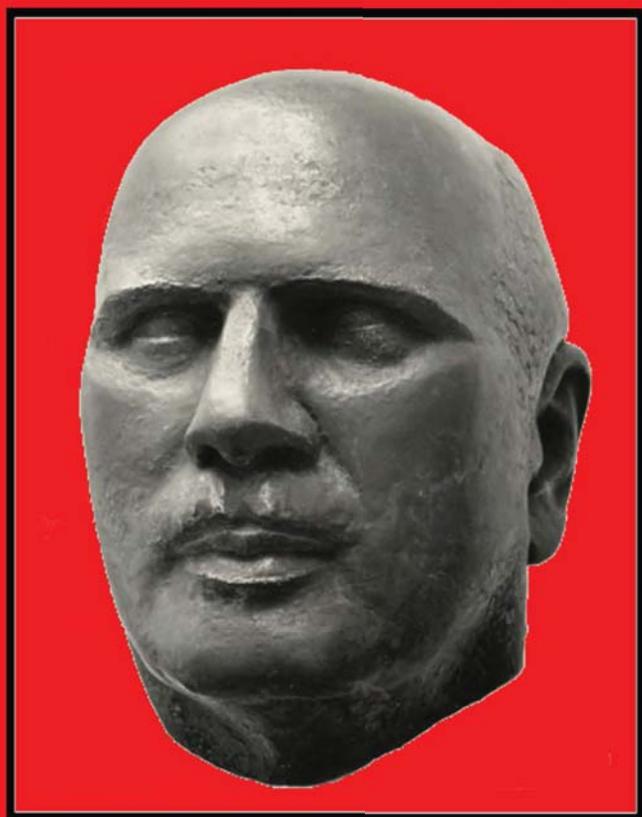


DARING LIFE



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BERSERKER

BOOKS



FIRST PART



FROM MONARCHIES TO REPUBLICS

When I was two years old, my parents moved from Trebnitz in Silesia, where I was born in 1889, to Nördlingen in Bavaria. My father was a file cutter.

My father bought the business of a master craftsman in Nördlingen, where he had worked as a journeyman. It was only with great difficulty that my parents had raised the small sum of money needed to buy the shop.

My father was to acquire the business. For years we lived in the most meagre conditions, which were not improved by the fact that the family was constantly growing.

Nördlingen was an old Reich town until 1806. It always remained strange to me inside. In my youth, with its 8000 inhabitants, it was a distinctly rural town; the farmers from the fertile Ries region came there to sell their produce and buy the products of commercial diligence in return. Most of the citizens were craftsmen. Social differentiation remained within narrow limits. As soon as a craftsman set up a small shop, he had already risen to the ranks of high society. It was a genuinely bourgeois basic feeling that the merchant, the trader, was more distinguished than the man who produced the goods, the craftsman. Personal friendships between craftsmen broke down once one of them had made it to a shop. He immediately felt that he was something better and looked for a new, more suitable companion. The pure craftsmen were members of the Protestant Workers' Choral Society, while the craftsmen who had risen to become tradesmen were members of the Liederkrantz. There was a tense relationship between the two choral societies. The Liederkrantz looked down on the Evangelischer Arbeitergesangverein with disdain. The Kramladen was ennobling: it also placed them in a higher hierarchy as singers.

My father's house was half of a semi-detached house, the other part was owned by the master bag maker Hermann Bub. There were good neighbourly relations between the two masters. Bub had a little room on the ground floor converted into a shop. The relationship between the two families soon changed. Bub began to turn up his nose in a bookish manner.

He expected to be greeted by my father first. When my father, as the older man, failed to do so, the two men walked past each other without paying any attention to each other. The women hardly spoke to each other either; even under the front doors, which were next to each other, there was no longer a familiar word between them. Bub had daughters; they

were the same age as my sisters. The girls stopped playing together; it wasn't appropriate for 'merchants' daughters' to socialise with tradesmen's daughters.

In spite of my young age, I observed all this with critical feelings; I looked at this "haute volée" with downright finge feelings.

My father never had the ambition to rise to the level of a man. He was bound to his profession in an almost incomprehensible way. His trade was hard; it required him to hammer groove after groove into the file with a hammer in one hand and a lead handle in the other. He was a hard-working man who sat in his workshop at seven in the morning and stayed there until seven in the evening. He still had that real solidity that you could absolutely rely on. If he had told a customer a date by which the goods would be ready, the customer could count on being served on time. He never overcharged a customer, he was unrivalled in his scrupulousness. The memory of one experience remains indelible in my mind.

One Saturday, my father was absent for a short time and my mother sold a machine knife file for 1,10 Marks. When my father returned, he realised that the price of the file was only 1,20 marks. My mother discovered the buyer, a farmer from Löpsingen, a village about five kilometres from Nördlingen. On Sunday morning, my father asked my father to take me to Löpsingen. The overprice of 10 pfennigs made him so happy that he thought it was his duty to personally carry this small amount of money five kilometres to the farmer.

He put his ambition into delivering only good goods. He proudly stamped his name on every file he made.

My father had a tough youth. As a boy, he moulded goose hiites; he had been affected by such and similar

from attending school regularly. All in all, he enjoyed no more than two years of lessons. His wish to become a locksmith was never fulfilled, as this would have required an apprenticeship fee of several hundred marks, which his parents were unwilling to sacrifice. So he became a file fitter. His master took him on free of charge on the condition that he work as an apprentice for five years. During his apprenticeship, he suffered from the deficiencies of his school education. He set about filling in the gaps with great energy. He began with handwriting exercises and managed to produce careful, neat handwriting. He also endeavoured to learn how to spell correctly, and here too he was successful. As a journeyman, he went travelling, as was customary at the time. He worked in Zurich, Strasbourg and many German cities, including Nördlingen, where he met my mother.

My mother grew up in a village about two hours away from Nördlingen. Her father was a bricklayer; as a result, her circumstances were poor and cramped. After leaving school, she worked as a maid in Nördlingen.

My mother was an unusual woman: she had a bright, sharp mind, great practical skills and a lot of energy. My father was much softer than her. Everything she did had a hand and a foot. She was the dominant force in the family. Apart from me, she had given birth to five other girls. Despite this busy life, she remained a beautiful woman until her death - she died at the age of sixty-eight - and her golden-blond hair still adorned her on her deathbed. Despite her meagre primary school education, she was interested in intellectual matters; in addition to her extensive daily work, she still found time to read good books, which she obtained from the town's extensive library.

The local patriotism of the citizens of Nördlingen made each life for the immigrant for years. One was a "Hereingeschmecker", when you came to Nördlingen from abroad. Although my father had become the owner of a small house, he was not considered a full man. In addition, he never completely lost his North German dialect throughout his life; as a result, it was obvious to him that he came from Prussia, which nobody in Bavaria was aware of. Never

He managed to establish really friendly relations with one of the local families. On the whole, we lived as foreigners. Later, my father acquired Bavarian citizenship and Nördlingen city citizenship. He had thus entered the circle of those with full rights; however, relations with the citizenship did not get any warmer after that.

At school, this rejection of the familiar was also noticeable towards me. It may be that a certain waywardness that I had contributed to the fact that I had no inner relationship with my mates. I had no real friend, indeed, at times I was almost x-followed. I remember how I often went to school with a heavy heart because I was depressed by the clashes I had to expect. They didn't consist of fights, but of harassment, insidious and malicious language.

I was very attracted to the area around Nördlingen. The Ries is a large basin surrounded by Jura mountains; its diameter is around twenty kilometres. In prehistoric times, the Riessee filled this basin. The flat area is dotted with a large number of villages. The atmosphere and lighting of this stretch of land are almost Mediterranean. The heights of the Jura are densely wooded. In addition to marvellous fir forests, wonderful deciduous forests stretch for hours. I became heathy in these forests. I wandered for hours on lonely Waldwege zwischen den Trümmern. It was not unusual for me to leave my parents' house after lunch and only return from such hikes late in the evening. I gained two cameramen who shared my love of such walks. Even today, this landscape takes on a warm and intimate colour for me when I approach it; memories of the past come flooding back and the feeling of an old connection with these heights and forests is revived.

My father would have liked me to become a file cutter and later took over his business. I didn't have the slightest desire to do it. I lacked all practical talent. When I picked up a hammer, I was sure to knock my fingers to pieces. If I was working with a chisel or a knife, I was going to get sick. If I reached for a broom, my father would exclaim in despair: "He can't even pick up a broom!" It may be that

I sometimes exaggerated out of aversion to this occupation and made myself more clumsy and steep than I actually was. It remained true, however, that I lacked all physical dexterity. Only reluctantly did my father agree to send me to a secondary school. However, he asked anxiously how he was supposed to pay for my education.

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When my father took over his business, he had been ripped off by his predecessor. He had bought too expensively. In the meantime, the predecessor had died, but his childless widow was still alive. It was as if this woman felt the need to make amends for the fraud that had been committed against my father. She took care of me, I called her aunt from childhood and she treated me like her own son. Whenever something went wrong or failed me at home, I fled to her and was comforted by her or received what I longed for from her. This woman wanted to come to my aid with ongoing support. There was a secondary school and a grammar school in the town. Discussions began as to which school I should attend. Here, however, the tyranny of societal views, whose coercion was mitigated by the fact that it was based only on unwritten laws, came to the fore. On average, the classes at the Progymnasium were attended by no more than eight to ten pupils. These pupils came mainly from the higher classes of civil servants and were the children of the few doctors, priests, district magistrates, assessors and the judges of the local district court. The two or three major merchants in the town also sent their sons to the Progymnasium. The pupils at the Progymnasium were referred to as "weirdos". Could my parents risk entrusting their son to the Progymnasium? Wouldn't there be some kind of rebellion in the town over their audacious arrogance? That was indeed the situation. My parents would have become the talk of the town if they had "aimed so high" with their son. They didn't dare enrol me at the Progymnasium; moreover, they feared that I would be treated badly by the teachers. Such worries were not unfounded. Two talented classmates of

I, the son of a letter carrier called Egg and the son of a small rag merchant, Hubel, were admitted to the grammar school. Egg was first in all subjects; neither his classmates nor his teachers forgave him for this. It was considered an unauthorised act of bravado that he dared to stand out and shame the sons of good society despite his lowly origins. The poor boy was driven to despair by his teachers and mates through seelis& mifihandling. In his third year at school he was no longer able to bear this mental strain; he threw himself under a moving railway train. The equally capable rag merchant's son left the Progymnasium at the end of his third year because he wanted to escape social ostracism. Both pupils had become victims of the educational privilege, which was strongly defended by the propertied middle classes.

Unfortunately, I gave in to my father's concerns and from the outset avoided the obvious attempt to assert myself there, given my combative desires. I went to secondary school. But my parents also resented the fact that I went to secondary school. The file hauers' son, so it was said in the town, should be in his IJfçrkstatt remain. The parents' hostile mood influenced the children, and so I always had the same tense relationship with most of my classmates at secondary school as I had during my primary school years. The harassment I experienced, the persecution I was subjected to, the difficulties I was constantly made to endure, the malicious denunciations I encountered at every turn made my stay at secondary school disgusting, and I considered changing schools.

I had a hunger for reading, and I had to provide myself with sufficient reading material. For a while, like so many I(naben of that generation, I fell into Earl Clay fever. When I fetched beer for the journeyman my father had hired, I was rewarded with a penny on the shelf. I collected these pennies and then bought an antiquarian I(arl May volume: *Satun und Iscl iriot*. I used this volume to exchange the other twenty-two I(arl May volumes that had been published by then for reading.

The Boer War, which had broken out at that time, had a great impact on me, and it was a great cause for me to

my first attempt at writing. When I was about twelve years old, I wrote a fantastic castle novella, which I even illustrated with "portraits".

The work my parents made me do in business and domestic matters caused me great difficulties. Every Friday I had to help my father in the workshop all evening until after midnight. The business of hardening the files required an assistant. There was always a scene before my father took me to the workshop. The fact that I had to look after my little sisters also hurt my pride.

I found going to church on Sundays, which my father was very strict about during my youth, annoying. I resisted it tooth and nail and sometimes made my way to church instead of going to church. This was usually betrayed by well-meaning neighbours. However, my boycott of going to church was soon put a stop to. In past centuries, pious citizens of Nördlingen had left a number of donations in favour of the Latin school. There was a *beneficium scilicet olae* and a *hene ficium mensae*. The pupils who had been given the *beneficium scholae* by the magistrate were incorporated into the church choir, had to sing in the church every Sunday morning and afternoon and were selected in turn to sing at funerals. The singing pupils, as they were called, were paid twenty pfennigs every week after the church service; on the three major festivals, Christmas, Easter and Whitsun, they received 2y marks. As the Progymnasium did not have enough pupils to cover the demand for singing pupils, the scholarship was extended to the Realschule. My father had applied for me to be granted the *hene ficium scilicet olae* and was successful with his application. I was by no means happy about it, as I could hardly sing and as a result was not able to play an enjoyable role in the choir. The city cantor rightly rated my singing skills so low that he never sent me to the recitals, which meant a loss of 'income' for me.

The *beneficium mensae* set the singing students who received it enjoyed a daily meal at the municipal hospital. On St Martin's Day, the boys each received a quarter of a goose. I can't remember why I was given the *hene ficium*

mensae: whether my father did not apply or whether the city cantor qualified me so badly as a singer that I was rejected as a candidate.

In the meantime, I had managed to persuade my father to let me leave secondary school and join the preparatory school. There were about sixteen pupils in the class I entered. Most of them were the sons of teachers, clergymen and wealthy farmers: the town of Nördlingen only provided two pupils in addition to me. My situation here was completely different to that at the secondary school. I soon formed a warm relationship with my new classmates, and what's more, it didn't last long and I was their leader for good and bad. It was there that I first met Wilhelm Püfl, the future poet, who has remained a warm friend to me to this day. His nature was completely different from mine. I was cool, sober, matter-of-fact, without any pathos. He, on the other hand, was a dithyrambic man. He was lost in high feelings and intoxicating images. Once he seduced me into a romantic act. \We had taken a long walk through the forest, had a good chat and got on well. He was completely under the impression of complete human harmony. Then he suggested that we should form a blood brotherhood. It seemed a bit strange to me, but I had no reason not to go along with it. \We bared our right arms, cut into each other's flesh and drank each other's blood.

I had the idea of founding a student fraternity; it was an endeavour that was threatened with severe penalties. The fraternity came into being and I was the president. On Sundays, we "lads" went out into the villages, rented the dance hall in the village pub as a pub, let ourselves be entertained and had a good time.

bring a Fafs beer, stediten long pipes and sang

Student songs. We had found a bat, which the "Fiichsmajor" used to hide in one leg of his trousers and beat out of town. Sometimes we went crazy. The inspector of the Praparandenanstalt,

Chief preacher Rabus, learnt of this matter. However, he behaved very leniently. One of my schoolmates, a Mündiner, lived with him. He told me through him that I should dissolve the connection as quickly as possible so that the teaching college would not be forced to take official action against it. I followed this warning. This man had a notion

of the nature of my being. It was precisely in those years that I began to doubt everything; they were the first stirrings of independent thinking. The teachers sensed this and regarded me with the greatest suspicion. Rabiis once had my mother come to him and spoke of the worries I was causing him. I was, he said, not a believing Mensdi, I - the fifteen-year-old - was an anarchist, a nihilist. Nobody could know what would become of me. The course of my life would certainly not follow normal tracks. The good, good man! My poor mother didn't know what an anarchist or a nihilist was. From reading the newspapers she had only got the general impression that nihilism had to do with bomb-throwing. She couldn't quite believe that her son, whom she surprisingly thought was a good, well-behaved child, was capable of such deeds.

I spent three years at the preparatory school, then I moved to the Altdorf teacher training college near Nuremberg, the same town where Wallenstein had spent his university years over three hundred years ago. The old buildings that had housed him were still there. In the tower was still the dungeon where he had once spent a few days. The lines with which he had immortalised himself on the wooden wall could still be read.

I was soon at war with the headmaster, a pedantic mathematician. He came to realise that I had the bad habit of rebelling against patterns. The conflict became completely open following a peculiar event. I had been touched by a love of poetry, and I fell for the absurd idea that perhaps I was born to be a poet. I wrote a revolutionary piece, *lie Fürst*, which was stirred together from elements of Lessing's *GnJoiiii*, Schiller's *Wärben* and *Kahale and See*.

I was so uncritical of my product that I offered it to the Nuremberg *Intimate Theatre* for performance. The play was rejected out of hand, but the letter informing me of this passed through the hands of the director, whose curiosity was aroused when he read the name of the theatre on the envelope. What did a seminarian have to do with the *Intimate Theatre* in Nuremberg, which was in dubious red? There must be some evil secret hidden there. He took the liberty of quoting my letter and saw the ways in which I was getting around.

was doing. Without further ado, he arranged for a preceptor to search my desk. Pages of manuscripts came to light, diaries with very disrespectful characterisations of my teachers, even a volume by Nietzsche. Nietzsche was an equally feared and disreputable man. I was interrogated; I irritated the director by showing no remorse, but by hinting that I thought he was a narrow-minded pedant. I had offended him badly. He came into the classroom afterwards, panting and snorting with rage, and shouted at me that I wasn't fit to be a teacher at all. That didn't upset me, because I shared this attitude. The teaching staff dealt with my case. There were two teachers of particular quality. One, Fritz, who later became the headmaster of Serniard in Kaiserslautern, gave lessons in psychology and philosophy, the other was the music teacher Wolfrum, who also had a good reputation as a composer. Fritz had hardly noticed me before. Now I was attracting his attention; he took an interest in me and took me aside one day. "Make an effort," he said, "and hide your true thoughts. Things are a little unpleasant here. The director has little sympathy for his pupils' independent impulses, so don't take things to extremes. If you have any concerns, come to me, I will do what I can for you." The music teacher had always expressed his disdain for me because I was a bungling musician. My father had forced me to take violin lessons from the age of ten. When I was supposed to practise regularly, I had a novel on the music stand, which I read, while I systematically scratched the notes so that my father would think I was doing my duty. In playing the piano and organ, both of which were subjects taught at the Priiparanden School, I made no more progress than in playing the violin. All the efforts made by IÄ*olfrum to encourage me were in vain.

Now ' Volfruni's attitude towards me changed completely. He had There was something ingenious in his 3being, and this trait in him was niodite touched by my idiosyncrasy. He began to favour me; it no longer mattered whether I played right or wrong: he forgave me everything and showered me with benevolence.

The director called me in and told me that a

I was threatened with relegation. I was furious and told him I wanted to leave the centre immediately. He hadn't expected that; he was embarrassed at the same time. It would have attracted public attention if it had become known that a teacher training college was threatening to expel an older Schiller because he was a poet and had read Nietzsche. The director decided that he could not dismiss me from the institution as a minor without my parents' consent. I ran to the post office and telegraphed to my parents to give me the necessary authorisation immediately. My poor parents were scared to death, but they sent me the requested telegram immediately. It was intercepted by the headmaster and I was called in to see him. The scene changed at a stroke. The director asked me to stay. He assured me that the threat of relegation had only been made in private, should not be included in my files and, above all, should not appear on my report. I kept him in suspense for a long time and finally agreed to stay in the institution. Our subsequent relations remained understandably cool, but he left me in peace.

On the whole, school gave me little that could have gripped and moved me internally. As a result, I was actually a "lazy pupil". It cost me an effort to prepare for the lessons; I often deliberately and wilfully failed to do so. Only the history lessons at the preparatory school captivated me; the excellent seminar teacher Heckel - who was almost a hundred years old - really got me interested in history.

The more carelessly I treated my school duties, the more eagerly I pursued studies on my own. When I left the seminary, I was already well versed in literary poetry. I had read deeply into classical literature; of the contemporary poets, I was particularly familiar with Gerhart Hauptmann, Ibsen, Sudermann, Wedekind and Halbe. I struggled with Nietzsche's *Genealogy of Morals* and *Zarathustra*, not without some inner conflicts.

Mentally equipped in this way, I left school and entered life.

I spent most of my internship year in Nördlingen itself. In the meantime, I had made a friend there who accompanied me affectionately through many years of my life. His name was Wilhelm Pfohl and he was as talented for languages as he was for maths. He was intensively involved in linguistics, English, French, Latin, Greek and Hebrew. His talent for philosophical speculation was also astonishing. I practised dialectics here. Every evening we went out into the city's trenches, often ten times or more, and it was not unusual for it to be one o'clock in the morning before we returned home. Pfohl was an unfortunate hunchback. He was the son of a plumber who was too fond of alcohol; he easily explains the terrible legacy Pfohl had received. He was unruly in his physical behaviour, extremely shy of people, showed early signs of hypochondria and melancholia and one day, after being disturbed during a suicide attempt, had to be taken to a lunatic asylum. Nearly a year he came to the south. I took care of him with ostentation, and he was visibly pleased that I found no reason in his fate to restrict our relationship. Our conversations took an exciting turn. It had to do with his mental illness that when he got into an ominous mood, he began to explore himself; he circled around himself, analysed himself, and traces of a split mind could not be lost. He always remained a deeply sensible, mild man and a pleasant, spiritually enriching person to me. Later on, he fell into religious imaginations; he became close to a Swabian scholar named Bliirliardt, who, if I'm not mistaken, also practised faith healing. During the Hitler era, after expressing his disgust with the Nazis, Pfohl was sent back to an insane asylum, where he was criminally detained.

So Pfohl wanted to put my military time behind me and signed up for an infantry regiment in Nördlingen on the Danube as a one-year volunteer in August 1945.

As I was suffering from astigmatism-myopia, the regiment's doctor hesitated to accept me; after all, he thought it didn't matter so much for an elderly person. The military doctor

The institution of one-year voluntary service was a great relief for intellectuals, however much the flavour of privilege might linger. At the beginning of the training period, the year-old had to live in the barracks for about four weeks in order to familiarise himself with internal service operations; he was then given permission to live outside the barracks in a room of his own. He fed himself at his own expense, wore his own uniform, which was marked by two strings on the armpit flaps; he paid a hire fee for the rifle. He was also provided with a cleaner, to whom he had to pay a monthly allowance. He did his purely military service, but was otherwise exempt from all cleaning work. The reserve officer corps was recruited from the one-year volunteers.

A big concern for me was where I would get the money for this for a year. Aunt Geyer stepped in and gave me a loan of a thousand marks. From this sum I was able to pay for my accommodation, my room and all my board. I had to be extremely thrifty to make do with the small sum. I hardly took part in the amusements of the one-year-olds. I had begun to write a novel - I was still subject to the misconception that I had some kind of relationship with the muses - and occasionally dabbled in essayistic works.

Military service was repulsive to me. The obligation to stand at attention filled me with hatred, and having to obey the orders of others made me furious. My intention was to be seen as a bad soldier so that nobody would think that I was expected to do anything militarily. I never took care of the rifle, I did myself credit for not being able to disassemble, assemble or clean the lock. I never rolled a coat or a tent, never packed a knapsack. I couldn't and didn't want to. In retrospect, it is almost incomprehensible how I got away with this continued sabotage. When a lieutenant once said to me that I would be fine as cannon fodder, I thought to myself: 'We'll see about that. '

I worked in the villages of Ries for two years before being appointed as a teacher in Augsburg. I filled the ample leisure time that my official duties afforded me with in-depth scientific work.

From a young age, I think I can say that I was always in opposition. I never showed any traces of a dogmatic spirit. I never accepted anything that teachers and priests told me, I always doubted, I always questioned,

I always felt the urge to ironise. I was also embarrassed by the pathetic. I was more amused than moved by grand public processions with ceremonial speeches and pomp. Once, when I was asked by an official order to take part in events during the visit of the King of Bavaria to Augsburg, I ran away; I was fascinated by the solemn faces, the ordered enthusiasm of the people, the theatrical presentation; actors who portrayed heroes were difficult for me to bear. I generally preferred reading dramas to watching them. Public events captivated me early on. But I could hardly say that I was initially particularly captivated by one political direction. I read liberal newspapers, was annoyed by the criticism levelled at the government and often complained that this criticism was not strong enough.

My rejection of the church had brought me into what was for me a fourth full human relationship. A free religious education programme was set up in Augsburg for the children of parents who had left the church. They were taught by Dr Ernst Horneffer, who came to Augsburg from Munich every afternoon. Horneffer was a man who was well known in the history of philosophy and at the same time a pale and slender speaker. One of his subridiculous Eva r the *rules* of ethical thinking, which he sought to develop from philosophical teachings. I often took part in his lessons as a listener and entered into a personal relationship with him. The pathetic shallowness of his mind was not apparent to me, who felt like an introvert.

Horneffer published a monthly magazine together with his brother August, *the Vrisicl' the i erf TfzNQel*. He invited me to write essays for it. I delivered two papers, one from the field of medieval universalism.

one from the problems of the Peasants' War. It was only later that I learnt that the *Invisible Temple* was a Freemasonry time-serving organisation.

I remember the intellectual figures who have accompanied my life and to whom I owe what I have become. My first major educational experience was the philosophy of Arthur Schopenhauer. After I had worked through Schopenhauer's works, I began to study Friedrich Nietzsche in depth. What I had in me in terms of metaphysical sensitivity, a weakness for "Hinterweltlerei", was still alive, was gone forever. swept away.

My courage for the "untimely", for irreverence towards every idol was strengthened. Only the book *Thus Spoke Zdrdthustr i* remained inaccessible to me. This strict lawgiver seemed to me to be a cramped poseur and maker of idioms. What gripped me most was the *will to*

MDCh.

In I(ant I saw the real, fully-fledged philosopher. Schoenhauer and Nietzsche became mere philosophical feuilletonists to me in view of his sublime greatness.

Finally, I took a chance on Hegel. The impression of the *philosophy of the spirit* on my thinking was indelible. The *philosophy of the teshichte* offered me a scheme for interpreting world events.

Ranke had a powerful effect on me. For years, not a day went by without me reading Ranke; there was always a volume of his writings on my desk. My foreign policy thinking was shaped by his view of history. I studied Madiiavelli as intensively as Ranke. Through him I discovered a concept of the political that has remained decisive for me to this day. The asuistics of this clear, sober and determined mind draws the line of correct political action very precisely on the basis of the description of a political fact.

After all, I owe a lot to Max Weber, a man of Rankean universality and Machiavellian sobriety, objectivity and clear-sightedness. There are not many scholars whose sentences are as full of substance as those of Weber. They are like I(eaves carrying an overweight burden. The great thing i s that the swelling fiction of the stofles is almost always overcome; Weber, who often seems to be a bold man, remains in truth

But everywhere an Ilönig who builds. He is a sovereign spirit who draws from the full; as a grand seigneur of scholarship, he exercises an unchallenged reign in the field of science, even after his untimely death.

Weber had a keen eye for realities; he strengthened the sense of reality in all those who attended his school.

In my 26th year of life I met Karl Marx. His book *Der 28. Brunaire* immediately gave me a sense of the greatness of this thinker. Reading Marx's works led me to the socialist movement.

Since the French Revolution, the question of a German bourgeois nation state had also been raised. However, the German bourgeoisie proved incapable of creating its own nation state by revolutionary means like the French bourgeoisie. When it rose up to overthrow Napoleon and set itself in motion, it aided and abetted the restoration of its old despotic sovereigns; it did not chase them from the throne at the same time as Napoleon, but restored them to their old prerogatives of authority. It had to atone bitterly for this. The German Confederation mercilessly suppressed all bourgeois movements for freedom and unity; anyone striving for a free and united German Empire, a bourgeois nation state, had to reckon with severe persecution.

In 1848, the moment seemed to have arrived in which the German bourgeoisie caught up with the lead that the French bourgeoisie had enjoyed since 1789. The Frankfurt National Assembly was convened by my authorities, but was the direct work of the German bourgeoisie;

It was convened on the basis of the principle of popular sovereignty. This is because of the ignominious failure of the National Assembly in Frankfurt. This time, too, the German bourgeoisie had not risen up to chase down its princes and 'clean up' the pillars of authoritarian reaction, the state governments. It did not form a revolutionary army, did not create its own imperial bureaucracy, did not set up an imperial financial administration and omitted all steps that could have led to equipping the imperial government with the kind of power that would have put the states' own rudiments to shame. The result was that sooner or later the sovereigns and the state governments no longer cared about the will of the Frankfurt National Assembly; since the Frankfurt National Assembly and the Imperial Government were dependent on the help of the troops and the bureaucracy of the states for the implementation of their laws and orders, it was up to the state governments to decide to what extent they would support the affairs of the Empire.

granted. The Frankfurt National Assembly and the imperial government could not even think of countering the influence of foreign countries. The wretched German Confederation had been founded during the Congress of Vienna; the foreign powers were its guarantors. They had a right under international law to intervene if Germany's constitution was changed. The French National Assembly would have needed a revolutionary army to prevent such interventions or to reject them with full force. The significance of foreign influence in this matter became apparent after the dissolution of the Frankfurt National Assembly in 1849. Prussia had reserved the unification of Germany as its mission. The Prussian King Frederick IV Wilhelm IV wanted to complete the work on which the Frankfurt National Assembly had perished. In October 1850, Russia and Austria presented Prussia with an ultimatum: if Prussia did not renounce its "German mission", Russia and Austria threatened to declare war on it.

But German unification was unstoppable. In the 1840s, as the German bourgeoisie grew stronger and Germany's industrialisation progressed, German unification became a necessity. The German bourgeoisie wanted its closed national market. The Prussian Junker Bismarck recognised this with full clarity. German unification was so inexorably in the course of progress that it could possibly be brought about by a new bourgeois revolution if it was not accomplished from above. Bismarck saw a great opportunity for the Junker and the Hohenzollern monarchy. "If the Hohenzollerns and the Junkers built up a unified empire, they could keep the reins in their hands; as the loyalists of the bourgeois interests, they could continue to enjoy political power. The Italian example had shown what advantages a monarchy could derive from being the servant of bourgeois interests. Bismarck wanted to use diplomatic arts to eliminate the foreign resistances. He convinced the Russian tsar that the revolutionary danger in Central Europe would be unaverted, if the German bourgeoisie was orientated. If the Hohenzollerns the Prussians

If Bismarck were to create this unified state, it would guarantee that the unified German Empire would have a sufficiently reactionary character to keep any danger of revolution at bay. The German empire created by Bismarck would not carry the spirit of revolution to the borders of Russia; it would rather act as a dam, as a counterforce against the advance of the revolutionary spirit.

The Tsar was persuaded and gave Bismarck a free hand. Bismarck wanted to crush the resistance of Austria and France by force of arms. Thus the war became the midwife of the new German Empire. It was not tribunes of the people who stood at its cradle, but victorious generals. The German bourgeoisie was so happy about the unification that it renounced all its claims to freedom. The new imperial constitution had a catalogue of fundamental rights; it placed all power in the hands of the emperor and the chancellor; it was not based on the will of the people, but on a contract between the federal princes. Bismarck had cheated the German bourgeoisie of its actual nation state; it received from Bismarck's hands the changeling of a junker-like authoritarian state, which displayed a number of bourgeois parliamentary-national-state ornaments for decorative and deceptive purposes. The Bismarckreich was the worst conceivable solution to the German question. It was entirely confined to the European horizon, beyond which the Prussian Junker Bismarck never looked. For the citizen, however, the founding of the empire opened up world horizons. The age of imperialism was dawning, and the German Empire with its Junker monarchist institution was no longer up to the task. After 1871, Bismarck no longer succeeded; this was confirmation that he had not opened up a path into the future for the German bourgeoisie, but had merely seized one last opportunity that the past still offered. When Bismarck departed, he was completely finished.

The period between 1871 and 1894 showed the desperate endeavour to find a solution to the logic of historical development.

The German bourgeoisie felt this from the beginning of the new century. The German bourgeoisie had felt this since the dawn of the new century. The empire, which was not a nation state, made the bourgeoisie incapable of fulfilling the political demands that imperialism had made.

situation. But it could not set out to turn the outdated Reichsbau upside down. There had never been a revolutionary breakthrough in Germany.

When war then broke out in 1914, the German bourgeoisie breathed a sigh of relief: the war was to force the reorganisation of the empire that the German bourgeoisie's own forces could not achieve.

had been able to enforce. The war was supposed to be the redeeming way out, the way to the longed-for freedom, the melting pot in which the authoritarian empire was transformed into a genuine bourgeois nation state. The enthusiasm with which the bourgeois youth threw themselves into the war is to be understood in this way, as is the enthusiasm for war with which the German bourgeoisie in general welcomed and approved of the outbreak of war. Because it had not been able to adapt the empire to the demands of the times on its own, it pinned all its hopes on the adventure in which the authoritarian state, its emperor and its generals were headlessly embroiled and which could only end in a great historical catastrophe.

2

I had been staying with my parents in Nördlingen since mid-July 1914. The assassination attempt on Archduke Ferdinand of Austria was carried out at the end of June. The attack

I was almost physically aware of the political situation and the charged atmosphere, and I didn't doubt that the war would break out.

Around 25 July I said goodbye to my parents in Nördlingen, who thought it was too early for me to return to Augsburg, as they still didn't want to believe in the seriousness of the situation. Ida wanted to get my affairs in order in Augsburg so that I wouldn't be taken by surprise by the call-up. At the end of July, the ultimatum was issued, and the storm that had been brewing since 1914 broke out. The state of mind of the German plenipotentiaries was sufficiently mercurial. There was a general feeling that things could not go on like this. The large-scale imperialist claims made by German policy were not adequately reflected in the country's raw material resources and size. German policy had been dilettantish for years; it was a hand-to-mouth policy.

Everyone instinctively felt that German fate was in the most inadequate hands. Secretly, the hope arose of escaping all these tensions and unpleasantness by a coup d'état, by appealing to the weapons, of cutting the Gordian knot with a single stroke. Thomas Mann depicted this mental state in his *Zauberberg*; he has Hans Castorp seized by the longing to seek redemption from his tubercular infirmity in a steel bath. The hopes placed in the German youth movement of those days were remarkable for the general feeling of unease. The "Wandervogel" (travelling bird) had been abolished, the Free German Movement had come to life, new groups calling themselves Young Liberals, Young Democrats and Young Socialists had emerged in the political parties. Everywhere, this "new youth" claimed the right to speak out. They were allowed, they were favoured, they were expected to do something. At the Hohe Meifiner, these young people were very vocal. They appeared in the role of saviours to whom the German leadership had to fall in line. The old generation, as one must interpret these events, sensed their approaching bankruptcy. A mental state was spreading that made them ready to accept help indiscriminately from anyone who offered it; even a straw was still welcome. Under these circumstances, the youth's sense of self had something reassuring and comforting about it; there was still a force here that believed in itself and to which one therefore also intended to abandon oneself. Germany's helpless bourgeois society had entered the stage in which it was looking for a cure; youth was the first of its saviours.

Ibsen had already created a viewpoint and feelings of this kind in his play *Stützen der Gesellschaft*. The youth movement before i p i 4 was the first sign of the imminent downfall of the German people. It is up to the youth to follow, to learn, to mature. Where young people are chosen as leaders as a matter of principle, everything is turned upside down and it is no wonder that everything ends in chaos. It was forgotten that being young was only a natural stage of development, not a socially significant category and, above all, not a meritorious principle. It made sense that in ancient Sparta it was considered natural to stand up in front of a grey head, and that

the senates of all politically great nations consisted only of old men who had to be at least sixty years old.

These young people saw the outbreak of war as their finest hour. It was something sacrilegious about the enthusiasm with which the declarations of war made by the Benadib people in Germany were received. It was as if a nightmare had disappeared, as if a door had been opened, an old longing had been satisfied. The following was written exuberantly on railway carriages and walls: "Further declarations of war will be accepted here. " You could hear it:

"Every shoofi a Russ', every stofi a Franzos', every kick a Brit'." The women and girls flocked to decorate the troops marching into the field with flowers. Almost everyone had experienced an unparalleled rouse. Plan acted as if they were going to a celebration and as if, due to the German irresistibility, they would return from the field triumphant and victorious in the very near future. This mood was expressed in a thoughtless moment in an extra sheet of the *Loko/cn-eigerS*. The holy hour, it said, had dawned, the eagerly awaited war had finally arrived, and people were looking forward to the victory that now awaited the German people. Just a few hours later, efforts were made to make people forget the unrestrained admission of a warlike passion: the open-hearted number of the *Lot /A7I- zerger* was confiscated. In the Reichstag, Chancellor Bethmann-Holliveg spoke contemptuously about the treaties that had been signed by Prussian Germany to protect Belgium's neutrality, and uttered the momentous words about the "scrap of paper, the tearing of which was justified by the principle: 'Necessity knows no commandment'." No one disagreed here, everyone felt in agreement. Even the Socialist Party could not escape the agitated public opinion. It had long been under imperialistic influences. Caliver and Schippel had long been in favour of the German colonial policy. The party chairman Hermann Müller was in Paris during the critical July days

He had been told there that the Second International expected the German Social Democracy to take a strong stand against the Kaiser's war policy. Meanwhile, the hopes of the Second International

fulfilled. The Social Democratic parliamentary group in the Reichstag voted in favour of the war loans and thus formed a united front with the entire citizenry. It was only later that a few social democratic MPs, above all Karl Liebknecht, took a stand against the authorisation of the war loans.

