

1923

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Hauptstadt

Warte

Lukas

Heiden

Jens? Kellner

Kushner

Getzinger

The life & death of A.H. - Poyner

1923

1923

ADOLF HITLER

The Child As Father-to the Man

us membrane envel-
em. Gustav died in
3. During that same

89, an overcast day
the humidity 89 per-
the Germans in the
inn in Braunau.

oked in his mother
die. Her energies, al-
in, had been further
her children from
d. at her husband's
she bore the stress
and the grief of
r giving birth to two
breast cancer. Klara
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der that she struck
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ways to hurry home

her husband. Even
was "awfully rough"
a word to her at
her husband. Klara
remaining sources of
particularly her one
was a byword. Klara's
she sought to scrub
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sician recalled, "was
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not a smudge on the
housekeeper." Her
allowed to soil their
Klara tried to imbue
ings of guilt, sternly
seems to have felt,
rial
other and son clung
was dependent upon
as her means of prov-
despite all her self-

Adolf the way his little
count for Hitler's lifelong

doubts and feelings of guilt—indeed, because of them. As a German
psychiatrist has noted, by loving Adolf so thoroughly, Klara could
combat resentments she may have unconsciously felt toward a child
who "enslaved her, sucked her dry and crippled her with never-ending
demands." Through Adolf, she could numb her feelings of shame and
guilt for having yielded to her "Uncle's" sexual demands at the very
time his wife was living and dying in the same house. Constant ex-
pressions of love for her little boy could also assuage the fear of God's
wrath she must have felt had been visited upon her by the early
deaths of her first three children. "No wonder that Klara not only
over-^{fed} Adolf, but anxiously hovered over him, desperately needing
him as living proof of her being a good, giving, non-destructive mother
whom God still loved." ^{33a} ~~it is more complex than that.~~
~~she hopes but never certain that she is forgiven.~~

Throughout his life, Hitler proclaimed his love for his mother.
Indeed, the family doctor reported that many of the neighbors believed
his love for her "verged on the pathological." While the doctor per-
sonally did not believe that the relationship was "abnormal," he did say
that, in a long practice, "I have never witnessed a closer attachment"
between mother and son.³⁴ All his life Hitler carried his mother's
picture in his pocket. In all his bedrooms—in Munich, the Berlin Chan-
cellery, the Obersalzberg—her portrait hung over the head of his bed.³⁵

Hitler always prided himself on being as "hard as steel" and "cold
as ice," a person who showed no emotion in adversity. He confessed,
however, to having wept twice in his life: once when he stood at the
grave of his mother in December 1907, the other time at the death of
his Motherland during the defeat of 1918.³⁶ On the evening that his
mother died, during Christmas week of 1907, a neighbor reported that
Adolf sat in the twilight, staring at her dead body. He lingered in the
death room a long time, carefully drawing a picture of his beloved
mother as she appeared in death, ravaged by cancer.³⁷

A curious poem he wrote in 1923 testifies to one aspect of his love
—and to the limits of his literary talent. After he came to power in
1933 he was able to have it published in an edition of a Nazi paper
largely devoted to extolling motherhood.

You measured me away, etc.
BE REMINDED!

- 1 When your mother has grown old
And you have older grown,
When things she once did e'er so lightly,
Are now a burden, heavy borne,
- 5 When her eyes so dear and trusting
No more, as once, look forward brightly,
When her weary, falt'ring feet
No longer carry her step lightly—
Then give to her a helping hand,
- 10 Accompany her with glad smile

D.T. He
had the pulse
of the
public, the
woman
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who cannot
exist w/o
sentimental
origes
141 of
sent. ment.

and, oh God, as
it goes. He was
(look at the
German if
there's a note.)

shameless when it
came to indulging himself
in this
manner.

Veroy P 142 Copy B of Udate
At the birth of Adolf, Klara believed
that God was being good to her, and she has
from her an angel provided she will lead
nothing to do with Clara -

er addressed, and he knew not carried the crowd with He carried it, and from that

storm troopers in two trucks with of Munich. He addressed some heads, and returned to excursion. He had demon- able. In the middle of Octo- Coburg. There were more sessions through the streets dying. The municipal coun- bling marches through the the engine crew refused to Hitler ordered them arrested in exactly five minutes. The

in convincing the Bavarian in the Marsfeld in Munich. party members attended. A Captain Roehm's Reich War to take place with the aid of Lossow, the military com- the march, and on May 1, were preparing to hold a parade ground, with Hitler's ed; he threatened them both re preparing a military coup. Munich police and capitulated regular officer, returned to his Berchtesgaden to rethink his he would not attempt any e had not the slightest inten- ing it he had saved himself

chancellor of the Reich. There use that Germany had at last the right and the left were law over the whole nation. ed by a march on Berlin had had never been given precise significant in comparison with se he was not yet completely

convinced that he was the divinely chosen savior of Germany against the hordes of Jews, Bolsheviks, and the "November" criminals in Berlin. Two significant events in September, 1923, went far toward precipitating the crisis.

On September 25 there was a meeting of the heads of all the right-wing military formations and private armies in Munich. The meeting was addressed by Hitler for two and a half hours, and by the end of his speech he was able to convince them that they would act more effectively if they placed themselves under his over-all command. These private armies, once under his control, would permit him to stage a coup d'état in Munich, and with Munich in his hands he thought he would have little difficulty in marching on Berlin. He forgot that these ill-trained private armies would ultimately have to face well-trained and well-equipped troops somewhere between Munich and Berlin. The Kapp putsch had been broken by a general strike, and the march on Berlin, if it ever took place, would be broken by strikers or by the regular army.

On September 30, five days after his talk with the leaders of the private armies, Hitler finally paid a long-promised visit to the Bavarian town of Bayreuth, sacred to the memory of Richard Wagner. He took the salute at a review of the local storm troopers and was invited to the Villa Wahnfried, where Wagner's son Siegfried and his English-born wife, Winifred, held court, while Cosima Wagner, the musician's stately widow, then eighty-six years old, sat quietly within the inner shrine. Here, too, was the Master's son-in-law, Houston Stewart Chamberlain, most fervent of German nationalists, although born the son of an English admiral from Portsmouth. Houston Stewart Chamberlain was the author of a work called *Foundations of the Nineteenth Century*, which sought to prove that the Teutonic race alone possessed the mission to civilize the world. Hitler had made a cult of Wagner, and he was not surprised to learn that the Wagner family had made a cult of him. Cosima kissed him, Winifred took his hand, Siegfried smiled earnestly, and Chamberlain announced that he was "god-given." Never had Hitler received so much affection and applause from people whose opinion he prized. When he returned to Munich, he found a letter from the aged Houston Stewart Chamberlain praising him as a Messiah and comparing Chamberlain himself with John the Baptist. "At one blow you have transformed the state of my soul," he wrote. "That Germany in her hour of need has produced a Hitler testifies to its vitality. . . . Now at last I am able to sleep peacefully and I shall have no need to wake up again. God protect you!" The approbation of the Wagner family appears to have convinced Hitler that he was indeed "god-given." Previously he had sometimes wondered whether he was not

The Life & Death of A.H. - Pagan

1923

very little about what had happened during the night and ordered his troops to march into Munich the next morning, fully armed, in a show of force. He did not know that about 2,000 rifles issued to his men during the night lacked firing pins.

At a little after eleven o'clock, under a gray November sky, about 3,000 of his men, including some members of the Reich War Flag and Oberland Bund, set off from the Bürgerbräukeller to march on the center of Munich, where they expected to make contact with Roehm's forces in the War Ministry. Two standard-bearers marched in front of the procession, and Hitler and Ludendorff marched at the head. Ludendorff wore his hunting jacket, Hitler wore his trench coat. Most of the men were armed, many with bayonets attached to their rifles. The men were in good spirits, singing and shouting. At the Ludwig Bridge there was a cordon of "Green Police" with raised rifles, but the presence of Ludendorff unnerved them and they lowered their rifles. The long column swarmed over the bridge without any further opposition, while Goering arrested the policemen and sent them under armed guard to the Bürgerbräukeller, which was transformed into a prison.

Ludendorff marched stiffly, looking neither to the left nor to the right. He had not slept during the night. He looked every inch a soldier, though he wore a felt hat and a hunting jacket. Hitler was deathly pale, and he had difficulty keeping up with the long strides of the tall general. He wore a swastika armband on his left sleeve. On the other side of him marched Max-Erwin von Scheubner-Richter, born Max Richter. He was a Balt who had lived through the Russian revolution and taken refuge in Germany. Gottfried Feder and Hermann Kriebel also marched near the head of the column. Behind them came Goering, Rosenberg, Anton Drexler, and Hermann Esser. A certain Theodor von der Pfordten, who regarded himself as the intellectual leader of the revolution, was in the third row. In his pocket he carried a draft of a new constitution for Germany; among its thirty-one points were clauses calling for the "removal" of Jews and Bolsheviks and the death penalty to be administered to everyone advocating democratic government. He also called for "collection camps," where the enemies of the regime would be isolated from the rest of the community.

To reach the War Ministry they needed to pass through the Odeonsplatz, which the police had already cordoned off. It was decided that at all costs Ludendorff's column should not be allowed to join forces with Roehm's small army in the War Ministry. Both the police and the Reichswehr were given orders to shoot if the column insisted on advancing across the Odeonsplatz. If necessary, both Ludendorff and Hitler would be shot.

The column reached the Marienplatz successfully. Police orders to

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Goering fell with t
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November sky, about the Reich War Flag and called to march on the contact with Roehm's men marched in front of them at the head. Ludendorff in a trench coat. Most of the men carried their rifles. The men on the Ludwig Bridge there were rifles, but the presence of their rifles. The long line of opposition, while under armed guard to go to a prison.

to the left nor to the right looked every inch a fighting jacket. Hitler was with the long strides of a runner on his left sleeve. On November 9, 1918, Scheubner-Richter, born in the Russian revolution, and Hermann Goerring. Behind them came Hermann Esser. A certain Goerring himself as the intellectual. In his pocket he carried a long its thirty-one points and Bolsheviks and the "advocating democratic reforms," where the enemies of the community.

passed through the Odeonsplatz. It was decided that at the Odeonsplatz allowed to join forces. Both the police and the column insisted on advancing. Ludendorff and Hitler successfully. Police orders to

halt were simply disregarded, and the policemen were simply pushed back onto the sidewalk. There was cheering when the column entered the Marienplatz, for half of Munich had turned out to see the parade. In answer to the cheers they burst out singing "*Deutschland hoch in Ehren*" (O Germany high in honor) to a rousing military tune. Then they marched along the Weinstrasse, turned right along the Perusastrasse, and so into the narrow Residenzstrasse, where they were forced to march four abreast instead of eight abreast. At the end of the street there was a cordon of Green Police, security forces commanded by a young lieutenant, Freiherr Michel von Godin. He saw men armed with revolvers, rifles, and bayonets coming up the street, with the unarmed Ludendorff at the head, and they were shouting and singing excitedly, their voices appearing louder because they echoed off the narrow walls of the Residenzstrasse. He knew what he had to do. At all costs this army had to be prevented from entering the Odeonsplatz.

Over the next few seconds mythology has laid a mysterious mist, in which everything appears magnified and all actions take place in slow motion. According to National Socialist historians, Ulrich Graf, Hitler's heavy-set bodyguard, ran forward, shouting: "Don't shoot! His Excellency Ludendorff is here!" Since Ludendorff, though not quite at the head of the procession, was only too obviously present, towering above all the others, there seems to be no reason why Graf should have placed himself in greater danger by running forward. According to National Socialist historians, Hitler and Ludendorff, marching together, were within about ten feet of the police cordon when someone fired a shot—no one ever discovered from which side the first shot was fired. In fact, the shooting began when the procession was still sixty or seventy feet away from the Odeonsplatz. The police had orders to fire into the ground, and many National Socialists were struck by ricocheting bullets or splinters from the granite paving stones.

The police fired for perhaps twenty seconds, but this was enough to throw the procession into complete confusion. Men threw themselves down on the ground, cowered against shop fronts, broke down the doors of shops and houses, or fought their way back along the street. Screaming and shouting, waving their guns, they broke windows and climbed over the windowsills into the houses. About fifty of them forced their way at gunpoint into a bakery, where they concealed themselves behind sacks of flour or made their way up to the roof.

Goering fell with two splinters of granite in his groin, and he had enough presence of mind to crawl along the ground and take cover behind one of the stone lions guarding the Residenz, the old Wittelsbach palace. Hitler, who had linked arms with Scheubner-Richter, fell to the ground when his friend was killed instantaneously. Kurt Neubauer,

1923

Ludendorff's valet, ran forward directly in front of Ludendorff and half of his head was torn off by a bullet. Hitler had fallen so heavily that he dislocated his left shoulder and at first thought he had been wounded. Ulrich Graf, his bodyguard, is supposed to have thrown himself over Hitler's body to protect him and received four or five direct hits.

Because most of the bullets came ricocheting off the paving stones, people in the direct line of fire were unhurt, while others who were in the fourth and fifth row behind Ludendorff were killed as they scattered for cover. Two bank clerks, Wilhelm Ehrlich and Martin Faust, were standing a long way from the front row, but they were killed apparently from bullets ricocheting off walls. The elderly state councilor Theodor von der Pfordten was nowhere near the front row, but he too was killed. Altogether, eighteen National Socialists were killed and about a hundred suffered light or serious wounds. Three members of the Green Police were killed.

A few seconds after the short bursts of fire the Residenzstrasse was deserted except for the dead and wounded and two tall figures who continued to advance right up to the police cordon, as though there had been no shooting and as though they were on a leisurely stroll along the street. They were Ludendorff and his adjutant, Major Hans Streck. Ludendorff advanced with his hands in the pockets of his brown hunting coat, and simply walked through the cordon and across the Odeonsplatz to the Feldherrn Hall. No one had dared to fire on Germany's foremost veteran. Cool and unhurried, with supreme contempt for the police and the Reichswehr with their armored cars, he walked toward that open vaulted hall, which had been erected to honor great military heroes, as though walking to his own home. There, a few minutes later, the police found him and, bowing respectfully, asked him to accompany them to the police station "for a few necessary inquiries."

About this time Hitler was crawling along the sidewalk of the Residenzstrasse, trying to make for the Max-Josephplatz, where a yellow Fiat driven by Dr. Walther Schultze, one of the doctors attached to the party, had been waiting with its motor running for just such an eventuality. An extraordinary story demonstrating Hitler's great courage was later told by the National Socialist historians. According to the story, Hitler was just about to get into the automobile when he saw a wounded boy lying at his feet, bleeding profusely. Although he had dislocated his shoulder and one arm was useless, Hitler lifted the boy into the car, and when one of the Green Police sprang forward he shielded the boy's body with his own. Dr. Schultze then pressed hard on the accelerator, only to be pursued by an armored car bristling with machine guns, painted green and yellow. The small Fiat shot down a side street, while the armored car continued along the main road. In

this way they were able to escape in the suburbs. Later Uffing, where Hitler Hanfstaengl, an accoutrement establishment.

The story of the res armored car has invented myths about Hitler too well aware that there were some compensatory advantages. He had not marched undisturbed. Instead he had walls of the Residenz in the direction of the

The story of the possible. The guns of an army a thousand pieces with which that he was being pursued him through the street

By the time they reached Hanfstaengl's wife, who was in Munich. She listened on the Residenz bedroom. On the following day for him, having slept almost unbearable. He went to the attic to see "This is the end! I will myself first!" A handstaengl twisted the revolution of flour.

Hitler was sure his journey to Austria and vanish notable for half-measures. He sat down and scribbled a document, for he appointed Amann deputy leader, they were to form the party treasurer. There Roehm, or any of the commanding position in the Frau Hanfstaengl who Uffing seemed to be

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this way they were able to shake off the armored car and soon were out
in the suburbs. Later in the afternoon they arrived at the village of
Uffing, where Hitler took refuge in the house of his friend Ernst
Hanfstaengl, an accomplished pianist and the owner of an art pho-
tography establishment.

The story of the rescued boy and the pursuit by the green and yellow
armored car has interest only as an example of Hitler's capacity to
invent myths about himself. Since he was in a state of shock, and only
too well aware that the adventure had ended in disaster, he sought for
some compensatory adventure that would show him acting courageously.
He had not marched up to the bayonets of the Green Police, like Luden-
dorff. Instead he had crawled out of the line of fire, melted into the
walls of the Residenzstrasse, and run as fast as his legs could carry him
in the direction of the Max-Josephplatz.

The story of the wild pursuit by the armored car is equally implau-
sible. The guns of an armored car could have blown the little Fiat into
a thousand pieces without the slightest trouble. No doubt Hitler *felt*
that he was being pursued, and the nightmarish armored car hunting
him through the streets of Munich provided the appropriate image.

By the time they reached Uffing, Hitler was almost incoherent. Ernst
Hanfstaengl's wife, who was pregnant, received him, for her husband
was in Munich. She listened to his rambling account of what had hap-
pened on the Residenzstrasse and offered him the use of a small attic
bedroom. On the following day, knowing that the police were search-
ing for him, having slept badly, the pain of the dislocated shoulder now
almost unbearable, Hitler became hysterical. When Frau Hanfstaengl
went to the attic to see him, he pulled out his revolver and screamed:
"This is the end! I will never let those swine take me! I will shoot
myself first!" A handsome woman, built like a Valkyrie, Frau Hanf-
staengl twisted the revolver out of his hand and flung it into a barrel
of flour.

Hitler was sure his political career was over. At best he could escape
to Austria and vanish into obscurity; at worst the Green Police, not
notable for half-measures, would arrest him and shoot him out of hand.
He sat down and scribbled his political testament. It was a surprising
document, for he appointed Rosenberg leader of the party and Max
Amann deputy leader, and with Hermann Esser and Julius Streicher
they were to form the ruling quadrumvirate. Hanfstaengl was appointed
party treasurer. There was no mention of Goering, Drexler, Feder,
Roehm, or any of the others who had helped him to achieve a com-
manding position in the party.

Frau Hanfstaengl was disturbed because the small walled house at
Uffing seemed to be under observation. Goering's gardener, a man

(1923)

called Greinz, had knocked on the door and asked to see Hitler. Told that Hitler was not living there, Greinz wandered away and spent the night in a local inn. Hitler spent two nights in the attic. On the third night two trucks filled with the Green Police arrived outside the small house, and there was another knock on the door.

A lieutenant and two policemen entered the house and asked for Hitler. Hitler came downstairs, screaming at the policemen because by arresting him they were conniving at Germany's destruction and preventing National Socialism from fulfilling its destined role as the savior of the German people. There was much more in the same vein, but the police were in no mood to take him at his own valuation.

They ordered him to climb into one of the trucks and drove him in the darkness of a wintry night to prison.

The prison at Landsb not look like a prison. and well-designed cou remained unspoiled si surrounded the medie the Lech, an Alpine : and gave a freshness to

Built in 1909, Lan prison, which only m prisoners serving long for common criminal: oners. Among those Vally, the assassin of the night of Novembe Count Arco-Vally was given to Hitler.

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The Trial

1923

The prison at Landsberg am Lech, where Hitler was incarcerated, did not look like a prison. It looked, behind its high walls, like a very large and well-designed country house set in a small Bavarian town that had remained unspoiled since the Middle Ages. Steep, densely wooded hills surrounded the medieval walls with their crumbling watchtowers, and the Lech, an Alpine stream, flashing with white foam, sang musically and gave a freshness to the country air.

Built in 1909, Landsberg prison was officially known as a fortress prison, which only meant that it was a maximum security prison for prisoners serving long sentences. Before World War I it was reserved for common criminals; after the war it was reserved for political prisoners. Among those who had been detained there were Count Arco-Vally, the assassin of the Bavarian Minister President Kurt Eisner. On the night of November 11, 1923, when Hitler was brought to the prison, Count Arco-Vally was awakened and taken to another cell. His cell was given to Hitler.

It was a stormy winter night, with rain lashing the windows and the trees bending and creaking in the wind. Hitler was brought to the prison around midnight, still wearing the gray trench coat he had worn in the Odeonsplatz. He looked exhausted, his face very pale, his left arm in a sling. A warder, Franz Hemmrich, escorted him to his cell, helped him to undress, offered him some food, which he refused, and then locked him in. The cell was furnished with a cot, a table, two chairs, a cupboard, and a bedside table. There were two high barred windows set in the whitewashed wall.

On the following day a small detachment of the Reichswehr arrived to take up guard duty, for Hitler was considered a dangerous prisoner who

1923

must on no account be allowed to escape. The cell next door was reserved for the officer in charge of the detachment. A detail was assigned to guard Hitler, and machine guns were mounted in the courtyard outside. Franz Hemmrich later remembered that the prison resembled an armed camp, with helmets and rifles glittering everywhere, and new telephone lines were installed to connect the prison with the local barracks. Hitler had been arrested for high treason, and he was accompanied by the panoply that attends a man accused of a crime frequently punished by the death penalty.

Hitler himself was scarcely aware of what was happening around him. He was still in shock, listless, and suicidal, so that he had to be continually watched. He refused to eat and announced that he intended to starve himself to death, a statement that sufficiently disturbed the investigating judge so that he issued a court order permitting him to receive visitors. One of his few visitors in those early days was Hans Knirsch, a Sudeten German, founder of a National Socialist Workers Party in Bohemia long before World War I. He found Hitler in a pitiful condition, emaciated and in a deep depression. When Knirsch attempted to revive his spirits, Hitler replied that he had already decided on a course of action and no one could change his mind. He had decided to kill himself.

"Anyone who has had as great a fiasco as I have had has no right to go on living," Hitler said. "Anyone who has the deaths of as many people on his conscience as I have must die himself. I have no other course left than death by starvation. And that is what I shall do."

Knirsch attempted to reason with him, pointing out that the failure of the movement was itself a kind of victory, and that it was perhaps inevitable and necessary that there should be many failures before final victory was achieved. Hitler answered dully that it was a question of conscience: too many men had died, he could not bring them back to life, and therefore he must die. He was determined on suicide, and nothing would dissuade him. So the argument went on until finally, by dint of repetition, Knirsch was able to convince him that he should at least consider the argument against suicide, and to be able to think clearly it was necessary to take some food. Hitler consented to take a plateful of rice, and when he gobbled the rice hungrily Knirsch was convinced that he had won Hitler over.

Nevertheless, Hitler was in bad physical shape and continued to suffer from massive depressions. He had dislocated his shoulder, suffered a fracture of the upper arm, and was in pain. The physical pain was endurable, while the mental pain drove him to the edge of madness.

Gradually the Landsberg prison returned to normal, for most of the soldiers were transferred to an upper floor, out of sight, and only a

small detachment guarding coffee beside their

In the silence of his that happened to him younger brother had a wandered like a mind all winters and sometimes an imaginary Italy, in

The Bavarian Government members of the National Eckart were both sen addict, was a sick man released ten days later news, Hitler was gripped depression.

Behind the scenes that would not deal to As Minister of Justice, was tempered with an ensure that the prison with the due process of a trial were maintained was death, or at wished for a martyr's.

Franz Guertner was the scenes and moving dominating the trial was than a hundred had decided that only ten's Ernst Poehner, Wilhelm of the Munich Weber, Hermann Kn Wagner, and Pernet. mitted to appear on the one of Hitler's secret him with a constant the police and escape manded the Kampfgruppe Oberland Bund, and N the former commander ticed in conspiracy, and have been found guilty The trial, which took

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1923

methods. He had this chameleon-like gift of reflecting the wishes of the masses, and somehow their message was transmitted to him on a wavelength which was not that of speech, but some other set of vibrations into which he could tune himself. This may have been one of the reasons for his complete contempt for foreign languages and the necessity of learning and understanding of them. He would talk to a foreigner, using an interpreter for the words, but his mediumistic gifts seemed to work just as well with a Hottentot or a Hindu.

Back in 1923, when I probably stood at my nearest to Hitler, he once outlined the appeal he was trying to make, the appeal which brought him to power, only for the ideals to be corrupted by the power which destroyed him: "When I talk to people," he said, "especially those who are not yet Party members, or who are about to break away again for some reason or other, I always talk as if the fate of the nation was bound up in their decision. That they are in a position to give an example for the many to follow. Certainly it means appealing to their vanity and ambition, but once I have got them to that point, the rest is easy.

"Every individual, whether rich or poor, has in his inner being a feeling of unfulfilment. Life is full of depressing disappointments, which people cannot master. Slumbering somewhere is the readiness to risk some final sacrifice, some adventure, in order to give a new shape to their lives. They will spend their last money on a lottery ticket. It is my business to canalize that urge for political purposes. In essence, every political movement is based on the desire of its supporters, men or women, to better things not only for themselves but for their children and others. It is not only a question of money. Of course every working man wants to raise his standard of living, and the [] have cashed in on this, without being able to proceed beyond a given point. In addition, the Germans have a feeling for history. Millions of their countrymen died in the war, and when I appeal for an equal sense of sacrifice, the first spark is struck. The humbler people are, the greater the craving to identify themselves with a cause bigger than themselves, and if I can persuade them that the fate of the German nation is at stake, then they will become part of an irresistible movement, embracing all classes. Give

* He is thinking of the Lottery ticket he bought & belonged in being

12 1906.

1973, 1934

1973 them a national and social ideal, and their daily worries will to a large extent disappear. It was Count Moltke who said that one must demand the impossible in order to achieve the possible. Any ideal must appear to a certain extent unrealizable, if it is not to be profaned by the trivia of reality."

1934 The contrast between the Hitler of the early 'twenties and the Hitler in power was that between a prophet and a priest, between Mohammed and a Caliph. In his early years he was the articulate unknown soldier who spoke for the millions of his dead comrades and tried to revive the nation for which they had fought. There was a revivalist quality about his movement; I write revivalist, because it might be blasphemous to say religious, but anyone who studies the organization of his movement will find many parallels to the Catholic Church militant. The Nazi hierarchy was organized after the fashion of Ignatius de Loyola—in which one can see again the influence of Goebbels, who had been educated by the Jesuits. Blind obedience to one's superior was the tenet of both organizations and, with the magnetism and fanaticism of Hitler at the centre, a direct comparison led through Goebbels, as general of the order, to the provincial Gauleiters who provided the next link in the chain.

To this must be added the incredible powers as an orator which gave Hitler his initial control over the masses. He knew that in a drawing-room or in ordinary society he was a relatively insignificant figure. The cross that he had to bear in life was that he was not a normal man. His fundamental shyness when confronted by individuals, particularly women, to whom he knew he had nothing to offer, was compensated by this titanic urge to win the approval of the masses, who were the substitute for the female partner he never found. His reaction to an audience was the counterpart of sexual excitement. He became suffused like a cock's comb or the wattles of a turkey, and it was only in this condition that he became formidable and irresistible. When he came to power he thought the same approach would dominate a country, and for many years it did, only for the edifice to collapse because the outside world was not subject to the same spell. He found relaxation only in the atmosphere which corresponded to his own psyche, in the erotic crescendos of Wagner's

music. He could immerse what he could allow nothing, a neuter.

People often ask if I tried to show how much I possessed to a remarkable of reducing complicated admirer of British or Germans with their lo never remotely matched the end he did not reach. The shades of grey in a him, but what came out there was only ever a dangerous mentor, his superiority of the North less, its directness appealed. I fought with him over the things were not simple. I first started playing the try and play his beloved looked at me half-arranged, stuck, and I used it from became less and less well.

Hitler was not so in took all the ingredients them through his private drink. If I can mix my maintaining until he had tion, a precarious balance so-called intuition was decisions which might strength lay in his one or illustrious or powerful he did what he had in same on Wednesday, and years. He got the

the first edition and its re-
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themselves the *involuntary* *repel-*
personality of the Jews so as
we plainly recognize. . . . in-
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ure." ¹³² German anti-Semites
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of the composers Mahler and
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ges our ear as really outlandish
of the voice sounds as a creak-
an intolerably jumbled blabber
und *marksender Lautausdruck*
pers]."¹³⁴
to Hitler—that the Jews had no

religion and that Jesus was not of Jewish blood. His blood, Wagner explained, was of a peculiar sort, a mysterious blood of special potency and magical power which was to be found only in one other person: Parsifal.¹³⁵ Wagner and Hitler also agreed that Christian baptism could never wipe out the faults of Jews. Even after baptism, Wagner wrote, the Jew must remain "the most heartless of all human beings."

Like Hitler after him, Wagner insisted that the Jew was, at the same time, both a cowardly degenerate and a dangerous threat to Germany. He too spoke of the need for "fighting for emancipation from the Jew" because "the Jew in truth is already more than emancipated: he rules." Again and again he warned that the German spirit was threatened by the cunning enemy: "the utterly alien element of the Jews."¹³⁶

What Wagner called "the Jewish problem" was on his mind almost as much as it was on Hitler's. But Wagner was not sure what the solution should be. On one occasion he thought it possible that the Jews could be assimilated. But in a later article he stressed the necessity of a "grand solution" and looked forward to the time when "there will be no longer—any more Jews." He also called for a "war of Liberation" against this "enemy of mankind."¹³⁷

His essay "Judaism in Music" ends with a cryptic entreaty quoted often, and for obvious reasons, by Nazi writers. Having called the Jews "the evil conscience of our modern civilization" and a curse upon mankind, he concludes:

Take ye your part ruthlessly in this regenerative and self-destructive work of redemption. Then are we one and undissevered!

But bethink ye that one thing can redeem you from the curse that burdens you: the redemption of Ahasuerus: *Destruction!*¹³⁸

What did Wagner mean in this heavy-handed passage? What was the "redemption" of Ahasuerus, and how could it come through *Untergang*—a word which may be translated as *destruction, ruin, fall, or annihilation*?

The reference to Ahasuerus is opaque. It seems likely, however, that Wagner did not mean the Persian king of that name*; rather he meant the legendary Wandering Jew, traditionally called Ahasuerus. According to *völkisch* legend, this Ahasuerus was an evil and insidious being who had infected the German people with cholera and syphilis.

* In the Old Testament, Esther adroitly outmaneuvered the Persian King Ahasuerus, who had ordered a massacre of the Jews. She cajoled him into reversing the order so that Persians, and not Jews, were murdered—a deliverance celebrated by Jews as the Feast of Purim (Book of Esther, 8, 9). Was Wagner suggesting that the German people (like King Ahasuerus) had been conned by the Jew who (like Esther) had insinuated themselves into positions of power in order to destroy the German people? Was he saying that the only way to rid Germany of the Jewish enemy was by mass murder? Such a reading of the passage seems possible, but unlikely.

there was no substantial change between the first edition and its revision 20 years later.

Like Hitler, Wagner was physically repelled by Jews and considered them freaks: "We have to explain to ourselves the *involuntary repulsion* possessed for us by the nature and personality of the Jews so as to vindicate that instinctive dislike which we plainly recognize. . . . instinctively we wish to have nothing in common with a man who looks like that . . . an unpleasant freak of nature."¹³² German anti-Semites before Wagner had opposed the Jews on political, religious, economic, or racial grounds. Wagner believed that his contribution was to have proved once and for all that "Jewish blood" was incapable of producing anything of creative value in thought, art, literature, or music. That was to become Hitler's thesis.

When one considers that three of the most seminal minds of the modern era have been Jews, the claim of both Wagner and Hitler that Jews cannot be culturally creative is as silly as it is pernicious. The adherents of Karl Marx now number more than one-third of the people of the earth; Albert Einstein, one of the two greatest physicists in history, revolutionized our thinking about the physical universe; and Sigmund Freud did as much as anyone to expand man's understanding of himself. Wagner's insistence that Jews could never contribute to the world of music is denied by the work of the composers Mahler and Schoenberg and many of their famous pupils; by such instrumentalists as Kreisler, Schnabel, Heifetz, Menuhin, Stern, Milstein, Serkin, Rubinstein, Richter, Solomon, Shainman, and Horowitz; and by such conductors as Klemperer, Szell, Leinsdorf, and Bernstein. In reminding us of the sheer number of creative Jewish musicians, a musicologist has written, "If anyone wants to tell me this is coincidence my reply is that this is simply not creditable. The intellectual and artistic output of Jews in this century relative to their numbers is a phenomenon for which I can think of no parallel in history since Athens five centuries before Christ."¹³³

Wagner, however, simply said flatly that the Jews were incapable of artistic creativity: "Our whole European art and civilization . . . have remained to the Jew a foreign tongue; for, just as he has taken no part in the evolution of the one, so has he taken none in that of the other, but at most this unfortunate homeless wanderer has been a cold and hostile observer. In this Speech and in this Art the Jew can only parrot and fake [*nachsprechen, nachkünsteln*]; he cannot truly speak poetically or create artistically." Wagner, whose own German was atrocious, insisted that no Jew would ever be able to write or speak good German: "The first thing that strikes our ear as really outlandish and unpleasant is the Jew's production of the voice sounds as a creaking, squeaking, snarling snuffle . . . an intolerably jumbled blabber [*zischender, schrillender, sumsender und murksender Lautausdruck . . . eines unerträglich verwirrten Geplappers*]."¹³⁴

It was clear to Wagner—as it was to Hitler—that the Jews had no

religion and that Jesus was explained, was of a peculiar and magical power which was Parsifal.¹³⁵ Wagner and Hitler never wipe out the faults of the Jew must remain "the most

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and his antipathy to understatement.

whom I think of with the most
I want to write and speak
of a lover to his beloved. . . .
in days of our intercourse! It is
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My dear, dear Mother, what a
old towards you!¹²⁷

family background shows striking
family. As we shall see, Hitler
and feared that he might have
ers, however, that all his ances-
Wagner prefaces his autobiog-
veracity"—a promise broken on
information about his baptism
He says that he was christened
was Karl Friedrich Wagner, a
Wagner was indeed born in
baptized until 16 August of that

year—a surprising delay when one notes that Frau Wagner was a de-
vout Catholic who saw to it that all her other children were baptized
within a few days of their birth.

For a century it was assumed that Wagner's parentage was as he
gave it in his memoirs. Then, quite by accident in 1933, a Swiss jour-
nalist, while checking a visitors' hotel registry in the little town of
Teplitz, Bohemia, made some surprising discoveries. He learned that
Johanna Rosina Wagner, "wife of police clerk Wagner," had traveled
from distant Leipzig across a war zone in the summer of 1813 to seek
refuge from her cuckolded husband. She had come with her infant son
Richard to stay with his natural father and her lover, the actor Ludwig
Geyer, who was performing in Teplitz. He too had registered at the
Three Pheasants Hotel.¹²⁸

Karl Friedrich Wagner, the legal father, died 22 November 1813,
and his widow married Geyer a few months later. The boy Richard was
known locally as Richard Geyer, but at the age of 14, six years after
Geyer's death, he readopted the name of his legal father. The reason
seems clear. It was generally believed at that time that Ludwig Geyer
was a Jew. Certainly his son's schoolmates thought Richard had those
physical characteristics which prejudice popularly associates with Jews,
and they taunted him with being Jewish. Richard's frenetic denial took
several forms. Not only did he change his name, but he also denied
publicly what he had long suspected in private: that his natural father
was Geyer. Like Hitler, Wagner became a violent anti-Semite in an ef-
fort to persuade himself and others that he could not possibly be Jewish
because he hated the Jews so much.

All this is not lacking in irony, since intensive research has "so far
failed to produce a single demonstrably Jewish ancestor on the Geyer
tree." But that is not the point. The point is the one we shall em-
phasize with Hitler: throughout their lives both men *believed* that they
themselves might be "part Jewish." Hitler suspected that his grand-
father might have been a Jew; Wagner believed that his natural father,
Ludwig Geyer, was Jewish. Hence the shrillness of his denials, and the
public insults to Jewish friends. But despite his persistent and strident
anti-Semitism, many people in his day continued to consider Wagner
to be Jewish.¹³⁰

WAGNER'S ANTI-SEMITISM

Wagner's attitude towards Jews comes through clearly in his pri-
vate correspondence, where, over and over again, he shows that against
the Jews he did indeed bear "a grudge as necessary to my nature as
gall is to blood."¹³¹ But the fullest and most influential statement
of his anti-Semitism appears in a long article entitled *Das Judentum in
der Musik* ("Judaism in Music"), which originally appeared in a musi-
cal periodical of September 1850 above the signature of one "K. Freige-
dank [Freethought]." Wagner revised the piece in 1869 and published
it separately in a widely distributed pamphlet. It is noteworthy that

fars

THE PSYCHOPATHIC GOD: ADOLF HITLER

sulk when his second wife showed any affection for her father, Wagner's musical rival, Franz Liszt. Like Hitler, he enjoyed playing hide-and-seek with children. A contemporary describes Wagner's childlike reactions in listening to rehearsals for the first performance of *Tristan*:

If a difficult passage went particularly well, he would spring up, embrace or kiss the singer warmly, or out of pure joy stand on his head on the sofa, creep under the piano, jump up onto it, run into the garden and scramble joyously up a tree. . . .¹²⁴

He shared Hitler's enthusiasm for a vegetarian diet and was if anything more confident of its therapeutic powers. An article entitled "Religion and Art" extols the merits of eating vegetables and claims that in American prisons "the most dangerous criminals have been transformed, by a wisely planned diet of vegetables, into the mildest and most upright of men."¹²⁵

Both Hitler and Wagner tried to impress women with their physical prowess. Hitler showed women how long he could hold his arm extended in the Nazi salute. Wagner climbed trees to prove his virility to the beautiful Judith Gautier, who had sent him perfumes in which he bathed and bolts of pale silk in which he wrapped himself.¹²⁶

The mother-love that formed so important a part of Hitler's life was shared by Wagner. As we have noted, Oedipal sex was a theme of his operas, and his private letters to his mother suggest a degree of intimacy which seems excessive, even when one takes into account the author's penchant for emotional prose and his antipathy to understatement. As a young man in his 20s he wrote:

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It is you alone, dearest Mother, whom I think of with the most heartfelt love, the deepest emotion. . . . I want to write and speak . . . to you in the tenderest tones of a lover to his beloved. . . . Ah, when I think of these last eight days of our intercourse! It is perfect balm to me, true refreshment to recall to my soul each aspect of your loving kindness! My dear, dear Mother, what a wretch were I if I could ever grow cold towards you!¹²⁷

The story of Wagner's birth and family background shows striking parallels to Hitler's account of his own family. As we shall see, Hitler was never sure of his father's ancestry and feared that he might have been Jewish. He insisted in his memoirs, however, that all his ancestors were of pure German peasant stock. Wagner prefaces his autobiography with the promise of "unadorned veracity"—a promise broken on the very first page, where he gives misinformation about his baptism and the wrong name for his own father. He says that he was christened two days after birth and that his father was Karl Friedrich Wagner, a clerk in the police service at Leipzig.¹²⁸ Wagner was indeed born in Leipzig on 22 May 1813, but he was not baptized until 16 August of that

The Intellectual World of Ado

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GOD: ADOLF HITLER

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alents was scarcely less exalted try of September 1865: "I am theste Mensch); I am the Ger-agic of my works." 118

The Intellectual World of Adolf Hitler

The favorite personal defense of both men was vigorous attack and the projection onto others of any weakness felt in themselves. Wagner, for example, was notably effeminate in his tastes. He affected Parisian perfumes, lush pink-colored silken gowns, and ermine-bedecked robes, and he did much of his composing surrounded by clouds of perfume and incense as he lounged amid soft cushions. Yet he saw himself as a tough man and exalted a crude Nordic-Spartan way of life, condemning the French and the Jews for effeminate softness and thundering against such "luxury cravers" in life and music.

As with Hitler, Wagner's much proclaimed hardness was an expression of his personal need to hide weaknesses. And like Hitler he continually addressed complaints to his friends about how badly he was treated. Also like Hitler, he repeatedly threatened to end his own life. His letters sound this leitmotiv: all my friends have deserted me, and I suffer the "bare-faced ingratitude, disloyalty and treachery of people" to whom "I have shown nothing but kindness. . . . My situation is perilous; I balance on the narrowest foothold—one push and all is over. . . . Someone will be sorry one day . . . yes—I would fain perish in the flames of Valhalla." 119

Wagner could tolerate opposition or criticism no better than Hitler. A mistress remembered how "a mild disappointment drives him almost to despair; the slightest irritation goads him into fury." 120

Hitler's lack of humor and inability to smile at himself was shared by the man who had the greatest influence on his life. "Whoever accuses me of insincerity," Wagner wrote, "must answer for it to God—but whosoever accuses me of arrogance is a fool!" 121

Hitler was incapable of friendship—and quite capable of betraying the most intimate trust or of sending a friend to his death. With Wagner, friendship had one purpose: to supply him with the money his genius deserved and his tastes required. His sense of honor was as tenuous as his promises, and his greed as bottomless as his vanity. He tried to seduce the wives of men who befriended him; he had raped his own wife when she was 15. When given a huge sum of money by mad King Ludwig, he spent it lavishly on himself while his wife, alone and desperately ill, was forced to depend on the charity of friends whom Wagner ridiculed. He was unable to attend his wife's funeral because of an infected finger. 122

Both Hitler and Wagner showed a solicitude for animals they denied to human beings. Hitler fretted about the last moments of lobsters in the cooking pots of German restaurants and issued special orders to protect ravens; Wagner's heart went out to frogs. He thundered against vivisection of frogs as "the curse of our civilization" and hurled anathemas at those—most notably the Jews—who, he said, sought to "truss and torture them." 123

Like Hitler, Wagner remained in many respects a child and showed little capacity for emotional growth. All his life he threw temper tantrums when thwarted. He was furiously jealous and would weep and

at Bayreuth
1923

1940

?

—He assumed it would get worse and we would die. She would fall in love after 105 So, A. H. what?

all this essay

② Hitler of History

(1923)

1930, 1933

The Germans: Chapter or Episode? 209

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of the difference between mentality and ideology. For Hitler ex-
pected more of the mentality*—of the mental habits and the pre-
dictable mental reactions—of the German people than of their
wholesale acceptance of the National Socialist ideology. As he wrote
in *Mein Kampf*: "To lead means to be able to move the masses."

(actions not sentiments)

BUT ENOUGH OF THESE methodological—or, more properly, epis-
temological—considerations. Our subject is Hitler's popularity, and
its variations.† To begin with, there are serious reasons to question
the widely accepted thesis, according to which the 1930–33 Depres-
sion not only contributed to but made it possible for Hitler to
acquire power. We know that a most important step—literally a
breakthrough—in his fortunes was the September 1930 Reichstag
election, when the National Socialists received nearly seven times
more votes than they did two years before—from less than 3 to
almost 19 percent of all votes cast. Yet historians have devoted
relatively little attention to the already rapid increase of National
Socialist votes in the summer of 1929 and in early 1930 in the
municipal and state elections (in Saxony, Mecklenburg, Baden,
for instance), rising at times to 13 or 14 percent. This happened
before the worldwide Depression and the tide of unemployment in
Weimar Germany. Some historians have remarked that during his
crucial ascent from 1930 to 1933, which coincided with the worst
years of the Depression, Hitler had no definite economic pro-
gram—in other words, his appeal was not primarily, and perhaps

"Mentality," here, is not altogether identical with the now fashionable use of
mentalités among historians. This is a greatly overdue recognition (especially among
French academics) of the fatal shortcomings of a materialist philosophy and recon-
struction of history. Admittedly a difficult task, calling for sensitive minds and per-
spectives, it must mean more than particular references to the "mental climate" of a
certain place and time.

†Steinert, in ST/HK/D, p. 336, makes the convincing argument against those
who have claimed that Hitler's success was due to his radio speeches and that he
would have been greatly handicapped by his television image. As Goebbels proved,
pictorial materials were more easily manipulated and on occasion falsified than was
voice or text.

*this is also the Celi Raubal period and
A. H. identifies his success with
his presence.

1925

self as a revolutionary, his main sympathies and loyalties were directed to the German workers. There are historians who describe Hitler as a typical man of the lower middle classes, a petit bourgeois turned fanatic. That picture is largely wrong. There were a few petit-bourgeois elements in his preferences and in his manners (how could there not be: no one can shed his origins or his childhood entirely). But much more significant was his loathing of the bourgeoisie, of the traditional German *Bürgertum*, of their "reactionary" values.

This he discovered early, well before the "counterrevolutionaries" deserted him on that bloody morning in November 1923. He had become repelled by the traditionalist values of the German bourgeoisie. He was contemptuous of their caution, of their thrift, of their respect for the monarchy, of their social aspirations, of their desire for safety, of their class-consciousness, of an entire range of their characteristics, from bourgeois "Gemütlichkeit" to the old-fashioned standards of patricianism. *

These were antiquated remnants of a time now long past. Instances of this from Hitler's very statements are too numerous to detail here. As early as 1920, he was impressed by the revolutionary antibourgeois hero of a play by Hanns Johst (one of the few prominent German writers who became an admirer of Hitler) entitled *Der König*, where the protagonist hero revolts against the traditionalist

*Here I must draw attention to another, now unfortunately confusing, terminology. This is the still extant (though now somewhat fading) identification of "bourgeois" with "middle class." The two terms are not the same. On the one hand, the inflation of "middle class" has been such that it has become increasingly devoid of its once meaning. On the other hand, "bourgeois" has lately begun to lose the pejorative meaning attributed to it not only by Marxists but by bohemians, artists, and aristocrats (or by their admirers) in the nineteenth century. (See a discussion of this in my essay "The Bourgeois Interior" in *The American Scholar*, September 1970; also in *The Passing of the Modern Age*, NY, 1970.) To this we must add the specifically German meaning of "Bürger," suggesting not only "middle-class" or "bourgeois" but also "citizen," "townsman," "freeman of a city"—the latter with a patrician tinge. Hitler's ideal was "Völkisch"—that is, populist: a largely (though perhaps not entirely) classless Germany, resting on the strength of the National Socialist convictions of its people. That the German *Bürgertum* shared some of the "Völkisch" ideology did not mean that they were "populists," surely not in Hitler's sense.

classes, coming to a tragic end reactionaries and the bourgeois. When Hitler first met Johst in his friends the Bruckmanns in seen *Der König* seventeen (!) it was his favorite drama, and the way.* Whatever the significant remark, there can be no doubt bourgeoisie Hitler remained, for example, from one of his table "The cowardice and the stupidity him with such revulsion in the *Bürgertum* run after him because enough of them. Had he no people he would have despaired to this than rhetoric; it was an evictions. According to Zitelmans against the older bourgeoisie they had a rational fundament that after his failure in 1923, Hitler had to bring both German side. He needed—at least for "not despite his understanding but because of it."**

AT LEAST DURING the ten years consciously willing and able to revolutionary rhetoric—even a workers and his rejection of the quest. The Sorcerer's mastery

*SCHO, p. 734.

†Koeppen notes, p. 2 of the manuscript 217/A, p. 146. Cf. HD, p. 11, in which he wrote: "Hitler's entire life is his singing [guten bürgerlichen] society."

**ZIT/A, p. 84.

Robert
Gering
Pulitz
Gould
Schmitt
Rosenberg

* D.T. His first thoughts in Landsberg
His next — he would write a book

~~to write the third book to~~

array of neoclassical buildings, most of whose designs are attributable to his architects, whose designs he may have approved but whose style was not entirely in accord with his own.*

Konrad Heiden, Hitler's first serious biographer, chose a passage from Goethe for the motto of his book, about the "daemonic" quality of certain people—not necessarily statesmen: "All moral powers are helpless against them; in vain are enlightened minds [der hellere Teil der Menschen] against . . . the mass will be attracted to them." I wrote before about Hitler's extraordinary talent for adjusting circumstances to his ideas—to which I also added that as the war proceeded he was forced to adjust some of his ideas to circumstances over which he had no control—and that the guilt (or, rather, the want of civic responsibility) of most Germans was that they found it easy to adjust their ideas to circumstances—as indeed many people are inclined to do.

1923

The old Germanomaniac and Wagnerite Houston Stewart Chamberlain praised Hitler in 1923: "the great simplifier of all problems." But sixty years before that, Jakob Burckhardt had written: The time of "the terrible simplifiers" will come. In 1981 Vappu Tallgren, a Finnish historian, made a significant contribution in his study of Hitler's "creed of heroism." Through the "cult of heroism in National Socialist Germany, Hitler wanted to prepare a new religion." The creed of heroism, for Hitler, was "a principle, not a rhetoric—which is why he believed that with that he expressed the

*An example was Speer's monumental model of a future central Berlin (1940), in which he included Hitler's own 1925 design of a triumphal arch. It was fitted within the proportions of that monumental design but otherwise its style was unfitting, very different from Speer's modern neoclassicism, and utterly inferior both to the Arc de Triomphe and to the Arc du Carrousel.

Haffner, *HF/AN*, p. 45: Unlike Napoleon, "Hitler did not create any state edifice, and his achievements, which for ten years overwhelmed the Germans and made the world hold its breath, have proved ephemeral and have left no trace, not only because they ended in disaster but because they were never designed for endurance." (Not quite: Hitler often insisted to Speer and others that his buildings must be constructed of granite, "lasting four hundred years.") "As a star performer, Hitler probably ranks even higher than Napoleon. But one thing he never was—a statesman." (Arguable.)

most essential element of) Yet, as I tried to state earlier, been extraordinary, but it make. Nor does hero who hero are not the same thing

There was no nobility in an easy dismissal of Hitler. The list of people—think that Hitler was a genius is exceptionable antitotalitarian. Gide in 1940. An unpleasant English writer and thinker and radical, who—and this tawdry commercialism and also abhorred Chaplin). In *Hitler*—about whom he *Hitler Cult*. But then another *Condemned*, the hero is an and is forced to live in exile

*Vappu Tallgren, *Hitler und die* 1981, p. 258 (much praised by ingly—emphasizes the influence Hitler (see p. 155).

†Schramm, *sch*, p. 183: "The equivalents to 'hero' and 'genius,' giving Hitler more than his due point."

‡It is not only that *The Great*, *bu*, p. 805: "Chaplin's brilliant Chaplin, *My Autobiography* (1: 15 The face was obscenely comic—tache . . . and disgusting, thin little hands claw-like haranguing the center about to bowl . . . [or] hand imaginary dumb-bell. The salute, palm upwards, made me want to thought . . ." (Another famous Hitler was Einstein.)

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millions of most decent people. . . .” As late as 1934, Hitler said that “the agitated age of the nineteenth century is finally over with us. In the next one thousand years there will be no more revolutions in Germany.”† It was because of such statements—and not only because of opportunistic political calculations—that this Sorcerer gained the support of his older and old-fashioned Apprentices, men such as Papen, fellow travelers whose inclinations mirrored those of fellow travelers of Communists (“No enemy on the Left”). For the former, there would be no enemy on the “Right”; and they saw Hitler as a man of the Right, which is how he wanted them to see him.

Just so did the antireligious and anti-Catholic Hitler know how to gain the—at least partial, and at least temporary—support of the German Catholic hierarchy, and the partial support of the German Catholic masses. While Friedrich Heer was wrong in overstressing the importance of the residual Catholic elements in Hitler’s mind, what remains true is Hitler’s conscious appreciation of—and his appeal to—the religious factor in ideology and in politics. In *Mein Kampf*, he wrote in detail about his admiration for George von Schönerer, the anticlerical leader of the Austrian pan-German movement; but he wrote that Schönerer, unlike the Catholic Lueger, had made the mistake of being outspokenly antireligious. In this respect, too, Hitler’s searing experience in November 1923 marked a turning point. He turned away from the anti-Catholic Ludendorff (and, indirectly, against a memory of the Bismarck period): In the future, there must be no “Kulturkampf” in Germany. In *Mein Kampf*, there are many passages that warn against a campaign against religious believers in Germany. A political leader must not touch the reli-

*Cited by Heiden, HD, p. 228. To this add Heiden’s remarkable insight: “What is certain: Hitler as speaker gives the impression of an honest man. At the highest moments of his speeches he may be deceiving himself, and whether he says true things or the thickest lies, he is still what he says, [they are] fully the expressions of his own self. . . . The unity of man and his words is the [second] secret of his success.” (HD, pp. 101–2) Also: “No matter how contemptible his ideas may be, his achievement is a proof of the old adage: genius results from diligence [das Genie fleiss ist]. Through his indefatigability Hitler defeated his opponents.” (HD, p. 103)

†Cited by Heer, HR, p. 273.

gious teachings of his people: ‘but a religious reformer, if he ranks of our movement there: sitting next to the believing C of their respective conscience. Speer recalled that when in 19 lowers had dropped their chu party and SS leaders, he forb: Göring and Goebbels, to do s the absolute necessity to mai sharply the struggle against th of the people: to substitute a ‘I

This Hitlerian politic explai tant and later consenting sup Catholic Papen but by the C: the only party, Hitler later s feared; the only party where a the National Socialists in d national election in March 1 assumption of the chancellors national government “will pre

*HR, p. 235. Also pp. 220–21: “Rei very significant: Adolf Hider takes hu tian, Catholic, clerical, Bavarian, cons much in *Mein Kampf* could be unqu Lutheran, Catholic and conservative democracy, the call for the destruction: against France.” And: “In *Mein Kampf* the . . . neo-Pagan, ‘Germanic religio *Mein Kampf* gives the impression of f followers.”

†SP, p. 109. “No doubt, the Churc cal purposes of National Socialism in so through its history. A new Party i mysticism of the Middle Ages. That i unreadable *The Myth of the Twentieth*

‡Hitler in one of his table talks, “Brüning, a man of some talent . . . m the Center Party.”

P.T.'s
"I could
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→ the price to pay is lower
men is that in the course of
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sincerity they were subject to a cruel misjudgment,
Hitler, as a superior affecter of unmanipulated
"Inanity," "Inanity," "as English once said, 'change
quietly,' he believed his lies along as they were
useful to him, so for two minutes two years,
two decades. Their manna they ceased to be
useful, he changed his mind. In p 90 for
lies. Indeed, he felt like a great Christian as he spoke
two hours later, talking to Röhm, his son. "How does he
need to feel Christian."

Arthur - B
~~Hampstaenckel~~
Hampstaenckel

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CHAPTER III

ONE SIDE TO A STATUE

*Begging expeditions—Hitler escapes a Communist patrol—
From bombs to women boxers—Hitler's fixation with Leda
and the Swan—His faux pas as an art expert—Diamonds and
a fedora hat—The plans for Czechoslovakia—Hitler's gifts as a
mimic—Poison on his birthday—Orator in excelsis—Goering,
Hess and Haushofer.*

THE PARTY was permanently short of funds. In fact the conversion of the *Beobachter* into a daily, for all its propaganda value, had only made the financial situation worse in other respects and Hitler was always on the look-out for other sources to tap. He seemed to think that I would be useful with my connexions, but however interested and encouraging my friends were, they did not choose to dip into their pockets. I simply have no clear idea where the Party revenues came from. There is little doubt that, in its early stages, the German army command in Bavaria had provided subsidies for an organization which gave every promise of fighting the Communists, but by 1923 I suspect this source was drying up, as the Nazis were becoming too independent. Most of the subscriptions were private. There was a Frau von Seidlitz who had helped over the printing presses and two Finnish ladies living in Munich who subsidized what they assumed was an anti-Bolshevist crusade, probably under the influence of Rosenberg. Dietrich Eckart picked up a lot of the bills himself. He had a substantial income from his book royalties. Some of the national-minded Bavarian industrialists were doubtless prodded into giving a cheque from time to time, but it was all hand-to-mouth stuff and there were always debts awaiting payment and nothing to meet them with.

Hitler seemed to think that I would give an air of respectability to his begging expeditions and we went on several trips round Munich and its environs visiting prominent citizens. One journey I recall was

1923

to Bernried, on the Starnberg Lake, to see a retired consul-general of private means named Scharrer, who was married to a member of the Busch family from St. Louis. They had a colossal *nouveau-riche* establishment full of white peacocks, borzois and tame swans, but we got no change out of them, at least not on that occasion. As the situation was getting serious Hitler determined to try his luck in Berlin. There was a business man there named Emil Gansser, of the firm of Siemens & Halske. He was often in Munich and was an admirer of Hitler, and a friend, I think, of Dietrich Eckart. He was an imposing figure, in spite of his broad Swabian dialect; he wore stiff white collars and starched shirts, was always dressed in a black coat and striped trousers and was an educated man of some substance. He had promised to try and interest his acquaintances in Berlin and Hitler had determined to see if the personal touch would produce results.

Rather to my surprise he asked me to accompany him and we drove off one morning, it must have been about the beginning of April, with Emil Maurice at the wheel of the ramshackle Selve. Fritz Lauböck, a callow youth of about eighteen, made up the party. At that time Hitler had some idea of making him his secretary. We took the Leipzig road, which leads through Saxony, where the Government at that time was more or less in the hands of the Communists. Hitler was taking a considerable risk in travelling this way, as an order was out for his arrest there as a nationalist agitator and there was even a price on his head. A few months before they had arrested Ehrhardt, the Organization Consul leader, who had been down on the Tegern Lake to see his former Kapp Putsch conspirator General Lüttwitz and had also been in touch with Hitler over plans for the campaign against the French in the Ruhr.

We were just coming up to Delitzsch, travelling fairly fast round a curve, when we saw the road was blocked by a unit of Communist militia. I don't think any of us said anything, there was no time. But I saw Hitler tense and his hand take a firm grip on his heavy whip, as we came to a stop. I had a sudden inspiration. "Leave it to me," I muttered as the militia came up and asked to see our identity documents. I got out of the car and produced the impressive Swiss passport on which I had travelled back from the States. "I am Mr.

Hanfstaengl," I said, in the me I could muster. "I am a page visiting the Leipzig Fair. This chauffeur and the other gentlemanly associate." It worked. My page made no attempt to look at them on in surly fashion. I jumped.

Hitler fairly babbled his that off well. They would have life." How true this was I do faced a stiff prison sentence in 1923 which culminated in the turned out quite differently. notoriety on which his future I forgot the incident. In later years of the spot he would turn to remember? That was a nasty I think he resented having been when garbled accounts of this biographies, my name was never.

We got to Berlin and drove to the Adlon Hotel. I suddenly thought of my friends seeing me in this corner—it was one of their haunts the Nazis as secret as possible about on the subject. I said that I would hospice behind the State Theatre dropped off after making arrangements not the faintest idea where Hitler thought he even told Maurice about the extraordinary personal security. It was only later that I learnt that for him by Ohnesorge, a senior official in the fullness of time appointed Government.

Gansser lived somewhere out some difficulty finding the house

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Hanfstaengl," I said, in the most atrocious German-American accent I could muster. "I am a paper manufacturer and printer and I am visiting the Leipzig Fair. This is my valet," pointing to Hitler, "my chauffeur and the other gentleman is the son of a German business associate." It worked. My papers were written in English and they made no attempt to look at the documents of the others, but waved us on in surly fashion. I jumped in and we tore off.

Hitler fairly babbled his thanks: "Hanfstaengl, you really carried that off well. They would have had my head. You have saved my life." How true this was I do not know. He would certainly have faced a stiff prison sentence and had he been in gaol the events of 1923 which culminated in the Feldherrnhalle Putsch might have turned out quite differently. He might never have acquired the notoriety on which his future rise to power was based. But he never forgot the incident. In later years whenever we drove within miles of the spot he would turn round and say: "Hanfstaengl, do you remember? That was a nasty situation you got me out of." Even so, I think he resented having been called my valet, even as a ruse, and when garbled accounts of this incident were given in the later Nazi biographies, my name was never mentioned in connexion with it.

We got to Berlin and drove through the Brandenburger Tor past the Adlon Hotel. I suddenly thought, heavens what happens if any of my friends see me in this company, especially Kommer or Pallenberg—it was one of their haunts. I was still keeping my support for the Nazis as secret as possible and could not afford any social uproar on the subject. I said that I would spend the night at an Evangelical hospice behind the State Theatre in the Unter den Linden, so I was dropped off after making arrangements to meet the next day. I had not the faintest idea where Hitler was staying and in fact I do not think he even told Maurice until the last moment. It was typical of the extraordinary personal security arrangements he took all his life. It was only later that I learnt that accommodation had been arranged for him by Ohnesorge, a senior post office official whom he knew and in the fullness of time appointed Postmaster-General in the Nazi Government.

Gansser lived somewhere out in the suburb of Steglitz and we had some difficulty finding the house. He came and opened the door very

* How it picked. It was obvious that we looked enough like a valet to pass.

*
Scene

1923

carefully himself and, to my astonishment, I found that behind his staid exterior he was a crackpot inventor. There were tubes and retorts and presses all over the place and the bathroom looked like a scene out of *Faust*. He was apparently making some new form of bomb no bigger than a tennis ball which would blow up a house. He was an engaging and in fact harmless character and took a great fancy to me. I found out later that he was always telling Hitler what a good influence I was. He and Hitler disappeared together for a while and then we set off in another vehicle, which our host had organized, although he did not accompany us. It was a closed van, again part of Hitler's mania for secrecy. We drove all over Berlin and Hitler would get out leaving my six-foot-four curled up inside like a grasshopper. What on earth use to him I was I do not know, as he never told me who he had seen or what the result was. Perhaps I just kept up his spirits.

I did not get the impression that the canvassing was very successful and Hitler had plenty of time to spare. On the Sunday morning after we arrived, we arranged to meet at the war museum. Hitler had promised to show young ~~Lauböck~~ ^{Frederick} round Berlin and this is where he probably felt most at home. We foregathered, not at the entrance, but somewhat secretly up on the first floor, by the glass cabinet which contained the last uniform of Frederick the Great, who was, with Marshal Blücher, Hitler's historical idol at the time.

Hitler must have been in the museum before, as he knew all the guide-book facts by heart and this mute evidence of past Prussian military glory was clearly balm to his nostalgia. He spouted endless facts and details about the guns and uniforms, maps and impedimenta with which the place was filled, but I remember chiefly his morbid fascination with the sculptured embellishments on the cornices and keystones in the courtyard. These were a series of heads of dying warriors by Schlüter: "I can tell you, Hanfstaengl, when you have seen war from the front lines as long as I did, you are lost in admiration for Schlüter's genius. He was unquestionably the greatest artist of his time. Even Michelangelo did nothing better or more true to life." I could not help being impressed by what Hitler said. I had this sense of insufficiency at not being able to take part in the war myself. There was still a very strong tinge of the ex-

servicemen's association in the compensation.

Looking back at the visit n an interesting insight into his of death in the Schlüter mask cult and the satisfaction he fo of warriors—the élite, like William I, destined to sacrific walked out to the Unter den monuments by Rauch of Fr Blücher, on foot. I remarked I had not been depicted at his a cavalry charge. This did n all. "Ach, Hanfstaengl," he make? They all look at sam figure of the rider." Hitler wa to power abolished all the c an act which his generals in to regret.

I tried to get Hitler to fall well-known artist and etcher student in Vienna and then : Kasimir always maintained success of a sculptor's work viewing it from all angles. Al subject, Hitler preferred not effect could only be gained by the figure depicted in the stat traffic on the Unter den Linc He repeated his first argume monument to William I by F of view, one of the best equest that in this, as in so many o nized or was interested in one admit that there were two sid

Our next stop was the na home ground and I was abo

D.T. How he f
They tell

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servicemen's association in the Nazi Party and in this I found some compensation.

Looking back at the visit now, some of Hitler's reactions provided an interesting insight into his character. There was this idealization of death in the Schlüter masks, his Frederick the Great and Blücher cult and the satisfaction he found in the more than life-sized statues of warriors—the élite, like the giant grenadiers of Frederick William I, destined to sacrifice themselves on the battlefield. As we walked out to the Unter den Linden again, we went past the two monuments by Rauch of Frederick the Great, on horseback and Blücher, on foot. I remarked how strange it was that the old Marshal had not been depicted at his most typical—mounted at the head of a cavalry charge. This did not appeal to Hitler's infantry mind at all. "Ach, Hanfstaengl," he said, "what difference would a horse make? They all look at same and only spoil concentration on the figure of the rider." Hitler was allergic to horses, and when he came to power abolished all the cavalry divisions in the German Army, an act which his generals in the Russian campaign were bitterly to regret.

D.T.

I tried to get Hitler to fall in with a trick I had learnt from the well-known artist and etcher Luigi Kasimir, whom I had met as a student in Vienna and then accompanied on a tour through Italy. Kasimir always maintained that you could only appreciate the success of a sculptor's work if you walked right round a statue, viewing it from all angles. Although I was now talking on my own subject, Hitler preferred not to comply. He declared that the best effect could only be gained by standing within the range of vision of the figure depicted in the statue, and when I insisted, said that the traffic on the Unter den Linden made my circular tour impossible. He repeated his first argument when we went over to look at the monument to William I by Begas, which is, from the artistic point of view, one of the best equestrian statues in the world. I realize now that in this, as in so many other circumstances, Hitler only recognized or was interested in one aspect of a problem. He would never admit that there were two sides to a question—or to a statue.

Our next stop was the national gallery. This at least was my home ground and I was about to lead him to a dozen of the best

D.T. How he feared and hated horses. They tell us much about him.

(Boring as prey, he as a tyrant refused to be gradualist.)

1923

pictures and talk about their style and place in history when Hitler took charge again. He simply could not bear not to dominate any situation in which he found himself, but in this case his mania for always being right led him astray. "The first thing is for young Fritzl to get a general impression," he said—*einen Ueberblick*—it was a favourite word of his and highly indicative of his mental processes. He liked to get a superficial view of a whole situation in his mind before dealing with the details of its parts. We swept past the Dutch and Italian primitives like a patrol of Bersaglieri. There was a slight slowing of the pace in front of Leonardo da Vinci's *Flora*, but we only came to a stop opposite Rembrandt's *Man in a Golden Helmet*:

"There you have something unique," Hitler pontificated. "Look at that heroic, soldier-like expression. It proves that Rembrandt, in spite of the many pictures he painted in Amsterdam's Jewish quarter, was at heart a true Aryan and German!" Here was just the way not to teach young Lauböck about art, but worse was to come. With barely a glance at the superb Berlin Vermeers, we galloped in search of Hitler's other artistic hero, Michelangelo. The Berlin museum had no originals of this master, only a marble statue of the young John the Baptist which is ascribed to him, probably erroneously. Hitler came to a halt in front of this lightly poised, almost feminine figure and proclaimed, for Lauböck's benefit: "Michelangelo—that is the most monumental, the most eternal figure in the history of human art," all the time looking round somewhat desperately for better examples of his work. "What have they done with the casts they used to have in this room? Stay here a moment and I will go and find them."

With this he disappeared, leaving me to put young Lauböck right about the one example in front of us, telling him that Michelangelo could only really be studied in Florence and Rome. Hitler did not come back, so we went after him. We found him lost in concentration in front of Correggio's *Leda and the Swan*. He pulled himself together as we arrived, and although it was the sensuous portrayal of the two central figures which had fascinated him, read us a hasty lecture about the wonderful play of light on the bathing nymphs in the background. Over the course of time I discovered that the subject of this picture was almost an obsession with him. In later years this,

see if you can get a print
of Correggio's Leda

almost the most obscene of classical gold medal for any modern German at one of the Nazi exhibitions.

We quick-marched again: Italian Baroque room on the way, sudden halt in front of Caravaggio, what florid and not particularly thunderstruck, especially as it was Hitler had cast a glance. Then Michelangelo still unsatisfied, the name of the artist started with overlooked the other two words "There you are, Fritzl," said I, end to his genius. There is no back and look at it again." I whether he ever found out his mind.

That afternoon, as there seemed to Hitler that we go and spend Luna Park. We looked around of the main attractions was a good to appeal to him, so in we went. I suppose, quite daring stuff for violated trunks and vests, mincing tap. It was all pure circus, but keep his face expressionless about boxing being a very fine thing and not the right thing for women until the show was over. "We duelling with sabres that goes on I could see he was keeping a women boxers are not the highest Hitler was taking good care not to

We had a couple of beers on top of a long terrace of steps, someone with a camera recognising graph of him. Who it was I did not had practically no organization

1923

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almost the most obscene of classical subjects, was sure to obtain a gold medal for any modern German artist who used it as his subject at one of the Nazi exhibitions.

We quick-marched again and were just passing through the Italian Baroque room on the way to the exit when Hitler came to a sudden halt in front of Caravaggio's *Matthew the Apostle*, a somewhat florid and not particularly successful composition. I was thunderstruck, especially as it was the first Christian subject at which Hitler had cast a glance. Then I understood. With his hunger for Michelangelo still unsatisfied, Hitler had misread the plaque. The name of the artist started with Michelangelo all right, but he had overlooked the other two words, which read Amerighi—Caravaggio. "There you are, Fritzl," said Hitler triumphantly. "There was no end to his genius. There is no time now but we shall have to come back and look at it again." I often wondered whether he did and whether he ever found out his mistake.

That afternoon, as there seemed nothing better to do, I suggested to Hitler that we go and spend a couple of hours at the fun fair in Luna Park. We looked around the side-shows and found that one of the main attractions was a group of women boxers. This seemed to appeal to him, so in we went and watched several matches. It was, I suppose, quite daring stuff for its day, with the women in abbreviated trunks and vests, mincing around and landing the occasional tap. It was all pure circus, but Hitler was rivetted. He managed to keep his face expressionless and made a few superior comments about boxing being a very fine thing, that this was only a put-up job and not the right thing for women and so on. But we had to stay until the show was over. "Well, at least it was better than this duelling with sabres that goes on in Germany," Hitler remarked, but I could see he was keeping a very tight rein on himself. After all women boxers are not the highest form of aesthetic spectacle and Hitler was taking good care not to show how much he had enjoyed it.

We had a couple of beers and were admiring the sunset from the top of a long terrace of steps, more or less on our way out, when someone with a camera recognized Hitler and tried to take a photograph of him. Who it was I do not know to this day, as the Nazis had practically no organization in Berlin at all. It may have been

* perhaps almost certainly from
 p 56 or 57 to line about the truth, done

much better than this - pretty wonderful
 if A. H. is queer

1923

someone who had seen him in Munich. Hitler was horrified. Perhaps he had a bad conscience about the women boxers. He went straight up to the man and said he must surrender his film, that he could not possibly allow a picture of himself taken in Luna Park to appear, that he would be ruined, that it would cause a tremendous scandal and more in the same vein. The argument went on for an hour and more, with Hitler reaching ever greater heights of hyperbole, how this would be the final blow to the German Freedom Movement, like a man possessed. In the end the other poor fellow, who had really meant no harm, but merely wanted a good picture as a souvenir, gave in and promised that he would not develop the film, to which indeed he kept, as it certainly never appeared anywhere. If it had become known that Hitler was in Berlin it might have had quite serious results, as Karl Severing, the Prussian Minister of the Interior, was a declared enemy of the N.S.D.A.P. and had, I believe, also issued an order for Hitler's arrest.

During the second or third evening in Berlin Hitler took me along to dinner with the Bechsteins. They had one of those hideous great houses built in the 1870's, somewhere in the centre of the city. It was all very pretentious in the manner of the Berlin *haute bourgeoisie*, but fortunately the daughter Lotte was not there, so I was spared being involved in Frau Bechstein's domestic plot. We talked about politics, the Party and the future, but our hosts shied away whenever the question of money came up. No, times were difficult, there were so many obligations and Herr Hitler must understand. This did not prevent Frau Bechstein sitting there with diamonds as big as cherries strung round her neck and wrist, so I ventured a social solecism and suggested that if only she could raise money on them it would keep the Party going for months. I was to learn later that she did just that with some of her jewellery, although Hitler never mentioned the fact. All we got as we were ushered out was a hat. As we came into the cloakroom he could not find the broad-brimmed black gangster affair in which he normally went round. In its place there hung a very expensive greyish-yellow fedora. "It is one of my husband's," said Frau Bechstein, "and he would like you to accept it as a present." Hitler took it and thanked his hostess profusely. At least

it looked better than of his face to the same

It had been a fruit again the next morning in Saxony and finally : station in Bayreuth, had been introduced Dietrich Eckart, but so I suggested the new festival theatre, which

The place was all who let us in, and the set for the *Flying Dutchman* had been left standing which had never been used ideal moment for a film had been devised by did much work at it produced. He had done Weber's *Freischütz* at Wagner. There is quite they produced *Rien* Hitler drank in all the walked all round the Wagner had used a and staff still hung pleased to have improved from which to try and

I had been increased Gentzstrasse flat, as my information about him again returning Continental terms. O lunch. I can remember just before crossing the We had ham and ch about the journey and

* See note p 51

Hitler was horrified. The women boxers. He must surrender his film, himself taken in Luna that it would cause a pain. The argument went on ever greater heights blow to the German. At the end the other poor man merely wanted a good deal that he would not do as it certainly never occurred that Hitler was in fact as Karl Severing, the declared enemy of the order for Hitler's

When Hitler took me along one of those hideous great centres of the city. It was Berlin *haute bourgeoisie*, there, so I was spared the plot. We talked about the things shied away when- ever were difficult, there must understand. This with diamonds as big as so I ventured a social raise money on them it to learn later that she though Hitler never mentioned was a hat. As we broad-brimmed black and. In its place there "It is one of my husband like you to accept it as less profusely. At least

it looked better than the other one and did not emphasize the pallor of his face to the same extent.

It had been a fruitless enough trip and Hitler was pleased to leave again the next morning for Munich. We took a long detour to avoid Saxony and finally spent the night at the Post Hotel opposite the station in Bayreuth, where Hitler signed himself in as an author. He had been introduced to Siegfried and Winifred Wagner, I think by Dietrich Eckart, but they were not at their home on this occasion, so I suggested the next morning that we should go and look at the festival theatre, which he had never seen.

