clock outside for a *Sonderaktion*. . . . September 23, 1942: Sixth and seventh *Sonderaktion*. . . . In the evening at 20:00 hours . . . a real banquet. We had pike . . . good coffee, excellent beer and rolls" (Elie A. Cohen, *Human Behavior in the Concentration Camp* (New York, 1953), 236 and *passim*).

THE PSYCHOPATHIC GOD: ADOLF HITLER

marching." A Party propagandist in 1935 triumphantly announced the progress of the idea of a nation drilled like a battalion to follow their Führer's command and to ask no questions about destination:

The German nation is on the way finally to finding its life-style. . . . It is the style of a marching column regardless of where and for what purpose this marching column is employed.⁶⁷

To Adolf Hitler there was something deeply personal about conflict. Exaltation of war was not mere rhetorical bombast and it was not merely a diplomatic ploy; it was a personal necessity. Hitler needed war in a literal sense. He had always needed war. "I did not establish the *Wehrmacht* in order not to strike," he once said. "The decision to strike was always in me [*war immer in mir*]." ⁶⁸

Lebensraum

All his life, Adolf Hitler had been fascinated by space. He loved to shape and control it in colossal domed and long-columned buildings; he wanted to bind it together by superhighways and gigantic canals; he liked to travel through it in his open Mercedes. The vast spaces of Eastern Europe constantly beckoned him.

Since, with Hitler, personal feelings often became public policy, the demand for *Lebensraum* became a guiding principle of Nazi military planning. That Germany's destiny lay in the East and that its pursuit would mean war with Russia was a promise made as early as *Mein Kampf* and repeated in many public and private speeches. So clear and explicit was the promise that it seems best to quote Hitler directly and at some length on this matter:

The demand for the reestablishment of the frontiers of the year 1914 is political nonsense of such a degree and consequence as to look like a crime. . . . The frontiers of the year 1914 signify nothing at all for the future of the German nation. . . . They would lead to an additional bleeding of our national body. . . . As opposed to this we National Socialists must cling unflinchingly to our foreign policy aims, that is, to guarantee the German nation the soil and territory to which it is entitled on this earth.

*We terminate the endless German drive to the South and West of Europe and direct our gaze towards the land of the East. We finally terminate the colonial and trade policy of the pre-war period and proceed to the territorial policy of the future. But if we talk about new soil and territory in Europe today we can think primarily only of Russia and its vassal border states.*⁶⁹

In a dozen public speeches of the 1920s and in his second, "Secret Book" of 1928 he repeated the demands and gave warning of his

The Intellectual World of Adolf H

intent: "When nations are in There is then only one ques: acquire the soil and territory cry of our forefathers has rung

Hitler's long dreams of *Le* fulfilled during the first mont again, as his Table Conversati grandeur of the open spaces" sands of square miles of land. cient to set his frontier at the enough. . . . He envisaged stretching to the Crimea (our Danube—the river of his boyho be connected by an enormoi Rhine, and the Main to the I Sea. The highways and canals with German towns and arou Germans would live grandly i in "handsome, spacious farms to local population, the ridicu live in "pig-pens" without ve might teach them enough to who "talks about cherishing th goes straight off into a conce

The Concept of the Führer

In Nazi party headquarter: One was of Hitler's personal I of himself. Under his picture of the *Führerprinzip* and set fo Reich: "Nothing happens in t respected historian of Nazi Ge no National Socialism without thing else is simply a misunder

The leadership principle detail by Nazi writers. It was faith, not reason. Ultimately rationally, the Nazis often resc Alfred Rosenberg, for exampl ultimate essence of the dynam could be as meaningfully rende ness and the Whole Works." I about the concept, preferring t be: "I never felt myself as a di their Führer." And again: "I ar of either being dictator or mona

WHICH GOD: ADOLF HITLER

The Intellectual World of Adolf Hitler

that he alone was the founder of higher humanity as a whole, thus the prototype of what we understand by the word 'man.'" Hitler's propensity to play variations on this theme was shown in a speech of 2 April 1927 in Munich:

We see before us the Aryan race which is manifestly the bearer of all culture, the true representative of all humanity. All inventions in the field of transportation must be credited to the members of a particular race. Our entire industrial science is without exception the work of the Nordics. All great composers from Beethoven to Richard Wagner are Aryans, even though they were born in Italy or France. Do not say that art is international. The tango, the shimmy and the jazz band are international but they are not art. Man owes everything that is of any importance to the principle of struggle and to one race which has carried itself forward successfully. Take away the Nordic Germans and nothing remains but the dance of apes.⁷⁶

As there was only one heroic, creative people, so there had to be (in Hitler's disjunctive way of looking at things) one completely decadent and destructive race: the Jewish people. It is both symbolically and actually true that his political career began and ended with a warning against the "Jewish Peril," which, he was absolutely convinced, threatened all civilization.

In a letter dated 16 September 1919, called by a German historian "the first piece of writing of Hitler's political career," Hitler stated his goal as "ruthless intervention" against the Jews and their "removal" from Europe.⁷⁷ In this important early statement, Hitler is careful to emphasize that his commitment to anti-Semitism is not based on emotion or sentiment. Rather, it is the result of a cold intellectual decision. Hatred of the Jews is a part of his ideology. He writes, "Anti-Semitism based on purely emotional grounds will always find its ultimate expression in the form of programs [sic]. A rational anti-Semitism, however, must lead to the systematic legal fight. . . . Its ultimate goal however must unalterably be the elimination of the Jews altogether." At the end of his career, when he wrote his political testament to the German people, the last word of the last sentence should be noted: "Above all else I charge the leaders of this nation . . . to a scrupulous maintenance of the racial laws and to the merciless opposition to the universal poisoner of all nations, international Jewry."⁷⁸ A man who is about to die does not dissimulate. Hitler meant what he said about the Jews; he had meant it all along.

The psychological factors which contributed to Hitler's personal anti-Semitism will be discussed later (see Chapter 3, pp. 186-191). Here we must examine the political theory which raised anti-Semitism to state policy and the *raison d'être* of a government. The theory can be

GOD: ADOLF HITLER

son by means of "violence" Hitler's propaganda was—and against the soul." An editorial then it noted with remarkable achieve "complete knowledge" the bearing and the inner

propaganda techniques are methods he sets forth are contempt for the people. He animals or women who will brutality. Propaganda must "error"; it must be radical and fanatics—a favorite word of to the emotions and not to the masses "will lend their addition of the most simple the technique of the Big Lie. A constant principle was given by

contained a certain factor of people... will more easily all one, since they themselves thus such an untruth will not re, just for this reason, some gain and stick.

just endorsed the principle is responsibility for so im- the idea: "Those who know the application of untruth and Jews." 83

command popular support is es, each involving the death per of Hitler's *Jungvolk*, a boy is required to go on a forced the Führer. The story of his is the director of an American He accompanied the family

with an emaciated face. The take his pulse. The boy tore out in a delirious, unnatural

ly they had not made him

The Intellectual World of Adolf Hitler

1935
1942

march," she said hoarsely. "They knew he was not well. But they said he had to march. It took days to get down to the Leuchtenburg by Kahla, in Thuringia, where they were going to promote him to *Jungvolk*. His father is a Storm Trooper. He said the boy had to go. He did not want a weakling for a son. And now—"

From the cot came words—shrill, penetrating. "Let me die for Hitler. I must die for Hitler!" Over and over, pleading, accusing, beseeching, fighting against life, fighting the doctor, fighting to die.

"They told him at the ceremony that he had to die for Hitler," the mother continued. "And he's so young. . . ."

She broke then, sobbing. I looked again at the boy. His pinched face wore the expression of a Christian martyr dying for the Savior. His right hand was straight up now, stiff and unyielding. His lips kept forming the words his burning soul prompted him to utter:

"I must die for Hitler!" *Ich muss vor Hitler sterben!*

Dr. Schroeder bent low and gave his patient another injection. The cries became moans, and subsided.

"His father says if he dies, then he dies for Hitler," the mother said tonelessly.

"Now do you see what I mean?" asked Doktor Schroeder when we were again in the car. "He wants to die. What is this strange ideology that can even pervert instincts?" 84

1935

During the war, a captured and badly wounded German prisoner was told by a French doctor that he was about to get a blood transfusion. The wounded prisoner replied: "I will not have my German blood polluted with French blood. I would rather die." And so he did.

Another mortally wounded young Nazi soldier was approached by a priest who was immediately rebuffed: "The Führer is my faith. I don't want anything from your church. But if you want to be good to me, get my Führer's picture out of my breast pocket." When the priest complied, the boy kissed the picture with the beatific expression usually attributed to saints and martyrs, and murmured, "My Führer, I am happy to die for you." 85

1942

Such, in the main, were Hitler's political ideas: exaltation of the Führer and the degradation of democracy; militarism and war; conquest of *Lebensraum* and the enslavement of other people; anti-Semitism and racism; propaganda and terror to force a nation to do the will of one man.

In a later chapter we shall discuss how it was possible for such a person to attract millions of followers in a cultured country and to establish a society dedicated to such ideas. But first, let us seek further insight into the intellectual world of Adolf Hitler by noting the kinds of minds that attracted him and shaped his thinking.

med together over building Goebbels had made of him an needs and weaknesses,

ave been tiring to him. For starters any touch of idolatry the contrary, the military Even had they not been so of their training. For that and Goering seemed all the round genuine. Hitler him- to be servile. In that atmos-

t his own life pattern. Con- to conceal their worries and and more he avoided con- the rare sentimental talks : early days, such as Goeb- spoke in an impersonal, still made decisions alertly and once in a long while he arguments. But these times made special note of them.

ng young frontline officers the mood of the outside of the headquarters. But Hitler seemed unwilling to ve also realized that these r example, a young tank ng the Terek his unit had had to check the advance his overwrought state of or days afterward. "There 5 centimeter guns! What's creased at once by every ited facilities there was the supply lines were so it up with the tempestuous

advance of the tank troops. Hitler, however, refused to take this factor into account.

On such occasions the young frontline officers would disclose other details into which Hitler immediately read major errors of omission on the part of the General Staff. In reality most of the difficulties arose from the tempo of the advances, which Hitler insisted on. It was impossible for the army staff to discuss this matter with him, since he had no knowledge of the complicated logistics involved in such advances.

At long intervals Hitler still continued to receive officers and enlisted men on whom he was to confer high military decorations. Given his distrust in the competence of his staff, there were often dramatic scenes and peremptory orders after such visits. In order to avert such complications, Keitel and Schmudt did their best to neutralize the visitors beforehand, insofar as they could.

Hitler's evening tea, to which he invited guests even at head-quarters, had in the course of time been shifted to two o'clock in the morning and did not end before three or four o'clock. The time when he went to bed had also been shifted more and more into the early morning, so that I once commented: "If the war goes on much longer we'll at least come around to the normal working hours of an early riser and take Hitler's evening tea as our breakfast."

Hitler unquestionably suffered from insomnia. He spoke of the agony of lying awake if he went to bed earlier. During the tea he would often complain that the day before he had only been able to snatch a few hours of rest in the morning, after many hours of sleeplessness.

Only the intimates were admitted to these teas: his doctors, his secretaries, his military and civilian adjutants, the press chief's deputy, the Foreign Ministry's representative, Ambassador Hewel, sometimes his Viennese diet cook, such visitors as were close to Hitler, and the inevitable Bormann. I too was welcome as a guest anytime. We sat stiffly in Hitler's dining room in uncomfortable armchairs. On these occasions Hitler still loved a *gemütlich* atmosphere, with, if possible, a fire in the fireplace. He passed cake to the secretaries with emphatic gallantry and tried to achieve a tone of friendliness with his guests like an easy-going host. I felt pity for him; there was always something misbegotten about his attempts to radiate warmth in order to receive it.

(Excerpt from the time when we removed our feet from the floor)
* D.T.: This is always the period that we dread the most, and many of our clients are lost

because of the tortures of insomnia inflicted by the D.K. In special cases, we can use our most careful and expensive means to alleviate the insomnia, including pills being out since they only intensify

that Dr. Reich gave, however, Dr. Reich informed me that I was to be his personal physician. I let him know that I was not a doctor, but a writer, and that I was not interested in medicine. I let him know that I was not interested in medicine. I let him know that I was not interested in medicine.

1944
 that Dr. Reich's tortures when they are too close to him.

Since music was banned at headquarters, there remained only conversation, with Hitler himself doing most of the talking. His familiar jokes were appreciated as if they had been heard for the first time; his stories of his harsh youth or the "days of struggle" were listened to as raptly as if they were being told for the first time; but this circle could not whip up much liveliness or contribute to the conversation. It was an unwritten law that events at the front, politics, or criticism of leaders must be avoided. Naturally, Hitler, too, had no need to talk about such matters. Only Bormann had the privilege of making provocative remarks. Sometimes, too, a letter from Eva Braun would send Hitler into a fit, for she was apt to cite cases of blatant stupidity on the part of officials. When, for example, regulations were issued forbidding the people of Munich from going to the mountains for skiing, Hitler became extremely excited and launched into tirades about his everlasting struggle against the idiocy of the bureaucracy. In the end, Bormann would be ordered to look into such cases.

The banality of the subjects indicated that Hitler's threshold of irritability had become extremely low. On the other hand, such trivialities really had a kind of relaxing effect on him, since they led him back to a world in which he could still issue effective orders. For the moment at least he could forget the impotence that had plagued him since his enemies had begun to shape the course of events.

Even though he still played at being master of the situation and his circle did its best to abet him in his illusions, elements of the truth forced themselves upon his consciousness. At such moments, he would go back to his old litany that he had become a politician against his will, that basically he was an architect but that he had been out of luck: The kind of projects that would have suited his talents were not being built. Only when he himself was head of government was the right kind of building possible. He had only one remaining wish, he would say in one of those bursts of self-pity which became more and more frequent these days. "As soon as possible I want to hang the field-gray jacket on its nail again.* When I have ended the war victoriously, my life's task will be fulfilled, and I'll withdraw to the

* Since the beginning of the war he had worn military dress rather than his old party uniform, and he had promised the Reichstag that he would not put it aside until the war was over—just as Isabella of Castile had once sworn not to take off her chemise until the country was liberated from the Moors.

*at night when he tried to sleep he would also imagine what Isabella's maids smelled like, and would

think of Celi and the last drops of all the long-gone carnal power would seep construct his bladder and he would ~~be~~ get up to urinate — a few sad hard-to-achieve fiery drops.

home of my old age, in Linz can worry about these prologues spoken in this vein before more relaxed teatimes at Ob all that was mere coquettish unsentimentality, in a normal note of bitterness.

His abiding interest in the also gradually assumed an edge, Hermann Giessler, the to headquarters more and whereas Hitler scarcely ever berg, or Munich plans, with him. When he considered it would say gloomily, death coming with this mood, when repeatedly turn to the sketches in one of the towers of the after a victorious war, he beside his field marshals in the

During these nocturnal Prussian headquarters, Hitler slightly unbalanced. The hours weighed on those few and a sense of duty could in day of strenuous conference during the monotonous conference.

Before Hitler appeared, it was this evening?"

Someone else would repeat three evenings."

One of the secretaries: "while. It's always the same.

Another: "We really shirk some to shirk and the same

Of course Hitler was so was distinctly wearing thin.

ters, there remained only consist of the talking. His familiar been heard for the first time; days of struggle" were listened for the first time; but this circle contribute to the conversation. the front, politics, or criticism, Hitler, too, had no need to in had the privilege of making a letter from Eva Braun would o cite cases of blatant stupidity ample, regulations were issued m going to the mountains for ted and launched into tirades the idiocy of the bureaucracy. to look into such cases.

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master of the situation and his illusions, elements of the truth usness. At such moments, he had become a politician against tect but that he had been out of ld have suited his talents were f was head of government was e had only one remaining wish, of self-pity which became more on as possible I want to hang * When I have ended the war filled, and I'll withdraw to the

worn military dress rather than his Reichstag that he would not put it la of Castile had once sworn not to s liberated from the Moors.

home of my old age, in Linz, across the Danube. Then my successor can worry about these problems." He had, it is true, sometimes spoken in this vein before the beginning of the war, during those more relaxed teatimes at Obersalzberg. But in those days, I suspect, all that was mere coquettishness. Now, he formulated such thoughts unsentimentally, in a normal conversational tone and with a credible note of bitterness.

His abiding interest in the plans for the city of his retirement years also gradually assumed an escapist character. Toward the end of the war, Hermann Giessler, the chief architect of Linz, was summoned to headquarters more and more frequently to present his designs, whereas Hitler scarcely ever asked for the Hamburg, Berlin, Nuremberg, or Munich plans, which had previously meant so much to him. When he considered the torments he now had to endure, he would say gloomily, death could only mean a release for him. In keeping with this mood, when he studied the Linz plans he would repeatedly turn to the sketches for his tomb, which was to be located in one of the towers of the Linz complex of party buildings. Even after a victorious war, he emphasized, he did not want to be buried beside his field marshals in the Soldiers Hall in Berlin.

During these nocturnal conversations in the Ukrainian or East Prussian headquarters, Hitler often gave the impression of being slightly unbalanced. The leaden heaviness of the early morning hours weighed on those few of us who participated. Only politeness and a sense of duty could induce us to attend the teas. For after the day of strenuous conferences, we could scarcely keep our eyes open during the monotonous conversations.

Before Hitler appeared, someone might ask: "Say, where is Morell this evening?"

Someone else would reply crossly: "He hasn't been here the past three evenings."

One of the secretaries: "He could stand staying up late once in a while. It's always the same. . . . I'd love to sleep too."

Another: "We really should arrange to take turns. It isn't fair for some to shirk and the same people have to be here all the time."

Of course Hitler was still revered by this circle, but his nimbus was distinctly wearing thin.

ml's.