On the third day of mobilisation I had to join the j. Reserve Infantry Regiment in Augsburg on the third day of mobilisation. I faced the events coolly. It was eerily clear to me that this war would have to be lost, and it was with deep sorrow that I looked at the state of frenzy that gripped the population. The intoxication remains entirely in the realm of the subjective. You feel strong, as if you could unhinge the whole world. But this feeling of strength is deceptive: on colliding with things, the existing inadequacy and weakness is revealed. Where intoxication is needed to accomplish a feat, there is always cause for suspicion.

I was designated a rifle sergeant. As I was very busy issuing weapons and ammunition, I was late for my medical examination. A few hours before the regiment left for the field, this omission was discovered and I was ordered to see the battalion doctor. He knew me - he was a reserve doctor - and was aware of my poor eyesight. He immediately said that people were also needed back home and declared me fit for service. After my regiment left for the field, I was assigned to a replacement battalion in Augsburg, where I had to train recruits.

When the first news of the loss of the Battle of the Marne arrived, I dared to express my criticism of the war situation in conversation with the company's non-commissioned officers. We might have had a chance, I said, if the war had been over quickly. But now everything had failed. German strength had exploded and had not produced the effect we would have hoped for. Time was working in favour of the enemy and we would be miserably bogged down. I was labelled a flummer and a defeatist.

In the autumn of '91, a Landsturm regiment was formed to guard the Russian prisoners in the Lechfeld and Puchlieim camps near Munich. I was assigned to it and came to Puchheim. There I was used in the typing pool, and after a short time

I took over the company as sergeant. I lived outside the camp, did a poor job, watched the prisoners of war with interest, travelled to Munich frequently and started reading about economics.

In the meantime, I had married in March 91 and my young wife was living with me in Puchlieim. During this time, an exciting accident happened. In January 96 we had an

a Sunday afternoon at the Munich Kammerspiele

Wedekind's *Liebestranh*. After the performance we were supposed to cross a street. We let a tram train pass and crossed the tracks just behind it, without realising that a train was also approaching from the other side. I jumped and reached for my wife, but she was closer to the carriage than I was and had been grabbed by it and knocked to the ground. I ran alongside the tram and shouted: "Stop!" Something black rolled across the road. I was afraid it was my wife's head. Later it turned out to be her hat, fortunately. The tram stopped and all I could see of my wife was one of her boots. The conductor drove back slowly, and my wife, who had been saved from falling under the wheels by a crossbar, jumped up and fell into my arms. Her clothes were completely torn and she was bleeding from her face and head. There was a doctor in the car who accompanied us to a neighbouring house to examine my wife. She had a large swelling on her thigh, where she had been caught by the eagle. The fur she was wearing had softened her fall. The doctor bandaged the wound. The owner of the apartment lent us a loden coat and so we drove to Puchheim. My wife survived the accident without any injuries.

In February 1911 I learnt by regimental order that I had been discharged from Augsburg because the city had asked me to teach. Ida took up my teaching duties there.

I regarded the war and everything I disliked about public life as an outgrowth of the bourgeois spirit; I had always stood in opposition to it, I felt. So I felt it was quite natural to join the labour movement. Of course, that didn't happen without more internal conflict. Ida recognised the protest nature of my character. Although I had never been religious, never a Christian, I was nevertheless a born "Protestant". In Catholicism I saw a spiritual world whose dogmatic nature I did not understand.

was. The way in which thinking was forced into fixed channels here and inviolable religious obligations were demanded almost made me bitter. I saw in Catholicism a system of artificially protected and sanctified values and principles, the privileging of which outraged my mind, which was open to all kinds of daring and adventure. I kept asking myself: isn't social democracy a kind of secular Catholic church? Doesn't one get caught up in a tangle of dogmas, immovable doctrines and bound forms of faith? Could I really stand it in social democracy?

But wasn't social democracy a revolutionary party? The German situation was crying out for a revolution. Half-monarchical, half-bourgeois Germany was drifting towards catastrophe: it was time for an overthrow that would destroy the traditional foundations and lay new ones. With all the fibres of my heart I longed for the revolutionary storm. Since I was still under the delusion that Social Democracy was a revolutionary party, I overcame all the misgivings that its dogmatic Catholic nature had aroused in me. I joined it in October 1917 .

The Russian revolution of the year 1917 initially seemed to result in a weakening of the Entente's military power. Tsarist Russia had not actually been accepted as an equal comrade in the alliance with France and England. It played the role of a barbarian empire, to which civilised states gave their friendship in order to get their hands on its masses as legionnaires, as auxiliary troops. The Russian steamroller had always been seen by the French as an instrument of destruction against its German neighbour.

But in the course of the war this steamroller had not worked quite as well as had been hoped for in France and England. In Petersburg, the feeling arose that the liberal and democratic friends of the Confederation harboured malicious ulterior motives against the Tsarist Empire, despite all the assurances of brotherly arms. Was it not advantageous for England and France if the German and Russian "barbarians" bled to death on each other? Thus, at the tsar's court, stimuli

The Russians were urged to come to an understanding with Germany in good time; they hoped that such an understanding would save the Tsardom and at the same time save the Hohenzollern monarchy. When people in Paris and London became aware of such illusory Russian ideas, they encouraged Russia's bourgeois politicians to stymie the tsarist regime. In IVlärz i 1917 they took action. A bourgeois Russia was to are created.

However, the bourgeois class in Russia was extremely weak. It could only hold its own against the immense peasant class if it relied on French or English liajonettes and at the same time received lavish foreign loans. It could not shy away from any kind of indebtedness. It was natural that in this way the Russian economy was at the mercy of foreign lenders and Russia was consequently plunged into political dependence. The bourgeois politicians in St Petersburg accepted such consequences. Above all, they had to bring Russia down into the general war front against the Central Powers. They endeavoured to do so. The liberal-democratic republican Ruhland now also seemed to belong constitutionally in the ring of liberal and democratic powers.

But the Russian peasants were not inclined to co-operate with the to be fobbed off with bourgeois-liberal principles. They wanted land, land without compensation for the previous owners. The bourgeois government of Russia could not agree to this; private property had to be sacred to it. This was the starting point of the Bolsdievists. They got the peasants behind them by spurring them on to take their masters' land without conditions. In the Bolsdievist revolution of October i 1917 , bourgeois Russia perished.

Lcnin refused to continue to act as the sword of the \Vestmachte. ner. Lr gave in to the peasants' longing for peace. So Russia dropped out of the camp front. As the Russian collapse gave the German troops the opportunity to advance further into Russia and to obtain supplies from the Russian countryside, the German position was, as it were, stabilised. But this was only temporary. The Bolshevik revolution had psychological repercussions that soon cancelled out the benefits that Germany had intended to derive from it. The bolsdieivist peace slogans found unexpected favour in German minds. The German bourgeoisie

The working class was fed up with the war; it had realised that the Junker regiment was unable to bring it victory and that it only escaped disaster if it got a cheap peace at the right time. Labour had even begun to hate the war. The Social Democrats, who had joined in 1914

the Junker government and the imperialist bourgeoisie.

The German revolution, which had united the workers, increasingly lost momentum; the workers mutinied against the war credit authorisation and secretly wished for the defeat of their own government. The Russian revolution ignited the desire for a German revolution in proletarian hearts. Thus revolutionary Russia exerted a corrosive influence on Germany. The fighting spirit of the German groups dried up; they wanted to end the war in a similar way to the Russians. Both on the German front and in the German homeland, people called for peace. The detritus

The collapse of the war had been prepared and brought about by the Russian revolution. The impact of the Russian example was particularly evident in the fact that

councils were formed everywhere at the front and at home. These councils had not been ordered by any central authority; they emerged as if of their own accord, as if demanded by the situation; in view of the Russian events, people were convinced of the timeliness of the council principle. Thus the German collapse occurred almost automatically in the shadow of the Bolshevik Revolution. The Bolshevik revolution had made Germany ripe for defeat. Strangely enough, when Germany collapsed, it reaped unexpected benefits from the Bolshevik Revolution. Nothing could have stopped the Western victors from occupying Germany and flooding it with their groups. The German armies were no longer able to resist. At this moment, the statesmen in Paris, London and Washington feared that Germany, in its desperation, might throw itself at Bolshevik Russia. Alarming events had shown that even French and English soldiers had been drawn into the spell of Bolshevik ideals. Was it reasonable to expose English, French and American groups to the danger of being "contaminated" on the soil of a Bolshevik-inflamed Germany? By concluding an armistice and soon afterwards a peace with Germany, the German bourgeoisie was not driven to despair.

doubt, Germany could be kept in the circle of bourgeois powers and principles; indeed, in the end it could even be developed into a bourgeois redoubt against Bolshevism.

The procedure was based on this consideration. Germany was not occupied. The peace that was granted to Germany remained within tolerable limits. Money was poured into the German economy, and the Locarno Treaty, concluded by the German citizen Stresemann, placed Germany in the great anti-Bolshevik world front.

In autumn 9 8, there was a severe flu epidemic in Augsburg, as in the whole country. I had time to devote myself exclusively to editorial work at the Social Democratic *newspaper Sch-u''ü-*.

I was relieved of my actual professional duties due to the closure of the schools. I used to sit in the editorial office as early as six o'clock in the morning, and more and more I took over the political writing.

On 8 November, at 7 o'clock in the morning, a non-commissioned officer from Augsburg's 3rd Infantry Regiment entered the editorial office, where I found myself alone. He was a former employee of the metal

labourers' association called Bauer. He told me that the day before Eisner had proclaimed a republic in Munich and seized power, the king had fled. He said that soldiers had been sitting together all night to form ranks. He considered it urgently necessary that a member of the party should come to the I(aserne, not only to advise, but to take the lead. I promised him that I would get in touch with the party shareholders immediately. I immediately called Simon, the editor-in-chief and party chairman of the Social Democratic Party of Augsburg, as well as IVerthaler, the chairman of the metalworkers' association. They showed little desire to put their ideas into the matter and said that nothing should be rushed. By eight o'clock, Simon was still not in the editorial office. Bauer came back from the barracks once and said it was very urgent that the party should send someone away. My telephone intervention succeeded in bringing together some leading party and industry figures for a meeting. In the process, it put me in a

I was amazed to discover so much caution, cautiousness and perhaps even cowardice in these men, who had a reputation as "revolutionaries". They made excuses, wanted to wait for directives from Munich, nobody dared to enter the barracks because nobody could know what they would encounter there. I was still too young to understand so much restraint and urged them to heed the soldiers' call. The old men pulled themselves out of the noose by ordering me, the youngest, to investigate the situation in the barracks, against my objections.

So I went to the infantry barracks. The guard let me through immediately; I was led into a dining room where the soldiers' counsellors were negotiating. Ida spoke a few words of general political content, then instructed the soldiers to form a provisional soldiers' council and urged them to stay in close contact with the Social Democratic Party leadership. One of the soldiers' councillors was Dr Eduard Brenner, then a non-commissioned officer, later Rector of Erlangen University and State Secretary in the Bavarian Ministry of Education. During the negotiations, I was asked to leave the room. Outside stood a major who, on behalf of the division commander, asked me to pay him a visit. I agreed and went with the major to the divisional commander, Baron von Hößlin. Hößlin told me that he knew what had happened in Munich; now it was a matter of maintaining peace and order in Augsburg and preventing excesses. He asked me what I proposed to him for this purpose. I replied that he should immediately issue an order for the three regiments of the city, the infantry, cavalry and artillery regiments, to line up in the courtyard of the infantry barracks in the afternoon. I then wanted to give a speech to the soldiers. Hößlin agreed to this and wrote down the location order in my presence. It was clear that little resistance was to be expected from the military side. The regiments marched up in the afternoon, I gave a political speech and also called on the cavalry and artillery regiments to elect soldiers' councils and, for the time being, to listen only to the orders of these councils. I suggested to the party that a mass meeting be organised for the evening. The party executive had reservations about doing this and justified its hesitation with the excuse that it could not organise propaganda for this meeting.

to organise it. In view of the existing tense atmosphere, I said that this was not necessary at all; you only needed to distribute flyers in the large companies and you would get a full hall. My suggestion was accepted, albeit reluctantly. The meeting was packed. I reported on the day's events and requested that a provisional workers' council be formed from the meeting. It happened. The soldiers' councils had also been formed in the meantime. After the meeting, the united workers' and soldiers' council convened for its constituent meeting in the town hall. I was elected chairman. Early on the next morning, placards were stuck to the street pillars and walls informing the citizens of the change in circumstances. On the whole, the population had hardly suspected anything of what had happened. On the morning of

9. In November I had a meeting with the leaders of the bourgeois parties. It was clear to see how reluctant they were to accept the new facts. The leader of the Lib

ralen, Dr Pius Dirr, city librarian in Augsburg, stated that the revolution had not yet succeeded, but there was no news from Berlin, the imperial government and the emperor were still in .(mte. \Ä'If the revolutionary events were limited to München and Augsburg, "I would end up on a heap of sand". I questioned his political intuition and told him that, under the current circumstances, it would not take much to predict with certainty that the revolution would be unstoppable. I was not surprised by his statement. I knew that he had worked in the Belgian archives during the Ilriepes to prove, on the basis of cleverly selected files, that Belgium had tolerated the German invasion of the country itself. A man who used his scientific qualities to defend a genuine Sadie was a political authority. He was not a little excited, he wanted to convince me that his defence of the A1'ten had not done violence to the truth, but had been factually quite clean.

At the end of the day on 9 November, the news came from Berlin that the Kaiser had abdicated and Scheidemann had proclaimed the republic. This was, if one may say so, the pre-hasty overthrow of Augsburg "1cgalisicrt". The next day, I invited the officers of the garrison to the Golden Hall of the Rat-

house. I spoke to them about the political situation, urged them to refrain from any foolish plotting and to pledge their loyalty in writing. No-one would think of offending them or trying to cool their heels with them. They all signed the declaration of loyalty without exception.

The co-operation between the soldiers' council and the officers was good; as far as I know, there were no conflicts. Most of the officers were also happy that the war was over. The activities of the Workers' and Soldiers' Council were undisturbed; the city magistrate followed the instructions he received. It was remarkable that there were no elementary outbreaks anywhere. These events of November 1918 were not actually revolutionary in nature, but merely phenomena of a general German collapse.

The meetings of the Workers' and Soldiers' Council took place once a week. One day, a rumour emerged that the divisional commander, Baron von Hößlin, was involved in reactionary activities. He was summoned by the Workers' and Soldiers' Council and appeared accompanied by his son, a young active officer. Hößlin defended himself and assured them that he had nothing against the new conditions. He was asked to submit his own written declaration of good behaviour. His son was also asked to sign the same declaration. The son was first asked whether he was prepared to do so. The son turned to his father and asked him what he was doing. The father replied that he would not sign. Then he would not sign either, the son replied. The two officers were released to go home, but they were placed under house arrest, which I cancelled after a short time as I didn't think much of the matter.

The majority of the business with which the Labour and The task of the Soldiers' Council was to help organise the city's food supply and look after the many people in need of social support. It also supervised all of the magistrate's activities.

One day, the President of the Augsburg Stock Exchange, (Commerciant) Schmidt, came to me, he had something very confidential to tell me and asked for discretion. When I told him this

he told me that the Duke of Brunswick had been in Augsburg for some time with his wife, the Emperor's daughter, and his children. He, Schmidt, had

He was very worried about the fate of the ducal family. The duke and his relatives were living on the fourth floor of a rear building in a hairdresser's under very unsavoury conditions. The worst thing, however, was that the ducal family had no ration cards, so that they were short of food and the children, above all, of food. I should do something to enable the ducal couple to stay in Augsburg legally. I replied that the duke had no reason to hide. He was completely unknown in Augsburg, and to my knowledge no attempt had been made by the official authorities in Brunswick to arrest him. Schmidt was not satisfied with this information, he wanted an immediate statement from the Workers' and Soldiers' Council on the case. I presented the matter to the Workers' and Soldiers' Council, advocated a resolution to formally grant the duke a residence permit in Augsburg, to provide him with ration cards and to leave him free to choose where he wanted to stay. As a result of the discussion in the Labour and Sol- date Council, the Duke's matter had become a public affair. It could not be avoided that a motion was tabled which contained the following demands: the Duke, like every other citizen of the state, must register in person, must collect his ration cards in person, must promise not to take part in any reactionary activities, and must finally give his word of honour that he will also sign out in person when he leaves Augsburg. He should be free to leave Augsburg at any time. This request was accepted with the proviso that I accept the duke's word of honour.

Ida made te Schmidt a corresponding message. The next day, I'am, the dog arrived with Schmidt, a tall, well-suited, handsome man. He was trembling all over, literally rattling his teeth in fear. I calmed him down; nobody wanted to harm him or his family. I handed him the ration cards and after a few meaningless words, the two gentlemen left.

About three weeks later, the chairman of the Soldiers' Council came to me excited and indignant. He asked me whether the duke had cancelled. He had disappeared from Augsburg with his family. As a result, the Soldiers' Council had had a house search carried out at the home of Councillor Schmidt, to whom the Duke had moved.

I sent for Schmidt and told him that I had not expected to be embarrassed by the Duke. Schmidt apologised, saying that the departure had been sudden and that no one had thought to sign out. He asked that the occupation of his flat by the soldiers be cancelled. The Workers' and Soldiers' Council decided to confiscate the Duke's incoming mail. A few letters were presented to me, but their harmlessness was somewhat disarming. Court ladies informed the Duke that "ragged" sailors and soldiers were going in and out of the palace in Brunswick; they had even left empty beer bottles in the Duke's study. I had no desire for such news, and so I ordered the lifting of the moratorium again. After some time, I received a hand letter from the Duke in Gmunden. He thanked me for the kindness I had shown him. He had completely forgotten that he had given his word of honour, and so he had left without remembering his obligation.

6

In the late autumn of 1918, a congress of workers', farmers' and soldiers' councils was held in Munich. The workers', farmers' and soldiers' councils of the individual urban and rural districts had sent their delegates to the congress. The small USPD seized the political leadership of the congress by exploiting the advantage of having Prime Minister Eisner in its ranks. The anarchists, especially Landauer and Mühsam, who belonged to the Munich Labour Council and worked closely with the USPD, had the intellectual upper hand in the course of the negotiations. It soon became clear that the Social Democratic Party wanted to get away from the council system. It sought general free and secret elections for a national assembly. The Social Democratic Party leaders did not want a revolution; they now wanted to reap the rewards of their long years in opposition, and the parliamentary system was to be replaced by the National Assembly.

tarism seemed to them to be the right IVep to bring their wheat into the barn. They felt that they cut a poor figure within the framework of the council system and had to take a back seat to the Independent Socialists and the Communists. So they sabotaged the councils' activities as far as they could.

At the first congress, a central council of the workers', farmers' and soldiers' councils of Bavaria was elected to oversee government activities, activate the local councils and

prepare future congresses. In January• 9'9 , Augsburg's delegate to the Central Council resigned and I was appointed to his place.

position. I left the Augsburg Workers' and Soldiers' Council and took up my post in Munich. After a short time, I was elected President of the Central Council of the Workers', Farmers' and Soldiers' Councils of Bavaria.

In December• 9 • S I took part in a meeting of the workers', farmers' and soldiers' councils of the entire Reich in Berlin.

taken. At this congress, the paradox occurred that the councils basically blew out their own lights. The council congress was to decide whether a national assembly should be elected or whether Germany should organise itself on the basis of the council system. The many bourgeois members of the soldiers' councils were just as strongly opposed to the council idea as the Social Democratic delegates to the congress. Consistent representatives of the council idea, such as Karl Liebl'necht and Rosa Luxemburg, were not heard at the congress. The most active advocate of the council idea was Daumig. Old Ledebour was also on the side of the council. The supporters of the council idea argued cogently and passionately. They emphasised that the situation was revolutionary and that it was a question of whether the proletariat or the bourgeoisie would gain power in Germany_s . The National Assembly was paving the way for the return of bourgeois rule, whereas the bourgeois system was the proletariat's instrument of political power. The decision in favour of the National Assembly was a betrayal of the revolution. In the vote, the overwhelming β4majority were i n favour of the National Assembly. The German Ra tekongrefi lifted the biirgerlidie restoration into the saddle. Bourgeois students and soldiers soon followed suit: they proclaimed EbCrt provisional President of the Reich. The bourgeoisie knew that, for t he time being, it still had time to recover,

It swallowed Ebert as Reichspräsident because in this way it could hope to regain everything it had lost with the help of the Social Democrats.

I met Karl Liebknecht during the Reich Congress. Numerous workers had gathered in front of the Prussian House of Deputies in the Prinz-Albrecht-Straße. Liebknecht stepped out onto the balustrade from the building's restaurant and gave a stirring speech from there. I stood right next to him, watching his haggard face, his eerily flickering eyes, the gestures of his hands. The Central Council of the Workers', Peasants' and Soldiers' Councils of Bavaria published a weekly magazine: *Arbeit und Soldat*. I took over the editorial and declared my support for the idea of councils in a few essays. The Social Democratic Party took great offence at this statement. Despite this, I was still occasionally called in for confidential party discussions. In February 1919, after Eisner's return from Bern, I was called to the second congress of the Bavarian workers' and farmers' organisations.

and soldiers' councils. In the meantime, Eisner himself had moved away from the council principle. He sympathised with the principle of parliamentary democracy. As a result, he fell out with Mühsam and with the communist leaders Leviné and Levin. The Social Democrats put up with the support Eisner gave them in this way, without freely thanking him for it. The elections to the Bavarian National Assembly - as well as those to the all-German National Assembly - had taken place in January. In Bavaria, the Social Democrats were outflanked by the Bavarian People's Party, but they remained the second strongest party. The Bavarian National Assembly quickly adopted a provisional constitution in which, under the pressure of circumstances, the idea of councils remained recognised for the time being and the chairmen of the workers', farmers' and soldiers' councils were incorporated into the Council of Ministers as members.

Consideration for the interests of the bourgeoisie demanded that all decisions be avoided diplomatically; the interests of the proletariat, on the other hand, required that decisions be sought and enforced without delay. There was never any question for the German labour

The situation was more favourable for the company; every day that passed without action worsened its position.

However, it was no less fearful of the outbreak of civil war than the bourgeoisie.

As far as the working class was organised or listened to proletarian slogans, it followed the Social Democratic Party and the Free Trade Unions. These organisations had long since made their peace with the bourgeois-capitalist order. They wanted to reduce the extent of capitalist exploitation; the worker was to be given a more favourable share of the surplus value that he himself created; he wanted to be better placed within the capitalist order. During the pre-war period, the German worker had by and large acquired a taste for the capitalist order; even if his existence was not fully secure, he appreciated the modest security that it gave him in harmony with the level of wages, the degree of saturation and social security. He was even less able to imagine his existence; this x reconciled him to his living conditions. The institutions of civilisation gave him eight rings; since he was not completely excluded from them, he even felt obliged to them. He lived as a minor citizen; the changes he had in mind were aimed at elevating him to the status of a better-off citizen. He in no way hated the bourgeois social order; he only made difficulties for it in order to have his mouth shut by more favourable admissions. His indignation was directed more against the feudal façade than against the bourgeois order; when he demanded freedom, he clenched his fist more fiercely against the bunker than against the bourgeois.

Basically, he only wanted to respond to the ideas of 1891 'inaus; he envied France for its democracy and parliamentarism. In 1911 he would have found the Uftinden, since B he was in the same dcut-with the citizen.

sdien Boot sits; he saw the fatherland, which he '-defended, all imperialist sins nadi. At times he could quite understand that Stinncs wanted to have the Archbedien ' on Lon iq- and Brie and the shareholders of the Deutsdien Bank Baydad. He was doing his military and political duty. If in the end, when the fighting power of the Voll'es had slackened, the disenfranchised citizen himself had not even dropped the emperor nor raised his hand against the feudal tradition. He could now have democratic parliamentarism;

Germany could be as "free" as France had long been: he had never asked for more. He had always seen his role model in Brazil; he had now come this far.

He had the same political opportunities as the citizen; he wanted to pluck the democratic fruits that had so suddenly ripened for him. He himself was a child of the bourgeois-feudal social traditions of Europe; even where he opposed, he still belonged. His way of seeing and evaluating things was a thoroughly occidental way: even if his view was from the bottom up, he nevertheless travelled the same horizons and adhered to the same world of forms. In the ultimate depths of his being, the German worker was still dominated by a feeling of solidarity with the elementary foundations and the general basic forms of the feudal-bourgeois heritage of Europe. This heritage was in his own blood, instincts stirred within him that stood protectively before the threatened bourgeois occidental culture and that stood up against the tendencies of the Bolshevik revolution with as much vigour as the instincts of the bourgeois.

In truth, the worker was not so much on the other side as he had believed himself to be in calm and normal times. His 'class consciousness' had misunderstood itself; it had exaggerated the difference he felt between himself and the bourgeois and interpreted it as irreconcilable. In truth, the worker was only a petty bourgeois; the gulf that separated him from the bourgeois was not so deep and was by no means unbridgeable. That is why a man like Ebert was his representative, who, by his own admission, had wanted to remain loyal to the House of Hohenzollern; that is why in November 9• 8 nothing was further from his mind than the proletariat revolution.

Trotsky tells how Lenin in London spoke only of "their" Westminster with regard to the bourgeois cultural creations; Lenin wanted to have nothing in common with either the bourgeois class or its cultural achievements. The German worker worshipped a temple of political freedom in Westminster; any social democratic leader could have spoken proudly of "our" Westminster. Labour wanted to use humane and conciliatory methods to bring citizens to their senses and to reason. The "understanding of the masses" was to make civil war superfluous.

Just as in 1917 the foreign war in Russia had turned into a civil war, the reverse was true in 1919.

Germany, a civil war that had broken out would have turned into an all-out war. The German socialist revolution would also have been a revolt against the imperialist rape that was now, after Germany's military defeat, to be inflicted on it. The German socialist revolution would have become an extension of the Russian revolution; the bourgeois-national-state Western powers would have entered the front as reserves of the oppressed Russian and German bourgeoisie.

Just as German labour sought class reconciliation internally, it sought peace with the imperialist victors externally. The German bourgeoisie willingly allowed labour to take the lead in 1918; nothing better could have happened to it than for a Social Democrat to sign the lurching document. In this way, labour spooned up the soup that the bourgeoisie had made for Germany.

Impulsive workers in November 1918, under the influence of the Russian example, workers' councils emerged; they hindered

the progress of the proletarian revolution. Since there was no proletarian will to civil war, the workers soon became the cause of many embarrassments. The "double domination", which initially divided the councils and the social democratic-bourgeois government, which had its sights set on parliamentary institutions, was soon dismantled; the rates were reduced. The Social Democrats were impatient to get rid of the riots that were causing them political dissatisfaction; they wanted to reap the rewards in full bourgeois confidence and class-peaceful innocence.

The social democracy enticed the workers; they shuddered at the thought of being able to make use of it. As early as on 13 November 1918, the parliament, which was under social democratic influence, decided to

Executive Council of the Workers' and Soldiers' Council: "The formation of a

£OtClã Garde is to be discontinued temporarily. "

The German bourgeoisie took note of this proletarian class pacifism and did not hesitate to capitalise on it.

The elections to the Bavarian National Assembly had brought the USPD only three seats; Eisner was deeply disappointed. He had claimed to have gained a large following through his political activity, but had increasingly learnt that he had become one of the most hated men in Bavaria. He was particularly resented for his appearance on the international so-

cialist conference in Berne at the beginning of 1919. Immediately after taking office as Prime Minister, he had declared that he would probably be able to bring about peace between the Entente and

Germany if he was allowed to speak to Clemenceau for an hour. He sent the staunch pacifist Professor Wilhelm Friedrich Förster to Switzerland as the Bavarian envoy. Eisner began to polemicise fiercely against Berlin at an early stage because the forces responsible for the war's misfortunes were once again coming to the fore there. During the war, he had joined the conscientious objectors, he had a hand in the Munich strikes in January 1918, and he was then criticised as a conscientious objector.

He was then arrested and put on trial for treason.

It was only under pressure from the Social Democratic parliamentary group in the Reichstag that he was released in September 1918 and resumed his underground revolutionary activities. The martyrdom that Eisner had practised as a

revolutionary had suffered in Germany, had brought him great success abroad. moral credit. AIT17 In November, he had called for a meeting on the Theresienwiese; this event was the starting point for the uprising in Munich, which brought Eisner to power.

to the position of Bavarian Minister President.

wore.

While the German Social Democrats, who had approved the war credits, were not allowed to attend the Bern conference, Eisner was invited there. In the course of the major speech he gave in Bern, he admitted Germany's guilt for the war. He was one of those men who, like Professor Förster, insisted that politics must also be subordinate to morality. They deny that there is a difference between an ethic of conviction and an ethic of success; they believe that a good conviction can also do good in politics.

Eisner's confession of guilt sparked outrage in Germany. The nationalist elite raged, the student youth was incited against him. There was a secret society in Munich, the Thule Society, which at the time included Alfred Rosenberg, the publisher Lehmann, Countess Westarp and Rudolf Hess. The plan to assassinate Eisner was hatched here. A leaflet was circulated calling for Eisner's resignation and concluding with a quote from Schiller: "Landvogt, your watch has run out. "

It was insinuated that Eisner wanted to cling on to his office despite his party's electoral defeat. Eisner had no intention of doing so. He wanted to use the first parliamentary session to announce his resignation. Early on the day of the session, the z i February 9 9 , accompanied by his secretary Fechenbadi and a sailor, he set off on foot from the Foreign Ministry on Promenadenplatz to the nearby Prannerst rafie, in where the parliament building was located. He turned the corner of his ministry and had to pass a gated entrance. In the doorway stood a man whom the three did not recognise. It xs was the young Count Arco-5falley. Arco crept up behind the three of them and then shot Eisner in the back. It was a real piece of assassination. Eisncr immediately collapsed dead. Fechenbach grabbed his gun and shot at Arco, the 6latrose also began to climb Arco's ladder. Hit by many bullets, Arco collapsed, but none had been fatal. He was recovered in hospital.

During these events, ida was sitting in the diplomatic box next to Mrs Eisner in the conference room of the Landtag. Suddenly the door behind us was torn open, the bloodied 6latrose, Eisner's companion, rushed in, nudged Mrs Eisner with his index finger and shouted: "Eisner has been shot. " The cry was immediately heard throughout the hall, whose tribunes were overflowing. Dismayed, the deputies left the hall to convene for caucus meetings. The Alünchen Workers' and Soldiers' Council, of which Eisner had been a member, met quickly. The news reports I received from there were worrying; they gave reason to fear an over-rapid excefi. In Eisner's cabinet, Eisner's opponent, the experienced Social Democratic leader Erhard Auer, had been Minister of the Interior. Auer had thwarted many of Eisncr's intentions. Auer had been one of Eisner's alumni

It was significant that Auer was generally regarded as the actual author of the assassination attempt.

After about half an hour, parliamentary proceedings resumed. I was standing at one of the barriers that closed off the entrances to the chamber. The President of Parliament had begun an obituary for the deceased and was just about to express the condolences of the delegates when I felt as if someone was entering the chamber behind me. I saw a man wearing a military coat walking along the government bench; he had a rifle in his hand. I had a bad feeling and rushed forward to give a warning signal, but the shots were already ringing out. Rlann had aimed at Auer and pulled the trigger a few times. Auer fell off his chair, badly hit. A few shots had missed him, but other victims had fallen⁴. Deputy Osel and Major Jahreis lay dead on the ground. The man with the rifle took advantage of the general confusion and ran out of the hall. It later emerged that the assassin was a member of the Munich Labour and Sol- date Council, the butcher Lindner, who managed to escape to Austria after the crime. He was later extradited from there to Bavaria and sentenced to i y years in prison.

The deputies ran headlong back and forth. I went down into the forecourt and was shocked to see the parliamentary guards turning their machine guns round and pointing them at the staircase. I asked what that meant. The guards replied that they wanted to shoot all the members of parliament. The deputies were to atone for Eisner's death. I began to talk to them; I managed to dissuade them from the madness they were up to. Grumbling, they turned the machine guns round again and nobody was harmed.

The government d i s s o l v e d immediately, several members, such as

z. Social Democrat Social Affairs Minister Rofihaupter, for example, was taken to hospital with a severe nervous shock. The MPs fled home. Some were said to have escaped through the windows at the back of the building. The power of the government disappeared. It was in the nature of things that power fell into the hands of the Central Council all by itself. Without any legal act, I became the supreme head of Bavaria by force of fact.

The excitement in Munich was extraordinary; violent explosions of mass sentiment were to be expected. I issued a ban on going out after nine o'clock in the evening. Only a few people with special identity cards, who had to bear my signature, were allowed to be on the streets at a later hour. Military and police patrols on horseback carried out checks. I must have signed a total of three to four hundred passport documents, but I had forgotten x myself. As I was leaving my workplace after midnight to go to the hotel where I was staying, a military patrol met me and demanded to see my passport. I had to confess that I didn't have one. Although I explained that I was over-idi, the patrol did their duty and took me to the nearby police station. The chief of police was still present; I managed to get in touch with him, and we laughed not a little at my misfortune. Now the patrol escorted me to the hotel themselves.

The funeral service for Eisner still had to be organised. It kept me extremely busy. I made all the security arrangements, organised the procession and arranged everything that needed to be arranged. A huge procession followed the coffin. Delegations from all parts of the Reich and from abroad were present. I myself only spoke to a few IVorte at the grave. Eisner was a finely educated man who never missed out on the vestli&e training. He was more of a Jacobin than a socialist. Like Mehring, he was an outstanding stylist. In his public speeches, he always proved himself to be a witty man who sometimes managed to come up with witty turns of phrase. He had no relationship with Bolshevism, and was on very bad terms with the Spartacus people Evie Leviné and Lcvin. He once had Levin arrested for a few days. His relations with the anarchists of the Mühsam and Landauer type were also strained. The nationalist assassination attempt had struck down an intellectually unusual and untouchable political personality. He already belonged to the political underworld that later took over the whole of Germany under National Socialism.

The discussions that had been initiated between the state parliamentary parties in order to bring about a new cabinet

I levelled the paths. On 21 February Eisner was assassinated, on 18 March the Hoffmann cabinet was formed. That was the end of my mission as a deceiver of the supreme power.

After the Hofmann cabinet was formed, I became a member of the Council of Ministers in my capacity as Chairman of the Central Council of Workers', Farmers' and Soldiers' Councils of Bavaria on the basis of the Provisional Constitution of the State of Bavaria and regularly attended its meetings.

The independent Social Democrat Josef Simon, who had long been chairman of the shoemakers' trade union, had become Minister of Trade. Simon had good manners and displayed the manners of a councillor of commerce. He took office with great dignity; he had a great understanding of economic matters and was an effective speaker. He had the ambition to get something going. Some circumstances brought him into contact with Otto Neurath, a well-known social democratic theorist from Vienna. Otto Neurath Wärg' via Leipzig nadi Munich. He was a tall, broad-shouldered man with a massive skull, a very distinctive face and a long red beard. He could be mistaken for an Assyrian or Babylonian.

The idea of a planned economy had completely taken hold of him. The economy was to be organised in such a way that every working person was awarded his or her standard of living according to performance, earnings and inner qualities. According to Neurath's design, the economy was to be planned; the standard of living was to result from the urgent necessities of life, housing, clothing, and also from goods of a civilising nature, from pleasures, travel requirements, which could be allocated as desired. It was up to the individual, Neurath liked to say, to choose whether he would rather go on a trip to North Africa or wish for an Illavier.

Neurath had the ambition to found a planned economy office in Munich. He had the two Social Democrats Hermann Kranold and Wolfgang Schumann in mind as his co-workers. Neurath succeeded in winning over the Minister of Trade, Mr Mon, in favour of his intentions.

Simon had a draft law drawn up based on Neurath's idea. Neurath made efforts to draw public attention to himself and his project.

ken. He had already argued with the liberal professor of economics at Munich University, Lujo Brentano, in a meeting; the latter had characterised him as an "ancient Egyptian economic romantic". Brentano was of the opinion that the realisation of Neurath's plans required a social organisation along the lines of the ancient pharaonic empire.

Neurath's vitality was almost irresistible. He visited all the men from whom he hoped to further his goals; he *dared* to *convince* those who were reluctant. When he sensed my scepticism, he turned up at my place and spent hours drumming up support. He actually managed to bring his case before the Council of Ministers. He was invited to the meeting, to be his own lawyer. Prime Minister Johannes Hoffmann was a reserved, level-headed man who was reluctant to get involved in adventures. Neurath's tempestuous behaviour was uncanny to him. It was amazing how Neurath tyrannised the entire Minister Council. He fought for every paragraph of the draft law, resisted every amendment, issued ultimatums, threatened to leave and intimidated the ministers one by one. His behaviour was no less lenient when it came to setting salaries. He made a very high demand; if I remember correctly, he obtained an annual salary of around 20 000 for himself, 12 000 for Kranold and 16 000 for Sdaumann. These sums exceeded the ministers' salaries. It is curious that the ministers had reservations about accepting such proposals; but they had not reckoned with Neurath's readiness, argumentation and fanaticism. He beseeched and pleaded, proved and begged for so long and so unrelentingly, until he got his way through partly by politeness. The Neurathian draft was approved in the Council of Ministers, and Neurath himself could begin setting up the Planwirtschaftsamt. He set to work setting up the office with the same vigour with which he had prepared it. When on 11 April, when the Council Republic was proclaimed, he remained active. He was completely indifferent to the political constitution of the country, he was only obsessed with the idea of carrying out his project.