The place was all locked up, but I managed to find a caretaker who let us in, and there, lo and behold, in the dim light the stage was set for the *Flying Dutchman*. It was the same scenery which had been left standing when war broke out in August 1914. The theatre had never been used since and nothing had been touched. It was an ideal moment for a little family history, as the original stage setting had been devised by my great-grandfather, Ferdinand Heine, who did much work at the Dresden Opera House, where it was first produced. He had designed the scenery for the first performance of Weber's *Freischütz* and later became an older friend and patron of Wagner. There is quite a collection of Wagner letters to him and they produced *Rienzi* together as well as the *Flying Dutchman*. Hitler drank in all these details and was impressed and moved. We walked all round the theatre, finally stopping in the room which Wagner had used as a study, where his instructions to the artists and staff still hung on the wall. Hitler was entranced and I was pleased to have impressed him, as I felt it gave me a broader base from which to try and influence his political ideas.

I had been increasingly uneasy since our first serious talk in the Gentzstrasse flat, as although he had seemed to take in quite a lot of my information about America, the subsequent weeks had found him again returning to his old ideas of political strategy in purely Continental terms. On the last lap to Munich we stopped for a picnic lunch. I can remember the spot exactly. We drove up into a wood just before crossing the Danube and sat watching the river sweep by. We had ham and cheese sandwiches and bottles of beer. He talked about the journey and then mentioned the monument outside Leipzig

1923

we had seen on the way up, which commemorates the Battle of the Nations against Napoleon in 1813.

"The most important thing in the next war will be to make sure that we control the grain and food supplies of western Russia," Hitler said. I was appalled. Rosenberg and company had been at him again. Rosenberg, who spoke Russian better than he did German, wielded tremendous influence on Hitler and his associates when it came to propagating this anti-Bolshevist, anti-Russian line. Anyone who could claim to be a Russian expert was able to sing this sort of song in the Party all day long and Rosenberg was the most adept at it. Behind their arguments lay the desire to return to their lost lands in the Baltic countries.

I tried to turn Hitler's thoughts into less fanciful channels. "It is no good," I told him. "Even if you overrun western Russia it will not help in the long run. You can have all the wheat in the world, but you need more than that to fight wars. The country to reckon with is America, and not only do they have more wheat than you can ever capture, but more iron and more steel and more coal and more clear blue sky and more people. If you have them on the other side you will lose any future war before you start it." He half grunted and stopped short, but I could sense that the argument had not really sunk in.

Soon he was off on another tack, complaining about the roads over which we had just travelled. In all conscience they had been bad enough, most of them dirt and flint tracks, with the Bavarian highways even worse than the Prussian. "Look at the way we have to travel round Czechoslovakia to get to eastern Germany," he said. "The whole thing is a nonsense. Half the people on the other side of the border are Germans anyway and it is all wrong to have this alien government placed across our lines of communication." Then dropping his voice: "What is more, we shall have to get those Skoda works in Pilsen under German control one of these days." And this mind you was in early 1923. I only regarded this line of thought as a possibly curable aberration in those days, but it shows the extraordinary tenacity of his ideas. I was probably entirely wrong in supposing that they could ever be influenced, but in many respects he was still malleable and I looked on his false conceptions as something that

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might be successfully combated. "Mind you get hold of that Pilsen beer too," I had joked. He had come out of his reverie and laughed.

We got up and drove the last few miles home. There was nothing in the surroundings to detain him. He had little eye for, and took little pleasure in, the beauties of nature as such. Trees and streams and hills evoked no positive response. He was essentially a town dweller and only felt at home in the market place. His mind was filled with the plans of a frustrated architect. He liked to sketch new buildings or draw vast urban vistas, but the country-side had no message for him. He was already spending a certain amount of time at Berchtesgaden, which he subsequently made into his nearest approach to a home, but although he would sit brooding over the mountain scenery, it was really only the solitude that fed his thoughts. The solitude and the sense of power that came from the height, and the fact that he was able without interruption to plot and plan political moves with his cronies.

For all that he was an entertaining travelling companion. He would sit whistling or humming passages from the Wagner operas, which kept us both amused for many an hour. In all the years I knew him, however, I never heard him whistle a popular tune. He was also a gifted mimic with a sharp sense of the ridiculous. He could imitate Gansser's Swabian accent to a nicety, but his star turn was a sort of symposium of the type of patriotic orator then very common in Germany and by no means extinct since—the politically conscious, semi-professorial figure with a Wotan-like beard. Hitler's nationalism was practical and direct, but they would boom away about Siegfried's sword being drawn out of its scabbard and lightning playing round the German eagle and so forth. He could invent this mock rhodomontade *ad infinitum* and be very funny about it. He also knew by heart the greater part of a dreadful poem which some admirer had written in his honour. This poetaster had looked up in the rhyming dictionary all the German words which end in 'tler', of which there are several score, and had produced an endless series of ill-scanning couplets. When he was in a good mood Hitler would repeat this with embellishments of his own and have us in tears of laughter. His other party pieces included imitating Amann in a rage with some importunate bill collector, or that little red-haired horror

Alone

the weakness and decadence
of America.

1923

Quirin Diestl insulting a political opponent. He could also imitate market women and children superbly. Some people might say that a gift for mimicry is the sign of an undeveloped personality. In his case it was an example of the extraordinary rapport he could establish with the minds and emotions of others. It was a trait which Hitler kept for as long as I knew him.

A day or two after our return Hitler celebrated his birthday, on April 20. I went along during the morning to congratulate him and found him alone, although the grubby little flat was stacked from floor to ceiling with flowers and cakes. Yet Hitler was in one of his curious wary moods and had not touched a single one of them. There they were, with swastikas and eagles in whipped cream all over them, looking like the bakers' pavilion at a village fair. It was not much to my taste, I am a beer and sausages man myself, but even my mouth watered. "Well, Herr Hitler," I said, "now you can really have a feast." — "I am not at all sure they are not all poisoned," he replied. "But they are all from your friends and admirers," I told him. "Yes, I know," he replied. "But this house belongs to a Jew and these days you can drip slow poison down the walls and kill your enemies. I never eat here normally."

"Herr Hitler, you've been reading too many of those Edgar Wallace thrillers," I answered, but nothing would persuade him, and I literally had to take a taste myself before he would touch them. Then he started to brighten up, as I had come along to pander to another of his superstitions — astrology. I had looked up the dates and found out that he not only shared the same birthday with such redoubtable Putsch-makers as the Pole, Albert Korfanty, who had led the third insurrection in Upper Silesia in 1921, and Napoleon III, but that it was the same date on which Cromwell had dissolved Parliament. Hitler had always had a romantic obsession with Cromwell and this delighted him. "Ah, Cromwell," he said, "that's my man. He and Henry VIII are the only two positive figures in English history."

It seemed a good moment to bring up something which had been worrying me ever since I had met him, and that was his stupid little moustache. There had been a time during the war when he let it grow, but the first time I saw him it was already clipped back to the

ridiculous little smudge with his nose. I called on the evening brandt to bear witness that or at most be clipped to the much more dignified if he quite unmoved. "Don't worry, time goes on people will be it was to become as much as

In fact he was not vain decently, soberly and unostentatiously impress on his exterior an orator, and this he knew as a Sprachmensch and believed overcome all obstacles. He and he never really had could not talk forcibly, reserving hold a large audience. This rise in his confidence of doctor had not at this time the Nazis were national figures; Brockhaus encyclopaedia and a *Times* newspaper did in connexion with Ehrhard

I had by this time been was beginning to understand secret lay in his choice of vocabulary of catchwords and utterances. My own for marck, the people of my own Hitler had caught the casual out stooping to slang, except a neighbour of his audacious housewife without enough in the Viktualien Markt he have used herself to describe formulate them. Where often expression of talking down to

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1923

ridiculous little smudge which made it look as if he had not cleaned his nose. I called on the evidence of Van Dyck, Holbein and Rembrandt to bear witness that a moustache should either grow out full or at most be clipped to the end of the lips. I said I felt it would be much more dignified if he followed one of these patterns. He took it quite unmoved. "Don't worry," he said, "I am setting a fashion. As time goes on people will be pleased to copy it." And in due course it was to become as much a Nazi trade mark as the brown shirt.

In fact he was not vain about his appearance. He was always decently, soberly and unostentatiously dressed and did not expect to impress on his exterior alone. His appeal lay in his power as an orator, and this he knew and played on for all he was worth. He was a *Sprachmensch* and believed in the power of the spoken word to overcome all obstacles. He even judged others by the same standards, and he never really had confidence in the ability of anyone who could not talk forcibly, reserving his special approval for those who could hold a large audience. This is one of the basic reasons for the final rise in his confidence of Goebbels, although the diabolical little doctor had not at this time appeared on the scene. Not that any of the Nazis were national figures in 1923. The spring edition of the Brockhaus encyclopaedia referred to Hitler vaguely as Georg Hitler and a *Times* newspaper dispatch in which he had been referred to in connexion with Ehrhardt spelt his name as Hintler.

I had by this time been to a number of his public speeches and was beginning to understand the pattern of their appeal. The first secret lay in his choice of words. Every generation develops its own vocabulary of catchwords and phrases, and these date their thoughts and utterances. My own father talked like a contemporary of Bismarck, the people of my own age bore the stamp of Wilhelm II, but Hitler had caught the casual camaraderie of the trenches, and without stooping to slang, except for special effects, managed to talk like a neighbour of his audience. In describing the difficulties of the housewife without enough money to buy the food her family needed in the Viktualien Markt he would produce just the phrases she would have used herself to describe her difficulties, if she had been able to formulate them. Where other national orators gave the painful impression of talking down to their audience, he had this priceless gift

scene

1923

Accuse

of expressing exactly their own thoughts. He also had the good sense, or instinct, to appeal to the women in his audience, who were after all the new political factor in the 1920's. Many a time I have seen him face a hall plentifully sprinkled with opponents ready to heckle and interject, and in his search for the first body of support, make a remark about food shortages or domestic difficulties or the sound instinct of his women listeners which would produce the first bravos. And time and again these came from women. That would break the ice.

By now I was numbered among his immediate supporters, sitting behind him on the platform. Time and again I noticed that during the first part of his speeches he stood with his knees braced back, rigid and immobile, until he provided the first sounding shot which brought a response. Every speech he gave had a past, a present and a future. Each appeared to be a complete historical survey of the situation and although his gift of phrase and argument was infinite in its variety, one sentence always reoccurred at an early stage: "When we ask ourselves today what is happening in the world, we are obliged to cast our minds back to. . . ." That was the sign that he had his audience under control and, taking the events leading up to the collapse of the Kaiser's Germany, he would build up the whole pyramid of the current situation according to his own lights.

The gestures which had so impressed me the first evening I saw him were as varied and flexible as his arguments. They were not, as in other speakers, stereotyped movements to find some employment for his hands, but an integral part of his method of exposition. The most striking, in contrast to the dull slamming of the fist into the palm of the other hand of so many orators, was a soaring upward movement of the arm, which seemed to leave infinite possibilities piercing the air. It had something of the quality of a really great orchestral conductor who instead of just hammering out the downward beat, suggests the existence of hidden rhythms and meaning with the upward flick of his baton.

To continue the musical metaphor, the first two-thirds of Hitler's speeches were in march time, growing increasingly quicker and leading up to the last third which was primarily rhapsodic. Knowing

that a continuous presentation would impersonate in a masterful interrupting himself with a count his original line of thought after posed adversary. There was a gradually being borne in on me to whom the crowd represented a support did not seem able to find. Speaking of some depletion urge, and to his oratory more intelligible. The speech resembled an orgasm of words.

I hope it will not appear too blasphemous to say that I have learnt a lot from the Bible. He was an atheist by the time I got to know him. He was a service to religious beliefs and a basis for the thinking of others. I and then repeating the basis of directly from the New Testament proven method. His political argument to call the system of the horizontal out to the right, expend his criticism for approval. He would continue or back dead centre to end up with joint applause. He would attack the surrender of the nation, their claim to applause from the Left—were prepared to decry the true the applause of the Right-Wing. He had everyone agreeing with everything he said no one else in Germany possible that it must in due course lead to only confirmed my intention of saying.

Hitler suffered no one in the speeches. In the early years he did. It took him between four and six foolscap sheets, about ten or twelve fifteen or twenty words on each

that a continuous presentation by one speaker would be boring, he would impersonate in a masterful way an imaginary opponent, often interrupting himself with a counter-argument and then returning to his original line of thought after completely annihilating his supposed adversary. There was a curious tinge to the finale. It was gradually being borne in on me that Hitler was a narcissus type for whom the crowd represented a substitute medium for the woman he did not seem able to find. Speaking for him represented the satisfaction of some depletion urge, and to me this made the phenomenon of his oratory more intelligible. The last eight to ten minutes of a speech resembled an orgasm of words. *near*

I hope it will not appear too blasphemous when I say that he had learnt a lot from the Bible. He was to all intents and purposes an atheist by the time I got to know him, although he still paid lip-service to religious beliefs and certainly acknowledged them as the basis for the thinking of others. His pattern of looking into the past and then repeating the basis of his beliefs four times over derived directly from the New Testament, and no one can say it was not a proven method. His political arguments were based on what I came to call the system of the horizontal figure of eight. He would move out to the right, expend his criticism and curve round to the left for approval. He would continue on to reverse the process and come back dead centre to end up with *Deutschland über alles* to a roar of joint applause. He would attack the former ruling classes for their surrender of the nation, their class prejudices and feudal economic system to applause from the Left-Wingers, and then riddle those who were prepared to decry the true traditions of German greatness to the applause of the Right-Wingers. By the time he had finished he had everyone agreeing with everything that he had said. It was an art no one else in Germany possessed and my absolute conviction that it must in due course lead him to the top of the political pile only confirmed my intention of staying as near to him as I could.

Hitler suffered no one in the room when he was working on his speeches. In the early years he did not dictate them as he did later. It took him between four and six hours to block one out on large foolscap sheets, about ten or twelve in number, with, in the end, only fifteen or twenty words on each as a cue. When the hour of the

1923

meeting approached he used to walk up and down the room as though rehearsing in his mind the various phrases of his argument. During this time the telephone would keep ringing, with Christian Weber, Amann or Hermann Esser on the line, to tell Hitler how things were going in the hall. He would ask how many people there were, what their mood was or whether much opposition was to be expected. He would give continuous directions concerning the handling of the audience while they were waiting for him and, half an hour after the meeting had started, would call for his overcoat, whip and hat and go out to the car preceded by his bodyguard and chauffeur. On the platform he used to place his sheets of notes on a table at his left and, as he had finished with each one, pass it over to a table on his right. Each page would suffice for ten or fifteen minutes of his speech.

When he had finished the band used to play the national anthem. Hitler would salute to right and left and leave while the music was being played. He had usually reached his car before the singing was over. This sudden withdrawal had a number of advantages. In addition to facilitating his exit unmolested to the car, it prevented the exultation of the crowd from petering out, saved him from unwelcome interviews and left intact the apotheosis picture the public had received from the end of his speech. He once said to me: "Most speakers make the great mistake of hanging around after their speech is over. This only leads to anticlimax, as argument and discussion can completely undo hours of oratorical labour."

Where he had me, and in the course of time millions of others, completely confused is that he did not give vital words the same meaning as we did. When I talked of National-Socialism I meant it in the old Friedrich Naumann sense, a fusion of all that was best in the traditional and socialist elements of the community. Hitler was not thinking along the lines of a patriotic confederation of this sort at all. We all knew, but overlooked the deeper implications of the fact, that the first flowering of his personality had been as a soldier. The man speaking up on the platform was not only a superb orator, but also a former army instructor who had succeeded in winning the minds of fellow-servicemen tainted by the November revolution. When he talked of National-Socialism what he really meant was

military-Socialism, Socialism with a military line or, in civilian terms, police line his mind took the final shape. He was not so secretive to a degree, and he said what he wanted to say in order to achieve his intentions. But there again I was wrong, thirty years.

I had by this time taken to driving my *Beobachter* offices, usually with a driver, in the hope of getting them to the outside world. I had little success in dealing constructively with the outside world. For example, all Rosenberg wanted was to get his particular anti-Bolshevik judices. However, I did get to know Hess and Goering. I soon found out more than anyone else in the party in Bavaria after the post-war collapse. For those with nationalist sentimental type, but he had entered a series of lectures by the well-known Dr. Müller, on the subject of the Napoleonic wars. Hess had attended these lectures and gravitated to Hitler for the same reason after hearing one of his speeches.

Hess was installed as a sort of co-leader with Hitler, and Goering was engaged to bring under his control the entire Luftwaffe, very jealous, suspicious of Hitler, and very closely. He came of quite a decent family, military service in the same regiment as Prince Regent Luitpold, in whose army he was an officer in the war. But even then he was as morose and aloof as a bear. In later years, he endeared himself to me by playing Beethoven during one of

1923

military-Socialism, Socialism within a framework of military discipline or, in civilian terms, police-Socialism. At what point along the line his mind took the final shape it did I do not know, but the germ was always there. He was not only a great orator, but taciturn and secretive to a degree, and he seemed to have an instinctive sense of what not to say in order to mislead people concerning his true intentions. But there again I am speaking with the hindsight of thirty years.

I had by this time taken to dropping in frequently at the *Völkische Beobachter* offices, usually with a clip of foreign newspapers excerpts in the hope of getting them to pay some attention to events in the outside world. I had little success. Instead of making an effort to deal constructively with the affairs of the League of Nations, for example, all Rosenberg wanted were articles and news items dealing with his particular anti-Bolshevist, anti-clerical or anti-Semitic prejudices. However, I did get to know two more Hitler lieutenants, Hess and Goering. I soon found the latter more entertaining company than anyone else in the entourage. He had made his way to Bavaria after the post-war collapse of Germany, as the safest haven for those with nationalist sentiments. Goering was not the intellectual type, but he had entered Munich University and attended a series of lectures by the well-known historian Karl Alexander von Müller, on the subject of the German war of liberation against Napoleon. Hess had attended the same course and they had both gravitated to Hitler for the same reason which had attracted me, after hearing one of his speeches.

Hess was installed as a sort of administrative aide-de-camp to Hitler, and Goering was engaged in building up and endeavouring to bring under his control the embryo S.A. Hess was a moody introvert, jealously suspicious of anyone who approached Hitler too closely. He came of quite a decent family and his uncle had done his military service in the same guard artillery regiment, under the Prince Regent Luitpold, in which my brother had been killed as an officer in the war. But even this did not provide a point of contact and he was as morose and aloof with me as with everybody else. In later years, he endeared himself to me slightly more by asking me to play Beethoven during one of my piano sessions. He had been to

*Bier-schlucker und Rucksack-spediteur
Provingler.*

HITLER—THE MISSING YEARS

1923

ONE

school in Bad Godesberg, near Bonn, Beethoven's birthplace, and had developed a liking for the master's music.

Goering was a complete *condottiere*, the pure soldier of fortune, who saw in the Nazi Party a possible outlet for his vitality and vanity. Nevertheless, he had a jovial, extrovert manner and I found myself very much at home with him. Before long we were on 'thou' terms and that was probably as much due to our wives as anything. Karin Goering, who had an Irish mother, came of a substantial Swedish family and was at least a lady, a woman of charm and education, and she and my wife Helene saw a lot of each other. Goering had a certain humorous contempt for the little squad of Bavarians round Hitler, whom he regarded as a bunch of beer-swillers and rucksack-carriers with a limited, provincial horizon. In his over-loud way he at least brought a whiff of the great outside world with him, and his war record with its *pour le mérite* had given him a much wider set of contacts.

He and Karin lived extremely well, although most of the money was hers, and they had a house out at Obermenzing, near the Nymphenburg Palace, where he had fitted up a sort of plotters' corner in the cellar, all very Gothic and Germanic, with great pewter tankards. My wife and I used to go out there sometimes, but not very often, as we had no car and had to rely on the Goerings to get us there and back. In fact, my only form of transport was a gigantic, elderly Swift bicycle which had belonged to my father, who was the same size as I am. This I kept by me right up into the 'thirties, by which time I was without any question the only unmotorized member of the Nazi hierarchy. But then I took an idealistic view of the Party's duty to the working classes. I remember rebuking Goering once at one of the Munich cafés for screwing a monocle into his eye and then looking round with the stupid air of superiority that the wearers of such objects usually affect. "*Mein lieber Hermann,*" I told him, "this is supposed to be a working-class party and if you go round looking like a Junker we shall never attract their support." Whereupon he looked rather deflated and sheepish and stuffed it in his pocket.

Hitler found Goering useful, but was a little cynical about the ménage. He called on us late one evening after he had been out there

and mimicked the pair of he told her. "It is darli that"—imitating Karin's: such a home and I will n mock-sentimentality, "I h (An echo of Wagner's *Rie*

The Goerings also hac Greinz, to whom I took a a highly dubious rôle bef wardly full of the true Pa eyes, but I never trusted bet any money that fello Putzi," Karin broke in, "I ful gardener." "He's doin her; "he has made himself

Goering and Hess could the many personal rivalrie years and enabled Hitler from their differences in during the war, but inste seemed to exacerbate thei man of action and had lit In his confused way this himself. He had a comm members of the racial TI with their lives at the time He had also come great General Haushofer, who b and had come back a rabid

Haushofer had a chair a nonsense helped to provid I had to try and surmount only foreign ally of which was Japan, the Prussians o over the years in vain to inevitably bring Germany the trouble was that there

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YEARS

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ONE SIDE TO A STATUE

1923 73

and mimicked the pair of them for my wife. "It is a real love-nest," he told her. "It is darling Hermann this and darling Hermann that"—imitating Karin's slightly too-fond voice. "I have never had such a home and I will never have one"—continuing with a sort of mock-sentimentality, "I have only one love and that is Germany." (An echo of Wagner's *Rienzi*, I might add.) scene

The Goerings also had an unpleasant-looking gardener named Greinz, to whom I took an immediate dislike and who was to play a highly dubious rôle before the year was out. He was always outwardly full of the true Party spirit, barking slogans and flashing his eyes, but I never trusted him. "Hermann," I said one day, "I will bet any money that fellow Greinz is a police spy." "Now really, Putzi," Karin broke in, "he's such a nice fellow and he's a wonderful gardener." "He's doing exactly what a spy ought to do," I told her; "he has made himself indispensable."

Goering and Hess could not stand each other and provided one of the many personal rivalries in the party which endured through the years and enabled Hitler to play one off against the other. Apart from their differences in temperament, they had both been fliers during the war, but instead of this bringing them together it only seemed to exacerbate their relationship. Moreover, Goering was a man of action and had little time for the theoreticians of the Party. In his confused way this was the capacity in which Hess fancied himself. He had a common background with Rosenberg when, as members of the racial Thule Society, they had narrowly escaped with their lives at the time of the Munich Soviet Republic in 1919. He had also come greatly under the influence of the Bavarian General Haushofer, who had spent a period of duty in the Far East and had come back a rabid Japanophile.

Haushofer had a chair at Munich University and his geo-political nonsense helped to provide a number of the mental barriers which I had to try and surmount in order to influence Hitler's mind. The only foreign ally of which the Rosenberg-Hess group could conceive was Japan, the Prussians of the East, as they called them, and I tried over the years in vain to make them see that such an alliance would inevitably bring Germany into conflict with the United States. But the trouble was that there were many of them and only one of me.

"What is a spy supposed to do
I would ask you—"
"Be nice."
"Be indispensable"

1923

Every time I tried to bring Hitler to his senses, one of them would always start him on the wrong track again.

As often as I tried to pump some salt water into Hitler's veins the others blinded him with the dust of the infantry. Up he would come with the old catch-phrases of *Ostpolitik* and stab-in-the-back, the brave German Army betrayed, treachery on the home front, the coming day of reckoning with the November criminals in Berlin and the final passage of arms with France. There he would be back with Clausewitz, and this led to the identification of these crazy longings with the military figure who was lending his prestige to the nationalist ferment—the man who was regarded as a tragic figure who had been betrayed by Freemasons and Socialists and Communists, the great hope and the galleon figure of German militarism and the unbeaten Army—General Ludendorff. On him they pinned their hopes, and the result was nearly to prove Hitler's undoing.

seems?
 * Rosenburg to A.H.
 Hauptmann is half
 American, and his loyalty
 is more than half to
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PARTICU

*Ferment in Bavaria—Hitler
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 —Rhinoceros whips in t
 the Catholics—An offer f
 tempts General von Seeck*

THE NAZIS were only one of the organizations flourishing in Bavaria. It was the trump card they held in hand. It was numerous or important. Bavaria was a rag-bag collection of militant and unemployed members of the former German Army to beat down the soldier in Germany after the war. The result was an antipathy of Catholic, separatist Berlin and its Central Government a sharp dose of Communism under Ernst Toller after the war, and had remained firmly in the hands of Conservative State cabinets. Berlin predominantly Socialist actively to thwart it and encouraged disgruntled Right Wing elements.

To describe the situation as it was. Bavarians wanted to restore the monarchy. Some wanted the King to rule; some wanted him to become the acknowledged leader of the Right. Germany was Ludendorff, but

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water into Hitler's veins the infantry. Up he would come k and stab-in-the-back, the ery on the home front, the nber criminals in Berlin and here he would be back with tion of these crazy longings nding his prestige to the regarded as a tragic figure s and Socialists and Com-figure of German militarism ndorff. On him they pinned prove Hitler's undoing.

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1923

CHAPTER IV

PARTICULAR GENERALS

Ferment in Bavaria - Hitler and Roehm - Pyromania in the Rhineland - Jewish Anti-Semites - Dietrich Eckart loses faith - Rhinoceros whips in the courtyard - Rosenberg insults the Catholics - An offer from Mathilde Ludendorff - Hitler tempts General von Seeckt - Compromising reluctant allies.

THE NAZIS were only one of the numerous Right Wing radical organizations flourishing in Bavaria at the time. In fact, apart from the trump card they held in Hitler, they were by no means the most numerous or important. Bavaria had become the refuge of a whole rag-bag collection of militant nationalists, some of whom were unemployed members of the former Freikorps, which had helped the Army to beat down the soldiers' Soviets that had sprung up all over Germany after the war. The reason why they were left free to plot and agitate in Bavaria was twofold. First, there was the historical antipathy of Catholic, separatist-minded Bavaria towards Protestant Berlin and its Central Government. Secondly, the Bavarians had had a sharp dose of Communism under the régimes of Kurt Eisner and Ernst Toller after the war, and after their ejection the Government had remained firmly in the hands of the Reichswehr and a succession of Conservative State cabinets. With the Central Government in Berlin predominantly Socialist, the Bavarian authorities sought actively to thwart it and encouraged for their nuisance value all the disgruntled Right Wing elements who flocked south for safety.

To describe the situation as confused is an understatement. Most Bavarians wanted to restore the Wittelsbach monarchy. But some of them wanted the King to rule again over an independent Bavaria, some wanted him to become the head of a new Danubian confederation, and others wanted the family installed as German Kaisers. The acknowledged leader of the Right Wing refugees from the rest of Germany was Ludendorff, but he was anathema to the Bavarian

1923

nationalists, due to his crack-pot attacks on the Roman Catholic Church, and his followers were distrusted as Prussians. The French occupation of the Ruhr in January 1923 provided a final seasoning to this brew, and the whole year was spent in a rage of nationalistic agitation, with most of the intransigence emanating from Bavaria. The chief part played by Hitler was to try to unite the various patriotic organizations and secure the co-operation of the Bavarian Government, and particularly of the local *Reichswehr*, for a march on Berlin to overthrow the Socialist Government and repudiate the terms of the Versailles Treaty. That he got as far as he did is an astonishing example of what one determined man can accomplish in times of such confusion.

He worked more or less openly with the Ehrhardt Brigade people, although there was much mutual distrust between them, and it was in the fight to maintain the S.A. as a separate organization that Goering won his spurs. When I first started going to the *Beobachter* offices, which was the headquarters of the plot, the two men on guard outside Hitler's door were not S.A. men at all, but members of the Organization Consul, that section of the Ehrhardt group which had been behind the murders of Erzberger and Rathenau, although there is no reason to suppose that Hitler was in any way involved with these assassinations. In any case, how any work ever got done in the office is beyond me. Hitler was a man who thought everything could be accomplished by speeches and that underlings could be left to look after the paper work.

He drove everyone to exasperation, as he could never be relied upon to turn up for an appointment and it was impossible to get a decision out of him. One unfortunate collaborator, who will have a part to play later in this story, was Captain Hans Streck, who was a close confidant of Ludendorff. He was a former artillery officer who had been on the Bavarian General Staff and wanted to organize the office along efficient lines. When he tried to bring some order into the motor pool by sacking drivers who turned up late for duty, he found Hitler insisting that they should be reinstated because they were old Party members. In the end he just gave up. Lt.-Col. Hoffmann, who was in fact an Ehrhardt man and Goering's adjutant, complained of the same thing. Hermann was bone-lazy. His

car would arrive at the door with Karin sitting in the back with s could be pinned down, they we the expensive restaurants.

With all this, Hitler kept up *Herren*," he would say, when conclave, "don't bother me with for them. Within a fortnight w the midst of disorganization eve were endless marches and demo: sabre-rattling, but nothing decis was a great review of the sem Fröttmaninger Heide, which wa ing into the town and occupyi only trouble was that it was pelt riding up and down on a white round his neck, was soaked to th most were not, and in the end al came back to my Gentzstrasse fl

At about the same time, M: held on the Oberwiesefeld, for raided an Army depot and got *Reichswehr* had been allowing and they probably thought the Army headquarters thought this hand them all back. It was all a

The whole movement was mu days. There were not so many: always headed by the German marched together with the *Vikin* tarized formations. The music w the black, white and red of the F flag gave its name to another o which was headed by Captain R: across him. He had been the poli von Epp, who had liberated Mu and he was still a serving officer

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car would arrive at the door hours late for an appointment, with Karin sitting in the back with some titled woman friend. Before he could be pinned down, they were off again to have lunch at one of the expensive restaurants.

With all this, Hitler kept up a drum-fire of exhortation. "*Meine Herren*," he would say, when they managed to pin him down in conclave, "don't bother me with details. There will be time enough for them. Within a fortnight we act, come what may"—so that in the midst of disorganization everyone was kept at white heat. There were endless marches and demonstrations, reviews and speeches and sabre-rattling, but nothing decisive ever occurred. One ghastly fiasco was a great review of the semi-militarized formations out on the Fröttmaninger Heide, which was supposed to end with their marching into the town and occupying the Government buildings. The only trouble was that it was pelting with rain and Goering, who was riding up and down on a white horse with his *pour le mérite* strung round his neck, was soaked to the skin. Some were for marching, but most were not, and in the end all that happened was that the leaders came back to my Gentzstrasse flat for some much-needed hot coffee.

At about the same time, May 1, a similar demonstration was held on the Oberwiesenfeld, for which some of the S.A. men had raided an Army depot and got hold of some machine-guns. The *Reichswehr* had been allowing them to train with them for weeks and they probably thought they had a right to them. However, Army headquarters thought this was going too far and made them hand them all back. It was all a distinct blow to Hitler's prestige.

The whole movement was much more military in its style in those days. There were not so many swastikas and the processions were always headed by the German war standard. The S.A. usually marched together with the *Viking Bund*, who were Ehrhardt's militarized formations. The music was Bavarian, but the colours were the black, white and red of the Kaiser's Reich. In fact the Imperial flag gave its name to another organization, the *Reichskriegsflagge*, which was headed by Captain Roehm, and that is where I first came across him. He had been the political adviser on the staff of General von Epp, who had liberated Munich from the Communists in 1919, and he was still a serving officer in Munich on the staff of the local

1923

Army Commander, General von Lossow. He was a man of considerable influence and Hitler's chief link with the Reichswehr.

Whether by then he had developed the proclivities for which he became notorious is an open question. Certainly during the war his interest in women had been normal and some say he only returned as a homosexual from two years of exile in Bolivia in the later 'twenties. But even if he was not yet an active pervert there were plenty of others around who were. Heines and one or two other patriotic organization leaders became notorious for their tastes in this direction. And when I thought of my earliest contact with a Nazi recruiting agent, it occurred to me that there were far too many men of this type around Hitler.

Part of the curious half-light of his sexual make-up which was only slowly beginning to preoccupy me, was that, to say the least, he had no apparent aversion to homosexuals. I suppose it is true to say that in any male movement of this sort, with one man at its head, you are bound to have a lunatic fringe of sexual perverts. Such men-admirers will always gravitate into a group which, through its very cohesion, manages to take over some of the leading posts. But the Balts and Prussians, who formed such a large proportion of the membership of these organizations, did not seem to share my misgivings. "Do not worry, these people will fight like lions against Bolshevism. It will be like the Sparta of old," they used to say. "It becomes a sort of *Liebestod* for them when they fall in front of the enemy." Hitler had a circumlocution for it. "My most enthusiastic followers must not be married men with wives and children," he would proclaim. "No one with family responsibilities is any good for street fighting."

It was also in Roehm's company that I saw Heinrich Himmler again, although the connexion was not what you might think. The school sneak had become a sort of adjutant, who ran the administrative side of the Reichskriegsflagge, while Roehm attended to his Army duties. He had a pale, round, expressionless face, almost Mongolian, and a completely inoffensive air. Nor in his early years did I ever hear him advocate the race theories of which he was to become the most notorious executive. Somewhere, in the meantime, I think it was in Weihenstephan, he had studied to become a

veterinary surgeon, although qualified. It was probably only agricultural administrator, but animals may have tended to which was to become his mo however, a common Bavarian studied under his father added. He was never anything but po with me. After the Nazis assur

I used to think back to H Rosenberg clique expounded t At some time or other Himml journey by sledge right across he had never been able to get of his mind. At school he use and point out the impossibility west. "Russia is an open tri marches in from the west can o and must suffer the fate of Naj and drawings with absolute cla attempt to confound Rosenber, thought they knew better!

As light relief from this co would often go to the cinema which continued right through In fact I have known him put a film. One of the great success film, which came out in two p rôle of Frederick the Great. I year at Garmisch with Rudolf I weeks in the spring of 1923 at ti wife and I took Hitler to see it. typical of him that the scene w in which the old king, played by have the crown prince beheaded Hitler ranted as we came out, " when a father is prepared to cor

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ow. He was a man of considerable the Reichswehr. I the proclivities for which he. Certainly during the war his and some say he only returned exile in Bolivia in the later an active pervert there were Heines and one or two other: notorious for their tastes in of my earliest contact with a e that there were far too many

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1923
veterinary surgeon, although I doubt if he had ever become fully qualified. It was probably only part of the course he had taken as an agricultural administrator, but, for all I know, treating defenceless animals may have tended to develop that indifference to suffering, which was to become his most frightening characteristic. We had, however, a common Bavarian background and that and my having studied under his father added a little warmth to our acquaintance. He was never anything but polite and forthcoming and even friendly with me. After the Nazis assumed power this was to have its uses.

I used to think back to Himmler's father sometimes, when the Rosenberg clique expounded their ideas of a crusade against Russia. At some time or other Himmler père had undertaken a remarkable journey by sledge right across Russia as far as Novaya Semlya and he had never been able to get the impression of these vast spaces out of his mind. At school he used to chalk a map on the blackboard and point out the impossibility of ever conquering Russia from the west. "Russia is an open triangle," he used to say. "Whoever marches in from the west can only capture ever larger wastes of snow and must suffer the fate of Napoleon." I remembered his arguments and drawings with absolute clarity and sometimes quoted him in an attempt to confound Rosenberg and company. But his son's friends thought they knew better!

As light relief from this constant atmosphere of revolt, Hitler would often go to the cinema in the evening, a form of relaxation which continued right through the years when he was Chancellor. In fact I have known him put off serious conferences in order to see a film. One of the great successes of the time was the Fredericus Rex film, which came out in two parts, with Otto Gebühr playing the rôle of Frederick the Great. I had seen the first part the previous year at Garmisch with Rudolf Kommer and the second part ran for weeks in the spring of 1923 at the Sendlinger Tor Platz cinema. My wife and I took Hitler to see it. He was most impressed, but it was typical of him that the scene which had pleased him most was that in which the old king, played by Albert Steinrück, had threatened to have the crown prince beheaded. "That is the best part of the film," Hitler ranted as we came out, "what a classic example of discipline when a father is prepared to condemn his son to death. Great deeds

"Great Deeds Require Heavy Blows
(Parsable title?)

1923

require harsh measures." Then we got on to talking about the resistance movement in the Ruhr during the French occupation and I brought up the historical parallel of the Russian resistance to Napoleon. Suddenly Hitler thundered: "Hanfstaengl, I tell you only guerrilla tactics will be effective. If the Russians had shown any scruples in 1812, Napoleon would never have been defeated and Rostopchin would never have had the courage to set fire to Moscow. What does it matter if a couple of dozen of our Rhineland cities go up in flames. A hundred thousand dead would mean nothing providing Germany's future was assured." I was thunderstruck—we were on the open street and were just walking past the Schiller monument. I could only shrug my shoulders and say that Rostopchin provided a bad example for Germany as we were deprived of the most important strategic element, the endless space of Russia. It was still too early to see that this pyromaniac aspect of Hitler's character would end in his nihilistic readiness to see Germany reduced to dust and ashes.

I was not the only one who worried about these sudden outbursts of Hitler. Dietrich Eckart was as preoccupied as I was and in despair at the influence that Rosenberg was gaining on him. Eckart had always been one of my favourites, a big bear of a man with sparkling eyes and a genuine sense of humour. But one day when I called on him at the *Boabachter* I found him literally in tears. "Hanfstaengl," he groaned, "if only I had known what I was doing when I introduced Rosenberg into the Party and then allowed him to take over the editorship here, with his rabid anti-Bolshevism and anti-Semitism. He does not know Germany and I have a very strong suspicion that he does not know Russia either. And then that name of his on the front page. He will make a laughing-stock of us all if this goes on." I thought back to Rudolf Kommer's remark about an anti-Semitic programme directed by Jewish or half-Jewish fanatics—Rosenberg was distinctly Jewish in appearance, although he would have been the first to protest furiously if anyone had questioned his ancestry. Yet I used to see him most mornings sitting in a dingy café at the corner of the Briennerstrasse and the Augustenstrasse, with a Hungarian Jew named Holeschi, who was one of his principal assistants. The man called himself Hollander in Germany and

was another of these Jewish became the intimate friend of the editor of the *Vossische* from producing ceaselessly to which the Nazis sought later expected the Aryan background Streicher looked Jewish to me, and even Goebbels, would pedigree.

Eckart made no bones about were walking across the Max-J way to Hitler's flat and I was tell you I am fed up with growled. "Heaven knows the Berlin and the Bolsheviks are build a political party on the b and a poet and I am too ol Hitler was only just behind a words, but he made no sign and

I was even more worried about especially in Catholic Bavaria. the way to offend such a was Hitler aside one day and tri explaining it in his own terms. where and told him that mor the Iron Cross were Catholics, the total population. "These patriots," I insisted. "Just the to our side." I had also met named Alban Schachleiter. I brought down the point of my bore me no ill will and as I f enthusiast we got on famously slovakia and, although he had Hitler's general political line, I met him again at the house to lunch there together with Hi

1923

81

PARTICULAR GENERALS

3 YEARS

to talking about the resistance French occupation and the Russian resistance to [an]staengl, I tell you only Russians had shown any have been defeated and rage to set fire to Moscow. of our Rhineland cities go would mean nothing pro-

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was another of these Jewish anti-Semites. In later years Rosenberg became the intimate friend of Steffi Bernhard, who was the daughter of the editor of the *Vossische Zeitung*, but this did not prevent him from producing ceaselessly the arguments and propaganda with which the Nazis sought later to justify their worst excesses. I suspected the Aryan background of many of the others, Strasser and Streicher looked Jewish to me, as well as later figures like Ley. Frank, and even Goebbels, would have had difficulty in proving their pedigree.

Eckart made no bones about speaking his mind. A group of us were walking across the Max-Joseph Platz one day after lunch on the way to Hitler's flat and I was a couple of yards ahead with him. "I tell you I am fed up with this toy-soldier stuff of Hitler's," he growled. "Heaven knows the Jews are behaving badly enough in Berlin and the Bolsheviks are an even worse lot, but you cannot build a political party on the basis of prejudices alone. I am a writer and a poet and I am too old to go along with him any more." Hitler was only just behind and must have caught the tenor of the words, but he made no sign and no comment.

I was even more worried about Rosenberg's anti-clerical diatribes, especially in Catholic Bavaria. It seemed to me suicidal to go out of the way to offend such a vast majority of the population. I took Hitler aside one day and tried to make him see the danger by explaining it in his own terms. I had come across some figures somewhere and told him that more than 50 per cent of the holders of the Iron Cross were Catholics, although they only formed a third of the total population. "These people are good soldiers and good patriots," I insisted. "Just the sort of supporters we need to get on to our side." I had also met, accidentally, a Benedictine abbot named Alban Schachleiter. I had sat next to him in a tram and brought down the point of my umbrella on his sandalled foot. He bore me no ill will and as I found that he was a fellow Bayreuth enthusiast we got on famously. He had been evicted from Czechoslovakia and, although he had a certain amount of sympathy for Hitler's general political line, deplored the Party's anti-clericalism. I met him again at the house of my sister Erna, and we arranged to lunch there together with Hitler. They got on very well and Hitler

* Hanfstaengl begins to see anyone as Jewish as a way of squaring his

Couragee

June 1, 1923

listened and nodded and appeared to be impressed by the abbot's arguments. I was delighted, convinced that I had brought a useful influence to bear, but the contact did not last long. In a way I was myself the cause of the break, which was a by-product of the shooting of Leo Schlageter.

The French had executed Schlageter in Düsseldorf on May 26 for acts of sabotage. The Nazis later claimed him as one of their own and made him one of the major figures in their Pantheon, but I doubt very much whether he was ever a member of the Party. The news reached me at Uffing on the Staffell Lake, where I had just bought a house, as it had proved impossible to find anything comfortable in Munich to substitute for our little three-roomed flat. The papers were full of the Schlageter affair and the various patriotic organizations planned to hold a mass demonstration in his memory on the Königsplatz in Munich on the following June 1, which, as I recall, was a Monday. Schlageter's parents had been devout Catholics and it seemed to me essential for Hitler to take part in the meeting, and I hoped it would be possible to give it a solemn religious flavour as well as a patriotic one.

I caught the train to Berchtesgaden but found Hitler in an unforthcoming mood. No, there was so much to do and there would be so many people speaking anyway, it was not worth his time. He perked up a little when I suggested that the thing to do was to transport the coffin in solemn procession round Germany in imitation of the passage of President Lincoln's funeral, which my mother had seen and so often described to me. This did not prove practicable, but I had also armed myself with the works of Carlyle, and pointed out the quotation to Hitler about 'any nation which fails to honour its dead can no longer call itself a nation'. This appealed to him immensely and we sat down to block out the speech together round this central idea.

By this time it had become late and I decided to stay the night at the boarding-house Hitler used to frequent at Berchtesgaden. The place was crowded and I found myself doubling up with Dietrich Eckart, who was in his most disillusioned mood and distinctly dampened my spirits. The Pension Moritz it was called, run by a former racing driver named Büchner. His wife, Elisabeth, was a

towering Brünnhilde type who developed for her one of 1 He used to play the romantic round and cracking a rhin Before we went to sleep, Ecl Hitler: "You know, Hanfst thing has gone completely w an incurable case of folie de and down in the courtyard shouting, 'I must enter Berli and scourge out the moneyl I tell you, if he lets this Mes ruin us all."

I had had the further ic standards of the S.A. for demonstration and had been to it. After the speeches—I greatest successes—they mar Boniface, behind the König of Bavaria lie, and the ban Schachleiter had preached a great freedom movement', a days later? Rosenberg came his really offensive anti-cler Christ and taunts against the Schachleiter was not only f St. Boniface not long after aroused. I took Hitler to task ing everything, but as usual Rosenberg and in the end di

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his wife, Elisabeth, was a

towering Brünnhilde type with a flashing gold tooth, and Hitler had developed for her one of his unproductive, declamatory passions. He used to play the romantic revolutionary for her benefit, stamping round and cracking a rhinoceros-hide whip she had given him. Before we went to sleep, Eckart unburdened himself for hours about Hitler: "You know, Hanfstaengl," I remember him saying, "something has gone completely wrong with Adolf. The man is developing an incurable case of folie de grandeur. Last week he was striding up and down in the courtyard here with that damned whip of his and shouting, 'I must enter Berlin like Christ in the Temple of Jerusalem and scourge out the moneylenders', and more nonsense of that sort. I tell you, if he lets this Messiah complex run away with him he will ruin us all."

I had had the further idea of getting Schachleiter to bless the standards of the S.A. formations taking part in the Schlageter demonstration and had been very pleased when I got Hitler to agree to it. After the speeches—Hitler spoke last and scored one of his greatest successes—they marched in formation to the church of St. Boniface, behind the Königsplatz, where the remains of Ludwig I of Bavaria lie, and the banners were blessed with holy water after Schachleiter had preached a pretty inflammatory sermon about 'this great freedom movement', and so on. What happened a couple of days later? Rosenberg came out in the *Beobachter* with another of his really offensive anti-clerical leaders, with stupid insults about Christ and taunts against the Catholics. It was really too much. Poor Schachleiter was not only furious, but had to leave the living at St. Boniface not long after because of the storm which had been aroused. I took Hitler to task, telling him that Rosenberg was spoiling everything, but as usual he found excuses, said he would talk to Rosenberg and in the end did nothing.

All that was left of my part in the affair was the Schlageter song which I composed at the time and which became an integral part of the Nazi brass-band repertoire. I cannot write music myself, but I thumped out the melody and got an old Imperial *Kapellmeister* to orchestrate it for me. The Schlageter affair had really brought the general atmosphere to crisis pitch, and in spite of my disappointment I was determined to keep as near to Hitler as possible in the hope

we need p 84 + p 85

1923

adjutant at the time, and apart from Lossow's adjutant, Captain Oxner, was the only other person present.

Seeckt had come to Bavaria on a tour of inspection and shortly before he left Lossow persuaded him to meet a 'political prophet' who Lossow maintained must play a considerable part in the future. The interview took place in the Army headquarters building, where Hitler launched into a tirade lasting an hour and a half about the situation. He ranted about the French in the Ruhr, the Lithuanians in Memel, the Communist Government in Thuringia and suggested, in short, that Germany was on the brink of collapse. His plan called for a coalition of all nationally-minded people, the formation of a huge militia under the S.A. and the expansion of the army. The French were to be forced out of the Ruhr and the shackles of the Versailles Treaty broken. At the end he gazed at Seeckt and said: "Herr General, I offer you the leadership of the whole German working-class movement."

Seeckt, who had listened to this outburst without interrupting once, replied curtly: "Herr Hitler, what is your attitude to the soldier's oath of allegiance?" Hitler jumped from his chair: "Herr General, my offer was not intended to conflict with your present duty of loyalty. It is self-evident that you cannot break your oath to the Weimar Government. We National-Socialists will see to it that the members of the present Marxist régime in Berlin will hang from the lamp-posts. We will send the Reichstag up in flames and when all is in flux we will turn to you, Herr General, to assume the leadership of all the German workers."

Now it was General von Seeckt's turn to rise: "In that case you and I, Herr Hitler, have nothing more to say to each other." As Hitler was ushered out Oxner went over to Selchow and whispered: "From now on Seeckt is a dead man." In the train on the way back to Berlin Seeckt talked to his adjutant for hours about this episode: "Come what may," he commented, "General von Lossow has assured me that Hitler cannot make a Putsch without the *Reichswehr*, and that suffices for the time being. I simply do not believe that the *Reichswehr* could be brought to fire on other *Reichswehr* units."

Hitler had never at any time referred to this conversation when

talking to me. Selchow and his evidence is absolute and his evidence is absolute aspect is the fact that Hitler to such a degree that the military discipline.

Such a situation of Hitler. The *Reichswehr* a benevolent eye and although yet be won over again. The situation of the Berlin Government yet weld every faction in Germany in favour with many needed a major demonstration to crystallize. He had posed dangerous liberties. France was already a secret support of the police by Wilhelm Frick, enabled the Bavarian Minister of the Interior of the peace.

Hitler was engaged in Lossow, Poehner, Roehm a crony of Rosenberg, with Max Erwin von Scheubner-Richter in Constantinople during the time he had found a place among the envoys of the White Russian strength of his position was the Grand Duchess of Coburg family, to channel funds to He was another 'stab-in-the-back' defeat of Germany only a way to be cured by gaining control of White Russia.

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October 1923

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from their offices and the police will only be at half-strength. That is the time to strike." He was putting every ounce of his energy into the struggle. At one point he booked the huge Krone Circus hall for a solid week and spoke there every afternoon and evening. They were some of the best speeches he ever gave and one, specifically directed at the students, was an absolute masterpiece.

On the last day, the Sunday, the authorities had forbidden any formations to march with unfurled flags and banners. As soon as the meeting was over the S.A. tramped off to the Mars Feld with their flags furled. But either due to a misunderstanding or deliberate disregard of orders, the second battalion, under Brückner, unrolled their flags and, on turning into the Arnulfstrasse, met a strong police cordon. There was a clash, and the story as I heard it maintained that one of the flag-bearers had had his wrist severed by a police sabre. Whatever the cause there was uproar at headquarters and Hitler sent Goering and myself to see von Kahr to complain of the brutality of his security forces. Somehow the incident was smoothed over. Even Kahr was not prepared to clamp down on the Nazis, so confused had the situation become.

I was sitting in Hitler's office with him that evening and he became so restless that he decided that Goering, Ulrich Graf and I should accompany him on a reconnaissance trip round the city to see if there were any new developments. This was typical of him; you could never keep him off the streets. We ended up in the Hoßbräuhaus about eight o'clock at night and Hitler had the idea of getting the people out of the big courtyard in the back to follow us in a protest march, just for the sake of raising hell. The beer-drinkers would have none of it and, after calling us all the names under the sun and telling us to get out, started bombarding us with their heavy mugs. One whistled past my nose and shattered against the wall, spraying beer all around. I had not even ducked, which shows what a greenhorn I was in such matters. We had to beat a hurried retreat.

Any reason to start a Putsch was sufficient. One week-end - it must have been in October - I found Rosenberg in a high state of excitement: "We are just getting out the proclamations." "What on earth for?" I asked him. He pulled himself together a little and pronounced, in his omniscient Baltic way, "The next few days will

1923

see the opening of a new chapter and we must be ready." I inquired around and discovered that he had concocted a crazy plan for capturing Prince Rupprecht and his staff, together with the whole Government, at the unveiling ceremony of the monument to the Unknown Soldier in front of the Ministry of War.

Hermann Esser and I managed to stop that by arguing that any attack on Rupprecht's person would inevitably bring out the *Reichswehr* in force against us. Ludendorff and Scheubner-Richter had also been behind this plan, which was a good indication of how completely out of touch they were with the true situation in Bavaria. It gave me a chance to have another dig at Rosenberg and warn Hitler of the perils of getting too closely involved with the Baltic plotters. However, it was a bad time to ride my particular hobby-horse. "America is a long way away," Hitler said to me. "We must think first of a march on Berlin. Once we have dealt with the immediate situation then we can look around and I can find Rosenberg another job."

Hitler continued to rail at the Central Government in Berlin with impunity, and at the beginning of October von Seeckt ordered Lossow to suppress the *Völkische Beobachter*. Under pressure from Kahr, who in turn thought he might be able to use the Hitler-Ludendorff forces, nothing was done, and when Lossow failed to carry out a further peremptory order on October 20, he was dismissed from his command. In the conflict of loyalties he opted to support his neighbours. The centuries-old tradition of the formerly independent Bavarian Army reasserted itself and dislike of the General Staff in Berlin took precedence over military discipline. With von Kahr and Colonel von Seisser, the chief of the State Police, von Lossow formed a triumvirate to govern Bavaria as an independent State. Their aim was to restore the Wittelsbach monarchy, and their plan, as it later became clear, was first to use the Ludendorff-Hitler forces and then crush them. The scene was set for the next act.

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FIASCO AT TH

*Plan for a Putsch—Crack
at the Bürgerbräu—Kahr
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Hitler's*

MUNICH LITERALLY boiled and rumour during the twent with the Bavarian Army Cor of developments was at the i day there and was sitting wi day on November 8 when F his Putsch.

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Nov 8, 1923

CHAPTER V

FIASCO AT THE FELDHERNHALLE

Plan for a Putsch - Cracks in the Kampfbund - Double-cross at the Bürgerbräu - Kahrfreitag - Red wine for Ludendorff - Fusillade in the Residenzstrasse - My escape to Austria - Hitler's attempted suicide.

MUNICH LITERALLY boiled with plot, counter-plot, demonstrations and rumour during the twenty days following von Lossow's defection with the Bavarian Army Corps. The best place to try and keep track of developments was at the Beobachter offices. I spent part of each day there and was sitting with Rosenberg in his room around mid-day on November 8 when Hitler told us he had decided to launch his Putsch.

Rosenberg was such an unappetizing fellow. He had only recently married, but his colleagues on the paper recounted innumerable stories about his unsavoury love life, which usually involved multiple intercourse with half a dozen men and women companions at a time in some grubby back-street flat. It must have been the Tartar in him. In dress he had the taste of a costermonger's donkey, and on this occasion I remember very well he was wearing a violet shirt with a scarlet tie, with a brown waistcoat and blue suit. He had some theory about it being a waste of money to wash shirts and used to throw them away when they became unwearable even by his standards.

However, there I sat with him in his little white-washed office. His desk was diagonally across the corner of the room, on it the pistol he always kept prominently displayed. We could hear Hitler stomping up and down the corridor and heels clicking as he called out "Where is Captain Goering?" It was all very military. Then he burst into our room, pallid with excitement, trench-coat tightly belted and carrying his riding whip. We both stood up. "Swear you will not mention this to a living soul," he said in a tone of suppressed urgency. "The hour

Nov 27

YEARS

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to Hitler when I passed it on: "That's typical of the cunning old
rogue," he commented.

A similar tip had come from Count Lerchenfeld, a former Prime
Minister, who still had considerable influence in affairs. I was sitting
with my journalist friend in his room when Lerchenfeld was an-
nounced. There was no time for me to leave without meeting him in
the corridor, so I retreated hurriedly into the bathroom. I could
hear very little of what was being said, but as Lerchenfeld stood up
to go he must have turned in the direction of my hiding-place and
caught the words: "No, no, we shall have no use for the National-
Socialists, they are far too radical for our purposes."

This further annoyed Hitler, but was typical of the atmosphere of
double-cross and triple-cross reigning in Bavaria at the time. Even
some of our apparently firm allies in the *Kampfbund* were by no
means to be trusted. Roehm and his *Reichskriegsflagge* could be
relied upon. In fact he stormed and held the War Ministry with the
officer cadets the following day. On the other hand, Ehrhardt was a
much more doubtful element, although some of his *Viking* people
were still on duty in the *Beobachter* offices, to outward appearances
in closest harmony with the National-Socialists. I had rung up there
from Uffing a few days earlier, got a crossed line and thus was wit-
ness to a conversation which made it clear that Ehrhardt's men
were disposing of some of the mutual stocks of arms in a distinctly
suspicious manner. I warned Hoffmann, Goering's adjutant, but as
he also was a member of the *Viking* organization the matter was
somehow covered up. However, my suspicions were more than justi-
fied as on the day of the Putsch Ehrhardt sided with Kahr.

Nor was Ehrhardt the only one. Captain Kautter, another of
Goering's *aides*, also switched allegiances and defended Kahr's
ministry when the time for decision came. Poehner, who had been
superseded as police president, but still wielded great influence, was
another doubtful ally. He had protected Hitler in many ways and
great reliance was placed on his attitude. But when the Putsch
foundered he lost his nerve and Goering and Roehm obtained no
support from him, although he had made himself sufficiently suspect
to stand trial later with the others.

Many of the titled officers in the affiliated patriotic organization

No 23

professed dual loyalties. Crown Prince Rupprecht used to be referred to quite frequently as 'His Majesty', and a proportion of the *Kampfbund* membership was distinctly Wittelsbach monarchist in outlook. So much so that for many years Hitler appeared to let it be understood that he intended to restore monarchical forms of government, an attitude which later brought considerable Brunswick, Hesse and Hohenzollern support, only for all of them to complain about being betrayed in the end.

What was to prove an even more decisive factor was Hitler's disregard of the need to placate Catholic opinion. Ludendorff and a considerable proportion of the North German nationalist malcontents who had found refuge in Bavaria were either Protestants or violently anti-Church and specifically anti-Catholic. The mistake was to assume the Putsch would succeed with their help alone. General von Epp, himself a Roman Catholic, had been so grossly offended by Rosenberg that he became indifferent to any Putsch led by Hitler and Ludendorff. Von Epp's action in ordering a Mass and Te Deum of thanksgiving to be held in Munich's largest square at the liberation in 1919, had led Rosenberg to refer to him repeatedly in sarcastic articles in the *Beobachter* as the '*Muttergottes-General*'. This so alienated von Epp that he would have little further to do with the Nazis. Yet he had a personal following of some 25,000 Life Guard reservists and his influence on Hitler's side might have tipped the scales.

This then was the fantastically confused situation, and here was Hitler giving Rosenberg and myself orders to buckle on our pistols and liberate Germany. That morning, in a desperate ogle in von Lossow's direction, the *Völkische Beobachter* had come out with a great picture on the front page of General Yorck von Wartenburg, who carried the Prussian Army over to the Russians against Napoleon at Tauroggen, with the caption: "Shall we find a second General Yorck in our hour of need?" Rosenberg and I had been discussing its possible effect when Hitler burst in on us. After casting an approving glance at the copy on the table, Hitler said to me, as he turned to leave: "I shall rely on you to look after the interests of the foreign press." In a moment or two I followed. Hitler's announcement had at least stopped Rosenberg's infuriating habit of

whistling through his tee had clearly come for action

My first thought was to become pregnant again, and to leave Munich. Walking strasse, which I still retain up and go that afternoon round to the international and Larry Rue of the C to Munich in the expect under no circumstances for that evening, although I was confused enough myself although I tried to see I further discussion to clear with him. I was told that Dietl of the Bavarian gentlemen in the *Reichswehr*, Norway and Finland.

I learned later that the devised by Schenbner-Ric that von Kahr was about Hitler obtained all the those killed at the Feldherr.

The Bürgerbräu Keller, frequented by a better class mile up the Rosenheimer to other side of the Isar river. find the area cordoned off or the foreign journalists hall. I will never make a indication of the disorgan affair. So there we stood, and no sign whatsoever of more before the red Benz and he climbed out with "These gentlemen are cor

if the necessity of the situation presented itself since then our war is just

* An essay by D.T. on dual loyalties

and betrayals, and the situation in Bavaria and the ease with which one could gull monarchists who were inferior in their comprehension that anyone near to them was not by instinct a monarchist, and the difficulty of turning them. Since then also felt it was their god-given obligation to betray you.

Nov 23

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whistling through his teeth when I talked to him, but the time had clearly come for action rather than for further incivilities.

My first thought was to arrange for my wife, who had just become pregnant again, and my two-and-a-half-year-old son, Egon, to leave Munich. Walking quickly back to my flat in the Gentzstrasse, which I still retained as a *pied-à-terre*, I told them to pack up and go that afternoon to Uffing. I also had to pass the word round to the international journalists, such as H. R. Knickerbocker, and Larry Rue of the *Chicago Tribune*, who had come flocking to Munich in the expectation of exciting events, that they must under no circumstances fail to be at the Bürgerbräu Keller meeting that evening, although I could not, of course, tell them why. I was confused enough myself at the course events might take and although I tried to see Hitler again during the afternoon for a further discussion to clear our minds, I was unable to get in touch with him. I was told that he was in conference with Captain Eduard Dietl of the Bavarian general staff, who was one of his chief informants in the *Reichswehr*, and who later commanded a division in Norway and Finland.

I learned later that the plan for the Putsch had in fact been devised by Schenbner-Richter, who had also received information that von Kahr was about to take the initiative. Be that as it may, Hitler obtained all the credit, as Scheubner-Richter was one of those killed at the Feldherrnhalle the following day.

The Bürgerbräu Keller, an eminently respectable beer-hall much frequented by a better class of people at the time, is about half a mile up the Rosenheimer Strasse from the centre of Munich, on the other side of the Isar river. I got there early, about seven o'clock, to find the area cordoned off by police, who refused to let either me or the foreign journalists who were already there through into the hall. I will never make a revolutionary, although perhaps it was an indication of the disorganized and amateurish nature of the whole affair. So there we stood, with me trying to bluff our way through and no sign whatsoever of Hitler. It must have been half an hour or more before the red Benz car he had recently acquired drew up and he climbed out with Amann, Rosenberg and Ulrich Graf. "These gentlemen are coming with me," he said peremptorily to

New 23

the police inspector on duty and forward we all trotted at his heels.

I was bringing up the rear with an American woman journalist, and although the others got through, the entrance door was then slammed in our faces. I stood outside, feeling uncommonly foolish, berating the police: "This lady represents an American newspaper," I said heatedly. "Herr von Kahr is giving an important speech and there will be a first-class scandal if reports are prevented from reaching the foreign Press." What turned the tide was the fact that my companion was smoking an American cigarette, a scent so rare and luxurious in impoverished Germany that her bona fides was established. We were let past, to meet one of Hitler's bodyguards whom he had sent back to find out what had happened to us.

The entrance corridor was completely empty, apart from the vast pile of top-hats, uniform-coats and swords in the cloakroom. It was quite clear that the *élite* of the whole capital of Munich was there. I found that Hitler had quietly taken up position by one of the big supporting pillars about twenty-five yards from the platform. Nobody seemed to notice us and we just stood there looking innocent, for what must have been at least twenty minutes. Hitler, who was still wearing his trench-coat, was chatting quietly to Amann, now and again biting a finger-nail and occasionally looking sideways at the platform, where von Kahr, von Lossow and von Seisser sat.

Kahr was on his feet, droning away at some incomprehensible and boring speech. I said to myself, this waiting is dull enough, but there's no need to go thirsty. So I went over to the serving-hatch and got three litre jugs of beer. I remember they cost a billion marks apiece. I took a good swig at one myself and handed the other two over to our group, where Hitler took a thoughtful draught. It is no use just standing around, I thought, and in Munich no one will suspect anyone with his nose in a stein of beer of having ulterior motives.

The wait seemed interminable. Kahr was still mumbling away and I had a good look round the hall. Sure enough, everyone was there: the Bavarian provincial cabinet, leaders of society, newspaper editors, and officers. Not far away I caught sight of Admiral Paul von Hintze, who had been German ambassador in Mexico before the war and now lived in Salzburg, where he was reputed to provide

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Kahr was sending us off t now I come to the considera the high point of his speech, come through flew open an stein on the march, with al five brownshirts with pisto. Everything happened at c towards the platform and tl Tables overturned with the the members of the Bavaria On the way we passed a m: the intelligence section at A his pistol as soon as he saw covered him with theirs a I remember thinking. If I carrying I would probably l

Hitler clambered on a ch always maintained that he mission, but I swear he did been such a bromide that had almost fallen asleep. myself. Anyway, on hom promptu proclamation: "The *Reichswehr* is with us.

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Nov 23

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some sort of line of communication with Otto of Hapsburg. So they are in this, too, I thought, with their plans for a Catholic Danubian confederation!

Kahr was sending us off to sleep. He had just said the words "and now I come to the consideration . . ." which, for all I know, was to be the high point of his speech, when the door behind us which we had come through flew open and in burst Goering, looking like Wallenstein on the march, with all his orders clinking, plus about twenty-five brownshirts with pistols and machine-guns. What an uproar. Everything happened at once. Hitler began to plough his way towards the platform and the rest of us surged forward behind him. Tables overturned with their jugs of beer. I saw Wutzhofer, one of the members of the Bavarian cabinet, crawl under another for cover. On the way we passed a major named Mucksel, one of the heads of the intelligence section at Army headquarters, who started to draw his pistol as soon as he saw Hitler approach, but the bodyguard had covered him with theirs and there was no shooting. Just as well, I remember thinking. If I had had to loose off the cannon I was carrying I would probably have maimed myself.

Hitler clambered on a chair and fired a round at the ceiling. It is always maintained that he did this to terrify the gathering into submission, but I swear he did it to wake people up. Kahr's speech had been such a bromide that at least a third of the people in the hall had almost fallen asleep. I had practically dozed off on my feet myself. Anyway, on home ground at last, Hitler barked an impromptu proclamation: "The national revolution has broken out. The *Reichswehr* is with us. Our flag is flying on their barracks. . . ."

I suddenly caught one glance from von Lossow at Hitler. There was such a furtive look of thinly veiled contempt on his monocled face, with its sabre-cuts, that I knew he could not be trusted to go along with us. I turned to Goering and said: "Hermann, watch your step. Lossow is going to double-cross us." "How do you know that?" Goering asked me. "One look at his face is enough," I said. I felt in my finger-tips that there was trouble brewing. Hitler and Lossow had been as thick as thieves for weeks but I knew that no binding promises of assistance had been forthcoming from the Army chief. He could never get over the fact that he was an aristocratic general

Nov 23

and Hitler was an ex-corporal. There was still no room for self-made men in the Germany of those days and Hitler's fight against this attitude was to take him years.

Hitler invited Kahr and company to join him in one of the side-rooms to discuss their plans. There they were joined by Scheubner-Richter and Ludendorff, tremendous in full regimentals with all his decorations. After a first somewhat inconclusive session, Hitler returned to the hall alone and launched into a tremendous tirade. "Now is the time to do away with the sinners' Tower of Babel in Berlin," and so on. Announcing that he had entered into coalition with the triumvirate and careful to hide the fact that they had been notably frigid about it, he soon had the audience bawling its enthusiasm. This may have been partly due to the fact that in his excitement he talked about "His Majesty the Crown Prince of Bavaria". Or it may have been deliberate in order to get the people on his side, under the impression that he was supporting the Wittelsbach restoration. In any case it worked. He went back to inform his reluctant allies that the whole sense of the meeting was on his side and that action against Berlin could commence.

For Hitler's words to achieve such immediate effect, they needed to reach receptive ears. To a great many staid and established members of the audience he represented little more than an adventurer. Nevertheless, they had been tempted by the voluptuous picture of power he had painted for them. Since Bismarck had founded the Second German Reich, Bavaria had been little more than a provincial vassal and here opportunity was being offered for Munich to assume the leadership of Germany and take it away from the despised Prussians in Berlin. There were a good many women in the audience, distinguished local matrons with heavy, provincial furs, and they had applauded the loudest. It was another example of the way women will respond to sheer effrontery.

In the main hall the S.A. was in complete command. All the police had disappeared and this, in fact, was the main service of Poehner, who still had enough authority with Frick at police headquarters to tell him to instruct his men not to interfere with the proceedings. Goering jumped on to the platform and, with his matchless lack of tact, informed the audience that the leaders had

now gone into conference where they were. "In any unmistakable tone of cor Bavarian, as if to suggest hands there was little else t

Somewhere about this ti the more peaceable and al representatives of the fore impromptu press conferen been formed, that all pers order and discipline woul the things I truly believed the chair had also attracte von Borscht, the former editor of the *Münchener* clamoring round. "Ah, n see you here," said Borscl "Can't you help me to get

I took him over to the who in later years becam to go out. I have my orde mands here, civilians mu complex, I thought! And Borscht and I retreated serving-hatch, where, afte serving, I managed to w the kitchen." So off he w Larry Rue out the same of high exaltation about t ficient thing, Germany wi soon as he got back to article praising the natic day, before the march c useful evidence at Hitler' Kahr and Lossow particip

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Nov 23

now gone into conference and that everybody else was to remain where they were. "In any case, there is beer to drink," he said in the unmistakable tone of contempt of the northern German for the Bavarian, as if to suggest that as long as they had a stein in their hands there was little else they needed.

Somewhere about this time I, in my turn, climbed on a chair with the more peaceable and almost absurdly normal announcement that representatives of the foreign press should join me. Then I held an impromptu press conference, explaining that a new Government had been formed, that all persons and property would be respected, that order and discipline would be restored in the country, and so on—all the things I truly believed in at the time. Seeing my six-foot-four on the chair had also attracted a number of German friends. There was von Borscht, the former lord mayor of Munich, Dr. Gerlich, the editor of the *Münchener Neueste Nachrichten*, and others who came clamoring round. "Ah, my dear Hanfstaengl, what a pleasure to see you here," said Borscht, who was an old friend of my father's. "Can't you help me to get out, we are being kept prisoner."

I took him over to the main door, where an S.A. man, Schreck, who in later years became Hitler's driver, was on duty. "No one is to go out. I have my orders. Only people in uniform can give commands here, civilians must do what they are told." This uniform-complex, I thought! And with the years it got infinitely worse. So Borscht and I retreated and I got him a stein of beer from the serving-hatch, where, after a word with the girls who were doing the serving, I managed to whisper in Borscht's ear: "Get out through the kitchen." So off he went. In due course I got Knickerbocker and Larry Rue out the same way, and also Gerlich, who was in a state of high exaltation about the evening's proceedings. "What a magnificent thing, Germany will be reunited again," he was burbling. As soon as he got back to his newspaper he dictated a tremendous article praising the national revolution, which came out the next day, before the march on the Feldherrnhalle, and provided most useful evidence at Hitler's trial because it gave a full description of Kahr and Lossow participating in the Putsch.

After nearly half an hour the chief conspirators returned to the hall. Hitler had taken off his trench-coat and was revealed in his

Nov 23

D.T. so-called good clothes, a black tailcoat and waistcoat, but cut in the Bavarian provincial fashion. He could not have looked less like a revolutionary; he was more like a collector of taxes in his Sunday best. This was the extraordinary thing about him, he still looked utterly mediocre in repose. A certain quality in his eyes and a certain reserve in his manner were all that made you look twice. He was still distinctly subservient in his attitude, except, of course, when he began to speak, as he had just shown. Then he rose into something super-human. It was the only element in which he felt himself totally at home. It was like the difference between a Stradivarius lying in its case, just a few bits of wood and lengths of catgut, and the same violin being played by a master. Just now he was quiet, looking like the slightly nervous sort of provincial bridegroom you could see in scores of pictures behind the dusty windows of Bavarian village photographers.

They all lined up on the platform: Kahr, Lossow and Seisser, Ludendorff, Frick, and Poehner, all looking very grave and history-conscious, and Hitler in that baggy, flabby suit, with a big swastika button in his lapel and the iron cross on his left breast. He was determined to lose no time. He made a short announcement that a new National Government had been formed. A solemn oath was taken by all the partners, following by the most impressive singing of *Deutschland über alles* I have ever heard. I caught sight of Gottfried Feder worming his way into the group from the back and trying to look important. He had some idea that he was going to become Minister of Economics in the new Government, but unfortunately there was no photographer present to record his momentary mingling with the great.

It had, in fact, all been highly dramatic and things had not yet started to go wrong. With his innate sense of mass psychology, Hitler had hit on exactly the right formula to sway the different sections of the gathering. Most of them educated men, they had sensed in the conspiratorial oath taken from the platform something of the tone of the Rütli oath in Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell* and their naïve political romanticism had been fired. The Gambetta quality in Hitler had magnetized them.

Some of the side-shows, of course, were less romantic. Hess had

been entrusted with the task Bavarian cabinet and I had moniously up a narrow flig the brownshirt fanatics were but I managed to bustle my trouble was I was too civil the old idea that you do not to make myself pleasant by Schweyer, the Minister of tl to have no truck whatsoever sat on, thirsty, which is abo endure. But Wutzhofers gra However, that was another was literally all I had, so fo myself.

Then there was something Goering, who said, "Putzi, I shall probably not be home letter in the post for her." going well with the Putsch Roehm had succeeded in t the officer cadets he had sul means going so smoothly. S control and the attitude of Esser turned up—he had b perature—I suggested to H sance. It had occurred to n that the police were not Munich, so we drove down of taking over the communi off and had to return to the away for some time, as wh in an ill-advised moment, l encourage flagging spirits.

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Nov 23

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been entrusted with the task of segregating the other members of the Bavarian cabinet and I had watched him shooing them unceremoniously up a narrow flight of stairs into another room. Some of the brownshirt fanatics were all for liquidating them out of hand, but I managed to bustle my way in and keep the hotheads out. My trouble was I was too civilized for this sort of thing. Brought up on the old idea that you do not kick your enemy when he is down, I tried to make myself pleasant by offering the ministers tankards of beer. Schweyer, the Minister of the Interior, who had been one of the few to have no truck whatsoever with Hitler, refused haughtily and just sat on, thirsty, which is about the worst punishment a Bavarian can endure. But Wutzhofer grabbed his stein, as did most of the others. However, that was another six billion marks out of my pocket and was literally all I had, so for the rest of the evening I had to go dry myself.

Then there was something of a lull. I found my way back to Goering, who said, "Putzi, go and ring up Karin and tell her that I shall probably not be home tonight, and when you get out, put this letter in the post for her." Somehow one sensed that all was not going well with the Putsch plans in the city. We had the news that Roehm had succeeded in taking over the Army headquarters with the officer cadets he had suborned, but elsewhere matters were by no means going so smoothly. Some of the other barracks were not under control and the attitude of the police was doubtful. When Hermann Esser turned up—he had been in bed with 'flu' and still had a temperature—I suggested to Hitler that we ought to make a reconnaissance. It had occurred to me that we had not made sufficiently sure that the police were not calling up reinforcements from outside Munich, so we drove down to their headquarters with the intention of taking over the communications centre. However, we were fobbed off and had to return to the Bürgerbräu. In fact, we must have been away for some time, as when we returned it was to find that Hitler, in an ill-advised moment, had also left for the centre of the city to encourage flagging spirits.