1943 1944

After Hitler had eaten breakfast late in the morning, the daily newspapers and press information sheets were presented to him. The press reports were crucially important in forming his opinions; they also had a great deal to do with his mood. Where specific foreign news items were concerned, he instantly formulated the official German position, usually highly aggressive, which he would then dictate word for word to his press chief, Dr. Dietrich, or to Dietrich's deputy, Lorenz. Hitler would boldly intrude on all areas of government, usually without consulting the ministers in question, such as Goebbels or Ribbentrop, or even bothering to inform them beforehand.

After that, Hewel reported on foreign events, which Hitler took more calmly than he did the press notices. In hindsight it seems to me that he considered the reverberations more important than the realities; that the newspaper accounts interested him more than the events themselves.

Schaub then brought in the reports of last night's air raids, which had been passed on from the Gauleiters to Bormann. Since I often went to look at the production facilities in the damaged cities a day or two later, I can judge that Hitler was correctly informed on the degree of destruction. It would in fact have been unwise of a Gauleiter to minimize the damage, since his prestige could only increase if, in spite of the devastation, he succeeded in restoring normal life and production.

Hitler was obviously shaken by these reports, although less by the casualties among the populace or the bombing of residential areas than by the destruction of valuable buildings, especially theaters. As in his plans for the "reshaping of German cities" before the war, he was primarily interested in public architecture and seemed to give little thought to social distress and human misery. Consequently, he was likely to demand that burned-out theaters be rebuilt immediately. Several times I tried to remind him of other strains upon the construction industry. Apparently the local political authorities were also less than eager to carry out these unpopular orders, and Hitler, in any case sufficiently taken up by the military situation, seldom inquired about the way the work was going. Only in Munich, his second home, and in Berlin did he insist that the opera houses be rebuilt at great expenditure of labor and money.²

Incidentally, Hitler betrayed a remarkable ignorance of the true

situation and the mood of the people with: "Theatrical performance of the people must certainly have other things in mind than the remarks showed to what extent the situation is 'milieu'."

While reading these reports against the British government these air raids. We could form a fleet of bombers ourselves, we had neither the planes nor the pilots. Always returned the same answer, Speer. You'll manage, that our ability to produce raids must have been one of the air battle over Germany. I proposed that the manufacture of fighters be given priority. He was in favor of increased fighter production, but it was too late.

I tried a few times to persuade him to let himself be seen there, but in vain. He had the same idea, but in vain. He had transferred enviously to the propaganda value I could not brush away any suggestion. He had transferred from Stettin Station to the Chancellery in Munich, he now lived in the Chancellery, whereas he formerly lived in the Chancellery. He had visited him several times on such drives. He noted the new areas of rubble.

Morell had advised Hitler to have been very easy to lay out in the woods. But Hitler vetoed his daily airing consisted of long walks in the Restricted Area I.

On these walks Hitler's companions but on his Alsatian dogs for training purposes. After

* D.T. In this, lay one of his most true talents. The psychological reality was worth more in the long run than the real details of the events.

* D.T. Ah, the winning last the blood to be

1943 ~~1944~~ 1943

the morning, the daily presented to him. The ing his opinions; they Where specific foreign formulated the official which he would then etrich, or to Dietrich's n all areas of govern- in question, such as inform them before-

ts, which Hitler took ndsight it seems to me portant than the real- more than the events

ight's air raids, which ormann. Since I often damaged cities a day ectly informed on the een unwise of a Gau- ge could only increase restoring normal life

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other strains upon the litical authorities were lar orders, and Hitler, tary situation, seldom Only in Munich, his the opera houses be

ignorance of the true

situation and the mood of the populace when he answered all objections with: "Theatrical performances are needed precisely because the morale of the people must be maintained." The urban population certainly had other things to worry about. Once more, such remarks showed to what extent Hitler was rooted in a "bourgeois milieu."

While reading these reports, Hitler was in the habit of raging against the British government and the Jews, who were to blame for these air raids. We could force the enemy to stop by building a large fleet of bombers ourselves, he declared. Whenever I objected that we had neither the planes nor explosives for heavy bombing,³ he always returned the same answer: "You've made so many things possible, Speer. You'll manage that too." It seems to me, in retrospect, that our ability to produce more and more in spite of the air raids must have been one of the reasons that Hitler did not really take the air battle over Germany seriously. Consequently, Milch's and my proposals that the manufacture of bombers be radically reduced in favor of increased fighter-plane production was rejected until it was too late.

I tried a few times to persuade Hitler to travel to the bombed cities and let himself be seen there.⁴ Goebbels, too, had tried to put over the same idea, but in vain. He lamented Hitler's obstinacy and referred enviously to the conduct of Churchill: "When I think of the propaganda value I could make of such a visit!" But Hitler regularly brushed away any such suggestion. During his drives from Stettin Station to the Chancellery, or to his apartment in Prinzregentenstrasse in Munich, he now ordered his chauffeur to take the shortest route, whereas he formerly loved long detours. Since I accompanied him several times on such drives, I saw with what absence of emotion he noted the new areas of rubble through which his car would pass.

Morell had advised Hitler to take long walks, and it would indeed have been very easy to lay out a few paths in the adjacent East Prussian woods. But Hitler vetoed any such project. The result was that his daily airing consisted of a small circuit barely a hundred yards long within Restricted Area I.

On these walks Hitler's interest was usually focused not on his companions but on his Alsatian dog Blondi. He used these intervals for training purposes. After a few exercises in fetching, the dog had to

* P.T. Ah, the Jews, the Jews — they were my last resort for encouraging the blood to flow in his stagnant veins

balance on a board about a foot wide and twenty-five feet long, mounted at a height of more than six feet. Hitler knew, of course, that a dog regards the man who feeds him as his master. Before the attendant opened the dog cage, Hitler usually let the excited dog leap up against the wire partitions for a few minutes, barking and whimpering with joy and hunger. Since I stood in special favor, I was sometimes allowed to accompany Hitler to this feeding, whereas all the others had to watch the process at a distance. The dog probably occupied the most important role in Hitler's private life; he meant more to his master than the Fuehrer's closest associates.

Hitler frequently took his meals alone when no guest he liked was at headquarters. In that case only the dog kept him company. As a matter of course, during my two- or three-day stays at headquarters I was asked to dine with the Fuehrer once or twice. People no doubt thought we were discussing important general matters or personal subjects during these meals. But even I found there was no talking with Hitler about broader aspects of the military situation, or even the economic situation. We stuck to trivial subjects or dreary production figures.

Initially, he remained interested in the matters that had absorbed both of us in the past, such as the future shaping of German cities. He also wanted to plan a transcontinental railroad network which would link his future empire together economically. After he decided on the size of the wide-gauge track he wanted for the railroad, he began considering various car types and plunging into detailed calculations on freight tonnages. Such matters occupied him during his sleepless nights.* The Transportation Ministry thought that the drawbacks of two railroad systems more than outweighed the possible advantages, but Hitler had become obsessed with this idea; he decided that it was even more important as a binding force in his empire than the autobahn system.

From month to month Hitler became more taciturn. It may also be that he let himself go with me and made less of an effort at con-

* The idea behind this transcontinental service was that a single train would transport as much as a freighter. Hitler felt that sea travel was never sufficiently safe and was certainly unreliable in wartime. Even where plans for new railroad facilities had already been completed, as in Berlin and Munich, an extra pair of tracks had to be added for Hitler's new railroad system.



D.T. could get into a discussion about dogs at this point

versation than he did with others of 1943 on, a lunch with him spooned up our soup. While I make a few remarks about usually say something acid about the bureau. Finally the conversation turned to food. He was highly pleased with the vegetarian cuisine. If I did ask him to have a taste of it.

He was forever worried about the future of the Third Reich. He imagined me going around spreading "political ruin." After making sure everything was orderly, to put an end to temporary measures. "Incidentally, even if I make fun of meat-eaters, but he had no objection to a Steinhilber, mentioned pityingly that he did not eat meat. a meat broth I could depend on in connection with crayfish he brought his mother whose relations had the crustaceans; for eels, that by using dead cats.

Earlier, during those even more times when he was never even shy about repeating his views now, in these times of retreats, his words had to be regarded as signs of the future. For most of the time a deadly silence reigned. of a man whose life was slowly

During conferences that often lasted for hours, Hitler ordered his dog to lie down. When he did not settle down, Hitler would get up and watch, he crawled closer to the dog. When his maneuvers finally landed with him, upon a sharp command banish the dog. As did any reasonably prudent man of friendship in the dog. That at meals the dog laid his head on the table. He actively studied the pieces of meat on the master's vegetarian dishes. When

* "Copy on in matter of the dog, it is at

(1943) mis.

e and twenty-five feet long, feet. Hitler knew, of course, him as his master. Before he usually let the excited dog leap minutes, barking and whim- in special favor, I was some- this feeding, whereas all the distance. The dog probably Hitler's private life; he meant best associates.

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ice was that a single train would that sea travel was never suffi- ertime. Even where plans for new ed, as in Berlin and Munich, an uler's new railroad system.

versation than he did with other guests. In any case, from the autumn of 1943 on, a lunch with him became an ordeal. In silence, we spooned up our soup. While we waited for the next course we might make a few remarks about the weather, whereupon Hitler would usually say something acid about the incompetence of the weather bureau. Finally the conversation would revert to the quality of the food. He was highly pleased with his diet cook and praised her skill at vegetarian cuisine. If a dish seemed to him especially good, he asked me to have a taste of it.

He was forever worried about gaining weight. "Out of the ques- tion! Imagine me going around with a potbelly. It would mean po- litical ruin." After making such remarks he would frequently call his orderly, to put an end to temptation: "Take this away, please. I like it too much." Incidentally, even here at headquarters he would often make fun of meat-eaters, but he did not attempt to sway me. He even had no objection to a Steinhäger after fatty food—although he com- mented pityingly that he did not need it, with his fare. If there were a meat broth I could depend on his speaking of "corpse tea"; in con- nection with crayfish he brought out his story of a deceased grand- mother whose relations had thrown her body into the brook to lure the crustaceans; for eels, that they were best fattened and caught by using dead cats.

Earlier, during those evenings in the Chancellery, Hitler had never been shy about repeating stories as often as he pleased. But now, in these times of retreats and impending doom, such repetitions had to be regarded as signs that he was in an especially good humor. For most of the time a deadly silence prevailed. I had the impression of a man whose life was slowly ebbing away.

During conferences that often lasted for hours, or during meals, Hitler ordered his dog to lie down in a certain corner. There the animal settled with a protesting growl. If he felt that he was not being watched, he crawled closer to his master's seat and after elaborate maneuvers finally landed with his snout against Hitler's knee, where- upon a sharp command banished him to his corner again. I avoided, as did any reasonably prudent visitor to Hitler, arousing any feelings of friendship in the dog. That was often not so easy, especially when at meals the dog laid his head on my knee and in this position atten- tively studied the pieces of meat, which he evidently preferred to his master's vegetarian dishes. When Hitler noticed such disloyalty, he

* "Can you imagine? It does not matter what they say. Right or wrong, it is all the same to them."

(1943 mis.)

1944

INSIDE THE THIRD REICH 360 L

irritably called the dog back. But still the dog remained the only living creature at headquarters who aroused any flicker of human feeling in Hitler. Only—the dog was mute.

Hitler's deep estrangement from people proceeded slowly, almost imperceptibly. From about the autumn of 1943 on, he used to make one remark which was all too revealing of his unhappy isolation: "Speer, one of these days I'll have only two friends left, Fräulein Braun and my dog." His tone was so misanthropic, and the remark seemed to be wrung from such depths that it would not have done for me to assure him of my own loyalty. That was the one and only prediction of Hitler's that proved to be absolutely right. But that those two remained true to him was certainly no credit to Hitler, but rather to the staunchness of his mistress and the dependency of his dog.

Later, in my many years of imprisonment, I discovered what it meant to live under great psychological pressure. Only then did I realize that Hitler's life had borne a great resemblance to that of a prisoner. His bunker, although it did not yet have the tomblike proportions it was to assume in July 1944, had the thick walls and ceilings of a prison. Iron doors and iron shutters guarded the few openings, and even his meager walks within the barbed wire brought him no more fresh air and contact with nature than a prisoner's endless tramp around the prison yard.

Hitler's hour came when the main situation conference began after lunch, around two o'clock. Outwardly, the scene had not changed since the spring of 1942. Almost the same generals and adjutants gathered around the big map table. Only now all the participants seemed to have been aged and worn by the events of the past year and a half. Indifferent and rather resigned, they received his watchwords and commands.

Positive aspects were played up. From the testimony of prisoners and special reports from the Russian front, it might appear that the enemy would soon be exhausted. The Russian casualties seemed to be much higher than ours because of their offensives—higher even in proportion to the relative sizes of our populations. Reports of insignificant successes loomed larger and larger in the course of these discussions, until they had become for Hitler incontrovertible evidence that Germany would after all be able to delay the Soviet on-

361 Hitler in the

slaught until the Russians had believed that Hitler would

To forecast what we might prepared a report to Hitler. real job as chief of the Arme had more and more taken on arguments based on calculation was still speaking scornfully of which had rated the Soviet was irate over this memorandum had forbidden Thomas and studies of this type. When at board, in an earnest effort to its decisions, worked out a capacities, we received a retransmit such documents to the

Thus, Jodl knew that there from delivering his report. He colonel named Christian to go of the situation conferences. advantage of being married to who belonged to the nightly the enemy's possible long-run quences would be for us. But tian's showing a completely large maps of Europe, I no attempt. In any case, it failed

Without much fuss, and with concerned, Hitler continued in disregard of any technical situation and logistical calculation group which would examine of their effectiveness and possible headquarters staffs were more functions of modern warfare; activate them. To be sure, I partial aspects of situations; but be born solely in his head, Hitler associates had, therefore, men

Xerox p 361 + 362

* Air jealousy of human beings

Winkler 41-42

July 26, 1944

mis.

minor aspects of it were learned from the eastern ally repressed. Decisions

under the tremendous was more welcome than eed of a decision and for failure. Only rarely staff applying for front- conflicts of conscience To this day the whole of a great deal of criti- put across our reserva- them. In the stupefying oved by what Hitler's were fighting and dying. es in emergencies that d off a retreat proposed

o to the front regularly. o moreover decided on o so. If he were too ill, ; if he were fearful for lief of the army.

hown him and his staff much blood. But Hitler ad the army from their inter and its road con- had to live in holes in quipped, exhausted and been shattered. At the up to full strength, and e pushed about on the n previous fighting and r, Hitler frequently set Since he invariably orments came under fire ower to bear. The result

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was that the men were led piecemeal up to the enemy and slowly annihilated.

The communications apparatus at headquarters was remarkable for that period. It was possible to communicate directly with all the important theaters of war. But Hitler overestimated the merits of the telephone, radio, and teletype. For thanks to this apparatus the responsible army commanders were robbed of every chance for independent action, in contrast to earlier wars. Hitler was constantly intervening on their sectors of the front. Because of this communications apparatus individual divisions in all the theaters of war could be directed from Hitler's table in the situation room. The more fearful the situation, the greater was the gulf modern technology created between reality and the fantasies with which the man at this table operated.

Military leadership is primarily a matter of intelligence, tenacity, and iron nerves. Hitler thought he had all these qualities in far greater measure than his generals. Again and again he predicted, although only after the disaster of the winter of 1941-42, that even the worst situations could be overcome and, indeed, that only in such situations would he prove how firmly he stood and how sound his nerves were.*

Such remarks were scarcely complimentary toward the officers present; but Hitler was often capable of turning to the General Staff officers of his entourage and insulting them directly. He would tell them that they were not steadfast, that they were always wanting to retreat, that they were prepared to give up ground without any reason. These cowards on the General Staff would never have dared to start a war, he would say; they had always advised against it, always maintained that our forces were far too weak. But who had been proved right, if not himself! He would run down the usual list of earlier military successes and review the negative attitudes of the General Staff before these operations began—which produced a ghostly impression, given the situation that had meanwhile arisen. In going over the past

6 days after the assassination attempt
* On July 26, 1944, Hitler boasted to the heads of industry: "All I know is that unprecedentedly strong nerves and unprecedented resolution are necessary if a leader is to survive in times such as these and make decisions which concern our very existence. . . . Any other man in my place would have been unable to do what I have done; his nerves would not have been strong enough."

Xerox P 364 + (3rd if necessary)

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s who had been, I knew,

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er, my department head, of
d political enemies, and that

1944? mis.

cloakroom again, took his hat and gloves, and prepared to accom-
pany me to the door. This seemed to me a little too much officiality,
and in the informal tone of his intimate circle I said that I had made
an appointment upstairs with Below, his air force adjutant. That eve-
ning I sat in the group at the fireplace as in the past, with him, Eva
Braun, and his court. The conversation trickled along dully; Bormann
proposed that records be played. A Wagner aria was put on, and soon
afterward *Die Fledermaus*.

After the ups and downs, the tensions and agonies of the recent
past, I felt cheerful that evening. All the woes and causes of conflicts
seemed cleared away. The uncertainty of the past weeks had deeply
depressed me. I could not work without friendliness and apprecia-
tion. I felt I had come out victorious in a power struggle with Goering,
Himmler, and Bormann. They were no doubt grinding their teeth
now, for they must surely have thought they had finished me off. Per-
haps—I was already speculating—Hitler had just realized what sort of
game was being played and recognized who had misled him and whom
he could really trust.