Thus, the fall of the republic had serious consequences for him; he was also dragged into a fatal trial. He was the main witness in his split trial. I

said that the planned economy office was a statutory institution. After the proclamation of the Soviet Republic, Neurath had continued to work in it just as neutrally as the other civil servants in their offices. He had not been involved in the violation of the constitution. He had hardly taken any notice of the political events. Basically, it was wrong to put Neurath on trial. The planned economy office was deliberately associated with the republic because the Bavarian bourgeoisie found it revolutionary. Neurath was acquitted, but expelled to Vienna.

In 1941 I met Neurath at the *Gesolci** in Düsseldorf. I set up an exhibition pavilion for the German Text-

Neurath furnished the pavilion of the City of Vienna. The German Textile Workers' Association had engaged Katharina Heise, a Kollwitz student, for the paintings and sculptures; she had captured the development and activities of the association in numerous symbolic drawings and also contributed a statue of *The Textile Worker*. Neurath, on the other hand, wanted to let the statistics work purely through figures and schematic representations. The only illustrations he tolerated were small drawn figures which, depending on their meaning as arithmetic quantities and place values, bore different colours or other markings. Neurath developed these figures into a sophisticated system as a means of illustrating statistics.

He reprimanded me for using artistic symbols; the time of ornaments, he said, was over. Then I surprised him by asking why he was still wearing his full beard. This also contradicted pure objectivity and rationality, he said, it concealed something and to a certain extent had a beautifying effect.

Neurath stunned for a moment before answering:

"You were talking." With one hand, he pressed his full beard together just under his chin and continued: "But look at me, the beard gives my face an imposing appearance. But without a beard, a nasty mug comes out."

The last time I met Neurath was in Moscow in 1937. He

- *Gesolci*: exhibition from the fields of health care, social policy, physical education

was head of a department at the local statistical office and was now able to use his schematic figures to bring statistics home to the entire Soviet people. To my astonishment, he was clean-shaven, he said mischievously: "That's your success, do you like me better that way?"

As far as I know, Neurath died in Vienna.

By chance, some diary pages have come down to me which date from 29 March 1949 origin. Here are the direct impressions that Neurath's appearance in that time, captured fresh and uncorrected. The drawings read:

Around April 4. or 5. Dr Neurath from Leipzig appeared at the Central Council in March and developed his economic programme. His name had already become familiar to me because he had spoken at the Munich Workers' Council and had been described there by Professor Brentano as an ancient Egyptian economic romantic.

A tall, handsome man, bald, large forehead, beautifully shaped head, full red beard, small brown eyes, slightly Semitic (really Egyptian!) type; fluent, witty, captivating performance.

I immediately had the feeling that I was facing a man who has a programme, who has the will to see it through, who has fire, drive and enthusiasm.

He wanted full socialisation through the establishment of a central economic office and control of the consumer industries. Further co-operation with Saxony.

The Central Council released a proposed statement to the press.

Minister President Hoffmann felt that this announcement was a step outside the government's programme and threatened to resign. The Central Council interpreted its statement in the press to mean that in these difficult times it believed it had to serve the work of socialisation in every way, even with proposals that seemed useful, and that it hoped that a purely socialist ministry would accept all socialist work.

The conflict was settled.

A little later, Neurath reappeared and addressed the independent Minister Simon (Trade, Commerce and Industry).

strie), won him over completely. Simon brought Neurath into the Council of Ministers, where he brilliantly developed his ideas and captivated the audience.

The ministers feel that something must be done. Whether it is good or bad is irrelevant for the time being; the main thing is *that* something is done.

Despite his reservations, Hofmann was in favour of the idea of setting up a central economic office.

Neurath burned - and revealed himself as a dictator and pistol politician.

Get in the queue now - or I'm leaving.

This power of attorney now - or I'll incite the masses.

This salary now - or I'll throw it all away. And the ministers swallowed it all and hired Neurath Illit for 24,000 marks for six years with great powers of attorney.

Simon completely under his spell.

Yesterday, Neurath submitted a motion to the Council of Ministers to appoint i. Director Unrat (20 000 Marks and six years), 2. Dr Ballod (10 000 Marks and pension entitlement).

That's when Neurath slapped his face again.

He looks at everything historically. He regards people who do not yet believe in the time of perfection and look back from the point of view of perfection, and who therefore have some misgivings about their present situation, as a "tough crowd", "criminals against humanity", who are starved of a thousand marks.

His passionate, burning impatience, his greed for unrestrained labour, his drive, his enthusiasm make him reckless, "brutal, bold, impudent". Genius, perhaps?

The ministers are treated with contempt, often with disdain, treated with superiority.

How willing they are: in the end, they do everything he wants without putting the chair in front of his door. They put up with this evil admonisher - they even follow him.

Of course, the constraints of circumstances help.

But it's really very unpleasant to be the responsible director and to be treated as a fool and be smeared.

My anger also boils over from time to time.

It is no wonder that the Schidisal of genius is usually is tragic.

In February 1949 I was contacted by Walter Rathenau. Originally he only wanted to stay for a short time, but in fact our conversation lasted over four hours. You know the Rathenau's outward appearance was that of a tall, slender, distinguished-looking man, smartly dressed, with dignified and measured movements. When you met him, you immediately had the feeling that you were facing a man of extraordinary stature. Rathenau was a talented speaker, he formulated his sentences with care and deliberation. Everything he said came across as weighty and usually did.

Rathenau began by criticising the state of public affairs. He said that he had seen the collapse coming for a long time and that there was a danger of chaos. The German economy was in a state of collapse and for the moment it was impossible to know when it would recover. He went on to say that the old economic principles could no longer be applied, they had broken down; the consequences had to be drawn from this experience. The general economic anarchy had led to wars; the consequences of war could only be overcome and the outbreak of new crises only prevented if the rebuilding of the economy was based on large-scale, comprehensive planning. It was the idea of the future, and it was worthy of note that not the German, but rather the Russian had made itself the pioneer of this idea. In the Soviet Union, the planned reconstruction was begun with determination and astonishing energy. In the face of the Russian Mad Max, the B. Blücher, to whom the reins of the Reich (eight in Germany had now fallen into their hands, only Lübeck and Leipzig). They were without creative thought, without imagination and inventive spirit, also without vigor. They continued to work today and their actions went beyond their immediate interests. What was emerging in the East was something great, a new epoch in the history of mankind was beginning there; one should not form one's judgement of the events in the Soviet Union according to the events of the day. A new principle of order was at work. It was inevitable that it would conquer the whole world. The horizon of the leading men of Soviet Russia was broad enough to comprehend the immense task that lay ahead.

must be achieved. The time of national economies was over, he said, and it was necessary to think, plan and organise across vast economic areas.

He said that he was interested in the Munich plan economy project. Here was an approach to action, and nowhere else in Germany would be approached in a similar way. Munich could do Germany, and indeed Europe, a great service by setting up a functioning planned economy office. To my astonishment and surprise, he indicated that he would be willing to co-operate under certain circumstances. He would certainly consider it worth discussing coming to Munich for this purpose. He asked me to keep him informed about the development of the planned economy office.

In those days, Toller told me that the University of Munich intended to appoint Max Weber, but that the Bavarian ministerial bureaucracy was causing difficulties. I turned to Minister President Hoffmann and asked him to clear up all these difficulties. It wasn't long before Max Weber received the call and the great sociologist began lecturing in Munich. However, Weber did not experience any great joy in Munich.

My friend Drexel, who had listened to him in Munich, told me some shocking facts about Weber's last year.

Max Weber, who was passionately fond of the student youth had no success with them in Munich. Soon after the collapse of , patriotic phrases flourished once again among the Alrademic youth. From an oppo

As a result of the opposition to the republic and the new power of the labour force, student corporatism was demonstratively cultivated again. Weber felt the provocative agitation of such endeavours. His matter-of-fact mind, which had also been shaken by the national collapse, felt irritated by the student hustle and bustle. During a lecture, he explained that he could hear everywhere how deeply the national circles were suffering from the German misfortune. The sentiment of German unhappiness was factually quite justified. But if one is filled with the feeling of grief over the national fate, this must also show itself externally. For example, you have to take off your breastbands and beer tails and colourful hats and must not be outspoken in public. These words

were met with fierce disapproval by the students. There was shouting and some students even went so far as to throw their notebooks at Weber, who was standing at the lectern. Without a word, Weber slammed his manuscript shut and left the lecture theatre. Similar demonstrations were repeated more often. It has been claimed that the grief over this attitude of the academic youth contributed decisively to Weber's early death.

Only a small group of people were present at his funeral. This man, who contributed so much to the enrichment of science, who was one of the most brilliant ornaments of German university life, was not honoured by the academic youth of Munich. In front of a small audience, Mrs Marianne L  feber gave her husband the eulogy.

In the second half of March, during a meeting of the Council of Ministers, Prime Minister Hofmann brought up the fact that an Italian marquis by the name of Imperiali had turned up in Hl  nchen and was offering to deliver large quantities of food from the stocks of the victor's militia. His papers had been checked and were in order. His papers were personally signed by XVilson, Lloyd George, Clemenceaii and Orlando. He demanded an advance of two million   art and would then immediately arrange for the food to be delivered. The Bavarian state bank had also inspected the documents and described them as genuine. Negotiations had meanwhile taken place between the Minister of Agriculture U*iiitzlhofer and the Marquis Imperiali. h(an had to cancel the gesture immediately because the   larquis was threatening to offer the foodstuffs in Berlin, which, if it were to happen, would provoke a revolution among the Hl  nchen population. All 6linisters agreed with the proposal of the Ministerpriisident to give 5*o11rna  ht to the absclalufi of the business. Only ida disagreed. There seemed to be something I didn't like about this. Ida asked the Minister President to look into the matter again. The ministers were uncomfortable about agreeing to a delay, but in the end they authorised me to deal with the matter again.

I went to the ministry and asked whether the papers had really been scrutinised carefully. I was told that old, experienced officials had given a favourable opinion. I then sent a letter to the Marquis Imperiali and asked him to visit me. He came to me, a tall, dark-haired, distinguished figure with a suave appearance, which of course can be just as characteristic of an accomplished head waiter as of a diplomat. He passed the interview well, but my mistrust was not allayed. I asked him for his papers; I saw the signatures of the famous statesmen and the large stamps of their countries. I would like, I told the marquis, to keep the papers for a few hours. The marquis reluctantly let me have his identity papers. I asked him to pick up the papers again in the evening.

I thought for a long time about what I should do now. Then I remembered that I had an acquaintance at the Swiss consulate. I went there and expressed my reservations and doubts about the identity papers. Initially, the official there explained that there was no objection to the papers. Suddenly, however, he furrowed his brow and remarked that something was surprising. State seals are always cut in metal. However, the seals in question were all rubber stamps. It was unlikely that the Big Four used rubber stamps.

At the Foreign Ministry, which I visited again, I repeated the critical concerns of the Swiss official. They were

However, I thought it would be a fatal thing to harass a truly diplomatic figure and possibly get yourself into a bad soup.

The Prime Minister, too, was unsure about such considerations.

tions.

I then made him the suggestion of giving me a free hand against the marquis; if I made a mistake, he should shift all responsibility onto me and send me into the desert. After some deliberation, he agreed to my suggestion.

Now I went to see Police Commissioner Dürr. I put and asked him to arrest the Marquis Imperiali and confiscate his luggage at the hotel. Dürr was reluctant to do so. When I had informed him of my appointment with the Minister-President, he put the Marquis in the hotel.

was arrested. He protested in the strongest possible terms, threatening t h a t Bavaria would pay dearly for this offence. The search of the suitcases, t h e information obtained about him from the police administrations of all European capitals, the re-examination of the papers revealed that the Marquis Imperiali was an internationally known and much sought-after impostor. The police, both in Paris and Rome, thanked the Munich police for having arrested this impostor.

The Minister President of the newly formed Bavarian government, Johannes Hofmann, had previously been a teacher in Ilaiserslautern and had been dismissed from his civil servant position because he had publicly declared himself a social democrat under the imperial government. The party had then given him a seat in the Reichstag. He was a serious, very solid man of considered judgement and firm character. His political intentions were good and honest. Until the Kapp Putsch in 1920 he remained Minister President, then he was overthrown by Ilahr and returned to Kaiserslautern. During the Hitler Putsch in 1933, he sparked a movement to overthrow the Rhine Palatinate from Bavaria and bring it under the direct sovereignty of Bavaria.

of the Reich. As a result, the Munich government instituted treason proceedings against him; the Reichstag and the Reich government, however, refused to grant Bavaria legal assistance against Hoffmann. This led to the strange situation that Hofmann could not set foot on Bavarian soil without fear of being arrested there, but that he was completely safe outside Bavaria.

The Hoffmann cabinet also included: Segitz as Minister of Labour, Schneppenhorst as Minister of War, Endres as Minister of the Interior and the former Royal Wittelsbach Minister of Transport, von Fraundorfer, as Minister of Transport.

In a private agreement between the Central Council of Workers', Farmers' and Soldiers' Councils and the Hoffmann cabinet, it was agreed that parliament would not be convened for the time being. The cabinet was to govern without parliament for some time on the basis of special powers granted to it by the parliamentary group leaders on their own responsibility. At the end of March, rumours emerged that parliament would convene after all, contrary to what had been agreed. Most of the members of the Central Council became very agitated. There was a hidden press polemic in which the cowardly disappearance of the Landtag on 1 February was viciously gossiped about and the Landtag was told to stay away from Munich until further notice.

On 3 April, the second conference of the Congress of Workers', Peasants' and Soldiers' Councils for the entire Reich was to begin in Berlin. The Bavarian Central Council had delegated me. On 4 April evening I planned to start the journey and all the preparations had already been made. Just before the departure, on Thursday 3 April, I was to speak at a meeting in Augsburg about the political situation. The Ludwigsbau was filled to capacity. In view of the tense political situation, I was expected to make some sensational statements, but I did not. Nevertheless, the surprise did not fail to materialise, and it was a surprise that even I was not prepared for. A USPD speaker, Hans Frank, spoke in the discussion. He called for a new revolution and concluded his speech with the demand to found the Bavarian Soviet Republic. As soon as his words had died away, people at various tables jumped up, unfurled red flags and celebrated the soviet republic.

The Social Democrat chairman of the meeting turned pale. He stared at me helplessly, expecting me to find a way out of this situation. A large part of the assembly went wild and showed great enthusiasm. I encouraged the party leader Simon to speak out against the slogan and to urge calmness. Simon did not have the courage to do so. Finally, I took the lectern myself and pointed out the absurdity of calling for a new revolution. The Central Council was working in Munich. It already represented the council principle. The current move by the Augsburg revolutionaries was not only directed against the Hoffmann government, but also against the Central Council, which was represented in the Council of Ministers. Tempers calmed down somewhat, but a commission was nevertheless formed to travel to Munich the following day to present the demands of the Augsburg Assembly to the cabinet and to discuss them.

was to be established. A man named Olsdie'vsl'i was placed at the head of the delegation. This Olschevski was known to me. When I was transferred to the Augsburg recruit training centre in August 1919, I noticed a man with a long reddish beard in the ranks of the NCO corps. He was short, had a loud, booming voice and had an energetic demeanour. I was very eager to dominate him. In the first few days, I thought he was a ser- vice.

to have seen a sergeant. Without having been promoted in the meantime, he appeared one day as a second sergeant. He was the most zealous superior and the most dedicated soldier. His endeavours to win the goodwill of the company commander were unmistakable. I was told afterwards that he had made himself a second sergeant on his own initiative. The company commander was faced with the question of whether he should disgrace his most capable NCO in front of the company or accept his self-promotion after the fact. The company commander chose the latter course. Later, the man, it was Olschewskii, was appointed deputy officer, then he volunteered for the field and made it to the rank of so-called lieutenant of valour. The same ambition that Olschewski

9 4 as a militarist, he declared⁹ 8 as a 'proletarian revolutionary'.

The morning press claimed on 4 April that I had proclaimed a republic in Augsburg. When I appeared in the Council of Ministers, I was looked askance at from all sides, people ran away. I felt that, in the opinion of the ministers, I had stirred up a bad soup for the country. I explained to the ministers what had happened the previous evening. Transport Minister Fraundorfer, who was sitting next to me, turned to me with concern and told me that the Bavarian railway only had five days' worth of coal reserves left; I should not contribute to making the situation more difficult. The Augsburg delegation was allowed to come forward and demanded the proclamation of the Soviet Republic. Minister President Hofmann calmed the whimsical rebels and assured them that their request would be favourably considered.

But things were in flux. The figures I liked to call 'revolution bugs' were crawling out of every hole. Meetings of the unemployed were called. Demagogues whipped up the crowd; the slogan of the day became: "Proclamation of the Soviet Republic". Various party, trade union and organisational leaders proposed that the situation that had arisen be dealt with at a conference. It was convened in the Ministry of War that very night.

The conference was chaired by me. Representatives of the SPD, the USPD, the trade unions, the Bavarian Farmers' Union and a liberal-democratic opposition group were present. The question was raised as to whether the

time was ripe for the founding of the Arbeiterrepublik. The Social Democratic delegates behaved ambiguously; they advocated the idea of councils without being prepared to actively participate. A communist delegation led by Levine entered the hall. Levine issued a declaration from his party. It denounced the social chauvinism of the SPD, the social chauvinism that authorised the KPD to take the strongest line against the SPD. The EPD, it was said, could participate in a political endeavour led by the SPD. This statement was met with astonishment. The Minister of War, Schnepfenhorst, suggested that he should travel to Nuremberg to find out what the mood of the working class was like there. He should postpone all decisions; he wanted to return from Nuremberg on Sunday evening, 6 April, to report back. Other shop stewards were to travel to Würzburg and Bamberg with the same mission. Plan agreed not to take any further action, but to meet on Sunday night at 10 o'clock in the Wittelsbach Palace to listen to the reports of the sent out confidential counsellors and to discuss the next steps.

The Sunday session on 6 April 1919 was not only attended by delegates from those organisations that had already participated in. The conference was held in the former bedroom of the Queen of Bavaria in the Wittelsbacher Palais and was also attended by representatives of the Munich Workers' and Soldiers' Council and other organisations. The Communists had also been invited, but they had not turned up by the start of the meeting. The representatives sent to northern Bavaria had not yet returned, so the announced report had to be removed from the agenda. Instead, it was to be discussed whether a unification of the socialist parties is possible. was. In the background, however, was the question of proclaiming a soviet republic. The Hungarian image was tempting; Austria seemed to be on the way to a soviet republic. The dream was to reach a direct connection with the Soviet Union via Austria, Hungary and Romania. Gustav Landauer had sent an appeal to the Bavarian parliament.

rian people, in which the founding of the Soviet Republic was proclaimed. Various mass assemblies had passed resolutions in favour of the republic the day before. Erich Mühsam was completely in his element. Gu-Stav Lanclauer also lived in the feeling that his great hour had come.

After I had opened the meeting, Landauer moved that the delegates should assemble for the constituent assembly. There had never been a revolution that had not disregarded the continuity of the legal ground. The revolution was always a creative act that had to begin with an unexpected step. Landauer's arguments were all the more effective because in the course of the previous day, as a result of the rumours circulating, all the ministers with the exception of Minister President Hoffmann and Interior Minister Endres had sent me their written resignations. The cabinet no longer existed; a vacuum had been created at the head of state. Nobody voted against Landauer's motion; I was the only one to abstain. Initially, the question of how the individual organisations intended to take a fundamental stance on the Soviet Republic was discussed. Both the representatives of the free trade unions, Albert Schmidt and Gustav Schiefer, and those of the Social Democratic Party waived their earlier objections and assured that they would submit to the will of the masses. The representative of the Farmers' Union, Gandorfer, also gave his consent. The process of the distribution of offices that now took place was full of grotesque features. The leading politicians no longer called themselves "Minister", but "People's Representative". First, the Office of the People's Representative for Foreign Affairs was established. Erich Mühsam stood up, pointed out the good name he enjoyed abroad, emphasised the close relations *he* had maintained with the Left throughout his life and finally recommended himself for the post. Most listeners grimaced at Mühsam's speech. He was a bubbly, witty spirit, a good man, but such a decidedly literary bohemian that no-one could imagine him in a worthy official position. There was a brief, embarrassed silence after Mühsam's words. Mühsam's friend, Gustav Landauer, interrupted it; Landauer said that Mühsam knew how fond he was of him. Mühsam was invited to many things.

However, Mühsam lacked the experience, the mastery of the apparatus and the certainty of diplomatic behaviour for foreign affairs. He therefore had to oppose Mühsam's candidature. Now Ernst Toller also took courage and announced that the Independent Social Democracy

Mühsam was not the right person for the external commissariat. Toller suggested Dr Theodor Lipp. He had brought him with him. Lipp was rumoured to have been active in diplomacy during the war, was known as a political writer and had all the qualities needed for the foreign service. Nobody knew Lipp, nobody had heard of him, but as they didn't have another candidate, they swallowed him. It later transpired what a serious mistake had been made. Lipp's diplomatic activity had consisted of being an agent of the Imperial Foreign Office in Italy. His mental state was defective, the appointment to the high office completely confused his mind. He sent a telegram to Moscow in which he informed them that he had wrested the government of Bavaria from the "black hands" of the previous Minister President Hoffmann and that Hoffmann, despite his fludite appearance from Munich, had failed to take the abort key with him.

I was put forward for the post of full commissioner for education and teaching. I resolutely declined. As "besdieiden" as Gustav Landauer had previously recommended himself for the outside, he now did so for himself. He certainly did this with much greater justification, for he, an intellectually thoughtful personality, was authorised by his expertise to have a decisive say in cultural matters. But there were serious reservations about him, which were not openly recognised.

wanted to pronounce. The speaker from the Farmers' Union hinted at it: Landauer was a dear Bavarian, he was a man of letters, he was a Jew. Would he really be acceptable to the Bavarian people? The Catholic Church was a power in Bavaria: would it accept the long term? There were many who were impressed by these arguments. So he laboured with all his passion for Landauer, he gathered fiery hollows on his friend's head. Landauer had rejected him, but he wanted to testify in Landauer's favour. The objections that the Farmers' Union had put forward were the objections of a pre

revolutionary time. A revolution justifies new methods, new points of view, new men. One was a reactionary if one took offence at "alien" writers and Jews. Landauer was then appointed to the post of People's Representative for Education by a majority vote.

The Independent Social Democrat August Hagemester was appointed for the interior. He was a conscientious but very long-winded man who, when he began to speak, found it difficult to finish. In the absence of any other suggestion, Hagemester went through. The transport department was assigned to an obvious instigator, Georg Paulukun. Paulukun's only previous connection with transport had been that he had occasionally worked as a railway labourer. He was a clever lad, but undisciplined, addicted to alcohol and of course in no way up to the job that was to be entrusted to him. I(übler, a fanatical farmers' ally, took over agriculture. Silvio Gesell was considered the most suitable man for the finances. A member of the Soldiers' Council, Reichert, a former Hellner of unmistakable cunning, was appointed People's Commissioner for the Army.

Levine was reported during the negotiations. With

It had been eagerly awaited, as it was considered paradoxical to want to declare a soviet republic without communists. Leviné spoke out sharply against the plan being discussed. The Social Democrats were tainted by their war policy, he said, and they sullied the idea of soviets. They would only expose the idea of councils if they seized it now. The Communist Party would only participate in organisations whose leadership was in their hands. This declaration was received with dismay by the independent Toller as well as the anarchists Landauer and Mühsam. They implored Levine to change his position, but he remained unresponsive.

After Levine had left, the assembly needed
took some time to regain their composure. I asked them to consider whether the situation had not now changed to such an extent that they should refrain from proclaiming a soviet republic at all. As much as the representatives of the trade unions and the Social Democrats would have liked to follow my suggestion, they were afraid to say so publicly. I

suggested a special consultation of the individual political groups so that they could come to an understanding of the situation created by Leviné. When the Social Democrats were among themselves, they all showed how indifferent they were to the Council's adventures. But none of them had the resolve to say no. When I resumed the negotiations, the spokesmen of all groups announced that they wanted to stick to the decision to found the soviet republic. So much had already been leaked to the public about the preparations for the founding of the Council Republic that no political group was courageous enough to turn back at the last moment.

The final formulation of the text of the proclamation, which was already available in draft form, was begun. It was here that Lange unfolded his full eloquence. He was keen to make the founding of the Soviet Republic appear as the dawn of a time of general peace and noble humanity. When someone spoke of the class struggle, Landauer turned against him with the utmost emotion. "For four years," he shouted in his resounding voice, "for four years the German people have been in a frenzy of rage. Shall we continue this bloodlust? Is it not important to become sober again, to become human again?" He came up with the strange idea that the proclamation of the Soviet Republic by Glod'engelaut should be celebrated throughout Bavaria!

During these negotiations, telegrams were sent to all district offices announcing the reorganisation of Bavaria into a rate republic and ordering the ringing of the bells. These telegrams went out into the country with my signature, which of course I had never given.

I was the only one to abstain from the vote on the questions of whether the Council should be set up, whether the list of people's representatives should be approved and whether the appeal should be made public. There were no no votes. After the vote, I resigned as President of the Central Council. It was clear to me that the endeavour would have to fail for both objective and personal reasons. Ernst Toller was later elected President of the Central Council as my successor.

It was 6 o'clock in the morning before the negotiations came to an end. I went home from the meeting in the morning under the impression that I was taking part in a major political debate.

to have experienced. Now, in the grey light of the dawning day, the comic and ridiculous features of the events of the past night lost all their conciliatory and cheerful colouring; they appeared with shrill, hurtful nakedness for what they were: political facts that could not remain without serious consequences. The thought of these consequences depressed me. One might ask why I did not exert all my energy to prevent the resolutions and why I contented myself with merely abstaining from voting. There is no doubt that I too was under the spell of the overheated revolutionary sentiment that had gathered in Munich in those days, and I was also fundamentally in favour of the idea of councils. However, my political instinct told me that Bavaria was not the country to realise the council principle, given its tradition and social characteristics. It lacked all the prerequisites for this. For reasons of realpolitik, I was therefore unable to vote in favour of the introduction of the soviet republic. My situation was now made more difficult by the fact that the Social Democrats, the party to which I belonged, appeared to have decided in favour of the soviet republic. It was all the less appropriate for me to take an ostentatious stand against the decisions of my party because I was the head of the negotiations, who was expected to maintain an attitude of controlled neutrality.

Around eleven o'clock in the morning, I walked through the streets of Munich to the Wittelsbacher Palais with my wife. It was raining and all the streets and squares were quiet. Here and there I came across groups of people in discussion, gathered around a speaker who was improvising a small public meeting. Posters with the call of the Soviet government were stuck to the Litfafi columns. The *Münchener Neueste Nachrichten* had been taken over by supporters of the soviet government and appeared as its official organ. The Wittelsbacher Palais was a hive of activity. A number of foreign journalists were present to interview me. I told them that I had resigned from the presidium of the Central Council.

During the morning I was visited by several Social *Democratic* functionaries, such as Albert Schmidt and Sophie Steinhaus, a highly intelligent business teacher who later became the wife of Her- marin Kranold. After 9s 3 both died in Rio de Ja-

neuro by suicide. I bluntly opened up to both of them about my pessimistic Aspelite. The soviet republic, I said, was a unfortunate undertaking. My guess is that disappointing riders from northern Bavaria are on their way, the Franconian party organisation will not join in and will leave Munich in the lurch.

The two tried to allay my fears: it wasn't so bad, the prospects were better than I thought, the Munich party was committed to the cause and would persevere, and Northern Bavaria would also join in. They could not convincing.

At my training evenings in Augsburg in the summer of 1949 were attended

by a talented young metalworker called Nöbl . This Nöbl obviously had philosophical talent, he thought deeply and independently. I had been looking after him for a long time, providing him with good literature and giving him advice for his further education. He had become close to me and I believed that he would go far in the labour movement. As he had become unemployed, I had taken him with me to Munich as a kind of adjutant. I couldn't fail to notice that the risky course things had now taken obviously worried him.

Around midday, threatening news arrived at the Wittelsbacher Palais: a group of students and soldiers had gathered at the university and the group was now advancing towards the LÄfittelsbacher Palais. It was interesting to observe the behaviour of the individuals. Numerous stenotypists understandably ran away. Various functionaries of the new government walked around looking ashamed of themselves. Landauer and Mihsam held up surprisingly well. Together with a number of workers, they took machine guns, hand grenades and other weapons out of their lockers and prepared everything for battle. They decided to repel the attack or to defend themselves to the utmost. I walked through the rooms, encouraging everyone and assuring them that it would not be as bad as it looked. Then I sent out scouts to clarify the real situation. They reported that it had been mere rumours and that there was no armed group in the area. One of those who suddenly disappeared was Nöbl. He did not return to me; they told me

told me that he was suffering from a nervous breakdown in Augsburg.

On the afternoon of 7 April, the Congress of Workers', Farmers' and Soldiers' Councils of Bavaria, which had been convened some time ago, met for its last session. There I once again repeated the declaration of my resignation. I was dismayed to withdraw my declaration of resignation, but remained firm. Ernst Toller was confirmed as my successor. Toller reluctantly accepted his new office.

In the evening, I read the *Rote Fahne*, the organ of the German Communist Party. The "sham soviet republic" was rejected there with passionate vigour. Public accusations were levelled against the Social Democrats that they had only founded this "sham soviet republic" in order to stifle the idea of councils in Bavaria once and for all. It was accused of having provocative and treacherous intentions. The soviet government sent a telegram to Lenin on 2 April. Strangely enough, this telegram was answered in detail by Lenin. The scepticism of the Russian government was unmistakable in Lenin's remarks; Lenin described a series of measures that had to be taken if the Munich Soviet Republic was to be taken seriously.

By the evening of the first day, the fate of the councillors seemed to have been decided.

republic seemed to be in limbo. There was no news from northern Bavaria. The Reich Congress of Workers', Peasants' and Soldiers' Councils was meeting in Berlin; it was hoped that it would proclaim a German soviet republic, inspired by the Munich example. The people of Munich were cool, but not entirely hostile.

4

As early as Wednesday, 9 April, I contacted Landauer in view of the untenability of the situation. The cancellations I had expected had arrived from northern Bavaria.

A small newspaper report that Finance Minister Silvio Gesell was planning to confiscate all savings bank and bank deposits had turned the population, down to the smallest saver, against the Council Republic. The first measures taken by Prime Minister Hofmann from Bamberg became noticeable. The parliament was summoned to Bamberg, and news about

Free corps were founded and formed. The Berlin Imperial Congress of the Workers', Peasants' and Soldiers' Councils did nothing to relieve the Bavarian Council Republic, let alone feel inclined to extend the Bavarian revolution across the entire Reich.

the same time. Neither in central Germany nor in the Ruhr region did

Actions were initiated that could have been interpreted as a distant version of the events in Munich. The Social Democrats outside southern Bavaria took a stand against the Soviet Republic everywhere. Auda social-democratic press organs were overflowing with news of idols and atrocities. I drew Lan dauer's attention to this. He conceded that everything I told him was correct, but was then somewhat perplexed as to what to do. I reminded him that I had been on relatively good terms with Hofmann. Based on this, I wanted to go to Bamberg to negotiate with Hofmann about the liquidation of the council company. I wanted to negotiate an amnesty for everyone involved so that everything could still end well. That same evening, a mass meeting was held in the Löwenbräukeller, where Lan dauer presented my plan, which was also approved there. On Friday morning I was to fly to Bamberg accompanied by a farmers' ally and a trade union leader. An aeroplane was promised from there. But this Friday passed without the aeroplane arriving in Blünchen. Afterwards it was announced that it had been forced to make an emergency landing near Erlangen and was then no longer able to take off. I agreed with the other two delegates to travel to Bamberg by train on Monday morning under all circumstances.

On Sunday, 3 April, I was in Augsburg. Demonstrations were planned there in favour of the Räterepublil', which, as I heard, were to be misused by social democrats to capture the working class against the Munich council government. I wanted to observe the events. During the demonstration, the working class was so strongly in favour of the idea of councils that the Social Democratic leaders were not able to push through a resolution against the council government.

On Monday, I travelled to Blünchen on the first passenger train at four o'clock in the morning. When I arrived at the main station, it was completely empty. There was no passenger traffic to be seen.

notice, everything seemed to be almost completely stopped. It all seemed strange. The street scene was also unusual, one had the impression that something surprising had happened. I went to the Wittelsbacher Palais, where there were guards with red armbands who no longer recognised my ID. I asked what that meant. They were astonished that I seemed to be so uninformed. Finally I was told about the events of 13 April in Munich. Under the leadership of two brothers, the young lawyers Philipp and Siegfried Löwenfeld, the Social Democratic Party in Munich had organised a coup against the Soviet Republic. Soldiers with Social Democratic leanings had arrested a number of leaders of the soviet government and immediately put them on the railway, from where they were transported to Bamberg. Among those arrested were Erich Mühsam, Hagemeister, the lawyer Wadler and several others. The putschists had been masters of the situation for a few hours. But these events galvanised the Spartacus League into action. It had wanted nothing to do with the 'sham soviet republic', but now, in the face of the reactionary counter-attack, revolutionary ambition awoke in it. He mobilised his supporters, found support among sailors and soldiers and went on the counterattack. There was heavy shooting in the streets and the putschists were pushed back step by step. Finally, they defended themselves at the main railway station, then boarded a train and escaped to Bamberg. The communist republic was now proclaimed. It was headed by Eugen Leviné and Max Levin. Leviné was of Russian origin and had studied under Max Weber in Heidelberg. He was thoroughly schooled in Marxism, already had a wealth of practical experience in underground revolutionary work and was of unusual intelligence, extraordinary character and iron determination. Below him stood Max Levin. During the war he had been a zealous soldier; after 1918 he was a just as militant a revolutionary as he had been a militant patriot before 1918. The twenty-six-year-old strode along with the bearing of a Napoleon, clad in large riding boots; when he spoke, he always seemed to want to give orders. The government of the communist soviet republic had moved from the Wittelsbacher Palais to the Army Museum. Since there was no doubt that this new structure was not a better place to live.

I decided to continue my planned mediation campaign because I was deeply concerned that there might be worse bloodshed. I went to the army museum and made my way to Leviné and Levin. The rooms were bustling with activity; essentially everything was geared towards procuring weapons and creating a Red Army. It had been rumoured that Freikorps troops were already in Regensburg. They were to be stopped from Munich. Levin proudly told me that they had already managed to track down large stocks of weapons in just a few hours. The "bogus republic" had never achieved anything like that. The Red Army was to be assembled in Dachau for the time being. Tol-ler and Klingelhöfer had made themselves available to the communist soviet republic and it was intended to send them to Dachau as commanders-in-chief. I modestly said that the prospects did not seem good to me. But I got a bad rap. That was defeatism, they replied; if there was no lack of heroic blood, there could be no doubt about success. Nevertheless, I offered to mediate once again. The Communists, I said, had saved proletarian honour through their valiant efforts against the Social Democratic putschists and their glorious victory over them. They had achieved what was possible under the prevailing circumstances. Now, after their success, they were authorised to take reason into account and prevent a catastrophe that was certain to occur. I was laughed at and rejected. The next day I went back to the Army Museum to implore the two leaders to authorise me to go to Bamberg to negotiate. It was clear to see how troops were being deployed against Munich from all sides and how the Munich retreat offered a favourable and welcome opportunity to bring the officers of the collapsed army back to Bamberg. their positions. I was advised to do so, to cease my endeavours. It seemed advisable to me to leave München. I did so in the middle of the evening on the last train that was dispatched by München in those days. When the train stopped at Pasing station, Red Army soldiers walked along the platform and shouted earnestly: "All reactionaries get off. "

Munich was captured by the white troops soon afterwards. The Red Army in Dachau gained little martial glory. When things got serious, the majority of the armed workers stayed at home, and only a small band of undesirables held out. The Freikorps did terrible things during their advance against Munich. Near Munich, near Puchheim, there had been a Russian prison camp. The soviet government had released the Russians. On their advance, the Freikorps attacked 12 of these Russian prisoners, who had nothing whatsoever to do with the Münder Republic, drove them into a quarry and murdered them. Near Starnberg they came across a workers' paramedic unit that was practising. The paramedics were summarily gunned down on a railway embankment; only one of them, a trainee doctor Sdilesinger, was saved from death by the intervention of a policeman. As a result of these actions, the Munich Madithaber arrested ten hostages. These were members of the Thule Society. When news of further atrocities committed by the other Freikorps in München became known, Seidel, the commandant of the Luitpold-Gymnasium, where the hostages were housed, committed the folly of having them shot in reprisal. Now the last restraint of the Freikorps was over. When they entered Munich, an association of Catholic journeymen who thought of nothing less than being revolutionaries or supporting the republic was meeting in a brightly lit room. They were all singled out and immediately massacred. Although the interests of both the Catholic Church and the Bavarian People's Party had been affected by this, this shamelessness, to which twenty-four innocent people had fallen victim, was passed over in silence. The street fighting claimed many lives. Captured workers were housed in the slaughterhouse and stockyard, and a large number of them were immediately executed. The Social Democrat Noske was Reich Defence Minister. He himself came to Munich as a triumphant figure. He had fallen into the hands of the unleashed soldiery to such an extent that he was unable - and perhaps did not have the will - to put a stop to the blood orgies. Leviné was arrested, later Toller was also arrested and chained up in his cell like a wild animal for a long time. Levin managed to escape to Russia via Austria.