As Esser and I got back we were disagreeably surprised to find that the whole meeting was breaking up. Most of the people in the main hall had already left, as had Kahr, Lossow and Seisser, after

*D.T. In the middle of the first night
of revolution, they are still law-abiding
enough to pay for the beer.*

War 23

giving Ludendorff, who had also decided to leave, their word of honour not to alter the course of events. This seemed a very sinister development to Esser and me, and when, after some time, Hitler returned, only his brownshirts were left. He had put on his trenchcoat again over that frightful tailcoat outfit and paced up and down like a desperado. I taxed him once more about von Lossow, but although he seemed worried he had by no means lost hope. He seemed to have accepted the argument of Scheubner-Richter, who was acting as Ludendorff's deputy, that 'you could not keep an old gentleman like Kahr sitting in a poky room in a beer-hall all night'.

I reminded Hitler of a recommendation I had made before the Putsch, that we should requisition an hotel into which the entire Government could be put under guard. The reason why I had tried so desperately to see Hitler again in the afternoon was to get his authority to take over the Leinfelder, which was a very respectable establishment catering for diplomats and aristocratic families. I was, heaven knows, a mere amateur in the business of revolutions—my chief claim to fame was as a player of the piano—but I knew enough from my history books to realize that if you are going to supplant a government by force you have at least to control the movements of your predecessors. In those days Hitler must have been even more of an amateur than I was because he neglected even this simple precaution.

Instead he retreated into a mood of exaltation: "Tomorrow either we are successful and masters of a united Germany or we shall be hanging from the lamp-posts," he said in that dramatic voice, and sent one confidant after another down to the *Reichswehr* headquarters to find out how things were going on, but they learnt nothing to their advantage. I stood next to Goering as he tried to ring up the Bavarian Government offices, where von Kahr was supposed to have gone. Who should answer the telephone but Kautter, the Ehrhardt Organization Consul man, who pretended he did not know where Kahr was. It was my first indication that some double-crossing was in progress and that the situation was going awry. Captain Streck, Ludendorff's adjutant, was sent down to find out what was happening, but he had an inconclusive parley with Captain Schweinle, a police officer, through a window—he was wise

enough not to accept an invective cryptic report: "The situation

A Major Siry was dispatched to the Army barracks and came only by great good fortune. He came from Lieutenant Neur to Crown Prince Rupprecht behind the Putsch and offered him a cold reception at the barracks, but what we had was an urgent emissary from Regensburg who would play no part in any force that they must take all necessary energetic action, to force to counter any Hitler in Regensburg to perpetuate his

With the situation looking to spend the night in splendour in a state of siege. He then the atmosphere in the city, so I went to bed.

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The following day has occurred on the German word for Go to Bürgerbräu about eight in the morning. apparently been up all night followers, but all in civilian small room on the ground floor. He guidedly accepted his fellow conspirators moved to a larger private residence. A general was sitting there still in a disturbed calm, sipping away at the conspirators had enjoyed. There was smoke. In the ante-room there was a pile about five

* D.P. I could tell. He was too ready to die. He was certainly not hard enough yet for the tasks that lay ahead.

Nov 23

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 cryptic report: "The situation stinks."

A Major Siry was dispatched to find out what was happening at
 the Army barracks and came back with even worse tidings. He had
 only by great good fortune escaped being arrested. The worst news
 came from Lieutenant Neunzert, who had been sent with a message
 to Crown Prince Rupprecht begging him to throw his prestige
 behind the Putsch and offering him the post of Regent *ad interim*.
 He had a cold reception and came back empty-handed. In fact,
 Kahr, Lossow and Seisser had retired to the 19th Infantry Regiment
 barracks, but what we had no means of telling at the time was that
 an urgent emissary from Rupprecht had informed them that he
 would play no part in any Putsch connected with Ludendorff and
 that they must take all necessary measures. Seeking to save their
 skins by energetic action, Lossow and Seisser were preparing to use
 force to counter any Hitler march, and Kahr was about to leave for
 Regensburg to perpetuate his government of Bavaria in safety.

With the situation looking increasingly doubtful, Hitler decided
 to spend the night in splendid isolation in the Bürgerbräu, more or
 less in a state of siege. He thought I would be more useful testing the
 atmosphere in the city, so I left them and, prosaically enough, went
 to bed.

* * *

The following day has come to be known as *Kahrfreitag*, a play
 on the German word for Good Friday, *Karfreitag*. When I got back
 to Bürgerbräu about eight in the morning, I found that Hitler had
apparently been up all night. Ludendorff had returned with his own
followers, but all in civilian clothes. They were no longer in the
 small room on the ground floor where Ludendorff had so mis-
 guidedly accepted his fellow-generals' word of honour, but had
 moved to a larger private room upstairs. The old quartermaster-
 general was sitting there stony-faced and frightening in his unper-
 turbed calm, sipping away at red wine, the only sustenance the
 conspirators had enjoyed. The air was thick with cigar and cigarette
 smoke. In the ante-room there was a little orchestra platform and
 on it, in a pile about five feet high, thousands of million- and

Nov 23

billion-mark notes, in neat banker's bundles, which the brownshirts had 'requisitioned' somewhere during the night. I could have done with a few of them myself, as my hospitality the night before had left me without a penny in my pocket, but evidently they were to be expended in a legal and formal fashion whatever their origin.

This even applied to the civilian brass band, which Brückner, Hitler's adjutant, had rustled up from somewhere. By this time there were about 800 uniformed men in and around the hall, all somewhat dispirited. It was an unlikely day for a Putsch, cold with flurries of snow, and most of the S.A. and *Kampfbund* men were in thin cotton shirts and had had nothing to eat since the night before. Anyway, this morose and resentful band was produced and demanded first breakfast and then prepayment, neither of which they received, so Brückner bawled them out, sent them up on to the platform and ordered them to play. We could hear them tootling away without any life in the music, even making a hash of Hitler's favourite *Badenweiler* march.

They were still undecided what to do next, although Ludendorff was pressing firmly for a march on the centre of the city. Hitler said he was relying on me to keep him informed about the general feeling in Munich and I spent most of the morning travelling by car between the *Bürgerbräu* and the *Beobachter*. I had to find some version to satisfy the suspicious foreign correspondents, who were more or less encamped at the newspaper, and the best I could do was to suggest that a few personal differences had arisen between the leaders of the conspiracy and that all would soon be settled. Rosenberg was under no illusions. "It is no good, the whole thing has failed," he said despairingly. By eleven o'clock I was back in the *Bürgerbräu* again, after great difficulty with ominously increasing police cordons. I found uncertainty and glum faces. No one was talking very much. Goering was all for retreating in the direction of Rosenheim and there collecting reinforcements for a fresh start. However, Ludendorff put a stop to that: "The movement cannot end in the ditch of some obscure country lane," he said tersely, and, sipping his red wine, froze them into submission.

They soon sent me back into the city to report further developments. I got through to the *Beobachter*, where it became clear that

the game was up. The intimations of the setting up of Kahr, Lossow and Seisser on strategic points in the city, the Nazi leadership a crowd and distribution of other speakers had been there was still a big crowd. I decided to hurry home.

I had not been there long when my sister Erna, who lived in the city, said. "Ferdinand Sauerland is on the line. They are all in the city already." Roehm, now besieged in the city strasse. Most of the apartments with the exception of the leads into the Odeonsplatz. Seisser's gendarmery, commanded by Freiherr von the marching column.

I tore out of my flat at the strasse. I was past the a great mass of people at Odeonsplatz. I saw one of the S.A. brigades, being on earth has happened?" it's too terrible," he said. He opened fire with machine pure suicide. They're all Goering's dead. . . ." He man up to his flat and the

The three leaders were, two bullets in the groin. The soldiers had thrown the machine-gun fire. Ludendorff unscathed and Hitler ha

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the game was up. The police were openly ripping down the proclama- tions of the setting up of the national republic, signed by Hitler, Kahr, Lossow and Seisser, and *Reichswehr* formations were closing in on strategic points in the city. There was no further sign of Streicher, the Nazi leader in Nuremburg, whom I had seen harangu- ing a crowd and distributing leaflets in front of the Feldherrnhalle, and other speakers had disappeared from the Marienplatz, although there was still a big crowd there. The situation seemed hopeless and I decided to hurry home and prepare for a get-away.

I had not been there long when the telephone rang; it was my sister Erna, who lived in Bogenhausen across the river. "Putzi," she said. "Ferdinand Sauerbruch [the famous surgeon] has just been on the line. They are all marching into town and are over the bridge and in the Tal already." They had made up their minds to relieve Roehm, now besieged in the Army headquarters in the Ludwig- strasse. Most of the approaches were sealed off by the *Reichswehr*, with the exception of the Residenzstrasse, the narrow street which leads into the Odeonsplatz by the Feldherrnhalle, which was held by Seisser's gendarmery, 'the green police', as they were called, com- manded by Freiherr von Godin, who gave the order to fire on the marching column.

I tore out of my flat and half ran in the direction of the Brienner- strasse. I was past the Pinakothek museum - nearly there - when a great mass of people came flooding up from the direction of the Odeonsplatz. I saw one face I knew, a sort of first-aid man in one of the S.A. brigades, being helped along in a state of collapse. "What on earth has happened?" I asked him. "My God, Herr Hanfstaengl, it's too terrible," he said. "It is the end of Germany! The *Reichswehr* opened fire with machine-guns down at the Feldherrnhalle. It was pure suicide. They're all killed. Ludendorff's dead, Hitler's dead, Goering's dead. . . ." Heaven preserve us, I thought, and helped the man up to his flat and then hurried back home to prepare for flight.

The three leaders were, of course, still alive, although Goering had two bullets in the groin. True to their wartime training, all the old soldiers had thrown themselves to the ground at the sound of machine-gun fire. Ludendorff, however, had marched through unscathed and Hitler had been borne to the ground by the dead

* Hanf is in a panic. He wants out.

New 23

Scheubner-Richter, whose arm was linked with his, dislocating Hitler's shoulder. Fifteen others had been killed and scores wounded. The police had mostly fired into the ground and the ricocheting bullets and splinters from the granite setts had caused many nasty wounds. The leaders and most of the wounded were dragged away by the S.A. men without further interference from the police.

As I was hurrying up the Arcisstrasse on the way to my flat I saw an open car coming down it from the north. It screeched to a halt and in it sat Esser, Amann, Dietrich Eckart and Heinrich Hoffmann. In the hubbub of mutual inquiry I told them the news as I knew it and we all made for Hoffman's flat, which was nearby, to concert our plans. "There is only one thing to do. We must get out of Munich immediately," I told them. "Over the border to Salzburg or Innsbruck and see what we can reorganize from there." We all bid each other a hurried farewell and dispersed.

It suddenly occurred to me that Admiral von Hintze, whom I knew well, might help me to get away. I was expecting to be picked up by the police at any moment. I was an easily recognizable figure and by now well known for my close relationship with Hitler. However, I decided to pay a quick call at the Hotel Leinfelder, where the admiral was living. "Do you have a passport?" Hintze asked me. I had to confess I had not—it will give an indication of how poorly organized we were. "Good heavens, man, I have three," he told me. However, he gave me a couple of names and that evening I was already in Rosenheim on the Austrian border. There a doctor's secretary helped me to cross the frontier illegally and the following night I was in Kufstein, where there was a little group of fourteen railwaymen who were Nazis. The family of one of them, with a Czech name, kept a small flower-shop and I spent the night sleeping on the tiled floor underneath a bank of chrysanthemums. I suppose you might call it my first political interment.

The last place it would have occurred to me to go was my own home in Uffing, where I would surely be sought and arrested. To my astonishment, I was to learn that Hitler had chosen it as his hiding-place. Konrad Heiden has written a completely garbled version of this episode, in which he suggests that my sister was in residence there and that Hitler spent the next forty-eight hours in

her bed. Nothing could be remained in Munich, and house was registered in her who was in the first month a maidservant. Hitler certain passions for Helene, but a doctor treats a patient.

Late on the evening of the outside stood Hitler, Dr. W. S.A. battalions, and two or was drooping and he was finally set until he arrived later, and it would take a man with a dislocated shoulder behaving like Tannhäuser in

Hitler asked if he could chance of all that had occurred. She gave him a little attic while she slept downstairs completely despondent and almost together some sort of account chief concerns was the conviction flung himself in front of the opened fire, was dead. In fact recovered. Later, Hitler, for nor forgive, simply gave a boorish character named Jungtun to him.

The next morning my wife sake you ought to find some to come here, even if only to of a risk." This he fully understood for the Bechsteins' car to safety. So, for the time being in the attic-room, where the travelling-rugs I had acquired took with him to Landsberg.

Nov 23

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her bed. Nothing could be further from the truth. My sister Erna remained in Munich, and although for family reasons the Uffing house was registered in her name, the only occupants were my wife, who was in the first month of pregnancy of our daughter, Egon and a maidservant. Hitler certainly entertained one of his unproductive passions for Helene, but she treated his *Schwärmerei* rather as a doctor treats a patient.
Late on the evening of the Putsch a knock came at the door and outside stood Hitler, Dr. Walter Schultze, a physician in one of the S.A. battalions, and two or three others. Hitler's dislocated shoulder was drooping and he was in considerable pain. In fact it was not finally set until he arrived at Landsberg prison three or four days later, and it would take a better writer than Heiden to explain how a man with a dislocated shoulder could spend the next two days behaving like Tannhäuser in the Venusberg.

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Hitler asked if he could stay the night. My wife, in total ignorance of all that had occurred, let him in and the others went away. She gave him a little attic-bedroom I had fitted up with my books, while she slept downstairs with Egon and the maid. Hitler was completely despondent and almost incoherent, but she managed to piece together some sort of account of what had happened. One of his chief concerns was the conviction that his bodyguard, Graf, who had flung himself in front of Ludendorff and Hitler just as the police opened fire, was dead. In fact, the man, although severely wounded, recovered. Later, Hitler, for reasons which I could never understand nor forgive, simply gave Graf notice, employing in his place a boorish character named Julius Schaub, and paid no further attention to him.

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The next morning my wife told him, "Herr Hitler, for your own sake you ought to find somewhere else to hide. The police are sure to come here, even if only to look for my husband, and it is too much of a risk." This he fully understood. The plan was for him to wait for the Bechsteins' car to come and pick him up and take him to safety. So, for the time being, he stayed, spending most of the day in the attic-room, where the bed was covered by the two English travelling-rugs I had acquired in my student days, which he later took with him to Landsberg prison.

* D.T. I was still dealing with
understand to die, and in the most
romantic fashion with his head
in hands wife's clothes (to
state it in terms of external description)

Nov 23

On the Saturday afternoon came another visitor. It was 'friend' Greinz, Goering's gardener, about whom I had entertained such justified suspicions. He asked to speak to Hitler, but when my wife told him he was not there went away and spent the night at an inn in Uffing. I have not the slightest doubt that he put the police on Hitler's track, as on the Sunday evening a couple of lorries appeared in the front of the house, full of green-uniformed gendarmery. My wife hurried up to the attic and found Hitler in a state of frenzy. He had pulled out his revolver with his good hand and shouted, "This is the end. I will never let these swine take me. I will shoot myself first." It so happened that I had taught my wife one of the few ju-jitsu tricks I know, for wrenching a pistol out of someone's grasp. Hitler's movements were awkward with his dislocated shoulder and she managed to get the thing away from him and fling it into a two-hundredweight barrel of flour we kept up in the attic to combat the recurrent shortages.

Hitler calmed down somewhat and in the few moments left sat down and scribbled out a political testament on a piece of paper. Rosenberg was appointed leader of the party, with Amann as his deputy, and Hermann Esser and Julius Streicher as the other members of the quadrumvirate. Underneath, Hitler wrote, "Hans-
staengl will be responsible for gathering funds for the party," although where he thought I was going to get any more from is a mystery to me. Moreover, I did not like the company in which I had been placed. Of Goering there was no mention, the beginning of a long period of eclipse during which Hitler, still smarting from the double-cross of von Lossow, condemned almost all members of the officer class as totally unreliable.

By this time a lieutenant and a couple of gendarmes were at the door. They had just come from my mother's farm, which was near by, where they had been sticking bayonets in haystacks looking for Hitler, but now felt sure of their quarry. Hitler came downstairs and made no physical resistance, but gave them a terrible tongue-lashing at the top of his voice, accusing them of breaking their oath, conspiring at the splitting of Germany, and so on, in the same vein. All this was above the heads of the police, whose loyalties had been veering like windvanes over the previous three or four days at the

D.T. He was no suicidal. He was in honor of the sake of the mission required.

behest of their senior officer politely carried him off.

There is little doubt that he had wanted to, and, although it is a fair assumption that h Years later, at the time of th for the Vienna police head: dossiers. One of them, I am back to his early youth in th we shall probably never know arrive at the Uffing house - h

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to feed his soul. As at the front, we had the guts of the damned who have less to lose from death than from failure in life

Nov 23

visitor. It was 'friend' had entertained such a visitor, but when my wife went the night at an inn he put the police on a couple of lorries appeared armed gendarmery. My wife in a state of frenzy. He had hand and shouted, "Take me. I will shoot at my wife one of the pistols out of someone's hand with his dislocated arm from him and fling it. We kept up in the attic

A few moments left sat on a piece of paper. My wife, with Amann as his betrayer as the other. Hitler wrote, "Handwritten for the party," get any more from it. He company in which mention, the beginning of, still smarting from almost all members of

Gendarmes were at the farm, which was near haystacks looking for. He came downstairs and terrible tongue-lashing asking their oath, continuing, in the same vein. All these loyalties had been for four days at the

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behest of their senior officers. So they presented their excuses and politely carried him off.

There is little doubt that Hitler could have escaped to Austria if he had wanted to, and, although we never talked about it in detail, it is a fair assumption that he had specific reasons for not doing so. Years later, at the time of the Anschluss, the Gestapo made straight for the Vienna police headquarters and impounded a number of dossiers. One of them, I am convinced, related to Hitler and dated back to his early youth in the city, although what the charges were we shall probably never know. In fact, the Bechstein car did finally arrive at the Uffing house - half an hour after he had been arrested.

D.T.

D.T. Male prostitute ??

Coat of arms

~~Heinrich~~
~~parliament~~

~~to feed his soul. As at the front,~~
~~he had the guts of the damned~~
~~who were not to be brought back.~~

Nov-23

CHAPTER VI

TWILIGHT AT LANDSBERG

Goering in exile - A first sight of Geli Raubal - Hitler's hunger strike - The acrobat of the cells - Duel for the leadership - Welcome with Liebestod - The narrowing of a mind - Operatic eroticism - The man on the tight-rope.

THOSE OF us who had escaped to Austria - Goering, Esser, Rossbach and myself - soon regained touch with each other and I was able to exchange news with my wife. We received word from Hitler's lawyer, Lorenz Roder, that we were to remain away, if possible; as any addition to the list of those arrested would only complicate his defence problems. Goering I found in hospital in Innsbruck. He really had been badly wounded, although he was over the worst when I saw him. He told me how he had managed to crawl up behind one of the monumental lions in front of the Residenz Palace after he had been hit. Some of the brownshirts had then carried him to the first doctor in the Residenzstrasse, who happened to be a Jew and for many years afterwards Goering spoke warmly of his kindness and skill. Goering was never one of the crazy anti-Semites of the Party, and, as one of the few unmistakably Aryan members of Hitler's entourage, was the least fervent exponent of their racial theories.

From Munich he had been smuggled over the border, and in Innsbruck had to be operated on. He was suffering severe pain and had to be given two morphia injections a day. It was always maintained that he later became an addict. I have no personal and positive proof of this, but this treatment in the Innsbruck hospital very likely provided the inception of the habit.

I went back with Karin to her hotel and found to my surprise that she was living in opulent fashion. The rest of us exiles were going around like tramps, but this was never the Goerings' way, and their ostentation caused a lot of bad blood in the Party. He simply had no

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sense of the value of money. Venice for Sweden, I heard thanks and never saw my cause offended. He was a man that can get away with that that he spent so long away with a much broader fun. Hitler was now shut up in Frick and others, really not in the confined space of the baked *Weltanschauung* of value, poor old Dietrich E. Landsberg prison governor only to die a few days later.

At one time we exiles crossed over the frontier with a car and set the prisoners free. The authorities would have been dreaded such an attempt, would be shot by the guard out ordering us to desist. The governor used to tell off a escape to test his security effects. It was a burst of an alerted sentry which started

I took advantage of my access to Hitler's family in Vienna. I knew about his background and his family had the slightest good idea to plant a few in his entourage, particularly myself the trouble, as when Frau Raubal, I found her on the fourth floor of a crumbling door more than a slit, in miserable surroundings, but the place was bare and di-

127 Dec 23

sense of the value of money, and when he finally left Austria via Venice for Sweden, I helped to finance the trip. I received little thanks and never saw my money back. Yet somehow this did not cause offence. He was a very attractive, rollicking fellow, the type that can get away with this sort of thing. In many ways it was a pity that he spent so long away. He was an intelligent and travelled man, with a much broader fund of common sense than the other Nazis. Hitler was now shut up in gaol with the worst of them, Hess, Weber, Frick and others, really narrow-minded doctrinaire provincials who, in the confined space of a prison, were able to imprint their half-baked *Weltanschauung* firmly in his mind. The only other man of value, poor old Dietrich Eckart, had a heart attack during one of the Landsberg prison governor's mock escape exercises and was released, only to die a few days later.

At one time we exiles concocted a plan for taking a few people over the frontier with a couple of machine-guns to raid Landsberg and set the prisoners free. It was a good thing we did not, as the authorities would have been fully prepared for us. Hitler himself dreaded such an attempt, as he was afraid he and his companions would be shot by the guards in the *mêlée*, and smuggled a message out ordering us to desist from any such enterprise. The prison governor used to tell off a couple of his guards to attempt a mock escape to test his security precautions, with all the necessary sound effects. It was a burst of machine-gun fire in the small hours from an alerted sentry which startled Eckart, literally, to death.

I took advantage of my involuntary stay in Austria to look up Hitler's family in Vienna. I was interested to find out all I could about his background and although I had no reason to suppose that his family had the slightest influence on him, thought it might be a good idea to plant a few facts about the more sinister members of his entourage, particularly Rosenberg. I could probably have saved myself the trouble, as when I finally tracked down his half-sister, Frau Raubal, I found her living in abject poverty on the third or fourth floor of a crumbling tenement block. She would not open the door more than a slit, as she was obviously ashamed of their miserable surroundings, but even through this crack I could see that the place was bare and dirty and that on the floor of the hall there

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Dec 23

was nothing but a decrepit straw mattress. But she accepted an invitation to come out to a café and brought her not unattractive blonde daughter Geli, who was probably about sixteen at the time.

It was rather as if I had taken my charwoman out for a meal. The mother was diffident and confused, although the daughter was quite bold and pretty. They were dressed in cheap, nondescript clothes, but I thought I might as well get them on my side and asked Geli if she would like to come to a music-hall with me. It was some second-rate operetta and there was a fat tenor who sang a dreadful doggerel ballad about "who will cry when we must part, and another has found his way to your heart" or some such thing. This was just the sort of entertainment which appealed to Geli's mediocre mind. Here we have gone through this Feldherrnhalle thing, I thought, and here is Hitler's niece clapping her hands off at this drivel.

My worst experience in Austria was meeting my old friend Luigi Kasimir, the etcher. Not that I was not delighted to see him, as he was able to bring me news of home and take back mine. However, I was using again the name of Georg Wagner as a cover in Austria, and when he started addressing me loudly in a public restaurant as 'Putzi' I whispered to him: "Luigi, for heaven's sake drop this Putzi and call me Georg. I am going under the name of Georg Wagner while I am here." He looked at me appalled: "Good Lord, man," he said, "that is the fellow who has been making these forged twenty-pound notes. The police are looking for him all over the place. There is an immediate arrest order out for him in half a dozen European countries." That is what comes of being a Wagner enthusiast.

I went back in disguise to spend Christmas with my family. This involved traversing a single-track railway tunnel called the Hanging Stone near Berchtesgaden, a somewhat hazardous enterprise, as you had to run between trains alternating in both directions. It was more of a risk than I knew, as ten years later I managed to look at my own police record and saw that an order had been issued to arrest me on sight the moment I crossed the frontier. I had grown a set of Franz-Josef mutton-chop whiskers, wore dark glasses and walked with a limp. Strangely enough no one recognized me, even when I walked down to the *Beobachter* offices and talked to a couple of the drivers. The newspaper had, of course, been banned. By the time Hitler

came up for trial, the arrest to move about again.

While on remand at Lar the Sinn Feiners, had attention to the guards or any of his in touch with my wife. She had not prevented him from starve himself to death and enemies hoped for. Her admiration for her and his Putsch must have been paid succour to this woman, who yearnings. Also, amidst the the Uffing house must have asylum.

I visited Hitler a couple of back to the cells under the trial, and then back to Land Egon along with me to delighted. "Well, it is nice there is little Egon," taking choose some of the sweet sympathizers. He had this to children and the boy add

"I am so sorry about the idea your wife was pregnant looked well and was full of "What on earth can they tell some of the things I know will collapse." This was a five-year sentence he received triumph, making Kahr, Loh largely restored his prestige his inside knowledge of Land number of authorities, but more than interested. This the head of his dubious ac

of crime justified by greatness, of history elevated above morality. Napoleon Bonaparte, living proof that a man risen from the people could dominate the world, became a powerful motif in the ideas and dreams of the modern era — in Germany as elsewhere.

Fichte, deeply anti-Napoleonic in his feelings, had hoped for a Germany that would be inspired by 'enthusiasm for liberty . . . based on the principle that all beings with a human face are equal.'

These words still breathe the spirit of Germany's classic humanism, the spirit of Kant, Goethe, and especially Schiller; and this humanitarian heritage, popularized by Schiller's plays and poems, has been the choicest spiritual heritage of the German people. But here we are not studying those sentiments which lived in the soul of the Germans for a century, but the genesis of their destruction.

Around the divine image of Napoleon, Georg Wilhelm Hegel, a Napoleon of the mind, created a philosophical religion of the state, which became the highest revelation of the 'world spirit.' This world spirit is a true child of the German political fantasy. Its meaning is that all worldly happenings are governed by a rational necessity and not by blind compulsion. The world spirit is revealed either through a difficult, highly ingenious thought process (dialectics), or by deeds; to accomplish such deeds is the task of the great men in history, the 'business agents of the world spirit.' The great historic individuals, Hegel taught, do pursue their selfish purposes in history, but it is their special nature that their 'private purposes' contain the substantial, which is the will of the world spirit. . . .

The others follow these leaders of their souls, for in them they feel the irresistible power of their own inward spirit.

Thus German philosophy began to honor historic greatness as a thing in itself, without inquiring whom this greatness might injure. But the hero cult was not the sole product of Napoleon's mighty impression on Hegel. Hegel's contradictory experience with the great foreigner led him to kneel before the hard reality of all history, to an obedient affirmation of everything that was real. Hence his famous saying: 'What is rational is real and what is real is rational.' The 'rational' is the same as what he elsewhere calls 'idea' or 'world spirit.' A great, universal principle of reason underlies the entire world, governing all events, because it is in-

herent in the things themselves; but to itself, as Hegel says, it must 'appear in phenomena, and shapes,' until it finally is, be grasped by the human mind.

This principle of reason, or the 'world' in successively higher forms, or, as one of these stages is the 'national spirit,' Hence the state is a thing 'rational in its 'the moral universe,' and as a philosopher idea of instructing or improving the station of the world spirit, the state stands as supposed rights, for 'the right of the world privileges.' And 'world history is no er periods of happiness are the empty pages of the periods of agreement, without conflict only by conflict between its successive 'sta

Hegel is the intellect triumphant on confidence. An exalted and pitiless reason German intellect aroused by Napoleon this not yet make. The Antichrist assembles his not yet make. The German contribution begins at this point. The German National half of the nineteenth century derives its flowering of German literature and philosophy classes multiplied enormously. They are modern national pride in Germany: the deity of all by virtue of education.

But all this dreaming cult of Napoleonic potency would not have been possible with German politics. In the mind of most Germany omnipotence was only another expression of its desperate struggle against Germany shabby, and ridiculous princes.

This German intellectualism was part of the same time political uprising through professors, lawyers, writers, journalists, banded if they were discovered, ended in terrible

That man was Richard Wagner.

All this was a small episode in the great and futile German revolution of 1848-49, a single sigh in the storm that raged through Europe in the middle of the nineteenth century.

Most of the state interests and national boundaries that these men were fighting over have vanished beneath the dust of history. But through these struggles ran a spiritual stream which, in the coming decades, rose higher and higher, a stream which has flooded our present, breaking through all dikes. A man stood on the tower, singing of love without fear of the bullets — justly conscious of his immortality for which he was to fight all his life with good means and bad. But his immortality weighs like resonant bronze on the souls of men, an evil spell that has not yet begun to lift, a poison that men would spew out were it not so sweet. His best or at least his most popular, music transforms the curse of power into a glamorous song; and destruction — the inevitable fate of unbridled power — resounds in it with tragic beauty. Love of overwhelming disaster — that is his haunting *leitmotiv*.

Such a fateful love is presented in this book. It is an attempt to give a picture of the power-hungry intellectual. He has become a leader in modern life. We shall attempt to observe his beginnings. We shall study the birth of the Antichrist.

The Antichrist arises out of an immense fear; Wagner's soul and Wagner's life combined to a high degree the forces whose struggle created the Demon of our days. It is true that all his life Wagner personally detested the demonic man of power, but he contributed more than he suspected to create the Demon. A pamphlet forged in St. Petersburg did not conjure up the Demon out of nothing; it only drew his picture and publicized him. He did not arise suddenly out of the distant desert to lay waste our civilization. The truth is that with fateful necessity he arose everywhere out of the substance and conditions of our own life. It is his universality, growing like mildew in the soil of modern civilization, that makes him dangerous. The Antichrist is a world-citizen, else he could not be a world-ruler. A Prussian junker with a Baltic horizon could no more be a world-demon than a Cossack chief; the Antichrist is no barbarian, he is refined and civilized. That is why his mightiest

INTERLUDE

embodiment has occurred in Germany, in the mi-
nization, bruised in its kernel by a disastrous histo-
is a rank weed growing out of a wounded cul-
culture received its wound in the days when Rich-
on the Dresden steeple, braving a rain of bullets

Germany was ablaze with rebellion against her
against the king of Prussia, against the emperor of
his hated, all-powerful minister, Metternich; aga
pressor of peoples through the whole of Europe:
She was fighting for her freedom: freedom of s
fession; the rights of man, equality of classes ;
mentary representation; she was fighting for the
which in those days was denied most of the na
Rhine; the freedom to be a single nation, obeying
is why awakening Germany, robbed of her in
desiring it in the form of unity, engaged in t
and tragic of all the struggles of our epoch, the de
struggle against France.

In the seventeenth century, Armand Duplessis Richelieu, established a basic principle of French security of France demands that Germany be united. From then on, the dream of German vain struggle against superior French state French conquest, even against the French state at times forced the German language out of its society. France oppressed Germany out of a panic from the Spanish-Habsburg embrace in the sixteenth beginning of that century, a Spanish king became the ruling houses of Spain and Austria (Habsburg) and Spain, vanguard of the Roman Catholic Church its tottering rule over the souls of Europe, used her ire to crush rising Protestantism in Germany as well as in In Germany the attempt succeeded only partially, but years France, torn by her own religious parties and partly was strangled by the Spanish-Habsburg ring. Spain France's internal affairs, dictated French policy parties in France; and France remained Catholic.

for 1923 meeting Chamberlain.
Disavowal of Wagner on
the tower in Dresden.

1923

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night. In all, the passage quoted supplies yet further proof that Hitler can never be taken at his word.

Apart from this, Hitler could not risk taking a job as an unskilled labourer, for had he done so, he would have been officially considered as provided for and would thereby have lost his orphan's pension. He knew that well enough. And though his step-sister, Angela, who was having to keep his sister on 25 kronen a month, was not directly in touch with him, she was naturally interested in his share of the orphan's pension and his further enjoyment of it depended on satisfying her that he was still studying and therefore could not yet support himself. Hitler, in fact, never worked as an unskilled labourer, neither in his first nor his second year in Vienna, neither in building nor any other kind of employment.

It has often been stated that in the winter of 1909-10 Hitler worked clearing snow and occasionally as a baggage porter. There is no evidence to prove either of these assertions. He may have shovelled snow, but it is inconceivable that anyone would have entrusted luggage to him in his dilapidated state, and in any case there were more than enough officially licensed porters available at that time.

In his war-time headquarters the Führer told the story that he had been so badly off in Vienna, for months he had lived on nothing but bread and milk. That might be correct for the spring of 1909 until the end of that year, but it was entirely his own fault. Many thousands of others, who drew no orphan's pension and received nothing from home, managed not to starve, because they worked. And in any case the tale of woe need not be taken too seriously since the Führer went on to say that, when in Vienna, he smoked 20 to 40 cigarettes a day, costing him 13 kreuzer, until the thought came to him that he could spend the money on some butter to go with his bread, whereupon he threw the cigarettes in the Danube and never smoked again. Another of those fairy-tales of which he was so fond! Hitler never smoked, and if he had, he could not have bought 40 cigarettes for 13 kreuzer ($2\frac{1}{2}d.$). Probably it annoyed him to see

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110

HITLER'S YOUTH

'Indigence and harsh reality now compelled me to make a rapid decision . . . the orphan's pension to which I was entitled would not suffice even to keep me alive and so somehow or other I would have to earn my own living. With a suitcase full of clothes and an unshakeable resolve in my heart, I therefore travelled to Vienna.'

It was, indeed, high time that Hitler did earn his living: he was only a few months short of his nineteenth birthday. Later in this chapter we shall see how he set about doing so. Meanwhile, the following should be noted. He had no need to 'make a rapid decision' because it had already been made in the previous September, when Hitler had gone to live permanently in Vienna, taking a room in the Stumpergasse in the Sixth District. His return to Linz when his mother died was only temporary. Hence, when he attended her funeral in the suburb of Urfahr, he caused to be entered against his name in the official death certificate 'for the time being in Urfahr'.

Secondly, the need to transfer to Vienna was by no means as urgent as Hitler would have had readers of *Mein Kampf* believe. There is documentary evidence to prove that his Aunt Johanna was at that time still living at No. 9 Blütengasse in Urfahr and there he could both live and eat. In any case, he had first to secure his orphan's pension.

This pension was granted only to the orphaned children of State officials and was never intended to supply them with a private income, but merely with a supplement to their earnings. Hitler was therefore right in saying that it would not suffice to keep him alive, but his implied grievance was quite unjustified. Most children who lost their parents in early life had to contrive to exist without a pension at all, and thus Hitler was in a more fortunate position than most.

In the biographical literature this orphan's pension is usually dismissed as a trifle hardly worth mentioning. That is equally wrong. Where given at all, the figure is often stated as 10 kronen, i.e. 8s. 4d. a month. Rabitsch gives 15 kronen per month; Görnitz

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ny — the Treaty of Olmütz, 1850; in the newly growing military power of and of the French desire to annex the ny. At that time, as soon as a strong many's borders, it might hope to win sovereign German states, as in the time possible such a coalition between a of Germany against Prussia, Bismarck al. In 1866, Prussia, strengthened by ial Rhine province, waged a victorious of Germany, and thus forced a new German Empire. Austria with her Ger- side. The dreams of 1848 were not ful- cess was, after all, a success. As always, power. Bismarck cleverly managed to Germany as unification. The rest of domination because it seemed to be the country against being attacked and torn ors: France and Russia.

of France, Napoleon III once more de- parts of the left bank of the Rhine; he rick (1865) and of Austria, too (1866); ough to put Napoleon off with promises) concede him a rôle of arbiter in Ger- Later, by making Napoleon's demands i Belgium, too), Bismarck aroused anti- n Germany, but also in England; the final n of war by Napoleon in 1870.

l by the specter of a unified Germany, coalition of all Europe against Prussia and n the South German states and Austria. completely, and Bismarck's skillful diplo- nt the European coalition — a diplomacy nd farsighted than that of his successors ter. Napoleonic France was shattered by any won a *Blitzkrieg* against the usurper, model for the Wise Men of Zion and was

so hated by the radical democrats of Europe that even Marx and Engels, though bitter enemies of Prussia, desired a Prussian victory.

This German 'unification on the field of battle' was completed in 1871 when the King of Prussia was crowned German Emperor. Even Richard Wagner, who had long ceased to be a revolutionary, was unhappy about the 'constant readiness for a new war' which was, in his opinion, one of the characteristics of the new empire. He accused Bismarck of having missed the opportunity for a genuine reconciliation with France, complained of the annexation of Lorraine by Germany ('Germany's new unity shows its hungry teeth everywhere'), and said it was a scandal that inside Germany the army, which, after all, was based on 'German labor,' nevertheless was used to 'protect the property against the non-property.' And the curse of this age was 'war civilization.'

This was the better future he saw and expected for Germany: 'The Germans, by their special gifts, are destined to become not rulers, but ennoblers of the world. . . . With the help of all related Germanic peoples, we could permeate the world with the products of our special culture, without ever becoming rulers of the world.' Never let them become rulers, for this is the road to inevitable destruction. History, he said, shows man to be 'a beast of prey developing through constant progress. The beast of prey conquers countries, founds great realms by the subjugation of other subjugators, forms states and organizes civilizations, in order to enjoy his booty in peace . . . Attack and defense, suffering and struggle, victory and defeat, domination and servitude, all sealed with blood; this is the entire history of the human race. . . .'

In support of his gloomy faith, Wagner always sought out suitable prophets. In the prime of his life, it was Schopenhauer who helped to destroy his pleasure in humanity; in later years, it was a personal friend, the Frenchman, Count Arthur de Gobineau. Gobineau provided an ostensibly scientific system into which he could fit his race despair, a biological basis for the twilight of the gods. From Gobineau's *Essai sur l'inégalité des races humaines*, Wagner learned, as he himself said, 'that the human race consists of irreconcilably unequal races. The nobler of these can dominate the others; by mixture, however, they cannot make the others like ✓'

Chamberlain talking to Hitler

*Read Gobineau before the
Hitler - Chamberlain scene.*

1870³ themselves, but can only make themselves less noble.' This is the essence of the whole doctrine. As the noble race, Gobineau and Wagner designate the white race. But 'the ruination of the white race is that it is incomparably less numerous than the lower races, and was forced to mix with them.' And thus the higher, nobler minority of the white race must decline with the force of a natural law; 'the tragic character of this realization must not close our eyes to it.' The particular tragedy of modern society in its racial decay is that in their midst there always remains, undamaged, the Jew; 'the most astonishing example of race consistency that history ever has provided.' This, in Wagner's eyes, is 'an amazing, incomparable phenomenon; the plastic demon of the decay of humanity enjoys triumphant safety.'

The white sons of the gods decline, and this decline cannot permanently be prevented. Valhalla sinks into the twilight of the gods, and in this tragedy the gods are not blameless, for their realm was based on force, on the domination of the beast of prey. But though the whole downward course of the world cannot be stopped, it can, for a time, be halted in certain details, and the degeneration combated by a 'regeneration.' Wagner hoped that Germany would give the world this temporary regeneration if she renounced power politics and permeated the world with her culture: 'Even if the Holy Roman Empire were to go up in smoke, We would still have sacred German art,' sings Hans Sachs in the *Meistersingers*.

Germany's bright and dark souls met in Wagner's breast. Just as he was wearying of Bismarck's cannon-and-stock-exchange-state, large sections of the German people were beginning to ask themselves: Did we really want this? Lulled for a moment by the thunderous spectacle of 1871, they now began to strain against the shackles of Prussian might. The German workers' movement, an angry protest against soulless Prussian force, grew to be the largest and most powerful movement of its sort in the modern world, though the German workers never became conscious of their power. As a part of the European workers' movement, the German movement was a rebellion against capitalism, but as a German movement, it was a rebellion against the Prussian military state; Bismarck saw the danger for his creature so clearly that, at the time he fell

from power, he was planning to provok the workers (in the style of Napoleon I the movement in blood.

Under pressure of circumstances, B. many several colonies overseas, but he d His most enduring political creation machine; what, for decades, the world ism. Bismarck did not conceive this r. of world domination, for in his eyes strong enough for 'world rule.' To the more conscious of her weakness than c

This nervous fear has left its deep in The most far-reaching voice of modern its mark. We refer to Friedrich Nietzsche and race hatred . . . the national heart-i account of which the nations of Europe secluded from one another, as by qua European nationalism he held Bismarck ible; a system that must 'plant itself be lest its own creation should collapse.' I own nation (like every great spirit N same opinions throughout his life) mi words: 'Wheresoever Germany penetrai

Therefore, Wagner's 'degeneration' w: but it was a 'death dream' peculiar to G. to the human type of the future which I the 'good European,' sometimes the 'Su inant race based on an extremely intelligi come nations and particularly the Gern

For in our time 'it has been made possi leagues to arise, which set themselves the of masters, the future masters of the e aristocracy, based on the hardest self-legi of philosophical despots and artist tyrants of years; a higher type of men, who, than knowledge, wealth, influence, use democri supple and mobile tool, to lay hands earth. . . .'

Dr. T.: It was the rock of their faith - that the Devil was embodied in the Jews and the rest of them, ergo, were relatively clean.

w Chamberlain

Wetter speaks of the one flaw in Wagner, & how he foresees a thousand years of regeneration. His day's work will succeed. You will.

In A. H. dialogue w Chamberlain.

1923

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THE YOUNG MAN OF LEISURE

(JUNE 1905-DECEMBER 1907)

THIS period in Hitler's life starts with him leaving school and ends when he left Linz for Vienna after the death of his mother. Comparing it with the hard times he experienced in the capital, Hitler wrote in *Mein Kampf*:

'I value those hard times for tearing me free from the vacuity of an easy life, hauling the mother's darling from his feather bed and giving him a new mother—Mother Carc.'

Apart from this empty statement, nothing has hitherto been known about this period, important though it is as including the years of adolescence and the stage in a young man's life when he normally begins to prepare for a definite career. Such facts as I am able to supply are, therefore, completely new.

Elsewhere in *Mein Kampf* these two and a half years are passed over in silence, with the result that it has been generally assumed that Hitler's mother died in 1905, 'two years after the death of her husband', and that Hitler himself became an orphan at the age of sixteen, obliged from then on to earn his own living. There is no doubt that Hitler intended to mislead his readers on these points in order to support his assertion at his trial for high treason in Munich (1923/4): 'In my seventeenth year I was already obliged to earn my own living.' In reality he reached the age of twenty-two without having earned the price of a single loaf of bread.

A new home in Linz

At the end of June 1905, and of Adolf's schooling, his mother moved to No. 31 Humboldtstrasse in Linz.¹ The flat, consisting of living-room, kitchen and a small room for Adolf, was on the third floor. The house was of modern construction and situated in one of the newer parts of the town.

A description of Adolf's activities in his new home was supplied in 1938 at the request of Party Headquarters by a certain Herr W. Hagmüller. Hagmüller was four years younger than Adolf and a baker's son. His father's shop had been close to the Hitlers' house in Leonding and the family had bought their bread from him. W. Hagmüller wrote:

'From 1905 to 1907 I was attending elementary school in Linz. As it was too far to go home to Leonding for dinner, my father arranged for me to have my mid-day meal at Frau Hitler's knowing that she would keep a strict eye on me. The food was simple and well cooked. Four times a week I ate at the same table as the Führer, on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, and afterwards we did school work together in the room by the kitchen.

Often when we were at table the Führer would take a sheet of paper and make a quick sketch of some building, column, archway, window, or whatever occurred to him. Often, too, he would draw the heads of people of different races. I do not remember him drawing animals, but I can recall very clearly an oil painting with a red velvet curtain and a still-life in front of it with which he took special pains; also building plans for the Linz provincial theatre, and some water-colours, and a silhouette which he did of me, sitting reading in the armchair.

The Führer, I remember, was very fond of going to the

¹ Rabitsch seems to have been confusing Angela with her mother when he alleged that Frau Klara was living in Linz in 1903. Apart from the fact that she did not sell her house in Leonding until 1905, there is other evidence to show that she did not move to Linz until the latter year, namely the Mayor of Leonding's reply to an official enquiry in January 1913, stating that Frau Klara left Leonding in 1905.

post 1923

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guarded turn of phrase: "And yet for a moment the situation almost permitted the hope of our holding out."¹⁴⁸ He added: "... Here 1918 must be a warning to us. In 1918 the pauses between successive attacks were much too long. . . ."¹⁴⁹ The next day he remarked at a military conference: "Something just occurred to me because people are always complaining they get reinforcements too late. We marched off for the second offensive in 1918 on the 25th [of May]. On the 26th we slept in a forest. . . ."¹⁵⁰ From then on, the strategist's planning of 1944–1945 was informed by the foot soldier's experiences of 1914–1918—with horses and bicycles, with artillery rationing, with transporting ten- and fifteen-centimeter howitzers in two loads each.¹⁵¹

Hitler rode his two political tracks together nonstop to their common terminus. Nothing could sidetrack him, not even another trauma. And he contracted one early along: at midday on 9 November 1923, when he collapsed with his Putsch under fire. The consulting physician at his prison certified that he had suffered "a dislocated left shoulder with the top broken, followed by a very painful traumatic neurosis,"¹⁵² and that "the pain in the injured arm . . . is to be traced back to a traumatic nervous ailment."¹⁵³ A trembling of the left arm resulted which subsided over the years. The nervous ailment—he himself called it "my nervous ailment"—resumed when Barbarossa was checked, which he knew meant defeat.¹⁵⁴ The trembling resumed during the Stalingrad disaster, then spread to the leg by association with his 1916 shrapnel wound in the left thigh.¹⁵⁵ It worsened steadily except when the Stauffenberg bomb blast halted it for some weeks.¹⁵⁶ As for the psychological trauma, he had meanwhile purged that through his Blood Purge of 30 June 1934.

The traumatic Putsch was charged with the tension that built up between Bavaria and Berlin when Stresemann, in late September 1923, called off passive resistance to the French occupation of the Ruhr. Bavaria had thereupon appointed a prime minister with dictatorial powers, Gustav von Kahr, to challenge Berlin while restraining the local paramilitary formations, among them

* But by then he had learned that
 110
 that when speaking of grasping
 his belt buckle with his left hand.

1923

Hitler's SA. The chief of the Reichswehr in Bavaria and the chief of the Bavarian police joined Kahr in defying the Reichswehr command in Berlin when it tried to enforce a national state of emergency. Braced for a showdown with Berlin, the three strong men felt out the local political armies for prospective backing. Hitler would provide no support short of full partnership, which threatened to become leadership.¹⁵⁷ When the hesitant triumvirs gathered with Munich's notables in the Bürgerbräu beer hall on the evening of 8 November 1923 to dishonor the fifth anniversary of Eisner's revolution, Hitler burst in upon the scene to proclaim a national revolution—revolver in hand, and with truckloads of elite SA (the "Stosstrupp Hitler") outside. The triumvirs played along after Ludendorff answered Hitler's call to join him; they disavowed the national revolution after Ludendorff let them leave. The next morning Hitler and Ludendorff marched with their adherents to the center of town in faint hopes of sweeping the Reichswehr and Bavarian state troops along. At the Odeonsplatz the procession was dispersed under fire by state troops. "I took them for Reichswehr because of their steel helmets," Hitler testified afterwards.¹⁵⁸ This confusion was general.¹⁵⁹ Hitler's strongest confederate in the Reichswehr had been his Du-friend Ernst Röhm. Röhm had seized and held the Reichswehr headquarters just above the Odeonsplatz with an armed following of his own that included flag bearer Heinrich Himmler.¹⁶⁰ The Hitler-Ludendorff columns had been heading for Röhm's besieged stronghold.¹⁶¹

The Putsch spirit survived in the SA after 1923 even while Hitler steered his new legal course in perpetual fear of a clash between SA and Reichswehr. Röhm headed the SA during Hitler's imprisonment and again after the Party's electoral upsurge of 1930. After Hitler's takeover of 1933 the SA aspired, Röhm foremost, to a "second revolution" whereby it would supplant the Reichswehr.¹⁶² Hitler let the tension mount between the rival armies. Informed once that Röhm was talking sedition in secret SA councils, he remarked: "We must allow the affair to ripen fully."¹⁶³ Then he had top SA leaders convened in Bad Wiessee, in southern Bavaria, to await him at 9 A.M. on 30 June. Röhm

No troubling to be visible.

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supposed that Hitler intended to iron out their differences.¹⁶⁴ Instead Hitler arrived over two hours early with a truckload of Himmler's SS—Hitler from Bonn by way of Munich's Odeonsplatz, the SS from Berlin by way of Landsberg.¹⁶⁵ Revolver in hand, he arrested Röhm, calling him a traitor¹⁶⁶—the charge he had thrown back at the Bavarian government in his Putsch trial. To the SA in Munich he added afterward that Röhm was in French pay, as had been rumored about Hitler himself in the Putsch days.¹⁶⁷ For forty-eight hours the SS massacred SA by the scores along with a few non-SA, among them old Kahr, dragged out of oblivion to be hacked to bits and thrown into a swamp.¹⁶⁸ Hitler had Röhm incarcerated in Röhm's 1923 prison in Munich-Stadelheim and ordered him shot if he would not shoot himself: he would not. Hitler refused to proceed against Röhm judicially because of his own near acquittal after the Putsch. "I might even have gone scot-free then," he told Hans Frank, Bavarian minister of justice in 1934. "This is a direct threat to the state."¹⁶⁹

Hitler justified the Röhm purge by the fiction that its victims had been putsching against him.¹⁷⁰ For through it he had relived his own, real Putsch with the pieces rearranged. In the "Röhm Putsch" he took Kahr's 1923 place. Like Kahr before him, he was backed by the local Reichswehr. The SS, an offshoot of the SA, replaced the SA elite that had mounted guard for him at the Bürgerbräu beer hall.¹⁷¹ Röhm stood in for the putschist that Hitler had been. Afterward Hitler denounced the likes of Röhm as perpetual insurgents,¹⁷² only to remark in 1936 at his annual commemoration of the beer hall Putsch ("the most sacral day on the National Socialist ceremonial calendar"¹⁷³): "I can admit in all candor that from 1919 to 1923 I thought of nothing but a coup d'Etat."¹⁷⁴ Behind Röhm's unused suicide revolver was one that Hitler had surrendered on being apprehended in 1923.¹⁷⁵ The other duplications were graphic: Reichswehr, SA, Odeonsplatz, Landsberg, Stadelheim, traitor, French pay, revolver in hand. The upshot was that the SA did not supplant the Reichswehr. But Hitler later "complained frequently that the army was no militia and in so doing employed almost the same terms as Röhm before him."¹⁷⁶

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Hitler's posture of revolutionary legality toward Röhm, his putschist double, is a reminder that his legal course to power had also been his Putsch relaunched: it reversed the old means to the same end. That is, post-Putsch Hitler used the Weimar system to the avowed end of destroying it. In his oath of legality of September 1930 to the high court in Leipzig he allowed that, though his takeover was to be legal, "heads will roll" afterward.¹⁷⁷ That legal takeover rectified the traumatic Putsch, which he then repeated to a full finish through the "Röhm Putsch."

Hitler answered to Germany for the Röhm purge in terms of abscesses burnt out of the national flesh.¹⁷⁸ Thus he had worked off his Putsch trauma through the Röhm purge¹⁷⁹ only to align the Röhm purge with his Bloch trauma. But through the Putsch itself he had relived his gas trauma. For before the Putsch he had time and again equated his political struggle with his front-line wartime service, and after four years and a few weeks of that struggle he was once again disabled with several of his comrades-in-arms and evacuated under fire even as, in his view of it, the national cause was once again betrayed. In later years, closing the circle, he dated his stomach complaint, based on his mother's agony and his gas trauma combined, from the Röhm purge.¹⁸⁰ Could a psychic economy be tighter?

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1921, '22 (23)

APPENDIXES

A. The Pasewalk Hallucination

Hitler's earliest recorded account of his Pasewalk hallucination may be this one of 1921 or 1922, reported by Karl von Wiegand in 1939:

In simple words he once related to me how [his] divine mandate came to him. It was just at the close of the war in November, 1918, as he lay in the Pasewalk hospital, blinded from a gas attack on the front. *"And as I lay there, it came over me that I would liberate the German people and make Germany great."* That was all. The message, inspiration or whatever you wish to call it did not say he "should" or "must"; it said he "would." That word, to him, contained in it the promise, the assurance that he would succeed in the mission.¹

A similar version was cited in a Frankfurter Zeitung editorial of January 1923:

About the background of the [Nazi] leader, the scenic painter from Austria Adolf Hitler, the rightist "Politischer Wochenbrief," mailed out confidentially by the Ring-Verlag, related recently that at the time of the revolution Hitler lay in a military hospital as a battle casualty stricken with a sort of blindness from which he was delivered by an inner rapture that set him the task of becoming his people's deliverer.²

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An unidentified informant of Chancellor Cuno's not personally acquainted with Hitler reported from Munich at the end of 1922:

By his own account, he thought over all his experiences at the front and in the rear while hospitalized for a severe injury and came to the conclusion that Marxism and Jewry are the German people's worst enemies. From personal experience it has become a certainty for him that wherever misfortune or harm befalls the German nation, a Jew is the culprit behind it.³

Here Hitler dated his political anti-Semitism from Pasewalk, but the divine mandate was missing. It was back in his account to Ernst Hanfstaengl, who joined his entourage in November 1922 and who told Franklin Roosevelt in 1942:

Hitler made it known early that while in the infirmary of Pasewalk he received a command from another world above to save his unhappy country. This vocation reached Hitler in the form of a supernatural vision. He decided to become a politician then and there. He felt that his mission was to free Germany.⁴

This checks with the Office of Strategic Services' "Information Obtained from Ernst Hanfstaengl" in 1943 about Hitler:

He told Hanfstaengl that while he was in the infirmary in Pasewalk in the fall of 1918 he received a supernatural vision which commanded him to save his unhappy country. As a result of this experience he resolved to become a politician and devote his energies to carrying out the command he received.⁵

Hitler "would not give an interview" to Ludwell Denny, who then "learned something of his story" anyhow for an article of March 1923:

During the war he was wounded, or through fright or shock became blind. In the hospital he was subject to ecstatic visions of Victorious Germany, and in one of these seizures his eyesight was restored.⁶

For a biographical sketch of himself prefixed to a volume of his speeches issued just before the Putsch, Hitler commissioned and briefed one Viktor-Adolf von Koerber.⁷ "In the infirmary of the Pomeranian village of Pasewalk"—thus Koerber's authorized version of the episode—

a solitary bed stands in a darkened room. A nurse lays cooling bandages on the patient's dead eyes. He starts in fright. Drunken squalling sounds ceaselessly from the barracks where sons of Pomerania once were raised to proud manliness. King's dragoons, victors of Hohenfriedberg, victors of a thousand battles of Prusso-German history, bodyguards of Her Majesty the German Empress!

The nurse's arms support the tortured one, who sits upright. She wants to push him back down onto the pillows, this uncanny patient brought there

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blinded and muted, this—how does his form read?—"... private first class, disabled in enemy gas attack. 'Yellow cross gas' poisoning..." She knows no more about him. Yet she sees the ineffable suffering of this semicorpse whose facial expressions and whose gestures into the distance indicate more and more distinctly from day to day that he knows that something frightful has broken upon Germany! None of the degrading news from Kiel, Munich, and now from red Berlin has penetrated this solitary ward. And yet—the sister reads it from the martyred countenance: "Not my own suffering, the catastrophe that felled me, not that I am never again to behold the sun or starry heavens or—my homeland, but what is happening out there that I hear, feel—see! That is insufferable torment! My Germany!"

*

The nurse holds the twitching, feverish soldier of the betrayed army in her arms. And a higher constraint brings good words to her lips, words of faith in Germany's resurrection. And a miracle comes to pass. He who was consecrated to eternal night, who had suffered through his Golgotha in this hour, spiritual and bodily crucifixion, pitiless death as on the cross, with senses keen, one of the lowliest out of the mighty host of broken heroes—he becomes seeing! The spasms of his features subside. And in an ecstasy peculiar to the dying seer, new light fills his dead eyes, new radiance, new life!

†

A disarmed warrior was brought, mute and blinded, to the infirmary in the Pomeranian village. An upstanding fighter strides out into the alienized German world. He is armed to the teeth with faith, will, and confidence in victory! Invincible weapons!⁸

In a biography of 1935 Rudolf Olden cited the interrogations of Hitler preliminary to the Putsch trial, which are no longer on record, in recounting that in Pasewalk

† remain
S.C. on
the
cross

Hitler certainly seems to have been nervously deranged, disturbed.... He heard "voices," and the voices called upon him to become Germany's deliverer.⁹

At the Putsch trial itself, however, Hitler related only that in the night following the revolution in Berlin

my decision emerged. The great vacillation of my life, whether I should enter politics or remain [sic!] an architect, came to an end. That night I resolved that, if I recovered my eyesight, I would enter politics.¹⁰

This time he had censored the miracle for good. But he had not forgotten it, as can be seen from his shouting at Richard Breiting in 1931:

Do you know I was once blind? When the Reds were devastating Germany in November 1918 I lay blind in the infirmary. I became seeing then. I go my way to the end.¹¹

B. Klara Hitler's Death

The basic document for Klara Hitler's medical treatment of 1907 is the record kept by Dr. Eduard Bloch (see illustration, p. 140). Her first

* a major visit by Dr. Bloch on orders from O.G. — "He is to be swept up. He will certainly find no reason not to

E he approached its head, Obermeier, and volunteered "for special assignments."⁶⁷

Even if this diary entry exaggerates his involvement and, perhaps, the role of the *Freiweg*, there were other sources from which he could have picked up information. Persons like Ernst Röhm who were most deeply involved in the plots and secret organizations kept in close touch with various regimental officers' clubs, including that of the Eleventh, to which Heinrich belonged. In late January Röhm attended a meeting of this club, and Heinrich chatted with him there. The tone of the diary account suggests that this was not their first meeting: "Captain Röhm and Major Angerer were also there; very friendly. Röhm pessimistic about Bolshevism."⁶⁸ This Major Angerer had been Heinrich's company commander in the old Fourteenth Alarm Company, an organization that Röhm had helped to establish when serving as General von Epp's deputy in the *Schützenbrigade* system. Angerer was also a student at the *Technische Hochschule*, the source of many recruits for rightist organizations during 1923. An indication that this institution already had a distinctly rightist coloration is the fact that in June 1922, when the *Bund Apollo* refused to take part in a demonstration against Germany's war guilt, Heinrich joined a large delegation that represented the *Technische Hochschule*. Thus by the summer of 1922 young Himmler's radical political views were edging closer to active involvement and the groups with which he was in contact hovered in a shadowy no-man's land between conspiratorial politics and active military service.⁶⁹

All Heinrich's earlier longing to join the regular army now returned with redoubled force. For a year it had been a mere hopeful undercurrent in his thinking, but now he saw the revival of German military power as the remedy for the nation's ills, and, even more, as offering a solution to his own problems with regard to politics and his personal future. Any chance encounter with military pageantry reawakened his deep emotional attachment to the soldier's life. As he walked down the street in late February, a detachment of troops marched past; his diary entry on this reads, "Military went past—O my God!"⁷⁰ In November he had at last received his certification as a *Fähnrich*, but his efforts to obtain active service were unsuccessful. He was encouraged by any rumor which suggested that Germany might defy the disarmament

1923

Chapter IX

To the Feldherrnhalle and Beyond

Once on the job in Schleissheim, Heinrich was assigned to work on the company's research on manure, a project which was apparently designed to discover new agricultural uses for nitrogen products. He proved a conscientious, hard-working, and useful employee with a high degree of company loyalty; the firm was satisfied with his attitude, practical knowledge, and professional competence. The work seems to have interested him insofar as it broadened his knowledge of agricultural chemistry, but some of its features were not to his liking. Manure experimentation was not exactly what he had had in mind when he envisioned his future life as a farmer, and the prospects of pay and promotion were not promising. He did his work with competence, but his main interest and concern were focused elsewhere.¹

The rising tide of inflation kept him in constant agitation during 1922-23. As costs skyrocketed, the company raised his salary; but wage increases lagged behind prices and did nothing to offset the feeling that rampant madness was in control and that no one could escape. The rapidity of the changes and the unreality of the atmosphere may be gauged from the amounts Heinrich contributed to the employees' insurance program. In September his insurance was 80 marks, in December it was 2,340 marks—more than half his total salary during his first month on the job. In a desperate effort to survive, Heinrich and his mother worked out a plan to take advantage of temporary price lags in Schleissheim and Munich, but the constant changes in prices made rational purchasing difficult. On November 7 his mother wrote that she had managed to buy a quantity of flour at prices ranging from 120 to 140 marks a pound and that, if he bought flour, he was not to pay more than 140 marks per pound or buy more than half a kilo "because we do not have enough money."²

Efforts of this kind could not keep pace with the inflation. By mid-November the mark stood at 8,000 to the U.S. dollar; by January 1923 it had fallen to 18,000. On January 11 the French and Belgian governments sent troops into the Ruhr, on the ground that Germany had not fulfilled her reparation

* D.T. later, with the death camps,
he broadens an experiment & fertilization.
Were the death camps fertilizing
a great struggle for future Jews?

1923

obligations. The Reich government countered by declaring passive resistance in the Ruhr, and the new pressure on the mark increased the rate of the inflation. By the end of January the mark reached 50,000 to the dollar and then continued its upward leap through hundreds of thousands, millions, billions, and even trillions to the dollar until in mid-October 1923 the government surrendered, repudiated the old mark, and replaced it with the Renten mark. While it lasted the inflation overturned stable incomes, wiped out savings, and brought in its train widespread ruin or severe deprivation. In the process it gripped the population in an atmosphere of dread which corroded away much of the remaining support for and confidence in the republican system.

The triple impact of the inflation, the republic's loss of prestige, and the need to resist the foreign occupation of the Ruhr intensified and accelerated the activities of rightist organizations committed to radical change. In Bavaria in particular numerous paramilitary and rightwing (*völkisch*) groups had been in existence prior to the occupation of the Ruhr. During his last year in the *Technische Hochschule* Heinrich had close contacts with a number of these organizations. Schleissheim also proved to be a center of right-wing activity, and the Schleissheim area contained an unusually large number of paramilitary groups. Heinrich lost no time in joining the *Reichsflagge*, one of the groups under the leadership of Ernst Röhm. Like countless others, this organization was made up of men who entertained vague hopes of someday reversing the defeat of 1918 and getting rid of the republican regime, and wished to participate in some kind of military formation. These rightist groups constituted a labyrinth of intrigue and shifting political views, but they were at one in their love of soldiering and their dissatisfaction with the present.

Ever since 1918, fearing the possibility of communist or Spartacist revolution and committed to the desirability of a large military force, the Reich government had made periodic use of free-corps formations. It had also secretly encouraged a close connection between the *Reichswehr* and the various paramilitary groups. The Bavarian government had gone even further in this direction. It had largely organized, staffed, and paid for various semiofficial formations of the type Heinrich had joined between 1919 and 1922, and, after these

1923

E formations had been suppressed in consequence of Allied pressure, it had continued to maintain a liaison between the free corps and the Bavarian units of the *Reichswehr*. Important roles in this liaison were played by General von Epp and Captain Röhm who were regular *Reichswehr* officers.⁴

In November 1922 Bavarian officials united seven paramilitary groups into the *Vereinigte Vaterländische Verbände Bayerns* (VVB). In the weeks following the occupation of the Ruhr they took various measures designed to strengthen the position of the VVB, including drawing up plans for the absorption of its units into the Bavarian *Reichswehr* in the event of mobilization. The Bavarian government also took an interest in the caches of World War I weapons which were indispensable for completing the armament of the paramilitary units in time of emergency and had been secreted in various parts of Bavaria to escape Allied detection. These weapons were placed under the control of the *Reichswehr*, the costs being shared by the government and a group representing Bavarian heavy industry. Plans were also made for the construction of secret factories to provide the necessary ammunition when the day of decision should arrive.⁵

The renewed military and paramilitary concern of the Bavarian authorities also led to the creation of many new free-corps units. In these units factions and people with whom Heinrich had been in touch, such as Röhm and the regimental veterans clubs, played a major role. The *Technische Hochschule* in Munich was a favorite recruiting ground, and at least one of the new units, *Bund Blücher*, had its headquarters in Schleissheim.⁶

In an atmosphere and area so favorable to paramilitary activity it was virtually inevitable that Heinrich would play some part. The new opportunities for rightist politics also guaranteed that he would become enmeshed in the factional fights and in the struggles which quickly developed over tactics, goals, and leadership. Three main issues animated and divided Bavarian rightists: the desirability of armed resistance in the Ruhr, the possibility of overthrowing the republican government in Berlin, and the need for Bavaria to achieve a degree of home rule under a restored monarchy. Nearly every rightist political and paramilitary organization had some sympathy for each of these alternatives; the main divisive

1923

points had to do with priorities and the strategy and tactics to be used to realize their aims. The Bavarian government, which was controlled by the *Bayerische Volkspartei (BVP)*, was predominantly concerned with the protection of conservative Bavarian interests; on the question of whether resistance to the French or a radical change in Berlin was the more important, its attitude was shifting and subject to change. The leaders of paramilitary groups in the *VVVB* usually hewed to the political line pursued by the Bavarian government.

This emphasis on Bavarian interests led to an almost immediate counterthrust by the leaders of some paramilitary and radical rightist groups. Two weeks after the French entered the Ruhr a second federation of Bavarian paramilitary groups was formed. The new organization, the *Arbeitsgemeinschaft der Vaterländischen Kampfverbände*, embraced six paramilitary groups which had withdrawn from the *VVVB*, including *Wiking*, *Oberland* and *Reichsflagge*, the group to which Heinrich belonged. The political leader of the *Arbeitsgemeinschaft* (and its successor, the *Kampfbund*, formed in September 1923) was Adolf Hitler, whose *Nationalsozialistische Deutsche Arbeiterpartei (NSDAP)* with its paramilitary arm, the *Sturm Abteilungen (SA)*, played an important role in both organizations. The Nazis had steadily increased in size and influence since 1920, but they were merely one radical group among many, albeit a very dynamic one. Hitler was forced to play coalition politics with other organizations and leaders; the result was the *Arbeitsgemeinschaft* in which he was supported by Röhm, Dr. Weber of *Oberland*, and to a degree General Ludendorff. Hitler demanded that separatism be rejected and the Ruhr issue be deemphasized in favor of an attack on Berlin. But even Hitler occasionally toyed with the idea of pushing Bavarian issues to the forefront, and to some of the secondary leaders of the *Arbeitsgemeinschaft* Bavarian interests and Ruhr resistance often seemed more important than the overthrow of the Berlin government.

On a number of occasions in the course of 1923 the *VVVB* lined up on one side and the *Arbeitsgemeinschaft* on the other. The most dramatic confrontation occurred on May 1 when the *Arbeitsgemeinschaft* planned to take direct action against the Social Democrats during the May Day celebration. The *VVVB* refused to cooperate in this scheme and

supported the efforts of the Bavarian government to keep the peace.

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Young Himmler was pulled first one way and then the other. Of the seven units in the *VVVV*, he had at one time or another been affiliated with three.⁷ But he had also had close relations with or membership in five of the *Arbeitsgemeinschaft* groups.⁸ All he could do was bow his head and hope that some way or another the conflict would be resolved before it came to blows. On May 1, he escaped the ultimate dilemma, because the *Arbeitsgemeinschaft* backed down at the last minute. But the basic question of which direction to follow still remained. In an effort to find his way he seized upon the simplest of expedients and identified himself with the person of Ernst Röhm, following wherever Röhm led. But Röhm also was being driven by events; and by the summer of 1923 he had thrown in his lot with the *NSDAP*. All Heinrich could do was stumble along behind his leader. In August he too joined the *NSDAP*, receiving membership card No. 42404.⁹

In early October Röhm became embroiled in a new conflict, this time over control of the *Reichsflagge*. The upshot was that a separate organization, the *Reichskriegsflagge*, was formed under his leadership. Heinrich once again followed Röhm, dropping out of the older unit to take his place among Röhm's stalwarts in the *Reichskriegsflagge*.¹⁰ Thus by the early fall his position at last seemed settled. He was committed to the *Reichskriegsflagge* and Röhm. Röhm in turn was tied to the *Arbeitsgemeinschaft* and Hitler. Heinrich waited to see which way the political winds would blow his leaders and himself.

On many issues the Hitler-Röhm group and the Bavarian government were sharply divided by October 1923. One development, however, temporarily reunited them. The Bavarian government had become involved in a fight with Berlin over insulting remarks which the Nazis had printed in the *Völkischer Beobachter* about the commander of the *Reichswehr*, General Hans von Seeckt. The Bavarians refused to accede to Berlin's demand that they silence the *Völkischer Beobachter*, and the *Reichswehr* commander in Bavaria followed the lead of the local authorities. Bavaria's position bordered on rebellion and seemed to unite all the Bavarian rightist groups against Berlin.

The reconciliation of the rightist factions in Bavaria was

Sept '23

strengthened by new signs of danger from outside. While Berlin was uttering dire threats and desperately trying to settle the situation in the Ruhr, Bavaria's neighbor Thuringia began to move to the left. In Munich this was viewed as the prelude to another communist revolution, and on an impulse of wild reaction some Bavarian *Freikorps* and *Reichswehr* units were rushed to the northern border. With the Bavarian government thus apparently committed to an anticommunist and anti-Berlin position, the members of the *Arbeitsgemeinschaft* could feel more at ease. E

For Heinrich this was a particularly happy development which led to what he regarded as a golden opportunity. The Bavarian *Reichswehr* decided on partial implementation of its mobilization plan in order to form replacements for the units which had been sent north. The most important of these replacement units was Company Werner which was organized as a volunteer Fourth company of the First battalion of the Nineteenth Infantry Regiment and drew much of its manpower from existing paramilitary formations. A number of the men had some contact with the *Technische Hochschule* in Munich. On September 1 he quit his job in Schleissheim, in part perhaps because he thought there was some chance for military service in the near future. On September 15 he was accepted into Company Werner. After many trials and disappointments his old dream of once more putting on "the soldier's coat" had been realized, and he was again part of the German army.¹¹

The course of political events, however, soon dampened his enthusiasm. As the Reich government made progress toward liquidating the inflation and the occupation of the Ruhr, it began to seem possible that the Bavarian government would have to make its peace with Berlin. Thus throughout October and early November Hitler, Röhm, and their supporters tried to drive the Bavarian government into a more uncompromising stand; at the same time they were apprehensive that the Bavarians might choose to sacrifice Hitler and his fellows in order to save themselves. In the heightening tension which followed, Hitler and his allies struck first.

During the now famous Hitler *Putsch* of 8-9 November 1923, the *VVVV* backed the government while the *Arbeitsgemeinschaft* supported Hitler. The police units of the Bavarian state and the bulk of the Bavarian *Reichswehr*

Nov '23

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remained loyal. Only one army unit seriously wavered—Company Werner, the unit Heinrich had joined. After long consideration, however, it decided to remain neutral and agreed to the army's demand that it disarm and be dissolved. Thus after a mere seven weeks Heinrich's new military career came to an abrupt close.¹²

For Heinrich's personal future Company Werner's decision was opportune, because he had already decided to support Röhm. While Hitler was taking over the *Bürgerbräukeller*, Röhm and the *Reichskriegsflagge* were holding a "social gathering" in the *Augustinerkeller*, anxiously awaiting orders authorizing military action. As soon as Hitler's men attacked, orders were sent to Röhm to seize the War Ministry buildings on the Leopoldstrasse. The *Reichskriegsflagge*'s social evening thereupon ended in a burst of enthusiasm, and fully armed, the unit marched through Munich in the direction of the War Ministry. In the ranks of the *Reichskriegsflagge* were many of Heinrich's friends from Schleissheim and his brother Gebhard. At the head of the column bearing the ensign of the unit, the old imperial war flag (not the swastika), was Heinrich Himmler.¹³

On attempting to seize the War Ministry Röhm's men were refused entry by *Reichswehr* officials. Uncertain what course to take, Röhm surrounded the building and threw up a light, barbed-wire barricade in front of it. On the morning of November 9 Röhm and his men found themselves in the unenviable position of surrounding the building while themselves being surrounded by the police. By noon Hitler's effort to relieve Röhm had ended in the famous debacle at the Feldherrnhalle, and the Hitler Putsch was over. For Röhm's men, still waiting behind their barricade, there was nothing to do but surrender. The *Reichskriegsflagge* leaders were taken into custody; the rank and file gave up their weapons, identified themselves to the police, and went home.¹⁴

During months immediately following the *Putsch* Heinrich's political hopes were at their nadir. Like many of the participants in the *Putsch*, Heinrich believed that it would succeed and he gloried in his role as flag bearer before the War Ministry. To have all this swept away was hard for him to bear, as were the subsequent measures which the Bavarian government took against the *Kampfbund*. All the organizations to which he had belonged were banned, Röhm

Nov '23

extreme anti-Semitic propaganda, and when he finds a tract which reviles Jews he is strengthened in his belief and in his desire to spread the faith. Theodor Fritsch's viciously anti-Semitic *Handbuch der Judenfrage* (Handbook of the Jewish question) elicits the comment: "It is a handbook in which one can find all the relevant material. Even an initiate is shaken when he reads all this with understanding. If only some of the eternally blind could have it put before their eyes."⁴⁴ On the eve of the November 1923 *Putsch* attempt he was pursuing his anti-Semitic studies by struggling through a nineteenth-century book about Yiddish. His comment on this work combines a hatred of Jews and suspicion of those who do not share his views. "One sees that Yiddish is a form of middle high German," he writes. "Shame to our beautiful language." The author seems to understand the Jews, it is true, however, he appears to be a man who has perhaps been advanced by the Jews. In any case, no hater of Jews."⁴⁵ Hatred of the Jews which a few years earlier had aroused his suspicions and academic reservations, had by this time become a touchstone of certainty.