When I analyzed the complex of motives which so surprisingly led
me back to this intimate circle, I realized that the desire to retain the
position of power I had achieved was unquestionably a major factor.
Even though I was only shining in the reflected light of Hitler's power
—and I don't think I ever deceived myself on that score—I still found
it worth striving for. I wanted, as part of his following, to gather some
of his popularity, his glory, his greatness, around myself. Up to 1942,
I still felt that my vocation as an architect allowed me a measure of
pride that was independent of Hitler. But since then I had been bribed
and intoxicated by the desire to wield pure power, to assign people
to this and that, to say the final word on important questions, to deal
with expenditures in the billions. I thought I was prepared to resign,
but I would have sorely missed the heady stimulus that comes with
leadership. The deep misgivings I had been having lately were, more-
over, put to rout by the appeal from the industrialists, as well as by
Hitler's magnetic power, which he could still radiate with virtually un-
diminished force. To be sure, our relationship had developed a crack;
my loyalty had become shaky, and I sensed that it would never again
be what it had been. But for the present I was back in Hitler's circle—
and content.

1944 mis.

Two days later I went to see Hitler again, accompanied by Dorsch, to present him as the newly appointed head of my construction sector. Hitler treated this occasion as I had expected: "I leave it entirely to you, my dear Speer, what arrangements you wish to make in your Ministry. Whom you assign is your affair. Of course I agree about Dorsch, but the responsibility for construction remains entirely yours."¹²

It looked like victory; but I had learned that victories did not count for much. Tomorrow the whole picture might be changed.

I informed Goering of the new situation with deliberate coolness. I had actually gone over his head when I decided to appoint Dorsch my representative in construction matters within the Four-Year Plan because, as I wrote with a note of sarcasm, "I assumed you would unquestionably be fully in accord." Goering replied curtly and rather angrily: "Very much in accord with everything. Have already placed entire construction apparatus of the air force under Dorsch."¹³

Himmler showed no reaction; in such cases he could be as slippery as a fish. In the case of Bormann, however, the wind began visibly turning in my favor for the first time in two years. For he instantly realized that I had carried off a considerable coup and that all the deep-dyed plots of the past several months had failed. He was neither man enough nor powerful enough to cultivate his grudge against me in the face of such a reversal. Visibly pained by my conspicuous manner of ignoring him, he assured me at the first opportunity—on one of the group walks to the teahouse—with excessive cordiality that he had not had any part in the grand intrigue against me. Perhaps it was true, although I found it hard to believe him; and at any rate in so saying he was admitting that there had been a grand intrigue.

Soon afterward he invited Lammers and me to his home at Obersalzberg. I was at once struck by its lack of any personal character. Abruptly and rather importunately, he insisted on our drinking, and after midnight he offered to exchange the familiar *Du* of intimacy with Lammers and me. The very next day, however, I pretended that this attempt at rapprochement had never happened, while Lammers made a point of using the familiar form of address. That did not keep Bormann from ruthlessly driving Lammers into a corner shortly afterward, while he accepted my snub without any reaction, or rather with increasing cordiality—at any rate as long as Hitler was obviously well disposed toward me.

In the middle of May 1944, Gauleiter Kaufmann had half a year the resentment yet subsided. Almost all the time Gauleiter Kaufmann was encouraging this danger that threatened me from within.

I thought this hint important. It was a course of my next conversation with Gauleiter Kaufmann. I made a distinction upon me by a little to his wood-paneled study (which he generally held only extra hours). In his private tone, almost always avoid doing anything that I should never underestimate the complicated things for me in the coming, he said; many were rough, but loyal. I had to take suggested that he was not quite the attitude toward me. "I cannot matter is settled as far as I am concerned. Bormann's offensive had also been a failure."

Hitler, too, had probably been informed of his intention to confer the decoration. For the Reichsführer-Speer, he added almost apologetically, I would wait until after the valuable decoration for art and architecture. Nevertheless, Hitler asked how I would react to this suggestion.

What was really bothering me was to show Hitler an article from the *Frankfurter Allgemeine* (April 9, 1944) in which I had written:

* The decoration in question was supposed to form a confraternity, but was not given the decoration, humorously. The decoration for the National Prize. It was thickly worn by the wearer had to have a pendant

mis.

1944

not "stand a loss of half a million workers a year. . . all the more so because a majority of them were skilled workers trained with considerable effort." I said that they simply had to be "returned to their original occupations as quickly as possible." Hitler told me to discuss the problem with Himmler; he would then make a decision in my favor.¹⁹ But in defiance of the facts Himmler denied both to me and to Hitler that any such practices were being pursued.

The prisoners themselves, as I sometimes had a chance to observe, also feared Himmler's growing economic ambitions. I recall a tour through the Linz steelworks in the summer of 1944 where prisoners were moving about freely among the other workers. They stood at the machines in the lofty workshops, served as helpers to trained workers, and talked unconstrainedly with the free workers. It was not the SS but army soldiers who were guarding them. When we came upon a group of twenty Russians, I had the interpreter ask them whether they were satisfied with their treatment. They made gestures of passionate assent. Their appearance confirmed what they said. In contrast to the people in the caves of the Central Works, who were obviously wasting away, these prisoners were well fed. And when I asked them, just to make conversation, whether they would prefer to return to the regular camp, they gave a start of fright. Their faces expressed purest horror.

But I asked no further questions. Why should I have done so; their expressions told me everything. If I were to try today to probe the feelings that stirred me then, if across the span of a lifetime I attempt to analyze what I really felt—pity, irritation, embarrassment, or indignation—it seems to me that the desperate race with time, my obsessional fixation on production and output statistics, blurred all considerations and feelings of humanity. An American historian has said of me that I loved machines more than people.²⁰ He is not wrong. I realize that the sight of suffering people influenced only my emotions, but not my conduct. On the plane of feelings only sentimentality emerged; in the realm of decisions, on the other hand, I continued to be ruled by the principles of utility. In the Nuremberg Trial the indictment against me was based on the use of prisoners in the armaments factories.

By the court's standard of judgment, which was purely numerical, my guilt would have been greater had I prevailed over Himmler and raised the number of prisoners in our labor force, thus increas-

ing the chances of more people feel better today if in this sense on my mind nowadays has Linz nor the figures on live either case I was moving with is that I failed to read the faces of those prisoners obsessively trying to prolong not see any moral ground or taken my stand. And sometimes really was, this young man who walked through the woods scended into the caverns of the

One day, some time in the late the Gauleiter of Lower Silesia had told me a great deal about had spoken of the dead and was talking about these things had and directness. This time, sitting my office, he seemed confused breaks. He advised me never to enter a concentration camp in Upper Silesia. He had seen something there and moreover could not describe

I did not query him, I did not Hitler, I did not speak with people for I did not want to know what have been speaking of Auschwitz. Hanke was warning me, the whole again. Those seconds were up to the international court at the member of the leadership of the responsibility for all that had happened was inescapably contaminated something which might have not closed my eyes. This deliberate may have done or tried to do activities shrink to nothing in time, I still feel, to this day, in my personal sense.

noted page

The Memoir
of Adolf
Hitler

mis.

M Hitler—Psychological Analysis and Reconstruction

... things end badly indeed when the man from the very start goes his own way and the wife, for the sake of the children, stands up against him. Quarreling and nagging set in, and in the same measure in which the husband becomes estranged from his wife, he becomes familiar with alcohol. . . . When he finally comes home . . . drunk and brutal, but always without a last cent or penny, then God have mercy on the scenes which follow. I witnessed all of this personally in hundreds of scenes and at the beginning with both disgust and indignation.³

When we remember the few friends that Hitler has made in the course of his life, and not a single intimate friend, one wonders where he had the opportunity of observing these scenes personally, hundreds of times, if it was not in his own home. And then he continues:

The other things the little fellow hears at home do not tend to further his respect for his surroundings. Not a single good shred is left for humanity, not a single institution is left unattacked; starting with the teacher, up to the head of the State, be it religion, or morality as such, be it the State or society, no matter which, everything is pulled down in the nastiest manner into the filth of a depraved mentality.⁴

All of this agrees with information obtained from other sources whose veracity might otherwise be open to question. With this as corroborating evidence, however, it seems safe to assume that the above passages are a fairly accurate picture of the Hitler household, and we may surmise that these scenes did arouse disgust and indignation in him at a very early age.

These feelings were aggravated by the fact that when his father was sober he tried to create an entirely different impression. At such times he stood very much on his dignity and prided himself on his position in the civil service. Even after he had retired from this service he always insisted on wearing his uniform when he appeared in public. He was scrupulous about

1896

except for
the Hapsburgs
and the
Jews.

* eating out Celi Raubel
became a magical act

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THE MIND OF ADOLF HITLER M

his appearance and strode down the village street in his most dignified manner. When he spoke to his neighbors or acquaintances he did so in a very condescending manner and always demanded that they use his full title when they addressed him. If one of them happened to omit a part of it, he would call attention to their omission. He carried this to the point where, so informants tell us, he became a source of amusement to the other villagers and their children. At home he demanded that the children address him as Herr Vater, instead of using one of the intimate abbreviations or nicknames that children commonly do.

Father's Influence on Hitler's Character

We know from our study of many cases that the character of the father is one of the major factors determining the character of the child, particularly that of a boy. In cases in which the father is a fairly well-integrated individual and presents a consistent pattern of behavior that the small boy can respect, he becomes a model that the child strives to emulate. The image the child has of his father becomes the cornerstone of his later character structure, and with its help he is able to integrate his own behavior along socially accepted lines. The importance of this first step in character development can scarcely be overestimated. It is almost a prerequisite for a stable, secure, and well-integrated personality in later life.

In Hitler's case, as in almost all other psychopaths of his type, this step was not feasible. Instead of presenting an image of a consistent, harmonious, socially adjusted, and admirable individual that the child could use as a guide and model, the father showed himself to be a mass of contradictions. At times he played the role of "a faithful civil servant," who respected his

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THE MIND OF ADOLF HITLER M

has always laid great stress on addressing these persons by their full titles. Shades of his father's training during early childhood!

It may be of interest to note at this time that of all the titles that Hitler might have chosen for himself he is content with the simple one of "Fuehrer." To him this title is the greatest of them all. He has spent his life searching for a person worthy of the role but was unable to find one until he discovered himself. His goal now is to fulfill this role to millions of other people in a way in which he had hoped some person might do for him. The fact that the German people have submitted so readily to his leadership would indicate that a great many Germans were in a similar state of mind as Hitler himself and were not only willing, but anxious, to submit to anybody who could prove to them that he was competent to fill the role. There is some sociological evidence that this is probably so and that its origins lie in the structure of the German family and the dual role played by the father within the home as contrasted with the outside world. The duality, on the average is, of course, not nearly as marked as we have shown it to be in Hitler's case, but it may be this very fact that qualified him to identify the need and express it in terms that the others could understand and accept.

There is evidence that the only person in the world at the present time who might challenge Hitler in the role of leader is Roosevelt. Informants are agreed that he fears neither Churchill nor Stalin. He feels that they are sufficiently like himself so that he can understand their psychology and defeat them at the game. Roosevelt, however, seems to be an enigma to him. How a man can lead a nation of 130,000,000 people and keep them in line without a great deal of name-calling, shouting, abusing, and threatening is a mystery to him. He is unable to understand how a man can be the leader of a large group and still act like a gentleman. The result is that he secretly admires Roosevelt to

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M Hitler—Psychological Analysis and Reconstruction

a considerable degree, regardless of what he publicly says about him. Underneath he probably fears him inasmuch as he is unable to predict his actions.

1944 His delight, then
at Roosevelt's death
Hitler's Mother and Her Influence *ah, the hope of god*

Hitler's father, however, was only a part of his early environment. There was also his mother who, from all reports, was a very decent type of woman. Hitler has written very little and said nothing about her publicly. Informants tell us, however, that she was an extremely conscientious and hard-working individual whose life centered around her home and children. She was an exemplary housekeeper, and there was never a spot or speck of dust to be found in the house—everything was very neat and orderly. She was a very devout Catholic, and the trials and tribulations that fell upon her home she accepted with Christian resignation. Even her last illness, which extended over many months and caused her great pain, she endured without a single complaint. We may assume that she had to put up with much from her irascible husband, and it may be that at times she did have to stand up against him for the welfare of her children. But all of this she probably accepted in the same spirit of abnegation. To her own children she was always extremely affectionate and generous although there is some reason to suppose that she was mean at times to her two stepchildren.

In any event every scrap of evidence indicates that there was an extremely strong attachment between herself and Adolf. As previously pointed out, this was due in part to the fact that she had lost two, or possibly three, children before Adolf was born. Since he, too, was frail as a child it is natural that a woman of her type would do everything within her power to guard against another recurrence of her earlier tragedies. The result was that

167

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variety of people
which is shown
as a class of people.

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but a good Christian, they are
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THE MIND OF ADOLF HITLER M

she catered to his whims, even to the point of spoiling him, and that she was overprotective in her attitude toward him. We may assume that during the first five years of Adolf's life, he was the apple of his mother's eye and that she lavished affection on him. In view of her husband's conduct and the fact that he was twenty-three years her senior and far from having a loving disposition, we may suppose that much of the affection that normally would have gone to him also found its way to Adolf.

The result was a strong libidinal attachment between mother and son. It is almost certain that Adolf had temper tantrums during this time but that these were not of a serious nature. Their immediate purpose was to get his own way with his mother, and he undoubtedly succeeded in achieving this end. They were a technique by which he could dominate her whenever he wished, either out of fear that she would lose his love or out of fear that if he continued he might become like his father. There is reason to suppose that she frequently condoned behavior of which the father would have disapproved and may have become a partner in forbidden activities during the father's absence. Life with his mother during these early years must have been a veritable Paradise for Adolf except for the fact that his father would intrude and disrupt the happy relationship. Even when his father did not make a scene or lift his whip, he would demand attention from his wife, which prevented her participation in pleasurable activities. It was natural, under these circumstances, that Adolf should resent this intrusion into his Paradise, and this undoubtedly aggravated the feelings of uncertainty and fear that his father's conduct aroused in him.

As he became older and the libidinal attachment to his mother became stronger, both the resentment and fear undoubtedly increased. Infantile sexual feelings were probably quite prominent in this relationship as well as fantasies of a childish nature.

168

When he sees that he cannot get his way with his mother, he resorts to ~~force~~ ^{penetration} for what he craves (fellatio). &c

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M Hitler—Psychological Analysis and Reconstruction

This is the Oedipus complex mentioned by psychologists and psychiatrists who have written about Hitler's personality. The great amount of affection lavished upon him by his mother and the undesirable character of his father served to develop this complex to an extraordinary degree. The more he hated his father the more dependent he became upon the affection and love of his mother, and the more he loved his mother the more afraid he became of his father's vengeance should his secret be discovered. Under these circumstances little boys frequently fantasize about ways and means of ridding the environment of the intruder. There is reason to suppose that this also happened in Hitler's early life.

Influences Determining His Attitude toward Love, Women, Marriage

Two other factors entered into the situation and served to accentuate the conflict still further. One of these was the birth of a baby brother when he was five years of age. This introduced a new rival onto the scene and undoubtedly deprived him of some of his mother's affection and attention, particularly since the new child was also sickly. We may suppose that the newcomer in the family also became the victim of Adolf's animosity and that he fantasized about getting rid of him as he had also contemplated getting rid of his father. There is nothing abnormal in this except the intensity of the emotions involved.

The other factor that served to intensify these feelings was the fact that as a child he must have discovered his parents during intercourse. An examination of the data makes this conclusion almost inescapable, and from our knowledge of his father's character and past history it is not at all improbable. It would seem that his feelings on this occasion were very mixed.

Comes back to lay him low when he tries to make love to a woman

1903
when his father died, he felt that his career had been the determining element. Since he also wraps in the pain of having lost his last opportunity to come close to his father, the knocking is two-fold & one half is fear of the possibility of his career.

in 1921.

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1909

M THE MIND OF ADOLF HITLER

On the one hand, he was indignant at his father for what he considered to be a brutal assault upon his mother. On the other hand, he was indignant with his mother because she submitted so willingly to the father, and he was indignant with himself because he was powerless to intervene. Later, as we shall see, there was a symbolic reliving of this experience that played an important part in shaping his future destinies.

Being a spectator to this early scene had many repercussions. One of the most important of these was the fact that he felt that his mother had betrayed him in submitting to his father, a feeling that became accentuated still further when his baby brother was born. He lost much of his respect for the female sex, and while in Vienna, Hanisch reports, he frequently spoke at length on the topic of love and marriage and "he had very austere ideas about relations between men and women." Even at that time he maintained that if men only wanted to they could adopt a strictly moral way of living. "He often said it was the woman's fault if a man went astray," and "He used to lecture us about this, saying every woman can be had." In other words, he regarded women as seductresses responsible for men's downfall, and he condemned them for their disloyalty. These attitudes are probably the outcome of his early experiences with his mother who first seduced him into a love relationship and then betrayed him by giving herself to his father. Nevertheless, he still continued to believe in an idealistic form of love and marriage that would be possible if a loyal woman could be found. As we know, Hitler never gave himself into the hands of a woman again with the possible exception of his niece, Geli Raubal; this also ended in disaster. Outside of that single exception he has lived a loveless life. His distrust of both men and women is so deep that in all his history there is no record of a really intimate and lasting friendship.

The outcome of these early experiences was probably a feel-

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M THE MIND OF ADOLF HITLER

young and vigorous and held promise of a great future under suitable circumstances. Furthermore, he felt shut off from Germany as he now felt shut off from his mother, even though he secretly wished to be with her. Germany became a symbol of his ideal mother, and his sentiments are clearly expressed in his writings and speeches. A few excerpts will serve to illustrate the transfer of emotion:

The longing grew stronger to go there (Germany) where since my early youth I had been drawn by secret wishes and secret love.

What I first had looked upon as an impassable chasm now spurred me on to greater love for my country than ever before.

An unnatural separation from the great common Motherland.