A purely social democratic government, as it was before the
y. April could no longer be formed under the prevailing
circumstances. A coalition government was formed, in which
the Liberal Xlüller-Heinings took over the Ministry of
Justice. A trial was held against Seidel, the man responsible for
the hostage shootings, which was exploited in the most pro-
pagandistic way against the rats. Seidel was sentenced to death
and also executed. Proceedings against the murderers of the
twenty-four loose companions never got off the ground.

I'll never forget an image that came to my mind one fourth of a
century ago in Prannerstraße. Two blue men walked past me and
caught my attention. One was leaner and about two metres tall.
Long, jet-black hair flowed over his neck and a strange, old-
fashioned round hat sat on his head. His head was large, his face
blue and long, framed by a large, thick beard. An old, worn-out
Havelock clung to his scrawny figure.

Walking beside him, agile and fidgety, was a small, disgraceful
man with a reddish goatee, dressed just as a ltv:*.terlidi rind
schledit as his companion. The two h lünner v'arcn Gustav Landauer
and Erich Mühsam.

Gustav Handauer was one of the most important intellectual
personalities I have met in my life. He had become famous for his
civilian book on Shakespeare's dramas, for his pamphlets *Ntt fru f s-
mm So-ialis itis tind Recl ensl a(t*. He had just published the
Brie{f ofts *der fi un-zösi- ic/'cii Rrrolitioii*, which he had
compiled and introduced. His l'rau ii'ar was the witty Hedwig
Lachmann. Landauer was an exceptional speaker. He spoke with
fire and thought at the same time. For him, the idea of humanity
was more than just lip service. He was not doing well financially
and, as his friend i5lucidly, led the lifting of an eohcmic. Most of
the members of the Labour, Farmers' and Soldiers' League
Congress, of which he was a member, had no idea of the extent of
Heine's intellectual personality. They didn't take him very
seriously, their hard-wired minds couldn't keep up with the swing
that suited his nature.

However, he exerted a strong influence on the Munich working class. He was seen as a radical who had a new revolution in mind. He believed that the situation was revolutionary and that the example set by intellectuals like Danton was alive in him. When he gained the impression that the soviet republic was on its way, he made himself the spokesman for the development.

After the collapse of the Soviet Republic, he lived in the flat of Eisner's widow. He was picked up there by marching Freikorps men. They put him on a lorry to transport him to Stadelheim. When he had been brought there, agitated uniformed students assaulted him and maltreated him. In his calmly superior and measured manner, he told them with brave candour how misguided they were and how they had made themselves the instruments of a very bad cause. One Major von Gagern, who was listening, became enraged. He incited the students to murder the man, who was already under the protection of the prison walls. The mob attacked Landauer, knocked him to the ground, a sergeant put his rifle on his chest and shot him dead. Then the Freikorps men stripped the dead man to the skin and threw the naked corpse into the laundry room. It was an act that showed the mark of bestiality in the German soul and foreshadowed the later atrocities of the Third Reich.

Landauer's friend Erich Mühsam was one of Schwabing's best-known figures. He had written witty poems, published an anarchist magazine and amused the socialites who gathered at the regulars' tables of various literary cafés with his witty bon mots. His speeches whipped up a storm. His willingness to make sacrifices was marvellous. He had a fondness for the predestitute, didn't think they were bad, just victims of society. He never had any money, but he gave away the last of what he had. The Jewish people sometimes produce moral personalities of the highest calibre. Both Landauer and Mühsam belonged to this type of personality.

Mühsam kept in touch with the unemployed. He brought them onto the streets and campaigned for their demands. He also immediately made himself available when the soviet republic was being prepared. It was his good fortune that just eight days after the proclamation of the soviet republic, he was elected to the Social Democratic Party.

Putsches had been arrested and deported to Bamberg. If he had stayed in Munich, he would certainly have been murdered, just like his friend Landauer, when the Freikorps marched in. So he was brought before the court martial. He had not been a direct organising force in the founding of the Soviet Republic. However, because of his provocative speeches, he was considered to be one of the main organisers. The judges shared the general prejudice against the bohemian's lack of commitment, aggravated by the fact that he was Jewish. Mühsam defended himself skilfully, worthily, bravely, sarcastically and wittily. He was sentenced to fifteen years in prison.

In prison, he was a loyal comrade to his 64 fellow prisoners. He worked diligently on his diaries, which he was convinced contained a great deal of important information about contemporary history. With great love and devotion he was attached to his wife, who was a Bavarian farmer's daughter, called Zenzl and knew how to take her very different husband very well. In the year 1925 he was released on the occasion of an amnesty that had been decided for the sake of Hitler, who was to be returned to National Socialist propaganda,

gifted. In 1936 he was arrested by the Gestapo. He spent several years in Oranienburg, where he lost his hearing under the influence of the abuse. The SS men in Oranienburg begrudged poor Mühsam his life: one day they hunted him down.

6

On 15 April 1919 he returned from Munich to Augsburg. In Augsburg I did not leave my flat again and made sure not to let anyone know that I was there. On 20 April in the morning - it was a Sunday - suddenly the thunder of guns started. The Free Corps had reached the vicinity of Augsburg and met with resistance. They comprised several thousand men. The Lech- and Sauerbrunn, which were defended by 300 republicans, were occupied by a total of 2000 men. After an unsuccessful

Attack by the Freikorps - the enthusiasm for the Sache

The fear of dying for the new republic was obviously all too great among the Freikorps students - the Augsburg rebels were asked by the republic's leadership to send a delegation to ceasefire and handover negotiations.

send. The delegation was led by the talented younger worker, Frank, who promised to become a clever labour leader over the years. The delegation agreed to the conditions of surrender. On their way back, a guard from the Freikorps troops killed Frank from behind.

On the same Sunday, most of the city of Augsburg was occupied by white troops coming from the south, i.e. from a side where they were stopped by a river. I reckoned that Freikorps men were looking for me in my flat. I was fully aware of the fate that awaited me. My wife's nerves were on edge and if she heard anyone on the stairs, she was terrified. But the day passed without incident. Late in the afternoon, my wife's brother-in-law, who had been an artillery lieutenant during the war and had now joined the Freikorps, turned up. I arranged with him that he should pick me up at night and accompany me to a Social Democratic Party friend, the head teacher Matthias Fischer. I had often met him in the past and had also met leading Social Democrats in his flat.

It was an extremely friendly act on his part to take me in under the prevailing circumstances. When it was dark, my brother-in-law came in uniform and accompanied me to the housekeeper's flat. His uniform was the best protection for me. I spent eight days with my friend Fischer. During the day I worked in the small back room that had been assigned to me, and at night I sometimes went out for a short walk. The situation in Augsburg had gradually calmed down and the main detachments of the Freikorps had moved towards Munich. I returned home, albeit without showing my face on the street. The course of events was clear to me, and I only wondered how much reprieve I had been given. I could easily have escaped to Austria, Italy or Switzerland, but I thought the very idea of fleeing was unacceptable.

On Monday, . May, a card arrived early in the morning from my parents in Nördlingen informing me that they were looking for me. Now I knew that my hour had come. Around ten o'clock in the morning

I am my father-in-law told me in an excited tone that the whole area was cordoned off by military posts. The railway bridge - there was one in front of my house

- was completely sealed off. You couldn't pass through any street entrance without being sternly scrutinised by guards. I told my father-in-law that this was certainly all for me.

At about eleven o'clock there was a knock at the front door. I opened the door myself, and the picture that presented itself to me was not without a great deal of charm. A plainclothes detective was standing right outside the door. Four soldiers had positioned themselves on the landing with their rifles ready to fire. It was as if a "shy boy", who could be expected to do the most brutal things, was to be picked out. I asked the criminalist what the nonsense was supposed to mean. Completely out of temper, he said: "You're really here?" - "You see it," I replied. "Send the men away!" I demanded. His eyes went from them to me, somewhat helplessly, and finally he stammered: "Don't you have anyone in the flat?" - "No," I replied,

"Don't worry, nothing will happen to you, you're not in the slightest danger." He hesitated for a while, then he whispered to the crew and they descended the stairs. He went with me to my room. There he phoned his superior office and told them about the success he had just had. I asked him to give me the opportunity to have lunch. He agreed and, after I had promised him not to flee, he was to come back in an hour to pick up niidi.

After the officer had returned, the cleaning lady came rushing into the room and reported that there was a great commotion downstairs in front of the house - I lived on the third floor. I watched from the window as a group of armed soldiers manoeuvred towards the entrance to the house. Ida asked the Irish officer to show himself at the window. He did so and waved down, whereupon the soldiers quietened down again. Afterwards it was discovered that the Irish had slammed the door, which aroused the soldiers' suspicion that I had assaulted the criminal police officer. The officer urged me to leave mine. The soldiers, thirty-two of them, gathered in a column and marched off.

next to the two of us. On this occasion, I dropped a letter into a letterbox with my declaration of resignation from the Social Democratic Party and another with my declaration of membership of the Independent Social Democratic Party. First I had to accompany the official to the post office, where he had my phone blocked. From there we went to the town hall. I was treated as a "big fall". An officer, Count Luxburg, took the first protocol. Then I was taken to prison. It was a wonderful feeling when, for the first time in my life, I heard the cell door slam shut behind me and the bolts creak. Ida had put a book on political philosophy in her bag at home. Reading it captivated me so much that I soon forgot the time, place and surroundings. I stayed at this place for two days, then two officials turned up to pick me up. They didn't say where I was going. I asked them to give me the opportunity to inform my wife of my forthcoming whereabouts. However, they did not consider it permissible to reveal their secret. Ida was taken to Eichstätt and imprisoned there. The reception, the food and the treatment I received in Eichstätt were good. The administrator was a good-natured old man who took into account the fact that I was a political prisoner. Apart from me, there were about ten to fifteen of my "accomplices" in the same prison. The warden was a public prosecutor, a German nationalist in his disposition, who behaved nobly. I began to write a history of the Soviet Republic. During this time, I came across the first volume of Spengler's philosophical work *Untergang des Abendlandes*. I expressed the deep impression this book had made on me in a review I wrote for a teachers' magazine: I predicted that this book would be the sensation of the next few years.

After about a fortnight, I was surprised to be told that I was to be transferred to Bamberg. The Hoffmann government had established itself in Bamberg; the Landtag was meeting there. During the journey I was told that Prime Minister Hoffmann wanted to speak to me. I and my companion, a detective, were allocated a second-class compartment. When we got off the train in Bamberg, many of the members of parliament I knew left the same train. They looked at me with utter astonishment,

Mine seemed to judge my situation correctly. They thought I was at large because my escort was in plain clothes. The next morning, a sensational article appeared in the press suggesting that I had been arrested in Bamberg to carry out a strike against the Bavarian state. I read the article in a large cell in Bamberg prison. Several days passed without anything happening. That newspaper article, I reckoned, would have disturbed the Minister President's programme. Finally, the Minister President's brother-in-law, the member of the state parliament and later Mayor of Augsburg, Ackermann, appeared in my cell. He told me that the Prime Minister knew the true nature of the events that had taken place. He knew how little I was responsible for the course of events. But he had to take the mood of the members of parliament into consideration. It was regrettable that I had been seen by members of parliament. The press clamour that had arisen because of this had prevented the Minister President from negotiating with me personally. The Prime Minister wished that nothing should happen to me. However, he had one condition to impose, namely that I retire from political life for about five years.

I replied that I was grateful to the Prime Minister for his offer. I wanted to be grateful, but the whole situation had changed in the meantime. The disgraceful role that social democracy had played in the course of the Soviet Republic had outraged me so much that I had resigned from the Labour Party. I had joined the USPD in protest. I was not thinking of withdrawing from political life.

Ackermann regretted my change of party. The President of the Council of Ministers would hardly be able to spare me the unpleasantness I was about to encounter. Ida would just have to take whatever came my way. That concluded the negotiations. ended.

On the journey from Bamberg to Eichstätt, I was no longer granted a second-class compartment. Together with my companion, who behaved discreetly, I safed in one of the usual third-class passageways. During the last few days I had been tormented by the thought that my wife was still unsure of my whereabouts. I wrote a letter to her in the barber's cell in which I informed her of my whereabouts and, at the same time, asked for her judgement.

I gave expression to my suspicion that the court, before which I would certainly be tried, would sentence me to two years' imprisonment. I planned to send this letter to her in some way.

A younger woman, a teacher as it turned out later, was standing next to me in the compartment. As the officer was being reserved, she had no idea how I was doing. I talked to her. Once, when the officer looked out of the window for a long time, I wrote on the edge of a newspaper: "*Nice to see the letter!*" I had put a piece of paper around the letter on which I had noted, still in Bamberg, that I was a political prisoner and that my wife didn't know where I was: I urged her to send the enclosed letter in view of my wife's inner turmoil. The teacher looked at me in astonishment when she read my marginal note on the newspaper and reached for the letter. She got off at a small station.

My wife never received this letter. During my trial at the court martial, it was taken out of the files. The chairman of the court explained that when the teacher had read my name, she had rushed to the gendarmerie in pure horror to hand over my letter. The gendarmerie then forwarded the letter to the public prosecutor's office.

My intention was to choose Hugo Haase, a member of the Reichstag, as my defence counsel in order to expose the questionable role of the Social Democrats with his help. The head of the Eichstätt institution sent for me and reproached me for wanting to entrust Haase with my defence. In fact, it never came to pass that Haase took over my defence. On the same day that my trial was scheduled for

was, at 11 *3 June '99, the Reichstag was negotiating the Treaty of Versailles. Haase, as leader of the parliamentary group councillor, was unavailable. He was replaced by the Social Democrat Philipp Löwenfeld, a talented defender, the same man who had organised the coup against the "sham soviet republic".

At the beginning of June, I was taken to Stadelheim prison in Munich. There I met a number of my political friends again. At times I had company in my cell, such as Hermann Kranold, who was accused of his activities in the planned economy office. He was replaced by the kind-hearted and

lenient Silvio Gesell. He bore his imprisonment with great poise and composure. He was later acquitted and returned to Switzerland. During my time in Stadelheim, Eugen Levini was shot in the prison yard after being sentenced to death by the court.

My lawyer warned me not to start the proceedings against to take me lightly. It made a big difference whether the sentence was for five or one and a quarter years. I had to deal with the court martial, that is, an officers' court, and should be careful not to commit any imprudence. Incidentally, my case was not unfavourable, all the hatred of the Bavarian lion had been vented against Levin^o.

AITI 20. June, three days before my trial day, I was called into the hearing room; I found my wife there. She was in possession of a release certificate. My father-in-law had put up a bail of 10 000 marks, and on this bail the warrant for my arrest had been cancelled. It was not an unpleasant surprise, and I travelled back to Augsburg with my wife in good spirits. In this way, I enjoyed the few days until my trial at in beautiful and pleasant freedom.

7

AITI 2) . I travelled to Munich in the early hours of June accompanied by my wife and my mother. I was in the so-called *Ari*, the court martial. The presiding judge was Dr Stadelmeier, the associate judge was two officers, and the prosecutor was Dr Lieberich. Stadelmeier was the judge who had sentenced Leviné to death. A major court-martial had been set up. From Augsburg, my friend, Oberlandesgerichtsrat Parseval, the brother of the builder of the airship, was also present. The mood of the court was not favourable to me, as was shown by various small signs. It was expected that the trial would take two to three days.

During the interrogation, I effectively knocked all of the charges out of the court's hands. I took over the responsibility for things for which, as far as the court was aware, I was responsible. I could not have borne the responsibility. This put the public prosecutor on trial because he was no longer able to do so,

To provide evidence of guilt against a denying defendant. The witness examination began that morning. It went favourably for me. The state secretary Albert Schmidt, the former workers' secretary who had taken part in the constituent meeting on 6 April, described the events at the night meeting and emphasised that I had not agreed to the motion to proclaim the soviet republic. When the public prosecutor interjected that I should have spoken out decisively against it, the witness shouted at him that the meeting had been in a state of great excitement and that he, the public prosecutor, had hardly dared to oppose it either. The Minister of Agriculture, Mr Wutzlhofer, praised my calm and level-headedness in all critical situations. The witnesses from the public prosecutor's office also worked in my favour with their statements. Löwenfeld led my defence very skilfully. Even though he was a Social Democrat himself, he took great pleasure in exposing the ambiguity of Social Democratic politics in the proclamation of the Soviet Republic. By the end of the morning session, the mood of the court had completely changed. The prosecutor's plea was more to my benefit than to my detriment due to his unobjective exaggerations. His statements made no reference to the results of the evidence. He recognised my mental agility, but used it as a charge against me, as I should have been all the more aware of the illegality of my actions. In the end, he demanded ten years in prison. The two officers who acted as assessors shook their heads. In his glowing summation, Löwenfeld poured scorn on the public prosecutor and took particular aim at the Social Democratic War Minister Sdineppenhorst, who had triggered the outbreak of the Soviet Republic with his pro-council pretences. The court retired to deliberate. I stood together with Mr Parseval, the Higher Regional Court judge, my lawyer and my wife. We discussed the question of how high the sentence would be. I said that I would get the minimum sentence for high treason, i.e. five years' imprisonment. My lawyer agreed with me. Parseval, on the other hand, disagreed. He said he had a feel for the atmosphere. I would get off much cheaper, he reckoned, with 2 1/2 years imprisonment. When I remarked doubtfully that the republic was, after all, legally complete.

Parseval replied that if a court wanted to, it would always come up with a legal construction that would allow it to rule either in favour or against a defendant.

The court returned from its deliberations. The presiding judge

The presiding judge pronounced the sentence. I received two years' imprisonment for aiding and abetting high treason. When the chairman announced the sentence, he suggested that I should remember the letter in which I had sentenced myself to two years' imprisonment.

The court did not issue a warrant for my arrest, so that I could remain at large. I was congratulated from all sides; the most remarkable was the congratulations I received from Osterhuber, the editor-in-chief of the *Bavarian Courier*, the organ of the Bavarian People's Party, which was so favourably disposed towards me. In his court report, he formulated the sentence: "This one went away justified" - meaning me - "but the other one did not" (this was meant to refer to the Social Democratic Minister of War Schneppenhorst).

8

People have often found it strange that München, the capital of Bavaria, which is more agrarian than industrialised, became the scene of the Council event. To some, the soviet republic seemed to be a riddle, others regarded it as a prank by anarchist bohemians, as if Schn abing had become master of Munich for a short period of time. Sometimes people thought they could get to the bottom of the matter by invoking an analogy. It (an saw similarities between the Soviet, Hungarian and Bavarian situations. Russia, Hungary and Bavaria were peasant countries. To everyone's surprise, the October revolution in Russia and the Hungarian revolution had shown how the labour force could gain the leadership of the peasantry, how the social dynamics that had developed in the peasantry could be transformed into a social dynamic.

rests on the shoulders of the people who were able to run its mills.

Should the

the same experiment was not carried out in the farming state of Bavaria.

lingen?

However, this analogy did not only stand on one leg. The Russian peasantry had been enslaved and impoverished under tsarism; it was unquestionably revolted for good reasons.

The Bavarian peasants were reactionary and fell in with anyone who promised them liberation from the landowners and the despotic tsarism. The situation of the Bavarian peasants, on the other hand, was quite different. They were prosperous, had enjoyed the usual civic rights for many years; they were doing well with the existing conditions in both political and economic terms. They had no revolutionary desires. They owned house and farm, land and property, were well furnished and had savings; private property was as sacred to them as it was to the urban citizen. They were suspicious of socialism; they feared the industrial labour force for the security of their possessions. They were enemies of revolution, from which they expected nothing; on the contrary, they believed they would lose everything.

After the collapse in 1918 the bourgeois parties, especially the Bavarian Centre Party, took a back seat. The party leaders had a guilty conscience

and feared that a victorious revolution would make them responsible for the past. They hoped to escape this fate if they played dead. They could not prevent Eisner's government; they had to wait and see how it turned out. They soon realised just how much rancour they had for the Social Democratic member of the governing coalition. The Social Democrats rejected the idea of councils, i.e. the anti-bourgeois revolution; they wanted the National Assembly, which was the place that offered the bourgeoisie the chance to reclaim all positions of power. The bourgeoisie only had to be patient and wait until the Social Democracy had crushed the revolution, then it could once again emerge from the shadows behind which it had hitherto hidden itself; according to the laws of parliamentary formal democracy, it could master the Social Democracy in the shortest possible time.

The revolutionaries allowed themselves to be pushed; they demanded that the bourgeoisie

reactionaries had disappeared altogether. It seemed to them that they only had to deal with the Social Democrats alone. As the Social Democrats, who also set the tone in Eisner's government, had been allowed to ignore the bourgeois opponent whose return they were preparing, the revolutionaries believed that they would also have to deal with him if they had taken power exclusively,

no longer have to reckon with. The bourgeois reactionaries kept quiet as long as the Social Democracy took care of its business; consequently, they awoke to new life as soon as serious danger threatened them. This was the case when the soviet republic came to rest. The revolutionaries immediately learnt what supremacy the bourgeois reaction still possessed in reality. This was sufficient to expel the revolutionary enterprise in the shortest possible time and to take revenge for the fear and terror that the reaction had temporarily endured in the period after November 9 i 8.

9

The government had expected me to remain completely silent after the judgement. There was no indication that I would be called to serve my sentence. However, I did not practise the political repression that had been expected. I worked for the party and prepared the founding of a new newspaper for the USPD in Augsburg. In August, the party organised a public meeting at which I spoke. In my speech, I asked why no judge had dealt with the Social Democratic perpetrators of the Räterepublik'.

The bourgeois newspapers that reported on the meeting wanted to know why I was allowed to do "agitation work". I now knew that sooner or later I would be forced to serve my prison sentence.

Around this time, the trial against Ernst Toller took place, to which I was summoned as a witness. On one of the first trains, I travelled from Augsburg to Hünchlen; I wanted to be back in Augsburg for a hearing that took place in the late afternoon. I asked the presiding judge to hear me as soon as possible, but the hours passed without me being called. I spent the whole time in the witness room, where I had an interesting conversation for some time. The sociologist Max Weber had appeared.

He had been Weber's student in Heidelberg; he had even come into close personal contact with the important man, Max Weber,

who was sympathetic to Toller, said the often quoted word that God, in his wrath, had made Toller a po-

liticians. In the end, I was the last witness left. My interrogation took only a short time. I confirmed that I had persuaded Toller to succeed me as President of the Central Council.

Now I wanted to hurry to the railway station, but a man led the way. He seemed suspicious to me; strangely enough, it's easy to get confused about anything that isn't entirely clear to me.

I was able to recognise the type of detective from his features. So the man was a detective; he asked me to accompany him to the window. There he pulled a piece of paper out of his pocket, which turned out to be an arrest warrant. The arrest was for " suspicion of absconding " immediately. Offended, I protested against the insinuation that I might be trying to escape. The man shrugged his shoulders, he only had to carry out his orders. So I went with him to Munich police prison. I later learnt that an Augsburg detective had already been in my flat the previous morning. He was completely ready to go and wanted to take me to a detention centre immediately.

I spent one night in the Munich police prison. The next day I was arrested together with other prisoners, including Erich Mühsam, as they say,

" on the thrust ". We arrived in Nuremberg in the afternoon and were taken to a small detention centre near the railway station. Onward transport took longer than we had expected. We were soon tired of the primitive conditions we were living in. Several prisoners began to randa- lise. Mühsam stood out in particular. He banged on the door with his heels and made fiery speeches through the gud'- toch. The head of the institution took steps to get rid of us soon. The next day we travelled to Bamberg. At the Bamberg detention centre, where we were promised a three- to four-day stay, Mühsam repeated his vociferous protests, supported by others. Here, too, the management hurried to get rid of the unruly guests as quickly as possible. Even before the deadline that had been announced to us had expired, we were loaded onto a lorry and driven to Ebrach.

In Ebrach there is a large detention centre in the buildings of a former monastery. At the back of the garden was a new building that was set up as a fortress prison.

was. It was an elongated building. The cells were arranged in three stov'xverks along the walls. From the cells you stepped out onto a narrow iron corridor, which was secured by a railing. The interior of the building looked like a huge hall without floors, extending from the ground floor up to the roof. There were long tables on the ground floor; this was supposed to be the day room for the prisoners. If you wanted to, you could go into the garden at any time during the day.

When we arrived in Ebrach, around sixty prisoners welcomed us with a big hello. Detention in a fortress, *cust oüiz honesta* (prison of honour), was a "confinement" that was not intended to compromise the prisoner's honour. The old penal code had provided for it for political crimes where the offender was presumed to have an honourable disposition. It was also considered for officer duels or student mensurations with a fatal outcome. Major simplifications were planned. As a prisoner in a fixed-term detention centre, Plan could be granted city leave, send and receive uncensored letters, receive parcels without restriction and enjoy visits for hours on end without supervision. The cell doors were not locked at night, so that nothing stood in the way of the prisoners socialising with each other. There was no labour force, even the cleaning of the cells was carried out by l'riminellc prisoners. The tents were called "*Festen gsstiiheii*"; anyone who succeeded could set up as they wished. Private catering was available. The supervisors only exercised very general control. They had to address the guests as "Mr".

The prisoners who were united in Ebrach all felt that they had been unjustly condemned. They often expressed their revolutionary stance quite provocatively.

Some of the students began to study languages, others read Marxist literature. At Chenden they sat at the long table and discussed. 64 Among other things, the political situation was discussed with the help of newspapers, the access to which was unlimited.

After just a few weeks, it became apparent that the Ministry of Justice, under the leadership of the once liberal Dr Alül- ler-Meiningen, wanted to tighten the prison regulations.

he weighed. City holidays were to be cancelled, letter censorship introduced and visiting permits restricted. The prisoners probably said, not without sincerity, that these changes would come to fruition because there were now Froletarians among the prisoners. The Eisner murderer, Count Arco, had been pardoned to life imprisonment in a fortress and was safe in Landsberg am Lech. They refrained from implementing the tightening measures against him. When Hitler and his own prisoners spent time in Landsberg am Lech, the aggravation was not applied to him. The prisoners in Ebrach protested against the exceptional treatment. I wrote an essay that appeared as a lead article in the Munich USPD organ *Der Kampf*. The whole question caused a great deal of publicity, which the bourgeois press used against the political prisoners who had been given a "Herrenleben led", was stirred up. Despite all protests, the ordinance on the tightening of the implementing provisions came into force. An appeal to the Reich Minister of Justice was unsuccessful. The implementing regulations were a matter for the federal states, we were told from Berlin. The Ebrach prison was dissolved on 3 September. The prisoners were distributed to various prisons; I was sent back to Eidistätt, where I had been held on remand for a few weeks. Freedom of movement was hardly restricted here. Some prisoners senselessly seized the opportunity and escaped in the darkness. They were soon apprehended again. As a result, the cells were locked at night.

In September, I applied to the ministry for leave because my wife was expecting a child. Surprisingly, it was granted. I was allowed to go home for a fortnight, with the proviso, of course, that I would not be politically active. The birth was postponed from day to day. One day before my leave expired, the newspapers reported that I had been arrested for breaking my word of honour and taken back to the fortress detention centre. It was obvious that an action was being taken against me. I now tried to get ahead of it. Mayor Ackermann lived in my neighbourhood; I asked him to interview his lawyer, the Prime Minister. Then I went to Dr Kraiss, the senior public prosecutor responsible for the penal system.

I was a decisive authority on the train and pointed out the situation my wife was in. Kraus was an unpleasant personality; his reactionary attitude could not be overlooked. He was reserved, but allowed me to stay for a few more days. I later learnt that he belonged to the "rhulegesellschaft" in Munich, where the plan to assassinate Eisner had been hatched.

In the meantime, a detention centre was set up in the former Niederschönenfeld youth prison near Rain am Lech. Niederschönenfeld was also a former muster. The entire institution was to be staffed exclusively with prisoners from the fortress. Only a few criminal prisoners were transferred to the institution as tradesmen or as cold labourers. About a hundred prisoners were housed on two floors. Here I met Ernst Toller, Eridi mühsam, Gustav Klingelhöfer, the Hartig brothers from Aschaffenburg and all the men who had played leading roles during the Soviet Republic. A friendship developed between Toller, Hartig and myself. Gustav Klingelhöfer was on the fringes of this relationship. We worked hard and discussed a lot. The catering was good. We were allowed a six-hour walk in the courtyard every day; we had a common room with a harmonium. There was a cooker in the hallway where the prisoners could cook. I have an amusing memory of this cooker. U'eili-nachten i9 20 my wife had brought a roast goose,

with the three of us, Toller, Hartig and I, to celebrate the festival. dadi ten. My wife had enclosed the goose egg, which had been cooked, in a small bowl. On the evening of : December I put the goose on the cooker to c o o k it. I wasn't experienced in cooking, but I remembered from my youth that my mother always added something when roasting the goose. Ida, of course, didn't know that it was just water. Ida grabbed the head and threw the goose fat into the pan. Then I invited my friends round for a meal. As mild as the meat was, we didn't want to talk about it. We had the impression that the dish was far too fatty. The wine we drank with it did little to change that. We did manage to eat the goose completely, but Toller and Hartig had a much harder time. They were a few days sick; their digestive organs couldn't cope with the "fatty fat" that their stomachs had to cope with.

In March 9^o we were surprised by a sensation. The day was barely dawning when we were woken up by armed policemen and locked up in cells on the outskirts. Gradually it became clear that our cells were being searched by the police. In the evening, several prisoners lunged into their cells

I was also there. The next day we learnt from the newspapers that a highly treacherous 'Nntelnehmen' had been discovered in the Niederschönenfeld fortress detention centre. The prisoners had hatched plans to overthrow the Bavarian government and overthrow the state order. The investigation was completely inconclusive; it could not have been otherwise. How could the men held behind bars have any possibility of preparing a coup d'état! The Bavarian Ministry of Justice, which feared that the Reich government would interfere with the arbitrary handling of the Bavarian prison system, had staged the incident in order to

'tion of the dangerousness of the prisoners to the public. The following incident illustrates the means used by the judicial authorities.

The evening before the attack on the prisoners was carried out, a man claiming to be a released prisoner appeared at my wife's house in Augsburg and demanded that she take me home immediately.

visit. She objected that that wasn't possible, it was a Sunday evening and visits weren't allowed on Sundays. The man claimed that I had already arranged everything with the prison management. In fact, my wife drove to Niederschönenfeld. When she arrived there, she was approached sharply; she knew that Saturday was not a visiting day. She was refused. The following week, Justice Minister Müller-Meiningen declared in parliament that it was highly suspicious that my wife had "turned up" in Niederschönenfeld during the investigation proceedings. He left it up to the court to decide whether she had not had to fulfil an impermissible task. Justice Minister Müller-Meiningen had already managed to get a note into the press once before, in which it was reported that I had escaped from Niederschönenfeld and that I had been observed storming across the fields in an open coat without a hat. I read this note in Niederschönenfeld and immediately sent reports to the newspapers. When Müller-Meiningen visited the institution once, I reproached him. He said that there was no need for him to make an official report.

denial after I had protested so vigorously myself. It could not be avoided that at times among the prisoners lingen, major disputes broke out. After the Halle party conference, at which the USPD was split, tensions intensified. Radicals became confused in their tactics. They suddenly wanted to wage "class warfare" against the institution management. Their leader was Erich Wollenberg, whose radicalism was irrepressible and who later took up the cause of anti-Bolsdiewism from Munich. For some time now, inmates had taken on cleaning duties in the prison to earn money. Moved by feelings of class struggle, these prisoners now demanded a pay rise. When the prison management failed to fulfil their demand, they went on strike. The prison was not cleaned for several days. No prisoner was allowed to make his bed or sweep out his cell, as he would have been discredited as a strikebreaker. But that was not enough, the most radical prisoners poured their leftovers into the corridor, so that piles of rubbish accumulated there. The prison management remained completely passive. The officers watched the events through a scissor gate at the end of the corridor and sometimes took photographs. In the meantime, I had been elected a member of the state parliament and had the intention of raising the issue of detention in the Bavarian state parliament after my release, which was approaching. The events that were now unfolding seemed to me to be embarrassing for the prisoners. When the bourgeois press wrote that the prisoners were pouring their food onto the floor at a time when food was still scarce, the population could be incited against the prisoners. Since the Hoffmann government had been replaced by the reactionary Eahr government in Saxonia, it had to be expected that any offence taken by the Fortress prisoners used against them " would become. Toller and Hartig were just as opposed to this form of "class struggle" as I was. On the third day I declared that I would clean up if the mess didn't stop soon. As food scraps continued to fly into the corridor, I began to clean up with the help of an Anardi writer, Iéieseivet- ter. As a result of my intervention, no more acts of illicit and malicious pollution of the floor were carried out.

were seen. Incidentally, the ministry soon authorised an increase in hourly wages in view of the continuing inflation. Some of the strikers gave me feedback; they realised that the matter had been more embarrassing than uplifting for the prisoners.

In August 19 2 i my release date was approaching. In the meantime, that senior public prosecutor Dr Kraus had taken over as the "strong man" in charge of the prison. Every one of his orders expressed the intention of humiliating the prisoners.

Great formalities had to be fulfilled before he would allow himself an "audience". He behaved haughtily and went out of his way to insult the petitioners. I refrained from contacting him for consultations. He had issued a series of decrees whose harsh, insulting tone made them shy away from the public eye. I had collected such decrees; I wanted to take them out of the prison with me to use them against the Ministry of Justice in parliament. An inmate who was a carpenter hollowed out the back of the box that had held my clothes and books, and I hid the documents inside. On the day before my release, I noticed how often the prison officers came to ask if I had packed yet. Before I was released, my luggage had to be searched. Finally the full box was collected. A few hours later I learnt that the documents had been taken out of the back. I suspected that I had been denounced by the carpenter himself.

The next day, my wife was outside the centre to pick me up. We travelled to Augsburg together; party friends had gathered there at the station, who greeted me warmly and then accompanied me home.

Ernst Toller had joined Kurt Eisner's march from the Theresienwiese to the Landtag at 7 November 9 8, the march that ended with the expulsion of the Wittelsbachs from Munich. He was immediately accepted as a member of the newly founded Munich Labour Council, and not long afterwards he was appointed chairman of the Munich branch of the Independent Social Democrats.

He threw himself into politics with fervour. He was filled with the belief that a new, better time had dawned, that the spirit of noble pacifism, which he had so enchantingly proclaimed in his poem *Wandlung*, would now immediately take hold of the hearts and minds of all people. The *transformation* had made him famous in one fell swoop, the happiness of his young fame exhilarated him, and the feeling of a higher calling glowed through his entire existence. He wanted to be an apostle of humanity and tirelessly wanted to make his contribution to ethicising politics. In such endeavours he met with Eisner as well as with the morally implacable Professor Förster and also with the admirable Guastav Landauer.

When I became president of the Bavarian workers', farmers' and sol- idaires' councils, I came into close contact with Toller. Initially, he took me for a trade unionist and regarded me with the mistrust that a musical person usually harbours towards the routine of politics. However, after reading an essay of mine in the Central Council's magazine, *Arbeit und Z ukun ft*, his prejudices disappeared.

Enst Toller was a slender, handsome man of medium height. His movements were full of grace. From his xvohl-formed face glowed zv ei deep dark, m andle-shaped eyes. The black, steel-blue shimmering hair x in combination with the flesh-coloured skin of the noble forehead and the xvohl-shaped nose gave the face an effectively strange keiz. He had a dark and melodious voice that sounded full when he stood at the lectern, an enchanting Apollo. In conversation he knew how to captivate with his charm. He had a talent for acting, l o v e d great pathos, impressive gestures and always t e n d e d to put himself in the limelight, albeit in a very clever manner. He was gripped by human need and human misery wherever he encountered them; his heart was moved by suffering and he willingly helped wherever he could do good. He believed in the **good** in people. It was unavoidable that his generous generosity was not infrequently misused. He was highly susceptible to the influences of the moment and his surroundings, easily subject to changes of mood; there was something in his unpredictability.

Feminine. But he was always of that winning nature that women love so much in men, and indeed he was loved by women in abundance.

In the revolutionary excitement of those days, Toller had stepped onto the cliff-edge of politics, for which he did not have a natural aptitude. He was a man of feeling, not of cool calculation, of imagination, not of a sober sense of facts. The situation tore at him more than he controlled it with cold superiority. Toller's political actions were impulsive outbursts of emotion, improvisation, effective ideas, not unerring tactical and strategic measures. Toller's entry into the Politili was one of those surprising adventures that the poet is allowed and which one forgives all the more readily because they become a source of experience for him, which he transforms into the gold of his poetry.

Toller was not one of the driving forces behind the soviet republic that was proclaimed in April 1919, even though he was under the spell of the soviet defence in accordance with the circumstances of the time. When just eight days later the second, the communist

When the Red Army Republic was formed, he felt far too responsible to the working class, however much he objected to its foundation, to want to shirk his co-operation; his chivalry dictated that he should not withdraw even from a sinking society. Together with Gustav Klinghöfer, he went to the front in Dachau as commander-in-chief of the small 'Red Army'. Although he did not add any military laurels to his poetic ones, he was honoured by the way he was prepared to persevere in a completely doomed position until the very end.