The alleged sexuality and sexual misdeeds of Jews which threatened German racial purity attracted his interest. His comment on Edward Stillebauer's *Das Liebesnest* (The love nest), is rather bland—"Jewish blood and Jewish sensuality well depicted"⁴⁶—but the trend of his thinking is revealed more clearly when he notes of Erich Kühn's novel *Rasse?* (Race?): "Naturally it is concerned with the Aryan and Jewish race problem. Especially good is the description of the leading astray and seduction of this German girl."⁴⁷ As might have been expected from a novel produced by the *Deutscher Volksverlag*, the evil Jewish villain exploited all the modern paraphernalia from automobiles to movies in order to corrupt the Germanic heroine.

Much of Heinrich's anti-Semitism had a markedly sexual character, and this played an important part in his continuing worried interest in sex. His devotion to rigid chastity remained as strong as ever, but he still speculated about the morals of girls whom he met and was quick to seize on erotic literature whenever it was available.⁴⁸ While visiting old friends in 1924 he found in their library Carl Felix Schlichtegroll's *Ein Sadist im Priesterrock* (A sadist in priestly attire) which had been banned in Germany in 1904. He raced through it in one day and noted that it was a "story

March 1923

had developed into an arrogant and ruthless combatant. The trouble between Paula and Gebhard concerned the former's alleged infidelity. How serious her indiscretions were it is impossible to say, and the question is in any case unimportant. What is clear is that she did not conform to Heinrich's ideal of a shy, retiring, and chaste Gretchen. He had been somewhat uneasy about her free-and-easy attitude at the time of the engagement in 1922, but it was not until March 1923 that an incident occurred which brought his suspicions and desire to intervene into active play. Apparently Paula had committed an indiscretion, and Gebhard wrote Heinrich imploring him to go to Paula's home to help them settle the question.⁷¹ Heinrich went, as requested, but what occurred while he was there is not clear. A month later, however, he drafted a letter to Paula which gives a glimpse of the way his mind was working. Paula had apparently made four pledges of her past and future fidelity, and this was the point Heinrich chose to attack:

I will gladly believe that you will uphold these four things, especially as long as Gebhard works directly on you through his personal presence. But that is not enough. A man must have certainty from his bride, even if he is not present for years, and doesn't see her and they don't hear anything from each other for a long time (which in the coming terrible war years only too easily could be the case) that she herself with no word, no glance, no kiss, no gesture and no thought will be untrue to him. . . . You have a test which you should and *must** be able to withstand, and have in a shameful manner not withstood. . . . If your union is to be a happy one for you two and for the health of *das Volk*—which must be built on sound, moral families—you must control yourself with *barbaric** strength. Since you do not handle yourself strongly and firmly, and only control yourself to a small degree, and since your future husband, as I have already said, is too good for you, and possesses too little understanding of people and can't learn it since this age won't let it be learned, someone else must do it. Since you both approached me on this affair and drew me in, I feel myself obligated to do it.⁷²

*Underlined in the original.

March 1923

friendly with Gebhard; her only criticism of him was that he paid attention to Heinrich. "Your brother, who is two years younger than you are, takes it upon himself to educate me for you," she wrote, and then added, "You yourself could not find his letter to me proper."⁷⁶

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The whole unpleasant incident should now have ended. But Heinrich was still not prepared to let things be. It may be that Paula's rebuke stung him to renewed action; certainly it did not produce remorse. On March 9 he hired a private detective named Max Blüml instructing him to uncover any information on immoral or illegal activities on the part of Paula or her family. On March 12 he wrote to an acquaintance who was living in Paula's home town asking him to pass on any compromising information he could discover on the girl or her parents. He frankly admitted that he was making this request "without the knowledge of my brother" and claimed that it was necessary in case Paula's father, whom he described as "very sly and nimble," decided to make trouble. After assuring his correspondent that he would only use the information in case of direst need, he added that he would appreciate hearing any stories "that you have heard and which you can *prove*!"⁷⁷

The reply to this letter included no damaging information against Paula, but on March 14 he received from the private detective a collection of stories and gossip that might have been compromising. Armed with this report he seems to have felt that he could let the affair run its course. Five days later he sent back more gifts which he had received from Paula's parents during the preceding two years, claiming that he had forgotten to send them earlier. As a final slap, he apparently sent no letter but merely enclosed one of his visiting cards in the package. Yet even then he kept his ears open for any hint that Paula or her family might try to defend themselves. His final onslaught came two months later in a letter to mutual friends. He asks them to tell Paula to stop saying nasty things about the Himmlers and adds the warning that, although he is a nice fellow, "I will be completely different if anyone forces me to it. Then, I will not be stopped by any false sense of pity until the opponent is socially and morally ousted from the ranks of society."⁷⁸

⁷⁶Underlined in the original.

1923 mis.
in which he concluded, "I consider myself not a traitor, but a German who wanted the best for the German people." His words were greeted with applause from the crowded courtroom. The trial itself was front-page news in every German newspaper. By its end Hitler had become a national figure.⁸

Among the leaders of Bavarian society who had given Hitler and the Nazis protection were Munich Chief of Police Ernst Pohner, his political adviser Wilhelm Frick, and Bavarian Minister of Justice Franz Gurtner. All were allegedly Thulists and shared Hitler's nationalistic rightist views. Both Frick and Gurtner joined the party and were given ministries when Hitler became chancellor. Although Hitler was sentenced to five years, largely through the influence of these future Nazis he spent less than nine months in jail. He used the time to write his turgid autobiography *Mein Kampf* (My Struggle), which was to become the Nazi "bible."

At the helm once again, Hitler set about introducing some "color" into the grey blanket of German politics. He used bright red in banners and on posters—a direct steal from the parties of the Left. He sent disciplined paramilitary forces—old soldiers, new Nazis—through the streets on trucks and in parades. He organized torchlight processions and the strains of Wagner's music were heard at rallies.

He also took trouble over the introduction of some simple but effective symbols, including the raised arm, open-handed salute that was linked with the traditional German greeting "Heil," to become the alliterative "Heil, Hitler." He adopted the eagle, an ancient heraldic device, as the party's official symbol, and, of course, the swastika (see chapter 12). As public relations gimmicks they were highly successful in creating a fascination with the party and Hitler among a people used to a blander presentation of the political "product."

Hitler added another touch by growing his own version of the by-then celebrated moustache of Charlie Chaplin. Even today a black oblong is all that is needed to put many people in mind of both men. It was rumored in Germany that Hitler's seemingly bizarre action had been to cash in on Chaplin's popularity.⁹ Harry

Dec 1923, 1944

Secret Societies 129 W

Antichrist) came for Eckart when Hitler declared Providence had spared him from death in World War I so he might claim the Holy Lance to fulfill a world historic destiny.²⁰

The most outlandish claims linking Hitler, Eckart, and the Thulists come, as usual, from Ravenscroft: Eckart's final deed before he died in December 1923 was to initiate Hitler "in a monstrous sadistic magic ritual" similar to the rituals performed by Landulf II at Kalot Enbolot in the ninth century. * A description of the ritual under the direction of Eckart and amid participating members of the innermost circle of the Thulists would be "barely comprehensible, let alone credible without some knowledge of the history and practices of ritual magic."²¹

The atrocities which formed part of the ritual were indescribably sadistic and ghastly: many times more horrible than the treatment given those who attempted to murder Hitler.²² (These would-be assassins of Hitler were slowly strangled by piano wires suspended from butcher's hooks in a Berlin abattoir.) Here is where King parts company with Ravenscroft's attempts to link Hitler inextricably with the so-called inner workings of the Thule Society. King says Ravenscroft does not describe the "monstrous sadistic magic ritual" not because he found it "indescribably sadistic and ghastly" but because there is no evidence whatsoever that any such ritual ever took place—an even better reason for Ravenscroft's silence.²³ King also casts doubts on Eckart's membership in the Thule Society as such by saying it would seem he was never actually a formal member.²⁴ And further doubts about Hitler being a member of the society arise from Schwaab's findings. He concludes that not only was Hitler never a member, he actually kept his distance from the organization.²⁵

*Described by Ravenscroft as "the most evil figure of the 9th Century," Landulf II of Capua was named as "Third Man in the Kingdom" by the emperor, Louis II. He ruled a territory which stretched from Naples to Calabria. Through his Islamic connections he was able to maintain a castle eyrie in Arab-occupied Sicily called Kalot Enbolot (or Carla Belota) where he carried out horrific and perverse practices which earned him the reputation as the most feared black magician in the world and eventual excommunication in A.D. 875.

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Party Leader, 1889-1933

those who sympathized with the aims of his Party, but their amount and importance have been exaggerated. Not until considerably later did he succeed in touching the big political funds of the German industrialists in the Ruhr and the Rhineland. In fact, the Nazi Party was launched on very slender resources.

Nazism was a phenomenon which thrived only in conditions of disorder and insecurity. While these had been endemic in Germany ever since the defeat of 1918, two new factors made their appearance in 1923 which brought the most highly industrialized country of continental Europe to the verge of economic and political disintegration: the occupation of the Ruhr and the collapse of the mark.

By the autumn of 1922 the German Government professed itself unable to continue paying reparations and requested a moratorium. The French Government of Poincaré used the technical excuse of a German default in deliveries of timber to move French troops into the industrial district of the Ruhr on 11 January 1923. To cut off 80 per cent of Germany's steel and pig-iron production and more than 80 per cent of her coal from the rest of Germany, as the French proceeded to do, was to bring the economic life of the whole country to a standstill.

The result of the French occupation was to unite the German people as they had never been united since the early days of the war. The German Government called for a campaign of passive resistance, which, before long, became a state of undeclared war. The weapons on one side were strikes, sabotage, and guerrilla warfare, and on the other arrests, deportations, and economic blockade.

The occupation of the Ruhr gave the final touch to the deterioration of the mark. The savings of the middle classes and working classes were wiped out at a single blow with a ruthlessness which no revolu-

The Years of Struggle, 191

tion could ever equal. Even dropped it was impossible to his family—and work, in a found.

The violence of Hitler's disrupted, Jew-ridden system which to happen, the bitterness of saillies settlement and on the which had accepted it, found and despair of large classes

Hitler saw the opportunity was more difficult to see how and turn the situation to his tional Socialists could overthrow if Hitler succeeded in uniting anti-republican groups in Germany succeeded in securing the patron forces—the most obvious being ment and the District Commune a march on Berlin. He devoted out 1923 to achieving these two

In the early months of 1923 French occupation of the Ruhr behind the Government. In the he wrote: 'So long as a nation the assassins within its borders can be possible. While writers are directed against France, the of the German people lurks within nation. . . . Down with the with all their nonsense about a

With the tide of national against the French, and in support of the call for resistance, this to take. To make people listen moned five thousand of the S. Munich for a demonstration at 1923. The authorities promptly

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gave the final touch to k. The savings of the classes were wiped out ssness which no revolu-

tion could ever equal. Even if a man worked till he dropped it was impossible to buy enough clothes for his family—and work, in any case, was not to be found.

The violence of Hitler's denunciations of the corrupt, Jew-ridden system which had allowed all this to happen, the bitterness of his attacks on the Versailles settlement and on the Republican Government which had accepted it, found an echo in the misery and despair of large classes of the German nation.

Hitler saw the opportunity clearly enough, but it was more difficult to see how to take advantage of it and turn the situation to his own profit. The National Socialists could overthrow the Republic only if Hitler succeeded in uniting all the nationalist and anti-republican groups in Bavaria, and if he succeeded in securing the patronage of more powerful forces—the most obvious being the Bavarian Government and the District Command of the Army—for a march on Berlin. He devoted his energies throughout 1923 to achieving these two objectives.

In the early months of 1923 he was afraid lest the French occupation of the Ruhr might unite Germany behind the Government. In the *Völkischer Beobachter* he wrote: 'So long as a nation does not do away with the assassins within its borders, no external successes can be possible. While written and spoken protests are directed against France, the real deadly enemy of the German people lurks within the walls of the nation. . . . Down with the November criminals, with all their nonsense about a United Front.'

With the tide of national feeling running high against the French, and in support of the Government's call for resistance, this was an unpopular line to take. To make people listen to him, Hitler summoned five thousand of the S.A. Stormtroopers to Munich for a demonstration at the end of January 1923. The authorities promptly banned it. Hitler be-

uld march, even if the police
an Government retorted by
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first Party Day, 25 January
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up to a high pitch of military efficiency, and Röhm
flung himself into the task of expanding and training
the S.A. with such effect that by the autumn of
1923 it numbered fifteen thousand men.

For Hitler, on the other hand, the S.A. was not just
a disguised Army reserve; these were to be *political*
troops used for political purposes. With shrewder in-
sight than Röhm and his friends, Hitler saw that to
rebuild Germany's national and military power, it
was necessary to begin by capturing political power
in the State, and the S.A. were to be used for that
purpose.

In Hitler's speeches of early 1923, his hatred was
still directed, not against the French, but against
the Republic, which he depicted as a corrupt racket
run by the Jews at the expense of the national in-
terests. No accusation against the Jews was too wild
for him, but his most bitter scorn was reserved for
the 'respectable' parties of the Right who hesitated
to act. But Hitler's speeches were not even reported
in the Press.

The French occupation of the Ruhr still continued,
but by fall, 1923, the initial mood of national unity
on the German side had gone. Encouraged by the
growing disorder, and the increasingly strained rela-
tions between Munich and Berlin, Hitler renewed his
agitation in August. The fact that Gustav Strese-
mann, the new Chancellor, was known to be anxious
to end the exhausting campaign of passive resistance
in the Ruhr and Rhineland enabled Hitler to change
front. He now adopted the more popular line of
attacking the Berlin Government for the betrayal of
the national resistance to the French, as well as for
allowing the inflation to continue.

On 2 September, the anniversary of the German
defeat of France at Sedan in 1870, a huge demonstra-
tion celebrated German Day at Nuremberg amidst
scenes of great enthusiasm. All the Patriotic Associa-

ng the parade Hitler stood at
ff, and afterwards flayed the
acteristically violent speech.
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ilitary figure of the war and an
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g extremists, while he still en-
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us patriotic leagues, and Hitler
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ast. Ludendorff was invincibly
less in matters of politics. He
as on the worst possible terms
Rupprecht, the Bavarian Pre-
y attacked the Church in the
Germany. But at least he was
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was an asset from Hitler's
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. The same day a new German
(schier Kampfbund) was set up
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en the Nazis and the Patriotic
is declared to be the overthrow
iblic and of the *Diktat* of Ver-

a head on 26 September when
the decision of the Reich Gov-
campaign of passive resistance
onally and to lift the ban on
to France and Belgium. This
wise decision, intended as the

preliminary to negotiations for a peaceful settlement.
But it was also the signal the Nationalists had been
waiting for to stir up a renewed agitation against
the Government. 'The Republic, by God,' Hitler had
declared on 12 September, 'is worthy of its fathers.
... Subserviency towards the enemy, surrender of
the human dignity of the German, pacifist cowardice,
tolerance of every indignity, readiness to agree to
everything until nothing remains.'

On 25 September the leaders of the Kampfbund—
Hitler, Göring, Röhm, Kriebel, Heiss, and Weber—
had already met. Hitler put his point of view and
asked for the political leadership of the alliance. So
strong was the impression he made that both Heiss
and Weber agreed, while Röhm, convinced that they
were on the edge of big events, next day resigned his
commission and finally threw in his lot with Hitler.

Hitler's first step was to put his own fifteen thou-
sand S.A. men in a state of readiness and announce
fourteen immediate mass meetings in Munich alone.
Whether he intended to try a *coup d'état* is not clear,
but Knilling, the Bavarian Minister-President, was
thoroughly alarmed. On 26 September the Bavarian
Cabinet proclaimed a state of emergency and ap-
pointed Gustav von Kahr, one of the best-known
Bavarian Right-wing politicians with strong mon-
archist and particularist leanings, as State Commis-
sioner with dictatorial powers. Kahr promptly banned
Hitler's fourteen meetings and refused to give way
when Hitler, beside himself with rage, screamed that
he would answer him with bloody revolution.

In the confused events that followed 26 September
and led up to the unsuccessful putsch of 8-9 Novem-
ber, the position of two of the three parties is tol-
erably clear. Hitler consistently demanded a move on
Berlin to be backed by the political and military
authorities in Bavaria, but aiming at the substitution
of a new régime for the whole of Germany. The
twists and hesitations in Hitler's conduct arose from

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g Kahr and Lossow, the
ria, to join him.
in Berlin had to face the
several directions: from
openly calling for revolt,
pursue an independent
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fluence was strong; from
Separatists were still ac
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Friedrich Ebert conferred

emergency powers upon the Minister of Defence, Otto Gessler. This meant that the Army assumed the executive functions of the government and undertook the responsibility of safeguarding both the security of the Reich and the inviolability of the Republican Constitution. An attempt by Hitler—or anyone else—to carry out a march on Berlin would be met by force, with the Army on the side of the Government.

But there was a third party to be taken into account, the civil and military authority in Bavaria represented by Kahr and Lossow. The existence of this third factor, and the uncertainty of the policy Kahr and Lossow would adopt, gave Hitler a chance of success. Although the Bavarian Government had appointed Kahr to keep Hitler in check, relations between Munich and Berlin were strained. It was the action of the Bavarian Government in conferring dictatorial powers on Kahr which had led the Reich Government to declare a state of emergency itself, and Kahr's intentions were suspect in Berlin.

Kahr's aims are still far from clear. He was attracted by the idea of overthrowing the Republican régime and installing a conservative government which would give Bavaria back her old monarchy. At other times he played with the possibility of breaking away from the Reich altogether and establishing an independent South German State. If Kahr could only be persuaded to help overthrow the Republican régime in Berlin, Hitler had every hope of double-crossing his Bavarian allies once he was in power. It was equally possible for Kahr to use Hitler and the forces of the Kampfbund. An uneasy alliance developed between Kahr and the Nazis, each trying to exploit the other's support. Once again the critical decision lay with the Army, this time with the local commander in Bavaria, General von Lossow. Like Kahr, however, Lossow never quite succeeded in making up his mind until events decided for him.

In October 1923, the quarrel between Munich and

barracks have been occupied, troops and police are marching on the city under the swastika banner.' No one could be certain how far Hitler was only bluffing. There were six hundred S.A. men outside, and a machine gun in the vestibule. Leaving Göring to keep order in the hall, Hitler pushed Kahr, Lossow, and Seisser into a side room. Meanwhile Scheubner-Richter, Ludendorff's liaison man with Hitler, was driving through the night to fetch General Ludendorff, whom Hitler wanted as the figurehead of his revolution.

Hitler, who was wildly excited, began the interview with Kahr and his companions in melodramatic style: 'No one leaves this room alive without my permission.' He announced that he had formed a new government with Ludendorff (who actually knew nothing of what was happening). Waving his gun, Hitler shouted: 'I have four shots in my pistol. Three for my collaborators if they abandon me. The last is for myself.' Setting the revolver to his head, he declared: 'If I am not victorious by tomorrow afternoon, I shall be a dead man.'

The three men were less impressed than they should have been. They found it difficult to take Hitler's raving at all seriously, despite the gun and the armed guards at the windows. Hitler was making little progress. Now, leaving the room without a word, he dashed into the hall and announced that the three men had agreed to join him in forming a new German government.

His speech was another piece of bluff, but it worked. The announcement that agreement had been reached completely changed the mood of the crowd in the hall, which shouted its approval: the sound of cheering impressed the three men who were still held under guard in the side room.

As Hitler returned to them, Ludendorff appeared. He was thoroughly angry at Hitler for springing this surprise on him, and furious that Hitler had made himself the dictator of Germany, leaving Ludendorff

with the command of an : But he kept himself under national event, he said, and others to collaborate. Hitler turn back; our action is pages of world history.'

In apparent unity they a While the audience cheered a brief speech, swore loyal

Barely had this touchin been completed than Hitler quarrel which had started w Bund Oberland tried to oc racks. By a bad error of ju without taking proper prec began to pour out of the ex self on the grounds that he issue orders, and left un Kahr and Seisser. It was ti Lossow or Kahr that night.

By morning Hitler's seven ers of the S.A. and Kampf three thousand men, for cons to come in from the countr While his own bodyguard oc Social Democratic *Münchene* machines, the Reichskriegsfla ership, seized the War Mini wire and machine guns.

Hitler came to Röhm befo council of war with Ludendo As time passed, however, th the absence of any news fro were at a loss what to do next the 19th Infantry Regiment's answer; nor did the messen was allowed to pass without key position, apart from Rö

Army headquarters. Finally, between six and seven o'clock in the morning, Pöhner and Major Hühnlein were dispatched to occupy the police headquarters, but were promptly arrested instead, together with Frick.

As General von Lossow returned from the Bürgerbräukeller, Seeckt telegraphed from Berlin that if the Army in Bavaria did not suppress the putsch, he would do it himself. There was considerable sympathy with Hitler and Röhm among the junior officers from the rank of major downwards, but the senior officers were indignant at the insolence of this corporal, and in the end discipline held. Orders were sent out to bring in reinforcements from outlying garrisons. Kahr issued a proclamation denouncing the promises extorted in the Bürgerbräukeller and dissolving the Nazi Party and the Kampfbund. From Crown Prince Rupprecht came a brief put pointed recommendation to crush the putsch at all costs, using force if necessary. Rupprecht had no use for a movement which had Ludendorff as one of its leaders.

By the morning of 9 November it was clear that the attempt had miscarried. At dawn Hitler returned with Ludendorff to the Bürgerbräu, leaving Röhm to hold out in the War Ministry. Ludendorff, convinced that the Army would never fire on the legendary figure of the First World War, had persuaded Hitler that they must take the offensive and try to restore the position by marching on Lossow's headquarters. Once he stood face to face with the officers and men of the Army, Ludendorff was convinced that they would obey him and not Lossow. Meanwhile troops of the Regular Army had surrounded Röhm and his men in the centre of the city, but both sides were reluctant to open fire.

Shortly after eleven o'clock on the morning of 9 November, a column of two or three thousand men left the Bürgerbräukeller and headed for the centre

of the city. At the head of a swastika flag and the banner. In the first row marched Hitler, Scheubner-Richter, and Ulrich Weber, Feder, and Kriebel or men carried arms, and Hitler his hand. Crowds thronged to an atmosphere of excitement. Streicher, who had been hanged at Marienplatz, climbed down to second rank. Rosenberg and a sole representative of the Nazis, who had arrived that morning on urgent summons, trudged on to rest. The column swung down the strasse, singing as it went. In the Ministry, where Röhm was in the half past twelve.

The police, armed with carbines, formed a cordon across the end of the column debouching on to the square. Stormtroopers completely outnumbered the narrowness of the street bringing their superior numbers to bear. The first has never been settled. Ulrich and shouted to the police officers, 'Surrender!' At this moment a hail of bullets swept the street. Scheubner-Richter, with his arm-in-arm. Hitler was seeking cover. The shooting continued but sixteen Nazis and three were dying. Göring, badly wounded, lay in a house. Weber, the leader of the column, was against the wall weeping in confusion, neither side being at all. One man alone kept his head.

The Great Crisis (1918-1933)
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of the city. At the head of the column fluttered the
swastika flag and the banner of the Bund Oberland.
In the first row marched Hitler, between Ludendorff,
Scheubner-Richter, and Ulrich Graf on one side, Dr
Weber, Feder, and Kriebel on the other. Most of the
men carried arms, and Hitler himself had a pistol in
his hand. Crowds thronged the streets and there was
an atmosphere of excitement and expectation. Julius
Streicher, who had been haranguing the crowd in the
Marienplatz, climbed down to take his place in the
second rank. Rosenberg and Albrecht von Graefe, the
sole representative of the North German National-
ists, who had arrived that morning at Ludendorff's
urgent summons, trudged unhappily along with the
rest. The column swung down the narrow Residenz-
strasse, singing as it went. Beyond lay the old War
Ministry, where Röhm was besieged. The time was
half past twelve.

The police, armed with carbines, were drawn up in
a cordon across the end of the street to prevent the
column debouching on to the broad Odeonsplatz. The
Stormtroopers completely outnumbered the police, but
the narrowness of the street prevented them from
bringing their superior numbers to bear. Who fired
first has never been settled. Ulrich Graf ran forward
and shouted to the police officer: 'Don't fire, Luden-
dorff and Hitler are coming,' while Hitler cried out:
'Surrender!' At this moment a shot rang out and a
hail of bullets swept the street. The first man to fall
was Scheubner-Richter, with whom Hitler had been
marching arm-in-arm. Hitler fell, either pulled down
or seeking cover. The shooting lasted only a minute,
but sixteen Nazis and three police already lay dead
or dying. Göring, badly wounded, was carried into a
house. Weber, the leader of the Bund Oberland, stood
against the wall weeping hysterically. All was con-
fusion, neither side being at all sure what to do next.
One man alone kept his head. Erect and unperturbed,

General Ludendorff, with his adjutant, Major Streck, by his side, marched steadily on, pushed through the line of police and reached the Odeonsplatz beyond.

The situation might still have been saved, but not a single man followed him. Hitler at the critical moment lost his nerve. He scrambled to his feet, stumbled back towards the end of the procession, and allowed himself to be pushed into a yellow motor-car which was waiting on the Max Josef Platz. He was undoubtedly in great pain from a dislocated shoulder, and probably believed himself to have been wounded. But there was no denying that under fire the Nazi leaders broke and fled. All but two of the killed and wounded were in the following ranks, exposed to the fire by the action of their leaders in taking cover.

Two hours later Röhm was persuaded to capitulate and was taken into custody. Göring, badly wounded, was smuggled across the Austrian frontier by his wife. On 11 November Hitler was arrested at Uffing, where he was being nursed by Hanfstängl's wife.

In many ways the attempt of 8-9 November was a remarkable achievement for a man like Hitler who had started from nothing only a few years before. In less than a couple of hours on the night of 8 November he had transformed the political situation in Bavaria and made a revolution by sheer bluff. It evidenced political talent of an unusual kind.

But the mistakes had been gross. Worst of all, from Hitler's point of view, was the contrast between his own behaviour under fire and that of Ludendorff, who, in the sight of all, had marched steadily forward and brushed aside the police carbines with contemptuous ease.

The truth is, however, that Hitler's plans had miscarried long before the column set out for the Odeonsplatz. He had never intended to use force; from the beginning his conception had been that of a revolution in agreement with the political and military

authorities. 'We never volt against the Army; lieved we should suc preparations had been by arms. The *coup* was and Lossow into actin it was only hesitation, back. Again and again when the moment cam the Army nor the polic on the Odeonsplatz re the premises upon whi constructed. From the Lossow and Kahr had knew that the attempt der chance that a show Army back to his side But it was to be a dem ler wanted, or was pre with the Army.

Never was Hitler's shown than in the wa back. The trial was hel for a conspiracy in wh prosecution—Kahr, Lc almost as deeply invo story was one which n Bavaria were only too public. Hitler exploited

The trial began befo ary 1924. During the was front-page news and many foreign corr For the first time Hitl frontiers of Bavaria.

From the first day the political initiative s nesses for the prosecut the simple device of as

March 1923

with knights in armor. A concealed cellar had an open fireplace and oak cupboards around the walls.

They married in February—probably under pressure from the prudish Adolf Hitler. Although Hermann Göring would later encourage biographers to believe that they had married one year earlier, the family papers show that her divorce had only become absolute in December 1922, and the registry at Munich's city hall confirms that the marriage was solemnized at Obermenzing on February 3, 1923. His private papers contained proof of a civil ceremony in Stockholm on January 25; the marriage certificate, which was looted along with his other papers in 1945, has now been donated anonymously to the Institute of Contemporary History in Munich, and shows the date February 3, 1923. His comrades of the old Richthofen Squadron formed the guard of honor.

This second marriage changed Carin's life. "God!" she enthused to a friend. "How wonderful it is to have a husband who doesn't take two days to see the point of a joke." Nils now had little to laugh about; years later he would still refer to Carin as his "lost treasure." Carin did not care.

Aunt Mary [she wrote to her little boy Thomas that spring of 1923] will have told you that I am now married to Captain Göring . . . You know, the raw climate in Sweden was none too good for my health . . . We have known Captain Göring since that time in Stockholm, you will remember, and he was so kind . . . to your mama when she was lonely in a foreign country.

And then I found that I was beginning to like him so much that I wanted to marry him. You see, sweetheart, he has made your mama very happy. And you mustn't be upset about it, and it won't interfere with our love for each other, dearest Thomas.

You see, I love you best of all . . .

Deepening his ties with the private armies in Bavaria, General von Lossow agreed to Hitler's request that the SA troops should be given clandestine army training. "Hitler's well-known powers of charm, persuasion, and eloquence," the general would wanly admit, "were not without effect on me."

Göring had armed and enlarged the SA far beyond the boundaries of Munich. Four years younger than Hitler, he was still more of a drifter and adventurer than political agitator. He would later recall the first pitched battle with the Communists in Munich (on March 1, 1923) only for the beerhall bruises given and received. "Boy, how those beer mugs flew!" he reminisced twenty years later to American historian George Shuster, without a trace of apology. "One nearly laid me out!"

A few days previously Berlin had advised General von Lossow that in May the army would begin operations against the French occupying the Ruhr. Lossow made preparations under the code name *Spring Training* and in-

& That night, she would say as
much to Goering.

1923

formed Göring that the SA, an
for the campaign.

Hitler was uneasy. He argued point," he told the general, before the domestic political is disposing of the feeble, "Jew

Von Lossow paid no heed. cut an unimpressive figure at the outing Göring was seen giving new wife sank much of their inseparable, however; on April review of his troops, he stood in a Mercedes-Benz 16, with his a of SA men trooped past in uniform with swastika armbands).

"Today," wrote Carin proud after watching this thrilling, o

the Beloved One paraded his Führer, and I saw his by. The Beloved One has so much of his own brain was once a rabble—and rather terrifying one—has of Light, a band of eager orders to render this unh

After it was over, the told me that if he said with the Beloved One would

I said that my own heart he kissed my hand and so ever be swollen."

The Bavarians were ready for a Worse, when Hitler and Göring hand by holding a provocative north of Munich, General von he had previously allowed the SA general to the judges one year country? . . . This first trial of had nothing more to do with o

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formed Göring that the SA and other "patriotic bodies" would be recruit for the campaign.

Hitler was uneasy. He argued that this sequence was wrong. "There's n point," he told the general, "in staging an attack on the external enem before the domestic political issue has been dealt with"—by which he mear disposing of the feeble, "Jew-ridden" central government in Berlin.

Von Lossow paid no heed. To the aristocrats who ruled Bavaria, Hitle cut an unimpressive figure at this time. He was so poor that during one Easte outing Göring was seen giving him pocket money—in fact, Göring and hi new wife sank much of their own money into the party. The two men wen inseparable, however; on April 15, when Hitler took the salute at the bi review of his troops, he stood in Göring's new car, a twenty-five-horsepowe Mercedes-Benz 16, with his arm outstretched for an hour as the thousand: of SA men trooped past in uniform (field-gray ski caps and windbreaker with swastika armbands).

"Today," wrote Carin proudly to little Thomas von Kantzow in Stockholm after watching this thrilling, ominous spectacle:

the Beloved One paraded his army of true young Germans before his Führer, and I saw his face light up as he watched them pass by. The Beloved One has worked so hard with them, has instilled so much of his own bravery and heroism into them, that what was once a rabble—and I must confess sometimes a rough and rather terrifying one—has been transformed into a veritable Army of Light, a band of eager crusaders ready to march at the Führer's orders to render this unhappy country free once more . . .

After it was over, the Führer embraced the Beloved One and told me that if he said what he really thought of his achievement the Beloved One would get a swollen head.

I said that my own head was already swollen with pride, and he kissed my hand and said, "No head so pretty as yours could ever be swollen."

The Bavarians were ready for action against France, but Berlin had cold feet. Worse, when Hitler and Göring tried to force the Bavarian government's hand by holding a provocative anti-Communist May Day parade in an arena north of Munich, General von Lossow called in all the army weapons that he had previously allowed the SA to carry. "What mattered," explained the general to the judges one year later, "was this: Who was in charge in this country? . . . This first trial of strength ended with Hitler's defeat, and we had nothing more to do with one another."

It was a serious loss of face for Hitler, Göring, and the SA.

"An officer never breaks his word!" Göring told Hitler, perplexed.

In August 1923 his widowed mother died. This was a watershed in his

Aug 1923

career, and he committed himself recklessly from this time on to the Nazi movement. On August 24, Hitler issued to him his first Vollmacht, or supreme authority to act in his behalf. The work was hard, but Göring thrived on it. "Often," he bragged a year later to an Italian correspondent, "I was on the go until four A.M. and was back at the office at seven A.M. the next day. I didn't have a moment's respite all day. One visitor followed the other . . . You know we Germans are great beavers for work. Out of twenty-four hours we will work twenty-three! Believe me, I have often—very often—come home dead tired at eleven P.M., spent fifteen minutes grabbing some tea or supper with my wife and then, instead of going to bed, reviewed the day's activities for two or three hours; the next morning at seven A.M. the first adjutant would come to report."

Hitler became a frequent visitor to the Göring household, and Carin heard them endlessly discussing the same old topics—Chancellor Gustav Stresemann, his "Jew government" in Berlin, and the economic crisis since Versailles. Robbed of the Ruhr industries, the economy had toppled into an abyss. In the Ruhr, the French occupation troops sent to the firing squad any Germans who offered resistance. Currency had become virtually valueless: On August 1, one American dollar equaled three million German Reichsmarks; by late September it would buy 142 million Reichsmarks—people had to pay even the smallest bills with suitcases of overprinted and double-overprinted paper money.

Hitler and Göring, the SA, and the other private armies were restless for action—any kind of action. But Berlin refused now to act; *Spring Training* was off.

Envious of Benito Mussolini's recent March on Rome, Hitler and Göring hatched grandiose plans to raise all Bavaria for a March on Berlin. But time was running out. Feeding on the economic chaos, Communist revolutions had broken out in Saxony and Thuringia, to the north of Bavaria. Hitler urged Bavaria to act and offered his "troops" in support.

Göring, however, had, other preoccupations now. Carin had contracted a lung infection at his mother's funeral and returned to Stockholm, where heart problems forced her into the Vita Kors Nursing Home at Brunkeberstorg.

Göring remained in Germany at Hitler's side. Early in October 1923 he wrote to Carin's mother, adopting the ornate style customary in her family. "I sense your gentle aura, and kiss your sweet hands!" he wrote. "Then a profound stillness comes over me and I sense your helping prayers."

"Over here," he continued, turning to the political crisis in Bavaria, "life is like a seething volcano whose destructive lava may at any moment spew forth across the country . . . We are working feverishly and stand by our aim: the liberation and revival of Germany." He concluded by begging the countess to take care of his Carin—"She is everything to me."

Countess von Fock replied sending Göring twenty gold crowns ("from Carin") and a food parcel containing rarities like coffee and butter.

1923

Still ailing, Carin returned to slight cold," she wrote to Thorbed, where the Beloved insists I these days and great events are that I mustn't bother myself with sleep, and he wears himself out moments."

They were both homesick for Bavaria. "Times are grim here 23. "Strife and deprivation rage when we must take responsibility

At a Nuremberg rally early in September a few weeks the dice will roll!" An organization had set up the "Comman Kriebel, who had served von Ludendorff, took military Richter, a pharmacist, was secret private armies in Bavaria—Göring (*flagge*) headed by Ernst Röhm, by the end of September 1923 the of the SA and Adolf Hitler.

On September 26, in the rising minister had appointed a General, and, like Hitler, this man, Dr. force to install a right-wing dictatorship initially dubious. But neither the Nazis—Hitler's National Socialists ordered Lossow to prepare to send uprising in Saxony, Kahr instructed previous fruitful contacts with them in his army.

Lossow eventually went further *Spring Training* and gave it a new became clear that the enemy was Ruhr nor the Communists in Saxony Kahr's deputy made this plain in on October 20: "We don't say 'La not separatists. What we say is, Berlin has spouted one lie after another a gang of Jews? Fall in behind Kahr marching side by side with Hitler

All of this came out at the late there, "the state policy, and the

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Oct 1923

Still ailing, Carin returned to her Hermann a few days later. "I have a slight cold," she wrote to Thomas from Munich, "and am writing this in bed, where the Beloved insists I must stay until I am better. He is very busy these days and great events are in the offing, but until I am better he insists that I mustn't bother myself with them. He looks tired and doesn't get enough sleep, and he wears himself out traveling miles just to see me for a few moments."

They were both homesick for Sweden, but a sense of destiny kept Hermann in Bavaria. "Times are grim here," he wrote to Carin's mother on October 23. "Strife and deprivation ravage the country, and the hour is not far off when we must take responsibility for the future."

At a Nuremberg rally early in September 1923 Hitler had pronounced, "In a few weeks the dice will roll!" At this rally he and the right-wing paramilitary organization had set up the "Combat League" (*Kampfbund*): Colonel Hermann Kriebel, who had served on the staff of the redoubtable General Erich von Ludendorff, took military command, and Dr. Max von Scheubner-Richter, a pharmacist, was secretary general. The Combat League united the private armies in Bavaria—Göring's SA, the Reich War Flag (*Reichskriegsflagge*) headed by Ernst Röhm, and the Highland League (*Bund Oberland*); by the end of September 1923 the latter two had agreed to obey the directives of the SA and Adolf Hitler.

On September 26, in the rising economic emergency, the Bavarian prime minister had appointed a General-Staatskommissar with dictatorial power, and, like Hitler, this man, Dr. Gustav von Kahr, began talking of using force to install a right-wing dictatorship in Berlin. General von Lossow was initially dubious. But neither the general nor Kahr could afford to hold the Nazis—Hitler's National Socialists—at arm's length for long. When Berlin ordered Lossow to prepare to send Bavarian battalions to quell the Communist uprising in Saxony, Kahr instructed General von Lossow to resume his previous fruitful contacts with the right-wing organizations to fill the gaps in his army.

Lossow eventually went further. He updated the operational plan called *Spring Training* and gave it a new code name, *Autumn Training*. It shortly became clear that the enemy was neither the French occupation force in the Ruhr nor the Communists in Saxony, but Stresemann's regime in Berlin. Kahr's deputy made this plain in a rabble-rousing speech to right-wingers on October 20: "We don't say 'Let's Dump Berlin!' " he declared. "We're not separatists. What we say is, 'Let's March on Berlin!' For two months Berlin has spouted one lie after another. What else can you expect from such a gang of Jews? Fall in behind Kahr!" he appealed. "As from today we're marching side by side with Hitler."

All of this came out at the later trial. "The authorities," Hitler testified there, "the state policy, and the army, now resumed the training of our

Sept 19 23

"I'll have a machine gun set up
ded on Kahr and ordered him off
rian leaders to accompany him
safety."

r, Lossow, and Seisser—leaving
n of six hundred men surrounding
ling around the foyer and a dozen
nd. The former air-force captain
veal the blue enamel of his Pour

t into!" Kahr snapped to Seisser.
Lossow, sotto voce.

p them: When the commander of
p the hall had appealed to Göring
atch and said with a broad grin,
" (Wilhelm Frick, chief of Mun-
upporter for some time.) At that
Delivered, was being telephoned
ay-phone at the Löwenbräu beer
his Reichskriegsflagge men. The
sper to him, then Röhm took the
had been overthrown and that a
his "troops" to form up outside
the Bürgerbräu.

's captive audience was growing
irate dragged on. There were loud
America!" (in mocking reference
is). Colonel Kriebel ordered Gör-
met, drew his gun, and waded in
ce, the young man who mounted
later of an officer, an aviator, an
rust forward, he glared at the five
en he too loosed off a pistol shot
; voice, he promised that no harm
—the ones who were going to be
red Jews (*elende Judenschaft*) in
s.) "At this very moment," he
spolizei are marching out of their
."

ernous hall.
d leave the building.
ve all got your beer!"

It was going to be a long night. Colonel Kriebel instructed Göring to use his SA men to supervise the feeding of these five thousand, and sent a motor cyclist to head off Röhm's troops and send them to Lossow's headquarters, where they were to greet the general with a guard of honor on his return from the Bürgerbräu. "I reported first to Herr Hitler," testified Lieutenant Brückner at the later trial, "then to my superior officer, Captain Göring. He told me to march my troops into the Bürgerbräu, where everybody was to rest and be victualled. That took up most of the night."

Hitler himself was making little progress in his attempts to win over the angry triumvirate. Göring left General von Lossow in little doubt of his private opinion of him. "What does an old general have to do, anyway?" he sneered. "Just sign a few orders . . . I can do anything he can. I can be a division commander too—let's sack him here and now."

The threat of dismissal had little effect. As Hitler pleaded and cajoled with Kahr, Seisser, and Lossow, the angry hubbub from the hall arose again. Leaving Göring to continue the argument, Hitler pushed through to the front of the hall again, mounted the rostrum, and delivered a speech that was described by historian Alexander von Müller, who witnessed it, as a masterpiece of rhetoric. "It turned that vast assemblage inside out," said Professor von Müller, "smoothly as a glove."

The triumvirate, Hitler announced, were all but won over. He proposed that General von Ludendorff become the "reorganizer" of the national army, and that Lossow and Seisser take command of the Reich's army and police. Hitler pronounced the dismissal of the Bavarian government, and loftily threw in the dismissal of Reich President Ebert and Chancellor Stresemann for good measure. "I therefore propose," he concluded, "that I take over political leadership of this provisional national government." He appealed to them all to fall in behind Kahr, Lossow, and Seisser if they backed the revolution.

This did the trick. Frenzied cheers greeted the announcement. Hitler had the three men brought back in—to renewed frenetic applause—as though they were a vaudeville act.

Their faces were a picture. Professor Müller described Kahr's as like a mask, Seisser's as agitated and pale, Lossow's as "mocking and foxy." Kahr spoke a few brave words of acceptance, stuttered something—to more storms of applause—about taking over the destiny of Bavaria as regent for the monarchy that "disloyal hands" had struck down five years before. Seisser also spoke a few words, and then Lossow—nudged into reluctant oratory by Hitler.

By this time war-hero Ludendorff had arrived, fetched by Scheubner-Richter in Hitler's Mercedes. The audience rose to its feet to cheer the general. Up on the stage, Hitler shook each man's hand—as he clasped Gustav von Kahr's right hand the latter dramatically placed his left hand on top, to seal their bargain. As if conducted by an unseen baton, five thousand throats

Nov 1923

stood at attention, ramrod
Ludendorff joined him and
side.

announced the arrival of one
from the infantry school with
Ludendorff and Hitler went out to
station and telegraph office were
Ludendorff's army district was firmly
phoric: The revolution seemed
Ludendorff to Carin on her sickbed

word of Kahr, Lossow, and
ministries while Hitler and
Kahr seemed to have been won
word was surely not in doubt;
pilot Rudolf Hess had taken
from the audience in the beer
ed off to a safe house in the

revolutionary intent that night. But
morning in which men lose faith
apart. Kahr and Seisser joined
th Infantry Regiment barracks
ied at midnight by Röhm), and
they had given to Hitler. They
e Munich newspaper appeared,
l German radio stations under
Kahr, General von Lossow and
"The opinions expressed by
etin explained, "were extracted
misuse of above names."

er radio bulletin: "Barracks and
spolizei hands. Reinforcements

Lossow to arrive at army district
or to stand down. By 6:00 A.M.
been double-crossed. Hitler and
g triumvirate, while over at the
easily to his lieutenant, Brück-
shed." Guessing that this meant
e bridges across the River Isar.
visiting Röhm, they saw bill-
g up, on Kahr's orders, placards

repudiating the Hitler putsch as "senseless," banning the Nazi party, and
promising ruthless punishment of the guilty.

Something had clearly gone wrong. Back at the Bürgerbräu beer hall Hitler
and Ludendorff conferred with Göring, as the Nazi storm troopers mingled
with the infantry cadets and party men, all hungry and unshaven. General
von Ludendorff faced a dilemma: He told an intimate friend later that day,
"It was clear that the Nazi movement was to all intents and purposes finished.
It was quite plain to me where my duty lay. I would have been a cowardly
dog if I had left Hitler in the lurch now."

Göring urged Hitler to retreat to Rosenheim, south of Munich, and regroup
there. Ludendorff would not even hear of it. "Now is the time to show what
we're made of," he stoutly declared. "Let's show we're worthy of leading
the nationalist movement."

Thus Adolf Hitler, revolutionary and would-be statesman, prepared on
this dull, overcast, chilly November 9 to meet his destiny. He, Ludendorff,
and Göring decided to march their men into the city center to prove that
they were not finished. They were sure of the people's backing. Hitler had
the infantry cadets lined up outside the beer hall and delivered a powerful
speech to them. They swore allegiance to him. He felt immortal. His hour
had come. He sent armed men into the city to requisition funds; they took
14,605,000 billion Reichsmarks from the Jewish bank-note printers Parvus
& Company, and gave a Nazi receipt in exchange. Meanwhile, Hitler acted
to maintain order. Learning that one Nazi squad had ransacked a kosher
grocery store during the night, he sent for the ex-army lieutenant who had
led the raid.

"We took off our Nazi insignia first!" expostulated the officer—to no
avail, as Hitler dismissed him from the party on the spot. "I shall see that
no other nationalist unit allows you to join either!" Göring goggled at this
exchange, as did a police sergeant who testified to it at the Hitler trial a few
weeks later.

The march into the city center would begin at noon. Göring meanwhile
sent shock troops to pick up still more hostages. They burst into the city-
council chamber at 11:00 A.M., singled out the Burgomaster and nine terrified
Socialist councillors and frog-marched them outside. "They had it coming
to them," said Hitler later, without a trace of remorse. "In that same town
hall a few months earlier we had heard them say that Bismarck was the
biggest swine and gangster in Germany's history." The hostages were not
treated gently. "We ran the gauntlet of punches, oaths, and human spittle,"
protested Socialist majority leader Albert Nussbaum at the trial, "all the way
across the square until we were tossed into a truck and driven off to the
Bürgerbräu."

Hitler ran his eye over Göring's ten new hostages without enthusiasm. He
said nothing, but ordered a lame hostage released.

Storm troopers formed up into
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it was either Ludendorff's valet

or Hitler's bodyguard. Then he reloaded and fired another bullet into him so
that the body kicked into the air."

As the rattle of rifle fire ended, Hitler picked himself up. Fourteen of his
men, and four policemen, were dead. As for Hermann Göring, Carin's sister
Fanny glimpsed him lying motionless in a widening pool of blood and thought
that he too had been killed.

It was a tragic and senseless outcome. Cursing themselves for their own
folly, Hitler and Ludendorff realized in retrospect how weak their allies had
been. "The hopes that inspired us all on the evening of November 8," said
the general, "hopes that we could save our fatherland and restore the nation's
will, were dashed because Messrs. Kahr, Lossow, and Seisser lost sight of
the main objective: because the Big Moment found only little men within
them."

What had become of Göring?

A police marksman's bullet had pierced his groin, only millimeters from
an artery. Some of his own men found him and carried him to the first door
showing a doctor's nameplate in the nearby Residenz Strasse. Years later
his adjutant Karl Bodenschatz would reveal, "The people on the ground
floor threw him out, but there was an elderly Jewish couple upstairs, and
they took him in." Ilse Ballin, wife of a Jewish furniture dealer,* gave
Göring first aid, then, helped by her sister, carried him round to the clinic
of a friend, Professor Alwin Ritter von Ach. He found the entry and exit
wounds still foul with mud and gravel, and did what he could to ease the
pain.

Friends took word of Hermann's misfortune to Carin who bravely came
to hold his hand and plan his escape. She took him by car down to Parten-
kirchen, seventy miles south of Munich, where he was hidden in the villa
of a wealthy Dutch sympathizer, Major Schuler van Krieken. Clearly he
could not stay long, and plans were laid to smuggle the Görings out of the
country. Kriebel published two obituary lists, including the name of "Göhr-
ing," to draw the heat off him, but the police authorities were not deceived
and issued a warrant for his arrest on the morning of November 10. A
Lieutenant Maier of the Garmisch-Partenkirchen police station telephoned
orders to the frontier post at Mittenwald ordering Göring's apprehension if
he showed up there.

Göring shortly did. In his personnel file is a contemporary account by the
driver who tried to smuggle him across the frontier, Nazi storm trooper Franz
Thanner:

Around ten P.M. I drove off by car to the frontier post at Griesen
with Göring, his wife, a doctor Maier of the Wiggers Sanatorium

*"When they [the Ballins] were due to be arrested by the Gestapo," recalled Bodenschatz,
"Göring told me: 'No, Bodenschatz, we'll get them out of the country despite Himmler.' I took
care of that myself."

of her new marriage. But as the days went by, she noticed that her family maintained an icy silence in Stockholm; only her mother continued to send food parcels to them—the parcels were smuggled across the mountains by the courier who carried the secret letters that were now being exchanged between Göring and Hitler, who had been committed to Landsberg Prison pending his trial for treason.

Harassed by Communists, who stoned her in the street, breaking a bone in one foot, Carin moved into the hospital to be with Hermann. His condition fluctuated badly. On November 26, just as the wound had closed, it broke open again. To muffle the searing pain, the doctors began injecting morphine twice a day. "Hermann is in a terrible state," Carin wrote to her mother on the last day of the month. "His leg hurts so much he can hardly bear it."

They operated on him under a general anesthetic, and for the past three days he's been running a high temperature. His mind wanders, he weeps, he has nightmares of street fighting, and all the time he is in indescribable pain. His whole leg is a mass of rubber tubes to drain off the pus.

As Hermann Göring bit his pillow and groaned incessantly, Carin sat helplessly at his side. "I have to watch him suffer in body and soul," she wrote one month after the shooting, "and there's hardly anything I can do to help . . . His pain is as bad as ever, despite his being dosed with morphine every day."

A stream of visitors and well-wishers came to the hospital, including Hitler's sister Paula ("a charming, ethereal creature with great soulful eyes set in a white face, quivering with love for her brother"), Houston Stewart Chamberlain, and Siegfried Wagner, son of the composer. Wagner had tried to buy Hermann's photograph in Munich—the famous one with a helmet—but the photographers had sold out the entire stock of forty thousand they had printed the week before. Through the Nazi underground, meanwhile, they received clothes and other necessities, and then more friends like Ernst "Putzi" Hanfstaengl and Karl Bodenschatz came to bring him news of the coming trial.

Göring sent a message to General Ludendorff, asking whether he should surrender to Kahr's police in the interests of the party. Ludendorff advised him not to, since Göring was more useful at large.

Here in Austria [Carin wrote, starry-eyed, to her mother on December 20] National Socialism is especially strong, and I am sure that when Hermann is well again he will find something to do here. A party of a million members and "storm troops" of 100,000 armed men cannot be put down at one stroke.

Hitler's methods have thus far only been for decency and chiv-

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It was Carin's tenderness that before Christmas of 1923. Ea and opened his eyes he saw he Eve he was allowed back into local SA troops had sent over a in red, white, and black, but C trembling like a leaf.

"Dead tired," wrote Carin around on crutches." The hote elsewhere, except for a Scroog dining room, and two young profession. Seemingly star-cro: the Görings shared this, their even Carin's party dress could

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of the masses behind him. . . . Hitler is calm, he is full of life
and faith now, after the first few days when he was apathetic,
refused to eat . . .

It was Carin's tenderness that kept Göring going through those painful weeks
before Christmas of 1923. Each time he lifted his head on the hospital bed
and opened his eyes he saw her radiating peace and affection. On Christmas
Eve he was allowed back into the hotel, but it was a ghastly Christmas. The
local SA troops had sent over a small Christmas tree with candles beribboned
in red, white, and black, but Göring was still a sick man, deathly white and
trembling like a leaf.

"Dead tired," wrote Carin a few days later, "he tried to drag himself
around on crutches." The hotel was empty—all the guests were celebrating
elsewhere, except for a Scroogelike character who sat at the far end of the
dining room, and two young men in the company of females of dubious
profession. Seemingly star-crossed lovers, like Wagner's Tristan and Isolde,
the Görings shared this, their first married Christmas, in a gloom that not
even Carin's party dress could lighten.

In her thoughts she was far away: At her parent's home in Sweden, with
young Thomas, with gifts and feast and open fire. At eight o'clock she could
stand it no longer—she threw a coat over her shoulders and went out to get
some fresh air. It was blowing hard outside, but she scarcely noticed. All
at once she heard the sounds of an organ and violin from an open window
above their own hotel apartment, playing "Silent Night." "I cried, of course,"
she wrote her father afterward, "but recovered my confidence and peace of
mind again. I went back in to Hermann, and I was able to cheer him up
again. Two hours later we were both fast asleep."

She expressed a vague alarm at the metamorphosis that seemed to be
coming over her husband. "I hardly recognize him now," she wrote in the
same letter to her father. "The whole man seems to have changed. He barely
utters a word—so utterly depressed at this betrayal, so miserable. I never
thought Hermann could get so low."

In Munich the Bavarian government prepared to put Hitler on trial. Göring
could only watch impotently from afar. "I threatened," he claimed to his-
torian George Shuster, "that if they held the trial in camera I would appeal
directly to the German public by newspaper articles."

In the weeks before the trial Hitler remained in close touch with him.

Yesterday and the day before [wrote Carin on January 2] Hit-
ler's lawyer was here. He came direct from the fortress where
Hitler is held, full of the latest news and bringing letters from
him. The lawyer visits Hitler every day. Perhaps there won't
be any trial. If there is, it won't be to Kahr's liking, because

1923

the same time one of the most prominent publicists of his country. In his famous *Defensio pro populo Anglicano* he gave a scientific defence of the King's murder. The grandiose rhetoric of the Miltonian Satan served the younger Pitt as a school for oratory, and it is anything but an accident that in the whole gallery of his figures it was precisely the Prince of Hell himself who — almost against the will of the poet — grew into such an overwhelming figure. The reason is that in Milton the Puritan spirit became form — a spirit which is of the Devil, because it avenges and judges. In Milton's titanic epic the whole of world-history is arraigned, tried, and judged from the standpoint of Puritanism, which alone is truth and righteousness — judged strictly and mercilessly, with partisan bias and without the least will to understand, let alone love, the enemy. Against the hosts of the rebellious angels God sends his Son, who flings ten thousand lightnings on them; they flee and plunge into the depths like a herd of goats overtaken by the storm — Christ as the god of thunder! This is blasphemy as monumental as Michelangelo's Christ enthroned in the clouds as Apollo or Hercules. A God who conquers with bow and quiver, lightning and war-chariots, with battalions of fighting saints: this is quite obviously not God's Son of the Gospels, the Christ in whom Christians believe, but the legitimate Son of Jehovah.

Hobbes

Milton's opponent was Thomas Hobbes, keen and powerful thinker, advocate of monarchy, Restoration, and legitimism. His philosophy is not mean or evil, as it used to be thought, but merely pessimistic. Looking about him, he sees on the one hand a world of wild and strong, hard and calculating master-natures, and on the other a mass of dull, slavish herd-humanity, kept in motion only by the law of inertia; and both he sees as merely the puppets of their more or less gross instincts to devour and to snatch. From this material he draws his inductive conclusions, from these premisses his laws. On these hypotheses he sees the State as Leviathan, an all-powerful monster which ruthlessly devours all who set themselves in opposition to it. The State is a mortal god, and the existing order is at all times the right one — because it is order. Liberty is that which the laws do not forbid, conscience is private opinion, but law is the public conscience, to which alone the citizen owes obedience. A religion not legitimized by the State is a superstition. This does not mean that he regards kings as ap-

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pointed by God; but he holds that the people have invested the head of the State with supreme powers, and that, having done so, they have themselves no further rights. Monarchy is the best form of constitution, simply because it is the most centralized; and its absolutism follows necessarily from the thesis that the direction of the State, to whomsoever it be entrusted — even if to a corporation — must possess absolute powers.

If we take these doctrines literally, they appear to have been made to justify the Stuarts — the megalomania of James I, the intransigence of Charles I, who even on the scaffold was still the supreme autocrat, and the Restoration plans of Charles II, whose teacher was Hobbes. If on the other hand we interpret them according to their spirit, it appears that their shrewdest disciple, their most triumphant embodiment, was none other than the plebeian rebel and usurper Oliver Cromwell.

The foundations of this political philosophy, which goes considerably further than Machiavelli's in its hard, clear unsentimentality and its pure scientific evaluation of political phenomena, are just what they necessarily must be with so logical a thinker as Hobbes. A nihilistic ethic: nothing is good or bad in itself, a definite standard of moral can only be set when there is a state to set it. A materialistic ontology: all being is body, all happening is movement, and even sensations are called forth by bodily movements. A sensualistic psychology: there are only sensations, everything else is abstracted from them, and conceptions of genera and so forth are nothing but faded reminiscences of earlier perceptions. A mechanistic epistemology: words are notes or marks for ideas, arguments and conclusions are the addition and subtraction of these signs, and all thinking is calculation.

But Baruch Spinoza, perhaps the most remarkable thinker who ever lived, went much further still. In a history of philosophy he would have to be dealt with after Descartes, on whom he builds; but in the present connexion it is not the system but the world-outlook that matters, and even this only in so far as it has been effective as the formative principle of representative personalities or the great currents of an age: it does not, therefore, seem essential here to adopt a lecture-room arrangement conforming to the conceptual development. In his private life Spinoza was neither a saint, as the sentimental eighteenth century asserted, nor a

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Spinoza

perfect, all actions equally good, because all are equally necessary, even as no mathematical theorem is more perfect than another. In the section "On the origin and nature of the emotions" he writes: "I shall consider human actions and desires exactly as if I were dealing with lines, surfaces, and solids," the idea being — and this is one of his most famous sayings — that we should "neither pity them, nor deride them, nor loathe them, but comprehend them." But that a bridge is more easily built with the souls of fellow-men by sympathy, humour, or even passionate opposition than by sterile intelligence, he knew not.

Spinoza stands unique in his age, and indeed in the whole human race. He was, naturally, no Christian: concerning the Incarnation he wrote to a friend (dragging in one of his terrible mathematical examples as usual) that as regards this dogma he must definitely say that he did not understand it; that it seemed to him indeed as preposterous as to pretend that a circle had assumed the nature of a square. Neither was he a pagan, for the sensual near-to-nature pantheism of the Classical age and the Renaissance was of a very different colour from his. Least of all, however, was he a Jew: the "Chosen People" principle, the regulation piety, and the disguised materialism of the Mosaic religion have never been more thoroughly penetrated and exposed to the light than by him. Nay, he was not even what is currently called an atheist, and for that reason it was a perfectly right instinct that for a long time caused a Spinozist to be regarded as an atheist, only more so. Only in one respect could Spinoza be called a Jew — in his extremism. For the Jews are a race of utter polarities: no nation has so wide a spanning power. They are the stoutest pillars of capitalism and the most furious champions of socialism; the inventors of Church and priesthood, and the most passionate preachers of liberty and tolerance; they were the first to spread the gospel in the European sphere of culture and are the only ones who to this day deny it. Thus they have produced both the creator of monotheism and its most powerful denier — Moses and Spinoza.

Freud says, at the close of his essay, *Die Widerstände gegen die Psychoanalyse*: "It is perhaps no mere accident that the first exponent of psycho-analysis was a Jew. To become a convert to it,

there must be a fair action in opposition, almost." Spinoza stood situation. He was community, without a sin without even a listener self. His philosophy is livered in the quiet of h by the world. And the f out undoubtedly inten cause of this — because sponsive voice, which h his dogged soundless st: ternity, against the whol figure grows to the stat ness where it eludes h completely as the deity

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there must be a fair amount of readiness to accept the fate of isolation in opposition. and with this the Jew is more familiar than most." Spinoza stood in a similar, though even more desperate, situation. He was completely isolated: without family or community, without a single like-minded or understanding person, without even a listener. He speaks wholly to the void, or to himself. His philosophy is one single heart-breaking monologue, delivered in the quiet of his miserable room, by one who was rejected by the world. And the fact that he was so entirely cut off and shut out undoubtedly intensified the pathological strain in him. Because of this — because of his heroic renunciation of every responsive voice, which he knew from the first to be inevitable, and his dogged soundless struggle against his contemporaries and posterity, against the whole human race indeed — because of this his figure grows to the stature of tragedy and enters into a timelessness where it eludes human understanding and human tests as completely as the deity of his *Ethics*.

The early Baroque was indeed the least receptive milieu imaginable for such a philosophy. We attempted to indicate in brief, at the end of our first volume, how in the second half of the sixteenth century an ascetic, spiritualistic tendency laid hold of the Catholic portions of Europe. This return to the severity and spirituality of the Middle Ages was the answer to the seriousness and purism of the Reformation, and it was for this reason that the name of Counter-Reformation that has been given it characterizes it so well. In art the nude and the profane were rejected and persecuted; in poetry the indecent and the merry; in philosophy libertinism and scepticism. Michelangelo's figures were given clothing, and Petrarch's sonnets were "purified." But this clerical reaction remained as much a mere episode as had been the gloomy attempt at reform made by Savonarola at the height of the Renaissance. In proportion as the Papacy recovered its former sway over men's minds, it began to open out to the world again, all the more so as it perceived that it was just its broad-minded, mild comprehension of the sensual half of the human being that gave it so great an advantage over doctrinaire and unimaginative Protestantism. And so, at the opening of the new century, the struggling, suffering Church becomes the dominant, triumphant Church, which celebrates its victory in a whirl of jubilant music and gives free rein

*Artificial
Irrationalism*

The Vainest Jew (Edi) thinks his with the camp.

early 1923

of Friendship, in which friends swore eternal loyalty. Men walked in the idea of a purely spiritual union of man and woman, and "soul-love," which rested on a community of noble impulses, became the fashionable form of flirting. We commonly meet, especially in poets, the "lady of one's thoughts," a supernal being inwardly revered, who had no existence save in the imagination. Tears welled up at every letter received, at every book opened, at the mere thought of nature, or friendship, or a bride, or oneself; in fact weeping was universal. In Miller's *Siegwart*, the most successful novel of the time, even the moon weeps. The early careful and well-articulated style was completely transformed, and language became the means for the expression of momentary emotion, almost to the point of meaninglessness; it is filled with dots, exclamation-marks, dashes, question-marks, violent interjections, and sentences which break off in the middle. This is undoubtedly a sort of Early Impressionism, acquired but to be lost again. This condition of passionate search, eternally dissatisfied, but uplifted by a Promethean consciousness of its new discoveries, is expressed for us in the concrete present in a letter written by the youthful

Goethe in 1775, wherein he describes to a lady who is one of the "friends of his soul" how he passed the day, and he closes with the words: "I felt, through it all, like a rat which has eaten poison; which runs to every hole, swallows every drop of moisture, devours everything eatable that comes its way, while its heart burns with a consuming inextinguishable fire."

The period manifested the pathological condition of all epochs when something new is coming to birth, and at the same time the dual quality of all times of transition; hence its contradictions. Thus, for instance, the English garden transplanted to Germany, though it owed its existence to the enthusiasm for the Return to Nature, was nothing but an artificial attempt to collect in one spot everything that nature meant to these people — meadows, brooks, grottoes, clumps of trees, gentle sloping paths, the little wood with its inevitable clearing — with a host of accessories that formed a grotesque bric-à-brac of every conceivable reminiscence and whim, Greek columns, Roman tombs, Turkish mosques, and Gothic ruins. On top of all this was the universal and particularly tasteless and unnatural habit of scattering inscriptions which preached the text for each of these intended effects. Similarly

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of violence.

In answering our questions we must, I think, hold fast above all to the principle — which may be almost raised to the rank of an axiom of historical research — that the moment of origin of a historical happening can hardly ever be fixed with complete exactitude; on the contrary, it may almost always be taken as reasonably certain that the thing has *not* begun at the point in time which history assigns as its commencement. For example, it has been fully established that the Thirty Years' War did not have its beginning in 1618, nor the World War in 1914, nor the Reformation in 1517. The "Defenestration" in Prague, the murder of the Austrian Grand Duke, the nailing-up of the Theses at Wittenberg had in these three cases about the same significance as the release of the catch on a stopped machine, the sharp blow on a nitroglycerine container, the opening of the valve of a locomotive. A railway train maintains high speed for hours, carries heavy loads of men and goods to widely separated places. The true cause of this considerable performance is obviously not to be found in the release of a little steam. At the same time there is a specific chain of causation. The opening of the valve is the only possible means of setting in motion all the complicated and far-reaching movements that follow; in other words, the locomotive has a clearly defined structure, and this structure arranges for the release of the machinery of the locomotive only in one particular way. In the same way revolutions have their own specific starting-system, which remains, apart from a few variations, always the same.

This mechanism is a fairly simple one and has two elements.
A revolution is let loose when the army refuses to act, which it does when the people have no food. This, putting aside all ideology, is the immediate cause of almost all revolutions.

In the school-books the cause of the great upheavals is generally alleged to be the unquenchable thirst of the People for Liberty. This certainly rests on false — indeed, the falsest of all — assumption. The people never desires liberty, firstly because it has no conception of it, and secondly because it would not know what to do with it. Liberty has value for two classes of men only, for the so-called privileged classes and for the philosophers. The former have won the ability to apply liberty to pleasant or useful ends through generations of careful "training"; the latter possess

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THE PSYCHOPATHIC GOD: ADOLF HITLER

among all men; hence they are by right, Lords of the world." Emperor William II was immensely impressed. He hailed Chamberlain as his "companion in battle" and wrote to him, "It was God who sent your book to the German people and you personally to me."¹⁵¹

Germany's defeat in 1918 at the hands of England and its allies was a terrible blow to the expatriate. But in meeting Hitler the old man found new hope, for he recognized him as the long-awaited Führer who would establish a new racial Reich. The meeting took place in October 1923 when Hitler made the first of many pilgrimages to the shrine at Wahnfried. There he was received by Wagner's widow, Cosima Wagner, mistress of Bayreuth. Hitler delighted everyone. He told Frau Wagner that her husband was the greatest influence on his life, that "it all began" in Linz after the young Hitler listened to one of Wagner's operas. He flattered Wagner's son Siegfried; he absolutely captivated the grandchildren. And then a paralyzed man "with spent eyes in the face of a child" was wheeled in. It was Wagner's son-in-law, H. S. Chamberlain. Hitler generously thanked him for all his contributions and played to the hilt the role of flashing-eyed man of destiny and racial deliverer. The next day the invalid dictated a letter to Hitler. Like so many others, he had been taken with Hitler's eyes: "... that you bestowed peace upon me is largely attributable to your eyes and the gestures of your hands. It is as if your eyes were equipped with hands, for they grip a man and hold him fast. . . ." The letter ended, "My faith in the Germans has never wavered for a moment, but my hope, I must own, was sunk to a low ebb. At one stroke you have transformed the state of my soul."¹⁵²

ANTON DREXLER

Munich as well as Vienna was important to the development of Hitler's political thinking. But his experience there during the years 1919-1923 served mainly to strengthen the political ideas which, in essence, he had already formulated. Hitler himself showed in an indirect way that his political education in Munich was effective precisely because it was not an entirely new experience for him; rather, it reinforced ideas which had come to him in Vienna before the war—ideas, he said, so important to him personally and so basic to his political thinking that they had formed a "granite foundation" and required no major changes for the rest of his life.¹⁵³

In describing his initiation into politics at Munich in 1919, Hitler stressed the importance of a little pamphlet entitled "My Political Awakening." Typically he did not identify the author of the pamphlet—with rare exceptions he did not like to admit that he had predecessors in developing his "Copernican Theory" of racism. In fact, the author was a sickly fanatic named Anton Drexler. His shabby racist tract seemed to Hitler a providential omen. Once more the "Goddess of Fate" had intervened and thrust his destiny upon him. He read the little booklet with mounting excitement and the eerie feeling that he was

1923

The Intellectual World of Ado

relying vividly some prior I had gone through persc Involuntarily I saw thus m my eyes."¹⁵⁴ Twelve year devouring the pamphlets is period that he underwent made him a fanatic anti-Se

Drexler was an adjur influential of the many ra during the immediate post erary and scholarly circle, In addition to holding disc tablished secret arms dep distributed scurrilous anti-t tion of 1918, the society and included many of Hi reported, "was often a guest

In addition to pledgin spective members were o prove that their Aryan blk generations," indicate in a parts of their body (like La excessively hairy), and sub as proof that their feet were

As early as October 1: cussion groups such as th a new Germany. So, in co Harrer, he established the " as the nucleus for a large German Workers' Party. Tl ings of the Workers' Circle On 11 December 1918 th the Jew"; on 16 January 1 "Could We Have Won the Lost"; and on 5 February, War?" The message was c the war and traitorously enemy; they must be remov

The actual German V mighty Nazi movement—v January 1919 in the Fürst the discussion groups and racist groups to which all tl bership fluctuated between Its program was to meet v

* One of the reasons Hitl would have been unable to pro

THE PSYCHOPATHIC GOD: ADOLF HITLER

synagogue burning he recommended, but they found that in splitting the Christian church Luther increased the power of the Jews. Hitler and Eckart also expressed disappointment with Luther's draconian "solution to the Jewish Problem" (see Chapter 4), which they found much too moderate. The pamphlet calls for "rooting out" the Jews.¹⁰¹

Protocols of the Elders of Zion

Through treachery and cunning we will conquer the earth.

—*Protocols of the Elders of Zion*

I found these Protocols enormously instructive.
—Adolf Hitler

The Hitler-Eckart pamphlet demonstrates that inspiration, even for the most sordid literary creations, may come from many sources. One can detect traces of Lanz, Wagner, and H. S. Chamberlain, but especially evident is the influence of a famous forgery, the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*. This classic example of the conspiracy theory of history insists that in a conclave of 1897 the "Elders of Zion" hatched a diabolical plot to undermine society, overthrow governments, plunge mankind into war, and seize power throughout the world. One passage from the *Bolschewismus* pamphlet illustrates its dependence on the anonymous forgery:

Every, yes, every social injustice of importance which exists in the world today goes back to the subterranean influence of the Jews. . . . One can only understand the Jews when one realizes their final purpose: to master the world and then destroy it. . . .

While they pretend to raise mankind up, actually they contrive to drive mankind to despair, insanity and destruction. If they are not stopped they will destroy us.¹⁰²

Long after the *Protocols* were dismissed as a clumsy and vicious fraud, Hitler continued to believe in their validity. In a public speech of 1923 he told his audience that the German inflation of that year was all a part of the Jewish plot. "According to the *Protocols of Zion*," he said, "the peoples are to be reduced to submission by hunger." And in his memoirs he argued that the best proof that the *Protocols* were genuine lay in the fact that the "Jewish" *Frankfurter Zeitung* branded them a forgery.¹⁰³

Hitler's personal indebtedness to the document remained heavy. After first reading it, he later recalled, "I saw at once that we must copy it—in our own way of course. . . . We must beat the Jew with his own weapon. I saw that the moment I read the book." And he added, "down to the veriest detail, I found these Protocols enormously instructive." Specifically, he noted how much he had profited from their advice about

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The Intellectual World of A

"political intrigue, the t sion, prevarication, decep

In reading of the a the *Protocols*, one has tl Hitler's own political ide memoirs, speeches, or co II. Page after page, all o will . . ." whenever the examples must suffice.

The first "protocol" we must recognize that despotism" and demand bolical leader. Other pr the public mind" and "r embracing terror," contr ment of a Ministry of held; all those who opp confiscated; civil libertie the leader. He will be v excite mystical adoratio leader will foment Euroj quest and domination. . .

The first primitive v cocted by unknown autl Russian Secret Police. ' Hundreds to help fome of the century. Historic plagiarist who first put together with a French form the bogus *Protocol* of the man who first pu a remarkable Russian believing that the *Protoc* first Zionist Congress h insisted, by an unname ters of the Zionist moven

Nilus was obsessed conspiracy which, he w world but also to attack chest called "The Muset or partial form many e persuaded himself, was conspiracy. Since that angles, Nilus came to b be a part of the terribl assortment of suspicio triangular seals of tech

GOD: ADOLF HITLER

The Child As Father to the Man

near when I could no longer restrain the men. If nothing happened now, the men would drift away from him."²²⁵

Nor could Hitler be comforted by the memory of a promise he had recently made to the Bavarian minister of the interior. When the minister had called him to his office and expressed concern over rumors that he and his men were about to try to seize power, Hitler "jumped up from his chair, beat his breast, and cried: 'Herr Minister, I give you my word of honor, never as long as I live will I make a *Putsch!*' He repeated: 'My word of honor, I will never make a *Putsch!*' "²²⁶ It was Hitler's first formal political promise.

Kahr was equally torn and embarrassed. He certainly did not want a revolution, but he needed to carry Freebooter support for his program of conservative restoration. He could not afford to let the angry veterans gravitate to Hitler. In the beginning of November, Kahr invited the leading nationalists of Bavaria and the Reich to a meeting which was to be held on 8 November 1923. It is not clear what Kahr intended, but Hitler was afraid that his rival was about to make a dramatic announcement—perhaps proclaim the restoration of the Wittelsbach monarchy. At any rate, the Nazi leader could not let the initiative pass to Kahr. After sleepless nights of indecision, he decided that the time had come to act "decisively" and with "ice-cold finality."

On the evening of 8 November 1923, Kahr addressed leading conservatives of Bavaria as they sat around the tables of the eminently respectable Bürgerbräukeller drinking beer. The pompous bureaucrat was reading falteringly and badly from a prepared manuscript. He had reached a passage asserting his opposition to Communism. As his voice droned on, the assembled dignitaries were startled by a commotion near the center of the hall. A ludicrous figure in an ill-fitting morning coat had jumped to a chair or table—the matter is in dispute—fired two shots into the ceiling, and with blazing eyes announced that the national revolution was taking place.