I appeal to those who, severed from the Motherland, . . . and who now in painful emotion long for the hour that will allow them to return to the arms of the beloved mother.

It is significant that although Germans, as a whole, invariably refer to Germany as the "Fatherland," Hitler almost always refers to it as the "Motherland."

Just as Germany was ideally suited to symbolize his mother, so Austria was ideally suited to symbolize his father. Like his father Austria was old, exhausted, and decaying from within. He therefore transferred all his unconscious hatred from his father to the Austrian state. He could now give vent to all his pent-up emotions without exposing himself to the dangers he believed he would have encountered had he expressed these same feelings toward the persons really involved. In *Mein Kampf* he frequently refers to the Austrian state in terms such as these:

. . . an intense love for my native German-Austrian country and a bitter hatred against the Austrian state.

With proud admiration I compared the rise of the Reich with the decline of the Austrian state.

172

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one is not ready
to die for Christ or for one's fellow man,
one can at least love one's country.
Our property would all come to
nothingless if not
for Patriotism.

"Our closest ideological
friends," Ortner is fond
of reminding us.

See p. 173.
It's a continuation

1908

mis.

M Hitler—Psychological Analysis and Reconstruction

The alliance between Austria and Germany served to symbolize the marriage of his mother and father. Over and over again we find references to this alliance, and we can see clearly how deeply he resented the marriage of his parents because he felt that his father was a detriment to his mother, and only through the death of the former could the latter obtain her freedom and find her salvation. A few quotations will illustrate his sentiments:

And who could keep faith with an imperial dynasty which betrayed the cause of the German people for its own ignominious ends, a betrayal that occurred again and again.

What grieved us most was the fact that the whole system was morally protected by the alliance with Germany, and thus Germany herself . . . walked by the side of the corpse.

It suffices to state here that from my earliest youth I came to a conviction which never deserted me, but on the contrary grew stronger and stronger: that the protection of the German race presumed the destruction of Austria . . . that above all else, the Royal House of Hapsburg was destined to bring misfortune upon the German nation.

Since my heart had never beaten for an Austrian monarchy but only for a German Reich, I could only look upon the hour of the ruin of this state as the beginning of the salvation of the German nation.

When we have grasped the significance of this transference of affect we have made a long step in the direction of understanding Hitler's actions. Unconsciously, he is not dealing with nations composed of millions of individuals but is trying to solve his personal conflicts and rectify the injustices of his childhood. Unable to enter into a "give-and-take" relationship with other human beings that might afford him an opportunity of resolving his conflicts in a realistic manner, he projects his personal problems on great nations and then tries to solve them on this

—R.T. He had
deserted
Patriotism
(P172) for
Super-Patriotism,
Mega-Patriotism,
a patriotism
larger than any
Church, society
or any other
unifying idea. The
O.A. was a dogmatism
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1918

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unrealistic level. His microcosm has been inflated into a macrocosm.

We can now understand why Hitler fell on his knees and thanked God when the last war broke out. To him it did not mean simply a war, as such, but an opportunity of fighting for his symbolic mother, of proving his manhood and of being accepted by her. It was inevitable that he would seek enlistment in the German Army rather than in the Austrian Army, and it was also inevitable, under these circumstances, that he would be a good and obedient soldier. Unconsciously, it was as though he were a little boy who was playing the part of a man while his mother stood by and watched him. Her future welfare was his great concern, and in order to prove his love he was willing, if need be, to sacrifice his own life for her. His relationship to Germany was, in effect, the sexless, idealistic marriage he longed for.

The Effects of Germany's Defeat

Everything went smoothly as long as he felt sure that all would turn out well in the end. He never complained about the hardships that were imposed on him and he never grumbled with the other men. He was happy in what he was doing and met the trials and tribulations of army life with his chin up until he discovered that things were going badly and that his symbolic mother was about to be degraded as he had imagined his real mother had been degraded in his childhood. To him it was as if his mother was again the victim of a sexual assault. This time it was the November Criminals and the Jews who were guilty of the foul deed, and he promptly transferred his repressed hate to these new perpetrators.

When he became fully aware of Germany's defeat he re-

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The Jewish ←
dilemmas could
finally be
resolved as he
went through the
names of the new government.

Xerox p174

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"... by what wiles the soul of the German nation has been raped," and "... our German pacifists will pass over in silence the most bloody rape of the nation."

The Origins of His Belief in His Mission and His Longing for Immortality

It was while he was in the hospital suffering from hysterical blindness and mutism that he had the vision that he would liberate the Germans from their bondage and make Germany great. It was this vision that set him on his present political career and that has had such a determining influence on the course of world events. More than anything else it was this vision that convinced him that he was chosen by Providence and that he had a great mission to perform. This is probably the most outstanding characteristic of Hitler's mature personality, and it is this that guides him with the "precision of a sleepwalker."

From an analysis of many other cases we know that such convictions never result from an adult experience alone. In order to carry conviction they must reawaken earlier beliefs that have their roots far back in childhood. It is, of course, nothing unusual for a child to believe that he is some special creation and is destined to do great things before he dies. One can almost say that every child passes through such a period on his way to growing up. In many people remnants of such early beliefs are observable inasmuch as they feel or believe that Fate, Luck, Providence, or some other extranatural power has chosen them for special favors. In most of these cases, however, the adult individual only half believes that this is really so even when a whole series of favorable events may make the hypothesis plausible. Only rarely do we find a firm conviction of this kind in adulthood and then only when there were extenuating circum-

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Children early in life have dawned thought of they usually what it me: In Hitler's the mother pondered t dered why conclusion some way purpose. T been reinforce he v two stepchi

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It was, perhaps, the most beautiful vision I ever created for a client. If he was a Mega-believer, so, at Ostruz indication, I put together this Mega-Vision, and he would live on it for years to come and keep it beside him like a Presence during the worst of the year to come. When he became Chancellor, at last in 1934, the Mega-Vision increased in intensity by an order of magnitude. It was not the fact - which was that he was now the leader, he would have been, by a clinical measure, insane.

him like a Presence during the worst of the year to come. When he became Chancellor, at last in 1934, the Mega-Vision increased in intensity by an order of magnitude. It was not the fact - which was that he was now the leader, he would have been, by a clinical measure, insane.

1929, 1892

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when he said: "We shall not capitulate—no, never. We may be destroyed, but if we are, we shall drag a world with us—a world in flames." With him, as with many others of his type, it may well be a case of immortality of any kind at any price.

Sexual Development

Closely interwoven with several of the themes that have already been elaborated is the development of his sexual life. From what we know about his mother's excessive cleanliness and tidiness we may assume that she employed rather stringent measures during the toilet training period of her children. This usually results in a residual tension in this area and is regarded by the child as a severe frustration that arouses feelings of hostility. This facilitates an alliance with his infantile aggression that finds an avenue for expression through anal activities and fantasies. These usually center around soiling, humiliation, and destruction, and form the basis of a sadistic character.

Here, again, we may assume that the experience was more intense in Hitler's case than in the average due to the strong attachment and spoiling of his mother in early infancy. Unaccustomed to minor frustrations that most children must learn to endure prior to the toilet training, he was poorly equipped to deal with this experience that plays an important role in the life of all infants. Even now, as an adult, Hitler is unable to cope with frustrating experiences on a mature level. That a residual tension from this period still exists in Hitler is evidenced by the frequency of imagery in his speaking and writing that deals with dung and dirt and smell. A few illustrations may help to clarify his unconscious preoccupation with these subjects:

You don't understand: we are just passing a magnet over a dung-hill, and we shall see presently how much iron was in the dunghill and

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Perhaps that was why he felt so good when his ass-hole was scrubbed and wiped

also 1929-31 (Goli)

1992-19
How his
ass hole
was
scrubbed,
He knew
it was the
most
detestable
part of his
body, and
yet it was
the center of
his mother's
love for him
since she
descended
each day
into the hell of
hell in
order to punish
him?

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THE MIND OF ADOLF HITLER M

1924

has clung to the magnet. (By "dunghill" Hitler meant the German people.)

And when he (the Jew) turns the treasures over in his hand they are transformed into dirt and dung.

. . . One's hands seize slimy jelly; it slips through one's fingers only to collect again in the next moment.

Charity is sometimes actually comparable to the manure which is spread on the field, not out of love for the latter, but out of precaution for one's own benefit later on.

. . . dragged into the dirt and filth of the lowest depths.

Later the smell of these caftan wearers made me ill. Added to this were their dirty clothes and their none too heroic appearance.

The rottenness of artificially nurtured conditions of peace has more than once stunk to high heaven.

His libidinal development however, was not arrested at this point, but progressed to the genital level at which the Oedipus complex, already referred to, developed. This complex, as we have seen, was aggravated by his mother's pregnancy at precisely the age when the complex normally reaches its greatest intensity. In addition to accentuating his hatred for his father and estranging him from his mother, we can assume that this event at this particular time served to generate an abnormal curiosity in him. He, like all children at this age, must have wondered how the unborn child got into the mother's stomach and how it was going to get out.

These three reactions have all played an important part in Hitler's psychosexual development. It would seem from the evidence that his aggressive fantasies toward the father reached such a point that he became afraid of the possibility of retaliation if his secret desires were discovered. The retaliation he probably feared was that his father would castrate him or injure his genital capacity in some way—a fear that is later expressed

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in substitute form in his syphilophobia. Throughout *Mein Kampf* he comes back to the topic of syphilis again and again and spends almost an entire chapter describing its horrors. In almost all cases we find that a fear of this sort is rooted in a fear of genital injury during childhood. In many cases this fear was so overpowering that the child abandoned his genital sexuality entirely and regressed to earlier stages of libidinal development. In order to maintain these repressions later in life he uses the horrors of syphilis as a justification for his unconscious fear that genital sexuality is dangerous for him, and also as a rationalization for his avoidance of situations in which his earlier desires might be aroused.

In abandoning the genital level of libidinal development the individual becomes impotent as far as heterosexual relations are concerned. It would appear, from the evidence, that some such process took place during Hitler's early childhood. Throughout his early adult life, in Vienna, in the Army, in Munich, in Landsberg, no informant has reported a heterosexual relationship. In fact, the informants of all these periods make a point of the fact that he had absolutely no interest in women or any contact with them. Since he has come to power his peculiar relationship to women has been so noticeable that many writers believe that he is completely asexual. Some have surmised that he suffered a genital injury during the last war, others that he is homosexual. The former hypothesis, for which there is not a shred of real evidence, is almost certainly false. The second hypothesis we will examine later on.

The Diffusion of the Sexual Instinct

When a regression of this kind takes place the sexual instinct usually becomes diffuse, and many organs that have yielded some sexual stimulation in the past become permanently invested

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THE MIND OF ADOLF HITLER M

with sexual significance. The eyes, for example, may become a substitute sexual organ and seeing then takes on a sexual significance. This seems to have happened in Hitler's case for a number of informants have commented on his delight in witnessing striptease and nude dancing numbers on the stage. On such occasions he can never see enough to satisfy him even though he uses opera glasses in order to observe more closely. Striptease artists are frequently invited to the Brown House, in Munich to perform in private, and there is evidence that he often invites girls to Berchtesgaden for the purpose of exhibiting their bodies. On his walls are numerous pictures of obscene nudes that conceal nothing and he takes particular delight in looking through a collection of pornographic pictures that Hoffmann has made for him. We also know the extreme pleasure he derives from huge pageants, circus performances, opera, and particularly the movies of which he can never get enough. He has told informants that he gave up flying not only because of the danger involved but because he could not see enough of the country. For this reason automobile travel is his favorite form of transportation. From all of this it is evident that seeing has a special sexual significance for him. This probably accounts for his "hypnotic glance," which has been the subject of comment by so many writers. Some have reported that at their first meeting Hitler fixated them with his eyes as if "to bore through them." It is also interesting that when the other person meets his stare, Hitler turns his eyes to the ceiling and keeps them there during the interview. Then, too, we must not forget that in the moment of crisis his hysterical attack manifested itself in blindness.

In addition to the eyes, the anal region has also become highly sexualized, and both feces and buttocks become sexual objects. Due to early toilet training, certain inhibitions have been set up that prevent their direct expression. However, we find so many

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* The Kleinman photographer who photographed models & then killed them. D.T. manager to get the book to him

Hitler masturbates for days over it.

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Streich

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Streich
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secret porno
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instances of imagery of this kind, particularly in connection with sexual topics, that we must assume that this area has taken on a sexual significance. The nature of this significance we will consider in a moment.

The mouth, too, seems to have become invested as an erogenous zone of great importance. Few authors or informants have neglected to mention Hitler's peculiar dietary habits. He consumes tremendous quantities of sweets, candies, cakes, whipped cream, and the like, in the course of a day in addition to his vegetable diet. On the other hand, he refuses to eat meat, drink beer or smoke, all of which suggest certain unconscious inhibitions in this area. In addition, he has a pathological fear of poisoning by mouth and has shown an obsessional preoccupation at times with mouth washing. These suggest a reaction formation or defense against an unacceptable tendency to take something into his mouth or get something out that from one point of view appears to be disgusting. In this connection we must not forget his resolve to starve himself to death after the failure of the Beer Hall Putsch, his hysterical mutism at the end of the last war, and his love of speaking. The significance of these we shall consider later on.

1923

Disturbance of Love Relations

The second effect of his mother's pregnancy was his estrangement from her. The direct result of this was, on the one hand, an idealization of love but without a sexual component and, on the other hand, the setting up of a barrier against intimate relationships with other people, particularly women. Having been hurt once, he unconsciously guards himself against a similar hurt in the future. In his relationship to his niece, Geli, he tried to overcome this barrier, but he was again disappointed and since then

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→ von Strieder

to
him

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hinds, that's what he likes, especially when they've got big round ones. That's Hitler's sex life. What a man.

Hitler, who was present, did not stir a muscle but only stared at Roehm with compressed lips.

From a consideration of all the evidence it would seem that Hitler's perversion is as Geli has described it. The great danger in gratifying it, however, is that the individual might get feces or urine into his mouth. It is this danger that requires that suitable inhibitions be instituted.

Return to the Womb

Another possibility in infantile thinking presents itself in this connection. When the home environment is harsh and brutal, as it was in Hitler's case, the small child very frequently envies the position of passivity and security the unborn child enjoys within the mother. This, in turn, gives rise to fantasies of finding a way in to the longed-for claustrum and ousting his rival in order that he may take his place. These fantasies are usually of very brief duration because the child believes that if he succeeded he would have nothing to eat or drink except feces and urine. The thought of such a diet arouses feelings of disgust, and consequently he abandons his fantasies in order to avoid these unpleasant feelings. In many psychotics, however, these fantasies continue and strive to express themselves overtly. The outstanding bit of evidence in Hitler's case that such fantasies were present is to be found in the Kehlstein or Eagle's Nest that he has built for himself near Berchtesgaden. Interestingly enough, many people have commented that only a madman would conceive of such a place, let alone try to build it. From a symbolic point of view one can easily imagine that this is a materialization of a child's conception of the return to the womb. First there is a long hard road,

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then a heavily guarded entrance, a trip through a long tunnel to an extremely inaccessible place. There one can be alone, safe and undisturbed, and revel in the joys that Mother Nature bestows. It is also interesting to note that very few people have ever been invited there, and many of Hitler's closest associates are either unaware of its existence or have only seen it from a distance. Extraordinarily enough, Francois-Poncet is one of the few people who was ever invited to visit there. In the French Yellow Book he gives us an extremely vivid description of the place, a part of which may be worthwhile quoting:

The approach is by a winding road about nine miles long, boldly cut out of the rock. . . . the road comes to an end in front of a long underground passage leading into the mountain, enclosed by a heavy double door of bronze. At the far end of the underground passage a wide lift, panelled with sheets of copper, awaits the visitor. Through a vertical shaft of 330 feet cut right through the rock, it rises up to the level of the Chancellor's dwelling place. Here is reached the astounding climax. The visitor finds himself in a strong and massive building containing a gallery with Roman pillars, an immense circular hall with windows all around. . . . It gives the impression of being suspended in space, an almost overhanging wall of bare rock rises up abruptly. The whole, bathed in the twilight of the autumn evening, is grandiose, wild, almost hallucinating. The visitor wonders whether he is awake or dreaming.⁵

If one were asked to plan something that represented a return to the womb, one could not possibly surpass the Kehlstein. It is also significant that Hitler often retires to this strange place to await instructions concerning the course he is to pursue.

Vegetarianism

We can surmise from the psychological defenses Hitler has set up that there was a period during which he struggled against

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these tendencies. In terms of unconscious symbolism meat is almost synonymous with feces and beer with urine. The fact that there is a strict taboo on both would indicate that these desires are still present and that it is only by refraining from everything symbolizing them that he can avoid arousing anxieties. Rauschning reports that Hitler, following Wagner, attributed much of the decay of our civilization to meat eating. He believed that the decadence "had its origin in the abdomen—chronic constipation, poisoning of the juices, and the results of drinking to excess." This assertion suggests decay (contamination, corruption, pollution, and death) as the resultant of constipation, that is, feces in the gastrointestinal tract, and if this is so, decay might be avoided both by not eating anything resembling feces and by taking purges or ejecting as frequently as possible. It has been reported that Hitler once said that he was confident that all nations would arrive at the point where they would not feed any more on dead animals. It is interesting to note that according to one of our most reliable informants Hitler only became a real vegetarian after the death of his niece, Geli. In clinical practice one frequently finds compulsive vegetarianism setting in after the death of a loved object.

We may, therefore, regard Hitler's perversion as a compromise between psychotic tendencies to eat feces and drink urine on the one hand, and to live a normal, socially adjusted life on the other. The compromise is not, however, satisfactory to either side of his nature, and the struggle between these two diverse tendencies continues to rage unconsciously. We must not suppose that Hitler gratifies his strange perversion frequently. Patients of this type rarely do, and in Hitler's case it is highly probable that he has permitted himself to go this far only with his niece, Geli, and possibly with Henny Hoffmann. The practice

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→ the fear of
the desire of
cannibalizing
their remains.