After the suppression of the Munich Soviet Republic, the Bavarian people's soul, fuelled by the clerical tribunes and publicists, was on fire. The "foreigners" had disturbed the Bavarian peace and order with their imported ideas. One foreigner was Ernst Toller from Krotoschin. If Toller had fallen into the hands of the White Guards, he too would inevitably have become a victim of their unleashed bloodlust. Alongside Landauer and Mühsam, Toller was the most hated man in Munich. His fame as a poet was no protection for him; the pacifist tendencies of the plot and its poet irritated the Bavarian lion irreconcilably. Tol-

ler had not fled, but was hiding in Munich. The great actress Tilla Durieux protected him for several weeks. Then the police caught him. The press triumphantly reported that he had been apprehended behind a door; his hair had been dyed red. The purpose of this report was to cast Toller in a ridiculous light. Relations had calmed down in the meantime; it was no longer a question of beating the prisoners to death. But Toller was not to escape completely unscathed. He was shackled and chained in his cell. He was to be humiliated and tortured.

Then something happened that completely upset the Bavarian people. Protests rained down from all sides against Toller's treatment. Writers, artists and politicians expressed their indignation at the Bavarian barbarians. Zvar's objections from Berlin had had little effect in Munich; on the contrary, the noise of indignation that rang out from the Spree to the Isar was found amusing. However, after English and - which was particularly noticeable in Munich - after French objections, people became suspicious. Toller became uncomfortable. Fier was a Bavarian prerogative in Gef alir that they did not want to lose. Plan was unwilling to overstep the mark. Toller was dealt with in a fair manner before the court and sentenced to five years' imprisonment in a fortress for high treason. In view of the facts of the case, no one could have found the sentence objectionable; they had remained humane and, despite everything, had the satisfaction of having given Toller a lesson. Toller had taken the stand in front of the court; even the malicious l'ontcn couldn't be blamed on him. 'ollcr's fortress parlour in Niederscliönenfeld was neighbouring mine. Lr soon became his confidant and counsellor. We visited each other in our parlours every day; we passed the time with in-depth discussions on the nofc, which was available for use for six hours a day.

Toller had filled his parlour to the brim; the many

r -friends he owned allcrorts and who had the beautiful
who ambition

The people who had to suffer his fate contributed to the furnishings of his home with their donations. Above all, as was understandable, he donated books. He had the ambition,

He was devoted to his studies, which ranged from the history of literature and philosophy to questions of theoretical socialism. When I organised a series of lectures on Kant's epistemology for some friends, he was one of the most tireless listeners and kept returning to the epistemological problem in many of the discussions. Spengler's work *Untergang des Abendlandes* stirred him up inside, and Freudian psychoanalysis cast a spell over him.

In particular, of course, he pursued his creative and poetic work. The fact that he never lost the feeling of having a task during his imprisonment was beneficial to the health of his mental and emotional state. The days did not pass without meaning or purpose; the awareness of fruitful activity gave him poise and inner strength. Basically, he could indulge in the feeling that he was more a monk living behind monastery walls in enriching seclusion than a prisoner serving a sentence. It sometimes happened that after a visit, which as a fortress prisoner he was allowed to receive for up to six hours a week without direct supervision, he returned to his parlour exhausted and lamented the loss of his inner balance as an unfortunate disturbance to which he did not want to be exposed too often.

During the time I lived with him, he wrote *Die Rente des verhöhten L/ßbnbers*, *Die Maschinenst'ur-mer* and *das Schwalhenbuch*, drafted his *Hinhem inn* and came up with the idea for his *Ent fesseliien Wotan*. He had taken the plot for *the story of the exhausted husbandman* from a novella by Bandello. The work gave him immense pleasure; he had in mind to write a comedy full of cheerful superiority, full of cheeky arrogance, full of enchanting grace, full of sparkling passion and mature sophistication. He was lucky enough to find a publisher for it, and when the comedy, adorned with **Hans** Meid's exuberant drawings, was finally published, he enjoyed many happy hours.

He used large quantities of old soxgf on his *machine tyres*. He sent me numerous works in which the tumultuous outbreaks of the English proletariat against the triumph of the machine were depicted. He often came to my parlour to talk me through the problem, the structure, the individual situations, but also the meaning of the events. He was

The fact that the machine storming was objectively an attempt to stop technical progress is clear. However, there was undeniably a subjective, honest revolutionary dynamic in this rebellion. It was this that attracted him. Couldn't the Masdiine initially be seen as a symbol of capitalistically subjugating power? Then the machine storming could be interpreted as a genuine revolutionary process directed against the l'apitalistic humiliation and desolation of all human values. I was not sparing with my criticism; as vividly as he defended his cases, he used to rethink them conscientiously. At the time, he said that at times he needed me with my penchant for merciless analysis, but then there would be times when he simply couldn't bear it.

The inspiration that gave rise to the endearing *set alhenhiich* owes its origin to is well known. One day Toller told me that shivalves were flying into his parlour through the open window. He was delighted by these visitors. He was even more delighted when he observed that they had begun to build their nest in a corner under the parlour ceiling. He took care not to disturb them in their business. He was keen to conceal what was going on in his parlour from the prison management. Eventually, however, a head constable found out about the matter. He thought that this quartering was against the regulations, if only because it made the parlour dirty. The chief constable indicated that he might order the nest to be forcibly removed. Toller was horrified at the thought of such a crude act; he protested passionately and made an impression. The nest remained untouched. From then on, he watched the swallows with loving attention. He was moved by the care of the brood, the provision of food for the young and the first flights of the little birds. The swallows got used to him, he was almost proud of them. Everything he encountered with the birds captured his heart and his imagination; he expressed his experiences in his verses.

The mood from which the figure of *E ugeii* Hinkeinnox sprang was a great, pacifist-liumanite pathos. There is a loud outcry about the raw devastation of humanity that every war inevitably causes. Absdieu x-or the war should, in the face of such suffering

creature, be preserved. In our conversations, I raised the question of whether Hinkemann was really a dramatic figure. He is not a rebel against the world, but merely a man beaten by fate. Moreover, he is a special case, not a ty- pus. Toller recognised this, but was so caught up in the material that he held on to it. It is indisputable that the play later stood its ground in honour thanks to the good actors.

On the other hand, I was very critical of his *Entfesselten Wotan*. It was directed against the rise of National Socialism, but did not capture it in all its sinister danger. The *Entfesselte Wotan* is more of a joke than a signal of coming disaster and gruesome doom.

Toller cultivated the closest relationships with the prisoners from working-class circles. He had them tell him about their lives in the company; he utilised much of this in the *Maschinenströmern*. He discussed their domestic circumstances with them, and where needy families required support, he was ready to help.

After his release from prison, Toller lived for several years.

weeks as my guest in my Charlottenburg apartment. He hungered and thirsted for vibrant life; it was as if he wanted to catch up quickly on what he had had to do without for so long. Admirers and admirers attracted him and made it easy for him to savour long-lost experiences, adventures and pleasures to the full. It was natural for him to seek out the company of writers in particular; sometimes he urged me to accompany him. I remember a very happy night with Ringelnatz and a lovely publishing party at Iliepenheuer in Potsdam.

Toller got on really well with children; he loved to socialise with them. He quickly won the heart of my then ten-year-old son; it made Toller happy to make the boy happy.

After Toller had rented his own flat, we only met up rarely. I met him at a

Reception at the Soviet Embassy in Berlin. He was very grey and had grown old and gave the impression of being tired.

On February 19 33, after Hitler's seizure of power, Toller called me. He asked me what he should do. "Better," I advised him, "leave Germany as quickly as possible. The National Socialists will never forget the words you uttered in *Berlin*."

The word you have coined is: 'The heroic ideal is the stupidest of all ideas'. They will take revenge on you if you fall into their hands. " Toller agreed with me and d e c i d e d to emigrate.

He never stopped longing for Germany. I was shocked to hear the news at⁹ 43 when I was in prison in Brandenburg, where Hitler's justice had banished me, that he had voluntarily ended his life in the United States.

Around March i p z i, elections to the Reichstag and the Landtag were held, for both of which I had been nominated as a candidate. The editor of the *Volkswillen*, Wendelin Thomas, could not be persuaded by my friends to settle for the Landtag mandate and give me the first place on the Reichstag candidate list. It did not take much to foresee that the Reichstag would grant immunity to an elected prisoner, but this was not to be expected from the Bavarian state parliament.

I went through as a member of the state parliament and, as expected, the clerical majority of the Bavarian state parliament rejected the application for immunity. As a result, I was only able to exercise my mandate after my dismissal in August 92. At the state parliament session in the autumn of 9- i, I took over the radio.

The chairman of the parliamentary group of the Independent Social Demo

The first time I was a member of the Democratic Party was in conjunction with that of the parliamentary group secretary. My predecessor Gareis had been murdered shortly before. He had waged an equally fierce and effective war against the illegal organisations. Today it is clear what the background to this assassination was. It had been carried out at Munich police headquarters, and Frick himself had hired the murderer, a Lieutenant Schweickhardt. After the murder, Schweickhardt was allowed out by Frick with false passports so that he could escape abroad unhindered. My group consisted of fifteen members. On the whole, there was not a single notable head among them. Dr Bauer, a doctor, was a cultured man, but nothing more. The editor Neumann from Nuremberg was what one calls a "Berliner Schnauze": he was provocative with his grandiloquence, boastfulness and know-it-all attitude. Editor Blumtritt from Hof had attended a party school and felt so firmly in possession of the ultimate truth that there were no more doubts or problems for him. He always had the redeeming formula and the saving recipe ready. All the other members of the faction were good, orderly men, but there was no honour to be gained from them. The press department of the coalition was in the hands of Felix Fechenbach.

The parliamentary group did not carry much weight in the state parliament. If it wanted to attract any attention, it had to come up with a powerful agitation hit. In doing so, it was important to track down the "neuralgic points" of the Bavarian regulatory cell. Even the wording of the questions and motions had to be worded in such a way as to arouse people's emotions.

Gareis had got on well with this tactic. I stuck to it at first. On the one hand, I chose as the object of my oppositional activity the treatment of political prisoners, of whom I myself had previously been one. It was offensive that the socialist political prisoners were treated worse than the Eisner murderer, Count Arco, who as a prisoner of the fortress enjoyed freedoms that were denied to the other political prisoners. I repeatedly put questions and motions on this subject in Parliament; there were lengthy debates in the committees and in the plenary hearings, and the time and energy of Parliament were extensively taken up by this issue. The middle-class MPs were bitterly opposed to me to the point of frenzy. As I was always well informed and kept my tone objective, they found it difficult to tone down the virulence of my attacks. Only after

Mr Schäffer, who was temporarily Minister President of Bavaria after 1945 and later became Federal Minister of Finance in the West German Federal Republic, fell back on

the idea that it is not appropriate to treat the government as if it were on an equal footing with the accusing party. The government's statements should always be accorded authoritative weight. Once the government had spoken, the matter should be settled.

In the Regcl, I had a liaison with the Ministerial Councillor Kühlewein, who was a smooth and unquestionably above-average educated and intelligent lawyer. We often

met in Illingen. Once he had me in his defence

by simply referring to "Niekisch". In my reply, I spoke just as briefly and succinctly of

"Kühlewein". The chairman of the committee, Privy Councillor Held, intervened, reprimanded me and said angrily that it was unacceptable for me to address Mr Kühlewein as "Herr" and "Ministerialrat".

I sarcastically explained that I had only adopted Kühlewein's simplified procedure. A large part of the

I agreed with the honourable member. Kühlewein was then admonished to speak of "Mr Deputy" in future, and I was advised not to forget "Mr Ministerial Councillor".

However, there was a very serious issue in Bavaria at the time that was worthy of a major, relentless battle. A dangerous separatist current had broken through in Bavaria. It was supported by feudal and bourgeois circles. They feared a collectivist economic policy from the Social Democrat-influenced Weimar Republic; the big landowners and big capital trembled at the prospect of socialisation. They had taken Scheidemann's words seriously: "Socialisation is on the march and thought that Social Democracy was more determined and active than it was. In their fear, the circles took refuge in Bavarian separatism. They would have accepted the disintegration of the German Reich in order to save their property in its entirety. They spoke of special "Bavarian concerns" and "Bavarian special interests" and established treacherous relations with the French envoy Dard in Hlünchen, who offered hope of support, as the French government - as the separatism in the Rhineland proved - still expected to benefit from the dissolution of the Empire at this time.

When it turned out that the Social Democrats had abandoned the goal of socialisation, the Bavarian government wanted to hide an alibi: it took action against a small group of radical separatists who had exposed themselves too carelessly. Count Leoprechting and two Munich citizens, Fuchs and Machhaus, were put on trial and sent to prison. With this shaking off of separatist heifisporne, the Bavarian government wanted the public to believe that it had nothing at all to do with the separatist movement.

This separatist movement was an issue that demanded clarification all the more urgently because members of the government itself were behind it in disguise.

I made this enlightenment the task of my party. I unleashed heated debates; I accused the government of treasonous activities and, after the great Fuchs- h4aciihaus-Leoprechting trial, I shouted to the Bavarian Minister President, Count Lerchenfeld, in a public meeting: "Beware, Mr Prime Minister, that your name is not mentioned in the future.

is mentioned in the same breath as that of the 'exiled landlord' Leoprechting." There was no small uproar at the time.

This ensured that the state parliament was always kept in suspense by the small I'-raction of the USPD and that the public had to take note of its existence.

Of course, the individual members of the faction faced many inconveniences. They were literally never allowed to take off their armour. This sometimes made them bitter towards me, who demanded that they always be ready to fight and strike out.

The general political situation in Bavaria at this time is characterised by an incident which, although amusing, is quite suitable for shedding light on the whole situation.

The leader of the Social Democratic Party's parliamentary group, Erhard Auer, Vice President of the Bavarian state parliament, was also the editor-in-chief of the Social Democratic *dfii7/f/ euer Post*. This newspaper published a lot of material that was inconvenient for the government. The police headquarters wanted to track down Mr Auer's foes at all costs. One day, Auer's maid told Mrs Auer that she had noticed a somewhat suspicious individual approaching her; she also noticed that the man had left the house and was following Mr Auer. Auer was immediately informed. He instructed his employee to get involved with the islander and to act as if she was entering into a relationship. And so it happened. After some time, the employee reported that *dez 1\Iann* had asked her when no one was in the XÄ'ohnung, he wanted to find out the contents of Auers Sdireib tiski. Ar:he told her a day for which she should order the man, stating that the house was empty.

The day approached, Auer hid with some friends in his flat. The dark individual entered and immediately tampered with Auer's desk. Auer and his friends then entered the office, asked the man to raise his hands and tell them who he was. He revealed that he was the IËriniinal beanitrian who had received the somewhat rude order from Frick, which had now affected him. Auer directed the man into the toilet and locked it. Auer then called the police station, got Frick on the phone and identified himself as the police officer.

a from. Frick asked whether the desk research had been successful. Auer replied that he had found a huge amount of material and that they were going to investigate. Frick excitedly asked him to deliver this material to him immediately. Unfortunately, he replied, this could not happen because he was locked up in the 'Toilette. 'Yes,' Frick asked, 'how can you make a phone call then?' - 'This sacramentalist', replied Auer, 'even has a telephone in his toilet! " Suddenly Frick opened his eyes. He asked who was actually on the phone. "It's me myself, Auer. I've surprised the Nlann, and he'll stay locked in the toilet until you come and pick him up yourself. "

For Frid', this matter had a very embarrassing side, because after all, Auer was Vice-President of Parliament. When the Minister of the Interior, Schweyer, heard about the affair, he was also very embarrassed and asked both Auer and the Social Democratic parliamentary group, for the sake of the)3eliör's reputation and in order not to make Bavaria look ridiculous in front of the Reidi, to raise my dust and be content with apologies.

In those days, an event occurred that had the most serious consequences for German society in the distant future and which has not yet become public knowledge. Interior Minister Sdiweyer invited the party leaders to a conference in his study. Privy Councillor Held appeared for the Bavarian People's Party, Dr Hilpert for the German Nationals, Dr Hammerschmitt for the Democrats and Erhard Auer for the Social Democrats. Minister Sdiweyer stated that the gang violence that Hitler was organising on the streets of Munich was gradually becoming unbearable. Hitler was breaking up meetings, harassing the citizens, stirring up young people and acting as if he were the master of the Bavarian capital. Yet he was a stateless person. He was considering expelling Hitler from Bavaria. All the civic party leaders agreed with the minister's complaints and came to the conclusion that such an expulsion was recommendable. I was also in favour of the expulsion. Only Erhard Auer was against it. He argued in favour of democratic and liberal principles; if one wanted to take them seriously, one could not take such a measure. Hitler was just a comic figure, he said, and it would be easy for the labour force to throw him back into the insignificance from which he had risen some time ago.

This attitude of the Social Democratic leader made an impression on the bourgeois party leaders. They could not justify to their voters the expulsion of Hitler from Bavaria when the Social Democratic party leader was in favour of Hitler. So no decision was taken to expel Hitler; it was the "merit" of the Social Democrats to have preserved Hitler for the German people.

In autumn 1923, the two parties, the USPD and the SPD, merged. After the merger, I became deputy chairman of the Social Democratic parliamentary group. It

The mistrust and reservations with which I was viewed by the old social democrats was clearly noticeable. In their eyes I was unpredictable, they never knew what I would surprise them with and in which direction I would strike out. The most entrenched party secretaries only loved things that fitted strictly into their mould. Auer had written me off after one of his attempts to categorise me in his intellectual bodyguard had failed. No matter how much could be said against Auer's political line, it was indisputable that he, who had been lonely in his youth, was a man of great character and above-average political routine. He had acquired a calm assurance of demeanour. The majority of the people who came into contact with him felt almost oppressed by the dignity and calmness in which this tall man presented himself.

Auer's best behaviour was to surround himself with intellectuals who showed themselves to be original to his intentions; if they proved useful, they could count on a great career. The lawyer Alxvin Sanger was one of his favourite protagonists. After his death, he was replaced by state lawyer Hogner, who later, after 1933, became a Bavarian minister. I would become president. The Munich full-time teacher Toni Pfulf, a Bavarian officer's daughter, was drawn into a political career by Auer; she committed suicide on the D-Train after Hitler's death in 1933.

Auer had temporarily intended to win me over for himself as well. He invited me to a lavish dinner and felt me out. He wanted to find out to what extent my adaptability was yellow. He endeavoured to win me over a few more times, and only when it became quite clear that I was not going to stop acting more according to my own head than that of others did he give up hope of winning me over.

to be able to recruit me. The extent to which he had written me off became clear after the unification of the two parties at a meeting to discuss whether I should join the *Schwäbische Vollszeitung* in Augsburg as an editor. Auer was the chairman of the supervisory board of this newspaper and had the deciding vote. I attended this meeting shortly before its conclusion and gave Auer the opportunity to explain his views to me. He said that a party newspaper had to operate strictly within the framework of party principles in all its publications. Nobody denied that I was a good journalist, but I also knew myself well enough to know that if I took over its leadership, the newspaper would soon be more of a *Nirfisc/ s newspaper* than a party newspaper.

I was not happy with the situation I found myself in within the parliamentary group. For this reason, I decided to leave Augsburg and resign my mandate.

After I was dismissed from the teaching profession in 1921, my economic basis was exclusively the state parliament mandate. As long as the unification of the two socialist parties had not taken place, the USPD lanced the small newspaper that I published: *DJr Umschau*. However, its circulation was small, it barely reached 1 000 copies and therefore brought in nothing. I received no compensation for my editorial work. My situation worsened because inflation was becoming more and more pronounced every month; money was depreciating, its purchasing power was decreasing, but the amount of money did not keep pace with the rate of devaluation. I felt the discomfort of my situation in full force and looked around for a way out.

For a number of years, I was involved with the Augsburg Gausekretür

of the German Textile Workers' Association, Joseph Feinhals. Feinhals wavered between the SPD and the USPD, but he remained an organisational member of the SPD. He had a certain fondness for me and favoured me wherever he could. He had kept his distance from the council organisation, he was too cautious to compromise himself. About 1920 was

He was elected to the main board of the German Textile Workers' Association in Berlin. He asked me if I would be interested in taking over the youth office on the board. The offer was tempting for me; I had long aspired to come to Berlin. So I accepted and took up my position in Berlin in November 1922. Several months later, my family followed me.

In the year 1922 I then resigned my Bavarian parliamentary mandate.

The German Textile Workers' Association was the second-largest trade union, surpassed in numbers only by the Metallarbeiterverband. At the time, the Textile Workers' Association comprised around 2,000,000 members. A significant proportion of these were women. The association was rationally organised. In the smaller towns where there was a textile industry, there were offices with managers. Large areas, such as southern Bavaria, were grouped together into Gau, headed by a Gauleiter. Above the Gauleiters was the Hauptvorstand, who oversaw the management of the lower functionaries, gave the general guidelines for the organisation's activities and allocated the funds raised. The amount raised each month was respectable. Each member had to pay an hourly wage as a weekly contribution. I remember being asked to pay a weekly contribution of DM 4.00. Several 100,000 marks were always received each month. This money was distributed among the social and political funds, the strike fund, the general administration and the trade union service organisation. The salaries were adequate, but by no means lavish; a member of the head committee received about 600 marks. I was paid around 200 marks a month. The main board consisted of 10 elected members, who were then joined by the equal-ranking editor of the association's journal. The members of the main board were honourable, decent, hard-working and conscientious men. The first chairman, Hermann Jickel, had particular ambition; he was superior and skilful. Above all, he had acquired a remarkable knowledge of the world of business. He was a good speaker whose words flowed easily from his lips. The fact that he tended to speak for too long worried his listeners, but he never really realised it himself. He had an authoritative manner and was a good negotiator. The "Lohngeneral" was fine

hals, a clever, quick-witted man, but without any deeper intellectual interests. The other members were experienced in organisational work and also demonstrated good practical common sense.

I was welcomed with warm, collegial feelings. Nobody talked me into it, I was allowed to work freely. I can't say that I particularly enjoyed youth work. I organised youth groups in various places, and once I convened a youth conference in Dresden, but otherwise I was drawn to a completely different occupation. There was an information department, where I read the newspapers and extracted the most interesting news and articles and compiled them in an information sheet. The head of this department was the former Reichstag deputy Puchta. I endeavoured to get my hands on this department, which interested me from a factual point of view. After a while, Puchta went to Bayreuth as editor-in-chief. I then took over his department, but kept the youth secretariat at the same time. I wrote a weekly editorial in the association magazine.

In the meantime, the Ruhr had been occupied and Stresemann had become Chancellor of the Reich. The mark sank deeper from day to day. I struck a sharp note in the association's journal. If an Enabling Act was to be passed, I asked, why didn't a Social Democrat or trade unionist take the reins of government, why were these powers given to a commoner? The Ruhr War required large sums of money, should these be raised by printing notes? In the end, the devaluation of money that would have to occur as a result would hit the little man and the worker the hardest. Why wasn't a sharp capital tax implemented and the proceeds used to finance the Ruhrkampf? These questions, which were certainly very justified, annoyed the Social Democratic politicians. They openly expressed their dissatisfaction to the trade union chairman Jackel.

I had taken my own political path more and more decisively. Social democratic politics seemed hopeless and desperate to me. The burden of reparations was being passed on to the shoulders of the working class. I demanded that the trade unions and the Social Democrats should take a stand against reparations at all. They should demand that

reparations would be paid exclusively from the large fortunes and incomes. The fight against reparations should not actually have a nationalist, but rather a revolutionary colour. The Gexverkschaften should turn against capitalism and imperialism and fight the embodiment of capitalist and imperialist tendencies in the Western powers. Then, I claimed, the wind would be taken out of the sails of the reactionary nationalist currents. I developed this line of thought in my book *Der Weg der deutschen Arbeiterschaft zum Staat*. The General German Trade Union Federation showed understanding for my intentions for a moment. It allowed the brochure to be distributed in larger h(narrows).

Gradually, however, the Social Democrats denounced my orientation as nationalistic. Bernstein dared to suggest that I might have been bribed by the ski industry. In a follow-up to a second brochure: *Grundfragen deutscher AuQlin politik*, I settled accounts with Bernstein.

The publisher of my brochure, Albert Baumeister, was also the editor of a newspaper: *Der first*. Together with Fritz Ebert, the son of the Reich President and later Lord Mayor of East Berlin, I did the editorial work. In it, I sharply criticised Social Democratic policies and predicted that they would soon lead to the Hal'enkreuz flag flying over the country.

The Dawes Pact was the cause of a crisis in my relations with the Social Democratic Party. Initially, the Social Democrats considered staging a referendum in favour of the Dawes Plan. The German Textile Workers' Association summoned me to a conference at which a resolution to this effect was to be passed by the party and the trade unions. BreitSdieid chaired the conference, Hilfer- diig gave the presentation. With x'iel arguments and figures, Hilferding argued in favour of the referendum. When he had finished, there was an embarrassed silence. The trade union leaders were honest and self-confident, but they did not feel up to the task of Hilferding, who was considered a great authority in the field of economics. Dr Edistein, a left-wing socialist, spoke first as an opponent of the referendum, citing the reasons put forward by the Communist Party at the time. Then I was given the floor. I also warned against the referendum and implored those present,

not to get involved in such an experiment. The people should not be made complicit in issues that would practically amount to the enslavement of the masses. Warnold shouted to Hilferding: "You have already seduced the masses into demonstrating in favour of an instrument of enslavement." I was referring to the USPD's punitive rallies in favour of the Treaty of Versailles. You don't take to the streets in favour of such forced contracts. The employers could tell the workers, when they sighed under the burden of reparations, that it was all right for them; they themselves had marched for it. Hilferding replied that he rejected such accusations; the membership of the USPD had increased enormously after those demonstrations. But afterwards, I shouted at him, it had burst.

The leaders of the Gewerkschaft had become suspicious; they had reservations about committing themselves through a vote. From then on, the Social Democratic Party remained silent about the referendum.

I had often contributed to the social democratic weekly *Die Glocke*. Around this time I sent it a major essay which was against the Dawes Plan. After the conference, Robert Breuer, the editor of the

Glocke to me and said that if I changed the essay so that

if I worked for the Dawesplan, my work would be used as a social democratic leaflet for the upcoming Reichstag elections. A very high, well-paid circulation would be considered. Outraged, I rejected this imposition. Breuer changed his mind and published my essay without any changes.

I also ran into disagreements with another social democratic magazine, the *Sozialistische Monatshefte*. The *POS IDf ISt tSGh en foif7iSfi* file had once been the mouthpiece of the Reformists. Right-wing social democrats and industrialists were above all their collaborators. The quality of the articles was generally good. The magazine was edited by Iwan Bloch, an outspoken literary man whose weak, soft hand always gave me a feeling of unease.

caused a great deal of concern. After 1918, the *Sozialistische Monatshefte* championed the idea of European continental policy. The consequence of this was the foreign policy orientation

Germany to France. Like the English, the Russians should also be excluded from the unification of the states of Europe. I had written an essay for the magazine.

which dealt with questions of political strategy and culminated in the advice that the Social Democrats should treat the Communist Party as a radical reserve in their political tactics and strategy and play it off against the bourgeois parties when the opportunity arose. By the time my essay was printed, I could hardly recognise it. The very section that was most important to me and in which I had recommended the Communist Party as the radical reserve of social democratic politics had been deleted. But that wasn't the worst of it. Bloch had inserted sentences that reversed the meaning of my essay. They insinuated that I was an advocate of Continental European thought. But it was precisely the Continental European idea that I had rejected.

The Social Democratic Party was dissatisfied with me and my work. The chairman of the association, Jäckel, was offered a seat in the Reichstag. Jäckel indicated to him that he was expected to let me go. There was no hiding the fact that I was becoming increasingly uncomfortable for the association and they would have liked to get rid of me. The way the association arranged the matter was a credit to them. Jäckel sent for me and told me that the main board members had decided to have an employee thoroughly trained in all textile matters so that he would be able to assist the business syndicates in all areas. I was chosen for this. My training would include a trip around the world, which would take me to the cotton industrial areas of India, China, Japan, America and England. I could make myself comfortable on the trip: I could travel first class and use the best hotels. Of course, the politics would have to end after my return. I emphasised that I was very well. But politics was my passion, so I had to thank him for the offer. Of course, I no longer wanted to be an embarrassment to the association and looked around for another position.

In July 1926 I left the German Textile Workers' Association and went to Dresden, without a bitter aftertaste. I had a taste for my trade union activity. Thanks to my experiences in a large workers' organisation I gained deep insights into the nature of modern mass movements. In the trust of the association's management, I was given unlimited freedom in my work. I was able to

I can't blame the association management for giving in to pressure from the Social Democratic Party and breaking away from me.

I utilised my experiences as a member of the state parliament in a short essay on the political situation in Munich, which I offered to the *V7eltbül:nt e*. Its editor, Siegfried Jacobsohn, invited me to visit him. The magazine enjoyed considerable prestige at the time; it had a good staff and its political essays were read with the same interest as its critical observations on theatre and art. She maintained a clearly recognisable pacifist line; apart from that, however, she was consistently focused on the tone of criticism. She did not have a positive programme; one can probably speak of a nihilistic streak, which, however, was expressed in a spirited manner. One of its most important contributors was Kurt Tucholsky, who published his witty poems and essays in *Welth Arlene* under various pseudonyms. The standard of the weekly magazine, which had a large sales volume in the criminal trade, was determined above all by its editor Jacobsohn. Jacobsohn had founded the magazine as a ritual theatre review and then, to a certain extent, drew all world events into the scope of his critical focus. The editorial office was located at Lietzensee. I entered a large parterre room; it was poorly heated - it was still winter - and at the desk next to the window, the small, slender man was wrapped in blankets. He scrutinised every essay with care, he didn't let any stylistic laxity pass, he erased it with his own hand. He wanted the content of his weekly magazine to be stylistically and, if possible, also in terms of content indisputable. Jacobsohn asked me whether I would like to write a longer series of essays on Bavarian conditions. He had gathered from his conversation with me that I wanted to write about what was going on behind the scenes, about the secret organisations and the hidden drives of the Bavarian politics at all. Ida agreed. The *Welthüyne* published my series of essays in ten editions, which attracted attention in political circles.

My series of essays on Bavaria brought the activities of the separatists and the secret organisations that had infiltrated Bavaria, about which I had acquired knowledge during my time as a member of parliament, into the spotlight of public attention and warned of the treacherous and empire-destroying tendencies of Bavarian politics. The

The 'cell of order' appeared to be a disastrous swamp in which Hitlerism eventually flourished as the most poisonous flower.

My series of articles had signalled a danger that was to befall the Reich on 9 - vemberg 2 3 in the Hitler Putsch, causing it to shake to its foundations.

4

One of the most celebrated and successful writers of the time after*9 18 was Emil Ludwig. His biographical novels were devoured by readers and went into print in the hundreds of thousands. His Napoleon

The novel had been written. Ludwig skilfully used historically attested sayings of his heroes, put them xx together in an effective way and combined them with a text that did justice to the historical situation and interpreted those expe- lent words in an interesting way. Plan allowed Ludw ig to be recognised as a historian, even though he was only a talented, efective writer of the day. He succeeded in gaining fame in the world. He was received by leading figures in world politics, the American president, the Pope and even Stalin.

His wife Helga was the centre of special interest; it was sometimes said that she was the author of Ludwig's sdipfiingen for x years. She occasionally came to Nic- derschöncfeld to visit Toller.

"toller crziililtc me one day after his release that Emil Ludwig had finished a new novel, *IVill Um /i*. He asked if I would like to meet with Liidu-ig and comment on your new novel. I(orrel'tiirfalincn of the novel was sent to me at Lti the igs instigation. Ludwig psychoanalytically **d e d u c e d** U'ilhelm's cliaralitic from the boy's vcrltrrumpel a rm and the mother's aversion to her son. The wavering, grofisprecheri

The I(aiser's \ fçsen was starl' licrausgcarbcitet; numerous

Rich quotations from imperial speeches make the image of the crowned grand spokesman colourful and vivid. But the work remained shallow.

The meeting between Ludwig and me *took* place in a room at the *Kaiserhof*. Mrs Helga was present. Ida had come with a whole bag of objections; Ludwig listened to them, argued with me, his wife intervened, partly agreed with me, partly tried to defuse me.

Emil Ludwig was a well-groomed gentleman who had adopted the lifestyle of a grand seigneur thanks to his large fees. He had an enormous income. He only stayed in the first hotels, rented entire flats there and had bought a villa in Askona on Lake Maggiore.

A few weeks later, Emil Ludwig invited me to lunch at the *Kaiserhof*. At a large round table we saw Willamowitz-Möllendorf, who had been State Secretary to the Minister of Economic Affairs, Wissell, and had made a name for himself with his planned economy projects, Baron von Eckartstein, the tall diplomat who had been Counsellor at the German Embassy in London, Alfred Kerr, the theatre critic of the *Berlin da geLilatt*, Maximilian Harden, the former editor of *Zufiun/t*, and other gentlemen whom I did not know. Baron von Eckartstein, when he was still in office, had once given rise to great public amusement. A bet had been made between him and embassy counsellors from the American, French and Russian missions as to who would be the first to start down the street from the first floor of the building where they were staying. At a signal, the American, French and Russian competitors ran off. They took the stairs in mighty leaps. Mr von Eckartstein, however, who was of the opinion that Germany's prestige depended on the outcome of the bet, jumped down through an open window onto the Strafie without further ado and received his rivals down there as the triumphant winner.

Harden railed against the Weimar rulers; he, the poli

The political advisor to an entire generation had no other argument against the Weimar Republic than the fact that inflation had taken away all his savings.

In the autumn of 1925, two hostile wings formed in the Saxon Social Democrats. A moderate wing, to which the majority of the state parliamentary fraction belonged, supported the policy of the grand coalition to which the entire party in the Reich had committed itself. The other, the radical wing, opposed the grand coalition, maintained good relations with the Communists and did not want to be associated with the bourgeois parties in Saxony. Only 10% of a total of 40 MPs belonged to the radical wing, but it was able to,

without it being demonstrably established, with Redit, that the majority of the electorate made up of workers travelling stood behind him. The moderated wing was secretly supported by the Reichsstand of the SPD. Old party veterans such as Buck, Heldt, Wirth etc. belonged to it. The tensions became so strong that a split occurred first within the parliamentary group and then also within the Saxon party.

During this time of crisis in Saxony, I spoke on behalf of the German Textile Workers' Association in Neugersdorf. There I met Mrs Eva Büttner, a member of the Saxon state parliament. I had heard her name before and knew that she had joined the right wing. Eva Büttner was an educated, extremely lively, eloquent lady who stood out due to the neatness of her appearance. "We talked about the problems of Saxon social democracy. Eva Büttner told me that the pemaßigte Flügel wollte sich als *Alte Sozialdemokratie* Portei konstituieren und beabsichtigte, eine Tageszeitung *Vollstnnt* herausgeben, wofür sie

-She impulsively asked me whether I would be willing to take over the chief executive position. As I thought I would be able to take over the

Dent textile industry association to , I said yes. As a result, I was invited to a meeting at the then still-existing Saxon legation in Berlin on Vofi Street. The meeting was attended by Dr Gradnauer, a long-serving Social Democrat who had already been Sadesian Prime Minister, Ferner Buchl, District Captain of Dresden, who led the united wing, and Robert Breuer, the editor of the *GloéL-e*. I was politically scrutinised.

Breuer was supposed to be the editorialist of the *people's state* and deliver four essays.

Buck and Gradnauer had enquired about me at the German Textile Workers' Association. I was praised to the skies there, they wanted to get rid of me in a different way.

be. The newspaper was to be published from 1. July 1926. On 1. July I took up my position.

The editorial team did not quite fulfil my wishes. The domestic editor, Richard Müller, who had already worked in the party press, had few qualities. The feature section was well staffed with Mrs Eva Büttner.

State elections were scheduled for the autumn of 1926 in Saxony, where it had to be seen what support the moderate wing had among the Saxon working class. I

was very sceptical about this and gave the ASP little chance. My basic political idea was to turn the ASP into an organisational model in which it was shown how the flooding of Germany by Hitlerism could be stopped. Workers, small and medium-sized citizens and farmers and the petty and middle bourgeois intelligentsia were to come together and commit themselves to the guiding principles of a social and national revolutionary resistance policy in the face of Stresemann's policy of fulfilment. Domestically, a planned reorganisation of the economy appeared to be necessary, and in terms of foreign policy, a reference to Soviet Russia. This model, once it had been realised, was then to become the impetus for the foundation of a political entity extending across the entire Reich.

The conditions I had to deal with were not favourable to my plan from the outset. Basically, the men I had to deal with were only concerned about securing their mandates, civil servant positions and ministries. Prime Minister Heldt, a former metalworker who had been a trade union leader for a long time and had acquired a great deal of political experience, was the most confident. He was reticent, reserved and had political concepts which he endeavoured to realise with circumspection and foresight. His tactical cunning was unusual. As little as he spoke, he could take ruthless action when the moment called for it.

required. At first he was mid-trauisdi towards my political idea, later he leant towards it.