Hitler did not look like a revolutionary leader. Indeed, he did not cut a very imposing figure at all. Admiral von Hintze, the last Imperial secretary of state for foreign affairs, who was present at the beer hall that night, recalled that Hitler was "dressed in a morning coat, the most difficult of all garments to wear, let alone a badly cut morning coat, and let alone a man with as bad a figure as Hitler with his short legs and his long torso. When I saw him jump on the table in that ridiculous costume I thought, 'The poor little waiter!'"²²⁷

After firing his shots, Hitler rushed to the platform and at pistol point commanded the three most powerful men in Bavaria, Kahr, Lossow, and Seisser * to go with him to a side room. There he briskly

* Kahr, as noted, was the state commissioner general. General Otto von Lossow was commander of the Bavarian Reichswehr Division. He was an affable, intelligent man with wry wit but little resolution. Colonel Hans Ritter von Seisser, commander of the Bavarian State Police, was a resolute and humorless person of independent mind and proven courage.

THE PSYCHOPATHIC GOD: ADOLF HITLER

who at the same time sought to protect him. King Kong is thus a very effective expression of his sadomasochism.³⁰⁶

Hitler's childlike game of having his valet tie his tie for him and tighten it while he counted to ten is, psychologically, a rather complex phenomenon. It speaks of many things. One of them is revealed in the research of psychoanalysts who have discovered that playing games involving ropes around the neck—or, presumably, neckties—is a form of eroticism and masturbation. As noted earlier, the game is also a way of acting out, and thus rendering more innocuous, fears of death by strangulation or suffocation. Often in these games patients reveal incestuous desires and Oedipal guilt, which are "assuaged through the masochistic brush with death." But for present purposes let us emphasize that one of Hitler's favorite games was a kind of substitute suicide, the ultimate masochistic resolution.³⁰⁷

Hitler's generalized sadomasochistic impulses were carried over directly to his conduct with women. The whip that he habitually carried for many years is, of course, a traditional symbol of sadomasochism. Hitler's whips were associated with mother substitute figures; his three favorite ones were all given to him by motherly women. We also know that he used whips violently in scenes involving women who were about as young as Klara had been when she married Alois. Heinrich Hoffmann's daughter, for example, remembered clearly that when she was a 15-year-old girl in pigtails and flannel nightgown, Hitler, who was visiting their home, asked for a good-night kiss. When she refused, he beat his hand viciously with his whip.³⁰⁸ In 1926, apparently in order to impress Mimi Reiter, a 16-year-old girl, he whipped his dog so savagely that she was shocked by his brutality.

Another curious episode took place in June 1923 in Berchtesgaden where he was staying at the Pension Moritz. Frau Büchner, the wife of the proprietor, was a striking, six-foot-tall, blond Brünnhilde who towered over Hitler and inflamed him sexually. He tried repeatedly to attract her attention by striding up and down in front of her as he swung his whip and beat it against his thigh. The more she ignored him, the more agitated he became. Almost beside himself, he spoke loudly about an experience he had had in Berlin which showed, he said, the decadence and moral depravity of the Jews. As he lashed about him with his whip, he cried, "I nearly imagined myself to be Jesus Christ when He came to His Father's temple and found it taken over by the moneychangers. I can well imagine how He felt when He seized a whip and scourged them out." This story was told by Dietrich Eckart, the close friend and admirer of Hitler.³⁰⁹

Thus, while Hitler used his whip in lashing out at others, he also—according to this testimony and that of his private pilot—whipped himself, beating his boots or thighs in moments of excitement. Even after he stopped carrying it, he told his valet that he considered the whip to be his personal symbol.³¹⁰

1923

The Child As Father to the Man

There is other evidence liked to talk about physics out. The German film star invited to spend the night scribed in great detail the victims. Then, after they were condemned himself as unworthy his own head, and just gross scene became intolerable to kick him. This excited him excited.³¹¹

Hitler's sadomasochism ent with a coprophilic pervenient. By having young ladies degraded both himself and victims, "who became the persecutor who attacks

Hitler's fixation on the and urine (see p. 148f) c pleasure can be stimulated retention or expulsion of himself enemas; it seems similar to those patients shown, find it pleasurable another person defecate or reaction he got from women seems to have been his eupropriately shocked, for ex was made from Parisian a tion with feces and filth, I punctilious personal cleanliness

He enjoyed talking and interested in deviate sexual ported that his friend chat customs.³¹²

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graphs depicting gross typbering. He said that the m they must be of Jewish ex

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great city shall tremble before him . . . he shall command the mightiest ruler of the world and reign over earth and sea." Woe to those who refuse obedience to this German Leader, for these "he will exterminate [*ausrotten*]. . . ." He would establish a kind of crude socialism, and people of German blood would live together in one harmonious *Gemeinschaft*. His Greater Reich of the German Nation would extend far beyond the borders of Germany, for he would be a mighty conqueror. All of Central and Eastern Europe was to come under his direct control. Western lands would also feel his power: "The Kings of England, Sweden and Denmark, being of German blood . . . will receive their crown and kingdoms as fiefs of the German Nation." To consolidate his vast dominion, the German Hero would build a magnificent new capital of Germania, "the city in the middle of Germany greater than Manoa in America and richer in gold than Jerusalem at the time of Solomon." ¹¹

A British authority on Grimmelshausen, writing smugly in 1931 at a time when the German Republic was struggling for survival, found the fantasies of Grimmelshausen and his dreams of conquest really quite diverting. "One can smile," he said, "at the idea of other European countries as vassals of Germany." ¹² Just ten years later, he would have found the prospects neither preposterous nor amusing.

The Contributions of Prussian Kings

Two souls lived in the Prussian state of Frederick William I and Frederick the Great. One soul was capable of culture; the other was hostile to it.

—Friedrich Meinecke

Two centuries before Hitler was born, two Prussian kings—father and son—were building institutions and leaving memories which the Austrian would find of inestimable value in creating his dictatorship. Both monarchs would probably have been appalled by their contributions to his success, yet they provided Germany with an early model of "a well-ordered police state." Word for word, a scholar's description of their government can be applied to the Third Reich. Like Hitler, they demanded "tyrannical control and supervision of every facet of public and economic life," and exactly as in Hitler's Reich, there was a "downgrading of the individual in favor of the community, as personalized by the ruler." ¹³

Frederick William I (1688–1740), laid the foundations upon which Hitler would build a militarized society. He was the creator of the Prussian Army—or rather, as *Mirabeau* commented in a memorable *mot*, "Prussia is not a country that has an Army: it is an Army that has a country." The king's demand for devotion was not very different from the fanatical commitment the Führer required of those who swore a sacred oath to him on the Blood Flag of 1923. The oath to

THE PSYCHOPATHIC GOD: ADOLF HITLER

The Past As Prologue: Hitler

The Prussian Academy also gave its support. One member of the academy called Hitler the long-awaited "charismatic leader"; another described him as "a Doric German" and "Frederician personality." Gerhart Hauptmann, Germany's leading playwright, displayed a swastika flag on his house; Gottfried Benn, Germany's finest living poet, urged his fellow intellectuals, in February 1933, to applaud this "victory of the national idea . . . this new version of the birth of man." He found in Hitler's totalitarian state "the complete identity of *Macht* and *Geist* . . . of freedom and necessity."¹⁸⁹

The intellectuals had never given republican leaders similar praise or support.

CONSEQUENCES OF INFLATION AND DEPRESSION

Two economic crises helped precipitate the fall of the Republic and the rise of Hitler: the inflation of 1923 and the Great Depression of 1930-1933.

Although the value of German money had declined steadily since the end of the War, the French invasion of the Ruhr in January 1923 resulted in such a catastrophic plunge that by late summer the once stable mark quite literally was worth less than the paper it was printed upon. Statistics can never convey human despair, but they can give some indication of the economic distress suffered by the German people. In 1973, Americans came to think of inflation as a threefold increase in prices—ground beef that once cost 50¢ a pound rising to \$1.50. In Germany in 1923 it rose to the equivalent of \$10,000. A pound of potatoes that had cost 12 pfennig in 1918 cost 2 million marks by the summer of 1923. People quite literally could not afford food, clothes, medical care, or decent burial for their dead. A student who set out for the university with a check to cover room and board for the opening term might find, on arrival, that all his money would not buy one secondhand textbook.¹⁹⁰

Those who relied upon fixed incomes, modest investments, and savings accounts experienced not only economic disaster but a deep crisis in values. For with the "death of money" there also died confidence in personal philosophies of life. Consider the experience, let us say, of Hans Schmidt, proud owner of a corner grocery store. His two sons and daughter have been scarred by early memories of childhood hunger in the terrible "turnip winter" of 1916-1917, and the blockade of 1918-1919; they have also been shaken by defeat, revolution, and the *Versailles-Diktat*. But through the turmoil of their lives they find stability and assurance in their father's authority. They trust his values and are reassured by his promises. He has told them that their future is secure. For as a result of his hard work, moderation, discipline, and thrift, he can pass on the business to Klaus. The 60,000 marks he has saved in the bank will mean that Fritz can attend the university and may perhaps become a *Herr Doktor*; Hilda is assured of owning her own beauty shop. Then, one day in the fall of 1923, Herr Schmidt

receives a note from the savings of 60,000 marks i postage stamp is enclosed t sign, symbol, and guarant Schmidt's preachments ab ence, and thrift are so mu demand solutions—immed youth in the 1920s: "Radi shall see, they joined Hitler

Like other Germans, d for the economic disaster responsible; more specific stractions. A more tangibl were to blame. Pearl Buc German friend who recalle persuasive propaganda. Th business was caused by "spe

"Who speculates? The clear distinction betwe and the Germans, whc first reflection in our f propaganda. It hamme combination of word Jews.' . . . When inflat for Fascism was com pared for the Nazis."¹⁹

Not quite. Germans we increased their feelings of further radicalization of th pression of 1930-1933. Th tance to Hitler's success. W demagoguery, however clew power. But desperate times of Germans, Hitler's progra leadership was far more ap Even those people who cc Hitler after convincing then "excesses" of his propagand; would solve their economic

The Depression in Ge young people. Partly becaus in the war, there was a high at any time before or since viewpoint," a student of this sion hit Germany at the wor

THE PSYCHOPATHIC GOD: ADOLF HITLER

anxiety, often result in rage and aggression, which may break out in later periods of life: witness the excesses of the Free Corps, which thousands of the older Cohort joined, and the violent aggressive tendencies many contemporaries observed among the young adults of the Great Depression.

It is true, of course, that in other belligerent countries mothers and fathers left home and children felt neglected. But two facts made a critical difference in the German experience and had a significant effect on the Nazi Youth Cohort in the days of their early childhood: first, they suffered persistent hunger not experienced in the countries of the Entente; second, the German father, if he returned home at all, came back in defeat and not as a hero. Further, in Germany the traditional authoritarian father-figure of the emperor had fled and abandoned his people. The Revolution provided no one to take his place.

The children of the Cohort had other experiences that seared their memories: defeat was followed by near starvation and revolution. The Versailles Treaty added to the syndrome, for it made all Germans—including the young—formally responsible for all the disasters of the war. The inflation of 1923 reinforced the conviction that fathers had failed to provide order and security. The frustrations and fears and hunger of the Great Depression reawakened infant memories of hunger in 1919 and 1916-1917—hunger that evoked aggressive and destructive impulses.

It is not nearly enough to make the general comment that German youth were attracted to Hitler because he was "an authoritarian figure who offered a radical program." Young Germans were drawn to Hitler for *very specific reasons*. He alone, among all the political leaders of the postwar world, responded to their particular, deeply felt psychological needs. He was the incarnation of the idealized father-Führer they had imagined during the disturbing years of their infancy; he was what they had always hoped their own fathers would be—"the unknown hero of the trenches" who returned in glory wearing the Iron Cross First Class. He was a soldier-leader who promised to establish a military state where children and adults would wear uniforms and march in purposeful, disciplined ranks. They could swear an oath of total fidelity to this deified and distant Führer and help him build a resurgent and powerful German nation. The very fact that Hitler looked so average and nondescript and that so little was known about his personal life helped to strengthen the image of the father substitute. For their own fathers were average Germans who had been absent so long as to become strangers to their children.

It is difficult to convey the depths of desire young Germans felt in the postwar years for a father-Führer they could believe in and follow. A lead article in a national student magazine for January 1924 sent forth "a call for the Führer" who would have "faith in himself, in us, and in his mission." Students at Göttingen University as early as July 1920 proclaimed, "We are consumed [*wir verzehren uns*] with long-

The Past As Prologue: Hitler

ing for a great Führer. . . Students expressed the sense of an urgent, pent-up demand for the coming of the Führer of the future.

Young women of the image of their dreams. To their earliest memory was over their missing father. The excitement they felt on seeing stirred that they could not see the wondrous Führer who they prayed that nothing together they asked for. They joined the Party and for Nazi Storm Troopers.²¹

In reflecting on the image, a psychiatrist wondered why he was essentially so childish. He responded to this immature question? ²¹⁸ It seems likely that precisely because he was chosen. He too used the defense of suffering hunger and deprivation capable of furious temper and vulnerable, but he commanded, a destroyer and creator and build a New Order. The world was divided into the Aryans, the evil, destructive.

Above all, the Youth institutionalized hatred as the Cohort needed to cope with the experience of their fathers during the Depression. They needed to redirect feelings of hostility toward their fathers who had replaced them for the distant psychological defense against the problems of the Youth project upon the German had shaped his own infantile own pathology harmonized.

Hitler's hatred of the young people of Germany, his own prejudices. Anti-Semite, Weimar youth movement, life. Almost all the dueling

THE PSYCHOPATHIC GOD: ADOLF HITLER

personality helps explain why Hitler had become such a political force by the fall of 1932. But none of this explains *how* he actually became Führer of Germany. He was not voted into power by the German people, nor did he seize power, as Nazi legend later asserted, by a heroic *Machtergreifung*. Political power was handed to him in a sordid political deal.

He had tried three different ways to attain his goal. First, he had sought to seize power by coup d'état in 1923; he had failed in that memorable fiasco. Second, he had tried to win a mandate from the German people; but he had failed to win the simple majority he had promised President von Hindenburg. The best he could do in the summer of 1932 was to get 37.4 percent of the vote. And even after attaining the chancellorship, profiting from the Reichstag fire, and then utilizing all the wiles of Goebbels's propaganda machine, his own brilliant demagoguery, and the intimidating power of his Storm Troopers—even after all that, Hitler could get only 43.9 percent of the vote. A majority of the German people still withheld their confidence from him. True, they had given him more votes than anyone else. But not a majority.

After failing in these efforts, Hitler decided to get into power through intrigue and political deals. A. J. P. Taylor is correct: the answer to the question of *how* Hitler came to power lies less with Hitler and the Nazis than with other parties and politicians.²³¹ Every one of the political parties of the Republic made a contribution to the death of democracy and the victory of Hitler. There is considerable truth in Oswald Spengler's scathing comment about the much-trumpeted Nazi triumph: "That was no victory; there was no opposition."²³² The German Communist Party, for example, constituted by 1932 the strongest Communist movement in Europe. Yet it succumbed to Hitler without a struggle. By the summer of 1933 the KPD was dissolved, its leaders jailed, its funds confiscated. Among the reasons for this surprising failure was the strangely erratic policy emanating from Stalin's Kremlin. From 1924 to 1928, the orders were to cooperate with the moderate German Social Democrats; after 1928, orders went out to fight them as "Social Fascists." In this phase, Stalin actually cooperated with Hitler in order to undermine bourgeois democracy. The theory was that once fascism ("the last stage of monopoly capitalism") attained power, the time would be ripe for a final communist takeover. But after helping Hitler into power, the Communist Party took no action at all. "The Party which for fifteen years had talked of nothing but revolution failed when the crisis it had itself prescribed as the revolutionary moment came."²³³

The moderate Social Democrats, founders of the Republic and, until 1932, its largest party, were unable or unwilling to act effectively. Seized by apathy bordering on fatalism, they could not or would not act to stop

The Past As Prologue: Hitler ar

Hitler. "We were driven b said pathetically in August of developments."²³⁴ it was not their fault that Marxist allies, the Communi: them instead of helping ther looks the crucial fact that t little to fulfill social promises Chancellor von Papen and t the government of Prussia— later, the moderates lacked misjudging the nature of Hit "the ultimate victory of th inevitable, and that Hitler w cordance with that tradition, of a mass party" and kept re amorphous slogan. A corollar of "reactionary forces," wou with his supporters, wherea "indestructible."²³⁵

The conservative parties their energies vilifying the Re program of their own except with Hitler. By 1932, Germa and politically bankrupt.

The chancellor of the re 1932 was Dr. Heinrich Brüni often been portrayed as an ab against the Nazi tide. His rec made the critical political mis and attempting to rule by em his government dependent upc who was increasingly influent Brüning's myopic and stubborn pression, idling factories and street. The "Hunger Chancello tion he had maneuvered hims this devastating political joke: Because he's held by the left h:

But Brüning may not hav raised very serious questions mocracy and opposition to Hitl chancellor was to win Hitler's monarchy; that Cardinal Pacel devout Catholic, to make speci: Brüning himself assisted Hitl speeches. The Weimar chancel

OD: ADOLF HITLER

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—Adolf Hitler

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in "omnipotent fanta-
In Hitler's case, delu-
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a strange voice calling
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From Private Neurosis to Public Policy

or the call of irrational faith, they too, like Hitler before them, pre-
ferred delusion.

Albert Speer, a notably rational person, has shown with remarkable
clarity how this process worked both in himself and in his compatriots
—indeed, in all those who kept the faith long after reason had told them
that all was lost. Speer wrote:

Hitler's obsessive faith inevitably influenced his entourage. One
part of my consciousness certainly acknowledged that now every-
thing must be approaching the end. But despite that, I spoke all the
more frequently of "restoration of the situation." Strangely, *this*
*confidence existed apart from the recognition of inevitable defeat.*⁷⁷

2 existences above.

BRUTALITY AND OBSTINACY IN ACTION

In the struggle between two conceptions of life,
only the weapon of brute force used continuously
and ruthlessly can bring about decision.

—Adolf Hitler

It was very important for Hitler to avoid any suggestion of feminine
softness and always to appear masculine and masterful. One way of
doing so was by acting the part; another was through the repetition of
adjectives which he considered descriptive of masculine virtues. A trib-
ute to Field Marshal Göring revealed Hitler's own masculine ideals:

The *Reichsmarschall* went through many a crisis with me and has
proven himself to be *ice-cold*. There is no better adviser in times of
need than the *Reichsmarschall*. The *Reichsmarschall* is in times of
crisis *brutal* and *ice-cold*. . . . Bend or break, he proves himself to
be without consideration an *ice-cold* man, and they could not get a
better one than him. He was with me through all the difficult days,
he was always *ice-cold*. Whenever it became really bad, he turned
out to be *ice-cold*.⁷⁸

A man who had survived dozens of "Table Conversations" with Hitler
recalled that "never once have I heard from his lips words which
would show that he had a warm or feeling heart in his breast."⁷⁹

The cultivation of hardness and brutality ran through Hitler's po-
litical career. As early as his trial after the Beer Hall Putsch, he set forth
his solution to the problem of French occupation of the Ruhr in 1923,
saying, "Only fervent, *reckless, brutal fanaticism* could have saved the
situation at that time." A witness at the trial recalled that throughout
Hitler's long harangue he "concentrated on the word *brutality*."⁸⁰

1923

GOD: ADOLF HITLER

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isculinity, his favorite was
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the slogan of a weak and
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From Private Neurosis to Public Policy

vailing tone of Hitler's concentration camps. But brutality was also a
virtue to be cultivated in the training of Hitler's elite SS, as shown in
the following characteristic excerpts from the memoirs of a member of
the Waffen SS:

There was a special method of humiliating a man. If anyone, while
filling cartridges into a charger, let a cartridge fall to the ground,
he had to pick it up with his teeth. I made up my mind that I
would not do that. They can do what they like with me, I said, but
I will not pick up a cartridge with my teeth; I shall use my hand.
Naturally I took care not to let the situation arise and determined
to do everything I could not to let a cartridge fall to the ground. One
day of course it happened. On these occasions no one gives an
order; the N.C.O. simply turns down his thumb and the man con-
cerned knows what he has to do. In my case of course he turned
down his thumb—and I bent down and picked the cartridge up with
my hand. He rushed at me like a wild animal, stuck his face close
up to mine so that there was hardly an inch between his nose and
mine and bellowed whatever came into his head. Of course I could
not understand a word because he was bellowing so loud that he
was choking. Eventually I gathered that he was yelling: "Have
you forgotten what to do?" When he had finished bellowing he
handed me over to the deputy section commander. . . .

[The recruit was forced to do physical exercise to the point of
exhaustion; he was then ordered to do 50 deep knee-bends while
holding his rifle out at arm's length.]

After twenty knee-bends I stopped counting. I just couldn't go on.
I did one more knee-bend and then I lowered my rifle and stood up.
I can't say that I thought this out; I just knew that I was all in.
I heard him bellowing all over again but that left me cold because
suddenly I could control myself no longer. I felt I had to weep
although I knew that it was neither manly nor soldierly. I couldn't
answer his questions because I was so shaken with sobbing that I
couldn't speak. I was not in a rage and I was not in pain. I had just
had enough. When he saw that he bellowed: "Look at this!" and
then: "Mollycoddle! Mother's little darling! Cry baby! Who's ever
heard of an SS man blubbing! All our dead will turn in their
graves! Is this what we're trying to take to war—etc. etc." Then
"assembly" was blown and the training period ended. He ordered
me to clean out all the first floor latrines for a week and then
report to him so that he could inspect them. And straightaway he
ordered: "Chuck this cartridge away." I did so, and then without
even waiting or looking to see whether he had turned his thumb
down I picked it up with my teeth. . . . 84

The collaboration between the German Army and the Bolshevik leaders of the new Russia had a precedent before the latter came to power, with the famous incident of the 'sealed train' which enabled Lenin and his comrades to cross Germany from Switzerland on their way to Russia to assume leadership of the revolution there. The man who conceived this move was Colonel Nicolai, head of the Kaiser's Military Intelligence Service, who was to play an important role in the relations between the Reichswehr and the Red Army in subsequent years. Indeed, his may be considered one of the decisive influences in this direction. He was an officer of exceptional talents and great political ambitions, who, however, always remained in the background, preferring to operate behind the scenes. He had many connections with the Soviet Secret Service, and we came to recognize his small, inconspicuous office on the Potsdamerplatz as one of the most important and influential centres working for Soviet Intelligence.

In 1943 I finally succeeded in securing agreement from my superiors that Colonel Nicolai should be placed under observation. However, Mueller (whose job it was as head of the Gestapo) failed to organize this surveillance properly. Later, when I discovered Mueller's Russian sympathies I understood why he had failed to keep a check on Nicolai.

In 1923, the year of Rapallo, collaboration with the Red Army was begun under the Minister of War, Gessler, and General von Seeckt. Again the moving spirit was Colonel Nicolai. The first result was that German officers were trained in Russia in the use of weapons that had been prohibited by the Versailles Treaty, such as aircraft and tanks. In return, they passed on to the Red Army the technical and strategical experience and the great store of military knowledge of the German General Staff. In time, this co-operation was extended to the field of armaments. In return for the sharing of certain patents, Germany was allowed to build up her output of arms inside the Soviet Union, in particular by the production of aircraft and aluminium. Certain German war industries were more and more closely integrated with those of Russia; Junkers had aircraft factories operating in Samara and in Fili in south-central Siberia. These operated under the *Gesellschaft zur Foerderung gewerblicher Unternehmen*, the Company for the

Furthering industrial Enterprise - Undertakings

1923

Promotion of Industrial Enterprise title masked a cartel whose branch production, heavily subsidized by a programme for the illegal rearmament of Germany after the First World War, another phase of what was called 'Black Reichswehr'.

Though in the years after 1918 in their aim of achieving a Russo-German alliance or a similar Russo-Chinese alliance in port German nationalism.

Karl Radek—tried and sentenced of 1936-1937—was the director and propaganda along this line. His the Comintern against the Versailles Treaty Offensive'.

From 1929 Stalin directed the regard not the National Socialist Democrats as their chief enemy, and accordingly. Whether under a new leadership, Stalin's chief aim was to West. And when Schleicher, then secretly advanced Hitler forty-two decisive point in the rise of the National Party. It is quite certain that he did this with Nicolai, who in this was surely acting for Stalin hoped that Hitler would Western bourgeoisie.

The chief centre of opposition to the German General Staff was among the chief supporters of Western orientation. The years after the War were General Staff. The German delegation at Brest-Litovsk in 1918 with the Bolsheviks.

General Hoffmann's political action one of the leading German industrial union of the civilized powers against France, Britain and Germany based

Brockdorff-Rantzau to plead the German case was met with threats of immediate military action.

Understandably, the Allies demilitarized their defeated enemy, but that was only the beginning.

Germany lost 73,845 square kilometers of land and control over seven million German nationals.¹ German regions were handed to Poland, France, the newly formed Czechoslovakia, and, in 1923, to Lithuania. The major Baltic port of Danzig became a "free" port under Polish administration. The Saar territory was mandated to France for fifteen years, after which a plebiscite was to decide its future. Germany's main rivers, the Rhine, Oder, Memel, Danube, and Mosel, were internationalized. Austria was prohibited from any future union with Germany. Most of the Rhineland was occupied by Allied troops.

Massive amounts of raw materials, like coal, were requisitioned by the Allies. Heavy machinery and some entire factories had to be turned over. Livestock (including 140,000 dairy cows) was shipped out of Germany. Almost the entire merchant fleet was expropriated. All German holdings abroad, including those of private German citizens, were confiscated.

On top of these punishing terms, billions of marks were to be paid annually as reparations, and Germany's colonies were handed to the League of Nations and then individually mandated to the Allies.

Like the men who wrote it, the Treaty of Versailles was in the imperial tradition of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. It was the last of its kind, certainly in the twentieth. Victors to follow learned from the mistakes of Versailles.

Understandably, the driving force behind the occupation of the Rhineland, the Saar, and the transfer of Alsace was France. Twice in a half century, Germany had attacked France's eastern border from across the Rhine, and the French were desperately anxious to prevent a third such attack. History and their own lack of resolve would eventually prove their reasoning wrong. The other grinding terms of Versailles came about as the result of a "contest" to determine who could best humiliate the arrogant enemy.

Only the United States failed to ratify the treaty. A frustrated President Woodrow Wilson, one of the architects of the League of Nations, was forced to stay on the sidelines, and the United States never became a member.

On October 18, 1930, a cartoon in the *St. Louis Post Dispatch* showed a Hitler-like creature crawling from the cocoon of a rolled-up, seal-decorated Versailles Treaty.¹⁰

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me one of Adolf ras a second-to-us preference for cedes that was olished, but the

His regime gave massive subsidies to Germany's two all-conquering Grand Prix teams, Mercedes-Benz and Auto Union. (The old Auto Union four-ring symbol is used today by one of its former brands, Audi.) Foreigners were impressed by German might and efficiency, and millions of Europeans got their first view of blitzkrieg-style action by watching Germany's 600-horsepower Mercedes or Auto Union's race cars thunder past their cowed opponents.

Later, in 1938, a blue French Delahaye driven by the French champion driver René Dreyfus (the symbolic Jewish name) beat a Mercedes in a race at Pau in front of a delirious French crowd. But no one around Hitler took the sportsmanlike view. It was one of the few times German race cars lost.

Hitler was involved even with car design. The original drawings for the Volkswagen were Hitler's own sketches. He asked that the engineering be done by Professor Ferdinand Porsche, his favorite automotive designer.

But all of Berlin's playful revival of the twenties could not hide its economic ills. A 1923 edition of *Berliner Illustrierte*, a weekly news magazine, carried this "medical" essay on the illnesses of Europe:

Britain: two million unemployed. France: excessive military costs and a decrease in the birth rate. Spain: troubles in Morocco and a vast deficit. Italy: border disputes and weak currency. Switzerland: recession. Austria: negative trade balance. Czechoslovakia: economic crisis. Hungary: constitutional crisis. The Balkans: political confusion. Greece: near civil war. Turkey: depression from 10 years of war. Poland: currency problems and internal conflicts. Russia: economic collapse, epidemic, and hunger. Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia: baby countries with severe teething problems. Norway, Sweden, and Denmark: recession. And Germany? in the middle of it all lies the carrier of the infection, Germany, which has been inoculated with the pestilential bacillus of Versailles.*

No one wishes to administer the necessary antidote, yet everyone wonders why they can hear a death rattle all over Europe.

Berlin newspaper photos from the same year show long queues for even the most staple of foods. The elderly waited in the snow in front of Salvation Army soup kitchens, and crippled veterans marched for their rights.

Even angry American war veterans were massing in front of the White House. Perhaps to these hopelessly hungry and unemployed citizens of Europe and the United States, the Soviet option was ap-

*The Treaty of Versailles.

1923

revolution"—a verbal equivalent to his design for a title page.²³ A few words later he anticipated his eventual conjunction of the thrust against Jewry with the thrust for world power: "If German-dom is to cure the world one day, that can only mean: Germany can and will be the victor in the fight against the golden dragon Judah." That 13 April he reiterated his old view that, in world history as elsewhere, might decides right, then added: "All of nature is a violent struggle between strength and weakness, a perpetual victory of the stronger over the weaker. All nature would be rottenness otherwise. All the states that transgress this basic law become rottenness"—a dig at the Weimar Republic.²³ Within the hour he also spoke of Jewry as "at bottom . . . mortally averse to all national states."²⁴ This, then, is about where, chronologically, "The Germanic Revolution" fits into Hitler's advance toward the theoretical scheme he developed after the Putsch and finalized in 1928. He retook an old step toward that scheme the following 3 May by representing Jewry as a menace to all peoples equally. Urging "emancipation from Judah," he declared: "For that is in the last resort the question of the convalescence of peoples."²⁵

Peoples alone figured in the completed rationale of his politics: what was good for a nation was good for everyone in it. That rationale, worked out in *Mein Kampf*, was refined in his unfinished book of 1928, which he then had locked up in a safe for the rest of his days.²⁶ The rationale comes to this. History is a perpetual contest among peoples for feeding ground. One people can grow only at another's expense. The alternative to preying on others is to stagnate and become a prey to others. The Jews alone do not live off land of their own; they live off other peoples instead, debilitating them increasingly and thereby endangering the entire human breed, themselves included. Ergo, to kill Jews and conquer land is a double duty. It was unclear why killing Jews was a nation's duty when exporting its Jews instead would ease its expansion. And Hitler violated his own scheme by the world conquest he projected for Germany ("in the end the fittest people will rule the earth"²⁷): that would stop history dead. But he did accommodate intact his demographic premises

* the strategy of the 20 years becoming more apparent to me. the trick was to appropriate the Deleuzian ideas and unlesance them

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The Vagabond's Return

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ON March 12, 1938, Vienna was occupied by the German Army as a result of the failure of the British, French, or Italians to aid Schuschnigg in his country's hour of travail. On the afternoon of the fateful day, Hitler himself drove into Braunau, where he had been born, and subsequently was heartily welcomed in Linz by his most famous fifth columnist in Austria, Dr. Seyss-Inquart. Next morning he visited his parents' graveyard in Leonding and started on a triumphal progress to Vienna. Swastikas and the rest of the Nazi paraphernalia celebrated his coming, and Vienna accorded him a welcome that he recalled with great pleasure and some embarrassment in later years. The "Heils" predicted by Schönerer echoed resoundingly up and down the Ringstrasse, while from the beloved spire of St. Stephen's floated the swastika, emblem of the triumph of the vagabond turned folk-hero.

It is not difficult to imagine the previously ignored conqueror's thoughts. Did the moth-eaten Habsburgs ever receive such hysterical screams of approval from the mob? Did Lueger at the top of his form really comprehend the ease with which a master could control the crowd? Did Schönerer with his sophomores and perfect Wagnerites have any inkling of the way a once-inconsequential nobody could accomplish the sacred *Anschluss*? Had Adler, dying in the debris of November, 1918, perceived ever so faintly that the claims of "blood" would triumph over his eminently logical and stunningly dull theories of human betterment? Did the Jews still believe that anti-semitism was merely a constant but ineffectual part of the

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The Vagabond's Return

219

Austrian scene? Let them pay the penalty of their complacency and their greed in trying to monopolize the products of German inspiration. It would be just retribution to begin with Freud, that pernicious old man with the nasty notions, but foreign opinion could not be completely flouted for a while yet. Were there fools about who cherished dreams of Otto of Habsburg's coronation—a return to the “good old days” when a real folk-genius nearly starved in the gutters? Let them be driven into the dust, to join their idols in the Capuchin Crypt.

No hero, leader, or dictator of the first half of this century was ever so marked and molded by a modern city as was Hitler. His youthful dreams of glorious achievement in artistic creativity dissolved with the cold rejection of his talents and credentials by the gentlemen of the Academy. His pride in his “race” was challenged by dull Socialist clods who seemed to have no aversion to being part of a faceless mob which they called the proletariat. The possible admiration he might have had for the Habsburgs and their empire was poisoned by his conviction that they prostituted German interests for the sake of Slavs and Magyars, using parliaments to mask their callousness. The cultural promise of Vienna was to him no more than a mélange of whimpering Jewish obscenities and internationalist dry rot. Lueger and Schönerer were for Hitler the only vital men on the scene, but the former actually misunderstood the Jewish “menace” and failed to work for the holy German race, while the latter forgot his earthy ancestry and cut himself off from the pulsating masses.

Vienna was the most international of the great European cities in the decade before Sarajevo, and the collision of its worldly and somewhat tired culture with the mounting insecurity young Hitler felt was of enormous portent for the future. The Habsburgs had explicitly represented the ancient system of disparate lands linked only by a common master, and for some generations their approach to the problems of dominion had been German, save for dynastic ties with other states and for the inevitable conditioning that derived from loyalty to Rome. The nineteenth century brutally disarranged

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* A trip by A. H. to the Capuchin crypt

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The Vagabond's Return

221

with unending time to read the newspapers of the day, evinced interest in the ideas or techniques of all three parties. One had the right idea about blood and "race," the second knew how to uphold the virtues of old, while the third, even if utterly damned by a faulty analysis of human drives, had learned much of the art of propagandizing the masses.

Hitler selected the strands he wanted for the future and gradually evolved while in Vienna the fundamental principles of National Socialism. Bumping into Czechs, Italians, and Slovenes intensified his devotion to Germanism. Reading the stereotyped denunciations of Jews and the "Jewish spirit" seemed to offer an explanation of his own footless existence. The sight of well-disciplined Christian Social meetings or of the Social Democrats marching with pride along the Ringstrasse on May Day excited his dreams of the regimented Volk of the future. The tonal splendors of the Wagnerian music-dramas, whose very creation rivaled in time the coming of the Second Reich, offered proof of the endless fecundity of the German genius. The stink of the creatures who haunted the charitable establishments and the gloom of the tenements in which the workers swarmed and bred roused in his mind an understandable passion for a better society.

Somehow the principles he worked out suffered moral shipwreck. In reacting violently against international Vienna and the Habsburgs, who seemed so cold and remote in the sprawling Hofburg, he developed a contempt for non-Germans which was limited only by his ambivalent appreciation of what they were doing to destroy the empire. If Czechs and Slovenes gained his contempt, the Jews became the object of his searing hatred. To him, they contaminated German culture, they exploited the worthy but helpless Germans of Austria, and they plotted a Marxist commonwealth to complete their vengeance upon "Aryans." Hunger and misery, though the result of Hitler's own shiftlessness and quirks of temperament, intensified the grotesqueness of his fearful analysis and energized the fanaticism which he would demonstrate consistently in the future.

Out of the complex of the experiences in Vienna emerged

* *Those ordinary faces! There was
the secret. From the outside
one could enter the inside!*

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children, no entry was to be made in the register under 'Father' even though the mother supplied a name, for the reason that in the circumstances her uncorroborated statement might be open to doubt. Only if the man she named appeared in person accompanied by two witnesses, and accepted the child as his own, could his name be entered in the baptismal register.

There is every reason to accept the accuracy of these, as of all similar entries, for, until the annexation of Austria by Germany in 1938, the registration of the population had from time immemorial been carried out by the Church. The incumbent of a parish was both priest and State-appointed registrar and in the latter capacity he was answerable to the secular authorities. His legal obligation to maintain separate registers for births, marriages and deaths dated from an Imperial Decree of 1784.

Was Adolf Hitler's grandfather a Jew?

Though it may yet be established, the identity of Alois Schicklgruber's father—that is, of Adolf Hitler's paternal grandfather—has to this day remained unknown. It was asserted by Hans Frank, the former Reich Minister of Justice, that he was a Jew. It may well have been so. In his book, *At the Gallows-Foot: An Interpretation of Hitler and his Age*, which he wrote when under sentence of death in Nürnberg Prison, Frank stated:

1930

'It must have been towards the end of 1930 when one day in Munich Hitler sent for me. He was in his flat in the Prinz-
regentenstrasse. He showed me a letter—a nauseating attempt
at blackmail, he said, on the part of one of his most objection-
able relations. It concerned his, Hitler's, ancestry. If I am not
mistaken, the letter was from a son of Hitler's step-brother,
Alois.¹ It contained an innuendo to the effect that "in view
of certain statements made in the Press" it would no doubt
be felt desirable that "certain facts connected with our family"
should not be shouted from the roof-tops. The statements
referred to amounted to the suggestion that as Hitler had

¹ I.e. William Patrick Hitler.

1930

Jewish blood in his veins, he had small right to be anti-semitic, but they had been couched in such general terms that no action had been called for. These veiled allusions from one of Hitler's own relatives were more sinister, however, and on his instructions I proceeded to follow them up.'

Frank went on to say that (as we already know) Adolf Hitler's father was the illegitimate son of a woman named Schicklgruber. This woman, Frank discovered, had been in domestic service as a cook in Graz.

'At the time her baby was born,¹ she was with a Jewish family in Graz by the name of Frankenberger, and the curious fact is this: starting on the day the child was born and continuing right up to its fourteenth year, Frankenberger senior paid maintenance to the mother on behalf of his nineteen-year-old son. The Frankenbers continued to correspond with her for many years and underlying everything they said in their letters was the tacit understanding that the woman Schicklgruber's baby had been begotten in circumstances which made it a duty of the Frankenbers to pay for its maintenance.'

According to Hans Frank, then, his investigations resulted in the discovery that Adolf Hitler himself was one-quarter Jewish. What proof is there that this was so? The answer is that unless and until fresh facts come to light, the assertion can neither be proved nor disproved, but such evidence as we have tends to confirm it.

In his book Frank went on to state that the correspondence between Marianne Schicklgruber and the Frankenbers was for some time in the possession of a lady related to Adolf Hitler by marriage through the Raubals (Leo Raubal married Adolf's half-sister, Angela). This lady, said Frank, lived in Wetzelsdorf near Graz. But the letters have never come to light and Frank does not make clear whether he himself ever saw them. There is nothing,

¹ As we have seen, the child was born in Döllersheim, not in Graz.

either, to corroborate Frank's statement that Marianne Schicklgruber received money from an unknown source for the maintenance of her son, or that she was in domestic service in Graz, or that she worked for a family named Frankenberger, or, for that matter, Frankenreiter, which was the name given by William Patrick Hitler in an article entitled 'Mon Oncle Adolphe' published in August 1939, in *Paris-Soir*. And as Frank did not state the source of his information, we are not in a position to assess its reliability directly. Indirectly, however, we have a most valuable indication in Hitler's reaction when Frank made his report, for it may be assumed that Hitler had no prior knowledge even of the possibility of his part-Jewish ancestry, or otherwise he would not have taken the risk of instructing Frank to make enquiries.

1930

'Adolf Hitler' wrote Frank, 'said he knew that his father was not the child of the Schicklgruber woman by the Graz Jew, he knew it from what his father and his grandmother had told him. He knew that his father sprang from the pre-marital relations between his grandmother and the man whom she later married. But they were both poor and the maintenance money which the Jew paid over a number of years was an extremely desirable supplement to the poverty-stricken household. He was well able to pay and for that reason it had been stated that he was the father, and the Jew paid, without going to court, probably because he could not face the publicity that a legal settlement would have entailed.'

Assuming that Hitler was correctly reported in this account of Frank's—and Frank can have had no conceivable reason for misquoting him, at any rate intentionally—the first point that emerges is that, whether or not Hitler had ever heard of 'the Jew from Graz' before, he did not know and had no evidence to prove that the Jew was not his grandfather. For he was lying when he claimed that he had it on the word of his father and his grandmother, the latter having died over forty years before he was

42

born, and his father when he was not yet fourteen, and it is inconceivable that any father, let alone a man of Alois Hitler's reserved and rigid character, would have remarked to his young son, 'Whatever you may hear to the contrary, your grandfather was not a Jew.' In fact, as we have already noted, Hitler would hardly have caused Frank to investigate his ancestry if there was any suspicion in his mind that his nephew's innuendos might be true. Hitler's unsavoury explanation to Frank must, then, have been concocted on the spur of the moment with the intention of, firstly, giving Frank to believe that Hitler already knew the story of the Jew, and, secondly, of discrediting it. Finally and most important of all, it should be noted that Hitler made no attempt to deny that his grandmother had had some kind of a relationship with 'the Graz Jew' or that the Jew had given her money at regular intervals over a considerable period—and yet Frank's report was the first he had ever heard of either the Jew or his money. The conclusion is inescapable that the evidence which Frank produced must have been solid beyond all possibility of denial. Then what evidence? The letters, perhaps. . .

As might be expected, Hans Frank hovers between the conviction that Hitler's Jewish ancestry had been proved and a reluctance to reject completely the Führer's denial. At one moment Frank states:

1930
 'Admittedly, this whole business was extremely painful, but who would wish to saddle a man with the sins of his grandparents?'

And elsewhere:

'I must say that it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that Hitler's father was, in fact, half Jewish on account of the association of his unmarried mother with the Graz Jew.'

In giving his story to posterity, Frank had no desire to defame Hitler. On the contrary he wanted to exonerate him,

at least partially, from the accusation of persecuting the Jews. Frank wrote that Hitler's hatred of the Jews was conditioned by an essential psychosis of relationship-hatred which had become an unfortunate heritage of his very nature—and that, on this account, Hitler must not be too severely judged . . . in fact, the defending counsel claims mitigating circumstances.

There can, furthermore, be no question that the documents at Frank's disposal contained hostile inventions, since stories of such a sort are not invented especially when, for the interested parties, there is absolutely no point in fabricating 'evidence'. The documents examined by Frank, dated, indeed, from a time long before Hitler's birth.

Almost as important as Frank's report is the evidence presented by Hitler's nephew, William Patrick Hitler, who in his articles in the French newspaper *Paris-Soir* in 1939 also maintained that Hitler was of Jewish origin.

In the *Spiegel* of 12th June 1957 appeared an article in which it was stated that a Dr. Preradović of Graz had been induced by the German edition of this book to undertake investigations which led him to the conclusion that, at the time when Adolf Hitler's father was born, there were no Jews living in the town of Graz, or in the whole province of Styria. In those days, admittedly, it was forbidden for Jews to reside in the province, but we may enquire, first of all, how many Jews resided there illegally, and secondly, whether the family of Adolf Hitler's grandfather were not converted Jews professing Christianity. These questions are left unanswered by Dr. Preradović.

In the third volume of his work, *Herrschaft oder Freiheit* (p. 701), Professor A. Rüstow considers that the proof for the Jewish origin is as good as established. This is also my opinion.

It remains to consider the probable effect on Hitler of this sudden revelation of his Jewish ancestry. On the assumption that Frank's story is substantially true, Hitler must have lived with the knowledge from approximately 1931 onwards, and with the certain prospect that if any of his nearest relatives talked, his entire prestige would collapse overnight. For a man of his character,

* D. R. There is always the possibility that Marianne was having affairs with ~~the~~ someone in the family and by family I also mean Hermann, and possibly

* that the child belonged to the Preradovićs for the sake of the money when Hitler's father was born

not only enthralled, but literally carried away his pupils. Even today I cannot recall that grey-haired old man without emotion. Often, listening to his fiery descriptions, we forgot the present to find ourselves carried back as though by magic to past ages, while the dry facts of history emerged from the mists of the millennia and became living reality again. We would sit, then, often glowing with enthusiasm, at times even moved to tears.'

In due course Dr. Pötsch received two copies of the book *Mein Kampf*, of which one was a luxury edition with a dedication written in Hitler's own hand. The Doctor replied with a somewhat curt expression of thanks, pointing out that his name was not Ludwig but Leopold.

42
1936
In 1936, during the temporary improvement in Austro-German relations brought about by the July agreement, Hitler's former school-fellows in Linz decided to send the Reich Chancellor a token of their esteem in the shape of an album containing photographs of themselves, together with those of their former teachers. In due course the complete set was ready, with the exception of one photograph, that of Professor Pötsch. At that time he was living in Carinthia and, written appeals being unavailing, a one-time pupil of his, Keplinger by name, travelled to Carinthia to make a personal appeal—still to no avail. The Professor then wrote to the organizers of the tribute explaining that he felt unable to subscribe to it because he strongly disapproved of Hitler's diatribes against the land of his birth, a land, moreover, to which he, Pötsch, had sworn an oath of allegiance. In private conversation Pötsch was even more emphatic, saying that he considered 'this Hitler' to be a disaster for Germany and he felt ashamed to have been his teacher.

Meanwhile, the gap in the album remained unfilled. How could it be explained away? In due course the Führer learned that his favourite teacher, Professor Leopold Pötsch, had succumbed to his wife's influence and taken monastic vows, abjuring, amongst other worldly vanities, that of posing for his photograph.

A conversation with Hitler

Herr Keplinger seemed on his return to Linz, to own drawings. The fol which emerged from a s

Hitler's appearance: sickly in appearance, a tr

I asked whether there 'No, not in ours. T) didn't like them, but we shouted at another boy, boy concerned was stag ancestry at the time and

'Was Hitler a strong

'No more than we all supported the German Sc tive coloured maps and s that, we weren't intereste

'Was Hitler a memb Alliance"?)

'No. Membership was way he couldn't have be in Leonding.'

'Do you think his bac thing to do with girls?'

'No. Out of the questio

On the subject of th "There was only one who used to describe the life o pictures to illustrate his l enjoyed it.'

'Did you ever meet Hi

'Yes, in the summer of rang him up. He sent a ca ing for me in front of the because of the heat.'

'You'?'
ave taken "You" from a

a ever meet him again in

ing! I never spoke to him,
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e *Blütengasse.*'
ne, Linz isn't as big as all
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ler's school reports and the
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ndicate that, though Hitler's
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toriously inadequate as an
conclusions, scanty though
y the full list of marks and

comments for each subject and year of Hitler's schooling which Konrad Heiden supplied in his book. A much more reliable basis for an assessment of Hitler's character in those years would be the letters and postcards which he wrote to various people and of which many are known to have been preserved.

As it is, the facts about Hitler as a secondary school boy are less well known than they should be owing to his attempts in *Mein Kampf* to make political capital out of this period of his life and to the mistake repeatedly made by his biographers of accepting his statements as the truth.

Hitler wrote of his time at secondary school as follows:

'When I look back after so many years and examine the results of this period, I see two salient facts: Firstly, I became a Nationalist. Secondly, I learned to grasp and understand the meaning of history. . . . I became a fanatical German-Nationalist . . . and history became my favourite subject.'

We have seen, however, that at any rate to one of his classmates Hitler appeared no more Nationalist than the rest of the boys, and indeed it speaks little for his alleged school-boy enthusiasm for the cause of pan-Germanism that he gave its battle-song in *Mein Kampf* as '*Deutschland über Alles*' whereas in fact it was '*Die Wacht am Rhein*'!

Even more fantastic was Hitler's assertion that after two years' study under Professor Pötsch he already, at the age of fifteen, 'understood the meaning of history'.

Hitler himself seemed to realize the arrogance of the claim and perhaps eulogized his former teacher in the hope that the latter would return the compliment and confirm that it was under his aegis that the boy, Adolf, had learned the meaning of world history. But Pötsch refrained, and wisely, for in *Mein Kampf* Hitler made the ridiculous assertion that the key to history lay in the racial struggle.

Further light was cast on Hitler's historical knowledge in 1940, when in a speech to the Reichstag he trumpeted to the

* D.T. The key to history lies in the struggle between the D.G. and the O.D. and their relations, compromises, mutual betrayal, joint committees, and occasional

1934

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*

but what matter? Adolf, he tells us, must have at period: 'Faust, Schiller, Dante, Herder, Stifter, or, Otto Ernst, Ibsen, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche.' have told us that Hitler made an intensive study ogy. Here we see him launching into belles-lettres ile his letters written at that time show beyond all ! that the youth, Hitler, never did any serious

dealt with only a small fraction of Kubizek's ;, I have been very reluctant to devote so much have felt bound to do so in the interests of truth. ity-second year the youthful Hitler neither worked worth while. He lived partly on what he had innts and partly at the expense of the Austrian tax-is time making childish plans of dramas and —as Kubizek himself is the first to testify. The hole mind and heart were devoted at this time to the workers must be exposed therefore for what reate a Hitler-myth diametrically opposed to the

MY ADVENTURES WITH HITLER DOCUMENTS

I must explain how I came to make a close study of Hitler's youth. It began in 1931 during the campaign for the elections to the Provincial Assembly of which I was a Social Democrat Member from 1919 to February 1934. At a meeting in Mauernkirchen I had my first clash with the National Socialists. They were mostly young people, some of whom I knew as former members of my own Party. In the course of a heated exchange I was struck and puzzled by their devotion to Hitler. Even of the noblest of human beings such fanatical adulation would have seemed excessive, but these youngsters were worshipping a man of whom they could know nothing at first hand. Hitherto I had taken little interest in Hitler's life, but this experience made me curious to find out more about him.

Having been born and spent my youth in Braunau, I imagined it would be easy to discover all I wanted to know. A little research in Braunau and Leonding, a few talks with the local inhabitants and I would be ready to write Hitler's biography—or so I thought, forgetting, as others had done before me, that it was forty years since the Hitler family had lived in the town. All the same, I acquired some vague but tantalizing information. An old man who had known my father and was a kind of walking encyclopaedia of Braunau whispered to me in the street one day that 'young Hitler had been an Austrian deserter'. What that meant or where the old man had got the information he would not say, and so for a time I dismissed his story until, in case there might be something in it, I began to think where I might obtain confirmation. The municipal archives in Linz, his parish of domicile, I thought—if Hitler did desert there's bound to be record of it there. So I sought out the archivist. 'Yes,' he told me, 'there was a whole file here about Hitler at one time, but that was long ago. The provincial government took it—it must be in their archives if it's anywhere.'

Meanwhile I had been re-elected to the Provincial Assembly and all I had to do, therefore, was to lift a receiver and ask for the Central

Janke

The Jews in Austria

1848-9

ANTISEMITISM has deep and ugly roots in the world which fell heir to the decaying Roman Empire, and the nineteenth century, which brought Jewish emancipation to a point never before reached in Western society, was not able to escape its heritage. Indeed, there is considerable reason to suppose that the emancipated Jew who tremulously reached out his hand for the trappings of gentile culture was more hated than the Jew who kept to his ghetto and his orthodoxy.

The traditional distrust which Christians had for their Jewish neighbors was transmuted into a lively jealousy as a fiercely competitive society developed under the shocks which shook the Austrian Empire in 1848-49. The old bitternesses which centered about the scene of the Crucifixion were often supplemented by economic and even social grudges. For many millions it was easy to lump together religious, economic, and social prejudices in arriving at antisemitism. The Jews were really accepted and sometimes honored only by the sectarian German Liberals, with whom they associated in business, in politics, and in the professions. The conservative peasant and the harassed artisan or shopkeeper were easily convinced by demagogues, particularly after the crash of 1873, that the Jews were godless and heartless exploiters, manipulators of the crushing international competitive systems. Vigorous and deep-seated antisemitism was no novelty in Austria when Hitler was born in 1889, though the decade which preceded his birth had witnessed a notable acceleration of its potency and ubiquitousness.

The wealthier and more socially secure Jews in Austria only rarely sought to counteract many of the abusive insults

Amico

1882

and accusations showered upon their coreligionists. Some undoubtedly felt that their own conversion to Christianity and their acceptance by many social arbiters removed them from danger. As solid Liberals, as patrons of the arts and of charity, and as investors in Habsburg bond issues, they even allowed themselves a judicious appraisal of the "Jewish question." Possibly they joked about grandfather's life in the ghetto as a modern American lawyer might smile over his grandfather's secondhand furniture store. At least one of them, Ludwig, Freiherr von Oppenheimer, after a rather transparent attempt to hide his identity under a nom de plume,¹ tackled the issue in an interesting discussion published in 1882. In view of the general refusal of the great Viennese dailies to descend to controversy with the voices of antisemitism, Oppenheimer's analysis of the Jews in Austria is particularly valuable.

Admitting that the Jews had made great strides forward in the immediately preceding years, Oppenheimer openly wondered if the noteworthy progress since emancipation might be bringing with it most serious dangers for Jews and gentiles alike. He paid special tribute to those Jews who had helped construct the railway net in the empire, thereby banishing forever the threat of famine, even though this creditable work was ever tainted with the lust for rapid profits. Rather sadly, he warned such speculators that the masses would probably hate them, for such was the usual fate of a parvenu whose prominence rested only on his money. The extravagances of the nobility are smiled at, whereas those of the "matadors of the Bourse" are reviled. The contemptuous "Hepp, Hepp" spat at the cajoling Jewish peddler actually signified less genuine dislike than the smiling and sycophantic greetings which accompanied the progress of a lucky Jewish speculator through the stock exchange or through the salons of his competitors' wives.

Oppenheimer frankly deplored the "decontrol" of the legal profession, that is, the end of all restrictions upon Jews who desired to practice law. Popular respect for the judiciary had not been intensified by the circumstance that all men and every thing now could find their defenders. The suspicion that

penalties might be avoided or lightened by "friends in the right place" had grown with the increasing penetration of the lawyer class by Jews, asserted Oppenheimer. The "disproportionate" number of Jews going into both law and medicine would have very sad consequences, he felt, though "improvement" might come with time. A return to a *numerus clausus*, or restrictions upon the number of embryo Jewish lawyers and doctors, he implied, was practically unthinkable, however, to say nothing of being unenforceable.

Turning to the question of Jewish influence in the Austrian press, Oppenheimer declared that even the least initiated knew of the many Jews who functioned as editors and editorial assistants on the more influential Viennese papers. In the popular mind the increasing power of the press was equated with the waxing influence of the Jews, and consequently there was no warm sympathy for the press or even a recognition of its vital importance. Oppenheimer, no stranger to parliamentary life, was sure that parliamentarians tended to follow the lead of the press. Only in recent years did he see some of his colleagues struggling against those journalistic pressures which had led the German Liberals into many an error. The more prosperous papers also had adopted attitudes which were easily interpreted as being philosemitic and harmful to non-Jewish interests. Such seeming solidarity was readily misused by the antisemites in their general denunciation of all Jews.

Oppenheimer next considered the constant taunt that the Jews avoided their just share of the task of defending the empire. Granting that the Jewish percentage of active soldiers did not equal their percentage of the total population, at least a lessening of the percentual gap was noticeable over the years. In 1869 Jews made up 3.85 percent of the population but only 1.28 percent of the common active army. By 1880 they amounted to 4.33 percent of the population and accounted for 2.82 percent of the recruits. In time the two percentages would become identical, he felt, for previously the poverty and wretched educational facilities facing Galician Jews automatically disqualified hundreds of their sons for military service.

Gentles

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the Jews were responsible for much of the economic malaise afflicting the peasants and the laborers. When *Das Vaterland* shouted for a cordon, no matter how expensive, to keep Jews who were fleeing Alexander III's pitiless empire out of Austria, the *Neue Freie Presse* merely printed descriptions of the persecutions in Russia, avoiding the issue of whether or not a "Chinese wall" should be erected.⁴

Earlier in the spring of 1882, however, the newspaper most often accused of being the tool of international Jewry had lost its patience and had quietly but effectively turned its guns on the antisemites. Ostensibly it was decrying a meeting of Viennese artisans who met as "Christians" to listen to tirades against the Jews. In actuality it acutely analyzed in a few brief sentences the reasons which had recently made antisemitism fashionable. Bad harvests drove peasants to mortgage their lands; to wipe out their obligations they hopefully assailed the Jews. The merchant who had to accustom himself constantly to new challenges, whose profession was never fully learned or mastered, blamed the Jew for all of his travail. The proud owner of rolling estates, hard pressed by the competition of American cereals, cursed free trade as a "Jewish invention." If all the Jews disappeared from the globe, then the Protestant ethic would come in for denunciation in Austria, opined the *Neue Freie Presse*. The modern state was overcast with storm clouds, and it was easiest to blame the unpredictable weather upon the Jew.⁵

Oppenheimer's cautious optimism and the *Neue Freie Presse*'s rare yet telling candor did little to arrest the growth of antisemitism in the 1880s. Vogelsang's "interpretations" soon were so much eclipsed by violent agitators that the accusation of 1880 had practically become the accepted "fact" of 1907. The absence of a fanatically anti-Jewish political party of any strength in the Lower House elected in 1907 should not be construed as a waning of prejudice. For the moment it seemed better to most deputies either to pull hard to keep the empire together or else at least to fight for even greater recognition of one's own particular nationality. Burned into the consciousness of many a "little man," however, was the conviction that

Jankos

1882

"Deutschland, Deutschland

über Alles"

"WHEN I came to Vienna, my sympathies were fully and wholly on the side of the Pan-German movement. . . . that the movement, after its first glorious rise, had sunk so deeply, this I could not understand."¹

So testified Adolf Hitler in recalling his earliest political attitudes in the capital city. He also was of the opinion, retrospectively, that the most notorious Austrian Pan-German, Georg von Schönerer, was a "better and more thorough thinker in fundamental problems" than was Karl Lueger, who seemed to be so much more successful in practical politics.² What had been the history of modern Pan-Germanism in Austria prior to Hitler's arrival in Vienna? Why had the Germans of Austria lost interest in Schönerer and his ideology?

Hitler was basically correct in analyzing the decline of the movement in terms of Schönerer's own attitudes and activities. Just as the history of Christian Socialism was inextricably linked with Lueger and his personality, Pan-Germanism, at least for the exciting last two decades of the nineteenth century, was a state of mind gradually evolved from Schönerer's own political experience and his generous borrowing of the thoughts of others.

Born in 1842, Schönerer was a generation or so removed from those Germans of the Habsburg monarchy who had developed a distinct consciousness of nationality in the struggle against Napoleon in the first decade of the nineteenth century. Nurtured by the imperial house and its platoon of expert publicists, this

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Lueger in 1844.

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to retain their "transport-usury." When he melodramatically intoned a warning against "the vampire in the Mark of Austria," he immediately identified this bloodthirsty being as "Rothschild and Company." It was the power of Rothschild and Company before which the ministers and "possibly even higher factors in the state" bowed.²¹

The Taaffe cabinet discovered fairly quickly that it could not count on enough votes in the Reichsrat for approval of the new privilege it had negotiated with the Nordbahn. Vienna was not the only area which deafened the deputies with cries of dismay, and Schönerer was unquestionably the decisive gadfly. He never failed to compare the Nordbahn's practices with the worst excesses committed during Liberalism's heyday, and his denunciations of Rothschild and Company were pretty well purged of the relative care with which he had heretofore treated the "Jewish question." Goaded to a supreme fury by the realization that a second bargain negotiated between state and Nordbahn might pass, he exceeded his previous comments in a Reichsrat debate of January 27, 1885, where he bluntly spoke of the "system of exploitation pursued by the Jewish nation."²² It is true that he was doubly stimulated by unpalatable events on this occasion, and no one ever doubted Schönerer's low boiling point. The German Clericals were wavering in their attitude toward the new Nordbahn proposals, while the cabinet rigidly refused to relax the antilabor "emergency conditions" existing in Vienna and Wiener Neustadt. But Schönerer was already convinced that the Jews were the chief enemy, and unilaterally he added to the Linz Program on May 1, 1885, a significant twelfth point: "To carry out the reforms aspired to, the removal of Jewish influence from all spheres of public life is essential."²³

Antisemitism thereafter was a constant with Schönerer. Student pressures and the acclaim which he heard lavished upon other "democrats" who played the racialist tune undoubtedly prepared the way for his wholehearted conversion. R. A. Kann also has offered the opinion that any crusade against *laissez faire* had to attack the Jews, who "had joined the liberal fold as an

Kann

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Empire gave his youthful audiences a definite object for their affections. The Austrian government, armed with a hazy law that forbade political activities by student organizations, repeatedly disbanded the more excitable societies. Since law enforcement in Austria was proverbially genial, if not sloppy, it was easy for dissolved groups to reform under a new name.

1883
4ankes

A high point of Schönerer's popularity with the young students was the riotous commemoration of the work of the recently deceased Richard Wagner in March, 1883. Years later Hermann Bahr, the critic and author, graphically recalled the scene in his autobiography. Young Bahr belonged to the fraternity which played host to the mourners, and, when enthusiasm for Bismarck's Reich was overflowing, he rose to add what he later called "my cheap symbolism" to the cause. Using what undoubtedly passed as a good Wagnerian figure, he implored Germany to pity and rescue grievously atoning Kundry (German Austria), who yearned for a redeemer from beyond her borders. There was an instantaneous roar of approval, a clanking of rapiers, hand-clapping, and the inevitable rendition of "The Watch on the Rhine." A poor police commissioner declared the meeting dissolved, but only Bahr heard him. Finally, police reserves were summoned and the order given to clear the hall. As the police went about their disagreeable task, Bahr came face to face with Schönerer, who was swinging a rapier and, elemental with rage, ordering total resistance to the police. Forty years later Bahr could not erase from his memory Schönerer's rabid fury.³⁸

Closely allied with the beer-drinking, saber-dueling fraternity life of the universities was the continuing enthusiasm for gymnastics. The *Turnen* movement had sacrosanct roots in the War of Liberation against Napoleon, and its revival in Austria in the 1860s was part of a renewed accentuation of nationality and "blood" among the Germans there. But the gymnasts of the *Turnen* were also profoundly affected by the ideals of 1848, which stressed equality for all in a liberal atmosphere, and a large number of Jews were enrolled in the most important Viennese *Turnverein*.

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Such a situation had aroused Schönerer's protests by 1885, but it took two years to expel the Jews from this Erster Turnverein. The unpleasant task was actually fulfilled by Franz Kiesling, long active in the Turnverein's affairs, but the victory was short-lived. The expelled Jews founded a new *Verein* and were admitted to the general Austrian gymnasts' association, the Deutsche Turnerschaft. A general feud resulted, with Schönerer's sympathizers eventually forming their own general association of athletic clubs.

Schönerer actually played quite a small role in the *Turnen* movement. He willingly encouraged the "Aryan" wing and applauded their adoption of his motto, "Through purity to unity," but he failed to entrance the gymnasts as effectively as he did the university men.³⁹

The Emperor and Taaffe had sincerely hoped for Schönerer's defeat in the election of 1885, but his status as a deputy forced them to endure his provocations.⁴⁰ Suddenly, on the night of March 8-9, 1888, his ungovernable temper delivered him into their hands.

In March of 1888 the venerable William I was dying in Berlin. The German Nationalists of Austria were inconsolable in their grief, particularly in view of the well-founded reports that an untried and virtually unknown grandson would soon succeed to the Hohenzollern throne. On March 8, about ten in the evening, the streets of Vienna were all at once filled with newsboys hawking an extra edition of the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*, announcing the death of the aged Kaiser. Schönerer and some cronies had already gathered in Skoda's beer-hall for their weekly rendezvous, and their usual conviviality gave way to solemn reminiscence and the singing of a memorial ode. About midnight the wake was interrupted by another extra edition declaring that the first report was false—the old soldier still lived on!

The dumbfounded mourners, after a few moments of glad relief, grew wrathful over what seemed to them to be a cheap money-making journalistic trick. Schönerer called for vengeance upon the guilty, and he and a gang of twenty-seven men descended upon the newspaper's editorial room. What happened

Janke

March
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thereafter was disputed by witnesses. Certainly the staff on duty at the time of the invasion, including a young woman, was genuinely alarmed. The enraged Schönerer, reportedly wearing brass knuckles and brandishing a heavy cane, shouted at the preponderantly gentile employees: "This is the day of vengeance. No mercy for the Jewish devils. On your knees, you Jews, and beg pardon! By spreading lying reports you have tried to make capital out of the death of His Germanic Majesty!"

Printers soon came to the relief of the astounded staff, and in the ensuing brawl considerable property was damaged. The newspaper immediately appealed to the state prosecutor, the Reichsrat duly quashed Schönerer's immunity, and a sensational trial ran its course on May 4-5, 1888. Lueger, still on good terms with the accused, wryly declared that a stupidity rather than a crime had been committed, but the court was duly severe in its verdict. The sentence passed on Schönerer included expulsion from the Reichsrat, permanent loss of title of nobility, a five-year suspension of active and passive political rights, and a four-month prison term. The party circulated numerous petitions and engineered demonstrations aimed at ameliorating the judgment, but to no avail. Most picturesque of the spectacles of loyalty was a parade of 200 carriages to Schönerer's home on the day of the announcement of the verdict. Karl Lueger naturally was on hand to show his sympathy.⁴¹

Schönerer's conviction and temporary banishment from active political life cut deeply into his following. His earlier growls against the Habsburg monarchy, when adequately mixed with antisemitism and social consciousness, had not been taken too seriously by many who voted for his disciples. But the essentially disgusting scene in the office of the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt* convinced many who had applauded his philippics against Liberalism and who had winked at his antisemitism that such blind devotion to the Hohenzollerns left no room for the survival of Austria as an historic entity. The sudden vision of an extinguished Habsburg fatherland was too great a shock to their habitual modes of thought. Nor were all of his closer comrades eager to bank on their chances of profiting from his "martyrdom." There

charm, his obvious determination to enlist the broadest kind of support, and his undeniable gift for swaying the Viennese mob, was the inevitable gainer when Schönerer's disciples wearied of iron conformity to their leader's will.

The appearance of the *Deutsches Volksblatt* brought to Vienna Karl Hermann Wolf, whose journalistic talent and oratorical skill were for some time at Schönerer's disposal. Wolf was suspect, of course, until he ended his association with Vergani. He then began publication of the *Ostdeutsche Rundschau*, a weekly which for a decade mirrored his determination to create mass support for the German Nationalists. From the beginning Schönerer and Wolf were fated to disagree, and it is rather amazing that Schönerer desisted from the usual ultimatums until 1902, the year following the party's greatest electoral triumph. By temperament Wolf was a shrewd politician, not above election deals and business arrangements which Schönerer, with all of his unpleasant traits, contemptuously spurned. Significantly, Wolf was well acquainted with the prosperous German community in Bohemia, which Schönerer had never effectively wooed, and he knew that their antisemitism was more of a conventionality than a firm principle and that they were not enamored of the idea of competing with their fellow German businessmen in a great unified Deutschland.

Wolf's adhesion to Schönerer coincided with the squabbling that attended Schönerer's imprisonment and the first issues of the *Deutsches Volksblatt*. When the government reluctantly permitted a Deutsche Volksverein to be set up in January, 1890, by many of the members of the dissolved Deutschnationale Verein, Schönerer sulkily refused to become its leader. Rejuvenated by his success in driving Vergani from the party and exalted by his opportunity to eulogize Helmut von Moltke on the latter's ninetieth birthday, however, Schönerer grandly announced on October 25, 1890, "The leader is not dead—he lives and is ready to work!"⁴⁴

Work actually meant preparation for the imperial elections of 1891. The old slogans were dutifully repeated, but Schönerer had implacably resolved to defeat former friends who no longer

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This last great vital defender of the Habsburg monarchy was born in Vienna of most humble parentage in 1844. His father, whose ancestors had been simple peasants, was employed as a janitor at the Polytechnical Institute, rising later to the position of caretaker in one of the laboratories. His mother was a native Viennese, the daughter of a cabinetmaker. As a child Karl Lueger could not speak until his fourth year. Later he liked to joke about his ample correction of his early silence. Despite his plain origins, he entered after primary school the highly reputed Theresianum Gymnasium, from which he was graduated with honors in 1862. Merely remaining in school was no small task for the son of a petty civil servant, and the strain on his family was inordinately increased by his ambitious attendance of classes given by the Faculty of Jurisprudence of the University of Vienna. Karl's father died during this epic struggle for an education and a career, leaving Frau Lueger almost penniless. Thanks to her son's energy she was able to open a small tobacco shop which barely provided for her necessities. In 1866 the formal law studies were completed, and the embryonic lawyer, who was not to receive his doctorate in law until 1870, threw himself heartily into the blossoming political life of the day.

The defeat at Sadowa forced a complete reorganization of political patterns in the Danubian empire. The most striking development was the closing of a bargain with the Magyars, the celebrated *Ausgleich* of 1867, which left Hungary almost completely in the hands of the dominant Magyar national leaders. To gain support for this compromise among the influential Germans of Austria proper, the Emperor's chief minister, Beust, promised that full constitutional government would be restored in those lands not included in the kingdom of Hungary. Despite the outraged cries of the Czechs, who envied the Magyars their new freedom, a "constitution" of five fundamental laws was eventually approved by the German majority in the Reichsrat late in 1867.

The second fundamental law provided for a bicameral parliament in which rank, wealth, and tradition heavily outweighed democratic aspirations. The House of Lords was a glittering

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sang, impeccably acceptable and coolheaded, thrown in with Lueger? Did not this Christian band follow Leo XIII's *Rerum novarum*? The prelate-professor made no effort to deny the party's antisemitic overtones. He did categorically assert that it did not share in the racial antisemitism of the day. Not long thereafter Leo XIII graciously received Schindler in Rome and expressed appreciation of what Lueger was doing. His blessing went to the lively Viennese politician, plus his "full understanding" of certain difficulties which would be overcome. The denouement was rapid. On May 16, 1895, at a festive party gathering Liechtenstein exulted over the Pope's wisdom and firmness in repudiating the anti-Christian Social maneuver spear-headed by "our diplomats in Rome and the entire European Liberal press." Wisely the ever-correct Prince left Schönborn and the other discomfited bishops out of the picture.¹¹

With the ultraconservative Catholics on the defensive, Lueger stepped up his campaign to capture the allegiance of the common man wherever he might be found among the Germans of Austria. In the Municipal Council, in the Reichsrat, and in the Diet of Lower Austria after 1890, handsome Karl was constantly on his feet, fighting to build his party's strength among the masses. Unlike the later years of real power and achievement, these years were unmistakably scarred by Lueger's unabashed employment of antisemitic propaganda.

In May, 1887, Lueger had made shockingly clear his attitude toward the Jewish "question" by supporting the German Nationalist bill to prohibit all future Jewish immigration into Austria.¹² Never again did he come so close to the true fanaticism of Schönerer and his bullies, though his public utterances continued to flay those Jews who, in his opinion, economically oppressed good Christians. In a speech given two years later he declared that only fat Jews could survive the murderous competition of economic freedom. Christian folk had to be protected from insatiable capitalism. "Antisemitism is not an explosion of brutality, but the cry of the oppressed Christian people for help from church and state."¹³ In the Reichsrat of 1890 Lueger was painfully explicit about the "oppressions" visited upon his co-

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religionists by the Jews. After accusing the Jews of an unquenchable lust for vengeance upon anyone who questioned their activities, he point-blank likened his foes to wolves, lions, panthers, and leopards in the habiliments of human beings. The gallery hissed his extravagance, a demonstration which only fed his ardor. Limiting himself strictly to the economic position of the Jews, he averred that they controlled the grain trade, money-lending and speculation in land, the sale of ready-made clothing, shoe factories, peddling, and even the Viennese law and medical practices. What could Christian peasants, bakers, tailors, and cobblers do in the face of such inexorable competition? Need one search very far for an explanation of the rise of antisemitic sentiment? Even if one could stomach Jewish economic power, how could a good Catholic endure the teaching of his children by a Jew, who had the right to prohibit their making the sign of the cross lest Jewish student sensibilities be wounded? But, emphasized Lueger, his followers did not hate the poor Jew or the little Jew; his group hated stifling big business which was controlled by certain Jews. As for Jews who wished to assimilate themselves into another nationality, Vienna's rising politico denied their ability to shed their cultural heritage so easily. Centuries of tradition and what one feels in one's heart—such are the true symbols of nationality, not superficial fluency in a particular language. Toward the end of his speech, Lueger disgustingly recounted with no sign of disapproval the remedy his friend Ernst Schneider had prescribed for the Jewish "problem." Schneider, one of the wildest of the antisemites, would have liked placing all of the Jews upon a large ship, to be sunk on the high seas with the loss of all aboard, as a great service to the world.¹⁴

Here, of course, is the ghastly prefiguration of the gas chambers of the 1940s. Once Lueger attained the supreme goal of the mayoralty of Vienna, he rarely reverted to quotations from Schneider, who as late as 1901 anticipated the worst Nazi abnormalities by declaring:

The Jewish question is a racial question, a question of blood, a question of culture, which can only be solved by blood and iron,

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as hundreds and thousands of years of ancient history have taught not only our people, but all peoples, and you will not escape this truth. I do not engage in any discussion of Jewish baptism, I only say this: If I should have to baptize Jews, then I might act in accordance with St. John's system, though somewhat improved; he held them under the water for baptism, but I would immerse them for five minutes' duration.¹⁶

Before reaching his final office, however, Lueger was never backward about blaming the Jews for assorted evils. He claimed that they controlled the Liberal Party and its merciless ideology,¹⁶ that their newspapers incited all of the troubles between Czechs and Germans,¹⁷ and that they even dominated, through their powerful financial network, the conduct of Hungarian policy.¹⁸ As Christian Socialism increased its strength in Vienna, Lueger used antisemitism less and less as a vote-getting weapon. In the crucial year of 1895, when he first reached for the insignia of the mayoralty, he delivered what proved to be his last important parliamentary statement on the “threat” of Judaism. Coupled with the old bromide that Jewish capital was wrecking Christian farmers and artisans was the accusation that crooked Austrian Jewish capitalists in the Balkans were turning the Balkan peoples against all Austrian penetration. At home Judaism labored mightily to dissolve the empire by stirring up nascent nationalism, while abroad it supported its fellow “conspirators” in such affairs as the Panama Canal scandal and the Dreyfus case. Almost as if delivering a swan song, Lueger concluded:

We fight against these dangers, and perhaps if an historian in the future busies himself about us, then he will write: There was a party which recognized the danger and the real foe of the monarchy and even combated it; but the ministers of the state were stricken with blindness and raged against the truest friends of the fatherland.¹⁹

In *Mein Kampf*, Hitler was of the opinion that Christian Socialism “was wrong in its fight against Judaism and had no idea of the power of the national idea.”²⁰ He did not mean that the antisemitic campaigns were morally wrong, of course. He felt rather that antisemitism not based primarily on “racism” was

ineffective. There can be no doubt that the Christian Social leaders active during his abode in Vienna were far less turbulent and much more the esteemed friends of the dynasty than they had been at the inception of their movement. Their antisemitism had always been pretty clearly economic in inspiration, and Lueger himself could never really please Hitler as an exponent of the true Germanic national idea. For instance, in the 1890s he distrusted the alliance with William II's Germany and sometimes grew wrathful over the gratuitous remarks of the German press and suspicious of German intrigues against Russia which might involve the Habsburgs.²¹ He railed against Italian irredentism and Magyar intransigence, to be sure, but his apostrophe to the "genius of the German nationality" was more than overbalanced by his insistence upon equal rights for all nationalities and by his proud refusal to reject Austrianism merely to identify himself totally with Germanism. The German renaissance Hitler had in mind was indeed an unclear conception with Lueger.