Since he was
one of the few
people alive
who had the
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of this perversion represents an extreme form of masochistic degradation.

Masochistic Gratifications

In most patients suffering from this perversion the unconscious forces only get out of control to this degree when a fairly strong love relationship is established and sexuality makes decisive demands. In other relationships where the love component is less strong the individual contents himself with less degrading activities. This is brought out clearly in the case of Rene Mueller who confided to her director, Zeissler, who had asked her what was troubling her after spending an evening at the Chancellory, "that the evening before she had been with Hitler and that she had been sure that he was going to have intercourse with her; that they had both undressed and were apparently getting ready for bed when Hitler fell on the floor and begged her to kick him. She demurred, but he pleaded with her and condemned himself as unworthy, heaped all kinds of accusations on his own head, and just groveled in an agonizing manner. The scene became intolerable to her, and she finally acceded to his wishes and kicked him. This excited him greatly, and he begged for more and more, always saying that it was even better than he deserved and that he was not worthy to be in the same room with her. As she continued to kick him he became more and more excited."⁶ Rene Mueller committed suicide shortly after this experience. At this place it might be well to note that Eva Braun, his present female companion, has twice attempted suicide, Geli was either murdered or committed suicide, and Unity Mitford has attempted suicide. Rather an unusual record for a man who has had so few affairs with women.

Hanfstaengl, Strasser, and Rauschnig, as well as several

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other informants, have reported that even in company when Hitler is smitten with a girl he tends to grovel at her feet in a most disgusting manner. Here, too, he insists on telling the girl that he is unworthy to kiss her hand or to sit near her and that he hopes she will be kind to him, and the like. From all of this we see the constant struggle against complete degradation whenever any affectionate components enter into the picture. It now becomes clear that the only way in which Hitler can control these coprophagic tendencies or their milder manifestations is to isolate himself from any intimate relationships in which warm feelings of affection or love might assert themselves. As soon as such feelings are aroused, he feels compelled to degrade himself in the eyes of the loved object and eat their dirt figuratively, if not literally. These tendencies disgust him just as much as they disgust us, but under these circumstances they get out of control and he despises himself and condemns himself for his weakness. Before considering further the effects of this struggle on his manifest behavior, we must pause for a moment to pick up another thread.

Femininity

We notice that in all of these activities Hitler plays the passive role. His behavior is masochistic in the extreme inasmuch as he derives sexual pleasure from punishment inflicted on his own body. There is every reason to suppose that during his early years, instead of identifying himself with his father as most boys do, he identified himself with his mother. This was perhaps easier for him than for most boys since, as we have seen, there is a large feminine component in his physical makeup. His mother, too, must have been an extremely masochistic individual, or she never would have entered into this marriage nor would she have endured the brutal treatment from her husband. An emotional

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identification with his mother would, therefore, carry him in the direction of a passive, sentimental, abased, and submissive form of adjustment. Many writers and informants have commented on his feminine characteristics—his gait, his hands, his mannerisms, and his ways of thinking. Hanfstaengl reports that when he showed Dr. Jung a specimen of Hitler's handwriting, the latter immediately exclaimed that it was a typically feminine hand. His choice of art as a profession might also be interpreted as a manifestation of a basic feminine identification.

1943
A scene
only once
in England.

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There are definite indications of such an emotional adjustment later in life. The outstanding of these is perhaps his behavior toward his officers during the last war. His comrades report that during the four years he was in service he was not only oversubmissive to all his officers but frequently volunteered to do their washing and take care of their clothes. This would certainly indicate a strong tendency to assume the feminine role in the presence of a masculine figure whenever this was feasible and could be duly rationalized. His extreme sentimentality, his emotionality, his occasional softness, and his weeping, even after he became Chancellor, may be regarded as manifestations of a fundamental feminine pattern that undoubtedly had its origin in his relationship to his mother. His persistent fear of cancer, which was the illness from which his mother died, may also be considered as an expression of his early identification with her.

Although we cannot enter into a discussion concerning the frequency of this phenomenon in Germany, it may be well to note that there is sociological evidence that would indicate that it is probably extremely common. If further research on the subject should corroborate this evidence, it might prove of extreme value to our psychological warfare program insofar as it would give us a key to the understanding of the basic nature of the German

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male character and the role that the Nazi organization plays in their inner life.

Homosexuality

The great difficulty is that this form of identification early in life carries the individual in the direction of passive homosexuality. Hitler has for years been suspected of being a homosexual, although there is no reliable evidence that he has actually engaged in a relationship of this kind. Rauschning reports that he has met two boys who claimed that they were Hitler's homosexual partners, but their testimony can scarcely be taken at its face value. More condemning would be the remarks dropped by Foerster, the Danzig gauleiter, in conversations with Rauschning. Even here, however, the remarks deal only with Hitler's impotence as far as heterosexual relations go without actually implying that he indulges in homosexuality. It is probably true that Hitler calls Foerster "Bubi," which is a common nickname employed by homosexuals in addressing their partners. This alone, however, is not adequate proof that he has actually indulged in homosexual practices with Foerster, who is known to be a homosexual.

The belief that Hitler is homosexual has probably arisen because he does show so many feminine characteristics and because there were so many homosexuals in the Party during the early days and many continue to occupy important positions. It does seem that Hitler feels much more at ease with homosexuals than with normal persons, but this may be because they are all fundamentally social outcasts and consequently have a community of interests that tends to make them think and feel more or less alike. In this connection it is interesting to note that homosexuals, too, frequently regard themselves as a special form of

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creation or as chosen ones whose destiny it is to initiate a new order. The fact that underneath they feel themselves to be different and ostracized from normal social contacts usually makes them easy converts to a new social philosophy that does not discriminate against them. Being among civilization's discontents, they are always willing to take a chance on something new that holds any promise of improving their lot, even though their chances of success may be small and the risk great. Having little to lose to begin with, they can afford to take chances that others would refrain from taking. The early Nazi Party certainly contained many members who could be regarded in this light. Even today Hitler derives sexual pleasure from looking at men's bodies and associating with homosexuals. Strasser tells us that his personal bodyguard is almost always 100 percent homosexuals. He also derives considerable pleasure from being with his Hitler Youth, and his attitude toward them frequently tends to be more that of a woman than that of a man.

There is a possibility that Hitler has participated in a homosexual relationship at some time in his life. The evidence is such that we can only say there is a strong tendency in this direction that, in addition to the manifestations already enumerated, often finds expression in imagery about being attacked from behind or being stabbed in the back. His nightmares, which frequently deal with being attacked by a man and being suffocated, also suggest strong homosexual tendencies and a fear of them. From these indications, however, we would conclude that for the most part these tendencies have been repressed, which would speak against the probability of their being expressed in overt form. On the other hand, persons suffering from his perversion sometimes do indulge in homosexual practices in the hope that they might find some sexual gratification. Even this perversion would be more acceptable to them than the one with which they are afflicted.

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THE MIND OF ADOLF HITLER M

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overwhelming fear of death." And in *Mein Kampf* he tells us that:

In the end, only the urge for self-preservation will eternally succeed. Under its pressure so-called "humanity," as the expression of a mixture of stupidity, cowardice, and imaginary superior intelligence, will melt like snow under the March sun.

Sentiments of this sort suggest rather strongly that he was brought face to face with the prospect of his own death and that in order to save himself he had to rid himself of a bad conscience as well as the dictates of the intellect. The following quotations illustrate his attitude toward conscience and the need of rendering it inactive:

Only when the time comes when the race is no longer overshadowed by the consciousness of its own guilt, then it will find internal peace and external energy to cut down regardlessly and brutally the wild shoots, and to pull up the weeds.

Conscience is a Jewish invention. It is a blemish like circumcision.

I am freeing men from the restraints of an intelligence that has taken charge; from the dirty and degrading modifications of a chimera called conscience and morality. . . .

And of the intellect he says:

The intellect has grown autocratic and has become a disease of life.

We must distrust the intelligence and the conscience and must place our faith in our instincts.

Having repudiated these two important human functions, he was left almost entirely at the mercy of his passions, instincts, and unconscious desires. At the crucial moment these forces surged to the fore in the form of an hallucination in which an inner voice informed him that he was destined to redeem the

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N 492

IT WAS NEITHER the exigencies of war nor training as a psychoanalyst that brought me as a professional consultant to the study of Adolf Hitler. Indeed, during the war I do not recall being consulted about anything. My military career was not unlike that of Alexander Woolcott: only the Armistice prevented me from becoming a corporal.

I came to Hitler along a different path. Initially, as a school-boy in the late 1930's, I was fascinated by a phenomenon that seemed so incomprehensible: the bizarre little man with the Charlie Chaplin mustache who bestrode Europe like a Colossus and decided the fate of men and nations. After the war, requirements for a doctorate and an academic career led me to study the political, social, and military conditions which helped him into power.¹ Years of teaching German history and research on the Fuehrer of the Germans convinced me that, as a professional historian dealing with this problem, I needed psychiatric help.

For in my research I had come across literally hundreds of facts that my training had not equipped me to interpret. I found, to take a few examples, that the dread dictator was a highly vulnerable person beset by fears of horses, microbes, and moonlight; that he sucked his little finger in moments of agitation; that he longed to create and lusted to destroy; that he ordered the massacre of the innocents but worried about the most humane way to cook lobsters; that, while he saw himself as the veritable Messiah of his people and spoke, often without knowing it, the very words of Jesus, he also referred to himself as a shithhead (Scheisskerl); that the three favorite riding whips with which he was wont to strike his hand or thigh were given him

Across the Road
1920-1945

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THE MIND OF ADOLF HITLER N

1920-1945

by three female intimates who were the age of his mother; that he was intrigued by wolves. At the start of his political career he chose as his cover name, "Herr Wolf." His favorite dogs—and the only ones he allowed himself to be photographed with—were Alsatians, that is in German, Wolfhuende. He called his headquarters in France Wolfschlucht (Wolf's Gulch). In the Ukraine, his headquarters were Werwolf and, in East Prussia, Wolfschanze (Wolf's Lair)—saying to a servant "I am the wolf and this is my den." After the Anschluss with Austria in 1938, he asked his sister Paula to change her name to Frau Wolf. The name of the secretary he kept for twenty years was Johanna Wolf. One of the tunes from a favorite Walt Disney movie that he whistled often and absent-mindedly was "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?"

He played childish guessing games, seeing how fast he could get dressed or how quickly his valet could tie his tie for him. He held his breath and counted to ten anxiously waiting until the knot was pulled tight.

He liked to think about heads, particularly when they were severed. They were his favorite doodle. Asked what he would do upon first landing in England, he replied without hesitation he wanted most to see the place where Henry VIII chopped off the heads of his wives. When he flipped a coin to see if he should go on another picnic, heads never won. His definition of politics was one that does not seem to have occurred to Jefferson, Gladstone, or Adenauer: "Politics is like a whore; if you love her unsuccessfully she bites your head off." He was infatuated with the head of the Medusa, once remarking that in von Stuck's painting the flashing eyes that turned men to stone and impotency reminded him of the eyes of his mother. He was reputed to have taken great pleasure in having young ladies defecate on his head.

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Xerox 247

Ich bin
ein Wolf
und das
ist meine
Höhle.

seem

D.T.
I did this
on a whim.
But since
we always
have a
reason —
the O.O. is
adamant
about that!
I would assume
it was to remind him that he was not
entirely his own man. He was watching him.

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Afterword N

best-known books on Hitler and his Third Reich. These volumes have been written by distinguished historians with solid and well-deserved reputations. In different ways, they have made important contributions to our understanding or—as in the case of A. J. P. Taylor—they have been so clever and perverse that they have forced us to rethink many an important issue. Yet all these books have one thing in common. They ignore one historical fact of overriding importance about their subject: he was mentally ill.

Mr. Taylor does not think so. He prefers to believe that Hitler was really a normal person: a “traditional” German leader who was “no more wicked and unscrupulous than many other contemporary statesmen,” and whose ideas were “commonplace.” Hitler's single most striking personal characteristic, Mr. Taylor thinks, was his patience.⁵

Professor Hugh Trevor-Roper of Oxford, who disagrees with Taylor on nearly everything historical, joins him in this: he too refuses to come to grips with Hitler's pathological personality. In his exciting and largely accurate thriller, devoted to finding out what happened during Hitler's last days, Trevor-Roper gingerly approaches the problem of Hitler's psychological condition, then quickly backs off saying with conspicuous caution, “Whatever Hitler's psychological condition may have been—and on such a subject, and in so unique a character, it would be imprudent to speculate—there can be no doubt that his physical stamina was exceptionally strong.”⁶ The sense of relief is palpable as the author, having disposed of the irrational, hurries on to describe in loving detail how well the Fuehrer's body withstood Dr. Morell's quack nostrums, thereby demonstrating once again that it is easier—if less helpful in understanding “so unique a character”—to describe a man's body than it is to wrestle with his psyche. To speculate on Hitler's psychological condition may

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1946 or before

THE MIND OF ADOLF HITLER N

or may not be "imprudent"; it is certainly necessary. To refuse to discuss it is not unlike failing to mention in a biography of Jack the Ripper that he had homicidal tendencies, or in a profile of Caruso to ignore his voice.

Nor does Alan Bullock, in his standard biography, really face basic problems of his subject's personality. To Mr. Bullock, Hitler is reminiscent of a classical Greek tyrant: an evil man, goaded by ambition and felled by *hubris*. So far so good, but it is not nearly enough. Hitler was certainly a Study in Tyranny;⁷ but he was also a problem in psychopathology. As such, he baffles Mr. Bullock, who has admitted with refreshing candor that he finds Hitler's strange behavior "offensive" both to his reason and to his historical training: "For my part, the more I learn about Adolf Hitler, the harder I find it to explain and accept what followed. Somehow the causes are inadequate to account for the size of the effects. It is offensive to both our reason and to our experience to be asked to believe that [the youthful Hitler] was the stuff of which . . . the Caesars and Bonapartes were made. Yet the record is there to prove us wrong."⁸

The late German authority on Hitler, Professor Percy Ernst Schramm, manifested a similar confusion about his specialty. In the generally useful essay on Hitler's personality with which he introduced his excellent edition of Picker's *Tischgespräche*—those long soliloquies that Hitler inflicted on captive audiences—Schramm quite rightly noticed that throughout Hitler's monologues the theme of anti-Semitism runs "like a red thread." But he was unable to explain Hitler's all-consuming hatred for the Jews and concluded despairingly, "We must be satisfied with the realization that there is about Hitler's . . . and anti-Semitism an unknown factor." Apparently, without bothering to consult journals on abnormal psychology or to confer with specialists, Schramm was confident that "psychology and psychiatry, in spite

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D.T.I.



1941
The Final
Solution

D.T.I.: I was the unknown factor.
I inculcated in him the fear that
to the degree he lessened his

Anti-Semitism, so to that
degree did he reduce his
power over the nation.

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of all their refinements, must . . . also confess that they are confronted by an 'X.' He himself finally reached the intriguing conclusion that Hitler's anti-Semitism resulted from nameless "demons" that plagued him.⁹

The greatest historian of the Third Reich has a similar problem. Karl Dietrich Bracher's monumental studies will remain absolutely basic to an understanding of Hitler's seizure and consolidation of power and the functioning of his dictatorship.¹⁰ But the personality of Hitler remains pretty much a mystery to Professor Bracher. He prefers to describe in measured and judicious prose what Hitler did and to avoid the more difficult question of personal motivation. A few examples from his most recent and immensely valuable book, now happily available in English, illustrate his difficulties.

Bracher raises fleetingly the question of whether Hitler may have feared that his paternal grandfather was Jewish, but he dismisses such speculations quickly by saying "such digressions [sic] are as sensational as they are questionable and pointless for, though well-meaning, they are rooted in racist superstitions." One might well ask: Pointless and of questionable importance to whom? Certainly not to Adolf Hitler himself. For, throughout his life, he showed that he was haunted by the fear that he himself might have "Jewish blood." And what is meant here by racist superstition? Is it not legitimate for a nonracist and non-superstitious historian to ask if Hitler believed he might be Jewish and, if so, concern himself with the enormous psychological and historic consequences of that belief?

Although he shows that Hitler's childhood was spent not in penury but in relative comfort, and that he was in general an incomprehensible and spoiled youth, Bracher displays no other interest in Hitler's boyhood. He dismisses the whole period with a clumsy slap at psychoanalysis, a subject about which he is ap-

anti-semitism says that 251
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Afterword N

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be a female.

many times. But never had it occurred to me, until Erik Erikson pointed it out, that in the book Hitler displays in disguised form his highly ambivalent attitude to his mother and hence to all other women. He does it by the curious way he feminizes certain German neuter nouns. He changes them into female deities and these Goddesses of Fate, or Destiny, or Fortune are kind but also cruel; helpful but fickle; beneficent but capricious. They are never to be trusted. No one, Erikson feels, could have talked about women the way Hitler did who had not been deeply disappointed and disillusioned with his own mother.¹⁴

It will be noted that Langer's sources are not particularly new. With the exception of a few live interviews with subjects now dead, or otherwise unavailable for comment, his reliance is on materials familiar to historians. For a long time, we have had the writings of Ernst Roehm, Otto Strasser, Ernst Hanfstaengl, Hermann Rauschning, Konrad Heiden, Friedelind Wagner, and the others. And all of us, alas, have had to read Langer's chief source, Hitler's *Mein Kampf*. But no one, I think, with so probing an eye as his. Historians have read it to discover "facts" about Hitler's career and have been unimpressed with its value. Langer has studied it for insight into Hitler's unconscious, and has found it indispensable. He also uses it to find out about Hitler's childhood. He does so by indirection and retrospective reconstruction on the basis of close textual analysis. First, he warns us in reading these memoirs to distrust Hitler's idyllic description of harmonious family life. It just does not ring true psychologically: "We find that not a single patient manifesting Hitler's character traits has grown up in such a well-ordered and peaceful home environment." Then, Langer proceeds to compensate for the data he misses from Adolf's childhood. And in so doing he shows us a method. Even when we lack other evidence, we can get at childhood experience by examining adult behavior

When a child
he would
ask his mother,
"Do you love
me more than
anyone?"
then he sees
her in a rapture
to his father.