The party chairman, Buck, was a kind-hearted, one-trick pony who had a lot of sentimentality but little political sense. He swayed back and forth without any stability and could not be relied upon in any respect.

The Dresden police chief Kühn, who had also been Saxony's interior minister, was more important. He was smart, impulsive, walked through the world with his eyes open and was open to new ideas. He supported me for a long time.

My counterpart became Karl Bethke. Bethke was editor-in-chief of the Sächsische Staatszeitung, had close relations with the Dresden representatives of the *Berliner Tageblatt* and the Frank/ur/r *Zeitung*, as well as with members of the Berlin Social Democratic party executive. He was very ambitious, and the growth of my influence in Dresden soon aroused his jealousy. Again and again I had to tear apart the webs of intrigue he had spun.

The first signs of a major conflict emerged shortly before the elections. All the bourgeois parties and alliances had made it clear that they wanted to form a united front against the entire working class and its parties. I believed that there was a certain reserve of voters for the ASP in the alliance movement. So I wrote an insistent editorial *Front geist uu ffülllSCllen IVe en*. The front soldiers claimed, I said, that they had become solidarists and socialists in the front community. If such a united front were to emerge, as had been announced, it would be nothing other than the resurrection of the old, closed biirgerlidieli reaction against social democracy. ÄIf the front soldiers were to take their front experience seriously, they should not allow themselves to march shoulder to shoulder with the backward-looking bourgeoisie against the workers.

The article helped to destroy the bourgeois-reactionary coalition plans. The social dcmo1.ratisdie *Dresrld'ncr Voll-s "eittm g*, which quite rightly saw my success as a good opportunity for the ASP, began with an unsuccessful press campaign against me. It drew out every line, every sentence that I had ever written and that could be used against me; every day I had to deal with my polemics.

to deal with. The first issue of my magazine *Widerstand* was published in July 1926. In the February-March issue 1927 I had paid tribute to the Jungerman *II Order*.

which I hoped could be broken out of the reactionary front and drawn into the ASP's sphere of influence. At that time, I already saw tendencies of devolution in it that were pushing towards the political left. In fact, the *German Order* ended up in the German State Party. My essay on the *Jungdeutsche II Orden* was a hit with the social democratic *Dresdner Volkszeitung*. Bethke took up the *Volkszeitung's* arguments against me, and I had to argue with Bethke at many party conferences. Meetings were held at least twice a week at which I had to refute the same objections to my political intentions. I had to be constantly ready for battle.

The elections turned out even better for the ASP than I had expected, despite the catastrophe it experienced. Only four of the 23 seats were saved. The deputies were Heldt, Bethke, Elsner and Max Müller. But the majority situation within the new Saxon state parliament was peculiar. The ASP had taken on the role of tipping the scales. If it worked together with the Social Democrats, there was a left-wing majority; if it went with the bourgeois parties, the Social Democrats were defeated. The question was what the ASP was determined to do.

There was a grand coalition in Reuditz. In line with this, the idea of an (coalition also emerged in Saxony. However, the Social Democratic parliamentary group rejected it outright. The relationship between the ASP parliamentary group and the Social Democratic parliamentary group was too poisoned for co-operation between these two groups to be possible. In this situation, the ASP was able to assert itself by catering to the coalition wishes of the bourgeois parties. Within this coalition, it had to be put in a position to act openly and explicitly as a trustee of all labour interests. As a result, the four-man faction claimed the post of Prime Minister, a second minister and numerous high administrative offices.

The bourgeois parties had no choice but to accept these demands if they did not want to be marginalised. In any case, the bourgeois parties also had to accept them.

in which the ASP stubbornly insisted on one thing. The *Volksstaat* now became a governing body.

Some inhibitions arose from my political stance. As a bourgeois party, the ASP was not allowed to die, which is why I emphasised my foreign policy orientation towards the East and my critical stance against Stresemann's reparations policy.

In the summer of 1927, the party organised a party conference. Saxony's bourgeois press, including the Berlin press, mimicked the party attracted more attention than its size warranted. It had to do with the political importance it had in Saxony.

I gave the main speech at the party conference; it was the programmatic one. I took up Lassalle's line, emphasised that the working class had to take a stand against reparations because it was their main victim, and recommended a political orientation towards the Soviet Union. There was no voice of criticism in the debate; even my opponent Bethke agreed.

I was well aware of the challenging situation I was in. My intention was to transform the ASP into a revolutionary party. Its reunification with social democracy had destroyed all the chances that lay in its separate existence. But did it not also lose these opportunities in its alliance with the bourgeois parties? The danger was great, but the alliance could also be used as a protective umbrella under which the ASP was able to consolidate and strengthen itself to such an extent that it could one day open up the revolutionary angle independently and with good prospects in the political arena. Of course, it had to be very careful not to forget its opposition to the bourgeois co-players. I considered it my special task to keep alive a feeling of this opposition to the bourgeois coalition comrade. At all times I endeavoured to bring revolutionary-minded youth into the party; to this end I constantly reached out to various alliances. The old, saturated *mensdilidien* Bestand part of the party should be given a new life by revolutionary youth.

However, these old full men did not want to be let them change. It remained hidden from them that my politics threatened them in their positions. The revolution centres

The accents I wanted to put on the party's policies were scary to them, and they never realised that I felt more akin to the Communist Party than to Social Democracy. For these reasons, it became increasingly clear to me that the party would not grow into the role I had intended for it.

In the spring of 1928, Reichstag elections were held, which were combined with new state elections. As a result, the ASP had lost all face, as its leading men were now more had indicated more than once how they were inclined to return to social democracy. Accordingly, the party no longer had a chance in the elections. At least it made an attempt to gain a foothold outside Saxony. Candidates were put forward in various constituencies within Saxony. Friends from the Bundist movement did the election work. In Saxony, the number of members of the state parliament fell from four to two, and no Reichstag mandate was won anywhere. This outcome was seen as a fiasco of my political intentions. I was gladly prepared to draw the consequences. After the elections, which took place in May, I did not return to the editorial office but made preparations to move to Berlin.

Leading men in the ASP thought it was a clever idea to recruit August Winnig for the party; they hoped that his name would have a strong promotional effect. August Winnig had first become known to me through his autobiographical book *Friihrot*, a book in which a beautiful narrative talent was revealed. Winnig had acquired a completely accessible education on his own initiative. As a storyteller he was captivating, he had a sense of humour and spread the atmosphere of comfort around him. He loved life and its pleasures.

1925 Personal relations between us relaxed. At the end of 1927, Winnig joined the Old Social Democratic Party. I had urgently warned him not to do so.

do. He was using his prestige, I told him, for a cause that was completely uncertain. However, he mistakenly believed that I wanted to keep him away from the party so as not to have a competitor in him. In truth, I supported all his endeavours,

when he had joined the party. I did this all the more willingly as I was already preparing my withdrawal from the party.

An ASP group had formed in Berlin at the instigation of August 4Vinnig.

The most interesting acquisition that ÄVinnig managed to make for the Berlin party group was Friedrich Hielscher. Hielscher was a trainee lawyer at the time. He had obtained his doctorate with a dissertation from the I°robblem circle *F⁷ ietz-scl'e und der Rechts- gedanke*. According to his own words, the professors had not understood his train of thought and therefore awarded him the title *Summe cum lande*. I was still living in Dresden and had not yet met him in person. He once wrote to me to ask whether his co-operation was desirable for the *I Viderstaiid*. I had no idea of his abilities and replied that I would accept his hlit work, but I drew his attention to the fact that he would only be satisfied by work of a high standard. This answer hurt his self-esteem; he was offended, and he never forgave me for it. Later he approached Captain Ehrhardt and took over his magazine '*Vormarsch*'. He was imbued with the conviction that this periodical was a world-leading power; in a fufinote in his later book *Ddr Strie/* he claimed that a new era had dawned when he took over the editorship of *Vormarsch*.

The book *Die BeicJ7* was a mcrI'xvürdiges ÄÄ'erI'; Hielschcr interpreted the term *Feicl)* mystically; this Reidi of the Germans, he thought, which traced its tradition back to Theoderic the Great, was not made, but "it happened in us" . Thus *Dru Reich* had a religious maintenance; it was formally deni

"Kingdom of God", which, after all, must come about in the blenches. He interpreted the whole of Western history on the basis of this idea of the kingdom.

It was gi otesque to see Hielscher perform as an blystic. He was a sharp mind, completely rational, witty and funny. In the course of time he acquired a number of idioms. He had gathered a circle of friends around him, in whose midst he spoke like a prophet. He kept his distance and helped to ensure that he was enveloped in a haze of familiarity. He wanted to be the "old man from here", who had all his IJiinds in play and who was in dialogue with his congregation.

"Salt of the earth". Stefan George's example was unmistakable. On his completely bald skull was a small I?appchen; he was of small, stocky stature and, as someone once mischievously put it, gave the impression of an industrial syndic. He smoked his pipe as a matter of course, but he made a ritual of this passion. Whenever he took a seat somewhere, he solemnly dug his smoking utensils out of his pockets. There were two pipes, a pipe stopper, a pipe cleaner, a tobacco pouch, the matches and a small plate to collect the ashes. He spread all this out in front of him, and only when this was done did he begin his conversation.

Once I saw him and Ernst Jünger in the Habel wine house. They were both discussing which personal intervention they felt would be the most terrible they could imagine. Jünger said that nothing could affect him more deeply than having his eyes destroyed. This statement was understandable, as Jünger is an eye person, a shiverer. Hielscher said he was horrified by the idea of his brain being scratched out of its shell. He was the brain man, the abstract thinker, the juggler of concepts.

When the *resistance* was banned, he phoned me to demonstrate to the Nazi supervisor of the telephone that he was on my side and arranged a meeting with me. He maintained his independence during Hitler's reign; after 20. July 1944 he was also arrested.

8

By 28, the NSDAP had also gained a foothold in Saxony and had two members of parliament. One of them was Mr von Mücke, the well-known Kommandant of the *Ayasha*, who was recognised by

adventurous voyages in Indonesia had caused the English many inconveniences. He may have been a good sea dog, but on the waves of politics he was a bad helmsman. He bombarded both the members of the government and the leaders of the parliamentary groups with endless memoranda in which he made all kinds of complaints and put forward bizarre proposals. People soon stopped taking him seriously and treated him as a ridiculous figure. One day

he visited me and told me that his two-man party also wanted to participate in the government. They should be given a ministry. If the ASP had two ministries, the NSDAP was entitled to at least one. I told him that the ASP tipped the scales, but the NSDAP did not. This was the big difference between the two parties. We parted without disgruntlement. Later, when Mr von Dillinger began to play a role in the party, there was a row between Dillinger and his party, he left and became a hateful opponent of Hitler and his movement. For a time he was so popular as an opponent of Hitler that he was able to fill the Berlin Sportpalast when he was announced as a speaker.

When I was a member of the Bavarian state parliament in the year 1921 and fought a fierce battle in the state parliament against the femicides.

and separatists, my wife received a threatening letter one day. She was told to tell me to fall in love with Bavaria; if I didn't, "this son of a bitch on the German national body" would be shot down like "a pipe bowl at a fairground shooting gallery". This warning was made out of sympathy for her and her feelings.

My wife gave the letter to the police. I learnt that the letter had been passed on to the public prosecutor's office in Freiburg im Breisgau. The murder of Erzberger had happened not long before. The public prosecutor's office had received a secret order, the Teutonic Order, from which Schulz and Tillessen were supposed to have received the order for the assassination. A Baron von Dillinger was suspected of belonging to the Teutonic Order and of having had a hand in the assassination. Dillinger was arrested and sent to the O fTenburg prison. Dillinger showed him the original of the letter my wife had received. This letter had a characteristic spelling mistake. Dillinger repeated the same mistake during dictation, from which it could be concluded that he had been the writer of the letter.

When Dillinger was living in Dresden, he appeared one day at the editorial office of the *Volksschnitz*. He was a man of the size of a quarter, stocky, with coarse features; his demeanour was quiet and reserved. He was dissatisfied with the course of political events. Captain Ehrhardt, to whom he had given his unconditional allegiance before, seemed to have disappointed him

to have. He himself had been a lieutenant captain and was one of those disenfranchised professional officers who were unable to gain a firm foothold anywhere. The thought that the putschist country

He was saddened by the fact that servitude 9' *_' 9- 3 had only benefited the capitalist bourgeoisie. He regretted having contributed to the stabilisation of the Weimar Republic. The Soviet

There was something tempting about the union for him; he thought we had to orientate ourselves towards the East. He often visited me and assured me several times that he would never again allow himself to be used for reactive purposes. Once I surprised him by reminding him of the threatening letter from the year'9 2 I.

I told him about the reasons why he was suspected of had been the scribe. He was obviously

He blushed, but didn't say a word. His silence could be interpreted as an admission of guilt.

In the year 19 2 8 he came to me to "confess" that he had, he said, been with Hitler; Hitler had not impressed him at all. Nor did he feel any solidarity with Hitler. However

he was attracted by the military task within the SA; he hinted that he had also a c c e p t e d Hitler's offer for economic reasons.

Even when idi z'9 9 had moved to Berlin, Killinger often contacted me. He told me confidential things about the SA and the party, and he kept at it,

that he was inwardly critical of National Socialism. He sometimes sent his brother-in-law Hübner to me, who professed to be an admirer of the Soviet Union and made a point of continuing to act as a liaison between Killinger and me. Killinger was also there on 30 June•934 , the

days of Röhm's murder, brought to Wiese by Hitler.

had been invited. In the report he gave me, he emphasised that no SA leader had thought of an uprising against Hitler. When he arrived in Munich, he was arrested and taken to the Munich prison. The shootings began in the prison yard and he was also prepared to die. Hitler personally unlocked his cell and took him out. Killinger claimed that the Dresden Reichswehr commando had wanted him to be eliminated because he had favoured and shared the social reform ideas of the ordinary SA men. Before his arrest, he had temporarily been Reich Governor in Saxony. His rival was iMutschmann, the Plauen textile industrialist who was one of the first financial backers of the SA.

Hitler and since then had a great influence on Hitler. Mutschmann, whose facial structure made it doubtful whether he was a man or an ape, was without intelligence, but his intellect was enough to overthrow Killinger. He became Reich Governor, Dillinger Saxon Minister President. However, Killinger was no longer able to stay in Dresden after 30 July; he disappeared from the political public eye. It was only after the outbreak of war that he appeared as a German envoy in Bucharest and ended his life there by suicide in 1944.

He belonged to the generation that fell victim to the confusion of their feelings at the end of the First World War, that became so mentally wild during the war and the first post-war years that they could be recruited for any atrocity without respect for human life, moral values, law and decency. She became Hitler's master and patron; whether she wanted to or not, he attracted her and she joined his infernal ranks.

9

There were fierce social tensions within the German Nationalist Volkspartei, which was gradually ruined under the leadership of the financially powerful Hugenberg. The right wing of the party united big industrialists and bunkers. The left wing consisted of those commercial employees who were organised in the German National Association of Commercial Employees. The German National Tradesmen's Association was a strong business organisation that raised a lot of money through the contributions of its members, had founded comprehensive social institutions and had the ambition to exert influence on the cultural sphere as well. The social policy that the Deutschnationale Handlungsgehilfenverband was forced to pursue under the pressure of its members seemed objectionable to the right wing of the Deutschnationale Volkspartei. When Chancellor Brüning was still able to master the difficulties that Hugenberg was causing him, he sought a split in the German National People's Party. With the help of the Deutschnationaler Handlungsgehilfenverband, which provided the funds, Brüning's plan succeeded; the People's Conservative Party was formed. The deputy Treviranus, previously Huguenburg's right-hand man, had joined the party; the members of parliament from the Deutschnationaler Handlungsgehilfenverband had joined the party.

within the new party. Of course, this popular conservative party foundation had only remained a party splinter; it had not taken on the scope that Brüning had hoped for.

In order to gain the intellectual influence that the German National Association of Action Helpers wanted to exert, it used a wide variety of means. The association had set up its own publishing house, the Hanseatische Verlagsanstalt, which developed a lively production programme. It poured money into other publishing houses, such as the Langen-Müller publishing house, and in this way brought them under its control. The association acquired bookshops in various German cities, which took care to disguise their dependence on the association. Daily newspapers were given money so that they would write in the interests of the association. *Deutsches Volkstum* was a monthly magazine that had attracted a large proportion of educated young people. The two editors, Wilhelm Stapel and Albrecht Erich Günther, had given the magazine a high standard. Stapel was a skilful polemicist with a deep education; he had always been a conservative who was driven to fight his feuds with the left-wing intelligentsia. He was small in stature; a large skull sat on his tiny body; his appearance was grotesque. His ambition and self-confidence were extraordinary; he was always aware of the power his sharp pen had given him. The nationalist idea was consistently cultivated by him. As a result, he was always on the verge of anti-Semitism.

Albrecht Erich Günther was a son of the author of the novel *Dir Heilt ge tind ihr Narr*, Agnes Günther. He was a dazzle the mind. His strength lay less in creative than in reproductive activity. He grasped things quickly and recombined them at lightning speed. His writing was fluent and skilful. After reading one or two books on constitutional law, he wrote an essay for the *Pilide rstldid*, which was read with attention by specialised lawyers; they found themselves thoroughly instructed and suspected that the author was a learned legal fadiman. In the discussion, Günther proved to be flexible, astute and imaginative. He showered his opponent with brilliant ideas and formulations. He gave the impression of a candle that had been lit at both ends and was therefore all the brighter.

but was consumed all the more quickly. Later it turned out that he was suffering from severe tuberculosis; he met an untimely end.

Less important than the *Denise/ie Volkst um* was the *Politi- sche Wocheisc! rift*, which was also financed by the German National Tradesmen's Association. Its publisher was Hermann Ullmann, its editor Dr Rudolf Fischer. Ullmann had previously been an Austrian student councillor, had then *spent* a long time in the *Kunst zart*, was temporarily employed by Hugenberg in the *Lohalanzei ger* and then switched to the German National Association of Assistants. He was a brooding spirit, somewhat ponderous and pedantic. His editor Rudolf Fischer was all the more witty. Fischer was a Sudeten German who felt closely connected to the Catholic Church; this did not prevent him from being a cynic. In the individual formulations of his essays, he sometimes wrote punchy, sparkling and boshah. The essay as a whole, on the other hand, often lacked a consistent, clearly defined line. After all, *Politische Ivocloenscbrift* had its readers in circles of the middle German national bourgeoisie. Most of the intellectuals from these circles came from the VDSSt, the Association of German Students. This student organisation was particularly dedicated to working among Germans living abroad. The *Deutschnationale Handlungs- gehilfenverband*, whose members included numerous employees of German businesses abroad, was one of the financial backers of the VDA, the *Verein für das Deutschtum im Ausland*.

The activities of the youth organisation of the German National Tradesmen's Association, the *Fnf rennen Geseilen*, were at a high level. They created excellent educational programmes for the professional training of the tradesmen; they also aroused strong interest in art and literature among the young tradesmen. *For* a time, the *for/ ending societies* promoted the distribution of my magazine *IVidcrstuud*.

With *MiG trauen*, the *Detitsdinationale Handlungsgehilfen- verband* blid'te on the *Hcrrenk Itih*. Its members were generally wealthy de utsdinational aristocrats and industrialists. The contribution that had to be paid was high, so that the club was able to maintain its exclusive character. Mr von Papen was its chairman, the secretary was Heinrich von Gleidieli. The I(lub published a monthly magazine, *Der Rin g*, which was astonishing for a conservative, editorially orientated journal.

had a lot of intellectual weight. After the publication of my book *Gedanken über deutsche Politik* (*Thoughts on German Politics*), the Ring had discovered with a keen instinct how attempts were being made to crowd understanding for the revolutionary Ruhland. It took a sharp line against this.

With tireless resourcefulness, the *Herrenklub* endeavoured to fill all key political and economic positions with reliable reactionaries and thus take control of the Weimar Republic from within. There were young men in and around Papen and Hugenberg for whom the spirit of the club was a nuisance. One of these young men was Assessor Hütter, who was employed as a kind of adjutant to Hugenberg. Hütter, Ullmann, Fischer and the *Kreuzzeitung* editor Dr Eugen Schmahl hatched a plot. They wanted to persuade *Herrenklub* to invite me to give a lecture on foreign policy principles. The invitation was accepted. The lecture was unusually well attended. The lecture was preceded by a 'gentlemen's dinner'. I sat next to the historian of antiquity, Eduard Meyer. After the meal, I began my presentation. I explained how necessary it was for Germany to orientate itself towards the East, how Bolshevism had to be seen as the form under which alone the Russian people had been able to assert its independence, and how it was Germany's misfortune to have evaded the social revolution. My remarks annoyed most of the audience. Heinrich von Gleichen was outraged; he hissed at Ullmann when he saw him applauding, asking whether he was aware of the betrayal of conservative ideas he was committing with his approval. Gleichen then left the room, slamming the door behind him. A few other listeners joined him.

The presentation was followed by a discussion. The objections were mild

I had formulated my position on the subject, but I could not disguise the irreconcilable factual opposition. Eduard Meyer, of course, came to me, took me aside and said that, on the whole, he was in complete agreement with me. He was in Moscow at the celebration

of the Moscow Academy of Sciences and had been

I got the impression that something new and great was emerging here. Then he told me with good humour how the Soviet foreign commissar Tschitscherin had said to him that the Germans didn't understand revolution. The Soviet

The worker carries everything he has with him in a small cloth. So he is ready for any brave deed. The German worker, however, trembles for his parlour; when the shots of the civil war are fired in the street, the worker's wife shouts in horror: "I hope no bullet goes into our vertico! " If German workers were to storm a railway station, a worker would surely step up to the front before the attack and say: "Please kindly inform the commandant that we have not yet bought a platform ticket. " Eduard Meyer was obviously convinced that if Germany's existence was to have any real meaning, it would need a revolution.

Assessor Hütter was badly affected by his conspiracy. Hugenberg transferred him to the post of rapporteur in Belgrade. A strong mistrust of Ullmann, Fischer and Schmahl remained alive.

When the bourgeois intelligentsia realised that the bourgeoisie was longing for a model camp of socialist period costumes, it immediately flooded the market with models of the "socialist man". When you looked at the clothes of poets, artists, writers, philosophers and scholars, they were suddenly swarming with socialists. The Marxist labour force had once intended to materially expropriate the boiirgeoisie; long before it had done so, it had been spiritually expropriated by bourgeois snappers. All at once the bourgeois lectured the worker on what socialism was and what a straight-laced socialist was obliged to think. The bourgeois intelligentsia invented as many socialisms as the big bourgeoisie needed for the purposes of abuse and deception. The worker could no longer be seen with his old-fashioned socialist heirloom next to the fashionable stuff that the flimsy bourgeois "socialists" brought onto the market; this fresh socialist commodity was seldom plastered with the educational material of its bourgeois origins.

The first bourgeois "sociologist" of authoritarian ilalibers who opened the Scelenfang was Oswald Spengler. He had made a great name for himself as a pessJmistic citizen; all the more

It was easier to believe that he was pregnant with sincere socialist attacks against bourgeois society. His book had persuaded the entire middle class to have no more hope for itself and, under the pressure of the times, to leave everything to Caesar, who was in cahoots with the thin layer of the very richest people; the book acted as an opium that lulled the middle and smaller citizens into accepting inflation and the establishment of the upper middle-class dictatorship without doing anything, as an inevitable fate. In *PreuJeniuiiii and socialism*, the frontline socialist youth was taught Karl Marx; here Spengler was the teacher of that socialism which led by a piquant diversions into the maw of heavy industry. It cannot be said that he went to excessive lengths to disguise the fraud he was orchestrating. "The word socialism," he wrote in the introduction, "does not describe the deepest but the loudest question of the time. Everyone uses it. Everyone means something different. Everyone puts into this buzzword of all buzzwords what they love or hate, fear or desire. " He bluntly set the task: "The task is to free German socialism from Marx. German socialism, because there is no other. This is another insight that can no longer remain hidden. We Germans are socialists, even if we had never spoken of it. The others can't be." A bold trick was intended to dupe the German youth. Spengler's Prussian socialism was the bolt that closed the German house to any serious socialist who would not allow himself to be fooled by a capitalist "X" for a socialist "U". Spengler's socialism is the old authoritarian state once again, which the worker has to blindly parry. "The old Prussian spirit and the socialist attitude, which today hate each other with the hatred of brothers, are one and the same." The Prussian bureaucrat is the model socialist. "Socialisation means the long transformation of the worker into an administrative official, which will take decades to complete ... The Prussian Beanite type, the first in the world, was bred by the Hohenzollerns. It vouches for the possibility of socialisation through its inherited socialist abilities. For 200 years it has been as a method what socialism is as a task. The worker must grow into this type if he ceases to be a Marxist and thereby begins to become a socialist.

the." The worker is told what features his social world view must take on. "Labour must free itself from the illusions of Marxism. Marx is dead. Socialism as a form of existence is at its beginning, but socialism as a special movement of the German proletariat is at an end. For the worker there is only Prussian socialism or nothing. "

Spenglerian socialism was the demagogic shell that

The socialism of which *Moeller* spoke so much in *the break* wanted to put the patriarchal patriarchy back into circulation. Moeller's German socialism was more Prussian than Spengler's in the sense that it was more feudal-medieval.

"What we understand by German socialism," said Moeller, "is rather a corporate conception of the state and the economy, which may have to be enforced by revolutionary means, but will then be conservatively bound. We call Friedrich List a German socialist because his foreign policy thinking was so thoroughly economic in nature. And in the domestic political sphere, the idea of the professions goes back to Baron vom Stein, just as the idea of councils goes back to the guild system of the Middle Ages. "

These are feudal memories and medieval visions.

Spengler's socialism is a trap that one falls into, Moeller's a mood that one lets oneself be caught by. But the fact that Moeller's socialism, despite its feudal Prussian romanticism, is also only capped imperialism, is something its author innocently reveals himself:

" German socialism* is now realising too late that imperialism would be the best social reform for an overpopulated nation. " In this, Moeller agrees with Spengler - and incidentally also with Cecil Rhodes.

Blood and soil was the mystical secret of German socialism, obedience and discipline its practical ideal, the common good its formative desire, private property its taboo. Hitler's *Mein Kampf* translated Spengler's Prussian and Moeller's German socialism into the language of the intellectually poor. If a new note became noticeable, it was merely the addition of cynicism, which the late Speng-

* Moeller is referring here to Marxist socialism

ler and the sudden German socialist Sombart: they made no bones about the fact that the flags of that socialism which they had unfurled were intended to lure the heaps of the agitated masses into dead ends until the endlessly misled, exhausted, refrained from actually storming the capitalist fortresses.

Soinhart's German socialism revolved around the idea of planning and autarky, which is tailor-made for the average farmer and the moderate entrepreneur who only produces for the domestic market. The idea of planning and autarky can fulfil both a socialist and a capitalist function; it depends on who is in charge of economic planning. One can plan in such a way that private monopolies are created all around, and one can organise autarky in such a way that money flows to the private monopolists. It was exclusively in this sense that Sombart's German socialism understood the idea of planning and autarky; there was to be planning that would sideline the private entrepreneur, and autarky that would eliminate private profit could not be allowed to come into existence.

Sombart's *German Socialism* was the most impudent way of ridiculing socialism, the "demand of the century".

Sombart's socialism is also concerned with obedience and discipline; it is "social normativism".

Where social life is determined by obligatory norms 'which owe their origin to a general reason rooted in the political community and find their expression in the *nomos*: that is socialism. Every prohibition: No smoking! Don't light up before the train stops! Don't pick flowers! is just as much socialism as every state commandment: Walk on the right! Pay taxes! Keep your mouth shut!"

The *resistance* set itself the goal of thwarting the *great* betrayal manoeuvre of *German socialism*.

In 1924 my two brochures *Der Weg der deutschen Arbeiterschaft zum Staat* and *Grundfragen deutscher Außenpolitik* were published. On the basis of these publications, the leaders of the Hofgeismar circle of Young Socialists approached me. The Young Socialists were a social democratic organisation; one of their wings had met in Hofgeismar to discuss the question of the position towards the nation. Professors Radbruch, Nölting and Heimann had given speeches and the conference had ended with an explicit statement on the nation. Within the Social Democratic Party, this group was viewed with a shy eye. Some of the leaders of the Hofgeismar circle were sons of respected Social Democratic party members. At their head was the son of the miners' association secretary: Osteroth. Franz Osteroth was a calm man, surprisingly relaxed for his years, ambitious and well-read. Reading Max Weber had made a strong impression on him. His thoughts centred on the concept of the *Cönrad* in particular. His nature was soft, and when he found himself in a real conflict situation, there was no real firmness about him.

One of the most remarkable figures in the circle was Benedikt Obermayer, the son of a Dortmund public servant. Obermayer was a combinatorial mind who possessed the ability to track down backgrounds. He was driven by strong ambition and was one of those people who set their sights on their goal and pursued their career with determination. In the early years, he joined me closely; when he realised that he was spoiling his chances within the Social Democratic Party, he became unfaithful to me. Despite this, I later offered him a position as an editor at the Dresden *People's Stunt*. As long as I held down my opponents there, he went with me; when he saw that I was preparing to leave the battlefield, he abandoned my cause. He never formally joined the resistance; he once said that he didn't want to belong to "an organisation that might one day throw bombs". Despite this fear x-or bombing she-

After the fall of the Soviet Union, he moved to East Prussia and became an agitator for the anarchist-revolutionary rural people's movement. After 1933 he became secretary of the Reichsnährstand.

Another man in the circle was Jacobsen, a rationalist who was one of the first labour students to be allowed to enter the university. Walther Oschilewski also played a role within the circle. Oschilewski had a talent for writing, he wrote novellas, lyrical poems and literary essays. He could not be relied upon, he was subject to stylistic changes and always proved to be unstable and weak in character. Politically, he alternated between right-wing and left-wing positions, later made concessions to national socialism and ended up as a loyal and pliable social democrat. He fared badly economically, only occasionally earning a small fee. I endeavoured to promote his intellectual development.

Most of the members of the Hofgeismar district visited in Berlin's School of Politics. I made contact with its director, Dr Simons, the son of the former President of the Reichsgericht and Reich Foreign Minister, and had discussions with Dr Wolfers, a Swiss national who was in charge of the academic management of the Hochschule für Politik. Simons gave me permission to use a room at the university for the circle's meetings. We gathered there every week for lectures and discussions. Representatives from a wide range of political views spoke.

I had in mind making the circle the basis of a magazine. The young friends agreed, and we discussed for a long time what name we should give the foundation. I suggested the name *Widerstand (Resistance)*. At first, nobody liked it. Some people said it reminded them of electricity; resistors are built into electrical appliances. Others were good citizens; they were afraid that such a name would cause offence with the police. My basic idea was to openly express a tendency in the very name of the magazine. I saw how the reparations obligation could be used as an effective propaganda and agitation tool to politically whip up the petty bourgeois classes. When clever backers used this bait, they were able to create a mass base for their dark

plans. Labour, I explained, was the part of the people on whose shoulders the whole burden would ultimately be placed. If anyone was entitled to protest against the reparations, it was the labour force. They would then take the political lead over the petty bourgeoisie and probably also the small and medium-sized farmers. It would be taking on a national mission. But of course the fight against reparations should not get stuck in the sphere of superficial patriotism. Reparations were measures of extortion on the part of capitalist powers. German capitalists also participated in this exploitative business as the front men of foreign countries. Reparations had to be presented symbolically as a manifestation of human exploitation in general and the fight against reparations had to be conducted fundamentally as a fight against world capitalism. In this way, the struggle against reparations would not take on the colouring of a national-chauvinist drive, but would take on the character of a world revolutionary movement. It would then be self-evident that contact would be established with Soviet Russia, which was committed to the European Revolution and was the only power to have renounced its reparations claims against Germany in Rapallo.

It was with this attitude and spirit that I launched the *Widerstand* as a monthly magazine. At first the magazine was a small leaflet, printed on poor quality paper, without a cover. I didn't have any money and was only interested in the young friends' industriousness, how much they were able to sell on the streets. As unimpressive as the common face of the *Zeitschrift* was, it still aroused interest. Subscribers increased and, what was particularly interesting, it was mostly intellectually trained animals who could be won over to the *IVirffft*. He penetrated into allied circles and determined the spirit there in the opposite direction to Stresemann's western-orientated Locarno Politil'. From the year 1917 onwards, I was able to analyse the scope of the time and also give it a cover. From year year, her outward appearance became more beautiful, and the subscriber base increased steadily.

19 i 8 I took steps to found my own publishing house, the *Widerstandsverlag*. The aim of the publishing house was to have an impact beyond the magazine by publishing appropriate literature in the spirit of the resistance movement. Of course, not all publications needed to present the ideas I was interested in in a concentrated and sharpened form. In addition, the book publisher had to raise the money needed to finance the magazine. The *Widerstand* was one of the very rare German magazines that was not subsidised by any organisation, party, interest group, authority, office or private individual; it stood completely on its own two feet. At the same time, I restricted my personal management to the utmost in order to have enough money to continue the *resistance*. When I founded the publishing house, I had no experience in the book trade. As a result, I initially experienced a number of business failures. My first priority was to publish my book *Gedanken über die deutsche Politik* as a fundamental work for resistance work.

In order to indicate from the outset the level to which the publisher was aiming and at the same time to attract the attention of the bourgeois intelligentsia among whom the journal was to advertise, I took the publishing risk of republishing Ranke's *Die Geschichte Preussens*. A translation of the beautiful *Maclisavelli* book by Prezzolini followed. Important authors, such as Otto Petras, Hans Bäcker, H. Mencken, Wilhelm Lehmann, Wilhelm Puffl, Max Bense and Friedrich Georg Jünger, entered the circle of the *Widerstand*. Friedrich Georg Jünger's poetry book contained a

poem *Der 7. Oktober*, which in the year 1934 was one of the boldest attacks against the National Socialist regime. Of course, the publishing production centred on the *resistance* magazines and my books. *Resistance* reached its peak during the Hitler era in the years

1933-1934. Throughout the two years until the ban in December 1934, the *Widerstand* was one of the sharpest public weapons openly used against the Third Reich.

were set. Here the struggle was continued that had already been widely publicised in my brochure *Hitler, ein deutsches Verhängnis* in 1932. Even in the year 1935

nor did the publisher express its hostile attitude towards the Third Reich. My pamphlet *Im Dienste der Pakte* gave the reader to understand that Hitler was driving inexorably towards war; my book *Die Dritte Imperiale Figur* (The Third Imperial Figure) gave a barely veiled acknowledgement of the planned-economy principle. Heide's publications were confiscated and banned by the Gestapo soon after their publication; but before this happened, several copies of *The Third Imperial Figure* had been distributed by subscription. It was in the

The publishing house had been suffering from increasing economic difficulties since 1931. The booksellers feared the confiscation of books from the publishing house.

They also feared Gestapo intervention if they offered the publisher's publications. Even those booksellers who, before 1933, sold the brochure *Hitler, ein deutsches*

The business relationships between the two companies collapsed.

The publishers severed their ties with the publishing house, if they did not even convert to fascist-socialism and directly agitated against the fascist success.

It can hardly be denied that the resistance publishing house fulfilled an important function during the Hitler era. Amidst the coercion and atrocities of a terrorist dictatorship was the *Verlag*, until its destruction in 1934, a platform on which the Communist was still unabashedly of freedom of thought and criticism.

I needed a producer for the *Verlags*. I wanted to find a graphic designer who could give my publications an appealing and winning look with good taste. Somewhere along the line I was introduced to A. Paul Weber from Berlin. He came to my attention through a drawing in the *Sommersblätter*, which ironically turned against the *Stalhelm*. Sitting around a table were cosy players with the steel helmet emblems, and the caption was a quote from a letter held by Seldte: "We are not a bunch of excited young men." Weber's work could often be found in youth magazines. He illustrated books and designed book covers for the Berlin publishing house G. Grottel. One of his first works was the illustration of Gustav Frenssen's *Der Budde*

Peter Mohr's Fsöri incö *Siidwest*. I got in touch with Weber and he agreed to work on the publishing house.

Weber was a tall, slim man with a long, narrow head, all black hair and a black goatee. He had an exotic appearance, one could have mistaken him for an Arab. The shape of his skull was reminiscent of a horse. There was nothing intellectual about him, he was immediately perceived as the instinctive being that he really was. Once, when he had spent a night together with the two disciples, Schauwecker and Hielscher, Hielscher exclaimed: "You're a real forest rascal!" There was something right in this characterisation; the elemental in Weber was unmistakable; if there was anything left to be desired, it was merely the extent, the fullness of this elementary nature.

Contact was soon established between us; Weber presented me with a series of works that I enjoyed. I asked him to work out some drafts for the publishing projects for me, such as the book cover for Ranke's *Twelve Books of Prussian History* and the one for my *thoughts on German politics*. He was also to work out a publisher's signet.

Some time later, I visited him in Nikolasberg. We agreed that he should contribute a political satirical drawing every month for the *resistance*. It was agreed that I should give him the motif each time; he would then translate it into pictures. His first drawings were primitive and childlike; gradually he developed his own special style.