Though the party and its spokesmen might wriggle uncomfortably over loyalty to everything German, there was no such indecision in regard to the campaign to seize control of the capital city. Every year after 1890 witnessed noisier street demonstrations that underlined the growing Liberal weakness in Vienna, and the elections of April, 1895, returned a slight anti-Liberal majority. On May 14 Lueger was elected first vice-mayor, whereupon the Liberal mayor resigned and the administration fell into Karl's eager hands. On May 29 Lueger succeeded in obtaining a paltry majority in his fight to become mayor. Disappointed, he refused to accept office under such conditions, and on May 30 the Austrian cabinet dissolved the Municipal Council. New elections were scheduled for September, and, after a feverish campaign, Lueger's party won command of the Council and reelected him as mayor. The Hungarian Minister-President, well aware of Lueger's blistering comments on Magyar egoism and greed, besought the Emperor to refuse his approval of the election. Fearful Jews added to the pressure, while Badeni, the Austrian Minister-President, surrendered momentarily to German Liberal protests and added his

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Lueger and the Common Man

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pleas for nonapproval. The Emperor, afraid of complications in the renewal of the economic *Ausgleich* with Hungary, refused confirmation. The Municipal Council defiantly elected its hero for the third time and was sent home for its pains.

A new Council undertook the job of picking a mayor in April, 1896, and came up with the now well-worn result—Lueger, by a vote of 96-42. At court the Emperor was warned that he should not trifle too much with the loyalty of his Viennese by snubbing Lueger again. Indeed, most of his councilors plainly recommended confirmation as a way of ending the disturbing situation. Francis Joseph's solution was typical of his limited thought processes. Lueger was favored with a personal audience and was induced to surrender the supreme honor to a party comrade while accepting for himself the office of first vice-mayor. No one was deluded by this arrangement into believing that anyone save Lueger was in charge, and the Emperor confirmed Lueger's fifth election on April 16, 1897. Badeni, Austrian Minister-President, who was expected to act like Bismarck, was in dire need of parliamentary support and hoped that Lueger was a gentleman who might return a favor.²²

It is ironic to note that Lueger's final victory of April, 1897, was almost wiped out and his prestige among Germans almost destroyed by Badeni's experimentations. The new Reichsrat elected in 1897 had as its chief task the approval of the economic *Ausgleich* with Hungary, and the Austrian Minister-President definitely needed Czech votes. To please the Czechs, he issued on April 5, 1897, two tremendously significant language regulations which were to prevail in Bohemia and Moravia. Czech and German were to be "equal" languages thereafter in all public offices. As of July 1, 1901, every official in either crownland had to be able to speak and write in both languages. Everyone knew that ambitious young Germans would suffer tremendously from these rules, for young Czechs who wished bureaucratic careers perforce learned German at an early age. Germans were additionally insulted by the realization that these changes had not been considered by the Reichsrat. The more violent of the Germans, especially Schönerer's German Nationalists, at once

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Hitler was not alone in feeling that Lueger's death was a tragedy.

The story of Karl Lueger's passion for his home city (it should be remembered that no mere woman ever figured as Vienna's rival in his heart) might logically begin with the last month of the year 1890. At that time the failing German Liberals at last recognized the demographic changes of the previous decades by incorporating various suburbs into Vienna proper, thereby sending the population figures from 700,000 to over 1,000,000. The nine older wards of the city had been separated from the newly annexed areas by Prince Eugene's defensive walls of 1704. By 1893 the demolition of these walls was slowly begun, perhaps the only tangible sign that integration might really come someday. Otherwise communication and transport between "Old" and "New" Vienna remained primitive, nor did the suburbs have cause to rejoice over the lighting and water systems now vouchsafed them.

Lueger vigorously protested the poor facilities offered his Viennese throughout his stay on the Municipal Council, with no results until his party and their allies captured the city's administration from the Liberals. There was much to protest, if not to laugh at. In the older wards the tramways were nothing more than horse-drawn vehicles, inadequate in size and number and most erratic in schedule. The challenge of a slight hill was met by adding teams of honest-to-goodness horsepower. Technically different from the tramways were the omnibuses, also pulled by horses. "These forlorn old vehicles, lumbering, dirty, musty, unspeakable, seem to be the dubious offspring of an alliance between a rural diligence and a decayed Berlin." ²⁶ The actual difference between tram and omnibus consisted in the near-anarchy of the omnibus schedules. Whenever patrons wished to get on or off, the omnibus obliged. No one could accuse the directors of the General-Omnibus-Gesellschaft of a hypocritical advocacy of the tenets of *laissez faire*! Since 1852 the illumination of the city and its homes and shops had been in the hands of an English-financed company, whose services to the Viennese had become increasingly costly and poor. Lovers might appreciate the wan reddish gleam of the English gas-

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burners. Their no less poetic elders quipped that there was only enough light furnished to see the dark. Actually dangerous was the state of the Viennese water supply before Lueger assumed power. The water itself, pumped in from mountain springs, was clear and healthful. There simply was not enough of it when the weather happened to be unpropitious.

A "new deal" had been promised the Viennese by the Christian Socialists, and it began as soon as Lueger was able to count the necessary majority in the Rathaus sessions.²¹ The first wicked monster to be destroyed was the English company which controlled the gas supply. Its franchise was to run until October 31, 1899, and the doughty mayor coldly informed its owners to be prepared to get out on that date. A municipal gas works would be constructed to give the natives relief from the foreign blood-suckers. To make good his program Lueger needed at least 60,000,000 gold kronen, engineers and laborers who could perform miracles, and an enormous amount of sheer luck. His Liberal opponents, aghast over the possibility of a municipalization, even socialization, of a utility, struck back hard. Experts in their camp ridiculed the proposed new system and predicted that monstrous explosions would leave the capital in ruins. Austrian banks and consortia of capitalists were inexplicably uninterested in lending the necessary 60,000,000 gold kronen. It would be difficult to prove that they poisoned the minds of their fellow businessmen abroad against the city's new administration. Only after many curt refusals from sources of capital in Germany, England, and Belgium, however, did Lueger secure the loan from the Deutsche Bank of Berlin. The engineers and laborers did perform miracles, the decisive winter of 1898-99 was relatively mild, and the triumphant mayor took over from the chagrined private company on the appointed day. Everything was done to bring the wonders of gas lighting to the homes of the poorest of citizens, while all of the inhabitants cheered the introduction of truly incandescent illumination. The streets of the city, uncomfortably close to medieval lighting before Lueger had any authority, were gradually equipped with double-flame lights which added greatly to the brilliance and safety of

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unaffected by the *Los von Rom* movement, the question of his relation to organized anti-Semitism arises. Anti-Semitic movements had been active in Austria since the early 1870's, and had managed to intertwine their activities and doctrines with those of radical German groups. Prior to the late 1880's, there were a handful of racial anti-Semites and a few who attacked the Jews on religious grounds, but the mainstream of anti-Semitism consisted of those who struck at liberal capitalism by hitting at its hinge point, the Jews. The anti-Semitic movements came to life after the crash of 1873 and undercut the liberals' political position. This forced the liberals to slow down their attacks on the traditional powers, especially the Church. Anti-Semites demanded, and in part received, palliatives to soften the effects of capitalist competition on the lower middle class. Once these successes had been registered, the broad popularity of political anti-Semitism began to abate.⁵⁵ The political aspirations of the Slavic groups, which increased sharply in the 1880's and early 1890's, also contributed to the weakening of political anti-Semitism. In the regions of greatest national rivalry, the German radicals were afraid of losing the support of German Jews.⁵⁶ Economic and political anti-Semitism slowly atrophied as liberalism declined and the capitalist system was weakened. During its heyday, this form of anti-Semitism had not hesitated to use murderous propaganda against the Jews and had succeeded in awakening a large amount of anti-Jewish hatred. There were no pogroms, however, and the movement lost its most violent overtones after the social and economic conditions on which it rested had been altered. Exceptions to the latter statement can be found, such as the vulgar Jew-baiting *Deutsche Volksblatt*, which carried on in Vienna far into the twentieth century, but these were

⁵⁵ P. G. Pulzer, *The Rise of Political Anti-Semitism in Germany and Austria* (New York, 1964), pp. 127-89; Drage, pp. 588-89; Kann, *Multi*, I, pp. 101-103; May, pp. 59-68; Oscar Karbach, "The Founder of Political Antisemitism: Georg von Schoenerer," *Jewish Social Studies*, January 1945, p. 15; Max Grunwald, *Vienna* (Jewish Communities Series, Philadelphia, 1936), pp. 423-25. Molisch, and, to a degree, Mayer, hold that the anti-Semitic movements were triggered by the nationality struggles rather than the crash of 1873. Molisch, *Geschichte*, pp. 140-42; Sigmund Mayer, *Ein Juedischer Kaufmann, 1831 bis 1911, Lebenserinnerungen* (Leipzig, 1911), pp. 279-80.

⁵⁶ Oscar Jazi, *The Dissolution of the Habsburg Monarchy* (Chicago, 1929), p. 174; Meinitz, p. 112; Paul Molisch, *Politische Geschichte der deutschen Hochschulen in Oesterreich von 1848 bis 1918* (Vienna, 1939), p. 122.

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Introduction

The German Empire's Agrarian League had its counterparts in every European country whose farmers raged over American tinned beef and disastrously competitive Canadian and Russian wheat. The tillers of the soil are notoriously reticent about full participation in politics, but they had numerous champions in the party-life of the day. In France it might be a lawyer of their market-town whom they sent to the Chamber of Deputies, while in Austria it might be an aristocrat who could not quite abide belching smokestacks and the moral laxity of urban slums. These champions tirelessly depicted in their speeches the peasant virtues of the unblemished countryside, always as the antithesis of the corrupt and alien-ridden city. Austrian farmers liked politicians who manifested keen distrust of big business, of anticlericalism, and of the Jews, whether the last-named were accused of fomenting assassinations of emperors or of rigging stock markets. The peasant's grim-visaged resentment of his precarious situation colored the political life of all of the Western and Central countries of the Continent, and it was the farmer whose vote did much to cur down *laissez-faire* Liberalism and to restrain Marxian Socialism in Austria.

Social and economic tensions likewise affected life in the urban areas. Probably no Continental country suffered the rigors of early industrialism as much as England had, but long hours, low pay, depressing and unsafe factories, and submarginal housing were the lot of thousands of Europeans. Where the worker was a recent migrant from the country, his disgruntlement was usually softened by the bustle and tinsel of his new surroundings. At the lowest level he found it easier to be free of the moral restrictions he knew on farms or in villages. On a different level he had increased chances to immerse himself in political movements or to absorb the pat information ladled out by cheap journal, self-help club, or neighborhood "folk-protection" group. His partner in the crowded factory might be far less hypnotized by the city's glamor, for thousands of the new proletariat were descended from the once-flourishing artisan class, whose skill with simply manipulated machines had been overwhelmed by the swift motion and efficiency of newer in-

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Introduction *Janko 1800s*

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dustrial devices. Acutely conscious of a descent to a lower social stratum, such displaced handicraftsmen were as avid as the irate peasantry for an explanation, a scapegoat, and speedy rehabilitation. With the hard-pressed shopkeeper and businessman, who alternately denounced mammoth enterprise and misleading peddlers, the artisan-turned-proletarian was a natural convert to any program which stressed a return to the "good old times" and a regard for the dignity of the laborer and his individual product.

Especially tailor-made for such anguished "victims" of big industry were the Catholic confessional parties, whose social consciousness distinctly antedated Leo XIII's proclamation of a Catholic labor policy in 1891. Most effective of these organizations was the German Empire's Center Party, which attracted peasants, businessmen, artisans, and factory workers alike. Its stalwart opposition to Bismarck's more reactionary moves enhanced its standing with Catholic intellectuals, and its generally cool attitude to *Weltpolitik* in William II's reign garnered non-Catholic votes as well. With well-organized trade-union and youth movements, it was a pivotal force in German politics. In Austria the Christian Social movement, similarly attuned to the aspirations of the dispossessed or threatened classes, built up an expert propaganda and effected noteworthy changes in Vienna before losing its attractiveness to the "little man" there. Thereafter it found replacements in the rural areas of German Austria, whose inhabitants were ripe for the leadership which town-dwellers nearly always have furnished their country relatives.

The Christian Social movement's precipitate decline in Vienna after 1910 and the less than noteworthy advance of avowed Catholic parties in France and Italy point to the increasing vogue of Marxian Socialism among those laborers who were convinced that proletarian solidarity was worth more than a reconstruction of capitalistic society. Roman Catholic activism, first inspired by revulsion against reckless *laissez faire*, gradually awakened to the threat of Marxism, but it never substantially undercut the allurements which millions of voters in Western and Central Europe found in economic determinism. Many workers were suspicious

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6

Introduction

of a party which enrolled employers as well as laborers, while thousands more demonstrated their "progressivism" and "modernity" by rejecting a political affiliation honestly based on religious precepts.

After devastating factional quarrels in the 1880s, international Socialism entered upon an era of comparative harmony after 1890 that was ruffled but never seriously menaced by the rise of revisionists who were willing to forego a rigorous belief in all of the Marxist gospel in favor of admittedly opportunist deals which would ease the proletariat's lot then rather than later. The Second International absorbed this danger to doctrinal conformity rather astutely, and in actuality the member parties often practiced a revisionism which brought applause and support from nonproletarians while clinging formally to the corpus of Marxian analysis and prediction.

Otherwise it would be almost impossible to explain the amazing number of ballots that went to Socialists between 1890 and 1914, most conspicuously in the German Empire, France, and Belgium. When restrictions on universal suffrage were temporarily or permanently relaxed, as in Austria, Russia, and Italy, Marxian parties always profited. Some adherents were seekers of bloody revolution, and many of this sort had their chance in the chaotic days of 1917-18. But a vast number, whether they had heard of Eduard Bernstein's revisionism or not, simply believed with him that Socialism was not intent upon destroying bourgeois society. "Rather, it labors incessantly at lifting the worker from the social position of a proletarian to that of a 'bourgeois' and thus to make 'bourgeoisie'—or citizenship—universal."¹

If party leaders denounced Bernstein while acting very much on his principles, amateur students of Marxism were sometimes understandably convinced that Socialists were enemies of tradition, of nationality, of order, and of decency. The countess in the baroque *Palais* in Vienna had her confreres in the student who desperately wanted a post in the government or in the ill-prepared lower middle-class lad who abhorred the prospects of a

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Introduction

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life spent in a mill or carrying bricks. In the kaleidoscopic political arena that was Europe on the eve of war in 1914, it was impossible to know how many men were Socialists for principle's sake or how many were anti-Socialist for desperation's sake. Young Hitler was among the latter, and it is not surprising that he admired a most persuasive Catholic activist while never moving very far from a sturdy German nationalism in his own recoil from Marxism.

A steady round of international Socialist meetings never failed to grapple with nationalism as the greatest obstacle to the fulfillment of Utopia. War and its evils were never far from the conferees' minds, and hours beyond number were spent denouncing the armaments race, the delusions of jingoism, and the procedures all good Marxists must follow should the "imperialist" war break out. The emphasis was proper, for the European states abounded in a hopeless variety of nationalistic impulses, most of which deserved the later appellation of "totalitarian."

French intellectuals, stung by the defeat of 1870-71, preached traditionalism, or regionalism, or even a cult of ancestor-veneration as ripostes to concepts of individualism and popular sovereignty. In Germany Treitschke wrote of war "as an institution ordained of God," praised the Germans as the creative and masculine element in modern history, and vented his contempt upon complacently prosperous neighbors such as Switzerland, Belgium, and the Netherlands. The Russian Danilevsky saw only rottenness and senility in the West, with whom his people inevitably would fight. In the end a victorious Russia would synthesize the Hebrew gift for religion, the Greek aptitude for art, the Roman talent for politics, and the European competence for securing economic supremacy.

It is unfair to single out three European states in a brief attempt to recall the ethnocentric absurdities of an age which agreed only that the white man was a chosen vessel of God or the logical instrument of an evolutionary and mechanistic fate. Italy had her dreams of a revived Rome, England cheerfully shouldered her task of leading the world, while less fearsome

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"Symptoms of Debility"

215

of design." In this inspiration Wagner again treated the wall as a plane surface, used aluminum bolts to secure his marble slabs, and provided the interior with severely beautiful glass and iron vaulting. Poor Wagner attracted too much controversy with this simplified and rationalized structure, and his later career was restricted for the most part to drafting projects that were never accepted. He was especially concerned with problems of city planning and traffic regulation, for he vehemently denounced the expansion of the big city at the hands of "blind chance" and "detestable usury." If personally unable to force a wholehearted response from the state or public, Wagner at any rate did inspire talented followers or supporters in the architectural guild.

One of his most famous students was Josef Maria Olbrich,⁵² who played a leading part in the formation of the Vienna Sezession in April, 1897.⁵³ This "secession" was the withdrawal of nineteen young artists from the Academy of Fine Arts, which they felt was completely out of step with the needs of their generation. These young artists revealed a degree of affinity with the faddish *l'Art Nouveau*, which stressed curves rather than straight lines and valued a bulge rather than a straight wall in the façade of a building. They also were influenced by Charles Rennie Mackintosh, a Glasgow designer who offered "lines of hesitant elegance" and "verticals everywhere." Gustav Klimt was their actual president, and he was already creating exotic figures with slender graceful lines that would finally eventuate in the lush and mannered ceiling paintings for the University. To secure a fitting place for exhibiting the works of such men as Rodin, Whistler, and Mackintosh, the *Sezession* group decided to build a haven all of their own. Olbrich was commissioned as architect, and by 1899 the women of the Naschmarkt were humorously talking of the "golden head of cabbage" which surmounted the structure. This metal cupola with its frizzled leaves was apt to blind conservative and radical alike in their estimate of the worth of the rest of Olbrich's design. The front view was boldly worked out in terms of three blocks that did true justice to Wagner's ideas on simplicity,

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"The Grimming, Ugly Face of Marxism"

177

strict neutrality by the usual insistence that national pride was a cloak for class selfishness. It deserted its neutral position, however, when Badeni resorted to a reactionary revision of parliamentary procedure. For the first time in years German Nationalists and Social Democrats were united in action, the former, of course, for the sake of Germanism, the latter for unfettered freedom of speech in the Reichsrat. The target of their invective and near violence was the Polish president of the Lower House, Abrahamowicz, whom Mark Twain described as "a gray-haired, long, slender man with a colorless long face, which in repose suggests a death mask . . . sunk back in the depths of his arm-chair . . . his chin down."⁴⁰ Before Badeni quit in despair, several Social Democrats had been forcibly ejected from the sessions, along with their odd allies, the German Nationalists.

The German-Czech imbroglio posed inescapable problems for the party's leaders. It was theoretically easy to insist that the worker had no country and that all nationalities were equal in the sight of dialectical materialism. The five Czech Social Democrats who entered the Reichsrat in 1897 caused a sensation, nevertheless, when they refused to join in the traditional claims for a Czech Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia. The Party Day of 1897, acutely conscious of the need to hold Czech and other non-German proletarian support, decided to reorganize the party so that its national components would have complete autonomy in local administrative and press affairs.⁴¹

An increasingly large number of Czech laborers showed dissatisfaction with such minimal gestures, and their discontent was given due attention at the important Party Day held at Brünn in September, 1899. To ameliorate national turmoil, the historic crownlands were to be replaced by nationally demarcated self-governing bodies, whose legislation and administration were to be controlled by national chambers. Such chambers would be elected by universal, equal, and direct suffrage. All self-governing areas of the same nationality were to form a nationally unified association, though the party recognized the fact that some regions were so hopelessly mixed in national sentiment that there could be no clear-cut drawing of boundaries. A special act of

* D. T. This concept infuriated A. H.
It tore at him because he was caught
in the middle - he could see that
H. D. . . D. . . was selfish, and

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of modifying its antisemitic tone drastically between 1890, when Vogelsang died, and 1907, when Hitler was getting thoroughly initiated into anti-Jewish press techniques. A sampling of the stories and features which filled the Catholic Conservative paper during Vogelsang's editorship leaves no doubt of his suspicion and contempt for the Jews. Ten years before Hitler was born, a political survey brutally stated in *Das Vaterland*:

It is not our fault if again and again we have to refer to the specifically Jewish character of the press which calls itself Liberal. In business life there is a rather commonly recognized rule that the modern Jew cannot leave any goods in their genuine and unadulterated form. He waters the best wine and clips the ducats. Just so do our press Jews conduct their affairs.⁵⁴

When Germans and Czechs clashed over the latter's nationalistic demands, Vogelsang's journal blamed the Jews for the trouble:

Judaism with its naturally cosmopolitan interests is the natural foe of national autonomy and with its profit-seeking tendencies the enemy of inner peace in our Christian empire. Judaism is the third party which rejoices over the strife of Germans and Slavs.⁵⁵

18805
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Germans who had proclaimed war on the Roman Catholic Church as a postulate of the Germanic spirit had ended up noticing with chagrin that thereby they had only paved the way for a Jewish conquest; the more cunning race had duped them.⁵⁶ Jews were at the bottom of attacks upon authority and discipline, upon anciently grounded statute and hallowed order. Their clamor was part of the Paris Commune and it was they who unceasingly propagated communism, nihilism, in short, radicalism in all of its colors.⁵⁷ The only colors they conscientiously avoided were the imperial colors, for they were not distinguished by a marked spirit of patriotism. *Das Vaterland* sneered that half of the contingent the Jews should have supplied in Galicia had to be filled with Christian lads.⁵⁸

Nor can the modern investigator be entirely sure that Vogelsang's reporters were immune to the temptations of mixing sensationalism with their war on the Jews. A correspondent in

* By the time the thirteen-year-old had turned sixteen, he had already completed his apprenticeship. But still he was not satisfied. On the contrary, the long years of want, misery and suffering merely strengthened the resolve he now made to abandon his trade in order to reach a "higher sphere". . . . With the grim perseverance of a lad aged by want and hardship before he was even half-way through his childhood, he proceeded to put his resolve into effect—and became a civil servant, achieving the goal, if I remember rightly, after twenty-three years. . . .

1855 In fact, Alois achieved his goal in two years. Why he should have suffered want and misery as a bootmaker's apprentice is difficult to see, while the assertion that hardship had already aged him can be dismissed entirely; there is ample proof that, in many respects, Alois remained surprisingly youthful until the day he died.

born 1837

Returning, then, to solid facts, we know that Alois began his career in the Civil Service in 1855, at the age of eighteen. Nine years later he was appointed a probationary Assistant in the Customs Service. In 1875 he was promoted to be Senior Assistant Customs Officer at Braunau.

The following details of his promotions have been taken from the Bulletins of the Austrian Finance Ministry:

1864. Alois Schicklgruber, Revenue Clerk, to be probationary Assistant in the Customs Service.

This meant that Alois had passed through the clerical grade and become a Customs officer after nine years' service—according to a former Customs officer whom I consulted, a very creditable achievement, particularly as he had not attended secondary school.

1870. Assistant Customs Officer Alois Schicklgruber to be Assistant Collector at the Auxiliary Customs Post at Mariahilf.

(This was the Mariahilf near Schärding.)

* D.T. The literary problem for Adolf was to be able to attack his father without destroying all sympathy for him.

1871. Assistant Collector Alois Schicklgruber to be Assistant Inspector of Customs, Braunau-on-Inn.

1875. Assistant Inspector of Customs Alois Schicklgruber to be Senior Assistant Customs Officer, Braunau.

1892. Senior Assistant Customs Officer Alois Hitler to be probationary Higher Collector.

As we saw in the previous chapter, it was in 1876 that Alois' surname was changed from Schicklgruber to Hiedler, which he chose to spell 'Hitler'. The promotion to Higher Collector came automatically. Alois had now reached the highest rank that a man with only elementary education could attain. As the establishment at Braunau did not include a Higher Collector, however, the promotion involved leaving that town where Alois had served for twenty-one years and going to Passau, where two Higher Collectors were employed.

The final move came two years later, on 1st April 1894, when Alois was posted to Linz. There he served on the provincial staff of the Inland Revenue until June 1895, when he retired on the completion of forty years' service.

Brief though it is, this outline of his career shows that, far from 'sitting out' his time in the Customs Service as his son's biographers have alleged, Alois Schicklgruber/Hitler obtained unusually rapid promotion. He must have been well above average in industry, efficiency and, not least, in his determination to succeed.

His private life

Alois is 30

In 1867 or 1868, a certain Fräulein Thekla P— had a child by Alois Schicklgruber. The infant, a girl, was christened Theresia. In due course, Theresia married and had a son. This son, as I myself can testify, bears an uncanny resemblance to Adolf Hitler.

In 1873, at the age of thirty-six, when he was Assistant Inspector of Customs at Braunau, Alois married Anna Glassl, a woman fourteen years older than himself and daughter of an inspector in the Imperial tobacco monopoly. It has been suggested

also generations of want overcome by strong will gave power to her others received his will.

that the wedding took place on 31st October 1873, but as it was not held in Braunau the official record cannot be traced and the exact date is therefore unknown.

1874
Apart from the difference in age between Alois and his fifty-year-old bride, subsequent events indicate that it was never a love-match. Some biographers have foolishly suggested that Alois hoped to further his career by the marriage, on the grounds that Anna had been adopted as a child by a senior Customs officer by the name of Hörer. But even if that were true—and there is no evidence to prove it—Alois plainly never had need of such stratagems in order to gain promotion. It seems more likely that his motive was a financial one, for an entry in the marriage register at Braunau shows that in 1874, the first year of their marriage, the Schicklgrubers employed a maid-servant in their home, a girl by the name of Antonia Mayr. This seems to indicate that Alois' wife had money of her own, for he could never have afforded the luxury of a maid-servant on his salary alone.

Three years later, in 1876, Alois went to visit his foster-father, Johann Nepomuk, at Spital in connection with his change of name from Schicklgruber to Hitler. The old man, now aged seventy, was living in retirement with his second daughter, Walburga, to whom he had already made over part of his estate. Next door to Nepomuk, his eldest daughter, Johanna, lived with her husband, Johann Pölzl, and their three children: Klara, Johanna and Theresia, aged sixteen, thirteen and eight respectively. Perhaps it was some time since Alois had seen the children; at any rate, he must have been struck by his slim, dark-haired 'cousin' Klara, for soon afterwards we find her installed as domestic help in the Hitler (until latterly Schicklgruber) home in Braunau, in which town she became generally known as 'das Hitler-Klarl'.

In 1878 Alois acquired a lifelong friend in Carl Wessely, a man of partly Czech origin who at that time was serving at the Austrian Customs post at Simbach, on the Bavarian side of the frontier opposite Braunau. Wessely had entered the Customs Service from the army, where he had ended his engagement with

92
the rank of Band-Sergeant in the 14th Infantry Regiment. Conscientious and efficient at his job, and not averse to sitting over a half-litre in the evenings, Wessely had much in common with Alois and they became close friends.

Meanwhile, Alois, his wife, Anna, and Klara Pölzl were living at an inn in Braunau, the Gasthaus Streif. Working there, either as waitress or in the kitchen, was a nineteen-year-old farmer's daughter, Franziska Matzelsberger, commonly called Fanni. Becoming aware of her husband's misconduct with this girl, Frau Hitler left him and instituted proceedings for divorce, obtaining her decree on 7th November 1880.

1880
Alois then took Fanni to live with him, but first, at her insistence, Klara Pölzl, now aged twenty, had to leave the house. It is said that she went to Vienna. At that time Braunau comprised only 332 houses and 3000 inhabitants and these events quickly became the scandal of the town, giving Alois a bad name which he never lived down as long as he was there.

On 13th January 1882 Fanni gave birth to an illegitimate son, who was named Alois. In the following year, on 6th April, Frau Anna Hitler died. The death certificate reveals that her former husband was not present at the funeral, and also that the cause of death was unknown. Six weeks later, on 22nd May 1883, Alois married Franziska Matzelsberger. The wedding was held in Ranshofen, about four miles from Braunau. The bridegroom was forty-six, the bride twenty-two. The witnesses at the ceremony were two Customs officers from Simbach, one of whom was Carl Wessely. Being a farmer's daughter, the bride had, of course, a handsome dowry, and a later document concerning the heritage of the Hitler children shows it to have been 100 gulden, a little under £100. 01 £10?

Two months after the wedding, Fanni gave birth to a girl who received the name Angela—an unusual one in Austria. Though Alois was still stationed in Braunau, the child, for reasons unknown, was born in Vienna. Meanwhile, the marriage was not proving a happy one. Alois seems to have abandoned none of his former promiscuous habits and he even tried to get Klara Pölzl

1 gulden = 1 British pound
or is it 10 gulden? It is a
10 to 1 ratio.

to rejoin the *ménage*, but his wife, understandably enough, refused to allow it. Then, in the autumn of that same year, 1883, Fanni's health began to deteriorate. During the winter she grew steadily worse and in the spring of 1884 she went to stay in the small village of Lach, in the hope that the forest air of the adjoining Lachwald might give her some relief. But she was suffering from tuberculosis and on 10th August 1884, while still in Lach, and only seven months after her twenty-third birthday, she died. It was said in Braunau that Alois had already ordered his wife's coffin, and though the story is probably untrue, the mere fact that it could gain credence shows that his reputation could hardly have been worse. No doubt for that reason his wife was not buried in the cemetery in Braunau but in Ranshofen, where she had been married little over a year previously.

His third marriage

Meanwhile, no sooner was his wife, Franziska, safely in Lach than Alois persuaded Klara Pölzl to return to him. His feelings for her seem to have bordered on affection, and now that he was a widower with two small children (Alois aged two and Angela only twelve months old), he would no doubt have married her immediately, regardless of public opinion in Braunau, had he been free to do so. But according to the birth certificate issued to him in 1876, his father and Klara Pölzl's grandfather had been brothers and he and his intended bride came therefore within the degree of consanguinity prohibited by the Catholic Church. But even assuming Alois knew the true state of affairs, namely that his birth certificate was both legally invalid and factually untrue, he still could not have disclaimed it and expressed the wish to return to the name of Schicklgruber, with paternity unknown. The grotesque situation therefore now arose that, thanks to his foster-father's all too successful perjury, Alois had to apply for a special dispensation from Rome in order to marry a girl to whom, in fact, he was not even distantly related.

Accordingly, Alois made his request for dispensation to the incumbent of Braunau, Father Köstler. Alois and Klara being

officially second cousins and related in the third degree, the dispensation could not be granted by the Bishop of Linz, but only by the Pope. Father Köstler would appear to have weighed anxiously the advantage of providing a mother for Alois' two small children against the undoubted danger to any further children that might issue from the intermarriage, for it was not until November 1884 that he passed on the request to his bishop and then only on receiving the news that Klara Pölzl was pregnant.

Having been translated into Latin by the diocesan scholars in Linz, the request was dispatched to Rome. Three weeks later the Dispensation arrived, without charge to Alois Hitler, who had signed a *Testimonium Paupertatis*, pleading poverty.¹

On 7th January 1885, the first day on which marriages could be solemnized after Christmas, Alois Hitler married Klara Pölzl, he being forty-eight and she twenty-five. We know that her sister Johanna's marriage-portion was 800 gulden and her own would not have been less.

In later years Frau Klara was wont to say with melancholy resignation, 'We were married in the Parish Church at Braunau at six in the morning and by seven my husband was already on duty again.' (According to another Customs officer whom I consulted, this was not unusual. He himself had married on a Sunday, otherwise his fate would have been the same.) Alois' foster-father, Johann Nepomuk Hiedler, lived to attend his grand-daughter's wedding, dying three years later in Spital at the age of eighty-one.

The descendants of Alois Schicklgruber/Hitler

Before considering the family environment in which Adolf Hitler grew up, it will be convenient if we anticipate chronologically and present the details of Alois Hitler's children by his second and third marriages, together with their descendants:

¹ In 1938 the Dispensation was removed from the Parish archives in Braunau by the Gestapo, but was later returned undamaged to the Bishop of Linz in whose files it lies today under the number 6911/VI/2.

P.T. ?
In truth, he did not know and so he appeared to him just in a situation without the full burden of guilt that can accompany true & deliberate

42

there could have been only one possible reaction: hatred of his blood relations, particularly of his father, and an intensification of his already pathological hatred and persecution of the Jews, with the personal element reinforcing the political. Hermann Rauschning, whose *Hitler Speaks* was published some years later, gave it as his opinion that Hitler's hatred of the Jews had a personal foundation.

1938
Finally, there is a curious fact which may be interpreted as bearing out Frank's story. Not two months after Hitler invaded Austria, in May 1938, an order was issued to the Land Registries concerned to carry out a survey of Döllersheim (Alois Hitler's birthplace) and neighbourhood with a view to their suitability as a battle training area for the Wehrmacht. In the following year the inhabitants of Döllersheim were forcibly evacuated and the village together with the surrounding countryside was blasted and withered by German artillery and infantry weapons. The birthplace of Hitler's father and the site of his grandmother's grave were alike rendered unrecognizable, and today this whole tract of what was once fertile and flourishing country is an arid desert sown with unexploded shells. But an area so closely associated with Hitler's family could not have been used for battle training without his knowledge and permission. Then why did he give it? Or did Hitler himself initiate the order for the destruction of Döllersheim out of insane hatred of his father and the desire to erase the 'shame' of his Jewish blood?

Alois Schicklgruber's stepfather (Johann Georg Hiedler)

1837
We have seen that Alois Hitler was the natural son of Marianne Schicklgruber and that his father was possibly a Jew. He was born in 1837. After a while Marianne's father relented, and his daughter and infant grandson went to live with him in his home.

Five years later, in 1842, Marianne married. The entry in the marriage register at Döllersheim reads:

1842. Married by Johann Oppolzer, incumbent; the bridegroom, Georg Hiedler, Journeyman-miller lodging in Dürnthal, parish of Fels, born Spital in parish

of Spital, at present residing at Strones No. 22 in this parish, legitimate son of Martin Hiedler, farmer in Spital, Catholic, aged 50, bachelor.
The bride: Anna Schicklgruber, residing in her parents' home, legitimate daughter of Johann Schicklgruber still living, retired, of Strones No. 22 in the manor of Waldreich in this parish, and of Theresia Pfeisinger of Dietreichs, Catholic, aged 47, spinster. Witnesses: Franz Prinz, school master in Döllersheim, and Josef Zauner, householder, in Döllersheim.

Johann Georg Hiedler, to give him his full name, thus became Alois Schicklgruber's stepfather. He was not a good match for many reasons. Firstly, he had falsely claimed to be a bachelor. In fact he was a widower, having been previously married for three years to a woman named Anna Maria Bauer. Though he had learnt the trade of miller, he was neither working nor had he a permanent place of abode at the time of his marriage. That he was 'at present residing' with the bride's father shows that he had lost no time in drawing solid benefits from his alliance with the Schicklgrubers.

1850
From his marriage until his death, fifteen years later, there is no evidence in any official record that Alois' stepfather worked for his living, and throughout the five years of her married life Marianne became steadily more impoverished until finally it is said that she and her husband no longer even possessed a bed and had to sleep in a feeding trough for cattle.

Alois Schicklgruber's foster-father

But meanwhile, Johann Georg's farmer brother, Johann Nepomuk Hiedler, who was fifteen years younger than he, had come from his home in Spital to visit the newly married couple in Döllersheim. His chief concern seems to have been for the five-year-old Alois, for rather than leave him with his feckless brother, Johann Nepomuk took the child with him when he returned to Spital and from then on acted as his foster-father. For Alois this was an unmitigated blessing. He grew up at the farmhouse with Johann Nepomuk's daughters, who were about the same age as himself, and no doubt came to think of Nepomuk as his real father. Five years later the death of his mother perhaps hardly touched him.

er married life had begun
The register of deaths in

Hiedler Maria Anna, wife of
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Strones and of Theresia née
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Whether or not the writers who were called upon to supply the Führer with a respectable genealogy knew that his paternal grandfather was unknown, their labours served the double purpose of disposing of this rumour and, at the same time, explaining how it came about that Alois Schicklgruber became Alois Hitler. It was easy, they said! Alois had been the natural son of Marianne Schicklgruber and Johann Georg Hiedler and, as such, had for a while borne his mother's surname. But then, of course, his parents had married and so he had been 'legitimized', receiving his father's surname.¹

This explanation was false, both in regard to the identity of Alois' father and to the manner in which he changed his name. For it was not until he was forty years old that Alois Schicklgruber became Alois Hitler, thirty years after his mother's death and twenty years after his stepfather's.

Alois was ten when his mother died. For another three years he remained with his foster-father, Johann Nepomuk Hiedler, at the latter's home in Spital, and then, like many youths in that neighbourhood, he went to Vienna where he started to learn the trade of bootmaker. In his nineteenth year, that is in 1855, he succeeded in obtaining employment under the Imperial Board of Revenue. Nine years later he transferred to the Customs and Excise Branch, where he worked in an administrative capacity. In 1871 he was posted to Braunau-on-Inn. In 1875 he was promoted to Senior Assistant Customs Officer and named in the Bulletin of the Finance Ministry as 'Alois Schicklgruber'. Two years later the customs officers in Braunau must have been surprised indeed to learn that their forty-year-old colleague, Alois Schicklgruber, was henceforth to be known as Alois Hitler.

The wrong explanation

In explanation of the change, Hitler's biographers have adopted the following story. In 1877, they say, when Alois' foster-father, Johann Nepomuk Hiedler, was seventy, he informed

¹ The reader will in due course encounter three variants of this name: 'Hiedler', 'Hitler' and 'Hüttler', but they all refer to the same family.

42

1870s
- 2 -

Alois that, under his will, the latter was due to receive a legacy on the condition that he changed his name to Hiedler. The old man had three daughters, but no sons, and it is said that he was afraid the name Hiedler might otherwise die out. Firstly, this explanation is the wrong one and secondly, it is in any case specious, for there was, in fact, no danger whatever of the family becoming extinct. There were at least a dozen Hiedlers alive and young enough to beget children at that time, and even if there had not been, Alois Schicklgruber was then married to a woman fourteen years older than himself and, as they were childless, there was obviously small prospect of her bearing her first child at the age of fifty-four. The only point which is correct in this story is that Alois Schicklgruber's change of name was instigated by his foster-father.

The true facts

Some time in the late autumn of 1876 Johann Nepomuk Hiedler, accompanied by his son-in-law and two other relatives, all of them residents of Spital, called on the incumbent of Döllersheim, Zahnschirm by name, and informed him that Alois Schicklgruber had been begotten by Nepomuk's brother, Johann Georg Hiedler, prior to his marriage with Marianne Schicklgruber. The three men accompanying Nepomuk said they could testify to the fact and the priest was asked, therefore, to amend the baptismal register, making the birth legitimate.

The aged priest—he was incumbent of Döllersheim from 1867 to 1886—allowed himself to be persuaded and altered the register as follows: in 'Alois Schicklgruber', he crossed out the surname 'Schicklgruber', but did not substitute any other name. He crossed out the word 'illegitimate' and substituted the word 'legitimate'. In the blank space opposite the word 'Father' he wrote: 'Georg Hitler, Cath. rel., lodger in Spital', and beneath it the note: 'According to Marriage Register of this parish the parents of the child were joined in matrimony on 10th May 1842.' In the blank space opposite the word 'Remarks', Father Zahnschirm wrote: 'It is confirmed by the undersigned that Georg Hitler, whose name is here entered as Father, being well known

to the undersigned, did accept paternity of the child, Alois, according to the statement of the child's mother, Anna Schicklgruber, and did desire his name to be entered in the register of baptisms of this parish.' Below this note the three 'witnesses' made their marks (consisting in each case of three crosses) against which the priest wrote their names: Josef Romeder, Johann Breiteneder, Engelbert Paukh. There is no date to show when these amendments were made in the register, nor did the priest append his signature.

The evidence for this procedure is clear for all to see—namely the baptismal register itself, with, first, the entry under 'Remarks' made in a different hand than the original entries, for example that under 'Mother'; then in the same handwriting as under 'Remarks' the name of the father; and then the rest of the alterations as listed above.

Before considering Johann Nepomuk's motive in procuring these alterations, and the question of their legality, it must be emphasized that there can be no truth in them whatsoever. First of all, the ages of the three 'witnesses' at the time they testified—all of them in their forties—makes it unlikely that they would be aware of Johann Georg's 'desire' to have his name officially entered as Alois' father, for Johann Georg had at this time been dead twenty years. And even assuming he had expressed the wish, and they had been aware of it, how was it that the parish priest who had been incumbent during Georg's lifetime had not made the necessary changes in the register? The witnesses—all, incidentally, relatives of Johann Nepomuk—made their statements, Johann Georg 'being known to them', whereas they should have said, 'having been known'. They may, therefore, have alleged that he was still alive. However that may be, even supposing Georg had 'accepted' paternity and had 'desired' his name to be entered in the register, that still did not mean that he *was* the father. But why should he accept the responsibility if it was not his? For a very good reason, perhaps: in order that Alois' real father, who as we have seen probably paid maintenance, should continue to pay the money, and pay it to him.

42

The Motive

Johann Nepomuk must have known that Alois was not the son of his brother Georg and probably also knew the identity of the real father. For close on thirty-five years he had acted as Alois' parent, bringing him up with his own children and providing for his needs out of his own pocket. What more natural than that, before he died, Nepomuk should have wished to see Alois bear his own name, particularly as he had every reason to be proud of him? And who had set Alois the example in hard work, honesty and ambition from which he was now profiting? Certainly not the Schicklgrubers. This in itself would have been an adequate motive for Nepomuk's action, but there may have been others: the desire, for example, to 'legitimize' Alois for the sake of his social standing and career, a strong motive if his father had been a Jew.

The legality of the change

1877 But whatever Nepomuk's motives, there was only one effective means of getting Alois' surname changed from Schicklgruber to Hitler, and that was by alleging that his father had been Johann Georg Hiedler, and persuading the parish priest to amend the baptismal register accordingly. But though Nepomuk succeeded in so doing and in due course Alois received a new certificate of baptism and sent it to his administrative superiors, who accepted the change of name, this procedure was, in fact, legally null and void. Firstly, the legal principle had long been in force that a man could not be officially recognized as father after his death, except by legal proceedings, and secondly, in proceedings for legitimization of a child through the subsequent marriage of the parents, the word of the husband alone was not enough to secure his acceptance as father, but had to be corroborated by the wife. In this case, neither of these requirements was fulfilled.

Why the aged priest at Döllersheim nevertheless amended the parish register forty years after the original entries had been made must, for lack of any obvious reason, remain an open question.

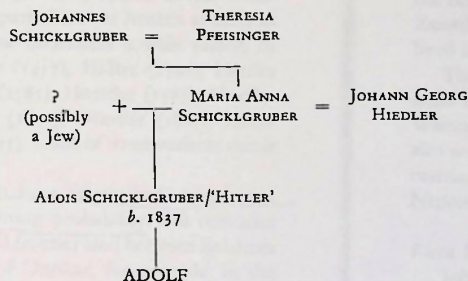
The fact that he neither dated nor signed the alterations shows that he realized he had acted improperly.

If the Döllersheim register were the sole evidence, the date when the fraud was perpetrated would, of course, be unknown to us. But fortunately there still exists a copy of an entry in the register of population for Braunau, which at that time was Alois' 'place of domicile' owing to the fact that he was stationed there. The copy was made in 1938 by a school-mistress named Pernstein and reads:

Entry No. 196. Schicklgruber Alois changed name to Hitler, see note from Board of Administration, Mistelbach, dated 6.1.1877. Z.112.

(This has led some biographers to believe that the change of name was initiated by the Board of Administration in Mistelbach, but that is incorrect. The Board merely passed on the information they had received from the incumbent of Döllersheim.)

So far, then, in this chapter on Adolf Hitler's genealogy, we have established the following:

*The name Hitler*

The above tree shows clearly that, although Adolf's father's name was changed from Schicklgruber to Hitler, he had, in fact, no Hitler blood in him. Adolf's mother, however, was descended

from the same family of Hiedlers of which the two members, Johann Georg Hiedler and Johann Nepomuk Hiedler, are already familiar to us. Before explaining her genealogy, therefore, it will be appropriate to consider the origins of the Hiedlers.

Despite every effort on the part of Hitlerites and others, no amount of ingenuity can provide the name, Hitler, with a plausible German derivation. The suggestion, for example, that 'Hitler' can be derived from 'Hütte', a hut, and mean a 'hutter', or 'hut owner', is clearly wrong. 'Hütte' can develop into 'Hittner' or 'Hüttner', but not 'Hüttler'.

The more devout Nazis insisted, of course, that 'Hitler' was derived from 'Hirt', a shepherd, the name itself thus indicating that a Hitler was destined to become the 'shepherd of all Germans'. This is nonsense. 'Hirt' can become 'Hiater' or 'Hieter', but never 'Hitler'. Neither can the name be derived from 'Hüter', a protector or guardian.

In all probability, the name is derived from the Czech 'Hidlar' or 'Hidlarček', which are both common forms. Documents show that families bearing variants of the name settled in the Waldviertel area of the north-western part of Lower Austria as early as 1430. In course of time the name underwent a wide variety of spellings: Hydler (1435), Hytler (1457), Hidler (1540), Hietler (1568), Huetler (1571), Hüttler (1581), Hüttler (1585), Huetler (1609), Hiedler (1627), Hiettler (1640), Huedler (1681), Hitler (1702), Hütler (1751), Hittler (1755). Some of these variants occur in Hitler's family tree.

The evidence that the Hitlers were originally Czechs is not conclusive, but amounts to a strong probability. For centuries the Waldviertel area was contested frontier land between Bohemia and Austria. During the reign of Ottokar, for example, in the thirteenth century, there was a considerable influx of Czech settlers. Spital, near Weitra, the home of that branch of the Hitlers with which we are immediately concerned, was settled by the Knights of the Order of St. John mainly with Czechs, and was one of the prebends from which the Cathedral of Prague drew its revenues. The earliest document which mentions the

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By his second wife, *Franziska née Matzelsberger*:

1. *Alois Hitler* (born 13.1.1882)

Left the family in 1896. At the time of Frau Klara's death (1907) is described in a document as 'a waiter in Paris'. The 'black sheep' of the family. Disinherited, i.e. received only the legal minimum of his inheritance. Married an Irish girl, by whom a son, William Patrick Hitler, who wrote to Adolf in 1930 concerning his allegedly Jewish ancestry (see Chapter One). Alois had no relations with Adolf, the political leader.

2. *Angela Hitler* (born 28.7.1883)

Until her marriage in 1903 lived with the family, being treated by her step-mother, Klara, as her own child. The two were much attached to one another. At the age of twenty married Leo Raubal (1879-1910), a tax official in Linz (from the town of Ried in Upper Austria, not a Czech as has been suggested). *Her children:*

Leo Raubal (born 1906). Became a school-master. Captured by Russians in 1939-45 war, released December 1955.

Angela Maria ('Geli') Raubal (born 1908, committed suicide, 1931). As a school-girl greatly admired her 'Uncle Adolf'. At her own request went to live in his flat in Munich, late 1920s. Shot herself with Adolf's revolver, 1931.

Elfriede Raubal (born 1910).

After her husband's death in 1910 Angela was left in very meagre circumstances. Nevertheless, all three of her children received their proper schooling and she managed to provide for her half-sister, Paula, as well, who had become Angela's responsibility after the death of Frau Klara Hitler in 1907. Angela was, in fact, an efficient and practical-minded woman, all in the domestic sphere that her father had been in his professional career. In 1936 she married Herr Martin Hammitzsch, who was then the Director of the State School of Building Construction in Dresden.

By his third wife, *Klara née Pölzl*:

1. *Gustav Hitler* (born 17.5.1885, five months after his parents' wedding. Died in his second year).
2. *Ida Hitler* (born 23.9.1886. Died in her second year).
3. *Otto Hitler*¹ (born in Vienna. Died when a few days old).
4. *ADOLF HITLER* (born 20.4.1889. Shot himself, 30.4.1945).
5. *Edmund Hitler* (born 24.3.1894 in Passau. Died of measles, 29.2.1900, in Leonding).
6. *Paula Hitler* (born 21.1.1896 in Hafeld (Fischlam)).

Twenty months in Passau

On his promotion to Higher Collector in August 1892, Alois Hitler was posted to Passau in Bavaria, the Austrian Customs post being then, as now, maintained on German soil. He remained there with his family for twenty months, until April 1894, when he was posted to Linz, his family staying on in Passau until April 1895, when they moved into their own home in Hafeld.

I have been able to obtain a first-hand account of this period in Alois Hitler's life from a former colleague of his who later stood sponsor for Adolf at his confirmation, *Regierungsrat* Emanuel Lugert. During a four-hour conversation, supplemented by later correspondence, Lugert gave me much information of unquestionable authenticity. Our conversation proceeded as follows:

J: 'I believe you knew Alois Hitler personally?'

Lugert: 'Yes. My first post as a Customs official was in the village of Haibach near Passau. It was there, in 1892, that I met Alois Hitler—Higher Collector as he then was. I was twenty and he was fifty-five. He had his beehives in Haibach and he used to do the half-hour's walk from Passau ending up at the inn. We used to sit there every evening, at the table by the stove—a few farmers, the Mayor, and once a week the Parish priest from Freinberg.'

¹ The sole source of information concerning this child is a statement by his sister Paula (still living).

ED SOURCES

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1 Familiengeschichte, 1937).

I Knew. Translated by E. V.

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1837-1897

I

HITLER'S FATHER, ALOIS SCHICKELGRUBER-HITLER

On June 17, 1837, a forty-two year-old peasant woman, Maria Anna Schickelgruber, gave birth to a boy in the tiny agricultural village of Strones, north-west of Vienna in the administrative district of Zwettl. The baby was registered in the baptismal record of the neighboring town of Dollersheim by the local priest under the name of Alois Schickelgruber, illegitimate son of Maria Anna Schickelgruber, father unknown.¹ This terse entry in the records of a country priest in lower Austria marks the informal beginning of the family line which culminated in the birth of Adolf Hitler in 1889. After many changes of fortune, and even a change of name, Maria Anna Schickelgruber's son Alois became the father of Adolf Hitler. In trying to probe deeper into the origins of the family, it is impossible to get behind the baptismal entry of 1837: Alois' father, i.e. Adolf's paternal grandfather, was and is unknown. The family history begins abruptly with a peasant mother and her illegitimate son.

Maria Anna Schickelgruber, or Schicklgruber, as the name was sometimes spelled, was born in Strones in April 1795. She was one of eleven children of the proprietor of peasant holding #1 in Strones, Johann Schickelgruber. Of her ten brothers and sisters, only six survived infancy. Their lives followed a pattern familiar to that of poor peasants throughout Europe. One of the boys, Josef, took over the farm, but ran into financial difficulties, and the land passed out of the hands of the family.² Another brother, Franz, ended as a hard-drinking, happy-go-lucky day laborer in the neighborhood of

¹ Jetzinger (G), pp. 17-18; Jetzinger (E), pp. 17-18.

² Die Ahnentafel, p. 39.

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Scheibbs. Aside from Maria Anna's illegitimate child, only two of Johann Schickelgruber's children produced a line of direct descendants. Josefa went to the village of Fuenfhaus near Vienna, married in 1826, and mothered a number of children who carried on as minor officials and tradesmen for several generations. Another brother, Leopold, also had several children. The family had already lost contact with this branch by the middle of the 1870's, although it was reasonably certain that some members were still alive.³

1837
It is not surprising that little is known of Maria Anna between her birth in 1795 and the birth of her illegitimate son in 1837. Poor peasant girls left few marks in records of the early nineteenth century. It is possible that, like her sister Josefa, she went off to the city and took the customary position as maid in a bourgeois household in Vienna or one of the provincial cities. On the other hand, she may have stayed in Strones and found domestic employment on an irregular basis.⁴ After 1817, the family apparently fell on hard times. In that year, her father turned over the family land to the eldest son, Josef, only to see it lost shortly thereafter. Old Johann ended life as a poor cottier. Maria Anna may have shared in the general impoverishment, for when Alois was born she was not residing with her father, but in Strones, house #13, with the family of Johann Trummelschlager. Trummelschlager and his wife also served as the godparents of little Alois.⁵

Following the birth of Alois, Maria Anna and the baby moved into the house where her father was staying, Strones, house #22. They remained there without any discoverable change in their condition until Alois was nearly five. Then, surprisingly, at the age of forty-seven, Maria Anna married. The bridegroom was a fifty-year-old journeyman mill worker named Johann Georg Hiedler, Hitler, or in another variant spelling, Huettler. Johann Georg had been born to a peasant family in the village of Spital, northwest of Strones in the district of Weitra, near the present border of Austria and Czechoslovakia. He had lived the life of a wandering mill worker, with

³ Records of Bezirksamt Hernalds, October 18, 1862 - Heirs of Mathius Schickelgruber; Letter Alois Hitler to Alois Veit, September 17, 1876. L of C and File 17A, HA.

⁴ Die Ahnentafel, p. 39; Jetzinger (G), p. 17.

⁵ Die Ahnentafel, pp. 39 and 44-45.

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⁶ Die Ahnentafel, p.

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⁵ 1862 - Heirs of Mathius
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changing addresses and fortune but few responsibilities. In 1823 he married a peasant girl in the town of Hohensich, but she must have died, for he later took to the road again. In 1842, his residence was listed at Duerenthal, where he supposedly was a journeyman miller, but at the time of his second marriage he was actually living with Maria Anna and her father in Strones #22. The household consisted of the new bride; the bridegroom; the bride's father, seventy-eight-year-old Johann Schickelgruber; and the bride's illegitimate son, five-year-old Alois.⁶

1847
The prospects for a lively, happy boyhood for little Alois in this environment were bleak, but he was rescued by the intervention of the Hiedler family. On the initiative of either Johann Georg's brother, Johann Nepomuk Hiedler, or his mother, Anna Maria Hiedler, Alois was removed from Strones to the Hiedler family home in Spital. This move presumably occurred in the early 1840's perhaps at the time of Maria Anna's marriage in 1842.⁷ Alois' mother, grandfather, and stepfather did not accompany the boy to Spital, moving instead to the village of Klein Motten near Strones. On January 7, 1847, Maria Anna died in Klein Motten, and in November, her father also died there. Only Alois and Johann Georg Hiedler remained of the wedding household of five years before, and it is not clear what happened to Johann Georg after the death of his wife. He may have remained in Klein Motten, gone back to Duerenthal or taken lodging in another of the countless villages he had wandered through while pursuing his trade. The only exact reference to him after 1847 shows that he returned to his home village of Spital prior to his death in 1857.⁸

In the meantime, little Alois had taken his place in the household of Johann Georg's brother in Spital, house #36. In 1845, Alois' new family consisted of the master of the house, forty-year-old Johann Nepomuk Hiedler, peasant owner and proprietor, his wife, Eva Maria Hiedler, born Decker, and his mother, seventy-seven-year-old

⁶ *Die Ahnentafel*, pp. 39 and 45.

⁷ Jetzinger asserts that Johann Nepomuk came and took Alois soon after the marriage in 1842, but he is vague, cites no documents and habitually guesses. It is possible that Alois went to Johann Nepomuk's household as late as the time of his mother's death in 1847. *Jetzinger* (G), p. 19; *Jetzinger* (E), p. 25.

⁸ *Die Ahnentafel*, p. 39.

BS
1850s

Anna Maria Hiedler, whose husband had been dead for many years. She had many privileges in the household on the basis of the legal settlement by which the family property had gone to Johann Nepomuk, and she probably played a part close to that of *mater familias*. Alois thus passed from an environment dominated by older men to one dominated by older women. But Johann Nepomuk, and the members of his household were very unlike his drifting, shiftless brother. Johann Nepomuk was a hard-working, conscientious family man who, from all indications, provided Alois with a good home. For the first time, the boy received his share of love and attention and was encouraged to develop his abilities. Perhaps even more important, he found himself in the company of other children. Johann Nepomuk and Eva Maria had three daughters, Johanna, Walburga, and Josefa, who were, respectively, seven, five, and three years older than Alois. The relationship between the girls and the newcomer seems to have been friendly.⁹

Alois spent the formative years of childhood in Johann Nepomuk's house, remaining with the family until the early 1850's. He was an orphan, and there was no legal connection between himself and the Hiedler family. He was the illegitimate son of the wife of Johann Nepomuk's brother, a tenuous thread on which to build a child's home. The bond was made a little closer by the fact that the mother of Johann Georg and Johann Nepomuk was still alive and in Nepomuk's household with Alois and the rest of the family. There is also the shadowy figure of Johann Georg himself, who may have been residing in Spital at this time. Even so, the Hiedlers' obligation to Alois was voluntarily assumed and remained moral, not legal. After his marriage to Alois' mother, Johann Georg had not adopted the boy, leaving him simply his wife's illegitimate son. Although illegitimacy was frowned upon by the authorities, especially in the Catholic Church, it was common in the Austrian countryside. In some districts, forty per cent of the births were illegitimate. The figure for Lower Austria as late as 1903 was still twenty-four per cent.¹⁰ An illegitimate child in a peasant household therefore, was not an unusual phenomenon and did not involve the family in any serious

⁹ *Die Ahnentafel*, p. 46; *Jetzinger* (G), p. 44; *Jetzinger* (E), pp. 33-34.

¹⁰ Arthur J. May, *The Hapsburg Monarchy, 1867-1914* (Cambridge, Mass., 1951), pp. 173-174; Geoffrey Drage, *Austria-Hungary* (London, 1909), p. 58.

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embarrassment. Whether the family's moral obligation to Alois was felt by the Hiedlers to be a family affair because of knowledge or suspicion that Johann Georg had fathered the child cannot be established. The boy was raised by Johann Nepomuk while his old mother resided in the household and while Johann Georg was still living, yet no legal action was taken to put any real or suspected closer family relationship on a firmer basis.

Despite his precarious legal status, Alois had an opportunity to develop normally within this family circle. His associations must have been reasonably agreeable, for he retained close contacts with the family throughout his life. Nevertheless, Johann Nepomuk was only a middling peasant, and there were limitations to the plans he could make for the boy's future. Even if Alois had been Johann Nepomuk's own second or third son, the most he could have expected to receive was a little schooling and, if he were lucky, some training for a trade. This is exactly what Alois obtained. After a few terms in elementary school, he was apprenticed to a neighboring shoemaker, one Herr Ledermueller in Spital # 19. Following a brief period of training, he left the village while still in his early teens to pursue the trade of shoemaker in Vienna.¹¹

At approximately the time that Alois was setting out on this new phase of his life, Nepomuk's household experienced a great change, which may have caused the boy to strike out on his own. In December 1854, Anna Maria Hiedler, the mother of Johann Nepomuk and Johann Georg died at 86. Three years later, on February 9th, 1857, Johann Georg himself died, cutting the last weak link between Alois and his long-dead mother. When he died, Johann Georg was listed as living in Spital #49, clearly not the Hiedler family house in which Alois had been raised.¹² Whether or not Alois had kept in continuous contact with Johann Georg in the ten years since his mother's death is not known, but, since Johann Georg died in the village of Spital,

¹¹ Report of Niederoesterreichische Landesamtsdirektion concerning "Abstammung Hitler, Adolf," Vienna, March 11, 1932. HA, File 17, Reel 1; Goerlitz and Quint, p. 18. There is a cryptic remark in *Mein Kampf*, p. 6: "The village priest had once seemed to my father the highest and most desirable ideal." The basis for this statement is not clear. At least in his later years, Alois was consistently and vocally anti-clerical.

¹² *Die Ahnentafel*, pp. 39 and 44.

BS

1850s

some ties must have existed between Alois, Johann Georg, and Johann Nepomuk.

In the late 40's and early 50's, Nepomuk's three daughters were provided for, and the parents themselves moved into a position of semi-retirement. In 1848 the eldest daughter, Johanna, married Johann Poelzl, a peasant in Spital, and settled down in the house next door, #37. In January 1853, the second daughter, Walburga, married Josef Romeder, the son of a peasant in the neighboring village of Ober-Windhag. As part of the marriage agreement, Johann Nepomuk, then forty-six, turned over the family farm to his son-in-law. In conformity with the traditional practice of Austrian peasants, a notary was called in and a deed drawn up by which Romeder became master of the land and assumed a number of specific legal obligations to Johann Nepomuk and his wife. As was customary, Romeder granted the former master and mistress rent-free lodging as long as either of them lived. He also granted them the use of certain farm land and a section of the orchard, an area to graze stock, etc., with each obligation spelled out in precise detail.¹³ Finally, if the old customs were followed to the letter, when the day to change title came, the whole family decked themselves out in all their finery as if for a festival. The former master led his son-in-law around the boundaries of the land, and as he reached each boundary stone he called down curses upon him as a warning against transgressing on his neighbors' land. To reinforce the point, he gave him a box on the ear.¹⁴ When the circuit was complete, there was a feast and dancing to solemnize the occasion. Josef Romeder had become master of Spital peasant holding #36, and Johann Nepomuk Hiedler was merely a resident on the property, although he possessed a legal contract that guaranteed his rights and privileges.

A few years after this ceremony, Johann Nepomuk's last daughter, Josefa, married Leopold Sailer and moved to his peasant holding, Spital house #24.¹⁵ Although Josefa was to die soon afterward (May 13, 1858), Johann Nepomuk had, on the basis of the soundest pos-

¹³ *Die Ahnentafel*, p. 46.

¹⁴ An engaging description of this kind of ceremony appears in Francis H. E. Palmer, *Austro-Hungarian Life in Town and Country* (New York, 1903), pp. 31-33.

¹⁵ *Die Ahnentafel*, p. 46.

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sible planning, placed his family on a firm basis for the future by the middle of the 1850's. All the girls were married and provided for, and he was able to look forward to a life of limited toil and responsibility for himself and his spouse until they died.

Meanwhile, young Alois had also made important improvements in his position during the 1850's and continued to progress rapidly in the next decade and a half. After practicing the shoemaking trade in Vienna for a short period following his arrival from Spital, he entered the ranks of the frontier guards employed by the Austrian Finance Ministry. He joined the service in 1855; by 1860, he had already reached a position equivalent to noncommissioned officer (*Finanzwach Oberaufseher*) and was assigned to duty in the town of Wels, southwest of Linz.¹⁴ In 1860-61, he underwent special training in Vienna to obtain promotion. After passing an examination in the fall of 1861, he rose to the rank of *Finanzwach Respizienten*, the highest supervisory rank in the lower sections of the service. Following his promotion, Alois was again reassigned. In September 1862 he was serving in Saalfelden in the province of Salzburg. In 1864 he received another, more important promotion to the position of provisional assistant in the customs service, assigned to Linz. Six years later, he was elevated to the status of customs collector at the auxiliary customs post at Mariabill near Schaerding within the administrative district of Wels, where he had served nine years earlier. Finally, in 1871 he was assigned to Braunau, the border station midway between Passau and Salzburg. He went to Braunau first as an assistant inspector of customs, and, after 1875, as a full inspector of customs.¹⁷

¹⁴ *Jetzinger* (G), p. 45; *Jetzinger* (E), p. 36. The list of heirs of Mathius Schickelgruber made by the Bezirksamt Hernalds and dated October 8, 1862 (*L of C* and *HA*, File 17A), gives Alois' address as "Finanzoberaufseher zu Wels in Oberoesterreich." Alois gave his address in a letter of September 27, 1862 as "Finanzwach Respiziert zu Saalfelden im Kronland Salzburg." *L of C* and *HA*, File 17A, Reel 1. The former address therefore must apply to a period prior to September 1862, and probably was simply carried over from the beginning of Mathius' inheritance case, i.e., 1861. This year also is used in a letter of Alois to the Veits of September 13, 1876. *L of C*, but not in *HA*, File 17A, Reel 1.

¹⁷ *Jetzinger* (G), p. 46, and document opposite p. 32; *Jetzinger* (E), pp. 36-37. Letters, Alois Hitler to the Veits, September 27, 1862 and September 6, 1876. *L of C*; the former also in *HA*, File 17A, Reel 1.

Most of us got sick of it, but Hitler always managed to find some who would play with him, usually younger boys.'

In this period, as Hitler himself recorded in *Mein Kampf*, he came upon a number of military books in his father's library, among them two bound volumes of an illustrated magazine published during the Franco-Prussian War. I can remember these books myself. Large numbers were sold in Austria about that time and before I was twelve years old I had pored over them and pestered my grandfather with questions. The illustrations, I remember, were swarming with German spiked helmets and littered with dead Frenchmen. These books, wrote Hitler, 'now became my favourite reading. I seemed to experience the titanic battle in my innermost being. More and more my enthusiasms were drawn towards war and soldiering.'

Adolf and his father

In his book, *At the Gallows-Foot*, which Hans Frank, the former Reich Minister of Justice, wrote while under sentence of death in Nürnberg prison, there occurs the following passage:

'Many a time the boy Adolf had to fetch his father from the inn at a late hour after the latter's evening indulgence! In 1930, in course of a conversation about his family in general, Hitler himself told me: "When I was ten or twelve I had to go late at night to this stinking, smoke-filled tavern. I made no attempt to spare his feelings. I went straight up to the table where my father sat, staring at me doltishly, and shook him. 'Father,' I would say, 'it's time for you to come home! Up you get!' And often I had to stand for a quarter of an hour or more, pleading and scolding before I could get him to his legs. Then I supported him home. I have never felt so horribly ashamed. Oh Frank! I know what a demon alcohol can be! Because of my father, it was the bane of my youth.'"

Even if Hitler said this, it cannot have been true. Firstly, it is in complete contradiction with his own statement in *Mein Kampf* that he respected his father. Secondly, it contradicts the known facts about Alois Hitler's mode of life. Five individuals with

whom I have spoken, who knew him well, have each assured me that he never got drunk. And a habitual drunkard of the kind Frank portrays would hardly have received the eulogistic obituary which was printed in the Linz *Tagespost*, nor would he have left—as Alois Hitler did—both unencumbered real property and a fair sum in ready cash. Moreover, we know that every evening, for as long as he was in Leonding, Alois Hitler went to one of the four inns there to attend a so-called *Bürgerabend*, an informal social gathering of respectable citizens, held, then as now, in each of the inns in turn for the purpose of good talk and good company, but certainly not with the object of getting drunk. If Alois Hitler had been a notorious drunkard, he would sooner or later have been asked to leave.

As a corrective to this story, there is the far more plausible assertion of Adolf's guardian, Mayrhofer, that Alois Hitler was often obliged to go out and look for his son in the evenings, when the latter had stayed out too late with his playfellows.

It is also said that Adolf used to get merciless beatings from his father. This is based on an alleged remark of Angela's to her half-brother, 'Adolf, do you remember how mother and I used to hang on to father's uniform coat tails when he was trying to hit you?' But Alois Hitler ceased to wear uniform when he retired in June 1895, and during the year preceding his retirement he had been living away from his family. The 'beatings' must then have taken place when Adolf was only five, or even younger—in other words, they never took place at all.

It is true that the Führer himself once told his secretaries that his father had given him thirty stripes in the small of the back, but that, like a Red Indian under torture, he had never made the smallest sound. Apart from the fact that Hitler related this in the same breath as other fabulous Red Indian stories, we know that he was addicted to acting the hero before the young ladies of his entourage and there is no reason whatever to believe this improbable story. For one thing, his father was far too responsible a man to have administered so savage a punishment, and moreover in the Leonding period, to which the tale refers, he was in his sixties and past caring much about young Adolf's misdemeanours.

92
paradise to the Hitler children, but one cannot help feeling surprised that a gregarious town-dweller like Alois Hitler should have chosen such solitude for his retirement. His longing for a house and some land of his own, noticed by Emanuel Lugert, must have been powerful indeed.

After some trouble I succeeded in obtaining a copy of the relevant extract from the Land Register and this reveals the date of purchase (already given), the place, namely Wels, and the fact that the property was registered in the joint names of Alois and Klara Hitler. The actual Deeds of Sale and Purchase were unfortunately unobtainable, having presumably been confiscated by the Nazis, and a rough idea of the purchase price must therefore be obtained from similar transactions concluded at that time. These suggest that Alois Hitler must have paid not less than 5000 gulden for the estate (about £440), of which four-fifths was probably in cash. How did he raise the money? Presumably from his wife's dowries. Carefully invested, these would have supplied almost the whole of the sum required.

1895-7
Suitable though it was, no doubt, for apiculture, the nine-acre property could hardly thrive, or pay its way, on bee-keeping alone. In fact, to make a profit from the land, as he intended, Alois would have needed long experience of farming and a considerable capital. But he possessed neither, and so from the start lost money. Within two years, however, his business sense triumphed and, though it meant the end of his long-cherished dream of landed proprietorship, he decided to sell, finding a purchaser in the spring of 1897 and concluding the sale of the freehold on 21st June in that year. The Land Register records that the new owner was a Dr. Conrad Ritter von Zdekauer. Thereafter the estate changed hands no less than eleven times in twenty years, until ultimately, in 1938, the ownership was vested in Martin Bormann as trustee of the National Socialist Party.

In a letter dated 29th December 1901, addressed to his former neighbour in Hafeld, a wood-pulp supplier by the name of Wührer, Alois Hitler wrote:

42
'... I have heard that Frau von Zdekauer is proposing to sell the *Rauschergut* again—to yet another party from Vienna. It provides a pleasant change for such people for a year or two and they are the richer by one lesson at any rate, namely that everything has got to be learnt. But she will not find it easy to sell in the winter-time. Should the lady, as I believe, no longer be keeping bees, but still retain the empty hives, among them two three-tier hives which I made in Hafeld from poplar wood, you might buy them back for me, just as a memento of my activities there.'

1897
In early July 1897 the Hitler family moved into lodgings in Lambach, at first to the *Schmiedmühle*, so called, and then, as soon as they could find better accommodation, to a flat in the centre of the town. In those pleasant and, at that time, prosperous surroundings, they lived for eighteen months. But Alois Hitler had not lost the desire for a house of his own, nor did he overlook the fact that real property was the safest form of investment.

The sole surviving documents in Alois Hitler's own hand

The following letter was addressed to the Board of Inland Revenue in Linz and dated 19th September 1895. The handwriting is even and accurate. The grammar, spelling and syntax of the German original are beyond reproach. A glance at the original, or a photostat copy, is enough to disprove the tenacious legend that Alois Hitler drank too much; obviously a man of fifty-eight who could write so neatly cannot have been a drunkard. The text reads:

'The most respectfully undersigned was transferred to permanent retirement by order Z 931/F.Pr. of 25th June 1895.

As the undersigned was not an official accountant, he takes the liberty of requesting approval for the release and return of his caution money which is the property of Johann Murauer, householder of No. 7, Theatergasse, Braunau-on-Inn.

42
Alois
1880s
J: 'You don't look as if beer drinking had ever been your favourite pastime!'

Lugert: 'No, it hasn't! But there was nothing else to do in a God-forsaken spot like that. Besides, I used to get my meals at the inn and Alois wouldn't hear of me staying away. Once, the night before my medical examination for military training, I was not too keen to go drinking and I locked myself in my room. So Alois fetched a ladder and harangued me through the window until I gave in! He was always cheerful, and good company; interested in anything to do with agriculture—bee-keeping was his speciality. He was supposed to have contributed to some technical journal, but I've never read his articles myself. He got on well with everyone, the priest included; he used to enjoy talking to him. Alois was always saying he wanted a house of his own with a little livestock-raising in a small way—by that, of course, he meant bees.'

J: 'Wasn't he very fond of laying down the law?'

Lugert: 'Well, the farmers looked up to him because of his position, and I was too much his junior to take umbrage at that.'

J: 'Did you talk politics much?'

Lugert: 'No. You know yourself, people didn't in those days, not in the country, anyway. I read somewhere later that Alois Hitler had been a supporter of Schönerer, in other words, an ultra-Nationalist, but he couldn't have been—his greatest friend was a Czech!'

J: 'No. I suppose he was a free-thinking Liberal, like most self-made men.'

Lugert: 'Yes, something of the kind, though we never discussed religion. . . . Alois Hitler was a restless individual, always taking something up and then dropping it again.'