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THE MIND OF ADOLF HITLER *N*

patterns closely and imaginatively. This is a valid approach because, since childhood experience shapes the adult personality, adult behavior reveals to us childhood crises and trauma. In the case at hand, Langer's well-trained guess is that Adolf's childhood family life must have been fraught with tension, discord, and trauma. He is correct.

1900
New evidence and interviews with neighbors still alive in the 1950's, who knew the Hitler family well in Passau and Leonding, substantiate Langer's professional hunches. Even an old crony and mayor of the village of Leonding admitted that Alois Hitler was "awfully rough" (*Saugrob*) with his wife and "hardly ever spoke a word to her at home." He concluded with deliberate understatement that "Frau Klara had nothing to smile about."¹⁵

1892
A particularly revealing example of the psychoanalytic method of reading historical documents is Langer's brilliant, and to me thoroughly convincing, reconstruction of one episode in Hitler's past: at the age of three, young Adolf saw—or just as important, he fantasied that he saw—his drunken father rape his dear mother. (See above, p. 175) The biographer should follow this suggestive lead and investigate other childhood traumas to discover how crucial these early years actually were.

There is one critically important fact about Hitler's childhood that Langer did not know anything about. It was only discovered when Russian doctors, who performed an autopsy on Hitler's body in May 1945, found that he was sexually malformed. The report reads, in part, as follows: "The left testicle could not be found either in the scrotum or on the spermatic cord inside the inguinal canal, nor in the small pelvis."¹⁶

Since to this day it is often impossible, without surgery, to determine whether a testicle missing from the scrotum is due to its total absence or its failure to descend, it is likely that Adolf as

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well as his parents and the family doctor hopefully thought of his missing testicle as undescended.

The condition of monorchism (the lack of a testicle) or cryptorchism (undescended testicle) is of course neither uncommon nor, in itself, pathogenic. But it may become so if, as in Hitler's case, there are other infantile disorders and a badly disturbed parent-child relationship. Psychological studies of prepubertal boys with a history of behavioral disturbances combined with a missing testicle show a common pattern of symptoms. What is particularly interesting to a student of Hitler is how closely his behavior resembles theirs. Indeed, in reading the clinical literature on the subject, I had to keep reminding myself that the studies were concerned with American boys and not with young Adolf Hitler, for sooner or later he exhibited every one of their symptoms: impatience and hyperactivity; sudden development of learning difficulties and lack of concentration; distinct feelings of social inadequacy; chronic indecision; tendency to exaggerate, to lie and to fantasize; identification of the mother as the person responsible for the defect. All patients exhibit body damage anxiety such as concern about bowel training or castration fantasies. When confronted by criticism all are defensive, insisting they are special people with an unusual mission to perform or that they are "magical persons." There is a pattern of preoccupation with time and death; further preoccupation with eyes and breasts as substitutes for the testicle; prevalence of revenge fantasies and eroticized megalomaniac daydreams, conscious or semi-conscious aspirations to greatness or immortality. Patients have a passion for creativity, redesigning and reconstruction of almost feverish intensity.¹⁷

To be sure, as Langer has noted, the sudden death of his younger brother Edmond when Adolf was eleven was certainly important to Hitler's psychological development. Here his specu-

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the education, the medicine of the Third Reich. They dictated that physics be taught without Einstein and psychology without Freud. Hitler's ideas shaped the lives and determined the deaths of millions of people. Karl Dietrich Bracher is right in emphasizing the importance of Hitler's ideas and concluding that their history "is the history of their underestimation."²¹ A study devoted to the analysis of Hitler's personality should have considered more thoroughly the ideas that helped shape it.

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The emphasis in this book, perhaps inevitably, is on the pathological aspects of Hitler's life. And it is a side, I have been insisting, that needs very much to be emphasized. But the unwary reader may get the notion—certainly not intended by Langer—that Hitler was so mentally disturbed he could not have functioned effectively. On the contrary. Hitler could act with high rationality and paralyzing effectiveness. The paradox of the irrational fanatic who was a master of calculated maneuver needs more thorough probing. Hitler was a consummately able political and military tactician. David Lloyd George, no mean judge of these matters, was enormously impressed with Hitler's political acumen and called him one of the most effective statesmen of all history. The late military historian Sir Basil Liddell Hart considered him one of the greatest of all strategists. Hitler was also highly effective in social situations. He had the charm and intelligence to captivate and impress philosophers and farmers; architects and laborers; artists and housewives; generals, ambassadors and American co-eds. He was a perceptive, capable and many-sided person. Indeed he was far more complex than this analysis suggests.

Having said that Langer has not done enough with so complicated a personality, let me now complain that too many other things have been neglected. This report is so sharply focused on the individual that we see very little of the historic setting, and

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Afterword N

which no serious student of Hitler will ignore. It is, in its own right, a fascinating historical document.

There are, as Langer suspected there would be, factual errors. And, in reading his pages, historians will no doubt indulge their professional penchant for pointing out mistakes. Here are a few, none of which strike me as being horrendous: Klara Hitler was buried on December 23 not December 24, 1907; Hitler had no taboo about beer, he drank a special low-alcoholic type, brewed especially for him in the Holzkirchen Brewery; he seldom used the Kehlstein retreat since he was frightened by elevator shafts; he did not have "long dirty fingernails": he scrubbed his hands often and compulsively; he never wore a Christ-like beard; his report cards in school were neither as good nor as bad as described here; he was never charged with perversion in the courts; his godfather was not a Jew; and he did not secretly admire Franklin Roosevelt. To a small gathering of intimates he said, "Neither of the two Anglo-Saxons is any better than the other . . . Churchill and Roosevelt, what impostors! . . . Roosevelt, who both in his handling of political issues and in his general attitudes, behaves like a tortuous petty-fogging Jew, himself boasted recently that he had 'noble' Jewish blood in his veins. The completely Negroid appearance of his wife is also a clear indication that she too is a half-caste." He wrote Roosevelt off as having a "sick brain"; he saw Winston Churchill as "the undisciplined swine who is drunk for eight hours of every twenty-four." His greatest praise was preserved for Joseph Stalin, a rival worthy of his steel. He spoke admiringly of the "cunning Caucasian" who commanded "unconditional respect" and who was "in his own way, just one hell of a fellow."²⁵

Langer is also incorrect in thinking that Hitler did not become an anti-Semite during his first years in Vienna (1908-1913). The inception of his anti-Semitism came, and was directly as-

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Afterword N

But even when Langer is mistaken and his guesses prove incorrect, he is often on the right track. Consider his hint that Hitler's grandfather might have been a Jew. There is no reason to believe the unlikely story told by Langer's informant that Hitler's grandmother Maria Anna Schicklgruber, a peasant woman in her forties from the *Waldviertel* of rural Austria, had had an intimate liaison with a Baron Rothschild in Vienna. But Hitler had worried that he might be blackmailed over a Jewish grandfather and ordered his private lawyer, Hans Frank, to investigate his paternal lineage. Frank did so and told the Fuehrer that his grandmother had become pregnant while working as a domestic servant in a Jewish household in Graz.²⁸ The facts of this matter are in dispute—and a very lengthy dispute it has been. The point of overriding psychological and historical importance is not whether it is true that Hitler had a Jewish grandfather; but whether he *believed* that it might be true. He did so believe and that fact shaped both his personality and his public policy.²⁹

Prognoses and Predictions

We turn now to Langer's prognoses for his patient. His first guess, it will be recalled, was that "Hitler may die of natural causes" though this was deemed unlikely because "as far as we know, he is in fairly good health." On the contrary, we now know that by the end of the war the Fuehrer was in very bad health indeed. He was suffering, among other things, either from advanced Parkinson's Syndrome (*paralysis agitans*) or localized degenerative brain damage to lower brain centers. He also suffered from the medicines prescribed to him by Dr. Theodor Morell. Since Hitler feared body odors and was particularly troubled by his propensity to flatulate, Morell prescribed huge quantities of "Dr. Koester's Anti-Gas Pills," which contained

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1945

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strychnine and atrophene; since he feared obesity, he was given reducing pills of various sorts; since he suffered from nightmares and insomnia, he took at least a dozen different kinds of sleeping pills; because he feared impotency, Morell prescribed injections of pulverized bull testicles in grape sugar. He was also given massive doses of dextroamphetamine, pervatin, caffeine, cocaine, prozomen and ultraseptyl as well as huge amounts of vitamins.⁸⁰ Partly as a consequence of these medications, we have the following picture of the Fuehrer as he appeared about the time Langer was writing his report:

The external evidences of his illness became increasingly apparent . . . not only his left hand but the entire left side of his body shook. In sitting he had to hold his right hand over his left, his right leg crossed over his left in order to make the constant shaking less noticeable. His gait became shuffling, and his posture bent, his movements slow as in a slow-motion film. He had to have a chair placed under him when he wanted to seat himself. His mind, to be sure, remained active—but there was often something weird [*unheiliches*] about this activity for it was dominated by constant wanderings, a mistrust of humanity and dictated by the efforts to conceal his physical, mental, political and military collapse. . . . With the tenacity of a fanatic he grabbed at the last straw which, he imagined, would save him . . . from disaster.⁸¹

And a few months before the end, an adjutant recalls:

There is an indescribable flickering stare in his eyes that is at the same time shocking and completely unnatural. His face, particularly the area around the eyes, gives the impression of a man who is totally and completely washed up. He shuffles slowly forward . . . his movements are those of a very sick old man. . . .⁸²

Langer's basic prediction about Hitler's last days, however, is uncannily accurate. It is in itself dramatic and convincing evidence of the validity of his approach to an understanding of Hit-

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THE MIND OF ADOLF HITLER N

slaughtered. Works of art, monuments, palaces, castles, churches, theatres—everything Hitler had once loved—were to be destroyed. The idea is conveyed clearly in an editorial which, at the Fuehrer's express command, appeared in the Party organ, *Voelkischer Beobachter*: "Not a German stock of wheat is to feed the enemy, not a German mouth to give him information, not a German hand to offer him help. He is to find nothing but death, annihilation and hatred. . . ."

Hitler's Death

"*Hitler might commit suicide.* This is the most plausible outcome." It certainly was. Again Langer's prediction of 1943 was accurate. And now, on the basis of evidence unavailable to him, let me try to reconstruct what actually happened and finish the story of Hitler's life. Having decided to kill himself, he poisoned his favorite dog Wolf and, on the afternoon of 30 April 1945, entered his private rooms in the air-raid shelter of the Chancellory in Berlin with his bride. It had now become of the utmost importance to him that his death be absolutely assured, that he avoid the intolerable ignominy his friend Mussolini had suffered; and that he never be "exhibited by the Russians like a circus freak." But he had no confidence in the death pills prepared for him by the SS doctors. The SS was no longer to be trusted; it was shot through with treason, duplicity, and betrayal. Himmler ("The Loyal Heinrich") was a traitor treating with the English. Even Linge, his valet of many years, was suspect, and the motto on his SS belt a mockery: "Loyalty is my Honor." He needed someone else to make absolutely sure of his death in case the poison were not potent. He could no longer trust his own shaking hands.

In the whirling world of his paranoic suspicions there was only one person left he could rely upon: Eva Braun. She had

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33, 5.

p. 145.] As Wuotan sends *wind* and *weather*, and stills the stormy sea, it is said of the christian God: *daz er uns alle tage dienet mit weter ioch mit wint*, Diemer 89, 18. In Parzival, Feirefiz ascribes it to Juno that she *daz weter fuoete*, fitted 750, 5; dem Juno ie gap *segels luft* 757, 7; *segelweter fuogte* 767, 3.—

If *ygg* be terror, *yggdrasil* means the horse of dread, the storm-courser, perhaps the rushing god himself, as we know that Óðinn bears the surname *Ygg*, and is always figured as the rider in the air, the furious hunter. In that case *Yggdrasils askr* (Pref. li.) is the stormful god's ash. Óðinn is also *Hrôþr*, alte clamans, conf. OHG. hruoft, clamor, Graff 4, 1137: *Hrôþr glaðr*, Hpt Ztschr. 8, 154; *Hrôþatýr*, p. 196. And the surname *Farma-týr*, *Farmagud* may not be out of place here, as *deus vecturarum nauticarum*, from *farmr*, *onus nauticum*. *Mefingr*, Sæm. 272^a is perh. conn. with *mafr*, *seamew*. Other by-names are *Fengr*, Sæm. 184^a. *Völs. saga* c. 17, p. 157; *Sváfnir*, Sæm. 93^a; *Fiölnir*, Sæm. 10^a. 46^b. 184^a. *Völs. saga* c. 17, p. 157 and conf. 136. 193. 200. 323. He is 'inn reginkunngi baldur í brynjo,' Sæm. 272^b.

p. 145.] Similar expressions for dying are: AS. *Dryhten scean*, Beow. 373. ON. *kenna einom áttunga brautir til Óðins landa*, Sæm. 80^b. *far till Oden*, Geyer 1, 123; conf. *gefa Óðni*, Landn. 5, 10. The miser collecting treasures is said in Sweden to *tjema Oden*, Geyer 1, 123. Kl. schr. 3, 197.

p. 145 n.] The conception of Óðinn as an evil being is clear in the ON. '*hvaða Óðins látum?*' quid hoc mali est? shortened to '*hvaða látum?*' quid hoc rei est? Wormius mon. dan. p. 11; lát is amissio, mors; conf. our 'was des teufels?' Forum. sôg. 3, 179 has '*óðgnuðr sendr af Óðni*,' mischief sent from O.; *Óðinn-dæll* 11, 151 periculosus, insociabilis, difficilis, is interpr. 'illr viðfänge' 12, 430; *Óðinn-dæla* 6, 374 periculum, infortunium, interpr. 'vandráði, vandamál, naudeyn' 12, 430. Dæll itself is mansuetus, affabilis.

p. 147.] Óðin's outward appearance is alluded to in many other places; hinn *eineyggi* Friggjar faðm-byggvir, Sn. 1848 p. 286. He is *Hengikjaptir*, labeo, cui pendet maxilla, Sn. 146 (p. 1075 n.); *Harbarðr*, Flaxbeard, from hör, linum; to Sigurðr appears the *Longbeard*, and helps him to choose Grani, Völs. c. 13. GDS. 688-9. To Saxo's '*Othinus os pileo obnubens*' answers his surname *Grímnir* larvatus, from gríma. As '*Grímnir*' he

the genealogy is the most fully preserved. Those of Kent, Mercia, Deira (Brit. Deifyr) and Bernicia (Brit. Bryneich, Northumbria) are also handed down in old documents. Less genuine, or not so well accredited in certain names, appear the lines of Eastangle, Essex and Lindesfarn-ey.

It is convenient to divide these genealogies in two halves, a *Descending series* and an *Ascending*. At Wōden's sons they begin to split, in him they all unite. I will take first the several lines that descend from Wōden, and then deal with the older stock, which is the same for all. Here I bring under one view—

WōDEN's POSTERITY.

KENT.	EASTANGLIA.	ESSEX.	MERCIA.
Wōden	Wōden	Wōden	Wōden
Wecta	Cāsere	Saxneāt	Wihltæg
Witta	Titmon	Gesecg	Wærmund
Wihthgils	Trigel	Andsecg	Offa
Hengest (d. 489)	Frōthmund	Sweppa	Angeltheow
Eoríc (Oesc)	Hrippa	Sigefugel	Eomær
Octa	Quichelm	Bedeca	Icel
Eormenric	Uffa	Offa	Cnebba
Æthelbeorht (567)	Tidel	Æscwine (527)	Cynewald
	Rædwald (d. 617)	Sledda	Creoda
	Eorpwald (632)	Sæbeorht (604)	Wibba
			Penda (d. 656)
DEIRA.	BERNICIA.	WESSEX.	LINDESFARN.
Wōden	Wōden	Wōden	Wōden
Wægdæg	Bældæg	Bældæg	Winta
Sigegār	Brand	Brand	Cretta
Swæfdæg	Beonoc	Fridhogār	Queldgils
Sigegeāt	Aloc	Fræawine	Ceadbed
Sæbald	Angenwit	Wig	Bubba
Sæfugel	Ingwi	Gewis	Bedeca
Westerfalcna	Esa	Esla	Biscop
Wilgisl	Eoppa	Elesa	Eanferth
Uscfreá	Ida (d. 560)	Cerdic (d. 534)	Eatta
Yffe		Cynric	Ealdfrith
Ælle (d. 588)		Ceawlin ¹	

[¹ Succeeded by the brothers Ceolric, Ceolwulf, Cynegils, Owichelm, Lappenn. I, 164-6.—EHM.]

KRONEN File

In 1900, a kronen
was worth about a dollar.
Today, it's at least \$30.

1903

92

80

HITLER'S YOUTH

In reply to her application, the Pensions Office approved payment to Frau Klara Hitler (Adolf's mother) of the following:

(a) *A lump sum*, corresponding to a widow's allowance, equivalent to a quarter of her deceased husband's annual pension at the new rate, i.e. 605 kronen (£25).

(b) *A widow's pension* amounting to half her deceased husband's annual pension at the new rate, i.e. 1210 kronen (£50) per year.