In the meantime, however, many things had changed. Our originally purely business relationship had turned into a warm friendship. I had warm feelings for him and took a sincere interest in his fate. Every month, when the drawing for the *resistance* was due, he came to see me, first in Dresden and later in Berlin. He designed a new outfit for the *resistance*, became my confidant in all matters and finally joined me as co-editor of the *resistance*.

In the meantime, through me, he had made the acquaintance of a major Hamburg merchant who gave him many rewarding commissions. He was allowed to paint the youth hostel on Knievsberg, and later the Joseph Haydn Youth Hostel in the

Burgenland, as well as the youth hostel in Schwarzburg. He later moved to the Brümmerhof manor house on the Lüneburg Heath, which had been offered to him by the great merchant. He was able to work here without a place and without worries, and the resistance publishing house benefited greatly from him. He became well known through his advertising drawings and, conversely, many people turned to the resistance publishing house because Weber had something to say to them. At times, my wife and I visited Weber at the Brümmerhof and met up with friends there.

The strength of Weber's talent lay in graphic art. Stylistically, he was not entirely original; one could recognise the traces of the models he followed, Goya, Daubigny, Doré, Menzel and Kubin had taught him all kinds of things. He was attracted by the demonic and liked to indulge in wild fantasies. His strokes were delicate, he drew his ominous 'peoples' with an unrivalled certainty. His drawings for my Hitler brochure, especially the coffin picture, were of immense prophetic power and were certainly among the best he had ever done. He also worked as a wood carver and had a happy hand.

Even after 9 I he persisted in his opposition to Hitler. He wanted to produce secret leaflets with scathing satires against the men of the Third Reich.

In - 9 I I suggested that Weber organise an exhibition of his work at the Brümmerhof. In this way, I wanted to create an opportunity to organise a camouflaged resistance exhibition.

to be able to organise the conference. From all parts of the empire, and from Gdansk, members of the resistance arrived.

I gave a lecture on Weber's artistic work as a training of our political intentions; we had also invited members of the estate and local residents to the lecture. We sat down with the insiders and discussed our political concerns and plans.

In 1937, with the help of the government councillor Tröger and through the help of the Italian customs officers, we crossed the

At the border, the Italian customs officers stole Weber's rucksack with the painting materials. We stopped in Bolzano to restock the material for the trip. From Bolzano we took our trip over 9 "rient, Lake Garda, Verona, Modena, Florence, Volterra, Siena, Oristano, Viterbo and Rome. From Rome we travelled to Naples and Sorrento, visited

From there, he travelled to Capri, Pompeii, Vesuvius and finally Paestum. Weber enjoyed the splendours of Italy to the full. He had great intentions for Paestum. The ancient Greek temples were to provide him with exquisite motifs. For a long time he was undecided as to what he should put on canvas. Tröger and I said we didn't want to disturb him and preferred to take a bath. We left him alone with the temple and drove to a remote spot on the coast. When we returned, we didn't see Weber either in the ruins themselves or in the immediate vicinity. We searched for him for a long time and finally discovered him in a meagre meadow in front of his stables. But what was it that he was painting in Paestum? It was a cute little donkey. We laughed heartily at the fact that he had travelled to Paestum to portray a donkey. The return journey went via Perugia, Ferrara and Venice. As Weber's mother had died, we travelled back to Germany more quickly than we had intended.

At the beginning of 93 6, I had the impression that Weber was distancing himself from the work of the IVI. He wanted to take care of his large family. Weber stopped coming to Berlin, the letters became less frequent and I began to dislike their tone.' 9j he was also arrested. After his release from Nuremberg Gestapo prison - he was not given a trial he produced the England book for the Nibelungen publishing house, which, in the effective style of his drawings, now served Hitler's propaganda against England.

Next '94s the English forgave him, and Weber received issue the licence again.

4

When I spoke, as I did, of "resistance", the question naturally arose as to which tendencies and powers should actually be resisted. The resistance was directed against the main tendency that has characterised German responsible politics since the collapse of

9' 8 was obviously dominated by the willingness to integrate into Western Europe. One cabinet may have been stronger

In both cases, the aim of German post-war policy was to become a part of Western Europe.

Stresemann believed he had reached his goal in the Locarno Pact

be. He strove for the economic union of German coal with French steel; the West German and French monopolistic industrialists wanted to harmonise German and French politics in order to give free rein to the economic fusion of French and German heavy industries. They loved to call this Franco-German union the realisation of Pan-Europe. From the outset, Pan-Europe was designed for military confrontation with Soviet Russia. The idea of "Pan-Europe" had a malignant anti-Bolshevik ulterior motive.

Resistance to this policy of understanding took hold.

solution. If Germany was going to make a political choice, it should - that was the idea behind the resistance movement - decide in favour of the East. This political position was also a social decision against the capitalist bourgeoisie.

The attitude of resistance attempted to build bridges to bourgeois society, its institutions and its value standards; the fate of dispossession or the threat of dispossession that bourgeois society, according to 1916, had imposed on peasants,

The spiritual and dependent strata that had been evoked by the made the decision easier for them; they had hardly any economic interest in the bourgeois order. The

Since 1919, the bourgeois order had acted as an instrument of the Treaty of Versailles against the German people. Germany's cause was in the hands of those who were against the

The people's solidarity with the citizen was also regarded as fraternisation with the lost enemy of the country.

The citizen in this sense was characterised by his attitude to the question of private property and to Ruriland.

If 1919 affirmed the principle of unrestricted private property, then the rights of the foreign creditor against the German full were confirmed. Russian Bolshevism had not abolished the restriction of private property as such; it had only narrowed the scope of goods that could be acquired through the establishment of private property to a minimum for the sake of state necessity. In the view of the resistance movement, to be German meant to restrict that perimeter to the utmost for reasons of German self-preservation.

Russia was the centre of the counter-Versailles world; it had taken upon itself all the consequences that 1919 Versailles

could be spared. That was the model for my resistance movement.

The bourgeois principle of private property was interpreted as an entangling fetter on German freedom. If private property was sacred, then all efforts to shake off privatised tribute burdens lacked a basis for redress.

Turning away from the Vest meant at the same time turning away from the bourgeois-capitalist principle and leaning towards world revolutionary Russia.

Of course, the idea of resistance, as I had conceived it, had an even broader meaning, which was to be applied to all my political considerations, deliberations, plans and objectives.

was the reason for this. The French Revolution of 1789 caused a shift in emphasis within the European-Western sphere. Feudal lords and "high wealthy" citizens had been part of the occidental world; power and political reprisal shifted from the aristocrats to the citizens.

They had always been both Westerners and Europeans.

The Russian Revolution of 1917 was a completely different story. What took place here lay entirely within the Western sphere. The depth and breadth of this transformation can be summarised with The rise of Christianity can be compared to the invasion of Roman society. From a sociological point of view, the slaves and the "barbarian peoples, who both went hand in hand, rose up at that time. In the great political-revolutionary events, there is always and everywhere a peculiar principle that can be described as the principle of 'ste11representation'. One personality, one social group acts and speaks for a large, comprehensive movement. It does this until a historical process is completed. Then the "unity block", which had formed during the revolutionary events, falls apart again into its special components.

For example, first the upper middle classes acted on behalf of the middle classes in general, and in the next stage the middle and lower middle classes acted on behalf of the upper middle classes.

small bourgeoisie at the same time for the entire French peasantry. The Jaliobins in the cities seemed to be and want the same things as the Jacobins in the countryside. }

From the very beginning of the Marxist movement, the industrial proletariat to grow into a great historical proxy coalition. This proletariat was a product

of the capitalist-technological age; in the form in which it appeared in the 9th century, it had not yet appeared in Europe before that year.

had never existed before. It was a new social class that had fallen out of the traditional European sphere. Thus, in the sense of the year, it was hostile to the existing Europe, it declared war on the representative European, the citizen, it was filled with "class hatred" and waged "class struggle". The proletarian class struggle was a preliminary stage of a much larger and approaching struggle, a struggle against Europe as such. But

it could not develop to its full extent before 1914. It was not until after the First World War, when Europe was in a liquidation process had begun, the situation had arisen which made it possible to attack Europe on the broadest front.

This attack began in 1917 in Russia. Here, too, the proletariat played the active leading role, as was in the nature of things. It soon became apparent that the proletariat was also

accepted by the peasant masses as the savior of his affairs. In its inner spirit, the Russian workers' and peasants' state was a thoroughly anti-European creation. As a result, it was not long before this Russian workers' and peasants' state was recognised as a trustee by the colonial peoples of Asia and, here and there, Africa. An anti-European front emerged on a global scale, which entered into a life-and-death confrontation with Europe.

The European labour force played a strange role in this. When the fronts had formed on a global scale and the struggle between Europe and anti-Europe began to take on unprecedented forms, it became clear that the labour force of the European countries contained too many European elements to be able to hold its own in the anti-European front; this European labour force deserted to the European front when the big decisions were put on the agenda. The course that things will take in the future is absolutely clear. Europe can hardly be helped back on its feet, its decline and fall seem unstoppable. The Russian-Asian bloc contains so much energy that the future will probably belong to it.

At this moment, a valid problem arises:

Is there a way to carry over the best European cultural values into the new era? Ancient Rome once faced a similar problem. The educated Romans looked down on the Christians with disdain. Their pride perceived Christianity as a mob and barbarian thing. In fact, the church fathers look primitive enough next to Cicero. But then it happened that ancient Greece, in the **form** of Neoplatonism, penetrated Christian metaphysics, that Roman legal thought and Roman legal and administrative institutions penetrated the Christian church. The Christian religion and the Christian church were "cultivised"; they were spiritualised by the ancient heritage. This heritage did not perish, but rather was continued in the Christian religion and the Christian church. "cancelled".

Is it possible, one must ask, to bring the best part of the Western-European heritage into the newly emerging Russian-Asian world? In the deepest sense, this was the question posed by the resistance movement. Old Prussia, which had never been fully absorbed into the Occident, seemed to be an instrument for transferring Occidental values to the Eastern world. If the entire German people understood this task, their existence could still gain a deep historical meaning. *It was Hitler's intention to defeat this possibility.*

The western part of Germany continues on the path that Stresemann had taken and Hitler had followed to the bitter end, in that he wants to integrate himself unreservedly into the West and thus open up a deep gulf against the East, a gulf that cannot be bridged but must end in hostile clashes. Eastern Germany, however, is too weak in itself to be able to carry the Western heritage into the East on its shoulders. Its fate in its isolation will be to sink completely into the East, to be absorbed by it.

But in the hostile clash between the Western world and the Eastern world, it will be inevitable that all remnants and values of Europe will be completely destroyed and pulverised.

In my book *Gedanben über deutsche Politik* I laid the foundation for this attitude of resistance. In my later book *Entscheidin g*, I raised the question of the political, social, economic and cultural orientation of the German

Vollies arif; should it seek to regain its freedom shoulder to shoulder with the E^h ast or with the East?

In order to gain access to the hearts of bourgeois intellectual youth, the idea of Potsdam was invoked. The means of propagating ideology, which the upper middle class had used when it gave the concept of socialism a content that would lure the rebellious bourgeois youth back onto an anti-Bolshevik track, was now used against the upper middle class: a nationalist idea was filled with an anti-capitalist, anti-civil sense.

As a Junker state, Prussia had always stood apart from Europe proper. This anti-European tendency of Prussia, its hostility to Europe, could now be undermined and cultivated. Instead of Junker rule, it could be traced back to a new system of order, the national-Bolshevik system. If Prussian national Bolshevism aroused Europe, what harm did it do - it had always been Prussia's destiny to abuse Europe.

The Preufian idea of service had always stood in sharp contrast to the bourgeois-liberal attitude. The anti-bourgeoisie in itself could be labelled as preufaic; thus national bolshevism could successfully slip into the preufiic skin. It was able to pathetically claim the 'right of way':

"Whoever waives the Prussian flag no longer has anything that belongs to him."

After the capitulation of the Reichsxvchr or Hitler, the Prussian idea could no longer have any effect. From then on, Hitlerism appeared to be the final consequence of the Potsdam idea. I learnt the lesson from this in the Third *Prussian Parliament*. I let the idea of Potsdam Evie drop a used mask and no longer hid the fact that its real I(ern iiiimer was the plangedan1:c that had found its most logical embodiment in h4osliau.

Beyond the immediate daily political and current political objectives, my resistance work had a deeper and more general purpose. Since the year

9 y am convinced that the civil society IVelt, the Abendland, the decomposition anhcimf all, since li 7¥sien its or-

I believe that this process is taking place in the most diverse areas of life and in the most diverse forms. This process, I thought, appeared in the most diverse areas of life and in the most diverse forms. Since then, I had come to see the Russians as the sadi-holders of the great Asian claim on Europe.

Of course I knew that the masses, the people, are not immediately capable of acting, but need bodies to carry out the actions. These organs are the elites that every age has created. In feudal times, these elites were formed by the landowners, in bourgeois times by the private owners. The legitimisation of these elites was based on the fact that they were allowed to claim that they were acting "on behalf of God" or "in the name of the people". Land ownership and mobile property were at the same time power, through which the masses, for whom they were supposedly acting, could be brought to their knees.

Now it was my basic conviction that there is only one elite that is truly legitimised to rule. The elite I am referring to was the elite of the spirit. The power of the spirit is not arbitrary and material, as is the power of property or mobile assets. It has its vocation in the excellent human being himself. It is an absolutely natural, uncorrectable and inalienable fact. Landowners and property-owning citizens try to corrupt the intellectual elite, to coerce them into their service, to seduce them into selling their inheritance for a lentil dish. Plato saw this situation clearly; he proclaimed the right of the intellectual elite to rule. The Catholic Church was an attempt to assert the right of the intellectual elite.

But the course of history has shown that the pure spirit cannot attain power directly. Thus it could not escape the fate of becoming subservient to landed property or the ownership of money and, in alliance with these outwardly material foundations of power, gain a share in dominion. The formulae of *throne and altar, property and education* were based on this combination. Where, one may ask, is the substantial means that enables the spirit to establish its direct rule? This is where the propertyless mass gains its special significance. This mass is always threatened by the possession of land or money.

to be oppressed and exploited. The power of 64, which simply lies in the existence of the masses, cannot have an immediate effect. The situation changes when this mass

to the awareness of the power and force living in it (class consciousness). It must also produce an image of the world and society in which it mentally anticipates the place it deserves. It is up to the intellectual elite to ignite the self-consciousness of the masses and to provide them with this image of the world and society. By accomplishing this feat, the intellectual elite becomes the head of the masses and is accepted as such by the class. In the Catholic Church, the intellectual elite of the priests offered the masses this image of the world and society in the form of religious ideas and gave the class even more of a gift.

with a certain degree of self-consciousness in the form of the " Being a child of God".

The time when religious ideas were truly alive is over. What the intellectual elite achieved in earlier centuries with the help of religious ideas can now only be achieved with intellectual, "secularised" ideas. The socialist "thought" world is happy to fulfil the function towards the masses that Christianity has always performed. It provides the dogmas with the help of which the minds of the class can be orientated and brought under the suggestive power of the intellectual elite. Bolshevik Russia entered history as the great icon rival of the Catholic Church; from the outset, Bolshevism wanted to offer the intellectual elite a great opportunity to establish its rule. Land ownership and monetary property were no longer to be a means of acquiring power over the masses; only the power of the spirit, which cast a spell over the masses, was to be allowed to exercise rule in the future,

In the Catholic Church, the priests had made many alliances with land and money, they had provided assistance to the land and money aristocrats, thereby betraying and betraying the value and pure interest of spiritual power. That is why Bolshevism disempowered the priestly Elite.

The basis of the battle, which is thus decided in the weight of the class, gives the intellectual elite, in so far as it can win the support and devotion of the masses, the prospect of a great political position. The help of the class

it can throw the landed and moneyed elite out of the saddle. The seductive power of the communist idea on some intellectual classes is due to the opportunity that this idea seems to offer the power of the mind, especially in view of the tasks posed by the development and mastery of the technical machinery of production.

However, it has a dangerous rival in the form of egotistical and dishonour-seeking elements who have established themselves at the level of the private masses and are able to win them over not through disinterested care, but through irresponsible promises and promises of happiness. It is the demagogues who, with the help of pseudo-dogmas and pseudo-ideologies, turn the heads of the masses and spoil the intellectual elite's great ambition to establish a reign of reason and morality. The Hitler Reich was an example of the triumph of demagogues over intellectual elites.

The demagogue is the distorted image of the spiritual leader; he outstrips him and yet only chases the rabbit into the kitchen of a landlord or bourgeois elite. He does not pave the way for the rule of the intellectual elite, but thwarts it.

So the modern intellectual elite has to deal with two opponents: the religious priests and the rabble-rousing demagogues. I was on the side of what I called the intellectual elite, always saw their work as unspeakably endangered and was constantly aware of the threat posed by the rabble-rousing demagogues. In my resistance circles, I sought to create such an intellectual elite; I did not think the time had come for direct contact with the masses.

It can be argued that a large part of the German people fell under the suggestion of the Prussian idea and the Prussian institutions because they believed that they fulfilled secret inclinations and needs, as if they were a way of life to which they felt attached from within. The fact that the Prussian aristocracy had based its leadership essentially on land ownership was obscured. It also benefited from the fact that it was not linked to the bourgeois social order. The sword nobility, the *Illrieger* caste, even carried a pronounced contempt for the moneyed classes.

power and the bourgeois concept of property. The sword nobility thus appeared to be an elite detached from any substantial foundation. The nobility of the sword was recommended as a role model for a youth that was tired of the bourgeois world; since it seemed to be beyond all material interests, it formed the analogue of a spiritual elite; it was all the easier to understand it as a variety of a spiritual elite because it invoked the principle of the soldierly spirit, a pseudo-spiritual principle. This was the point at which the idea of Potsdam became significant for my resistance movement.

An overview of German history had taught me that this history had been quite un(ick)lich. The central parental empire had degenerated into a monster that had existed for centuries. The new empire of i S y i had been caught up in the disaster of the first world war and was drifting towards catastrophe,

which entered 94s. Was this by chance? I answered this question in the negative. It seemed to me that the German people had been forced into sociological forms of life that were not suited to them. The aristocratic forms of constitution had given it the swampiness and

the misery of the old empire; the bourgeois life

These forms of behaviour had brought about the collapse of the Third Reich and revealed their unhinged character in the form of the Third Reich. The West and the Euro

pbic values were for the German national body, like the

Events of i So6 (liquidation of the old empire), i9 i S ufld I Q4 proved deadly poison. The aristocrats took part in the doom, of which they were the existential authors, just as-

he citizens are at fault for the disastrous disaster they caused in 98 and 94. The beneficiary of Cinc's quagmire is not an enemy of the quagmire and has no

I felt the urge to defy it. My opposition to aristocratic and b(irger)lidie forms of life stemmed from a consideration of this kind: they seemed to me to be the cause of German I^f erderbcns, the German Daseinsverfehlung.

My extra-political orientation was related to my realisation of the German fate of the "Da- seinsvcrfclilung". The ÄVesten, the Abcndland, bradite Germany experienced ahrungsgcm.ili disputes, collapses. In the East, a people had found the blood to create forms of life that opened up a great future for them; finally, the Bolshcxvisnius, the embodiment of these new forms of life, even carried them,

the Russian people to a world position. I was of the opinion that the German people should cultivate the connection with a people - Bismarck had also had a feeling for this necessity - that showed a good instinct for paths that carried great promise.

I tried to track down the lawfulness that was appropriate for a healthy German existence. I believed I recognised this lawfulness in the rule of an intellectual elite.

I knew that there was something unusual about this view of German affairs, but I could argue that the course of German history had been so unfortunate that one had to conclude that it had been fundamentally wrong.

6

At the beginning of '92, I received an invitation from the Oberland League to speak at Hoheneck Castle near Neustadt an der Aisch. The Bund Oberland had evolved from the Freikorps Oberland. The Oberland Free Corps had been under the command of Captain Beppo Römer and had made a name for itself with its successful storming of the Annaberg. Above all, it was recruited from Bavarian petty bourgeois intellectuals. It had played a leading role in the suppression of the Munich Soviet Republic, but soon afterwards a strange internal development took place in the ranks of the Freikorps. Beppo Römer had made statements that suggested national-communist leanings; he had also made contact with a clever Indian labour leader who was leaning towards communism, Otto Thomas. When this became known, there was a Römer-*l*(rise, in the course of which Beppo Römer resigned from the Freikorps. The Freikorps was transformed into a league under the leadership of Friedrich Weber, a vet and son-in-law of the publisher Lehmann. Weber was an emotional man, without any real decisiveness. '9 23 He let himself go

to take part in the Hitler putsch; he was in the field before the field Herrnhalle marched alongside Hitler. As a result, he was also sentenced to five years in prison for high treason. He served his sentence with Hitler in Landsberg am Lech. At times he shared the same fortress parlour with Hitler.

Later, Weber, who had become critical, turned away from national socialism. One day he visited me in my flat in Charlottenburg and told me that the Bund Oberland felt the need to get in touch with the working class. It no longer wanted to act as a capitalist defence force against the working class. The Bund wanted to examine the arguments that had led me to orientate myself towards the East. My magazine *Widerstand:1* was being read in detail in the circles of the Bund and was making a considerable impression there. He asked me to come to a Bund conference.

I asked him why he had turned his back on Hitler, whom he had once been so close to. He told me that the personal experiences he had had with Hitler in Landsberg had completely disillusioned him. Hitler was a crude patron, reckless and uninhibited towards his surroundings: his neighbourhood education was unbearable. Hitler had shown himself to be able to concentrate enough to read a brochure from beginning to end. I agreed to go to Hoheneck. On my journey to Hoheneck, I stopped off in Nuremberg. There I was received by Dr Drexel and Dr Sondermann. Dr Drexel was an interesting man. During the war he was a lieutenant pilot, then he joined the

USP, then joined the Oberland League; in 1939 he had discovered his lyrical talent. He wrote poetry and performed in cabarets himself. He had folksy art-

He was a student of business, and always struck a balance between the sobriety of the business and the constraints of lyrical verse. He was very diligent, showed unsurpassable prudence and cultivated an enviably skilful hand in everything he tackled. In terms of his intellectual habitus, he undoubtedly belonged to the left; writers like Evie Thomasmann were his equals. He was without any pathos and was one of those people who could cheer up a whole society. His personal charm was unrivalled. He was excellent at dealing with aliens; when later, after 1945, he took over the publishing house of the

Nationalsozialistischer Arbeiterbund, he was soon able to join a Aestheten- und Arbeiterschaft, which, as they say, went through fire for him.

Dr Gustav Sondermann was the editor of the newspaper of the Oberland region. He was a country doctor in Emskirchen, a small town near Ncnstad an der Aisdi. He was one

of those people who have no talent for being happy. He was always on the verge of melancholy, he took everything excessively seriously and was constantly struggling with problems that tore at his heart. He wrote several novels and novels that were published by Cotta. I was warmly welcomed by the two men in person. We travelled to Hoheneck together and I gave a talk that stirred their spirits. A group formed within the association that supported my views. The next year, I was again invited to the Bund conference, this time in Lobeda. Among the guests was Hans Grimm, who had become famous for his novel *Toll ohne Raum*. The head of the organisation was Karl Tröger, who strangely enough was only called Maxl, he was a financial assessor, a man who always had to have and do business around him. The accommodation in the *3urgen*, which the Bund chose for its conferences for romantic reasons, was always primitive and the catering simple. I once gave rise to a cheerful scene. A table saying was regularly recited before the meal. I was asked to say one. I didn't realise that the soup had just been served and the diners' plates were being filled with it. I stood up and said: "Let's do as Lenin said: 'See the deeds and don't despair.' - A hellish roar of laughter broke out, which I couldn't explain at first. I looked at Federal Leader Weber in astonishment; he remarked that this table saying fitted the situation too well; however, in view of the fact of this soup, we needed to be encouraged not to despair.

The conference was attended from Vienna by Dr Heinrich came *on behalf of* the university professor Othmar Spann. Spann had close ties to Prince Starhemberg and the Austrian Heimwehr. The Heimwehr intended to undertake a coup d'état to remodel Austria into a corporative state according to Othmar Spann's recipe. Heinrich had come as an emissary to enlist the help of the Oberland Confederation in this endeavour. The plan that Heinrich was promoting was fantastic dilettantism, it was devoid of political sense, even if it was conceived by professors. I urgently warned against getting involved in such projects. The coup d'état did not materialise.

During an evening walk, I happened to be walking behind Friedrich Weber without being noticed *by* him. I overheard TWeber admonishing a number of his friends against my intention not to be taken in by my idea of an eastward orientation. This signalled the emergence of a conflict within the alliance. I had no intention of causing internal difficulties for the League. Nevertheless, two wings gradually emerged: one that went along with Friedrich IWeber, the other that took up the ideas I represented. A board meeting was convened in Bamberg. I was invited to attend and tried to prevent a split. I implored small friends - in particular Dr Drexel, Tröger and, at the time, Dr Sondermann - not to make life too difficult for the federal leader Weber. However, they wanted to create clear conditions, and they did indeed break up the League at a subsequent meeting of its members. The larger part of the League joined my resistance movement, the smaller part moved closer to Prince Starhemberg. Among those who joined me were the best heads of the League. The Oberlanders who had swung over to my side were highly *committed* to the idea of *resistance*. A close personal friendship developed between Drexel, Trüger and myself. Sondermann slowly withdrew for political reasons; he intended to become a military doctor, which he later achieved. Weber returned to Hitler after 19 33 wilder.

Hans Grimm, who was at the height of his fame at the time, had invited me to visit him in Lippoldsberg after my speech at Hoheneck Castle. Hans Grimm had bought a wing of an old monastery estate and made himself comfortable in it. His wife, a former painter, took care of the household together with a whole series of house daughters, over whom Grimm ran a tightly-regulated household. Grimm took care of all the details of housekeeping; he was able to reweigh the sugar that had been bought from the grocer. His daily routine was pedantically organised. During the **holidays**, he was busy with all sorts of practical matters; from p.m. to i.m. he was in his room working.

He ate around 10 o'clock, and from 4 to 6 o'clock he tended to his
to deal with the post. As he told me, he read very little. He
didn't feel like a theoretical or abstract head at all. After dinner
and in the evenings we got together for in-depth conversations.
One evening we travelled to a small town in the area, to
Northeim, where Grimm read out his new novella *Der Richter
in der Karu*, which he had just written. He had asked me to do
the presentation for the local newspaper, which I did. We left on
good terms and our friendly relations continued for some time.
They only deteriorated when he too was caught up in the
National Socialist wave. Goebbels in particular made an
impression on him. It was on this occasion that he referred to my
work as "front damage". Once he gave a great speech about "civic
honour", which, without mentioning my name, was delivered in
front of

rid of all things against me. After 1933 he initially endeavoured to
be allowed to open a salon in London,
from which he intended to conduct cultural propaganda for the
Hitler Reich among the English. The matter came to a head over
the question of money. He was of the opinion that he could only
keep this salon going if he received a monthly subsidy of 1000
pounds sterling from the Reich government. However, due to the
tight foreign exchange situation, neither the Reich Ministry of
Finance nor Hitler himself were inclined to grant him such a large
subsidy. A few months later, he had had enough of National
Socialism. An acquaintance of Grimm's told me that Grimm had
said that Hitler was only thinking about war, but that he had no
desire to sacrifice his son for the follies of National Socialism.
Immediately after Hindenburg's death, he sent an urgent letter
to the Reich Minister of the Interior, Frick, in which he warned
against combining the offices of Reich President and Reich
Chancellor in one person, Hitler. The Reich President was a
representative who should not be given any responsibility and
should be immune to foreign attacks. Only the responsible
Reich Chancellor should be exposed to such attacks. Grimm's
warning was, like everything reasonable within the Third
Reich, of course thrown to the wind.

After the collapse of 1945, Hans Grimm ostentatiously came out
as a National Socialist. It turned out that he

felt that he belonged to those big-brained gentlemen's club natures who had only taken offence at Hitler because he behaved too plebeian. He could not blame the English for having defeated Germany. He reproached them for having made use of Moscow's help against Germany.

8

Hitler's following was growing rapidly; National Socialists were already sitting in the parliaments and the rise of the party could no longer be recognised. Ida had read Hitler's *Mein Kampf*; it was palpable what was in store for the German people when this adventurous existence conquered power. At first I still doubted that Hitler's propaganda would be successful among the workers. I saw his reserves above all in the national bourgeoisie. Was there a way, I asked myself, to organise this national bourgeoisie against Hitler, to make it immune to Hitler's propaganda? The example of the *Lutheran German Order* showed how a national organisation could be led to take a stand against Hitler. The Order was recruited from the lower middle classes, whose social situation would have made them feel politically at home in the social deniocracy. The federal leader Mahraun had, of course, forged precarious ties with Rechberg; originally, Mahraun planned to transform the Order into the vanguard of the great pan-European anti-Bolshevik action unleashed by the oligarch Lord Deterding, General Hoffmann and Rediberg. In a speech that he described as his "patrol ride to France", he had advocated the idea of Franco-German unification. But the longer he went on, the more he felt that he was not sure of his followers on this path. He succumbed to the pressure of this pressure, and so the League slowly began to move to the left, towards democracy. While it was antagonistic towards the XVeimar Republic, the more its existence was threatened by the bourgeois side, the more it became loyal to it.

Ida, as already crzalilt, was aware of this IVandlung, which was beginning in the Order, as early as 9 z 6 and d r e w attention to it in the *resistance*. Later, the

The Order became a state party with the Democratic Party and appeared in the Reichstag with its own candidates. The original romanticism of the Order evaporated in the immediate day-to-day parliamentary work.

My experiences with the former members of the Oberland League, who had joined the resistance movement, gave me the courage to try to bring the leagues under one anti-Hitler umbrella. The *Stshlhelm* and the *Wehrwolf* came into question in addition to the *7o German organisation*.

The *Lehre ol f* was a splinter group of the *Stahlhelm*; workers and petty bourgeoisie who were inclined towards national revolutionary sentiments had joined forces here in order to avoid being used for the monarchist-reactionary course of the *Stahlhelm*. The *Wefirno//* leader Kloppe was a man without special qualities; he hoped to achieve a political role on the basis of an insubstantial radicalism.

The *Stahlhelni* was a distinctly front-line soldier's organisation, basically a kind of soldiers' association. Its members generally belonged to the well-to-do bourgeoisie, the upper classes of small towns and rural districts. Many were former officers and non-commissioned officers. The leaders of the *Stahlhelm* were Seldte, a Magdeburg seltzer water fountain operator, and the former lieutenant colonel Düsterberg. Seldte belonged to the type of German citizens who were tempted to adapt to the lifestyle of the Prussian Junkers and who were ashamed of their simple bourgeois rock. They did not want to be inferior to the "sword nobility". They saw their real honour in being allowed to serve their king, at least as a reserve officer. Proof of the reliability of their royalist sentiments was to be provided by the jubilant mood in which they went wild at every monarchist celebration or rally. Seldte had written three volumes of war memoirs, which gave a clear picture of his "wet-behind-the-ears" mental state. He was a leader without atmosphere, without depth and without any real intellectual foundation; he had come to the top of the *Stahlhelm* because he was a pure type of the German philistine in uniform. Lieutenant Colonel Düsterberg was more valuable. He was a man of good posture and excellent form. His face was sharply cut, his eagle nose was striking. Later, after Hitler came to power, it became known that he was a full Jew, without

to have known it himself. His parents had converted to Christianity before he was born and had mutually vowed to keep their son's race of origin a secret. It was a terrible awakening for Düstenberg when the National Socialist family book snipers discovered the truth. He, who had proved himself as a brave officer in the First World War, was sent into the desert from one day to the next by his federal leader Seldte. He spent some time in a concentration camp. President Hindenburg freed him from it.

In my efforts to create a unified front for the alliances, the *Stal)hhelm* referred me to Captain Wagner and the federal secretary Dr Brauiveiler. Captain Wagner saw himself as the military brain of the *Stal'lhelni* as its chief of staff. In front of a map, he once explained his military concept to me. We must, he said, act towards Poland in the same way as Bismarck once acted towards Austria. Poland had to be defeated in a blitzkrieg; before any European power had had time to come to its senses, peace had to be concluded with the shattered country. This was the way to regain West Prussia and thus Germany's land alliance with Denmark. I enquired whether the Blitzkrieg recipe was still viable in the age of wireless telegraphy. He smiled superiorly and was certain that he could achieve his goal with such a strategy.

The *Stahlhelin* was closely linked to the Reichswehr. It was regarded and promoted by the army as a military reserve. **Despite** all prohibitions by the Versailleser Vertrag, the *Stayll'ehm* organised military exercises for its young members. Wagner's programme was probably not designed without the knowledge and perhaps not without the help of the Reichswehr's general staff. Dr Brauweiler was a curiosity in the ranks of the *Stahl'el m*: he was not a front-line soldier, but had been a "Drüdeberger" during the first World War - after the *Stahl'elw-* attack. He had acquired diplomatic skills as a syndic in the Untertanerverbands. His self-confidence gave him a considerable edge among the positive spirits of his *Stahl'elw environment*. He was respected as a political mind. Düstenberg once called him "our Bismarck". Brauweiler was clever enough to realise that in the

I was to be lured onto the national Bolshevick track. Given his background and his overall attitude, however, nothing more repugnant could have happened to him. So he was not inclined to support my project from the outset. However, given the circumstances, it did not seem appropriate for him to reject my proposals out of hand. He agreed when I arranged a joint meeting with the other federations.

In order to make the alliances inclined to listen to me calmly, I had provided a negotiator who had great prestige among the blind: August Winnig. The *Stahlhelm* was represented by Düsterberg and Brauweiler, the *Jungdeutsche Orden* by Mahraun, Bormann and Pastenacci, the *Wehrwolf* by Studienrat I (Kloppe).

In my presentation, I described the danger that Hitler represented. This man should not be underestimated; he was jeopardising all the foundations of German political existence without having a vision of order in mind that could promise Germany a better future. His movement threatens to one day wash over everything like a devastating flood. This development could only be stopped if, bridging all differences, labour and the middle classes put up a dam against Hitlerism. All differences of a political, religious, social and economic nature were irrelevant in the face of the catastrophe that Hitler would cause the German people.

The alliances didn't want to see things as seriously as I had portrayed them. They believed in themselves and thought they could be the saviours in times of need. The *Stahlhelm* demanded through the mouth of Dr Brauweiler that everyone should join the *Stahlhelm*, then the danger of Hitler would be averted.

This was of course opposed by the *Jungdeutsche Orden*, which suggested that the *Stahlhelm* was reactionary and that if one wanted to keep Hitler out of power, it would be better to join the *Jungdeutsche Orden*. The stupidity of the alliance's egoism, which became apparent during the meeting, was unbearable. Kloppe, on the other hand, wanted to join the united front without conditions. He had been leaning towards the resistance movement for some time and would have had no qualms about uniting with it. The *Stahlhelm* and the *Young German Order* were the cause of the unification efforts.

Ida learnt the lesson from the failed venture that all attempts to rally the middle classes against Hitler were futile.

A few years later, the same bourgeoisie met with Hitler in Harzburg. In the Harzburg front, they came into contact with him.

pure.

The Young Plan meant the further integration of Germany into the West, it also meant the consolidation of the heavy industrial monopolies and cartels and in itself meant a widening of the gap against the Soviet Union. The impoverishment of the broad masses of the German population seemed inevitable; for the German masses, the Young Plan threatened to become an event of excessive plundering.

The Weimar parties were doing the business of the West just as much as the parliamentary right-wing parties were. In this situation, I came up with an idea which, in the final analysis, was intended as a desperate protest against the direction in which official German politics was moving. An "Action of Youth" could be set in motion, in which the youth declared itself against the old generation and its policies.

It was not easy for me to get to grips with this idea. Basically, I was still of the opinion that it was not the job of young people to make policy. If I put this opinion aside, it was only because the situation was unique. The adoption of the Young Plan had fixed German political development for the unforeseeable future. Future generations would have to bear the consequences of what the present had so disastrously ushered in. In this situation, should the youth, whose destiny it was to bear the consequences of present decisions, not be allowed to raise their voices in protest? The youth should become suspicious of the political parties, they should ask whether they can trust any party at all, in short, they should become the bearers of a political revolutionary movement.

I discussed the plan with various youth organisations, first with the leader of the *Eagles and Falcons*, a teacher from the

Waldenburg region, Fudelko. In public statements, Fudelko had often spoken of the will to renewal that was alive in his covenant; there was no doubt that his followers included young people of excellent spiritual, moral and character. One young theologian, Heinz Baethge, stood out in particular, whose enthusiastic heart seemed ready to take great risks and resolutions. Pudelko assured him that he wanted to examine the plan thoroughly and discuss it with his friends. In fact, however, he went to leaders of bourgeois political parties and discussed with them how the project could be brought down. At that time, one of the main objections to the parties was that they were too much "cowhanded". The youth movement in particular emphasised

their refusal to engage in political horse-trading. Pudelko went against all of his beliefs and principles and engaged in horse-trading that was full of deceit, dishonesty and disloyalty.

After discussions with other youth leaders, I announced a speech at the Landwehrliedertag am Zoo in Berlin. Many youth leaders turned up, headed by Dr Dähnhardt, who played a role in Protestant youth circles. My presentation did not fail to have an effect on the audience. In the discussion, however, Dähnhardt in particular tried to weaken the effect of my words and to fill the youth with misgivings about my plan. It was clear that the youth leagues wanted to support Stresemann's policy.