J: 'Did he drink a lot?'

Lugert: 'A couple of pints—seldom more than three; three-and-a-half at the outside. And beer was strong in those days. But he had a good head. I never saw him tight, and he always started back home in good time for supper.'

J: 'What about smoking?'

Lugert: 'Like a chimney! The thicker the atmosphere, the better, as far as he was concerned. But a pipe-smoker only, hardly ever a cigar.'

J: 'Would his local allowance of 200 gulden have covered his personal expenses, would you say—beer, tobacco and the rest?'

Lugert: 'I should think so.'

J: 'So that the whole of his salary would go to maintain his family?'

Lugert: 'Yes. Most men in the Customs Service used to manage it that way—those that set any store by proper domestic economy, that is.'

J: 'And was Alois Hitler one of them?'

Lugert: 'Definitely, though I remember thinking that when I got married, I should want more family life than he had. Alois hardly saw his family at all.'

J: 'Did you ever visit them in their lodgings?'

Lugert: 'Once or twice. Considering there were children, they were kept pretty tidy.'

J: 'What was his wife like?'

Lugert: 'Frau Klara? She was about the same height as her husband, five foot six or seven, dark-brown, almost black hair, blue eyes. . . . She was very quiet and subdued. She seemed a disappointed woman.'

Lugert went on to say that she was simply but neatly dressed, and her children had good, clean clothes. In a letter to me some time after our conversation, Lugert wrote: 'I must agree with you that Alois Hitler was not an exemplary "pater familias" and that it was his wife who had to bear the main burden. I knew that he had been married three times, but he never spoke about his wives. I remember him saying that his name had formerly been Schicklgruber. . . .'

After serving in Haibach, it so happened that Lugert was posted to Linz at the same time as Alois Hitler, in the spring of

42

1894. Lugert served under him for a while, and told me in later years that Alois had not allowed his staff to smoke while on duty: hence some of the younger men had escaped from the office occasionally to smoke a quick cigarette outside—but even that had met with Alois' disapproval.¹

18805
18902

Finally, what was Alois Hitler's salary during the period under review? With his promotion to Higher Collector in 1892—when his son, Adolf, was three years old—his salary was increased to 1100 gulden. The local allowance for Passau was 200 gulden. While in Passau, therefore, his gross annual pay amounted to 1300 gulden, something over £100, and in Linz the allowance was rather larger—250 gulden. From 1907 onwards, when the salary-scale of State-appointed schoolteachers was raised, the headmaster of a *Bürgerschule*, or Elementary Continuation School, received precisely the same annual remuneration as Alois Hitler; before 1907, considerably less. Those biographers who persist in maintaining that Adolf was brought up 'in a pauper environment' stand convicted of crass ignorance.

Alois Hitler's life in retirement

It has been suggested that Alois Hitler retired from the Customs Service before he had served the statutory period of forty years. This erroneous belief is no doubt due to his son's confused statements in *Mein Kampf*. In the passage quoted at the beginning of this chapter it will be remembered that Adolf wrote of his father resolving to become a civil servant and 'achieving the goal . . . after twenty-three years'. Adolf went on to say that the vow which his father had made as a boy now seemed capable of realization, namely 'not to return to the beloved village of his birth until he had made good'.

'Now the goal was achieved,' continued Adolf. 'But there was nobody left in the village who could recall that small boy

¹ It should be mentioned that through his posting to Linz, Alois Hitler automatically acquired the right of domicile there for himself and his family. This fact was later to have importance for Adolf.

of long ago and even to him the village seemed strange. Now that he had finally retired at the age of fifty-six, he could not endure to spend a single day of his leisure in idleness. And so he bought and managed a small property near the small market-town of Lambach in Upper Austria, so completing the circle of a long and industrious life by returning to the labours of his forefathers.'

It is easy to see how this account might be construed as meaning that Alois Hitler retired after serving in the Customs for twenty-three years. But Adolf knew nothing precise about his father's career, and in any case was not concerned with accuracy, but solely with presenting his father, and hence himself, in the light most favourable to his own political career.

1895

The true facts are that Alois Hitler retired on 25th June 1895, at the age of fifty-eight, after completing the prescribed forty years' service. This is proved irrefutably by a Pensions Table, still in existence, which was sent to Alois Hitler's widow in reply to her application for pension in 1903. At the time of Alois' retirement Paula was not yet born. Alois junior was away from the family, attending the *Realschule*, i.e. Modern Secondary School, in Linz. Finally, Klara Hitler's younger sister, Johanna Pölzl, was living with the family as a domestic help.

A house and nine acres

On 4th February 1895 Alois Hitler concluded the purchase of the small property which Adolf mentioned in *Mein Kampf*. It consisted of a house built mainly of timber with a thatched roof and something over nine acres of land adjoining the hamlet of Hafeld in the Parish of Fischlam, about eight miles east of Lambach. Hafeld itself consisted at that time of twenty-four scattered houses and 120 inhabitants. The property, officially known as the *Schrottan-Gut*, but more popularly as the *Rauscher-Gut*, was splendidly situated on elevated ground with a plentiful supply of fruit and walnut trees and a wonderful view of the nearby mountains of the Salzkammergut. It must have seemed like a

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Alois' life and not one that seems to have troubled him greatly. The incident assumes unusual importance for us because it is the origin of one of recent history's most famous names. If the change had not been made, would Alois' son, under the name of Adolf Schickelgruber, still have achieved power in Germany in later years? Alois himself seemed to have been much more concerned with other matters in the later 1870's. He was busy adjusting to the demands of his new assignment in Braunau and to other minor complications of life, ranging from a small Schickelgruber family inheritance to the effort of his nephew to solicit his aid in entering government service.⁴¹ During this period he struck up a close friendship with another official, Karl Wesseley, who was proud of his Czech descent. The friendship with Wesseley remained Alois' most important relationship with a colleague during his duty years and lasted until his death in 1903.⁴²

1880

By far the most important event in Alois' life following his acquisition of a new name was the failure of his marriage. His wife Anna endured his infidelities until 1880, when she finally initiated legal steps to secure a separation. The decree could be granted only by mutual consent and only on the condition of aversion or incompatibility. Remarriage as long as both parties were alive was impossible for Roman Catholics under Austrian law. On November 7, 1880, all conditions being fulfilled, Anna's request for a decree of separation was granted.⁴³

Following the legal separation, Franziska Matzelberger, the servant girl, emerged as Alois' consort. Franziska was a peasant girl from Weng, a little town midway between Linz and Graz, who had worked as a maid in the Gasthaus Streif where the Hitler family had been living. In 1880 Franziska was only nineteen, but she possessed enough awareness to demand that the other member of the household, Johann Nepomuk's granddaughter Klara Poelzl, leave and take up residence elsewhere. She had her way and achieved a position approximating that of a common-law wife. In January 1882 she gave birth to a

⁴¹ Letters Alois Hitler to the Veits, September 1876, October 1877. *L of C*; partly reproduced in *HA*, File 17A, Reel 1.

⁴² *Jetzinger* (G), pp. 50-51; *Jetzinger* (E), pp. 38-39.

⁴³ *Jetzinger* (G), p. 51; *Jetzinger* (E), p. 39. The legal situation is explained in *Coldstream*, p. 66.

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boy who was baptized Alois Matzelberger. Fifteen months later, on April 6, 1883, sixty-year-old Anna Hitler died of consumption in Braunau, and the way was cleared for the marriage of Alois and Franziska. The ceremony took place in Braunau on May 22, 1883, with Karl Wesseley and another customs official from Simbach, Ludwig Hoezl, as witnesses. After the wedding, life went on much as before, but Alois did not repeat the mistake that may have been made in his own case. He legitimized his son, who became Alois Hitler, Jr., instead of Alois Matzelberger.⁴⁴

Like her predecessor's, Franziska's marriage was both unhappy and short. A month after the wedding she had a second child, Angela, who was born, for some unexplained reason, in Vienna. In the following year, 1884, Franziska fell victim to a lung ailment just as Anna had before her. It was an era when tuberculosis and lung trouble were the most serious illnesses among Austrian adults. Franziska, following standard practice in such cases, tried to improve her condition with country air and a favorable climate. She took up residence in the village of Ranshofen on the edge of the forest near Braunau. Since her two small children were without care, it was necessary for someone to come into the home to look after the children and Alois. The obvious choice was Klara Poelzl, the girl whom Franziska had forced out of the house four years earlier. Strangely enough, Klara's return does not seem to have aroused any hard feeling. She frequently visited Franziska in Ranshofen and joined the ill girl's widowed mother in trying to nurse her back to health. All efforts were in vain; Franziska died of tuberculosis in Ranshofen on August 10, 1884, at the age of twenty-three.⁴⁵

At the time of Franziska's death, Klara Poelzl was residing in Alois' quarters on the top floor of Braunau house #219, the Pommer Inn. She was his niece, his mistress, his maid, and the nurse for his children. Almost precisely at the time Franziska died, Klara became pregnant. The pregnancy provided one more reason to solve the problem of Alois' motherless children, as well as his own lone-

⁴⁴ Death certificate of Anna Hitler; marriage certificate of Alois Hitler and Franziska Matzelberger. HA, File 17, Reel 1. Jetzinger (G), pp. 51-52; Jetzinger (E), p. 39.

⁴⁵ Death certificate of Franziska Hitler; statement of Frau Rosalia Hoerl. HA, File 17, Reel 1.

*all this can be explained
in more detail when Geli arrives
in Vienna. Note: Geli's mother,
Ansel, ... several illegitimate.

1884

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1884

liness, by the logical step of marriage between twenty-four-year-old Klara and forty-seven-year-old Alois.⁴⁰

In spite of his extramarital adventures, Alois was still performing his duties as a customs official without suffering any professional difficulties from his irregular private life. Customs Official Alois Hitler, who should have been slowing down by this time, required an adjustment in his domestic life which would neither adversely affect his career nor infringe too much upon his personal independence. Marriage with Klara, a simple peasant girl from Spital, fitted his needs exactly.

⁴⁰ Birth certificate of Gustav Hitler. HA, File 17, Reel 1.

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1884
Spital
Married
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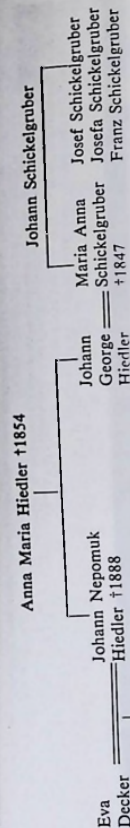
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1876

He never became a full-fledged member of "the bureaucracy." His background was too humble, and he lacked the passport to privileged status, an academic education. On the fringe, within the walls, yet always dependent, he was, as a customs official, in an especially susceptible position to have the values of the bureaucracy stamped upon him. He succumbed to these pressures; his personality and attitudes were, above all, the product of his environment. Even his physical appearance bore the mark of his occupation and his outlook. A fairly short, heavy-set man, with deep-set eyes under heavy brows, his round face wore a flowing mustache in his youth. As he rose in years and position, he followed the example of many of his colleagues and the mustache gave way to a set of Franz Josef whiskers. Although he remained in the lower ranks of officialdom throughout his career, he was very proud of his status and his uniform. On public occasions, he could be counted on to be present in all his splendor, and always insisted that he be addressed by his correct title.¹⁸ He had worked hard and risen far and was not always careful how he brought this to people's attention. A good example of this attitude is provided by a letter written in 1876 to a distant cousin with whom he had not corresponded for many years. Summarizing his personal life he said enthusiastically, "Since you saw me sixteen years ago when I was a *Finanzwach Oberaufseher*, I have advanced very far and have already served twelve years as an official in the customs branch." At the end of the note, below his signature, he wrote, "Official at the First Class Imperial Customs Post in the Railroad Terminal, Simbach Bavaria. Residence, Braunau, Linzergasse." Then as if recognizing that this was a bit ostentatious for a long-lost cousin, he added rather sheepishly, "This is also my address."¹⁹

This pride in his achievement did not adversely affect his official reputation on the job, where he was known as an efficient and devoted official who filled all requirements to the letter. One of his colleagues in the service described him as "rigid, precise, even pedantic" in the performance of his duties, adding that, characteristically, he was especially careful to be on duty every minute that the regulations

¹⁸ Statement by Zollobersekreter Hebenstreit, June 21, 1940, HA, File 17, Reel 1; *Jetzinger* (G), p. 71; *Jetzinger* (E), p. 51.

¹⁹ Letter Alois Hitler to Frau Veit, September 13, 1876. L of C; not in HA, File 17A, Reel 1.



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1876

demanded.²⁰ In later years he was able to relax a bit, but in the first thirty years of his career, strict devotion to duty dominated his life. The self-sacrifice involved in this achievement became a point of honor in the family; Alois took pains to show that his career had not been easy. In 1876, while advising his cousin on prospects for his son, Josef Veit, in the financial guards, Alois drew on some of his own experiences: "Don't let him believe that the *Finanzwach* is some kind of play, for he will be quickly disillusioned. First he is required to render absolute obedience to his supervisors at every level. Then there is much to learn, especially for one who hasn't any prior schooling. Drinkers, debtors, card players and other types that lead immoral lives cannot last. Then, of course, one must go out on duty in every kind of weather, day or night."²¹ Certainly not an easy job, but Alois had not only done all the things required, he had risen above them.

This demand for recognition, this pedantry, this touch of pomposity were the least pleasant features of his personality, but there were also other, more attractive aspects. Despite his efforts to assert himself, he had genuine respect for other people's rights and real concern for their welfare. In 1876, for example, while settling the estate of a maternal uncle, he had to explain to an heir why there was so little left in the estate at the time of the death. The case was simple: Uncle Franz drank too much. "He was a great friend of common laborers," Alois wrote, "and always liked best to spend his time in the tavern. That he had not changed is shown by the fact that the 100 florins which he had set aside for the casket in his will had gone to drink. As a man lives, so does he die. But of course, that was his business."²² The uncle's behavior was wrong but, in Alois' view, he was master of his fate, and his right to misuse his life had to be respected. Similarly, the cook in his household in the middle 1880's remembered that Alois was careful about seeing to it that others' interests and needs were not ignored. On holidays the family took pains to include her in the festivities. She remembered

²⁰ Statement of Zollobersekreter Hebenstreit. HA, File 17, Reel 1.

²¹ Letter Alois Hitler to Alois Veit, October 9, 1876. L of C and HA, File 17A, Reel 1.

²² Letter Alois Hitler to Alois Veit, October 9, 1876. L of C and HA, File 17A, Reel 1.

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There is a possibility that the name change reflected previous statements by the deceased Johann Georg Hiedler. Romeder, if not the other two witnesses, had certainly known Johann Georg, because Romeder had married Johann Nepomuk's daughter and was occupying the ancestral home of the Hiedlers in Spital when Johann Georg died in the village in the mid-1850's. An additional point is that, privately, Alois claimed as early as the fall of 1876 that Johann Georg had acknowledged his paternity. In explaining his change of name to a maternal (Schickelgruber) cousin in September, Alois stated that he had assumed the name Hitler because although he had been illegitimate at birth, his parents had later married and, together with the "acknowledgement of my father," this made him legitimate. The first time he explained the situation, the crucial phrase, "and the acknowledgement of my father," was tucked in above the line as if it was an afterthought, but, in another letter a week later, the phrase occupied its proper place in the sentence.³⁵ Neither this statement by Alois nor the connections between Romeder and Johann Georg make the latter Alois' father any more than the proceedings before the Dollersheim priest did, but they do indicate that the alteration was not a totally arbitrary act.

1876

The motives behind the change of name in the summer of 1876 can be analyzed with more precision. Shame over his illegitimacy seems to have played little or no part with Alois. Far from trying to hide his illegitimacy, he openly admitted it, both before and after the events of 1876.³⁶ The important reasons seem to have been a desire to preserve the Hitler-Hiedler name and the requirements of a legacy. The active figure in this action was Johann Nepomuk Hiedler who had raised Alois and was understandably proud of him. Alois had just been promoted again, and was finally married, and, as far as the world knew, had settled down. He had clearly made the greatest success in life of any of the Hiedler family circle. Johann Nepomuk, on the other hand, faced uncertainties and doubts. His

³⁵ Letters of Alois Hitler to Frau Veit, September 6 and 13, 1876. *L of C* material; not in *HA*, File 17A, Reel 1.

³⁶ Letters of Alois Hitler to Frau Veit, September 6 and 13, 1876. *L of C*; not in *HA*, File 17A, Reel 1. This point is also made in an article in the *Wiener Sonn und Montagszeitung*, c. 1932, attributed to a Frau Antonie Fischer who allegedly knew Alois. Most of the information in the article is wildly inaccurate. An undated copy is in *HA*, File 17, Reel 1A.

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wife had died three years before, and he had fathered no sons. One of his three daughters had already died without issue; another had only three daughters, one a hunchback. It is not known if the third family, the Romeders, had any children. Going back one generation, of Johann Nepomuk's ten siblings, six were girls and could not continue the family name. Of the four boys, two left no trace in local records and presumably died in infancy. The third brother, Lorenz, fathered only a girl who also died in infancy. The fourth brother was Johann Georg, who may or may not have produced Alois. It is probable that, though other branches of the Hitler-Hiedler family may have generated male heirs in the area of Spital, Johann Nepomuk's own branch had not, unless one could count Alois Schickelgruber.³⁷

According to local rumor, Johann Nepomuk inserted a clause in his will by which he left some money to Alois if he would change his name to Hiedler-Hitler.³⁸ Johann Nepomuk died on September 17, 1888. Six months later, on March 16, 1889, at a time when his wife was eight months pregnant, Alois paid down 4-5,000 florins to realize his lifelong dream of purchasing a small farm.³⁹ Although the connection between the will, the name change, the death, and Alois' possession of a large sum of cash cannot be documented, the evidence strongly indicates that Alois did inherit from Johann Nepomuk and that the popular story that Alois changed his name to gain an inheritance is correct.⁴⁰

The changing of his name was merely an isolated episode in

³⁷ *Die Ahnentafel*, pp. 39-42 and 46. Jetzinger rightly states that the dates in the *Ahnentafel* concerning Josepha are garbled. *Jetzinger* (G), p. 44.

³⁸ *Kubizek*, p. 40. Kubizek couples this assertion with a date of June 4, 1876, for the name change. The source of the date is not known, but the most recent direct evidence indicates that it must be fairly close to correct. A garbled version of this relationship appears in *Greiner*, p. 31.

³⁹ *Ahnentafel*, p. 46; Statement by Herr Leo Weber, October 12, 1938, plus additional *Hauptarchiv* report. *HA*, File 17, Reel 1. A report of the Lower Austrian Government dates this transaction in 1888, but does not provide a month or day. This report contains many incorrect dates and appears to have been a carelessly typed copy. If the date was late 1888, it would not alter the connection made in the text, but of course a date prior to September 1888 certainly would. Report of *Niederösterreichische Landesamtsdirektion*. *HA*, File 17, Reel 1.

⁴⁰ For a criticism of a very different explanation of the name change, see Appendix I.

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THE HITLER FAMILY

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1884

If Alois Hitler had been free to do as he wished, he would not have waited a moment between Franziska's death and his marriage to Klara Poelzl. Local custom required a decent period of delay between the death and the remarriage, but Alois had never concerned himself much about what other people thought. He had remarried immediately after the death of his first wife without adverse effect, and he was ready to do so again. Klara was willing and able. Her parents favored the union, and since she was twenty-four, she no longer needed their consent. Alois' children adored their prospective stepmother, who had been in and out of their home since their birth.¹ Money presented no problem because of Alois' substantial income and secure position. Everything was easily arranged, except for one ironic detail: because of Alois' success in changing his name and becoming legitimized in 1876, the marriage had become illegal.

Klara Poelzl was the daughter of Johann Poelzl and his wife Johanna, the eldest daughter of Johann Nepomuk Hiedler. Klara had been born and raised in Spital house #37 next to the holding of Johann Nepomuk Hiedler, but by 1885 her parents had moved to house #52.² Alois' prospective wife was therefore not only Johann Nepomuk's neighbor; she was also his granddaughter. As a result of the legitimation and name change in 1876, Alois had become Johann Nepomuk's nephew, and the prospective bride and bridegroom of 1884 were second cousins, within the degree prohibited by the Church. The Austrian state would not permit such marriages be-

¹ Kubizek, pp. 29 and 33.

² Die Ahnentafel, pp. 39-40.

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tween Catholics unless the marriage had been authorized by dispensation. It remains a question whether or not the couple actually had common blood; even Alois may have wondered about it. The only way he could have convinced the authorities that there was no risk to the offspring of the marriage would have been to disclose the whole story of the change of name and thus enmesh himself in even more legal difficulties. This he prudently decided to avoid.

Alois and Klara asked the religious authorities in Braunau to grant a dispensation to marry but were informed that, because of the closeness of their relationship, a papal dispensation was required. The couple then drew up an application for dispensation in which they advanced a number of arguments to persuade the authorities to favor them. The request stated that Alois was a widower with two small children who needed care and attention. The father's position in the customs service required that he be absent during the day and often at night as well. Klara had been taking care of the children regularly for a number of months, the application continued, and they were very fond of her, a good portent both for the happiness of the children and the success of the marriage. The only argument used to show that the marriage would be beneficial to Klara was the statement that the "bride is without means, and it is therefore unlikely that she will ever have another opportunity for a good marriage." This was probably an exaggeration. Even though the Poelzl family had seen better days, they were not destitute. In an age in which dowries constituted the major attraction for a husband, however, Klara was at a disadvantage if the marriage with Alois did not materialize. A more important reason for her desire to marry Alois was that, at the time of the application, she was pregnant, but that fact, of course, did not appear in the dispensation request.³

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On October 27, 1884, the application was completed and sent to the Bishop for translation into Latin and forwarding to Rome. The Hitlers then had to endure the delay as best they could. This undoubtedly was a problem of a sort, since Klara's condition was becoming more obvious every day. To ease some of the physical strain on Klara, a young cook and maid, Rosalia Schichtl, was

³ Kubizek, p. 33.

brought into the household, where she remained during the last part of 1884 and the first part of 1885.⁴

Finally, at the turn of the year 1884/1885, the dispensation arrived. In January 7, 1885, the wedding party assembled in Alois' lodgings on the top floor of house #219. The residence was an inn run by Josef Pommer, and lay just outside the old gate of Braunau in a district usually referred to as the "Salzburger Vorstadt." Aside from the bride and bridegroom and Alois' two small children, there were two customs men from Simbach present to act as witnesses, Ludwig Hoezl and Edgar Dirnhofer. Klara's younger sister, the hunchback Johanna, was also present as a witness. All the practical arrangements for the ceremony were made by the cook, Fraulein Schichtl, who inadvertently heated the parlor to a far higher temperature than was comfortable. The wedding ceremony passed off without incident, except for Alois' periodic teasing of Fraulein Schichtl about the high temperature of the room. After the wedding, Fraulein Schichtl prepared the meal for the couple and their guests, but it was no feast and there was no honeymoon. Before the wedding day had passed, Alois was back on duty at the customs station at Simbach.⁵

For the next four years, the Hitlers continued to reside in the Pommer Inn. Braunau was then a little border community of approximately 3,500 people. The town was seventy-eight miles south-east of Munich, on a secondary route to Vienna. By train the trip from Braunau to the Bavarian capital took between four and five hours. Some trade and a few tourists passed through the town, but it was primarily a center for the agricultural districts between Passau and Salzburg. The buildings of Braunau were constructed along the banks of the river Inn and gave the impression of being strung out along the bed of the stream. The dull line of medium-sized buildings was broken only by the *Stephanskirche*, with its large baroque cupola. The town changed little, was ingrown, and was too small to permit many secrets, especially those carrying any hint of scandal.⁶

⁴ Statement by Frau Rosalia Hoerl (maiden name Schichtl). HA, File 17, Reel 1.

⁵ Wedding certificate for Alois Hitler and Klara Poelzl and statement by Rosalia Hoerl. HA, File 17, Reel 1.

⁶ Goerlitz and Quint, p. 21; Baedekers *Oesterreich* (Leipzig, 1907), p. 129; Albert Reich, *Aus Adolf Hitlers Heimat* (Munich, 1933), pp. 14-21.

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At the time of his marriage to Klara, Alois had been living in the town for fourteen years. He had lived there with his first wife until their separation, keeping Franziska as his mistress. She had produced one illegitimate child there before their marriage. Shortly after this event, she had left the town for a rest cure and never returned. Before Franziska died, Alois lived openly with his cousin Klara. Because she had been a member of the household in earlier years, her face was familiar to local gossips. During the four months she had to wait for a dispensation to marry her cousin and lover, every day's delay made it more obvious that she was pregnant. No small town could have been expected to ignore all these possibilities for gossip.

The whispers and scandalmongering could not have affected Alois overmuch. He was a thick-skinned old man who had been shocking the local inhabitants for a decade and a half without becoming noticeably sensitive to their criticisms. His position was thoroughly protected since he did not draw his living from the town but from the Imperial Government. His friends were mainly fellow officials, who, like himself, remained outside the net of the town's social system by residing in inns and other isolated living quarters. As a member of the Imperial Service, his social position had not been formed by Braunau and could not be destroyed by it; he did what he wanted to do and let people think what they liked.

Klara's position was different. A woman had few ways to protect herself from the social pressures of an Austrian small town. Klara's life outside the immediate family circle was spent in direct contact with the townspeople. She was a simple peasant girl without education and lacked sophisticated defenses against the various forms of small-town nastiness. While shopping, attending church, or exchanging polite greetings, she had to bear the burden of the family's reputation.

Yet, even as her pregnancy made her position difficult, it also had its advantages during the first months after the wedding. At least she had something to carry forward her hopes and aspirations through the standardized routine of the household. She had to look after Angela and young Alois, the children of Franziska, who were two and three years old respectively in 1885. She was aided in her house-keeping tasks by Fraculein Schichtl, who at twenty-three was just two

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years younger than Klara and served as a friendly companion. Klara's family also served to relieve some of the pressures on her. She had no in-law problems; Alois had probably lost all contact with the Schickelgrubers by this time, although ten years before he had been in touch with a number of family branches and had even served as host for an unidentified Betti Schickelgruber and her family during a four-week vacation in 1876.⁷ The lack of contact with the Schickelgrubers meant that Alois and Klara shared a common family – the Hitlers – and the young wife was spared the necessity of having to adjust to a new family system.

The head of the Hitler-Hiedler family was still old Johann Nepomuk Hiedler, who lived in Spital surrounded by a number of near and distant relations. Klara's mother and father, Johanna and Johann Poelzl, were also living in Spital. Klara's mother was Johann Nepomuk's oldest daughter and had been raised with Alois. The old family home was still being run by Walburga and Josef Romeder. They, too, had close ties to Alois and Klara. Walburga, Klara's aunt, also had been raised with Alois; her husband had been the chief witness at Alois' name changing in 1876. In addition Klara had two younger sisters, Johanna and Theresia, the only other survivors of eleven children. Theresia had married by the mid-1880's and was living with her husband Anton Schmidt in peasant holding #24 in Spital, the place which had originally belonged to Johann Nepomuk's third daughter, Josefa Sailer. The Schmidts seem to have had little contact with the Alois Hitlers in these years, but Schmidt was a hard-working, clever man, who managed to hold on to his land and pass it on to his son.⁸ Klara's youngest sister, Johanna, was not as fortunate as Theresia. Because she was a hunchback, she had no prospects, and she was, moreover, possessed of a foul temper which made her a difficult living companion. She moved back and forth between her parents' residence, the Schmidt's and Klara's. She was the family representative at Klara's wedding and continued to spend considerable periods of time with the family in future years. At every family

⁷ Alois Hitler to the Veits, September 6, 1876. *L of C* material. There is no record of contact between Alois and the Veit branch of the Schickelgrubers after 1877.

⁸ *Die Ahnentafel*, p. 40; Report on Adolf Hitler prepared by the Niederösterreichische Landesamtsdirektion. *HA*, File 17, Reel 1.

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position within her own family, Klara must have been able to take comfort from the comradeship of Maria Matzelberger.

On balance, however, Klara's life in the late 1880's had few pleasant features. She had all the strains of young motherhood while trying to cope with her two infants, the older children, and the household. Soon after Ida's birth, she produced a third child, who was given the name of Otto, but he died within a few days.¹⁴ Even worse, in late 1887, both Gustav and Ida contracted diphtheria. Klara's sister Johanna took the older children to Spital while Klara tried to nurse the stricken infants back to health, but it was all in vain. Gustav died on December 8, 1887, and Ida a month later, on January 2, 1888. Both were interred in Braunau.¹⁵ After three years of marriage, Klara had lost all her own children and was reduced to those functions that had justified her marriage in the first place — as stepmother for Franziska's children, housekeeper, and cook.

Despite the shadows that blur her personality, this woman who was to bring Adolf Hitler into the world emerges as the most compelling and sympathetic figure in the annals of the family. She lived her life under inauspicious circumstances and saw her hopes and dreams steadily come to naught over a span of twenty years. Yet in spite of all the blows she had to bear, she quietly returned again and again to fulfill her obligations humanely and conscientiously. She was a fairly large girl, almost as tall as her husband, with dark brown hair and even features. Her life was centered on the tasks of maintaining her home and caring for her husband and the children of the family. She was a model housekeeper, who maintained a spotless home and performed her duties with precision. Nothing could distract her from her round of household toil, not even the prospect of a little gossip.¹⁶ Her home and the furthering of the family interest were all-important; by careful management she was able to increase the family possessions, much to her joy. Even more important to her than the house were the children. Everyone who knew her agreed that it was in her love and devotion for the children that Klara's

¹⁴ Jetzinger (G), p. 57; Jetzinger (E), p. 43.

¹⁵ Death certificates of Ida and Gustav Hitler; statement of Frau Rosalia Hoerl. HA, File 17, Reel 1.

¹⁶ Bloch, p. 35; Jetzinger (G), p. 71; Jetzinger (E), p. 51.

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life centered.¹⁷ The only serious charge ever raised against her is that because of this love and devotion she was over-indulgent and thus encouraged a sense of uniqueness in her son — a somewhat strange charge to be brought against a mother.¹⁸ The children did not share this view. Her stepchildren and her own offspring who survived infancy loved and respected their mother.¹⁹

Klara was conscious of her obligations and possessed the ability to adjust herself to the necessities of her situation, but she could not help but be affected by the harsh demands of her environment. Outside her home she had few close connections with other people and the few she had were mainly with family members. In her day-to-day affairs, only the Church gave her an approved activity extending beyond the narrow confines of her home. Alois insisted she attend regularly as an expression of his belief that the woman's place was in the kitchen and in church. There was no religious conviction in Alois' idea, nor did social pressures play a part; only duty and a sense of status motivated this requirement which he imposed on his wife. Happily, Klara really enjoyed attending services and was completely devoted to the faith and teachings of Catholicism, so her husband's requirements worked to her advantage.²⁰ Alois dominated his wife even more completely than was customary in the "authoritarian family structure" so beloved by sociologists. She owed everything to him, and, in her dependence, had nothing to counter his power. She had even been deprived of the period of give-and-take during the early years of marriage which provides maneuvering room for a wife in the most autocratic families. Alois had brought her into the household to fill a gap in the machine, and she never overcame this humble beginning. The peculiar background she shared with Alois also worked against her over the years. Even among her own close relatives, Alois was a more important figure than she. He was the most successful member of her circle, the pride and joy of her grandfather. If he was not the Prince Charming of a girl's dreams, he was an impressive catch. Marriage to him meant a step up the social

¹⁷ Jetzinger (G), pp. 71-72; Jetzinger (E), pp. 51-52; Zoller, p. 46 and 115-16; *Mein Kampf*, p. 4.

¹⁸ Stephen H. Roberts, *The House that Hitler Built* (London, 1939), pp. 3-4.

¹⁹ *Mein Kampf*, p. 4; Kubizek, p. 29.

²⁰ Statement by Frau Rosalia Hoerl. H.A., File 17, Reel 1.

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Yet Klara was not simply taking part in a marriage of convenience. That her feelings for Alois involved something more than duty is indicated by her period as his mistress and her pregnancy prior to marriage. She seems to have had lofty and hopeful dreams about her married life which were abandoned only slowly and painfully. The relationship in which Alois was both a status symbol and a husband left the girl in a confusing and helpless position. How much this ambivalence affected her outlook can be seen in the fact that she found it exceedingly difficult to accustom herself to playing the role of Alois' wife. Try as she might, the poor girl was unable to break herself of the habit of addressing Alois as "uncle" until long after the marriage ceremony.²¹

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The complexities and frustrations of her existence inevitably left scars. She once said that she had been married early in the morning and that an hour after the ceremony her husband was on duty again.²² Although it was a slight exaggeration, this statement reflected the circumstances of her marriage. As the years went by, and her girlhood dreams lost all hope of realization, she bore the look of a disappointed woman whose best efforts had not received the reward they deserved. The unhappiness gradually increased until it was obvious to outsiders. The optimistic and happy girl of 1884-1885 was slowly transformed into a disappointed woman who did her duty and transferred all her hopes and dreams to the children.²³

In contrast to Klara, Alois' role in the family appears to have been much more sharply delineated. Much of the insecurity and overdeveloped drive that had characterized the illegitimate peasant boy had disappeared by the time he married Klara, and in his work and social contacts he assumed the stance of a successful official. Still careful to perform his duties satisfactorily, he now worked like a man who had achieved something rather than an ambitious parvenue. He remained close to a small circle of cronies, most of whom were also in the customs service. Not all of his fellow bureaucrats found him a sympathetic character, but within his circle he was pleasant

²¹ Statement by Frau Rosalia Hoerl. HA, File 17, Reel 1.

²² Jetzinger (G), p. 55; Jetzinger (E), p. 41.

²³ Kubizek, pp. 31, 114-15.

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enough.²⁴ He enjoyed the comradely evenings in the local tavern where he could enjoy a glass of beer or wine, smoke a steady stream of black cigars and expound his views. Although subsequent accounts have exaggerated this activity into drunkenness as a simple explanation for all the problems of Alois and his offspring, it is reasonably clear that during those years Alois was a moderate drinker. He loved the robust good fellowship of the tavern, but a participant at these get-togethers has stated emphatically, "I never saw him tight, and he always started back home in good time for supper."²⁵

His comradely outings were all innocent and exactly what a man of Alois' age and station would have been expected to enjoy. Yet they also constituted nearly the whole of his social life. He sharply divided his official duties, his social activities, and his family contacts. Increasingly, a shadowy line appeared between Alois and his social inferiors. Despite the scandals that resulted from his romantic activities in Braunau, he was and would remain an Imperial Customs Official, and no one was allowed to forget it. The peasants, both at this time and after his retirement, looked up to him, his rough, gruff manner notwithstanding, and extended their courtesy as his due.²⁶

At home he was something more than a formidable character. He was master, and he impressed this fact upon every member of the household. He alone had raised the whole lot of them and he demanded the obedience and respect that he felt they owed him. Despite his monopoly of family power he was not a tyrant, nor did he poke and pry into every feature of family life. The household was there to serve his needs while he provided the income for a better than average living and set the family tone. The bulk of his time was spent in long and irregularly timed tours of duty at the customs station; when he came home he wanted to eat and sleep without interference. When he wanted recreation he went to the tavern, but that was his own affair and did not concern the family. If, when he came home, things were out of line, his voice would generally set things right. If more was needed, then a box on an obstinate child's ear soon

²⁴ Statement by Zolloberssekretär Hebenstreit. HA, File 17, Reel 1; Jetzinger (G), pp. 60-61; Jetzinger (E), pp. 43-45.

²⁵ Jetzinger (E), p. 44.

²⁶ Jetzinger (E), p. 44; statement by Frau Rosalia Hoerl. HA, File 17, Reel 1.

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was no longer an Austrian citizen. At his own wish the last formal tie which bound him to the land of his birth was severed. It might easily have been otherwise. If the Austrian Federal Government had not intervened, he would have been expelled from German soil and Upper Austria would have had the doubtful honour of receiving him. But, by refusing to admit him, the Federal Government believed it was protecting Austria, just as, ten years later, it thought to remain in power and preserve the country from Hitler's dictatorship by exterminating Austrian Social Democracy and itself assuming dictatorial powers. But still Hitler came, not as a recreant escorted by a policeman, but as the conqueror, followed by troops, tanks and generals with the crowds roaring their welcome in his ears. Thus since the beginning, the figures of history both great and small have believed it is they who shape events, whereas they themselves are but the pawns of that sublime and invisible power that Orientals call Kismet, but in which the followers of Christ discern the workings of Divine Providence.

APPENDIX I

THE MIS-STATEMENTS CONTAINED IN
AUGUST KUBIZEK'SYOUNG HITLER—
THE STORY OF OUR FRIENDSHIP

(Original Title: *Adolf Hitler, Mein Jugendfreund*, Graz, 1953, Stocker-verlag. British edition, 1954, Allan Wingate, translated by E. V. Anderson.)

(The mis-statements which it is desired to point out are grouped under the relevant chapters in HITLER'S YOUTH.)

Chapter One: HITLER'S GENEALOGY

The following errors occur:

(British edition, p. 33): 'His' (i.e. Adolf's father's) 'illegitimate birth is conclusively proved by the Church register of the Parish of Strones.' For 'Strones', read 'Döllersheim'. Strones was never a parish and so had no register.

'According to this, the forty-two-year-old servant maid Anna Maria Schickgruber gave birth to a son on the 7th July 1837, who was christened Alois. . . . For Anna Maria, read Maria Anna (Anna Maria's younger sister). For '7th July', read '7th June'. The register (of Döllersheim) did not state that the mother was a 'servant maid'.

Kubizek then quotes the entry in the baptismal register under 'Remarks' and states: 'The entry is signed by the Parish priest and four witnesses.' If Kubizek had studied the entry concerned, either the original or a photostat copy, he would know that the priest did not sign it and that there were three, not four, witnesses.

'Johann Georg Hiedler again acknowledged his paternity in an official document concerning some inheritance in 1876 before the Notary in Weitra. He was then eighty-four years old. . . . As the boy was not adopted after his mother's wedding, his name remained

Schicklgruber. . . ' Johann Georg Hiedler died in 1837. For 'adopted', read 'legitimized'.

Chapter Two: ALOIS SCHICKLGRUBER/HITLER AND HIS FAMILY

Alois' alleged restlessness

In *Young Hitler* Kubizek attributes to Alois Hitler a 'Mania for ceaseless change'. He writes: 'During his period of service in Braunau there are recorded twelve changes of address: possibly there were more. . . . The house was not the important thing, but the moving. . . . We know that his first wife, Anna, suffered very much from his restlessness, which eventually led to their separation and was partly responsible for her unexpected death.'

The first part of this statement is a gross exaggeration. Kubizek's authority for alleging twelve moves was a certain Frau Pernstein, a schoolmistress who made enquiries in Braunau immediately after the Nazi annexation of Austria. But at that time what householder in Braunau did not claim to have given shelter to the Hitler family! In fact, Alois and his family moved at the most only four times—and that in a space of twenty-one years. Secondly, it was not, of course, her husband's 'mania for change'—which did not exist—which led Frau Anna to seek a divorce, but his adultery with Fanni Matzelsberger.

Chapter Five: THE YOUNG MAN OF LEISURE

The date of Adolf's and Gustl's first meeting

Kubizek states in *Young Hitler*: 'I cannot give the exact date of this first meeting, but I am sure it was around All Saints' Day in 1904.'

The date must, in fact, have been in the autumn of 1905, for the following reasons: (a) At the time the two boys met, Adolf—as Kubizek himself states—had already finished his schooling. But Adolf did not leave school until June 1905. (b) According to Kubizek, soon after their first meeting he accompanied Adolf to his home at No 31 Humboldtstrasse. But Adolf did not live there until June 1905. (c) After his first meeting with Adolf, Kubizek states: 'From now on we saw each other at every Opera performance and also met outside the theatre, and on most evenings we would go for a stroll together along the Landstrasse.' But between September 1904 and June 1905, Adolf was living in Steyr, not in Linz. (d) Kubizek was not aware until I

told him that Adolf had lodged in Steyr, hence their first meeting must have taken place after Adolf had left the town.

Kubizek's knowledge of Adolf's family — smaller than claimed

Kubizek speaks of having paid several visits to the Hitler home, where he claims to have felt like one of the family. In that case he ought to have met Frau Hitler's sister, Johanna, who was probably a member of the household at that time—but until I mentioned her name, he had never even heard of her. On the other hand, Kubizek claims to have met a non-existent sister, Amalia. He describes Adolf's half-sister, Angela, as having 'beautiful hair which was as dark as Adolf's'—but her hair was light blonde. He says Frau Klara's hair 'had turned grey', but her daughter, Paula, assures us that till the day she died there was not one grey hair on her mother's head. Finally, between 1905 and 1907 a boy attending school in Linz, Hagmüller by name, had his mid-day dinner with the Hitler family four times a week, yet neither Kubizek nor he was aware of the other's existence.

Adolf's lack of feeling for Nature

In his *Memoirs* (1938) Kubizek wrote: 'Adolf used to enjoy the walks both long and short which we usually took on Sundays and holidays.' But as regards Adolf's feeling for Nature, all Kubizek could find to say was: 'Beautiful scenery impressed Adolf, though his mind would usually be elsewhere, working on some gigantic project.' This hardly implied much appreciation of the countryside on Adolf's part and I told Kubizek that the lack of it seemed to me an unlikeable trait in him. Kubizek appears to have taken this reproach to heart for in *Young Hitler* he assures us: 'His love of Nature was pronounced,' then adds: 'but in a very personal way.'

The death and funeral of Adolf's mother

It will be remembered that Adolf was in Vienna during his mother's last illness (December 1907) and that the best available evidence suggests that he got home from the capital only in time for her funeral. Moreover, from mid-September to the end of December in that year, Kubizek had no contact whatever with Adolf, even by letter. Nevertheless, one entire chapter in *Young Hitler* is devoted to an allegedly eye-witness account of Adolf, the 'faithful and helpful son', full of compassion for his ailing mother, doing the housework and the

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goal for his life, there was also the problem of money. He still had his 25 kronen pension, but even if he reduced expenditures, which was easier done alone than with Kubizek, this sum could not cover expenses. If he gave up opera visits and paid a lower rent, a sojourn on the Felberstrasse could still only last about a year. The eleven months spent on the Stumpergasse, from October 1907, to November 1908, had exhausted the money left by his father. Another year would dispose of his mother's bequest, assuming that it also amounted to 500 or 1,000 kronen.

Hitler stayed on the Felberstrasse just eight months, until August 1909. We know very little about his life during this time. One woman, who was slightly acquainted with him while he lived there, described him as polite and unusually reserved.²⁰ He was a solitary lodger, intent on resolving the crisis of his existence. Hitler claims that the catalyst which led him to new insights and a basis for his life appeared while he was attempting to work on a construction job.²¹ Supposedly he was trying to learn the building trade and in the process discovered that he would have to join a trade union. After some ugly incidents with his fellow workers he was led to an awareness of the infamous Social Democrats, and thence to the unmasking of "the Jew" as the mastermind of the Marxist conspiracy. Hitler's explanation of the trend of his ideas is not totally impossible, but it seems unlikely. His attitude and outlook would have inhibited a recourse to degrading manual labor, such as construction work, unless he was bordering on starvation. He was not in this condition in 1909. Later, when he was really desperate, he resorted to charity rather than work as an unskilled laborer. In any event, Hitler was not very husky, and, after three years of idleness, he probably would have found it beyond his strength. Yet there is no point in totally rejecting Hitler's story. He may have looked in on a laborer's job while he was on the Felberstrasse and, in the process, could have been roughed up a bit by the workers.²² Such a humiliation could have

²⁰ Statement by Marie Wohrlab and Marie Fellingner, HA, File 17, Reel 1.

²¹ *Mein Kampf*, pp. 37-53.

²² Hitler described his construction experience as being the origin of his anti-Marxism. *Mein Kampf*, pp. 37-53 and 80-81. Greiner uses a garbled version of the story (Greiner, pp. 42-45), while Jetzinger totally rejects the idea that Hitler ever did any kind of work. Jetzinger (G), pp. 192-96; Jetzinger (B), pp. 131-33.

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motivated an all-out effort to get at the root of his difficulties.

In any event, while on the Felberstrasse, Hitler caught hold of an approach that seemed to offer a prospect of opening up the secrets of life and society. In a tobacco shop near his lodging he bought a magazine called *Ostara*. This publication was the product of the disturbed mind of one Lanz von Liebenfels, a mystical theorist whose attitudes and problems were quite similar to Hitler's own.²³ *Ostara* expounded a racial doctrine which contrasted blond, blue-eyed Aryan heroes with dark, hairy ape men. Human existence, according to Lanz, revolved around the racial struggle between these two groups. He called upon the public and the state to take all means to strengthen the Aryan cause. Since race and blood were the points at issue, the protection of the Aryan female was essential. *Ostara* was filled with lurid tales and illustrations describing the perils which awaited blond heroic women who fell into the clutches of ape-like men. Lanz also was tormented by visions of the sexual impotence of Aryan males and the all-powerful female sexuality which drew Aryan women towards the allegedly potent ape-like men.²⁴ The sexual arguments, as well as other aspects of the doctrine, were supported by a rich admixture of occult features including old Germanic spells and number mysticism.

Ostara is the kind of publication that naturally appears in what has been called "subterranean intellectual life."²⁵ A mixture of the occult and the erotic that sprang from the needs of one lost soul, it found its market among the host of homeless individuals who inhabited the cheap lodging houses of a great city. In the March 1908 issue of *Ostara*, there was only one advertisement in addition to those for Lanz and his friends. This was a full-page promotion for a book to aid young people in selecting a career, entitled, "What shall I become?" (*Was soll ich werden?*)²⁶ The advertiser had gauged *Ostara's* readership exactly. Whether in the environs of a Salvation Army shelter in America or on Vienna's Felberstrasse, the young solitary clutching his self-respect and in desperate need of support

²³ Daim, *passim*. A tie between Hitler and the occult is also made by Greiner, pp. 86-93.

²⁴ HA, File 1229, Reel 52.

²⁵ Daim takes over the phrase from Friedrich Herr. Daim, p. 17.

²⁶ HA, File 1229, Reel 52.

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remains the chief consumer of such publications. The answers they provide promise to guide lost men to an understanding of their condition and to new strength through the discovery of some secret explanation for the world's problems. *Ostara* provided a cosmic system that could explain life, death, and all the phenomena that had so baffled its readers before their enlightenment. It even furnished a scale (*Rassenwertigkeitsindex*), by which the individual could find out what kind of man he was. So many points were given for color of hair, skin, etc. After adding up the points, the reader consulted the index to determine his racial group. Anyone who found *Ostara's* doctrines remotely congenial could emerge at least as a "mixed type" (Hitler would have been a "mixed type"), and thereby qualify to participate in the great struggle against the lower races.

The racial message of *Ostara* – and one may assume the erotic element as well – exerted some influence on Hitler while he was living on the Felberstrasse. He bought *Ostara* regularly, and even sought out Lanz in 1909 in order to obtain back issues of the publication. Much to his joy, Lanz provided these without charge. Fifteen months later, after at least three changes of address, Hitler was still carrying his collection of *Ostara* with him.²⁷ However, *Ostara* was too fantastic and too detached from day-to-day concerns to provide a completely satisfying philosophy for the young Hitler. Lanz was an oracle, not a political leader. He did not have a detailed political or social program, he equivocated with respect to the Jews, and he failed to come to grips with the issue of German nationalism. He probably gave Hitler some ideas, but his real significance lies in the fact that he pointed out directions in which Hitler could find more compelling answers. For Lanz showed the way to such Germanic theorists and mystics as Guido von List – men who were creating justifications for German supremacy out of ideas and events of the distant past. He also suggested a need for an aroused Germanism based on racial anti-Semitism. Though *Ostara* played down "the Jewish Question," it also eulogized Schoenerer and looked favorably on the *Alldeutsche*.²⁸

Hitler may very well have followed up both of these lines of thought. The specifics of what he read are again a mystery, but it is

²⁷ Daim, pp. 20-21, 243-44, note 8, and 248, note 38.

²⁸ Picht, Vol. VI, pp. 531-32.

Hitler's early reading list
reflected his early interests

employment under the best of circumstances, made no effort to find a job.

After holding on for about three weeks, he slipped out of his lodging on the Sechshauserstrasse. The police form which registered his move was not filled out by him, and the space for a future address was left blank. In reply to the question "when did he move out?" there was written "unknown."³² The registration slip was dated September 16, 1909. Presumably Hitler had exhausted his money and skipped out of his lodging without paying the rent. For three months there is no record of him in the official registers of the police. No account of anyone who knew him in this period has survived. There are hints that in October or November he slept in a cheap coffee shop on the Kaiserstrasse, and for a while on the Simondenkasse.³³ If he did, no registration was made with the police. He later claimed that one of his landlords during this period took advantage of him and seized his small bundle of possessions.³⁴

Hitler was on the run, and total poverty pressed him hard. In desperation he took to the streets, slept on benches and what the tramps call the "green blanket," i.e., the park lawns. October and November were bad months for sleeping on benches in Vienna; the weather was cold, with flurries of snow and abundant rain.³⁵ Hitler was an inexperienced and helpless tramp, too squeamish to endure the havens used by professional tramps in bad weather. If he had been tough enough, he could have covered the cost of a cheap flop-house with his 25 kronen a month. For the really hardened, sewers, adjacent to the main canals, were used as nightly shelter during the

³² Copy of Hitler's *Meldezettel*, August 22, 1909. *HA*, File 17, Reel 1.

³³ The stay on the Kaiserstrasse is mentioned by *Hanisch*, April 5, 1939, p. 239. The room on the Simon Denkgasse originates in Heiden, but it is questionable, since all Hitler's other addresses lay in the southern part of the city while this is far to the north. Heiden, *Der Fuehrer*, p. 55. The use of bars for tramp lodging was not an uncommon phenomenon at the turn of the century. In America it occurred so frequently the tramps had a special name for a bar in which they could sleep; it was called a "two-cent dosser." Josiah Flynt, *Tramping with Tramps* (New York, 1907), p. 119.

³⁴ *Hanisch*, p. 239.

³⁵ Snow and rain were especially bad during the last week of November and the first week of December. *Jahrbuch der KK Zentral-Anstalt Fuer Meteorologie, etc. Jahrgang 1909*, pp. A 108 and A 118.

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winter.³⁶ But Hitler probably did not join the miserable wretches in the sewers. Instead, he dodged in and out of cheap lodging houses, resorting to the park when all else failed. Since he was thinly clad, he must have taken a good deal of punishment in a short period of time.

By the middle of December 1909, he was desperate enough to take his place openly in the ranks of the tramps. He drifted to Meidling, a district of Vienna south of his familiar territory between the Stumpergasse and the Felberstrasse. There, directly behind the south station, was the *Obdachlosenheim*, a shelter maintained by a Viennese philanthropic society for the benefit of the homeless. The Meidling shelter was a huge establishment barely a year old, able to provide lodging for a quarter of a million destitutes during 1909.³⁷ It was designed to care for that desperate segment of the population that had failed completely in the city. Hitler's entry into the *Obdachlosenheim* was a declaration of utter defeat.

Shortly before Christmas (the exact date is unknown), he took his place in the long line of beaten men and women which formed in front of the shelter every evening. The people stood quietly, broken and dejected, until the gates were thrown open. They were segregated by sex, children going with the mothers, and led into long halls where benches were provided. If the crowd was too large for the regular facilities and the weather was severe, other large barn-like buildings also were used on a temporary basis. When Hitler arrived at the shelter he was fortunate enough to be accommodated in the main building, and upon taking his place in the hall received a card entitling him to a week's lodging. Showers were provided for all, and vermin-infested garments, such as Hitler's, were disinfected. The method used to disinfect was clumsy and often seriously streaked, spotted and otherwise damaged the clothing. After their showers, the new arrivals returned to the main hall, which was fitted out with tables at one end where they were served a portion of bread and soup before retiring to assigned dormitories.³⁸

In the dorms, the professional tramps were in control because of their large numbers and their experience and skill in prospering

³⁶ William Alexander Jenks, *Vienna and the Young Hitler* (New York, 1960), pp. 33-36.

³⁷ *Statistisches Jahrbuch etc.*, 1909, pp. 836 and 838.

³⁸ Hanisch, p. 239.

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under such conditions. Each man had a wire-spring cot with two brownish sheets and his clothes for a pillow. Great care was taken by the professionals to make certain their clothing and shoes were kept in the best possible condition. Conversations began, experiences were swapped, and new plans were made for future travels. For Hitler, that first taste of camaraderie with tramps must have been the most galling experience imaginable; he sat on his cot dejected and silent. His neighbors took note of him and tried to be helpful. When they discovered he was hungry, bread was found, and an old beggar volunteered the suggestion that Hitler should go the next day to the convent on the Gumpendorferstrasse, where soup was given to the poor between nine and ten. This form of begging was known among the tramps as "calling on Kathie," presumably because that was the name of the Mother Superior or of the convent itself (St. Katharina). The next morning Hitler and some of his companions went the five or six blocks to "call on Kathie." Ironically, the convent was situated only a few doors from the Stumpergasse, where Hitler had resided as the young gentleman two years before.

In the ensuing days, Hitler passed under the protection of the tramps because he was completely helpless. A drifting servant named Reinhold Hanisch, who had a cot near Hitler's and was also "calling on Kathie," tried to help him and succeeded in "raising his spirits" somewhat. Hitler also received help from a number of other people. When he did not go to the Gumpendorferstrasse, he followed the advice of another inhabitant of the shelter and took advantage of the soup distribution made by a neighboring hospital. He was still very tired, his feet had given out, and his clothes were badly tattered and streaked from the disinfection procedure used by the shelter. During the first five days' stay he learned enough, and was helped sufficiently, to master the system. There was a brisk traffic in the cards issued by the shelter. Veterans who had used up their cards bought up the unused portions of those who were moving on. By using this method Hitler was able to remain for the better part of two months.³⁸

³⁸ Hanisch, p. 240; Hanisch statement, HA, File 64, Reel 3. During the investigation of Hanisch's case in 1936, the police confronted him with a long list of police registrations by Hitler and himself which seemed to indicate that he did not meet Hitler in the Meidling shelter in December 1909. HA.

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During this time he drew closer to Hanisch, who was helpful and experienced in the ways of tramping. Hanisch had spent a number of years in Berlin, was strongly nationalistic in outlook and had at one time been interested in a painter's career. Hitler was enthusiastic about Germany and constantly begged Hanisch to tell him about conditions in the Reich. For his part, Hanisch was impressed by the fact that Hitler had enjoyed some education, had read widely, and claimed to be a painter. The two joined forces. Under Hanisch's direction Hitler began to get hold of himself again after the fearful plunge to the bottom of the pit.

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Hanisch taught Hitler how to master the worst problems growing out of the cold and how to acquire a bit of money. Their most serious difficulties were occasioned by the fact that they could not stay in the shelter during the day. It was essential for them to find some kind of protection in the bad weather. On the coldest days would make a wide circuit which began at the shelter, with the first stop at the Gumpendorferstrasse for food, from there to the warming room in Erdberg, and back to the shelter in time for the opening of the gates. The trip involved about two and a half hours' walk in each direction and was hard on Hitler because of his weak condition and thin, tattered clothes which gave him little protection.⁴⁰ It was the best, however, that the life of the tramp had to offer; the alternative was to stand or crouch in a doorway and risk frostbite or the arrival of the police. Hitler and Hanisch made the daily trip through town during the heart of the winter of 1909-1910. Occasionally, especially desperate or in a moment of exhilaration, they looked for temporary work. Sometimes Hitler went to the Westbahnhof hoping to find a traveler who needed help with his luggage, but he was

File 1741, Reel 86. Faced with the list, Hanisch changed his story, but he seems to have been right the first time. The police list was replete with errors, as Hitler's *Meldezettel* clearly indicates. Furthermore, Hanisch stated before a Viennese court in August 1910 that he had met Hitler in December 1909 in the shelter. This statement was not challenged by Hitler or the court. Heiden, *Der Fuehrer*, p. 71. For an estimate of the major sources relating to Hitler between late 1909 and 1913 see Appendix II.

⁴⁰ Hanisch, p. 239; Hanisch statement, HA, File 64, Reel 3. Greiner's first description of Hitler tallies fairly well with the picture presented by Hanisch, but it is impossible to determine what period Greiner is describing. Greiner, pp. 14 and 16-18.

weak and his appearance was so disreputable that he seldom succeeded. When heavy snow fell, Hanisch and some others took Hitler along to shovel snow, but his bad feet and flimsy attire made him suffer terribly, and he almost turned blue with the cold.⁴¹ On one occasion he considered answering a request for ditchdiggers, but Hanisch dissuaded him. He was certain that Hitler was too weak for the work, but the argument he used against the job was that once a person started such hard manual labor, "it is very difficult to climb up."⁴² In the end Hitler did not answer the ditchdigger call; instead he made the rounds, "called on Kathie" and trudged to the warming rooms.

As the bad weather continued, Hitler slowly sank back into a state of depression. Hanisch began to worry about his health. His concern and sense of devotion increased when Hitler happened to mention that his family has some money and if he could acquire some it might be possible to paint a few pictures. Hanisch immediately suggested that Hitler send for the money to get himself an overcoat and also to acquire the materials to paint. He added that he would be happy to sell any pictures Hitler produced.⁴³ Hitler procrastinated for understandable reasons. The prospect of writing to Angela for money was not pleasant. Finally Hanisch's urgings prevailed. Hitler promised to try provided he could obtain some writing materials. Hanisch and a salesman from Silesia, who also had caught the whiff of money, took him to the Cafe Arthaber by the Meidling station, and there Hitler wrote for help.⁴⁴ Perhaps he finally mustered enough courage to write to Angela, but it seems more likely he wrote to his Aunt Johanna and told her he needed extra money to complete his studies. From whomever the addressee came a quick reply containing approximately 50 kronen.⁴⁵ Hanisch suggested that Hitler go

⁴¹ Hanisch, p. 240; Hanisch statement, HA, File 64, Reel 3. The story that Hitler sought work at the *Westbahnhof* is plausible. During the previous two years his life had rotated around this central point; when in trouble, he seems to have returned to familiar territory to get help.

⁴² Hanisch, p. 240.

⁴³ Hanisch, pp. 240-41 and Hanisch statement, HA, File 64, Reel 3. Hanisch was more honest about his own motives in the earlier unpublished note than in his *New Republic* article.

⁴⁴ Hanisch, p. 240; Hanisch statement, HA, File 64, Reel 3. A badly garbled version of this series of events appears in Greiner, pp. 18-19.

⁴⁵ Hanisch, p. 240. Hanisch was badly confused concerning the details of

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to the Jewish quarter and buy an overcoat, but Hitler refused because he was afraid he would be cheated. Finally, Hanisch took him to the government pawn shop, the *Dorotheum*, where he acquired a dark winter overcoat for 12 kronen.⁴⁶

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Having solved the most pressing problem of the cold, Hitler took a few days' rest to recover from the worst hardships of the winter. Then, following Hanisch's advice, he took steps to begin painting pictures to be sold as postcards. To carry out this project he had to find lodgings where he could work during the day. After some consideration, he decided to move all the way across Vienna to the Men's Hostel or *Maennerheim* in the north-east corner of the city. There he would be able to paint and enjoy more agreeable quarters than he had in the Meidling shelter. On the 9th of February, 1910, after two years in the south-west part of Vienna, Hitler moved into the Men's Hostel in the 20th district.⁴⁷ Two days later, Hanisch left Meidling and took a temporary job as a servant. After four days on the job he followed Hitler to the Men's Hostel in Brittgenu. There they worked out their plan for painting and selling picture postcards.⁴⁸

Hitler's family, especially in his belief that there was only one sister. Greiner was similarly confused. *Greiner*, pp. 14-15. Jetzinger speculates that it was Johanna to whom Hitler appealed for money. His argument is plausible. *Jetzinger* (G), p. 223; *Jetzinger* (E), pp. 134-35.

⁴⁶ *Hanisch*, p. 240; Hanisch statement, *HA*, File 64, Reel 3.

⁴⁷ Copy of Hitler's *Meldezettel*, February 9, 1910. *HA*, File 17, Reel 1.

⁴⁸ Investigation of Hanisch, *HA*, File 1741, Reel 86; *Hanisch*, pp. 240-41.

butter, cheese and cakes in his bag of sail-
ir fill. Then, as the *Memoirs* tell us:

riend insisted I go with him across the Mariahil-
ie Ring, where he pointed out to me all the
ildings. The night was shrouded in mist and I
ch; in any case, I had enough to do with the
my journey, and when we got home, on foot of
past one in the morning I was dog tired. Then
iscussing our future plans and the programme
ig day, but I was asleep before I heard much of
uch to my friend's annoyance.'

ing morning they set about finding a room for
iscover nothing suitable—either the rent was
playing was not allowed or Adolf professed to
for his Gustl. Finally they gave up the search
ed his landlady to content herself with a small
er own to them. That same afternoon they
l by evening Adolf and Gustl were masters of
or 17, 2nd Floor, 2nd Staircase at 29 Stumper-
istrict. Maria Zakreys, the landlady, a wizened
, was only too pleased to sleep from now on
urn for a rent of 20 kronen a month, whereas
ved only 10 kronen.

was of the usual kind to be found at the back
Both windows looked out on to the narrow
n if ever caught the sun. The two beds were
all; there was a table between the windows
the room, by one of them, stood the grand
iment hired at a low rental from the Feigl
on, there was room for a chest and two
affin lamp supplied light and the illusion of

de looked somewhat gloomy,' wrote Gustl
ere completely content, seeing that we could

witness theatrical art in its highest perfection at the Opera and
occasionally in the Burgtheater.'

Fine! But was that the way, one wonders, for Adolf to earn
his own living—a necessity, as he tells us, imposed on him by
indigence and harsh reality?

The 'casual labourer'

Only a few days later Gustl sat the entrance examination at the
Conservatoire of the 'Society of the Friends of Music' and from
then on attended the morning classes. In the afternoons he had to
practise at home.

Meanwhile what was Adolf doing? In *Mein Kampf* he writes:

'Five years of squalor and misery are contained for me in
the name of this lazy, pleasure-loving city, five years during
which I had to earn my living, first as a casual labourer and
then as an artist, a painter in a small way, and such a truly
miserable living as never once sufficed to satisfy even moder-
ate hunger.'

He claims, then, to have been a casual labourer in his early
days in Vienna. His hardest time, he writes, was up to the end
of 1909. He would 'come home from work dead tired, unable
to read a book for more than a few minutes without falling
asleep'.

'At that time hunger was my faithful escort . . . the com-
panion that never failed to share in all I did. Every book I
bought roused its interest; a visit to the opera and hunger
would keep me company for days; there was no respite from
the struggle with my pitiless friend.'

But Adolf was not unemployed. He wrote:

'At that time it was not usually difficult for me to find
work of some sort, for I was not a trained craftsman, but had

92

1909

Linz. Kubizek states that Adolf used to visit her there every day. During her absence from home, Adolf's Aunt Johanna managed the household. Adolf's remark reported in the *Memoirs* may have been made at this time, 'Convents treat the sick simply for what they can get out of it.' This cheap sneer needs no disproving, but we must nevertheless discuss the cost of Frau Hitler's treatment, as Hitler claimed in *Mein Kampf* that his mother's illness consumed all her savings.

42
1909
Fortunately, the sum which Frau Hitler must have paid can be calculated almost exactly, because even at that time hospital charges were regulated by law. From 23rd January 1909 the charges for the general municipal hospital in Linz were raised from 2 kronen to 2.10 kronen for third-class and from 5 to 6 kronen for second-class patients. The charges in the convent hospital would certainly be competitive. Frau Hitler was in a third-class ward and therefore paid two kronen a day. The doctor who operated on her told me that she was certainly no longer than a month in hospital, and the operation itself would at the most have cost forty kronen. Hence the total charge which she was called upon to pay could not have been more than one hundred kronen (£4 3s.), a sum which Frau Hitler could easily afford, for it must be remembered that, even if she had spent 100 kronen of her capital each month since the sale of her house in addition to the 100 kronen of her pension, she would still have had 3000 kronen left at this time. She could, in fact, have afforded to pay a higher fee and enjoy more comfort in hospital, but instead she preferred to save the money for her children, principally for Adolf. His fortnight's entertainment in Vienna cost twice as much as his mother's operation.

In May 1907 Frau Hitler left Linz and went to live at No. 9 Blütengasse in the suburb of Urfahr. The main reason for the move was that her flat in the Humboldtstrasse was on the third floor, and after her operation she could no longer manage the stairs. In the Blütengasse she lived on the first floor of a recently built house in a quiet area. Adolf had a room which many a man in retirement would have been glad to call his own. The window

looked directly out on to the garden with a view of the Pöstlingberg beyond. A further advantage for Frau Hitler was that, Urfahr still being administratively independent of Linz at that time, its inhabitants were not called upon to pay consumer tax.

As a result of the operation, Frau Hitler's health seems to have improved for a while, for several women in Urfahr remembered in later years having seen her out shopping.

Adolf fails to gain admission to the Academy of Fine Arts

In early September 1907, when she was already ailing again, Frau Hitler was faced with the sad necessity of parting from her Adolf. He went to Vienna with the intention of studying to become an artist at the Academy of Fine Arts. He was now nearly eighteen and a half, and from his eighteenth birthday, on 20th April 1907, he had been entitled to payment of his share of his father's estate. During the course of the summer—probably on 1st August so that the half-yearly interest could be added to the sum already accruing since 1st February 1904—Adolf withdrew his patrimony from the Mortgage Bank for Upper Austria, 652 kronen, plus interest, making in all something over 700 kronen (£29). On this sum he could live for a year in Vienna at the rate of 58 kronen per month (for the sake of comparison, a schoolmaster earned 66 kronen a month for the first five years of his appointment, i.e. until his establishment; a postman, slightly less than 60 kronen a month). Moreover, in case of financial necessity Adolf could fall back on his mother. As he had an undisputed right to use the money as he pleased, his mother would hardly have sought to prevent him from going to Vienna, particularly as he had made up his mind that he wanted to study at the Academy. At any rate, she saw to it that he took with him an ample wardrobe of clothes.¹

Before leaving for Vienna, Adolf paid a farewell visit to his guardian, Herr Mayrhofer, in Leonding. Even today the old man

¹ It should be noted that Adolf's withdrawal of his patrimony and the amount he received are facts derived from an official document which is still in existence.

should strive always to be a good German, a good Austrian, a good Christian now and forever.⁸⁸

The nephritis, the diabetes, the bouts of uremic poisoning could be delayed but not cured by the doctors. On March 10, 1910, Vienna was bereft of her celebrated son and master. Most witnesses of the impressive funeral ceremonies, like Hitler, felt that a man of great stature had passed on. Others, who never had forgiven Lueger for his narrow religiosity, his frightening hold over the masses, and his limited but damaging antisemitism, undoubtedly felt great relief. Typical of the second group was Felix Salten, the gifted writer of *feuilletons* for the *Neue Freie Presse*, a newspaper which always regarded Lueger as a menace. In 1909, Salten had published a description of the mayor which had some elements of devastating truth. Lueger has a fine appearance, with his height, broad shoulders, unruffled yet dedicated countenance, enthusiastic and kindly eyes, full beard, and well-formed, impudent little nose, said Salten, if one looks at him from afar. Close up, the eyes seem crafty and evasive. The beard hides a mocking mouth, and the seemingly straightforward countenance gleams with guile and counterfeit. People had said that the educated should rule. Lueger, with his degrees in law, with his university patina, "disintegrates the physicians, mangles the lawyers, insults the professors, jeers at learning." In his haste to capture the mob, he tosses away all restraints, so that the cobbler and the tailor, the coachman and the grocer exult and rave over the opening of a new era in which the poor in spirit will be the blessed.⁸⁹

Was it not a kindness that poor Salten, lucky to die in exile from Nazism, could not know in 1909 that the master magician had an ardent admirer in the wings, ready to perfect in monstrous fashion the lessons already demonstrated with frustrated classes and individuals? Was it not equally fitting that Lueger, whatever his faults, died without premonition of the coming reversion of haughty "Österreich" to insignificant "Ostmark" at the hands of one who had learned to hate Vienna and the Viennese?

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revelation

James

it was to be understood that he was not a creature of plebeian origins. However, due to a series of accidents – his failure in *Realschule*, the death of his father, etc. – he had been forced to fight to realize his dream of an artist's career. This approach enunciated two middle-class articles of faith: respect for individual achievement and the value of good upbringing. Furthermore, since he had sunk to the bottom and risen again, he possessed first-hand knowledge of two unpredictable elements that troubled the nervous middle class: the worker and the masses. He understood and sympathized with everyone ranked below the discredited aristocracy. The fact that he had lived at a wide range of social levels was a telling campaign argument.

Hitler continually stressed the unusual breadth of his experience and implied that it provided him with a unique claim to leadership. He gave credit to reading – selective purposeful reading – but almost invariably omitted the names of the books he had read and never acknowledged a specific obligation to other political theoreticians. This may have reflected his awareness of *voelkisch* suspicions of abstract reasons as much as his eagerness to glorify himself.

He wrote endlessly about his ideological discoveries in Vienna. His objective in part was to justify his work as Fuehrer of the NSDAP up through the time of the *Putsch*, but he also wished to familiarize the German public with his aims. Even more, he was lecturing the *voelkisch* leaders on the facts of political life. The experience of Vienna had shown that the *voelkisch* ideology had to be united with a mass movement under the determined leadership of a man who from experience knew the masses and how to manipulate them. The purpose was obvious. Hitler's early life as presented in *Mein Kampf* was a departure point for an attack, not just on Jews, Marxists, and Democrats, but also on the respectable and fussy *voelkisch* leaders who wanted to preserve their small organizations from being swallowed up by the NSDAP.

The description of the early years as they appear in *Mein Kampf* is thus purposeful in every sense of the word. Whatever incidents fitted in well with one of his themes, Hitler used. Anything that did not was omitted. A necessary rule to remember in using factual material from *Mein Kampf* is that Hitler's political objectives were far more important than his devotion to accuracy. Any determination of the real importance of a given happening depends upon in-

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1913

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there is external confirmation of important facts. In general, except for Hanisch's obvious attempts to show himself in a better light, the main lines of Hitler's life in the period Hanisch knew him are accurately recorded. A sobering corrective to his occasional flights of fancy is provided in a two-page description of his friendship with Hitler which he wrote for a friend in 1933, (*HA*, File 64, Reel 3).

The case of Josef Greiner is somewhat different. His account is so dotted with serious errors that it would be easy to conclude the whole story was fabricated. Greiner describes his life with Hitler at the Men's Hostel in his book, *Das Ende des Hitler-Mythus*. He confidently provides precise dates for most of the incidents he describes; every one is incorrect by at least two years. Greiner gives wildly exaggerated accounts of his adventures with Hitler in the hostel which are demonstrably incorrect even if one ignores the completely erroneous dating. Yet despite this collection of error piled upon error, Greiner actually knew Hitler, although for a much shorter period than he claimed. When Greiner wrote in 1947, he had to depend nearly exclusively on his own unreliable memory. He had read about Hanisch, but only imprecisely, perhaps in Olden (*Hitler the Pawn*), and in Heiden's early book, *Hitler, a Biography*. He therefore stated that Hanisch had already come and gone when he met Hitler in the hostel for men. Yet, while he dated his own meeting with Hitler as 1907, he also accepted Heiden's date of 1910 for Hitler's contact with Hanisch.

Although Greiner could not remember Hanisch, Hanisch, ironically enough, remembered Greiner. In the *New Republic* article, written in 1936, he specifically mentions Greiner, whom he describes as a former "lamplighter in the Cabaret Hoelle in the Theater an der Wien." Furthermore, in sharp contrast to the picture Greiner was later to paint of himself, Hanisch held that he was a very bad influence on Hitler because he encouraged him in all kinds of wild projects. One of the ideas Hanisch says fascinated Greiner and Hitler emerged from newspaper advertisements of a miraculous hair restorer sold by one Anna Csillag. Greiner and Hitler wanted to use her mildly fraudulent advertisements as a model for some of their own equally questionable projects. When Greiner came to write his book in 1947, he had forgotten Hanisch and much else as well, but he remembered their enthusiasm for the advertisements

of Anna Csillag.

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1910-

By remaining in the *Maennerheim*, he could save money and still have fairly pleasant accommodations, but his attachment to the home went deeper. It was a haven for those who had no place in society; in terms of education, skills, and ability to cope with his world, Hitler was still a marginal man.³²

In the reading room he associated with rootless men clustered together in search of strength from their collective weakness. To an outside viewer, they were scarcely more than a pathetic collection of individuals struggling to preserve the tatters of their self respect. In their own eyes, and also in comparison to the great mass of transient lodgers who took temporary refuge in the *Maennerheim*, they enjoyed substantial prestige. They were, after all, better than the common horde so much in evidence. They referred to themselves as the "intellectuals" ³³ and took great pains to stress every aspect of their education or experience which tended to distinguish them from common vagabonds. Their insistence on the importance of permanent residence in the home was carried to absurd lengths. They maintained a careful distinction between their manner of speech and that of the transients and developed minor traditions, such as reserving certain chairs for the oldtimers in their group.³⁴

Hitler could not remain unaffected by the social outlook of the reading room crowd because it came so close to his own concepts of middle-class superiority. Furthermore, when he looked down from his sanctuary upon the miserable lower orders, he must have seen them as members of the group from which he had so recently escaped. Hitler, who saw social relationships in a distorted mirror, readily accepted the transients of the lodging house as his stereotype of the working class. The distortion was increased by the fact that the humiliations and degradation which he had suffered as a helpless vagabond were still very much alive.