(c) *A children's benefit* as a contribution to the cost of upbringing and education, payable for each child 'until its 24th birthday or until it becomes self-supporting, whichever shall be the earlier', at the rate of 240 kronen (£10) per year.

From 14th September 1903, when her step-daughter, Angela, married the assistant tax officer, Leo Raubal, so becoming ineligible for children's benefit, Adolf's mother therefore received from the State a pension of 1210 kronen plus children's benefit for Adolf and Paula amounting to 480 kronen per year, i.e. in all: 1690 kronen (£70 8s.) per annum.

Moreover, this was her net annual income, as she had no income tax to pay.

Thus the income of the Hitler family as a whole was only £15 a year less after the death of Alois Hitler than during his retirement. Relatively, in fact, from September 1903 onwards, they were better off, for the £15 additional income enjoyed by Alois Hitler would barely have sufficed for his personal expenses and from the remainder he had to provide for a household of five persons (excluding Johanna), whereas from the same income his widow had only to provide for three (excluding Johanna).

In the light of these facts, it is fantastic to read in post-war biographies like Quint's, which was published in 1952, such statements as this: 'After the father's death, indigence took up its permanent abode with the Hitler family.'

So that in future there may be no possible cause for misunderstanding on this important question of Hitler's family circumstances, I here repeat the details given above in tabular form:

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in £30
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about \$1.00
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made for the money Alois borrowed to purchase the property, he must have put down approximately 4-5,000 florins in cash when he bought the land, assuming that the property's value did not change radically between 1889 and 1892.

A number of factors undoubtedly played a part in Alois' accumulation of the 4-5,000 florins, a sum three times his highest annual salary. He had a solid income; his wife was careful about household expenditures, while he himself had a reputation for "great frugality and a sense of economy and thrift."³⁵ It is unlikely, however, that much of the money came from petty savings. He enjoyed a comfortable standard of living, and the family was not cramped by stringent economy. Some money came from a series of small legacies; in addition, he may have saved a portion of the dowries of his three wives. After the name change in 1876, Alois was able to inherit from two rather populous families; even though the sums were small, he was bound to inherit rather frequently. In 1862, he had inherited a few hundred florins from the estate of one of his mother's brothers, and in 1876 he obtained 230 florins from his uncle, Franz Schickelgruber.³⁶ Altogether, the accumulation may have reached as much as 1,000 florins by the late 1880's.

Alois' first wife, Anna, appears to have been well-to-do, and her dowry should have been large. Her advanced age at the time of their wedding awakens the suspicion that Alois' money sense played a part in the marriage. However, he may not have gained much from the union; at the time of the separation in 1880, Anna had a good opportunity to recover some of the money. Similarly, Alois' gains from Franziska's dowry may also have been minimal. The 1,000 florins in the children's trust fund probably represented a large portion of the original dowry. As for Klara, the dispensation request of 1884 emphasized that she was not well provided for, and the accuracy of this description is supported by the indirect evidence of her family's financial troubles.³⁷ Her sister Johanna may have received a sum as high as 1,600 florins as the equivalent of a marriage portion, but it would be hazardous to assume from this that

³⁵ Jetzinger (G), p. 73; Jetzinger (E), p. 53; Zoller, p. 46.

³⁶ HA, File 17A, Reel 1 material concerns these two inheritances as does the L of C material.

³⁷ Die Ahnentafel, pp. 39-40.

BS

1880
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florins
= \$600
a
year

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for element in social position it was on his nily primarily in 1885 and d between an (2,000-2,700 nsisting of his npensate him the service, is a form of ion to those luty stations. dy, but after government s, as well as rom time to ³⁰ Although

2,000 kronen
a year
= \$60,000
if a kronen
is \$30

it is difficult to state Alois' income in modern terms, an estimate of his relative financial position can be made. At the peak of his earning power, he received considerably more than the average elementary school principal, and his income placed him in approximately the center of the salaried middle class. He was far removed from the status of a great entrepreneur, but he was also well above the position of all blue collar and the majority of white collar workers. Even in retirement, Alois' financial position was excellent. In the 1890's, his pension was approximately twice the income of a factory worker. At the time of his death in 1903 his 1,000 florins income was still six times the income of a lower Austrian day laborer who worked regularly.⁴⁰

In terms of income, assets, expenditures and standard of living, the family nearly epitomized the middle class. A steady income was backed by substantial savings, with the sure prospect of a comfortable pension and widow's and orphan's benefits if needed. Wild extravagance was not possible, but there was also no need for oppressive self-denial. All the trappings of middle-class existence, from paid education for the children to plenty of big black cigars, were readily obtainable in the Hitler household. Only Alois' age and the youthfulness of his family marred the classic picture. In retirement he was to find that raising young children on a pension was not altogether easy, because his income declined just at the point when the costs of child rearing rose. This was irritating and required some adjustments, but the family continued to receive a comfortable income.

Throughout the period between the middle of the 1880's and Alois' death in 1903, the family's security and standard of living were never in danger.⁴¹ When Klara became pregnant again in the winter of 1888-1889, the prospect of increased expenses created no alarm in the Hitler household. Klara was apprehensive, but only because she feared another tragedy such as those which had overtaken her first three children. If her fourth child lived, his economic well-being was assured.

⁴⁰ Jetzinger (G), pp. 122-24; Jetzinger (E), p. 79; Drage, p. 68.

⁴¹ Statement by Frau Rosalia Hoerl. HA, File 17, Reel 1.

THE PSYCHOPATHIC GOD: ADOLF HITLER

Linz. The capital of the empire offered new architectural challenges. And, of course, Wagner was better performed there. He also went to Vienna to prove something to his dead father:

Always bearing in mind my father's example. . . . I too hoped to wrest from fate the success my father had met fifty years earlier. . . . I, too, wanted to become "something." . . .¹⁷³

Alois had run away at the age of 13 and made good in the capital. Adolf would do even better. He described his conquest of real and imagined obstacles in a turgid and awkward letter of 29 November 1921 to the director of the Archives of the new Nazi Party, who had asked for a memoir of the Führer's life:

I was orphaned with no father or mother at seventeen and left without any financial support. My total cash at the time of the trip to Vienna was about 80 *kronen*. I was therefore forced immediately to earn my bread as a common laborer. I went, as a not yet eighteen year old, as a worker's helper on construction jobs and had in the course of two years experienced almost all types of work of the common daily wage earner. . . .

After indescribable effort, I succeeded to educate myself so well as a painter that I, through this activity from my twentieth year on, was able to make out in this work even if at first scantily. I became an architectural draftsman and architectural painter and was practically completely independent by my twenty-first year. In 1912 I went in this capacity to Munich.¹⁷⁴

Adolf was too modest about his financial resources. Ever since his 18th birthday (April 1907) he had received his share of his father's inheritance, which had been drawing interest since 1 February 1904 at the mortgage bank for Upper Austria. The total amount was 700 kronen. In addition, he now received an orphan's pension. He also received an inheritance from a great aunt, Walpurga Hitler. Thus, far from being the impecunious orphan forced to earn his daily bread as a common laborer, he was comfortably off financially. He had neither the need nor the inclination to do any work at all. His total income exceeded 85 kronen per month—rather more than the average schoolteacher or postal official.¹⁷⁵

He could have supplemented his income by doing odd jobs, but in the whole time that he lived with Kubizek in Vienna he earned no money whatsoever—he did not even paint and sell postcards during this period. Kubizek wrote: "As long as I was with him [February through June 1908] he painted no pictures. . . . I suspect that after he had been denied admission to the Academy he lost his pleasure in painting. . . . He sold no pictures therefore during this period and indeed had no employment of any kind the whole time we were together."¹⁷⁶

1908

The Child As Father to t

In Vienna, Ado
Mariahilfe, at Stump
small linoleum factor
accepted at the Cons-
greeted at the railway
overcoat, kid gloves, a
were too small for tv
moving out of her ow
was now room for Gu:
him to stride diagon:
in the Blütengasse in
the Führer.¹⁷⁷

Normally Adolf s
weather. If it was rain
to read or stay home
But normally, since Ki
pleasant days he woul
sit reading in the Sch
the woods to the left
Sundays. He didn't ti
carefree, stupid citizer
Every evening th
insisted on this poi
Jetzinger:

How often?
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O come, nobody v
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music student I g

They did not miss
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pit where women were

For several week:
with plans for a "Mol
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to the remotest city o
others, Hitler brought
thought of everything.
rangements to chance.
be formal, or perhaps
"distinguished but not
Few town halls could ;
He thought of outdoor
the stars—but it migl

895-1903

42

The financial circumstances of Hitler's family

It is an essential part of the Hitler legend that he grew up in poor circumstances. This fable has been repeated by every biographer from the first to the latest, inclusive. And this is the more strange seeing that Hitler's father is known to have been a Customs officer with the rank of Higher Collector, and Hitler himself stated in *Mein Kampf* that his father owned some real estate: 'he bought a property near Lambach' are the actual words. Nonetheless the legend persists—Adolf Hitler came from a poor family! I propose therefore to quote extracts from hitherto unpublished documents of unquestionable authenticity from which a true picture of his family circumstances will emerge.

Alois Hitler's income

After the death of Alois Hitler, his widow (Adolf Hitler's mother) applied to the Pensions Office for payment of the pension to which she was legally entitled. The application was written for her by the secretary of the parish council in Leonding and was dated 9th January 1903. Enclosed with the reply was a 'Pensions Table' of which the original is still in existence. The accompanying letter stated:

'Having been declared medically unfit for further service, Alois Hitler was permanently transferred to the retired list, and, in view of his service counting towards pension of over forty years and in accordance with His Imperial Majesty's Regulations of 9th December 1866, was allocated a pension to the full amount of the salary last paid to him in active employment, namely in the sum of 1100 gulden annually or 2200 kronen. In accordance with the further regulations of 19th August 1902 this pension was raised to the annual sum of 2420 kronen payable as from 6th January 1903.'

So here we have it in black and white: until June 1895, when he retired, Alois Hitler was drawing an annual salary of 1100 gulden. In addition, an allowance was paid according to the place of service: 200 gulden in Passau and 250 gulden in Linz. From the

1 krona is about 25 cents (then)

time he went to Passau, therefore, Alois Hitler's total annual income was 1300 gulden, equivalent to 2600 kronen.¹ This salary was considerably higher than that earned, for example, by the headmaster of an elementary school, and when it is remembered that a factory worker in those days was content to earn about £45 a year, or 17s. a week, and would have resented the suggestion that he was poor, how much less can the term be applied to the family into which Adolf was born!

Alois Hitler's pension

From the 2600 kronen representing Alois Hitler's annual salary before retirement, the following sums must be deducted to arrive at his net pension:

Supplementary allowance	..	400 k.
Tax on pension		20 k.
Interest on mortgage of house		120 k.
		540 k.

Therefore his net annual income in retirement amounted to 2060 kronen.² Moreover this was a guaranteed income paid in instalments on the first of each month, not fluctuating earnings dependent on the result of the harvest or the vagaries of the stock exchange, or other unpredictable factors. Thus until his father died, that is, until his fourteenth year, Adolf lived in material conditions corresponding to those of the middle class, conditions in which the essentials of life were always forthcoming and privation was unknown.

Klara Hitler's income as a widow

Alois Hitler did not live to enjoy the increase of pension to which he was entitled under the regulations of August 1902, namely a gross annual pension of 2420 kronen, but his widow's pension was calculated on the basis of the new rate.

¹ Approximate value in English money in 1900 £108 6s.—Translator.

² Equivalent in 1900 to £85 16s. The pound at that time had about four times its present purchasing power.—Translator.

Austro-Hungarian krone

Wikipedia

Austro-Hungarian krone

The Austro-Hungarian Empire adopted the gold standard in 1892 when the new currency of the **Krone** (Crown, also known in Hungarian and other imperial languages as the *Koruna*) of 100 *hellers* was introduced. The value of the Krone was set at 2 Kronen = 1 Gulden (*Guilder*) of the previous silver-based currency. From 1900 onwards, Krone notes were the only legal banknotes of the Empire.

The value of the currency depreciated sharply as a result of the First World War, which was financed mostly by the issue of War Bonds rather than through taxation. Consumer prices rose sixteen-fold during the war, as the government had no hesitation in running the Austro-Hungarian Bank's printing presses to pay its bills and triggering a higher inflation rate than in the other combatant countries.

After the end of the First World War it was initially hoped that the Krone could continue as a common currency of the Empire's successor states, but in January 1919 the Kingdom of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes (later Yugoslavia) became the first successor state to overstamp the Austro-Hungarian Bank's notes to limit their validity to its own territory. Czechoslovakia followed suit in February 1919, and on 12 March 1919 the new Republic of Austria stamped the notes circulating in its territory with "DEUTSCHÖSTERREICH".

The Austrian economy did not stabilise after the war, and a period of hyperinflation followed: money supply increased from 12 to 30 billion kronen in 1920, to about 147 billion kronen at the end of 1921. In August 1922, consumer prices were 14,000 times greater than before the start of the war eight years earlier. The highest value banknote issued was for 500,000 Kronen, in 1922. Faith in the currency had been lost, and money was spent as fast as it was received. In October 1922 Austria secured a loan of 650 million gold kronen from the League of Nations, with a League of Nations Commissioner supervising the country's finances. This had the effect of

stabilizing the currency at a rate of 14,400 paper kronen to 1 gold krone. On 2 January 1923 the Austrian National Bank (Österreichische Nationalbank) started operations, and took over control of the currency from the Austro-Hungarian Bank which had gone into liquidation.

In December 1923 the Austrian Parliament authorised the government to issue silver coins of 5,000, 10,000, and 20,000 kronen which were to be designated *half-schilling*, *schilling*, and *double schilling*. The Schilling became the official Austrian currency on 20 December 1924, at a rate of 10,000 Kronen to 1 Schilling.

The name of the Austro-Hungarian Krone and heller currency is echoed in the contemporary *Koruna* and *haler* currencies of the Czech Republic and Slovakia.

For DWAYNE

To Be placed
in Appropriate File
years.

1894

40a

1
M R

2

The
garden
farm
house

40a

playing games and roughhousing with the children of the neighborhood. Miniature wars and fights between cowboys and Indians appear to have been his favorites, and they were to continue as his major diversions for many years. Since Passau was in Germany, war games would have pitted French against German in the spirit of 1870, yet there was no particular importance in the nationality of the victims. Europe was full of heroic little boys who massacred all national and ethnic groups impartially. This year of childhood combat was important in Hitler's life not because it was spent on German soil and added a Bavarian touch to his speech, but because it was a year of escape into almost complete freedom.¹⁵ At home he began to assert himself more and probably displayed the first signs of consuming anger when he did not get his way. Outside, play, without limit to action or imagination, reigned supreme.

Happy as the year was, it could not last forever. The reckoning came in ~~1895~~ when the family was reunited in Linz. In February, 1895, Alois had purchased a house and nine acres called the Rauscher Gut in Hafeld, near Lambach, approximately thirty miles southwest of Linz. The family settled on the farm,¹⁶ and Adolf was abruptly required to make a transition from freedom to new responsibilities. This was undoubtedly a serious challenge for the boy to meet, as it would be for any child of six, but it was only the beginning of limitations on his independence. A month after his arrival in Hafeld, he was enrolled in school for the first time at the little country school at Fischlam bei Lambach, which he entered on May 1, 1895.¹⁷

On June 25, 1895, Alois retired after forty years of service and came home to the Rauscher Gut to devote himself to a life of leisure and beekeeping.¹⁸ It must have seemed the golden moment he had sought for years. Finally he could do what he wished and play the gentleman farmer to his heart's content. He was only fifty-eight at the time, and although retirement at this early age had been justified on the basis

¹⁵ *Mein Kampf*, p. 126; Jetzinger toys with the idea that the German character of Passau exerted a special influence on Adolf. *Jetzinger* (G), p. 88; *Jetzinger* (E), pp. 56-57.

¹⁶ *Jetzinger* (G), pp. 65-67; *Jetzinger* (E), pp. 47-48.

¹⁷ Munich police report of 1924. *HA*, File 1760, Reel 25A. Statement on earlier schooling in Leonding school records. *HA*, File 65, Reel 13A.

¹⁸ *Jetzinger* (G), pp. 64-67; *Jetzinger* (E), pp. 47-48.

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overcoming confron-
less able to slip

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The situation
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nformity,

paradise.

G), p. 57;

I-2

was
goals

50

1

amuse himself with such an obvious pun. Adolf, who was now living in a well-designed building at the corner of the Linzerstrasse and the Kirchengasse, could see the swastika from the window of his father's apartment, and he saw it more clearly when he went to school. Abbot Theodorich von Hagen's swastika was probably the ancestor of the Nazi Hakenkreuz.

About this time Alois Hitler's eldest son, Alois Jr., left the family roof. He was the black sheep of the family, and no good news ever came from him. In 1900 he was arrested and sentenced to five months' imprisonment for theft, and two years later he received another sentence, this time of eight months' imprisonment. He wandered to Germany and France, practicing the trade of a waiter. In 1909 we find him in Dublin, and in the following year he became the owner of a small restaurant in Liverpool, where he married an Irish girl, Elizabeth Dowling, and fathered a son, William Patrick Hitler. Shortly before World War I he abandoned his wife and settled in Germany. In 1922 he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment in the provincial court of Hamburg for bigamy, and when his half-brother came to power he opened a bar and restaurant in Berlin on the Wittenbergplatz. It was much frequented by Nazi officers, who were not unaware that Alois was closely related to the dictator of Germany. The restaurant and bar, called Café Alois, prospered, and Alois himself survived the war. A son, Heinz, by one of his many marriages, fought in the war against Russia and was taken prisoner. He, too, survived, returning to Germany many years later. In 1945 Alois Hitler changed his name to Hans Hiller, and nothing more was ever heard of him.