³² Statement by Karl Honisch, *HA*, File 17, Reel 1. Hitler managed thenceforth to hold on to some savings. Though he complains of his poverty during the early *Kampfzeit*, he also speaks of his "small savings." *Mein Kampf*, p. 591.

³³ The term is used by Honisch. *HA*, File 17, Reel 1.

³⁴ Examples of this are sprinkled through Honisch, and are even more obvious in Honisch. *HA*, File 17, Reel 1. Both *Greiner* and *Goerlitz* and *Quint* maintain that Hitler also lived in a hostel on the Wurlitzergasse at this time, but the police registrations indicate this is inaccurate.

For nearly three years following the break with Hanisch, he remained in the reading room circle. His routine virtually never varied. No significant changes were discernible in his appearance or his system of painting at his chosen spot by the window. He was generally respected by his companions because he was a veteran in the home and had some of the mystique of an artist. He was polite to everyone, but his politeness never gave way to familiarity. He was reserved, and he was also remote, letting no one come too close. When spoken to, he replied courteously; when someone was in trouble, he responded, but in general he was content to paint and mind his own business.³⁵

His calm facade remained unruffled until a discussion of political or social questions began. Even then, he usually kept on working for a time, listening and contributing an occasional remark. Inevitably though, some statement would be made that irritated him. Then, according to Karl Honisch, who was a member of the reading room group in 1913, he would be completely transformed. Jumping up from his place at the table, he would throw down his brush or pencil and start a long and violent harangue. As he spoke, his face became animated. He would punctuate important points by throwing his head back and forth to add extra emphasis. Throughout, the characteristic dangling forelock tumbled down over his face. After raging and gesturing wildly for a few minutes, he would slow down and search the faces of the group for a sign of sympathetic understanding. Unable to discover anything but the stolid visages of his *Maennerheim* companions, he would abruptly stop speaking and, with a resigned wave of the hand, sit down and resume his painting.³⁶

The ideas put forth in these tirades were partly obscured by his own enthusiasm and anger. That he attacked the "reds" and "Jesuits" (the Christian Socialists) is certain. He also seems to have expounded some of his old Pan-Germanic enthusiasms. However, the spasmodic outbursts in the reading room did not accurately reflect the degree to which Hitler's political ideas had ripened by 1912-1913. He had by this time read extensively in the polemical literature of the period.

³⁵ Statement by Karl Honisch, HA, File 17, Reel 1.

³⁶ Statement by Karl Honisch, HA, File 17, Reel 1.

BS
1910-
13

His enthusiasm for Schoenerer's cause cooled considerably as he became more skeptical about the organizational ability and the political judgments of the old warrior. Schoenerer's failure to build up a mass movement was particularly distressing to the political tactician in Hitler.³⁷ By 1912, Schoenerer had faded into obscurity; what was left of his organization was difficult to take seriously. The independent Pan-Germans under Wolf still survived as a secondary political force, advocating the old program of more political power for the Germans and making strenuous, even wild, demands that all Germans be united in a single empire. Hitler never seems to have warmed to Wolf's group, however, though he was in sympathy with its political aims.³⁸ The absence of an effective appeal to the masses alienated him. Wolf never achieved Schoenerer's personal ascendancy among his followers; neither man had the magnetic appeal necessary to attract and hold a sizable following.

For these reasons, the established Pan-German organizations could not appeal to Hitler, and the nationalistic movement in Bohemia was also of little interest.³⁹ The nationalist labor movement in Bohemia began its expansion in 1904. By 1913, it had evolved into a moderately cohesive group of organizations describing themselves as "National Socialist." The similarity of their objectives to those of the later Nazis, and their use of the same name, might tempt one to conclude that Hitler quietly absorbed their doctrines while he was in Vienna and merely carried them across the border into Germany. The Bohemian program of that era, which emphasized the national and ethnic bases of society and the need for action to protect German workers and German interests from Czech encroachment, tends to bolster this assumption. On the other hand, the differences were of greater significance. The Bohemians were primarily nationalists, not racists; their anti-Semitism was peripheral and never gained complete acceptance within the movement. More important, the movement was a Bohemian phenomenon, an outgrowth of regional conflicts between Czechs and Germans. Its failure to expand beyond

³⁷ *Mein Kampf*, pp. 98-100.

³⁸ The only source that presents Hitler as sympathetic to Wolf is the *Hauptarchiv* statement by Hanisch. HA, File 64, Reel 3.

³⁹ The most recent treatment of the Bohemian groups is Andrew Whiteside, *Austrian National Socialism Before 1918* (The Hague, 1962).

Bohemia served as an additional obstacle to Hitler's acceptance. In his later public or semi-public explanations of his political development, he never included Bohemian National Socialism among factors which had influenced him. This silence was not an effort to disguise ideological theft. The sharp divergence between Hitler's social outlook and that of the Bohemians precluded close connections. The early National Socialists were led by journeymen who felt threatened by the increase in Czech industrial workers in Bohemia. Their political organization was designed to provide a nationalistic defense of the special interests of working groups. The working class, even the proletarian character of Bohemian National Socialism, was alien to Hitler's rigid middle-class sense of superiority. He wanted nationalism, particularly Pan-Germanism, with a mass appeal, but not of a variety having lower-class origins and subordinated to lower-class interests.⁴⁰

None of the social philosophies of the pre-World War I period had the combination of doctrines necessary to grip Hitler and sweep him into an established party. He had to pick and poke at the whole spectrum of political thought to assemble an ideology he found congenial. Since he turned a blind eye to actual social conditions, it was only through reading periodicals and pamphlets that he could ferret out the points he wished to use. His reading was spotty, yet purposeful. He carefully selected arguments and facts he found agreeable, and then ostentatiously displayed them in the reading room arguments.⁴¹ In the course of what was evidently a drawn-out process, he ultimately hit upon the basic concept which suited him best: racism, and particularly anti-Semitism.

In arriving at this concept, Hitler resumed a train of thought begun on the Felberstrasse and interrupted by the grim poverty of Meidling. Credit for a portion of his racist theories can be given to Ostara and Lanz von Liebenfels; additional confirming and sup-

⁴⁰ It is peculiar that Professor Whiteside speculates on a possible relationship between the Bohemian movement and the later German Nazis but does not consider a possible influence of the Bohemians on Hitler while he was in Vienna.

⁴¹ Hitler later gloried in the amount he had read in Vienna and his claims have been accepted by many. Zoller, p. 36; Gosset, pp. 50-51; Greiner, p. 83. One should be somewhat skeptical about the breadth of Hitler's reading, but there is little doubt that he did pore over partisan political literature.

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From reading you also
had the ability to
bring them up.

These were the years when he learned
the level of intelligence of the half-
educated and the half-ignorant - which
10 am xpl was needed to elaborate.

porting ideas came from the organized Pan-Germans and other groups. However the extension and refinement of these doctrines were of greater significance.

According to the racial anti-Semites, Jews were an alien and subversive element in society, separated from their neighbors not merely by religion, but also by the taint of inferior blood. Furthermore, this allegedly inferior group was able to control society and corrupt everything in order to place all power in its own hands. Superimposed on these basic concepts were the fables, old and new: ritual murders, the Fagin imagery, and every anti-Jewish anecdote that could be uncovered. These, although colorful and important in gaining supporters among the rank and file, were secondary to the paradoxical axioms of the anti-Semites: the Jews, a tainted and inferior race, also ruled the world.⁴²

In *Mein Kampf* and elsewhere, Hitler stated his conversion to racial anti-Semitism came while he was living in Vienna. In addition to his avowed youthful sympathies for Schoenerer, he claimed that he was led to this belief by an encounter with an eastern Jew and by the "study" of anti-Semitic literature. Precisely when his conversion took place is not clear. He wrote that he became a confirmed racial anti-Semite "within a year" after his arrival in the capital. This appears unlikely; during that period he was still dreaming dreams with Kubizek on the Stumpergasse. More probably it was during the year of his flight from the Stumpergasse and his discovery of sanctuary at the *Maennerheim* that the basis was laid for his beliefs.⁴³

Several important considerations concerning the young Hitler revolve around his acceptance of racial anti-Semitism. As previously noted, it was not difficult to become an anti-Semite in prewar Vienna. Organized groups were working assiduously to spread anti-Semitic propaganda, and centuries of religious and economic prejudice had etched anti-Semitic attitudes deeply into the minds of many Austrian Germans. Their environment was saturated with anti-Semitic catch phrases and stereotypes. The necessary guidelines for making an

⁴² An excellent, intuitive discussion of the question is given by Jean-Paul Sartre, *Portrait of the Anti-Semite* (New York, 1946).

⁴³ *Mein Kampf*, pp. 55-60; *Adolf Hitler's Reden*, p. 96; Hitler's autobiographical statement, HA, File 17, Reel 1.

2. It's not paradoxical at all. They worked; it was a manual, for the decision!

amounts to any true-believe
type.

alleged Jewish conspiracy the central core of a *Weltanschauung* had been worked out in detail by *voelkisch* thinkers.

B3 Racial anti-Semitism had many attractions for a bitter but ambitious young man. Above all, the doctrine supplied a simple, effective and ego-satisfying explanation of self and society. One could transfer all weakness and inadequacy to the Jewish stereotype; every failure could be explained as the work of the same malevolent chameleon. To the young Hitler, desperately needing self-justification, the discovery of a hidden Jewish conspiracy, working its influence on all economic, political and religious affairs, was a godsend. The path to the self-confidence and security which had eluded him so long clearly lay in the direction of racial anti-Semitism.

Reading and study of anti-Semitic literature was the most important factor in Hitler's adoption of Jew-hatred as an ideology. His vivid account of one personal incident which allegedly involved an eastern Jew should not outweigh his own admission that "study" provided the key.⁴⁴ The theoretical and abstract plane on which his anti-Semitism developed was reflected in his relations with other people. Through his adolescence and early manhood, he had close personal contacts with a number of people whom the racists considered inferior. During his last year in Linz, he had a Polish piano instructor and a Jewish doctor. His landlady on the Stumpergasse was Polish, and Kubizek was apparently of Czech origin. In the *Maennerheim* he was very friendly with Neumann, a Jewish art dealer, and in 1912-1913 he had a pleasant personal and business relationship with Jacob Altenberg, another Jewish art dealer. As late as 1936, Hanisch insisted Hitler had not been anti-Semitic when he lived in Vienna; he presented a long account of Hitler's cordial relations with Jews in order to prove it.⁴⁵

The apparent contradiction between Hitler the racist and Hitler the companion of "racial inferiors" may be resolved by underscoring the theoretical character of his racism. He seems to have been able to compartmentalize his ideology, not letting it intrude on his daily business and social life. This helps explain the apparent absence of conflicts with Jews during his years in the hostel, and the rather

⁴⁴ *Mein Kampf*, pp. 55-60; *Adolf Hitler's Reden*, p. 96; Hitler's autobiographical statement, HA, File 17, Reel I.

⁴⁵ *Hanisch*, pp. 271-72.

D. F. Indeed, he would look for examples of the real Jew, as opposed to the ones he met.

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VII

THE LATER VIENNA PERIOD, FEBRUARY 1910
TO JUNE 1913

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The haven in which Hitler and Hanisch carried out their work was the hostel for men, or *Maennerheim*, at 22 Meldemannstrasse in the Brittgenu, a district next to the Jewish quarter of Leopoldstadt on the banks of the Danube. The Brittgenu was an industrial suburb, a laboratory sample of the social problems associated with such an area in a rapidly developing economy. Far greater ethnic variety prevailed there than in most areas of the city. There were a sizeable Czech-speaking minority, a noticeable sprinkling of Poles, and more Jews than in any district of the city except Leopoldstadt. This population was not merely diverse; it was also mobile. A high percentage of the residents planned to remain only temporarily.¹

In 1900, Brittgenu had been taken into the city and designated the "20th district." Shortly afterward, the "Emperor Franz Joseph I Jubilee Foundation for Citizens' Housing and Welfare Institutions" built its hostel for men in the northern corner of the district, approximately three blocks from the northwest railroad station and seven or eight blocks from the Danube.² The *Maennerheim* was a large building designed to house approximately 500 men. The offices and principal eating room occupied the main floor, while the upper levels contained endless rows of small sleeping cubicles. Cubicles were an innovation for the period. They provided the lodgers with much more security and privacy than the customary open dormitories. The cubicles each contained a simple bed, a little table, clothes rack and

¹ 1910 census insert (no pagination) in *Statistische Jahrbuch*, 1910. The election results are in *Statistische Jahrbuch*, 1911, pp. 126-27.

² *Kuppe*, p. 417; Jenks, *Vienna and the Young Hitler*, p. 26.

dustrial employment and possessed few ties to the area in which they lived.

When Hitler and Hanisch entered the *Maennerheim* in the winter of 1910, their new quarters must have seemed little short of paradise after Meidling. They quickly appropriated part of the reading room as the perfect location for their painting business. The reading room was open during the day and was usually occupied by people trying to make money at odd jobs, such as addressing envelopes or preparing advertisements.⁶ The two men procured the material necessary for water color painting, and Adolf started preparing pictures, first in postal card size. He worked slowly, copying photographs or paintings of Vienna scenes. With rare exceptions, he avoided portraying the human form, but worked on the spacing and detail of his water colors as if he were producing architectural plans. Hanisch soon became impatient and urged him to throw anything on paper so they could get started. As quickly as Hitler could turn out small stocks of completed cards, Hanisch took them out to sell. Most of them were hawked in the taverns of the Prater on weekends.⁷

Within a short time both men realized that there were more profitable ways to market water colors than by peddling postal cards. Frame makers conducted a substantial business in Vienna, especially in the first and fourth districts. They customarily marketed their product complete with pictures, thus creating a steady demand for cheap illustrations. Another market was provided by the then fashionable couches with picture frames on the back. In response to the urgings of Hanisch, Hitler went to work on larger works, some in oil, for frame workers and furniture manufacturers.⁸ Again, he painted only scenes of Vienna, sometimes touching them up to represent the city a century earlier. In this period Hitler never attempted an original painting, but always copied an existing picture. When he found a successful motif, he would repeat it a number of times, continuing until the market was exhausted. Most of his pictures were about twelve by eighteen inches, although during his stay in Vienna

1910

→ D.T.
He had
fallen
off the
house
and
was
afraid
to get
back home

⁶ A striking similarity between two separate descriptions of the reading room group appears in *Hanisch*, p. 241, and the statement by Karl Honisch, *HA*, File 17, Reel 1.

⁷ *Hanisch*, pp. 240-41; Hanisch statement, *HA*, File 64, Reel 3.

⁸ *Hanisch*, p. 240.

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⁷ *Hanisch*, pp. 240-41; Hanisch statement, *HA*, File 64, Reel 3.

⁸ *Hanisch*, p. 240.

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→ D.T.
He had
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he did some nearly twice as large. Once he had systematized this kind of painting, he could turn out a steady stream of work. When he wanted to paint diligently, he was able to produce one picture a day of fair quality, which earned about five kronen from the dealers. On rare occasions, a Hitler original sold for as much as 10 kronen, but even then he received only half the amount because he had agreed to split all proceeds with Hanisch.⁹

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1910

The Hanisch-Hitler partnership was quite successful at the beginning and soon elevated them above the worst deprivations of tramp life. New prosperity gave them a chance to catch their breath and take stock. In the early spring of 1910, Hitler's appearance was nearly as pathetic as it had been four months before in Meidling. To be sure, he was no longer suffering from cold and had enough to eat, but his streaked and tattered clothing looked disreputable. Only the overcoat acquired in the *Dorotheum* helped save appearances. He had let his hair grow long and even developed a crop of whiskers which earned him the name of "Paul Krueger," because he looked so much like the South African statesman.¹⁰ It was an ironic echo of the Boer war battles he had fought as a child in Leonding!

With the return of better days, Hitler could not resist the temptation to indulge in some of his old pastimes. Sometimes he scraped together a few extra kronen and headed for the opera. When he lacked the price of a ticket, he went to free performances, ranging from the organ at the scenic railroad to a free band concert. On such occasions he lectured his companions on music and composers, invariably pointing out the pre-eminence of Wagner, who in his opinion completely overshadowed all other musicians.¹¹ The need to find inspiration for new paintings often led Hitler and Hanisch to the galleries. Here again Hitler seized every opportunity to expound his views on the arts. He was particularly enthusiastic about the work

⁹ Hanisch, p. 241; Hanisch statement, HA, File 64, Reel 3. There is a great deal of incidental material on Hitler's painting in the *Hauptarchiv*, especially Files 25, 29 and 37. A garbled explanation of the painting system appears in Greiner, p. 12.

¹⁰ Hanisch, p. 242; Heiden, *Hitler, A Biography*, p. 15; Greiner, pp. 20-21.

¹¹ Hanisch, p. 271. Describing Hitler in 1913, Hanisch also emphasized the importance of his occasional opera visits. Statement by Karl Honisch HA, File 17, Reel 1. One wonders if he visited the small Wagner Museum then operating in Vienna. *The Newest Guide through Vienna and Environs* (Vienna, 1912), pp. 147-48.

of the architect Gottfried Semper, who had designed many of Vienna's monumental buildings. Often in the *Kunsthistorisches Museum* he would completely forget about paintings in his enthusiasm for the building and it was only with difficulty that Hanisch could bring his attention back to the business at hand. Whenever Hanisch pointed out paintings which might be used as models for improving his work, Hitler became bitter and morose.¹²

Hitler was happiest in the *Maennerheim*, among comrades whose principal subjects for discussion were schemes for making easy money. He found enthusiastic companions in Josef Greiner, once a lamplighter, and an ex-priest named Grill. Together they dreamed up techniques for separating the public from its money, ranging from a hair restorer to a cream supposed to keep windows from breaking. The three young men spent their time continuously debating and arguing. Their attention wandered to other subjects — from politics and economics to astrology and the occult. Hitler always had a strong opinion and found ample opportunity for partisan debate.¹³

The only man who resented these activities, aside from the somewhat apprehensive administrator of the hostel, was Hanisch, who found it increasingly difficult to get Hitler to paint. Adolf was lazy. As soon as he had a little money in his pocket, he lapsed into his old habit of dawdling and arguing with his neighbors. Hanisch urged and pleaded with him, pointing out that if he worked systematically they might actually earn a comfortable living and not exist just as aristocrats among the vagrants.¹⁴ Hitler always promised to try harder, but the lure of discussion or the opera invariably proved too strong. In late May and early June 1910, Hanisch managed to hold him at work long enough to produce a number of paintings. After selling these pictures, Hanisch hoped to plow back the profits and expand the scale of their operation, but he failed to reckon with Hitler's laziness. Hitler had become quite friendly with a Jewish part-time art dealer named Neumann, who often came to the *Maennerheim* to buy paintings and other art goods produced by the resi-

¹² Hanisch, p. 298. The attempt to use trips to the *Kunsthistorisches Museum* as an incentive was highly speculative. It cost one krone to enter. Baedeker, p. 17.

¹³ Hanisch, p. 241; Greiner, pp. 35-42, 102-105; Daim, pp. 31-32.

¹⁴ Hanisch statement, HA, File 64, Reel 3; Hanisch, p. 241.

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dents. Hitler and Neumann had a number of long discussions in which they even considered the possibility of immigrating to Germany together. Finally, on June 21st, Hitler left the *Maennerheim* in the company of Neumann and rented a hotel room. When Hanisch finally caught up with him, Hitler was by himself. He told his partner that he required a rest from his arduous toil and therefore planned to enjoy himself for a while. He added that, when his vacation ended, their business operations could resume. Apparently, the schemes he had concocted with Neumann had already been abandoned. Five days later, on June 26th, his adventure ended and, most of his money gone, he returned to the *Maennerheim*, forced to labor once more.¹⁵

During the rest of the summer, he followed a similar schedule. He worked diligently for a few days until he got some money, then played until he had to work again. On one occasion when he had some money, he went to a short silent film entitled *The Tunnel*, which vividly portrayed a successful demagogue. Hitler was fascinated. The film illustrated the power that could be achieved over the masses. For days, his companions in the home were harangued on the power of haranguing.¹⁶ His interest in political questions, especially in political leaders, revived during the early months in Brittgenu. The biggest political questions of the day concerned the leadership and policies of the Christian Socialist Party. Their great leader, Karl Lueger, had died in March 1910. His lieutenants, of lesser stature, were squabbling over his political inheritance. Hitler had been fascinated by Lueger, despite the latter's identification with clerical politics, because he advocated social reform and possessed a sure touch in controlling a party which appealed to the masses.

In *Mein Kampf*, Hitler related the emotion which overcame him on March 10, 1910 as he watched the funeral procession bearing Lueger to his grave.¹⁷ With Lueger gone, Hitler's attitude toward the Christian Socialist Party gradually cooled. He felt the party was too

¹⁵ Hanisch, p. 241. Hanisch's story is fully supported by the police registration material in the *Hauptarchiv*. HA, File 1741, Reel 86 and File 65, Reel 13A.

¹⁶ Hanisch statement, HA, File 64, Reel 3; Hanisch, p. 242.

¹⁷ *Mein Kampf*, p. 121; Heinrich Schnee, *Karl Lueger: Leben und Wirken eines grossen Social- und Kommunal Politikers* (Berlin, 1960), pp. 108-109; Greiner, pp. 80 and 97; Hanisch, pp. 241-42.

* D.T. Neumann (use another name)
was one of ours and he used A. H.
so badly that Adolf accelerated

sympathetic to the subject nationalities of the Empire and was, therefore, anti-German. At this period, he seems to have inclined toward Lutheranism rather than Catholicism, and the Christian Socialists were condemned for their clericalism. Later, he was to attack the party, and Lueger as well, for their "indulgent" variety of anti-Semitism.¹⁸

Hitler's attitude toward the Social Democratic Party did not suffer from any ambivalence; he was totally opposed to everything it stood for. Throughout his Vienna years, there is a steady and consistent record of his violent denunciations of the Socialists, which often led to embarrassing incidents.¹⁹ He disliked their atheism, their attacks upon the state, and their efforts to gain total power. On only one point did he give them credit: like the Christian Socialists and the actor in *The Tunnel*, they knew how to put on a political show and could control the masses.

In the course of long political discussions, Hitler invoked a special authority symbol whenever he was seriously challenged. The prestige of his "respected father, Royal Customs Official Alois Hitler" was used to silence opposition and gain credence for ideas which usually had no relation to those of his late father. After all the conflicts during childhood over the importance and appeal of bureaucratic life, it seems ironic that Adolf would use his father and his father's status to prop up his own position among people whom old Alois would certainly have scorned!²⁰

Not all of Hitler's reading room companions were impressed by his arguments or his authorities. He often had to endure insults and was once called a "reactionary swine,"²¹ but the appeal of arguing never wore off. He was always ready to put down his brush and go back to the attack. His total lack of resistance to the distracting influences of reading room discussions finally made his partner throw up his hands in despair.²²

¹⁸ Hanisch, p. 271; Greiner, p. 95; statement by Jacob Altenburg, HA, File 1741, Reel 86.

¹⁹ Hanisch, pp. 241-242, 297; statement by Jacob Altenburg, HA, File 1741, Reel 86; Greiner, pp. 22-23, and 30; statement by Karl Honisch, HA, File 17, Reel 1.

²⁰ Greiner, pp. 14-15; also Hanisch, p. 240.

²¹ Greiner, pp. 22-23.

²² Hanisch gave a number of descriptions of these developments. Hanisch,

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had the kind of mind that used up whole volumes of argument on the basis of one experience in life.

to be treated considerably: no standing on beds and no ex-
pectoration save in the spittoons provided.

Rules and regulations reached a climax with regard to bathing facilities. They were available between 6:30 and 9:30 every night and between 6:30 and 11:30 in the morning on Sundays and holidays. The footbaths always were gratis, but limited to fifteen minutes. To shower, the guest had to pay ten heller (two and one-half cents) for a bath towel and bathing "apron," for walking around in the shower rooms totally unclad was forbidden. For twenty-five heller (six cents) one could soak for half an hour in a tub, with soap and towel supplied; only one person in a tub at a time, however, warned the regulations.⁵

The extremely moderate rates charged by the home made up for some of the rigidity of the rules. Lodging for one night cost less than fifteen cents. A weekly card was sold for two kronen fifty heller, that is, sixty cents.

Emil Kläger's sensational description of the needy and criminal elements in Vienna, published in 1908,⁶ was almost rapturous over the elegance and reasonableness of the Home for Men on the Meldemannstrasse. The genuine bums whose reserve he finally was able to pierce repeated endlessly the marvels of the establishment as they swallowed their tea and soup at charitable institutions. The home indubitably stood out proudly in its neighborhood of dumpy dwellings and naked factory buildings. Kläger approved of its arc-lighted dining room whose walls were tiled halfway up with a warm shade of green. He was intrigued by the system of paying for food; automatic machines dispensed tokens in return for regular currency, and these had to be proffered by the diners when their dishes appeared at the serving window. The victuals were tempting in price and in taste, he reported. An admirable serving of roast pork with a vegetable cost only nineteen kreuzer, a complete midday meal only twenty-three kreuzer.⁷ A good bowl of soup was offered for four kreuzer, while tea or coffee went for five kreuzer. The pretty library was well stocked with newspapers, light romances, and quasi-scientific journals.⁸

When Josef Greiner, the other major witness of these years,

Amles

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to provide Vienna's future tyrant with some decent clothes, which Greiner easily and reasonably obtained from the professional panhandlers who made up part of the home's clientele. Adolf wept when presented with a pair of shoes, striped trousers, another unfashionable salon coat, and a stiff melon-shaped hat. His friend remembered there was even enough money left over to pay for a warm bath and the weekly room card.¹⁰

Hitler not only desperately needed the home's dayrooms for working on his illustrations; he also used the kitchen facilities almost daily. When he was totally out of funds he prepared a watery soup. When there were kronen to spend, he cooked a big platter of rice and milk, liberally doused with sugar and grated chocolate.¹¹ These relative luxuries alternated with dark periods of absolute want which probably no one will ever be able to document convincingly. Greiner left Vienna at the behest of an uncle who was willing to pay for his studies in Germany, and he returned only for short visits. Though he later argued that he found Hitler in the new and more capacious Home for Men on the Wurlitzergasse in 1911, his remembrance is challenged by a *Meldezettel* (or residence record) which Jetzinger has uncovered. This document definitely places Hitler in the home on the Meldemannstrasse from June 26, 1910, to May 24, 1913.¹²

Before Greiner and Hitler ever met, the latter had stretched his slender frame over the park benches in the Prater when the night closed in on his misery. He learned, in case of rain, to take refuge under the arches of the Rotunda, using his coat for a pillow and the unyielding ground for a bed. When the autumnal frosts began, he swallowed what pride was left and stood in line for a place in the refuge in Meidling.¹³ Thus he became part of the welfare statistics, of even lower caste than the proletariat he professed to lecture. In the Home for Men he brushed shoulders with a count, a baron, and more than one businessman who had lost everything at the race tracks. Here he argued with hefty Socialist laborers, measured his talents with those of struggling young artists, and learned to sneer at the Jewish traders and peddlers who also rented rooms.¹⁴ In the parks, flophouses, and

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"The Most Miserable Time of My Life"

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warming rooms of imperial Vienna he was but one face in a crowd of defeated men.

The society which helped keep Hitler alive during his toughest bouts with hunger was the Association for the Shelter of the Homeless, which enjoyed the gracious protection of Francis Joseph himself. It endeavored to nourish the hungry with soup and bread and to give shelter to those who had no place to sleep. At the beginning of this century it operated a refuge which, when remodeled in 1903, could handle 420 wretches per night. In the year of its remodeling it welcomed 46,000 men, more than 10,000 women, and 3,000 children. Undoubtedly these figures do not indicate 46,000 *different* men; names never were asked for, and it is extremely likely that there were hundreds of "repeaters." No person could stay in the refuge more than five nights in a row, but one wonders how the permanent staff of six persons ever enforced such a rule. Between December 1 and March 15, the months of agonizing cold, a *Massenquartier* also was operated. As the German indicates, the overflow of men was simply crowded into a structure which at best kept them from freezing in the streets. In these three and a half winter months, such primitive accommodations had to take care of another 42,000 men.

On November 21, 1908, the asylum for homeless men was transferred to the Meidling district, and it was here that Hitler went when the Prater became unendurably cold. Whether or not he was galled by the fact that the Meidling home was largely made possible by the endowment of the wealthy Jewish Epstein family, we know not. Thanks to their generosity, and to the benevolence of others, the new home was serving in 1911 approximately 710,000 portions of soup and bread to the unfortunate and sheltering 226,000 men, 50,000 boys, 61,000 women, and 46,000 children.¹⁵

This private group's contribution, albeit an impressive one, was but part of the charitable program. The city maintained a refuge for the homeless in which further thousands were allowed to find a spot in which to sleep. In 1911 this asylum handled 94,000 persons, of whom 63,000 were men and 12,000 were

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"The Most Miserable Time of My Life"

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fare, which boasted of the protection of the Archduchess Marie Valerie. During 1901 six warming rooms scattered about the city had taken in 368,000 men, 228,000 women, and 583,000 children. Each person sheltered received a piece of bread and a serving of soup.¹⁹ A decade later these rooms were besieged by 421,000 men and 200,000 women who desired shelter from the bitter cold. Again it should be stressed that "repeaters" were the order of the day; even so, it is a shock to add to the above statistics the 597,000 acts of charity which this society vouchsafed the innocent poor children of Vienna during 1911. Here, as with the Meidling shelter, Jewish funds had been abundantly contributed. The well-known warming room on the Erdbergstrasse was wholly endowed by Baron Moritz Königswarter, to mention but one example.²⁰

On a freezing December night at about the time that Hitler was beginning to feel at home in glamorous Vienna, Kläger continued his research into the life of the wretched by applying for entry to the warming room in the dismal Brigittenau district. This newest of Viennese developments was its grimmest. Max Winter, a caustic Socialist journalist of the day, said it would be hard to outdo this district's absentee building owners, whose unabashed and usurious rent-racking ranked with the cold profit-seeking of the contractors who had long flourished there.²¹

Horror was Kläger's first reaction as he caught sight of the tightly packed human beings. There was not an inch for the slightest bodily movement, save for the jerking of weary heads when sleepiness became overpowering. The recipients of this shelter had to remain seated at the tables all night long; it was impossible to tell if they were sleeping or not. When a newcomer arrived, the overseer jabbed his elbow into one of the dozers to secure somehow a bit of sitting room. No talking and no smoking were allowed. Coughers and snorers were disciplined at once. Here sat the lowly on hard wooden benches, tortured and mute, glad to get insipid soup and a slice of bread to deaden the bite of their empty bellies. In the rear was a corner for

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"The Most Miserable Time of My Life"

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old man and a young girl shared a bed; the politeness of their verbal intercourse indicated that accident alone made them bed-mates. In the same room, of course, were other "boarders," including two children sleeping on wooden planks. They had been completely undressed, and only the rags which had been piled on top of them kept them from shivering in their sleep.

Another establishment sandwiched fifty persons into one diminutive hallway and a small room adjoining. Here shreds of blankets and sheets served as cover, and one needs little imagination to evoke the stench of such a hell. Some of the vagrants whom Kläger met swore that they walked the streets for three or four days in order to be sufficiently exhausted to endure the dreadful atmosphere of such flophouses. Filth, disease, agony of spirit, and degradation of body were the most obvious by-products of these supremely ugly habitations. Needless to say, they were much frequented by "amateur" prostitutes, who often seemed willing to sell themselves just for the cost of the night's lodging, that is, for twenty to thirty heller. The rest of the flophouse's customers seemed to care not at all that the sale was consummated in their presence. The mumblings of a drunk were far more likely to arouse protest.²³

Could a man sink further? That depended upon one's taste, for the bums who could not stomach these hovels might possibly find out how to get to the sewers which ran parallel to the Danube Canal and the Wien River. The favored spots were near the Stephanie and Ferdinand bridges, where it was not too difficult to force open the iron doors leading to the sewage canals and find some room for sleeping and even for wood fires. Kläger remembered old experienced tramps asleep on planks, with their heads pillowed in straw, their arms and legs spread-eagled so as to give their muscles the maximum relaxation possible. The prized locations were those closest to the corridor that led to the actual sewage canals, for there the moist, warm vapor cut the sharpness of the wintry temperatures. In some of these less than stylish anterooms the stench was incredibly loathsome, and only men truly fearful of the police forced themselves to hide here.

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Lueger and the Common Man

THE FRUSTRATIONS and miseries of the Viennese years never completely erased Hitler's admiration for two Austrian political figures, Burgomaster Karl Lueger of Vienna and Georg von Schönerer, the leader of the Pan-Germans. Of the former Hitler wrote in 1924:

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Therefore he put the weight of his political activity on winning over those classes the existence of which was threatened, and this, therefore, became a stimulant rather than an impediment of the will to fight. In the same way he was inclined to use all the instruments of power already existing, and to gain the favor of influential institutions, in order to be able to draw the greatest possible advantage for his own movement from such old-established sources of power.

So he based his party primarily on the middle classes which were threatened with extinction, and so assured himself a group of followers almost impossible to unnerve, filled with a readiness for sacrifice as well as with a tough fighting strength.

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Had Doktor Karl Lueger lived in Germany, he would have been placed in the ranks of the great figures of our nation; that he had labored in this impossible State was the misfortune of his work as well as his own.¹

Lueger, of course, never admitted that his beloved homeland was an "impossible State," however much the Magyars might arouse his distrust and anger. He lived long enough to be recognized as Francis Ferdinand's first choice for the minister-presidency of Austria, and he ever scorned the Pan-German dreams of *Anschluss*.²

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before his erstwhile idol solemnly celebrated the great blow against Napoleon. In a sense, however, Schönerer's parting words were for him:

Pan-Germanism is and was my dream! And I close with a Heil to the Bismarck of the future, the savior of the Germans and the moulder of Pan-Germania!

All hail the second Bismarck, three times hail! ⁶⁶

The future leader of the Third German Reich has given testimony that his personal sympathy for Schönerer, so strong when he first arrived in Vienna, was gradually transformed into sympathy for Lueger.⁶⁷ By 1913 he probably had already developed in his mind his analysis of Schönerer's basic failure, which takes up more than twenty pages of *Mein Kampf*.⁶⁸ First, Hitler was convinced that the Pan-German leader lacked "an actual knowledge of human nature" which led him to neglect the masses for the sake of the bourgeoisie. Second, the Pan-German group was trapped into taking part in sterile parliamentary life and consequently "deteriorated to the level of ordinary political parties of the day and lost the force to oppose a catastrophic destiny with the defiance of martyrdom." The beer-hall was exchanged for the floor of the Reichsrat, and so the movement "ceased to be a people's movement." Third, Schönerer's fight against Roman Catholicism was incorrect in both its assumption and conclusion. His movement "made itself impossible in numerous small and medium circles through its fight against the Catholic Church, thus robbing itself of innumerable of the best elements which the nation can call its own." Hitler was particularly sharp in criticizing Pan-German leadership for providing the masses with two enemies, when the full force of the blows should have been aimed only at one. "As soon as the wavering masses find themselves confronting too many enemies, objectivity at once steps in, and the question is raised whether actually all the others are wrong and their own nation or their own movement alone is right."

What did Schönerer do that was acceptable in Hitler's sight? He "correctly" realized the nature of the "race problem," and

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the Jews were tricky and sometimes crooked, out to grab all of the lucrative posts in business, the professions, the government, and the arts. When Austria succumbed to National Socialism decades later, it was a simple task to reawaken these convictions.

Between the years of Hitler's poverty in Vienna and his grandeur as its overlord, Dr. Leo Goldhammer published a statistical study of the Jews of Vienna which illuminates the problems which Oppenheimer discussed and which the antisemites loved to exaggerate.⁶ First of all, it seems wise to note the extraordinary increase in the number of Jews in Vienna as that city expanded after 1850. In 1857 a mere 6,217 Jews made up slightly more than 2 percent of the population. By 1910 the Jews numbered 175,318, about 8.6 percent of the population. The incorporation of new suburbs after 1880 reduced the Jewish percentage of the total population, for in 1880, the year which saw the beginning of a decade of virulent agitation, the Jews had made up 10 percent of the total.⁷

In Hitler's days of vagabondage the heaviest concentration of Jews was to be found in the Leopoldstadt, a big district which sprawled between the Danube proper and the Danube Canal. Here a third of the generally poverty-stricken citizens were Jewish; they tended to be the woebegone peddlers and hand-to-mouth tradesman whom Hitler disdained and hated. The Leopoldstadt was the site of the old ghetto, so that the Jews who made money always felt psychologically impelled to move to the Inner City or to the relatively pleasant Alsergrund district.

In these two districts they made up one-fifth of the population. The Leopoldstadt by no means took care of all of the indigent, for over 17 percent of the people living in the raw and desolate Brigittenau were Jewish. In general the Jews tended to congregate in the center of the city or in the livelier districts which touched the Ring. In the newest districts, save for the Brigittenau, they were not often seen.⁸

Oppenheimer's expectation that Jews and Christians would tend to intermarry with the passage of time seemed to be borne out by Goldhammer's research. In the four years prior to the

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coming of World War I, one out of every six Jews who married picked a "confessionless" consort. Since Christians often married "confessionless" persons who really had been born into Judaism, assimilation clearly was on the march.⁹ Whereas there always were more females than males in Vienna from 1880 through 1910, there never were enough Jewish women in Vienna to marry the Jewish men resident there. Though this situation tended to "straighten out" in the thirty-year period mentioned, 1,000 Jewish males still theoretically had to compete for 965 Jewish brides as late as 1910.¹⁰ This ratio undoubtedly helped the process of integration, which many established Austrian Jews looked to as a sovereign "solution."

It would be quite impossible to guess how much ink and time went into the antisemites' discussion of Jewish participation in the Austrian educational system. If Czechs and Germans were ready to battle in the streets over language qualifications for governmental posts, antisemites were more than prepared, particularly in Vienna, to sound the tocsin against Jews who "dared" to avail themselves of the imperial schools. The statistics for Hitler's last few years in Vienna do indicate that the Jews were athirst for knowledge and that they had distinct preferences in the kinds of knowledge they sought. Whatever the sins of the old empire might have been, there was no persecution of Jews who were guilty of the above desires; nor, in view of the unrequited howls of their enemies, was there indication of any limitation placed upon their ambition, save that of competence.

It will be remembered that 8.63 percent of the inhabitants of Vienna in 1910 were Jewish. Down to 1914, their children made up approximately 7 percent of the attendance at primary and intermediate schools. Then the proportion of Jewish students in Mittelschulen, whether Gymnasien, which stressed preparation for the University, or the Realschulen, which emphasized vocational and industrial training, increased almost sensationally. By 1913, 27.6 percent of those enrolled in the Mittelschulen were Jewish. These students definitely preferred the Gymnasien, for their diploma opened up far more avenues than did one from a Realschule. Almost 35 percent of the

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youngsters in the Viennese Gymnasien were Jewish in 1913; only 18.4 percent of the enrollment of the Realschulen was Jewish. To avoid the confusion which percentages alone occasionally convey, it should be added that in the last year of peace a total of 5,710 Jews were being taught in the Mittelschulen, in comparison with 14,956 non-Jews.¹¹

The antisemites who raged over the number of Jewish lawyers and doctors in Vienna and who maintained that Jews were uninterested either in making the earth blossom or in creating new art forms constantly used the registration figures of the University of Vienna as their text. In the five academic sessions of the University prior to Sarajevo, the number of students increased from 9,090 to 11,115; the percentage who were Jewish went from 25.09 percent to 27.54 percent. Medicine seemed to attract most of these young men, for they comprised almost 29 percent of the persons under that faculty in 1913-14. Second in interest were law and politics, of whose neophytes 20.51 percent were Jewish during the same session. The Faculty of Philosophy was least enticing, for here only 16.33 percent of those registered were Jewish. To balance mere percentages, it would be well to say that in 1913-14 1,167 Jews were studying medicine at Vienna, 1,051 law and politics, 568 the liberal arts.¹²

During this same academic session 660 Jewish students went to the Technische Hochschule, making up 20.67 percent of the enrollment. Far different was the story at the Hochschule für Bodenkultur, or Agricultural University; only 2.37 percent of its future experts were Jewish. The presence of a mere 27 men in the midst of 1,114 non-Jews was explained by Goldhammer as being a direct result of the antisemitic attitude of the student body. To Austrian hatemongers who did not live to see the muscular young farmers of modern Israel this ratio was proof either of laziness or agrarian incapacity among the Jews. At the University for Veterinary Medicine the Jews again were not strongly represented; possibly the hostility of the Christian students kept the percentage at a little over 4 percent. The Academy of Fine Arts which rejected Hitler certainly was not

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as well attended by the Jews as the lectures at the University of Vienna or even the classes in architecture and applied sciences available at the Technische Hochschule. Sixteen Jewish students accounted for a mere 6.42 percent of the budding artists of 1913-14.

Most popular of all of the Viennese institutions of "higher learning" with the Jews was the Export Academy, which trained men for world trade and international finance. If one were to believe even half of the antisemitic utterances of the last years of the empire, one would anticipate that the classes were overwhelmingly Jewish, that Baron Rothschild had thousands of eager imitators. Given the long centuries in which the European Jew had been allowed no livelihood save that of a trader or moneylender, it is surprising that only 30 percent of these incipient tycoons were Jewish on the eve of the war that would destroy much of the Central European trade complex.¹³

Aside from the unending complaints that the Jews would soon dominate all business, all medicine, and all legal affairs, it was almost as fashionable among the antisemites to dilate upon "Jewish criminality."

Goldhammer's statistics are particularly full on this point. Sensibly, he divided offenses against state and society into what might be called "crimes" and "misdemeanors." Among the former were included murder, manslaughter, theft, robbery, embezzlement, fraud, and severe assaults upon other persons. Misdemeanors embraced usury, criminal negligence that led to the death of others, and financial derelictions which eventuated in unjustified bankruptcy. In the years between 1902 and 1913 the percentage of Jews condemned for crimes tended to decline, and this ratio always fell below the Jewish percentage of the total population of Vienna. For the years 1911-13, for instance, only 6.38 percent of convicted criminals were Jews.

Quite different was the percentage of Jews condemned for misdemeanors. In the same period 1911-13, 28.13 percent of the convictions were against Jewish malefactors. As might be anticipated from the preceding paragraph, Jews were primarily

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guilty of misdemeanors linked with usury and bankruptcy. They made up 40 percent of the persons tied in with illegal bankruptcy procedures and 30 percent of those convicted of exacting excessive interest. And yet no Jew had been found guilty of usurious practices in the 1902-4 period, whereas five non-Jews were so implicated.

In the field of true crimes the Jews were most often found guilty of fraud. They accounted for 16.57 percent of the convictions in the 1911-13 period, a proportion almost double their share of the total population. With almost all other criminal activities, however, they tended to be well below their percentual strength. Their share of the convictions for theft, forgery, and robbery was rising slightly, so that in the period above mentioned they were responsible for 7.34 percent of the unfavorable verdicts.¹⁴

The vicious competition which afflicted the business life of the most recent Jewish migrants to Vienna, plus the undoubted shock they suffered in moving from villages and cities they had known for years, might have accounted for many of their transgressions, which seemed to center about monetary matters. They rarely committed brutal or passionate deeds. Their faults rather were those of a group which had to scramble unceasingly for security. To men who worshiped Siegfried while reviling Hagen, however, it was better to be a violent warrior than a sly trickster. Though the Viennese Jews most likely sinned against each other more often than against their Christian neighbors, their disproportionate share of convictions for financial irregularities fed the flames of the resentment that all men nurture against the rich and successful.

Adolf Hitler had convinced himself that the Jews were guilty of yet another affront to humanity, namely, the management of prostitution. He wrote in *Mein Kampf*:

In no other city of western Europe could the relationship between Jewry and prostitution, and even now the white slave traffic, be studied better than in Vienna, with the possible exception of the seaports of Southern France. . . .

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An icy shudder ran down my spine when seeing for the first time
the Jew as a cool, shameless, and calculating manager of this shock-
ing vice, the outcome of the scum of the big city.¹⁵

The most inexperienced amateur in the field of human be-
havior is aware of the difficulties which beset any investigation
of commercialized prostitution in any stage of the world's
history. For a hundred lurid and sensational accounts there may
be one slight article which pinpoints responsibility; the twentieth-
century American jury has found it easier to convict "vice
lords" of income tax evasion than of pandering. Bribes and the
frank conviction that someone has to furnish prostitutes if
decent women are to be unmolested play their part in the con-
spiracy of silence.

No one seemingly has made even a preliminary study of the
directors, if there were any, of the Viennese traffic in pros-
titutes. The only judicious review of this social problem was
H. Montane's,¹⁶ published some years after Hitler dragged
Kubizek through the depressing Spittelberggasse, where the girls
sat at the windows between customers.¹⁷ If anything, Montane's
report indicated almost unlimited autonomy among these un-
fortunates. The laws encouraged the very type of organization
which Hitler was sure existed, but relatively few women *seemed*
to be effectively controlled by either state or vice lords. The
melancholy rows of houses on the Spittelberggasse, strategically
close to infantry and cavalry barracks, did indeed imply some
sort of organization. For every admitted "district," however,
there seemed to be thousands of free lances who must have
been as chary of "ring" control as of state control.

Legalized prostitution in Austria dated from the period of
German Liberal ascendancy, when it was decided that the police
should control rather than suppress. The statute of February 6,
1873, required that all professionals be registered and undergo
a medical examination by a police doctor. Any female over
fourteen years of age could practice this profession as long as she
could prove mental competence and carried her Health Book.
Further medical examinations came at stated intervals, and a

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and the well-heeled at the expensive restaurant in the Stadtpark. On big nights at the concert halls they contrasted strikingly with the frozen busts of the great composers. Should anyone protest their presence, their voices rose in righteous indignation, for they had their "rights." The older and less inviting specimens competed for soldiers, students, and rough laborers at the cheap dance halls in the Prater or in suburban beer gardens. One locale, a brewery in Ottakring, was so notoriously exploited that it usually was off-limits for the military. In spring and summer, of course, the inns serving new wine doubled as spots for casual assignations.²¹

In 1913, Hitler's last year in Vienna, only 1,879 women were registered with the police as professional prostitutes.²² Montane was certainly to be trusted when he declared that these were but a small part of the picture. It is possible that every single woman involved in the traffic was dominated by and preyed upon by an all-knowing ring. It certainly cannot be proved otherwise. But a rationalizing group of purveyors of sin would have no reason to operate in defiance of the mild regulations; most prostitutes were carrying on despite the law, it seems quite clear. The *Deutsches Volksblatt* would have delighted in exposing "big shot" Jewish white-slavers had it been able to do so. In the shadowy world of sexual indulgence it was easy to name anyone as the heartless exploiter. Hitler, the pure and blameless prophet of "The Flame of Life,"²³ simply foisted all of the responsibility upon the Jews. His conclusion fitted the pattern he had already worked out.

Though Kubizek was convinced that his friend Hitler was antisemitic long before leaving Linz, the future murderer of the Jews went to considerable pains to leave a far different impression in *Mein Kampf*. He would have had his followers believe that he knew of no "organized hostility against the Jews" when he arrived and that he first thought that "the language of the antisemitic Viennese press was unworthy of the cultural traditions of a great race." As time went by, he wrote, the "great" Viennese press, as opposed to the antisemitic, began to repel him with its unending adulation of the Habsburgs, with

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but through a gray suede pocketknife sheath left in a taxicab they eventually caught up with Redl. His handwriting at intelligence headquarters matched the script which was on the receipt for the letter picked up at general delivery.

Conrad von Hötzendorf, the Serb-hating director of Habsburg military might, ordered that Redl be liquidated immediately and in complete secrecy, if at all possible. The visit of the officers to the colonel's room had followed and "officer honor" had supplied the necessary pistol. Redl never had a chance to escape from the hotel, for a vigil was kept across the street from the hotel until his body was discovered. In 1914, when the first Austrian attempt to seize Belgrade fizzled out miserably, there was reason to recall the colonel who was not quite a gentleman.

To Adolf Hitler, abandoning Austria in 1913, the Redl case must have been another sign of the corruption and approaching doom of the despised Habsburg edifice. If Germans in this empire were subjected to "undignified submission and fulfillment of all and every extortion,"²⁷ why be surprised that a high-ranking officer of German stock should sell his honor to a potential enemy?

The damage had begun long before, in the struggles of 1848. "The German, forgetting or not acknowledging his origin, sealed his own doom by entering into the service of the revolutionary movement. He helped in awakening the spirit of Western Democracy which after a short time deprived him of the foundation of his own existence."²⁸

* High German officers were prone, A. 14,
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short time in the Simon-Denk-Gasse in the 9th District of Vienna, informing his landlady that he was studying to become an author. Various other lodgings of Hitler's have also been mentioned, but a list of addresses is useless unless we also know how Hitler occupied his time at each. On page 28 of *Mein Kampf* he stated:

'The unskilled labourer in Vienna lived in horrifying squalor. The thought of those miserable hovels makes me shudder even now, the hostels, the mass shelters, the sight of murky refuse, revolting filth and worse. . . .'

No doubt Hitler did experience the squalor, but if so, he cannot have been a labourer, for thousands of workmen in Vienna fed a wife and child on their wages, besides paying for lodgings, whereas Hitler could have rented a good room with his orphan's pension and kept his entire earnings for his other expenses.

What, in fact, did he now live on? He must have spent his patrimony during 1908, the first year he was in Vienna. Any further sum which may have been passed on to him after the death of his mother must have dwindled by now almost to nothing and could hardly last him beyond the spring of 1909. His only source of income was therefore his orphan's pension—25 kronen a month. That would suffice to buy him bread and about $1\frac{3}{4}$ pints of milk a day, but that was all. So it was that from about the spring of 1909 he was unable to afford a room, and at best could only sleep the night in a doss-house. During the summer he slept in the open, on a bench or under an archway and finally, when the nights became too cold, he was compelled to seek shelter in the Hostel for the Homeless in Meidling. Thus Hitler's second year in Vienna was no doubt his hardest, but for that he had only himself to blame.

In the course of my researches in Vienna I came across an old woman who I could see knew something about Hitler's early life. She was very unforthcoming to start with, but later she told me that she was a relation of Frau Zakreys, Hitler's first landlady, and used often to visit her in the Stumpergasse when she was a

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night. In all, the passage quoted supplies yet further proof that Hitler can never be taken at his word.

Apart from this, Hitler could not risk taking a job as an unskilled labourer, for had he done so, he would have been officially considered as provided for and would thereby have lost his orphan's pension. He knew that well enough. And though his step-sister, Angela, who was having to keep his sister on 25 kronen a month, was not directly in touch with him, she was naturally interested in his share of the orphan's pension and his further enjoyment of it depended on satisfying her that he was still studying and therefore could not yet support himself. Hitler, in fact, never worked as an unskilled labourer, neither in his first nor his second year in Vienna, neither in building nor any other kind of employment.

It has often been stated that in the winter of 1909-10 Hitler worked clearing snow and occasionally as a baggage porter. There is no evidence to prove either of these assertions. He may have shovelled snow, but it is inconceivable that anyone would have entrusted luggage to him in his dilapidated state, and in any case there were more than enough officially licensed porters available at that time.

In his war-time headquarters the Führer told the story that he had been so badly off in Vienna, for months he had lived on nothing but bread and milk. That might be correct for the spring of 1909 until the end of that year, but it was entirely his own fault. Many thousands of others, who drew no orphan's pension and received nothing from home, managed not to starve, because they worked. And in any case the tale of woe need not be taken too seriously since the Führer went on to say that, when in Vienna, he smoked 20 to 40 cigarettes a day, costing him 13 kreuzer, until the thought came to him that he could spend the money on some butter to go with his bread, whereupon he threw the cigarettes in the Danube and never smoked again. Another of those fairy-tales of which he was so fond! Hitler never smoked, and if he had, he could not have bought 40 cigarettes for 13 kreuzer (2½d.). Probably it annoyed him to see

1909-10 his officers smoke so heavily and he wanted to set himself up as an example of abstinence and strength of will. Hitler never knew the meaning of objective truth. Everything he said was intended to achieve some personal object, and anything that seemed likely to help him attain it was in his eyes the truth. That is the key to all Hitler's talk.

The Hostel for the Homeless at Meidling was the lowest to which he could sink without coming into conflict with the law and the police. While there he got to know a man some years older than himself who was destined to bring him to a minor turning-point in his career. The man's name was Reinhold Hanisch, but his papers gave it as Walter Fritz. In the callow and boastful Hitler Hanisch was quick to spot a likely victim for his wiles: artist, orphan's pension—splendid! Here was the very man to help Hanisch to those half-bottles of wine which alone gave him an interest in life. Before long he was proffering his advice. 'I'll tell you what—you paint the pictures and I'll sell them for you!' But it was impossible to paint in the Hostel for the Homeless; a room was needed to paint in during the day. Here, too, Hanisch was ready with a suggestion: no landladies, they fleeced their tenants, he said. In the 20th District (Brigittenau) there was a hostel for men, the very place to paint in, and cheap!

But a small capital would be needed to start on. . . . And this also was forthcoming. Konrad Heiden writes, from information supplied by Hanisch, that Hitler's sister in Linz sent him 50 kronen from their father's pension. That, of course, is nonsense. Their father had been dead for more than six years and his pension had expired with him. W. Görlitz and H. Quint, in their *Adolf Hitler, eine Biographie*, published in Stuttgart in 1952, therefore change the statement to, 'At Christmas 1909 Adolf was sent 50 kronen by his younger sister, Paula, in Linz.' That is equally nonsense. At that time Paula was not yet fourteen and had no money to send. No, the true facts were no doubt as follows. Hanisch must have asked Hitler whether he knew anyone who could provide some money and Hitler have answered, yes, his Aunt Johanna, but he would be ashamed to beg from her. Hanisch

then talked him over and together they concocted a begging letter to Hitler's aunt, with the result that she not only sent money then, but continued to do so at intervals, as we shall see confirmed by documentary evidence in the next section of this book.

The Hostel for Men (January 1910–24th May 1913)

So at the beginning of 1910 the two associates transferred to the Hostel for Men, the free-lance artist Hitler and his sales agent, Hanisch.

In this Hostel, which was at 27 Meldemannstrasse, Vienna 20, a private sleeping-cubicle could be rented for three kronen a week. The cubicles could not be occupied before nine o'clock at night and they had to be vacated by nine the next morning. For daytime use a reading-room, smoking-room and canteen were available. The occupants of the Hostel included not only riff-raff, but quite respectable citizens who used it to tide them over a period of financial difficulty, and it was thus superior in status to the hostels for the homeless. Here in the reading-room Hitler painted his pictures. His clothing must by that time have been in rags and he managed to change it, acquiring underlinen as a gift of charity perhaps and buying the remainder for a few kronen from the clothing mart, amongst other things an old-fashioned frock-coat which was much too big for him.

Hitler's drawings and paintings were not original, but copies, and Hanisch hawked them round the public houses in the evenings as the work of a sick or starving artist, thus finding buyers among the 'golden-hearted Viennese', as indeed they were in those days. When necessary Hanisch would no doubt act the consumptive and cough in the customers' faces until the fear of infection made them feel for their purses. Of the methods which Hanisch employed to sell his pictures Adolf, of course, had not the faintest idea and so believed they had market value as art.

Hitler and Hanisch continued their joint enterprise until July or August 1910, when it was terminated for reasons given in a

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statement signed by Hitler on 5th August at the police headquarters in Brigittenau. The statement, first published by Konrad Heiden and undoubtedly authentic, was as follows:

'Adolf Hitler, artist, born Braunau 20.4.1889, domicile Linz, Catholic, single, present address 27 Meldemannstrasse, Vienna XX, states: it is not correct that I advised Hanisch to give his name as Walter Fritz, I have never known him by any other name but Walter Fritz. As he was without means, I gave him the pictures which I painted in order that he should sell them. He regularly received from me 50% of the sums realized. For about the last two weeks Hanisch has been absent from the Hostel for Men and has defrauded me of the picture "Parliament House" to the value of 50 kronen and a water-colour to the value of 9 k. The only document I have seen of his is the said employment book in the name of Walter Fritz. I first met Hanisch in the hostel in Meidling.
5th August 1910. Adolf Hitler.'

Hanisch maintained he had only got 15 kronen for the picture entitled 'Parliament House' and had given Hitler 7½ kronen.

After this affair Hitler had to find someone else to sell his pictures for him and Hanisch's immediate successor was a certain Josef Neumann, who was also living in the hostel for men and appears to have been a Hungarian Jew of some substance. He failed, however, to sell any of Hitler's pictures. Thereafter Josef Greiner may have been the salesman for a time. Greiner claims to have been an intimate friend of Hitler's, and his book *Das Ende des Hitler-Mythos* was published in Vienna in 1947.¹ It is very doubtful whether Greiner knew the young Hitler at all, but in any case not in the period stated by him, namely September 1907 to July 1908, for Hitler was not then living, as Greiner states, in the Hostel for Men, but incontestably in the Stumpergasse.

¹ The book is for the most part untrue. There is no space to substantiate this charge here, but anyone who is interested can find proof in a separate treatise under No. 146 in my collection of documents.

In *Mein Kampf* Hitler described his life in the years 1909 to 1910 as follows:

'By that time I had already gained my independence, working in a small way as a draughtsman and water-colour artist. Though the life was hard as far as my earnings were concerned, which indeed were barely enough to keep me alive, it was good for my chosen career. . . . I was master of my own time now and could allocate it considerably better than had been previously possible. I painted for a living and learned for pleasure.'

Hitler had, in fact, been independent throughout, had always been free to allocate his time as he wished—and he had chosen to waste it in idleness and trifling. And as an artist he was less able than ever to earn a living, but in fact he had other sources of income, as we shall see.

Involuntary surrender of orphan's pension

A pronouncement by the local Court in Linz throws light on Hitler's circumstances in the year 1911. His guardian, Mayrhofer, showed this document to several people, until someone apparently pointed out to him that it reflected discredit on the Führer. Thereafter Mayrhofer kept it to himself and I was only able to make a photostat copy of it through the good offices of the incumbent of Leonding. The following is the text:

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The minors Adolf and Paula Hitler, children of the late senior customs official Alois Hitler, have since 1st January 1908 been drawing an orphan's pension to the combined total of 600 kronen (and will continue to do so) for such time as one of the orphans concerned remains unprovided for and under-age, which in the case of Adolf will be to 19th April 1913 inclusive and in the case of Paula, 20th January 1920.

Whereas Adolf Hitler, now living as an artist at Vienna XX, Meldemannstrasse 27, has formally stated before the district court Leopoldstadt I that he is able to maintain himself and that he is agreeable that the full amount of the orphan's pension should be put to the use of his sister and moreover whereas enquiries have revealed that Adolf has received considerable sums of money for the purpose of his training as an artist from his aunt, Johanna Pölzl, and thereby he appears to have been accorded preferential treatment, therefore this court as the court supervisory to the guardianship of the minors Adolf and Paula Hitler has no objection to the orphan's pension of 600 kronen being now used in whole to pay for the upbringing of the minor, Paula Hitler.

Frau Angela Raubal and the guardian Herr Josef Mayrhofer shall be informed accordingly, the latter with the further notification that he is empowered to put that portion of the monthly pension hitherto retained by him for Adolf Hitler to the use of his sister Paula.

Imperial Sub-area Court Linz, Dept. 5, dated this 4th May 1911.

What had happened? Had Adolf at last come to realize that he had been grossly inconsiderate to his two sisters and had he therefore gone to the district court at Leopoldstadt to make a voluntary declaration of renouncement? No. If it had been a question of voluntarily forgoing his share of the pension he need never have gone to the court at all; he could have written direct to his guardian, or signed a short statement and sent it to Angela, asking her to pass it on. His guardian would then have gone to the court in Linz and the whole matter would have been settled inside five minutes. But enquiries were made and Angela, with whom normally the court was not concerned, was officially informed of its decision. These two facts leave no room for doubt that Adolf did not go to the court in Vienna on his own initiative but was summoned to appear before it, at the request of the court in Linz. The instigator of the enquiries could only have been

Angela and that was why the decision of the court was communicated to her as well as to the guardian. Apart from that, the expression 'is agreeable' shows that Hitler did not volunteer to renounce his share of the pension, but was persuaded by the court to do so.

There remains the question of why Angela raised the whole matter of the orphans' pension at this time. There is no doubt she had every reason to do so. Her husband had died in August 1910, that is, in the previous year, and her pension as the widow of a tax official was very low, particularly as he had completed only ten years' service. She had three children: a five-year-old boy, Leo, and two girls, one of them three years and the other only twelve months old. Finally, she had to feed and clothe her fifteen-year-old half-sister, Paula, who was attending the local grammar school, on 25 kronen a month, a sum which could barely have sufficed for clothes and school extras. But Angela had no dealings with Adolf and knew nothing of his life and it was not until their Aunt Johanna died that Angela discovered he had been receiving considerable sums of money from her. Johanna died in Spital near Weitra on 29th March 1911. Whether or not Angela went to the funeral—she probably did—it must have been at this time that she realized the full extent of Adolf's swindle: not only did he pocket his full share of the monthly pension, but he tricked his aunt of her money, possibly even persuaded her to make him her sole heir on the pretence that he was training to become an artist. To Angela this was the last straw and she applied to the guardians' court in Linz with the request that, as Adolf was now aged twenty-two and old enough to earn his own living, his share of the orphan's pension be re-allocated to Paula. The court then made enquiries through the police and when it had been found that Adolf was not attending any school of art, but had received sums of money from his aunt, the competent court in Vienna was requested to summon him to renounce, or failing that, to deprive him of his share of the pension.

It is easy to see how the story of Adolf's brotherly love leading him to renounce his share of the pension in favour of his

trace in police or other records. Finally, his subject of his heritage was only to be expected later years, was at pains to depict himself as a man who had been obliged to earn his bread as a craftsman and then managed to starve his way up to become an artist and painter in water-colours.

of apprenticeship

120 pages of *Mein Kampf* to the period which came after the war, and the lessons drawn from it. He called it a school, but also the most thorough school of

enormous amount then, and read thoroughly. What remained after the day's work was spent on it. Thus within a few years I created a fund of knowledge which I am still drawing today. . . . During this period I painted a picture of the world and a philosophy became the bed-rock of my future actions. To this I then acquired I have had to add little—and

lack of more reliable information on Hitler's life led us to take him at his word, but we know now that this was a gross exaggeration. During his first year in Vienna, as we have seen, he never occupied himself with serious studies, but was busy with plans for musical dramas—what he called 'my operas'. In his second year was spent, as he himself said, in 'strangling the serpent, Want'; he slept under a tree and drank his soup from a nunnery. Study in such a manner was impossible except in the school of life. The knowledge which he spoke could only have been acquired in the school of life in which he lived in the Hostel for Men. In his biography, Greiner saw Hitler bring in a book and Hitler himself was later to tell his biographer that in Vienna he read through 500 volumes—

the entire stock of a public library. Greiner was in Berlin during the whole of the time Hitler was living in the men's hostel and his evidence is therefore worthless, but apart from that, never once during his later career did Hitler show that he had ever studied in the sense he would have us believe, that is, sought knowledge in an objective and dispassionate spirit. He read the newspapers, that we know, and we also know what he understood by 'books'. In *Mein Kampf* he spoke of the first time he saw a Jew wearing the Kaftan: 'As always in such cases I now began to try and remove my doubts through books. For a few heller I bought the first anti-Semitic brochures in my life.'

Though not in the sense of book-learning, the years spent in Vienna were, nevertheless, the 'years of apprenticeship', as Hitler called them in *Mein Kampf*. The basis of his political knowledge was laid in discussion and argument with the ever-changing inmates of the Hostel and, not least, he discovered and now began to use a natural talent for rousing and reacting to the emotions of a crowd. In the evenings he talked himself hoarse before an audience which included self-respecting workmen as well as the 'ragged proletariat', the flotsam of the city, and so skilfully did he play upon their feelings and arouse their slumbering resentments and aspirations that more than one quondam Social Democrat believed he was listening to the pure doctrine of Socialism. No book could have been as valuable to Hitler as this experience.

A man incapable of loving

Meanwhile, as we have seen, neither August Kubizek, the friend of his youth, nor Hanisch, who lived in the same hostel with Hitler for eight months, nor his comrades in the First World War ever saw him seek feminine company or show interest in a girl. Hitler was, in fact, not only sexually frigid, but incapable of loving in the widest sense. He had no feeling for nature, none for his family and none, even, for his faithful friend Gustl, whom he abandoned without a word.

Did Hitler love Austria? True, on 12th March 1938, there were tears in his eyes as he spoke from the balcony of the Town

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Hall in Linz, having returned home after an interval of thirty years, but weeping was part of Hitler's stock-in-trade, as we know from Göring's oft-tendered advice when the Nazi Party was in difficulties: 'We must fetch Adolf and get him to cry.' Apart from that, Hitler did his best to wipe out the name of Austria immediately the country of his birth had been absorbed by Germany, changing Upper and Lower Austria, the traditional names of the provinces, to 'Upper' and 'Lower Danube'.

And his much-vaunted love for the German People? That was the biggest fraud of all! He loved them just as long as they served his ambition and extended the boundaries of his absolute rule, but when the turning point came, he allowed them to bleed to death rather than abandon power. As Rommel confessed to his family circle, it was in an interview in November 1942 that he realized for the first time: 'Hitler despises the whole German People and the fate of all those who are fighting for him leaves him utterly indifferent.'

Hitler's evasion of military service

On 12th March 1938, when Hitler, now the conqueror of Austria, revisited Linz for the first time in thirty years, he said to Gauleiter Eigruber: 'Here in Linz there must be a military document concerning me. I want that document found and delivered to me personally.' (The document was, in fact, an official file dealing with Hitler's evasion of military service, between the years 1909 and 1914.)

The following evening Eigruber reported, 'Mein Führer, apparently there were some documents but they have been removed.'

Then Hitler 'got into a rage', as an eye-witness told me. Summoning the Gestapo chiefs, he made them personally responsible for the production of the document. Arrests and imprisonments followed; first, the former Governor of the Province, then his Deputy, then the Editor of the *Linzer Volksblatt*—all to no avail. Later, I myself was interrogated by the Gestapo; the story is told in detail in an Appendix to this volume.

But the Gestapo never found the papers, which remained hidden until after Hitler's death. The following is an account of the facts they reveal.

As a member of the age-group 1889, Hitler should have reported in the late autumn of 1909 for his name to be entered in the register for military service, and in the spring of 1910 he should have appeared in person to begin his military training. If he had then been rejected on medical grounds, it would have been his duty to report for re-examination in the following year, and, assuming he was again rejected, to report once more a year later, when, if he had been rejected a third time, he would have been released from the obligation to serve. This had long been the duty of all male citizens of Austria, in accordance with the Conscription Act of 1889. Each year full details concerning registration and the start of military training were placarded at all the principal street-corners and were also announced in the newspapers so that no one could plead ignorance if he failed to comply.

Between 1909 and 1912 Hitler was living in Vienna. He neither applied for his name to be entered on the register nor did he report for military training in any of the three subsequent years. In the list of men due to report each year from his home parish in Linz, the note was entered against his name: 'Failed to report. Address not known.'

In Vienna, meanwhile, Hitler could feel reasonably secure. As long as he did not come into serious conflict with the police his evasion of military service would remain unknown to them. Nevertheless he waited until he had completed his twenty-fourth year (19th April 1913) before going to Munich, for then he would normally be over-age for military service and so believed he could leave Austrian soil without infringing the law. But as he had neither registered nor reported for service at any time, in fact he remained liable for service until he was thirty-six and by going abroad he was therefore committing a double crime punishable with close imprisonment for a year and, in addition, with a fine not exceeding 2000 kronen.

1909-
12

- 42
- (c) 'In the purely cultural and artistic field, the Austrian State was also showing signs of decadence . . . particularly in architecture.'
 - (d) 'I was convinced that this State would hamper and restrict every truly great German.'
 - (e) 'I was revolted by the conglomeration of races in the capital, revolted by the mixture of Czechs, Poles, Hungarians, Ruthenians, Serbs and Croats etc., while thrusting up like mushrooms were the eternal dividers of Mankind—Jews and again Jews.'
 - (f) 'The Austria of those days was like an ancient mosaic . . . a single blow and it would shatter in a thousand pieces.'
 - (g) 'The new style of architecture could never have much success in Austria, at least in Vienna, because since the development of the Ringstrasse the expenditure on building had been negligible compared with the plans being made in Germany . . . I hoped one day to make a name for myself as an architect.'
 - (h) 'I was impatient to know the happiness of living and striving in the place whence the realization of my most ardent and heartfelt wish was destined to come: the union of my beloved home with the common Fatherland, the German Reich.
For all these reasons, the longing grew in me to seek out the place for which I had yearned in secret since the early days of my youth.'

1913

These reasons Hitler summarized on page 179 of *Mein Kampf*:
'I left Austria first and foremost for political reasons. . . .'

No less than four pages of *Mein Kampf* are devoted to the full statement of Hitler's motives in leaving Austria and the reason is clear: the real motive, namely that he was a deserter fleeing from the law, had to be concealed at all costs for he knew well enough that no politician with such a background would gain a hearing in Germany and particularly in Bavaria. The guilty secret might have come out at Hitler's trial for high treason in 1924 and, if it had, his reputation would have been damaged beyond repair. But the court accepted his uncorroborated statement that he had

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VIII

THE YOUTH AND THE MAN

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Hitler's departure from Austria in the early summer of 1913 is the terminal point of this study. Except to conduct a few border discussions with Austrian National Socialists in the early 1920's, he did not return to his homeland again until the *Anschluss*. The formative years spent in Austria as a child and young man obviously continued to exert great influence, but the key question is in what ways did this early period put a distinctive stamp on the later man? How many of the characteristics which helped to make Hitler the spellbinding speaker, *voelkisch* leader and successful dictator had already developed by 1913?

Such questions invite logical pitfalls. When the end result is known, it is a simple matter to find early signs and foreshadowings which point to the final conclusion. Conversely, it is easy to ignore the important fact that youth is not adulthood. Prudence requires that significant features of his life and activities which had not developed in 1913 be outlined first, even though they are widely known.

Hitler was a young man in 1913, barely twenty-four years old. He had no important friends or acquaintances in the political or economic life of Germany or Austria. His opinions on German conditions were based solely on second-hand information. He had no political experience, had never been a member of any political group, and had not had the opportunity to examine the inner workings of a political or propaganda organization. He had difficulty meeting people, was somewhat diffident when facing important men, and had no experience in public speaking, except for his outbursts in the reading

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ing personal undercurrents which would not be exposed to the multitude.⁶ In this way he let the vagrants' world influence him and still retained enough personal strength to pull free. This reserve was an essential precondition for his later performance as Fuehrer. The role of leader demanded that he be within and yet stand apart – the very talent he had acquired in the hostel.

The *Maennerheim* also seems to have made an important contribution to the development of his social thinking. His short experience as an actual tramp has received heavy emphasis from biographers, but it was during the three years of settled existence in the *Maennerheim* that he had the best opportunity to study social groups. His low opinion of the masses because of the ease with which they could be manipulated probably owed much to this experience. More specifically, his stereotype of the worker, well-intentioned but confused and elemental, undoubtedly derived from the discussions of the "intellectuals" in the reading room.

Another characteristic of the later Hitler already discernible in childhood and youth was his difficulty in making long-range decisions. As a boy he was unable to accept the fact that a series of small decisions, made or postponed, ultimately amounted to a major decision. He seldom looked far enough to see a series form a trend. Only at the last moment would he awaken to the situation; by then, it was often too late to do anything but follow the logic of events. In his struggles over the *Realschule*, his artistic dreams in Vienna and his refusal to face financial problems, he displayed both shortsightedness and inability to deal with an accumulation of minutia. Some biographers have pointed to similar failures in his adult life, such as the long deferred decision concerning Roehm in 1934 or his apparent hesitancy on the eve of the *Anschluss*.⁷ Yet the implications of this apparent character defect go deeper. What had been a debilitating liability as a child may have been a significant asset as a politician. In the 1930's and 1940's, the adult Hitler still delayed difficult decisions, apparently hoping that a way out would present itself and solve the problem for him. After the alternatives had been narrowed, he could then place himself at the head of the trend and

135

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⁶ *Table Talk*, p. 360; statement by Karl Honisch, HA, File 17, Reel 1.

⁷ Such incidents are especially prominent in *Bullock*.

became an "instrument of history." In the process, most routes of escape were closed to his opponents, and he more than once was able to apply one of his ostentatious displays of power directly upon them. He discovered few people could stand against this pressure once the issues had been defined and little maneuvering room remained. One of his most effective political weapons was an outgrowth of personal weakness.

Finally, one must consider the unusual breadth and depth of Hitler's experiences in Austria. Allowing for his later exaggerations, the fact remains that he had seen and done a great many things in his first twenty-four years. Aside from his middle-class upbringing, he had received some insights into peasant life from his parents. He had lived in small towns and major cities. In Vienna, he lived with tramps and migrant workers and even had experience as a day laborer. He had a brief and rather unsuccessful encounter with the secondary school system, but he had also worked independently as a small artist-businessman. No other middle-class *voelkisch* leader could point to a similar range of first-hand knowledge.

Yet, on balance, more was probably lacking than present in 1913. Hitler was to prosper as a revolutionary leader in a society revolutionized by defeat, inflation, and depression. When he arrived in Germany, he was a lost man in a society that seemed stable and self-assured. In the next few years, German society lost its self-assurance and equilibrium. In chaos, the young refugee from the Maennerheim at last found his home.

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D.T. So far as I could understand the intent of the O.O. in this second-rate book, it was for his potentiality to deal with disruption, disorder and chaos, since he was clumsy, unsleight and without assurance in crises and social situations.