Although Alois Jr. was the black sheep, he was probably the happiest member of the family. He had an earthy robust character, charmed women, and lived by his wits. He was always inventing schemes for getting rich quickly, and most of them came to grief. Neither prison nor poverty soured him. He was unfailingly good-humored and polite, even when he was about to be sentenced by a judge or when he was abandoning his latest wife. He was one of those who enjoy life to the full.

The unhappiest member of the family was Paula, who was born on January 21, 1896. She was the last of Klara's six children, and the most docile. Quiet and easily led, she faded into the background almost from the day of her birth and spent most of her life in obscurity. She never married, and died in 1960 as quietly as she had lived.

The family at Lambach now consisted of Alois, Klara, and the four children, Angela, Adolf, Edmund, and Paula. At first they lived in a lodging house in the center of the town, but later they moved into an apartment on the second floor of a mill, where there was also a blacksmith's shop. The children appear to have enjoyed the move, but Alois

The fight with his father.

You find them, you fuck them, and then you forget them. Maybe I am the same as you. The father then hits him hard enough to knock him down. Address - You killed my mother. I will be famous & a great man. Follow with a summary of his life.

A judge will never forget you etc.

Alois Jr. is much like Alois in his youth

IV-6

Klara's personality with a name

taken

(31a)

196
 3/12 1895
 "Quite tiny and primitive."
 I am led to the room which
 was his realm. Small and
 low-ceilinged. This is where
 he desecrated graves and
 cleaned the balance... this
 is where the genius developed.
 His keppie is to feel quite
 sublimely solemn."

A scene

Alois a young fighter
 much taunts
 his father in 1896
 the drinking.
 Adolf is witness
 to the disinclination.
 The father tells him
 "I can get mad and
 that is one thing,
 but when I get
 very mad, I cross
 a point and then
 I never go back."

bee stings
 Alois healing
 choir
 1898

a would-be acrobatic
 within of a line
 1895

Dieter, we will
 find about Hitler

Adolf
 later
 all the
 signs
 of his
 father's
 rage
 toward
 Alois

Once
 Alois
 is young
 Adolf
 gets
 it
 check it out

German side of the border, during which time the three- to six-year-old boy acquired his peculiar Bavarian accent: 'The German of my youth was the dialect of Lower Bavaria; I could neither forget it nor learn the Viennese idiom.'²²

In 1895 the fifty-eight-year-old Alois Hitler retired after forty years of service. He bought a remote estate in the hamlet of Hafeld in the community of Fischlham near Lambach in Upper Austria to try to make a living as a farmer and beekeeper. (His son recalled in 1942: 'Bee stings were as normal as anything for home. Mother often took forty-five, fifty stings out of my old man when he returned from emptying the honeycombs. His father, he said, had protected himself against the bees only by smoking'.²³

After a fierce fight with his father, fourteen-year-old Alois Jr. left the home in Hafeld and was disinherited. Thirteen-year-old Angela, Adolf, and Edmund, born in 1894, remained at home. In 1896, Paula, the youngest child of the family, was born.

In May 1895, six-year-old Adolf entered the one-room village school of Fischlham, which had one class. From the small antechamber, Hitler recalled, I used to listen, while I was in the lowest grade, to what the pupils of the second grade were doing, and later on, the pupils of the third and fourth grades. Thank God I left there. Otherwise I would have had to go to the last grade for two or three years.²⁴

Because the rundown farm could not be managed on a civil servant's pension and Alois's abilities as a farmer were insufficient, he sold the estate in 1897. The family moved into temporary quarters in the town of Lambach. Now the eight-year-old entered grade school in Lambach and for a short time also joined the Benedictine boys' choir school. There, he said, he had an excellent opportunity to intoxicate myself with the solemn splendor of the brilliant church festivals.²⁵ What with all his criticism of the church, even later Hitler would praise it for wonderfully exercising man's natural need . . . for something supernatural. It had, he said, known how to work on people with its mystical cult, its large sublime cathedrals, with blessed music, solemn rites, and incense.²⁶

The Hitler family was not pious. Only Klara went to Sunday mass regularly. The anticlerical father kept his distance and at most accompanied his family to services on holidays and on the emperor's birthday, August 18. For that was the only opportunity where he could don and display his civil servant's uniform, which the rest of the year hung in the closet unused.²⁷

At the end of 1898 the family moved to the village of Leonding, south of Linz, where for 7,700 kronen Alois Hitler acquired a small house next to the cemetery.²⁸ In 1938 Goebbels said about his visit to this place:

for being clubbed - Dirksen was an officer
 authoritat and their massacre to Volody. While
 Klara remarks
 the bee - stings,
 he can grow and feel
 the great horrors
 of his father's
 Hitler attack

which has
 tiny army
 low-ceiling.
 Then they
 that the
 So this is
 and solemn

The
 was a happy
 no "pacifist"
 One of his
 recalled, a
 playing was
 found some
 play with I
 shooting a
 house.³³

Around
 public trials
 The Gern
 comed, "D
 against Bri
 port of the
 hats, herri
 able.³⁴

For ye
 day I wait
 reports, hat
 tance.³⁵ TI

D. to the secret to Alois, so was the
 1898

Dirksen

Church
Choir 20

School and 1924
The Young Hitler

at Fischlham, and because the farm was not paying its way. In July, 1897, he sold the property, which was to exchange hands a dozen times in the next twenty years.

As soon as the farm was sold, the whole family went into lodgings at Lambach, the nearest town of any size. Lambach was halfway between Linz and Salzburg, and like Passau it had an ancient and distinguished history. There was a great Benedictine monastery, which had been founded in the eleventh century. Byzantine frescoes and many paintings by medieval masters were still preserved in the monastery. Lambach had many other churches, including the famous Paura Church, built in the form of a triangle with three towers, three gates, three windows, and three altars.

Adolf was admitted to the school attached to the Benedictine monastery and was immediately fascinated by the new world of church ritual, the black-robed monks, the abbot ruling his flock with all the authority of an earthly king. He did well in the school and was overwhelmed by the beauty of the services. Ecclesiastical music fascinated him, and in his spare time he took singing lessons so that he could sing in the choir. "Again and again I enjoyed the best possibility of intoxicating myself with the solemn splendor of the dazzling festivals of the Church," he wrote later. "It seemed to me perfectly natural to regard the abbot as the highest and most desirable ideal, just as my father regarded the village priest as his ideal." There was thus no trace of anticlericalism in the family. For two years Adolf contemplated the possibility of one day joining the community of monks, eventually rising to the position of abbot, with supreme authority over all the monks. But while he enjoyed the church ceremonies and looked upon the abbot with awe and veneration, he remained a quite normal schoolboy with a schoolboy's capacity for mischief. One day, when he was about nine years old, a priest caught him smoking a cigarette. This was a serious matter, and for a while he was subjected to exemplary punishment. The

danger passed, for the priest quickly forgave him, and he resumed his schooling as though nothing had happened.

Visitors to the monastery have observed one curious and memorable detail. In six or seven places—over the ornamental gateway, over a stone well, and over some of the stalls in the abbey—a swastika appears. The swastika was included in the coat of arms of Abbot Theodorich von Hagen, who ruled over the monastery in the fifties and sixties of the last century. In German a swastika is a Hakenkreuz, and evidently the abbot regarded it as a pun on his own name, the difference between Haken and Hagen being so small that it might pass unobserved. The abbot's swastika inspires no fear: it was carved delicately and simply, and the only emotion it conveys is one of surprise that an abbot should

amuse himself with such a well-designed building. Kirchengasse, could see it in an apartment, and he saw it in the Theodorich von Hagen's Hakenkreuz.

About this time Alois roof. He was the black came from him. In 1900 imprisonment for theft. tence, this time of eight many and France, pract him in Dublin, and in a small restaurant in Liver Dowling, and fathered a World War I, he abandoned he was sentenced to six of Hamburg for bigamy, opened a bar and restaurant much frequented by Nazi. He was related to the di called Gate Alois, prospered in Linz by one of his Russia, and was taken prisoner years later. In 1945 and nothing more was ever. Although Alois Jr. was member of the family, women, and lived by getting rich quickly, and poverty soured him. Her when he was about to be ing his latest wife. Her was

The unhappiest member January 21, 1896. She was docile, quiet and easily the day of her birth and married, and died in 1900.

The family at Lambach children, Angela, Adolf, lodging house in the ice apartment on the second smith's shop. The children

* Obviously from Mein Kampf. He doesn't miss a political tip.

1924 - put in 1924

III-5

①

Setback

(1897) 1924,

660

74

1897

①

amuse himself with such an obvious pun. Adolf, who was now living in a well-designed building at the corner of the Linzerstrasse and the Kirchengasse, could see the swastika from the window of his father's apartment, and he saw it more clearly when he went to school. Abbot Theodorich von Hagen's swastika was probably the ancestor of the Nazi Hakenkreuz.

SC 1-601

1897

About this time Alois Hitler's eldest son, Alois Jr., left the family roof. He was the black sheep of the family, and no good news ever came from him. In 1900 he was arrested and sentenced to five months' imprisonment for theft, and two years later he received another sentence, this time of eight months' imprisonment. He wandered to Germany and France, practicing the trade of a waiter. In 1909 we find him in Dublin, and in the following year he became the owner of a small restaurant in Liverpool, where he married an Irish girl, Elizabeth Dowling, and fathered a son, William Patrick Hitler. Shortly before World War I he abandoned his wife and settled in Germany. In 1924 he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment in the provincial court of Hamburg for bigamy, and when his half-brother came to power he opened a bar and restaurant in Berlin on the Wittenbergplatz. It was much frequented by Nazi officers, who were not unaware that Alois was closely related to the dictator of Germany. The restaurant and bar, called Café Alois, prospered, and Alois himself survived the war. A son, Heinz, by one of his many marriages, fought in the war against Russia and was taken prisoner. He, too, survived, returning to Germany many years later. In 1945 Alois Hitler changed his name to Hans Hiller, and nothing more was ever heard of him.

→ same time as AH

Although Alois Jr. was the black sheep, he was probably the happiest member of the family. He had an earthy robust character, charmed women, and lived by his wits. He was always inventing schemes for getting rich quickly, and most of them came to grief. Neither prison nor poverty soured him. He was unfailingly good-humored and polite, even when he was about to be sentenced by a judge or when he was abandoning his latest wife. He was one of those who enjoy life to the full.

The unhappiest member of the family was Paula, who was born on January 21, 1896. She was the last of Klara's six children, and the most docile. Quiet and easily led, she faded into the background almost from the day of her birth and spent most of her life in obscurity. She never married, and died in 1960 as quietly as she had lived.

The family at Lambach now consisted of Alois, Klara, and the four children, Angela, Adolf, Edmund, and Paula. At first they lived in a lodging house in the center of the town, but later they moved into an apartment on the second floor of a mill, where there was also a blacksmith's shop. The children appear to have enjoyed the move, but Alois

the fight with his father.

"You bind them, you break them, and then you forget them."

Maybe I am like some as you.

The father then hits him hard enough to knock him down.

A judge will never forgive you

etc.

Alois Jr. is much like Alois in his youth

IV-5

Church
+ choir 20

1897 and 1924 ✓
School The Young Hitler

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Obscurely from Klein Kempt. He doesn't miss a political tip.

1924 - put in 1924

III-5

~~FAB~~

1894 + 1895

RA 93A

5A

The Early Years

1944 17

19a

boy was called Edmund. A week later Alois Hitler, who had evidently satisfied his superiors, was appointed to an even higher post in Linz. Because Edmund was too young to travel, Klara and the children remained for another year in Passau.

In this way Adolf came to enjoy another year of paradise, for he was permitted to do whatever he wanted by his indulgent mother, and there was no father to warn and chastise him. He says nothing about the years spent in Passau in Mein Kampf, but one does not write about childhood in a book devoted to revolutionary struggle and invective. Nevertheless it was here that he encountered Gothic and Baroque architecture in their fullness, and saw the Renaissance flowering around him. During the last year at Passau, when his father was absent in Linz and Alois and Angela were off to school, ~~Adolf~~ his mother ~~himself~~ for Edmund was too young to challenge his hold on her affections.

Adolf was a mother's boy, a Muttersbrinchen, one of those who are incurably devoted to their mothers and therefore capable of latent and sometimes open hostility to the father. He was perfectly aware of it and seems to have thought it was a natural state of affairs, not to be questioned. For his father he possessed a respect amounting to awe, because he was so old and so powerfully built, because he was so obviously an authoritarian figure whose instant commands must be obeyed. To the very end of his life, when he was living in a subterranean bunker in the heart of burning Berlin, he kept his mother's photograph with him and found himself continually gazing at it. He did not keep a photograph of his father, and on the rare occasions when he spoke about his father, it was usually with suppressed fury.

Already the seeds of many future disasters were being sown. By being so devoted to his mother, Adolf was ensuring that he would find no woman equal to her, for she alone represented the ideal. ~~Adolf~~ woman would be compared with Klara, and most of them would be found wanting. From his father he inherited the authoritarian temper, the dogmatic approach to all problems, and a sense of purpose.

Early in 1895 Alois Hitler made one of the most important decisions in his life. He decided to retire from the customs service and bought property in the village of Hafeld, some thirty miles southwest of Linz. It was a small village with about two dozen houses and about a hundred inhabitants, and there was a fine view of the Salzkammergut mountains. The village was on a high ridge, and there were orchards and nut trees in abundance.

There were serpents in this paradise, but the first impression was one of serene beauty. Later, when the autumn rains came and the sharp winds blew from the mountains, Alois Hitler would have second

* with Geli, he remembers the position in which he saw Alois + Klara.

I-5 * pregnant the most beautiful woman in the world? <

* when his father is not present, his sense of relief is Katefci re; the authorial

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194a

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con
Cruzadas
EU

1944

1894
+ 1895

1895

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65

64

1893

1893 also 1931 1932 1900 02

The Child As Father to the Men

Alois's household. When the demand of her employer's ci was stricken with tuberculo- small children who belonge over. "Strangely enough," or does not seem to have arouse Fanni in Ranshoten and jor to nurse her back to health"

Rather than proving tha saintly kindness and endur- strated her capacity to supp refusal to help her rival and to have been the more direct she had received. It is or ce peasant culture dominated t natural behavior what a mo tolerated. But there is no ind normal of it. She was not

1897 she was a woma control of and vague complex not only resentment and rage l 7 Clara had been living w had become pregnant by him i before their marriage. She w carefully instructed in the cat- sips of the little community opportunity to forget her sin Klara, the devoted Catholic, fe her transgressions against he younger second wife, Fanni. / women had been stuck down on living with their husband he need for penance and auton double appearance of her lot: 1 children and abject obedience ness to bear gossip and scanda tured into the streets of the tow

Klara began her married Fanni's children. Alois Jr. age then was added the care of he ter his birth, a second child Otto, who died within a few d surviving children contracted d

The interpretation of Klara I Bromberg, MD. Hitler's Childhood (1974) I have also pictured from Hitler's childhood and family life.

of guilt engendered by his wish to destroy his father. He may have tried to justify to others and to himself his bitter hatred by insisting that Alois was a cruel and vicious man who deserved a son's animosity. It may be objected that even if young Hitler was beaten by his father, many other children in Austria were certainly whipped without, apparently, resulting in the psychic damage Hitler suffered. "Well," one might say, "all boys were beaten on their backsides, so what's the difference?" The difference, as Erik Erikson has noted in his study of Luther, is this: with Hitler, as with Luther, a sensitive man remembered those punishments and talked bitterly about them later, showing that the whippings indeed have an effect on his development. Erickson wrote: "The assertion that the cause was too common to have an uncommon effect on one individual is neither clinically nor biographically valid. We must try to ascertain the relationship of cause and effect and see if a unique element may have given the common event a specific meaning." In Hitler's case, as in Luther's, the fact that the whippings were remembered and resented, and that he hated his father for giving them, indicates that they had an uncommon effect upon him.

The workings of hatred and love, of pleasure and pain, are complex. Hatred may be a distortion of love: pleasure may be sought through pain. Consciously, Adolf certainly resented the beatings and hated his father for hurting him; unconsciously, he may have desired the punishment as a way of winning his father's attention and love. We are suggesting the possibility that the sadomasochism we shall observe in the adult Hitler had its beginnings here. Clinical studies have shown that often, as children, people with masochistic tendencies baited their fathers into whipping them. "The desire to be punished or humiliated," a specialist in the pathology of masochism has written, is another way of "wanting to be loved... being beaten and being loved are fused into one single masochistic expression."

As with all little boys, Adolf's image of his father was heavily influenced by the picture he had of his father's sexual relations with his mother. For Hitler this memory was traumatic because, as we shall soon see, Adolf at the age of three had seen—or imagined that he had seen—his drunken father rape his beloved young mother.

(He still is in the pain + excitement of thinking of Alois on Klara.)

THE MOTHER: KLARA PÖLZL HITLER

Unhappiness was the lot of Klara Pölzl, the woman who was to become Adolf Hitler's mother. All her life she was pushed about to accommodate the wishes of others.

At the age of 16 she left the family farm to become a member of

In a certain real sense—that is, of psychological reality, AH does see official authority as having some actual power, when he came to power, through the known laws

* he sees his father as the spirit of official authority, his father will tremble inside on being presented at last to Hindenburg and the old goat, all but sense, nonetheless senses his fear, Adolf is in a sick rage, clearly

1931 1932

the whole thing are good - like and that's all right

138

Shors 1893

Also 1931 or 1932 1900-02

1937

1899

The Child As Father To The Man

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THE PSYCHOTATHIC GOD: ADOLF HITLER

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1931

1932

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