The youth, who were very much tied to the organisation: the Stahlhelm Youth, the Hitler Youth, the German National Youth, the Social Democratic Youth, had not sent any representatives to the event.

Apart from a few smaller organisations, only the Federation of *Travelling Journeymen*, the youth of the German National Association of Commercial Employees and the Association of German Students actually agreed with me. On the whole, the idea that I had wanted to realise had failed. However, the *Falschenden* GrsrJfen and the Verein Deutscher Studenten now urged me to organise rallies. A Sunday morning was chosen for this. In the north of Berlin, a large number of young people met in a hall and declared their opposition to the Young Plan. In several cities, such as Nuremberg, Ludwigshafen, Augsburg and

Hamburg, young people formed marches with their flags. The police intervened against these marches and broke them up. An elementary revolutionary will to rebel against the German people's ties to the West was not alive in the German youth of the time.

Since the Ban'lenirach had occurred, the German agricultural sector got into great difficulties. In the years previously, not only large landowners but also small farmers had been virtually forced to take out loans by the banks. Schacht had travelled around the country proclaiming that taking out loans was a national duty. The farmers were supposed to use the loans to mechanise their farming. Who wouldn't take it if they could get money easily? Previously, the farmer had always struggled to get the banks to provide him with money; now they threw it at him and he wouldn't have had to be himself if he hadn't taken it.

After the bank crash, however, these loans were cancelled. The general economic crisis put pressure on the price of agricultural products, so that the farmers were unable to repay the loans within the short deadline they had been given. The banks were ruthless in their attacks on the lazy debtors: there were numerous auctions of old farms. Great bitterness arose in the farming community. This bitterness led to revolutionary peasant uprisings, especially in Silesia, Holstein and East Prussia.

The farmers pledged among themselves not to make any offers to increase the size of the farms, not to sell anyone. They gathered together and threatened the bailiffs, eventually setting fire to farms here and there that were to go under the hammer. At the head of the peasant revolt was a farmer from Silesia, Claus Heim. He had a large farm near Meltorf, it may have been around a thousand acres. Claus Heim was a tall, handsome man of striking intelligence. He was filled with a strong sense of independence. He had spent many years of his life in Brazil, where he had acquired a farm. Germany, with its tightly woven network of paragraphs, was a

caused him a great deal of discomfort after his return. He sought alliances with all rebellious movements. He did not come to terms with National Socialism, because Hitler was already preparing to be a slave to the Junkers. Any contact with the revolutionary peasant movement would have compromised Hitler; as a result, he distanced himself from it. This drove Claus Heim close to the Communists. There were many secret connections between him and this party. A daily newspaper *Der hiimp fende Landvolk* was founded in Itzehoe, whose editor was Bodo Uhse, a Silesian officer's son who had joined my resistance movement via the Bund Oberland, then moved on to the Landvolk movement and finally joined the Communist Party.

Claus Heim was supported by a large farmer from I4olstein, Hamkens. He led the moderate Flügcl, which wanted to avoid contact with Hitler at all costs. The East Prussian part of the movement was led by a landowner, Doepner, who owned about 600 acres near Gumbinnen. Claus Heim also got in touch with me, and I saw an opportunity here to involve part of the farming community in the resistance front. I took part in many confidential meetings and once organised a fortnight-long meeting trip through East Prussia, during which I spoke to farmers in the villages every day.

The Schleswig wing became increasingly radical and ended up organising bomb attacks. Claus Heim was arrested; he was found to have some links to explosives offenders and was sentenced to five years in prison. He was sent to Celle to serve his sentence. He was treated well there and provided with valuable literature. This conviction did little to damage his reputation among the farmers.

ig 3z I travelled through Schleswig-Holstein. On this occasion, I visited the well-known writer Gustav Frenssen.

Frenssen was an old man who lived in the village of Barlt in a small house inherited from his parents. Frenssen had previously been a pastor in Heims' home parish. He told us what a great man Heims was.

e father had been. He had never gone to church, and He constantly mocked the priest. On one occasion he had

he had committed a blasphemous offence. He had harnessed four horses to a cart and told the priest that he wanted to race up and down the embankment a few times at full gallop with this vehicle; if it fell over or was even damaged, then the priest would be right in thinking that there was a God; but if he survived the adventure, then he would be all the more certain that God was merely a human invention. Heim had carried out his daring experiment in the presence of the whole congregation; nothing had happened to him, and Heim had called out to him triumphantly:

"Well, where is your God?" Nevertheless, he held the old Heim in high esteem and always respected the young Heim. If he were to meet the prisoner Heim today, he would hold out both hands to him without the slightest hesitation.

In the 193 presidential election, the "resistance circle" tried to steal votes from Hitler in the village by putting up Claus Heim as a candidate. Time was pressing. Around

To be able to put forward a candidate, a list had to be submitted with 1000 signatures. The signatures were collected over the course of eight days. But a personal declaration of consent from Claus Heim was also necessary. I turned to the Prussian Ministry of Justice to get permission to visit Claus Heim. I was granted permission, and so one day I travelled to Celle. It was around eleven o'clock when I was shown into the visiting room. There was a large table by the window. I took a seat on one side. Claus Heim was brought in, long and lean in a brown coat. He sat down opposite me. At the end of the table, between the two of us, an official sat down. I explained to Heim why I had been given the job. Heim objected: he didn't want the peace of the cell to be disturbed, he didn't know if it was too much, he lacked the necessary ambition. I endeavoured to persuade him to give me his consent. He turned to the official questioningly. It was obvious that the official was very sympathetic towards him. He advised him to give me a lift. Heim signed his declaration of consent. As we said goodbye, he told me how eagerly he was studying philosophical writings and languages.

Now it was a matter of finding further circles for the home

didature. To this end, I got in touch with a number of revolutionary national groups and also with the Communist Party. A meeting was held in my study. Here, however, I experienced a serious disappointment. Otto Strasser, who had also been invited, was replaced by Major Buchrudier, who made a solemn declaration that Otto Strasser was not behind Claus Heim. Nothing had been decided yet. Uhse then spoke in favour of the Communist Party. Uhse saw Heim's candidature as damaging to the Communist Party. He believed that Heim had to be kept in reserve so that one day he could be played off in another decisive matter. He should not be used up politically before his time. The result of the meeting was that nobody wanted to support Heim's candidature. As a result, the resistance group decided not to nominate Heim.

Claus Heim was amnestied in '91. He retired to his farm and withdrew from public life. While During the Hitler era, he kept to himself.

My magazine *Widerstand* had noticeably found its way into the officer corps of the army. One day, it was in the year 1928, I received an invitation to appear in the Information school in Dresden on German foreign policy speak. The person who invited me was a Colonel Held, whom I had never met in person before. The infantry school had two years; I was to give my presentation to the students of both years, ensigns and lieutenants.

I presented my foreign policy views, which rejected Stresemann's Locarno policy and called for co-operation with the Soviet Union. With this demand, I was moving within the framework of the Reichswehr policy, which had long since established close relations with the military authorities of the Soviet Union. I warned the young officers not to allow themselves to be influenced by the seductions of the West and emphasised that state independence was a merit that had to be bought with a simple lifestyle under certain circumstances.

The officers agreed with me, and Colonel Held was openly satisfied.

Since that time, my connections with the Reichswehr never completely broke off. When I later organised monthly lecture evenings on foreign policy in Berlin, two or three general staff officers who were employed by the Reich Defence Ministry usually appeared. One of the closest friends was Captain von Bernuth, who was conspicuous for his cultivated behaviour. Although the officers never intervened in the discussion, they signalled their agreement that I should keep in touch with Mosliu. In the summer of 1932 I had an invitation to give a lecture in Allenstein. In Allenstein I was told that Colonel Held had been promoted to General and Infantry Commander for East Prussia. I heard that the Reich Ministry of Defence had banned the entire garrison from attending his lecture. General Held had this news confirmed to me by an intermediary and invited me to attend the lecture.

but at the same time invited him to lunch the next day. My lecture was well attended, and it was remarkable how, in the immediate vicinity of the battlefield of Tannenberg, there was a broad understanding of the policy of orientation towards the East.

My visit to Held was stimulating. The general disapproved of the ban by his superior authority and was well informed about the remarks I had made the day before. He told me that there was a strong mistrust of ties with the West in wide circles of the general's office and that the only way to regain German sovereignty was to co-operate with the East. When I left, the General asked me when I intended to leave Allenstein; I intended to do so in the late afternoon of the next day.

That Monday, around eleven o'clock, I was in my hotel room, there was a knock on the door, a waiter rushed in excitedly and told me that General Held wanted to see me. General Held then entered my room in full uniform; he wanted to pay me a return visit, he said. I expressed my surprise and said that this was a real demonstration against his ministry. Word would certainly get round in Allenstein that he had come to me so solemnly. He was well aware of this, he said, but he could justify it to himself, he even considered it his duty, and so he had decided to take this step.

After Hitler had seized power, the general staff officers who had attended my events in the Landwehrkasino cautiously withdrew. They were disturbed by my vehement outbursts against Hitler, the new master of Germany. Captain von Bemuth said that he could no longer visit me after I had joined the ranks of the "literati". He considered the harsh rejection of Hitler's rule to be politically unrealistic; he believed he was being more realistic by bowing to Hitler.

When my book *Gedanken iiber deutsche Politik* was published, I received a friendly letter from General Seeckt. He wrote that he shared the idea of an orientation towards the East, although he could not quite agree with some of it, but overall he had many suggestions to thank for the book. I was still living in Dresden at the time. Later, after my

After moving to Berlin, I asked him if he would like me to visit. He said yes, and so one day I went to his flat in Brückenallee.

Rumour had it that he was looking to join the working class; for some time he had attracted the highly talented, but mentally somewhat inferior Arthur Zickler.

Seeckt obviously shared the need of all generals and bourgeois politicians of the time: the need for a mass base for themselves and their policies.

My conversation with the general only confirmed that he was really keen to get into contact with the labour movement. He enquired about my experiences within the trade unions and indicated how much he would like to work together with the trade union organisations. He didn't expect anything good from anti-Bolshevism: that's why he was cool and mistrustful towards Hitler. Of course, he was not a Bolshevik, but he wanted to come out against the West under the aegis of the Bolshevik world revolution. He was a taciturn man and seemed to be a cool calculator. His skull mask with the monocle in his eye was often noticed on his elastic, spindly figure. He is said to have been a passionate gambler.

However, it was unclear whether he was really a politician.

Although he had organised the Reichswehr and had great prestige with it, he never achieved an actual political role; he never turned his militarily based position into a political one. It was astonishing to see how suffering and resilient Stresemann was when the general was lascivious in his orientation towards the East.

As a writer, Seeckt had an unusual experience. The style was concise, every sentence seemed as if it had been hammered out, like the example I gave from every line. Freilicht was then never said anything really significant; the content's are truisms, delivered in the moulded prose.

Later, Seeckt temporarily went to China to Tsingtao and I saw him. Ida met him only once, shortly before his death, at a reception in the Berlin Soviet embassy. He was strikingly plain; his thinness was uncanny. In a brief conversation about Hitler, he said that the old, experienced men in the Wehrmacht ministry and in the parlours saw the danger Germany was in. They were afraid of the journey into the abyss. But they would be replaced by young men. The

But the young gentlemen were not weighed down by any worries. They believed they had nothing to fear and thought they could do the impossible. It would end badly.

I also met Seeckt's most skilful pupil, the "office general" Schleichen. Schleichen was agile, charming, a causeur and a bon vivant. He never quite lost the airs and graces of the cheerful guard officer. When I once let myself be tempted to sign a bill of exchange for 25 000 marks for political purposes and trembled before the expiry date, he said with a smile that he had done something like that once a week as a lieutenant in the guard. I replied that the only difference was that I was a lieutenant of the guard.

Schleichen had political ambition, but he was only a political tactician. When the hour called for him to play the big political game, he failed. He had made Brüning and appointed Papen, had temporarily resolved to tame Hitler. When he saw Hitler at the gates, he drew up a plan which, had it succeeded, might have spared the German people the worst. He wanted to form a government with the Free Trade Unions and also take on Gregor Strasser, who was given the task of breaking up the National Socialist Party. In the background, social democracy was to provide assistance. The project failed because the Social Democrats backed out; they declared that they would not be prepared for **such a**

"reactionary" endeavour. In January 1933, Schleichen would still have had it in his power to arrest and neutralise the Nazi leadership.

He - the general - did not have the determination; when it came down to it, he lacked the courage. He had manoeuvred so badly politically that in the end he had to let Hindenburg put his chair in front of the door in a sacrificial manner. Hitler entered through the same door through which he had been thrown out.

In his boyish manner, Schleichen thought he could afford to criticise Hitler; he also did not hide the fact that he was collecting material against the Hitler government. He was murdered on 30 June 1934.

There are times when all relationships that were thought to be unshakeable and eternal begin to falter.

The feeling spreads that the ground is being pulled out from under people's feet. Such a time befell Germany after 1918. Germany's position as a great power was gone; the social classes that had adapted to it felt that they had no air left to breathe. Plan lived from hand to mouth and saw itself on the brink of abysses and catastrophes every hour. It they looked around for a helper, a rescuer, a saviour.

The people were looking for a saviour who would bring back what they had lost. The hour of the false saviours had come. Masses of believers found the most wonderful social recipes. One man set himself the goal of fighting for the revaluation of the red-stamped dew stamps: he found his congregation. Another went about like John the Baptist, did not wash, let his hair grow and ate a vegetarian diet: he gathered disciples around him. The swindler Klante took the savings out of the pockets of the little people by promising to pay interest on the savings at 25 %; when suspicion of fraud was levelled against him, his victims cheered and carried him on their shoulders. Kurpiuscher came to name and fortune. General Ludendorff was taken in by a goldsmith who went by the despicable name of Tausend. Economic, life-reforming, philosophical and religious recipe forges appeared everywhere. Finally, the political ones appeared. Hlahaun's idea of neighbourhood was one such recipe. Of course, it was the most unconventional and uncompromising of all these healers who won the race: Adolf Hitler. The Deitsdien wanted to be redeemed from their -erfelmte history - and so the most obsessive of all saviours made a great career for himself.

One of these meritorious healers was also Dr Stründmann. I met him for the first time at the resistance conference at Lauenstein Castle. He was a small, elastic man, about sixty years old with a shaggy beard; he was described as a right little rooted man and a little beetroot. Stründmann owned a sanatorium in Bad Harzburg. He loved to surround himself with an atmosphere of enchantment; he often hinted at cultivating relationships with the forces of the cosmos, looking at the stars and grasping the deepest depths of the soul with a penetrating gaze. He appeared like a mere IVundertater.

Women turned to him in the hope that he could help their

cure mental ailments. His piercing eye suggested that he was trained in the arts of hypnosis.

His close contact with the cosmos gave him the courage to create great historical concepts. He saw the Age of Pisces coming to an end and being replaced by the Age of Aquarius. With the fishes, Paulinianism was also supposed to decline; the Johannian gospel of love was to experience its great days. In the course of this development, he gave Buddhism and the East in general a great future. All political events seemed to him to be of secondary importance and to have a dark connection with the course of the stars.

Strünckmann was good-natured and was not sensitive to the gentle irony with which I treated him. He considered my political views to be correct, but only superficially so. I thought he was a selitiercr, even occasionally a charlatan.

Over the years, he often visited me and made gloomy prophecies. He didn't want to know anything about Hitler, and this bonded him with me. He would sometimes explain his theories to me in terms of their impact on various areas of life, such as agriculture. He was an enemy of artificial fertilisation and believed that human organism would be corrupted by it. The organic cycle required plant-based foods that fed solely on natural manure.

At the end of '9"6 we had another talk. Before he said goodbye, he looked deeply and mysteriously into my eyes.

eyes, reached for my hand and began to read it. Suddenly his face darkened and he let himself fall into the leather armchair, both arms hanging over the backrest. I mockingly asked him if he wasn't feeling well. His voice took on a sombre tone when he said we would never see each other again. I asked impassively if he intended to die. He winced and replied that he meant something much more tragic. Of course I understood him and knew that he had wanted to tell me about a serious stroke of fate. The situation in which I was living was so dangerous that its more or less tragic outcome could be foreseen with certainty; one was not a prophet if one announced a bad end to me. If you put on the mantle of the seer here, then you were playing cheap theatre.

Of course, before this catastrophe occurred in 6 March 93 y, he turned up at my place again and proved himself wrong: we had seen each other again after all.

Strünckmann grew very old. His activity did not diminish.

Next 94s, he founded a sanatorium as part of his *Peace Academy*, in which Chaplain Rossaint also took part, who had been sentenced to ten years in prison during the Hitler era for his association with the Communist Youth. Every now and then we exchanged letters, which showed that he was still spun up in his whimsical trains of thought. His home was less the earth than the firmament, which was filled with the harmony of cosmic forces.

During my time in Dresden, I had a meeting with General Ludendorfl. He had come to the Saxon capital to organise a lecture evening with his wife h(athi1de. He was obviously keen to receive a report in the *Volhsstaat* and asked me to visit him. He received me in the apartment of one of his acquaintances, who had made it an honour to host him as a guest. Ludendorß, as it turned out, knew my *level of ambition*.

The general, who felt himself to be a born general with a proud sense of self-confidence, suffered immeasurably from the defeat with which the First World War had ended. It had affected his self-confidence when he blamed himself for the collapse. He endeavoured to discover other culprits and found them in the "supranational powers". By "supranational powers" he meant the Jesuits, the Jews and the Freemasons. In his view, the Jesuits represented an intransigent Catholic uni- versalism directed against Protestant Germany, the Jews represented the foreign blood that instinctively sought to ruin the high-quality Germans with vengeance, and the Freemasons represented international money power, banking and financial capital. His wife had mixed some mystical, religiously coloured elements into this symbolic trio of enemies; she spoke of a German knowledge of God and let it be known that the Germans were valuable enough to have their own,

to be certain of God's favour to them alone. The whole thing resulted in a nebulous "world view" that had a sectarian effect in its crudity and marvellousness.

The fanaticism with which it was advocated was also sectarian; in the *Ludendorffs Volkswarte* and in the *Heiligen Quell*, the *Mausleitende* had two organs that preached the new doctrine of salvation with primitive, obstinate monotony and argued more with dogmatic rigidity than spirit.

After the collapse of 1918, Ludendorff, who had once been an all-German, had sided with the unteachable reactionaries; he had been "inspired by the Kapp-

He had hoped for something after the coup, but had been cautious enough not to take part in it directly. Then he had approached Hitler. He had realised that the days when reaction could afford to be exclusive were over; if it was to succeed, it needed a mass base. Hitler was to provide him with the mass base. Initially, Hitler was content to be regarded merely as the drummer of the famous commander. After the Munich November Putsch

1920 Ludendorff was acquitted, but was nevertheless was amply compromised. When Hitler, in order to regain his freedom

After he had promised the Bavarian clerics that he would stop his campaign against the Church, Ludendorff backed away from Hitler. With his new doctrine, he hoped to attract the masses; his success was that he brought together in his *Tannenberg* pensioners, desperate craftsmen and unhappy single old women; they were joined by numerous discharged officers who admired Ludendorff as a soldier and who were used to taking every word from their world war general as the ultimate wisdom.

Ludendorff received me in a friendly manner. He faced me with an upright posture; there was something convulsive about it. He, who was known to be a man of will, had no chin; you could see the effort he was putting into making his face appear taut and determined.

Before he had taken his seat, Ludendorff said that his wife also wanted to meet me. She entered the room. She was conspicuous for her blonde hair, which was in thick plaits around her head. She turned the conversation to the subject,

which was their main concern: their gospel. I showed some reluctance and scepticism. Then something very strange happened. Both the general's and his wife's facial features changed, their eyes glowed, they both looked at me with a mask-like rigidity, they appeared to be possessed by demons. I was so captivated by them that I hardly listened to their words; they repeated endlessly: Jew, Freemason, Jesuit, supranational mongrel. It was an eerie situation.

She soon began to hurry me, of course, and I left. The question is still unanswered today

me: Has the lost war disturbed the general's mind, or had the German people once placed their fate in the hands of a confused mind?

The two of them spoke in the evening; the Sarrasani circus was packed. Ludendorff attracted the public; he was still a sensation. Many had come in search of a new homeland. The general spoke dryly, coolly and soberly; the tone contrasted with the very orrery of his ideas. After about fifty minutes he finished. Then his wife stepped up to the lectern. She spoke fanatically, sectarian-priestly and endlessly; she might have held the IVort for an hour and a half. It was obvious that she felt she was the protagonist; her husband had only served as a lure to get the people to come.

Mr and Mrs Ludendorff were dissatisfied with the report in the *Volks5taat*, even though I had made every effort to report favourably.

I later wrote an essay about Ludendorff in the *IViderstnيتد*, in which I portrayed him as a Germanic warrior and barbarian who revolted against Rome, against the West, out of primal and jungle instincts. But when I then complained in *Eiii- scheidtiit g*, a weekly magazine, about Ludendorff's dependence on his wife and used the image of his wife dragging him from place to place like a bear from Germania's primeval forests on a nose ring, the House of Ludendorff and the 4 "annenbergbund declared war on me. I was counted among the witnesses of the "supranational powers".

Nada Hitler's coup d'état i 933 LudendorB proved to be strong. He **did not** swing over to the new ruler. He accused Hindenbtirg of betraying everyone who trusted him.

to have advised him. When Hitler appointed him Field Marshal iTia-

Ludendorff refused: one is born to be a general, not appointed. Immediately before his death, Ludendorff made it clear that he wanted nothing to do with Hitler.

Around 1930 a serious conflict broke out in the National Socialist Labour Party. Hitler had concluded the pact with Western heavy industry and thus turned his party into a praetorian guard for monopoly capitalism. Not all of his sub-leaders and followers were prepared to become mere creatures of heavy industry.

to be humiliated. The rebels gathered around Otto Strasser, who broke with Hitler under the slogan *Die Sozialisten verlassen die Partei* and formed his own organisation, which subsequently continued its work under the name *Die Schwarze Front*. Along with Strasser, the Nazi Party's best feudist, Herbert Blank, had left the party. Otto Strasser visited me and wanted to find out whether it was possible for the two of us to work together. The Strasser brothers were from Bavaria; Otto Strasser was, if I'm not mistaken, a national economist, had temporarily been social democratic editor of the *Vorwärts* and then joined Hitler. He was a good chatterbox, but had many of the characteristics of a bohemian. He was not a truly political person. He argued a lot with the "German soul", his socialism was completely focussed on the feelings, moods and needs of this German soul. I behaved cautiously towards him and told him openly that, despite his apostasy, he had remained a National Socialist to a much greater extent than he himself believed. If you cut a branch off a tree, I explained to him, that branch remains the same type of wood as the tree from which it came. It is understandable that Strasser was less than amused by this remark. Within his circle, he endeavoured to play a similar leadership role as Hitler had begun to do within the NSDAP.

For some time Goebbels had wavered as to whether he should remain loyal to Hitler or leave the party with Otto Strasser. His demagogic instincts drove him towards Strasser, but he came to realise that the general trend was to support Hitler.

ler's hands and that, as a result, great prospects only beckoned with the latter. So he suddenly abandoned Otto Strasser, to whom he had already made promises, and returned to Hitler.

Otto Strasser's brother, Gregor, also wavered for a long time. Gregor Strasser was certainly the strongest political figure in the NSDAP. He was a tall, beautiful, Bavarian-looking man who had been a pharmacist in Landshut. He once told me that I was the reason he joined the NSDAP. As a member of the Bavarian state parliament, I had 9°

or -9- z spoke at a meeting in Landshut. The presentation was followed by a discussion. I was struck by a

man who spoke in a rather confused manner. I enquired who he was and was told: "That's our x'erru&ter pharmacist." After he stepped down from the lectern, I heard a noise in a corner of the hall, which then gradually died away. Now Gregor Strasser told me that he had been that angry pharmacist. At that time he had his

first trip to the policy and know for yourself,

What an unfortunate figure he had made in the process. After his He had got into an argument with a number of assembly participants after a discussion speech, the argument had continued on the street and ended in a brawl in which he had been slapped. Out of anger, he swore allegiance to Hitler.

In the meantime, he had become an influential member of parliament who outshone his National Socialist parliamentary colleagues with his expertise, common sense and calm composure. i9

3 z /) ; Hitler's policies would have been a source of concern to him.

Gone were the days when he uncritically supported Hitler's bestialism.

and in which he was still able to publicly say the iniquitous \l'ort: "Legal to the last rung of the ladder, but you'll be hanged!

" The experiment he had embarked on with Schleichen failed, and so he did not escape the break with Hitler either. In a sensational National Socialist coalition meeting in January i 933, Hitler moaned with tears in his eyes about Strasser's infidelity.

At the time, the swastika-affiliated members of parliament joined in Hitler's whimpering lamentations about Strasser's treachery. In his mendacious diary *Vom Kaisrl o f zur Feicl skntizlei*, Goebbels agitated against Strasser in the most ruddy manner and thus prepared his disastrous end. Strasser retired from politics

and found a position in the Schering Group. Although he
He was arrested on 30 June 1934 and beaten to death in the
most infernal manner in the Gestapo prison in Prinz-Albrecht-
Straße.

Otto Strasser's break with Hitler was later followed by a row in
the SA. Various SA leaders were unhappy that they had not
been given seats in parliament. The leader of the SA, Captain
Pfeffer, was dismissed and his colleague, Captain Stennes, left
the party. Hitler then personally took over the top leadership of
the SA and made himself Osn/. Stennes had political plans and
also wanted to harm his own organisation. He refused to unite
with Strasser; he was not inclined to subordinate himself to
him; apart from that, however, he belonged to the *Jeunesse*
dorée and felt that Otto Strasser's small people were "bad
company". One day Stennes came to visit me. He was a small,
delicately built, slim man, smelled of perfume, wore a gold
bracelet and showed all the characteristics of the circle of
friends who saw Röhm as their lord and master. Stennes
sounded out how the resistance circle felt about him. I told him
that there was nothing in common between him and the
resistance. The Stennes organisation quickly disintegrated.
After

91 i Stennes was arrested for a while, but then released on the
assurance that he would go abroad. He travelled to China.

The *Reichsnri* was an unconventional newspaper in those
years. Its publisher and editor was Count Ernst von und zu
Reventlow, the brother of the well-known, somewhat adventurous
Franziska von Reventlow. Only the Count's political articles in the
Reichswart were noteworthy. Count Reventlow fought, and this
was his special flavour, for the orientation towards the East; he
was a defender of the Rapallo Treaty. He was no newcomer to
political journalism. After he left his service as a naval officer
around 1895, he caused a minor sensation with his pamphlet: *Der*
Kaiser und die Byzantiner. This pamphlet cost him the right to
wear the uniform. He wrote essays on foreign policy, first in the
Deutsche Tageszeitung and later in the *Berliner da b/dii*. In the
year 1906 I heard him as a speaker for the Alldeutsch-
association at a meeting in Munich. His book
on German foreign policy since 1871 introduced me to the problems
of foreign policy. After I had spent my time

he came to visit me. At that time, I arranged a lecture with him, which he gave to the Hofgeismar Young Socialists. From that time onwards, we often met for long political discussions. His conversion to the National Socialists surprised me. As he stuck to his foreign policy orientation towards the East, he was a foreign body within the party. Hitler didn't like him, he spoke of the count with contempt as if he were a tolerated eccentric. Hitler's mob instinct was also provoked by Reventlow's aristocratic background and attitude. I had severed my personal relations with Reventlow.

broken. It wasn't until 91 q that I once again accepted an invitation to visit him.

He lived in Potsdam in a large, elegant house surrounded by a garden with mighty trees. He had a huge library; we sat down in the middle of his rows of books. He was a tall, slim man with stiff manners. He was always a trodden writer and orator; he also appeared that way in personal conversation. He was not surrounded by a special atmosphere, his sobriety did not fit in with the frenzied events of his party.

He told me how he had succeeded in getting his party's parliamentary group in the Reichstag to extend the German-Russian trade treaty. In fact, the parliamentary group had voted in favour of extending this treaty, but had ensured that the party members were informed of this political decision,

which contradicted the party's anti-Bolshevik programme, did not learn anything. In the course of the conversation I told him openly that I didn't understand how he could stand it in the National Socialist Party: I felt that his political views and his personality didn't fit into the framework of this party. Long he remained silent. Then he replied in a shuddering tone:

"St all the limbs of the Alcnian svüdisen, once they are
The only part of the knee that could be completely ruled out was the male's back. His backbone was broken, he confessed. He then went on to tell me that he had no income and was therefore reliant on the income from his parliamentary mandate. He was all the more dependent on it because his wife, a Frenchwoman, was chronically ill and he was burdened with high expenses for the sake of her villa. He did not hide the fact that he suffered from this situation and that he did not consider her worthy of him. Sharp enough he

He admitted that he was only an outsider in his party, who was looked down on and not allowed to develop politically.

His journal *Der Reifibsnrd* degenerated under these circumstances. Reventlow was no longer allowed to write essays on foreign policy, so he threw himself into the German religious movement and wrote the most curious essays in this field, which was foreign to him. He was in no way a philosophical mind and was not up to the religious-theological problems he dealt with.

There are events that receive their weight and colour from the fact that they suddenly bring to light far-reaching connections and general developments that had previously remained in the dark. They reveal surprising backgrounds and give an inkling that shifts have taken place in the subterranean references. The event is clairvoyant; signs of a weather change can now be seen everywhere.

The Scheringer case was the case of German nationalism. That was what had caused such great unrest in the bourgeois world. It sensed the presence of unpredictable forces and blanched at the thought of how they had unexpectedly broken through in a place where people had thought they were safe from their explosive effects.

Scheringer was a nationalist, even after he had acquired his communist party card; he belonged to the not yet very numerous group of unconditional nationalists. He was a member of the Reichswehr, an institution of the Weimar state, and experienced that Weimar and German nationalism were irreconcilable opposites. There were many reasons for *the* anti-bourgeois sentiment of the young generation, but the most important and decisive was undoubtedly that the youth felt how inextricably linked the preservation of bourgeoisie was with the continued existence of the Versailles order. National socialism attracted German youth because it seemed to be an anti-bourgeois movement.

The young lieutenant Scheringer harboured a nationalist spirit that would one day inevitably clash with the Weimar-impregnated military service regulations.

It was a self-misunderstanding when Lieutenant Sdieringer, together with his regimental comrades Ludin and Wendt, approached the National Socialist Party. In an act of weak defensive behaviour, the Weimar Republic brought the three young officers before the Reich Court. The trial caused a sensation throughout the world. Hitler was summoned as a witness; when he appeared in Leipzig, he was greeted with an ovation by a large crowd on the square in front of the Reich Court. He claimed under oath that he was legal and that he did not intend to dismantle the Reichswehr. The Reich Court was well-disposed against the young officers and sentenced them to the maximum sentence of 18 months imprisonment. So Scheringer came to Gollno v.

Scheringer's political ideas and views had only been an expression of fermenting and unclear opinions. In the quiet months of his imprisonment, Scheringer scrutinised his political ideas. He had probably already realised that the National Socialist movement promised more than it was prepared to deliver. He met communists in Gollnow; they may have fuelled his doubts. He reached for Lenin's works; he also became acquainted with Marx and Engels. He discovered a consistently well-developed, closed intellectual system - a system from which National Socialism had nothing in common. This is where his anti-bourgeois instincts fell into the hands of effective intellectual walls.

Scheringer was granted leave from his detention in the fortress and travelled to Goebbels. Goebbels accompanied him to Gollnow to see Hitler.

Scheringer found the intellectual status of Hitler and Röhm to be devastating. "The entire party leadership made a catastrophic impression on him. No one was able to argue with him on a scientific level. Hitler was walking around with a riding licence. There was no one in the great party palace who had seriously discussed the National Socialist movement with him. That brought the decision. "

When the young officer demanded answers to his questions, he was offered post office services.

Sdieringer returned to Gollnow and wrote his letter to the Communist Party. It reads: "The fighting goal of the revolutionary German youth is the liberation of the German people. Liberation means: the elimination of the capitalist

systems! Tearing up the peace dictates from Versailles to Young. " Because this goal could only be achieved by force, he had become a soldier. In the Reichswehr, however, he had been deprived of his position; the officer corps and the bureau generals used the Reichswehr as a protection force for the Young Plan. In the meantime, the National Socialists had also disillusioned him. The national and social liberation of the German people was not really their goal. The National Socialist Party, which defended private property, was just as afraid of the West as the Weimar governments. "Only in alliance with the Soviet Union after the destruction of the capitalist system in Germany can we become free. " Scheringer concluded his letter with the words: "I therefore finally renounce Hitler and pacifism and join the front of the defenceless proletariat as a soldier. "

Scheringer had converted to communism.

Scheringer's letter of 8 March 1934 landed him in a second treason trial, in which he was again sentenced to two and a half years in prison.

He was transferred to Bielefeld. I visited him there once.

Scheringer was a fresh, lively man who acted out of feelings and emotions. He had no use for tactical tricks and ruses. He was released early from prison after Hitler's rise to power thanks to the intervention of General v. Reichenau. Reichenau received him and advised him to look around before deciding whether or not to join the SA. Scheringer never became an SA man. With the help of a relative, he received an inherited farm.

Once, it may have been 1934, Scheringer's comrade, Lieutenant Ludin, had also visited me. Ida strongly advised Ludin not to join the National Socialist Party.

Ludin gave the impression of a cultivated, even aestheticising spirit. He didn't listen to my advice; during the Hitler era he made a great career. He became head of the SA in south-west Germany and later German envoy in Bratislava. Occasionally he was rumoured to have become boastful and noisy in his dealings and to have acquired the SA's coarse manners. After the war he was executed in Bratislava.

From the ranks of the *resistance* and the groups that felt related to it, the wish was expressed to organise meetings to clarify fundamental questions. I gave in to this suggestion and planned the first meeting for autumn 1930.

The conference was held at Lauenburg Castle in the Thuringian Forest. It was

Around two hundred friends and readers of *Wi Verstand* attended the event. Various presentations dealt with fundamental political and organisational issues. Most of the participants were imbued with a strong feeling of solidarity and human solidarity.

An inner circle, the resistance comradeship, was formed from the most preserved friends. A larger *group of three LiuQiers* was organised around the resistance comradeship. Each member of the *outer* circle was required to form a group around himself. The whole organisation was intended to be local, with no fixed boundaries. The basic idea was that the spirit of resistance should be carried into all organisations. Acceptance into the *inner* circle of the resistance movement presupposed preservation.

Even more important than the Lauenburg conference was the one held the following year at Leuchtenburg Castle near Jena. The line I have indicated: resistance to alienation by the West and orientation towards the East, was accepted as authoritative. The resistance circles gained a momentum that far exceeded their numerical strength.

The third conference, 1932, took place in Schv'arzburg in Thuringia. In the meantime, the open rejection of Hitlerism had become an essential component of the *ÄResistance* stance.

the. It was considered a duty not to make sacrifices in the determined fight against national socialism.

Small local conferences were held after Hitler's accession to power in Nürnberg's Niilie, in I?refeld, in Nuremberg, in Goslar and at the Brüninierhof.

The secret meeting in the Niilie Nürnberg was without amiisant *Beigesdimarli*. A hunting lodge served as a meeting place. Wadia were issued to secure against the SA. *Versdiicdene* friends had radio licences with them.

in order to be able to say in the event of a surprise that it was a *rindfunlibaste11'urs*. The man who later betrayed the *IVitlerstandsarbeit* to the Gestapo took

true that there was a crucifix in the room. Before the People's Court in 1939 he falsely stated that they had disguised themselves as a religious sectarian community and that the room was decorated with re-

The church was decorated with religious images and the intention was to immediately start religious chanting if any hunters appeared in the vicinity.

7

During my years in Dresden, the philosopher Alfred Baeumler often pointed out Ernst Jünger to me. He said that he was a man who had fully grasped the technical tendencies of the time, who was no longer stuck in backward bourgeoisie and could be regarded as one of the most important minds in Germany. Jünger had become famous through a number of war books; people spoke of his *Statt Igewit- tern*, his *W 'iildchen i e* and *Feuer und Dlut*. In the autumn of 1927

I once travelled to Berlin with Baeumler. Baeumler suggested visiting Jünger on this occasion. At the time, he lived near Warschauer Brücke, in one of the streets in this part of the city that had no buildings. Baeumler had already spoken to Jünger about me several times, and so I was warmly welcomed. We drank coffee and talked about the political events of the day. People know Jünger, as his outward appearance has been described often enough: not a tall man, slender, taut posture, narrow, sharply cut face, measured demeanour, very over-sophisticated way of speaking, rasping, officer-like voice. He gives the impression of being extremely well-groomed and self-restrained. His sentences have something of a clever aphorism about them.

In the time that followed, a friendly relationship developed between us. He occasionally gave me essays for my magazine *Widerstand*. I learned from him that he had originally been close to the *Stahlhelm*, that he had left the organisation and wanted to go his own way. He had also left the army - in which him, Pour-le-

Mérite winner, could have had a great career - because he didn't want to be just a girl in a machine. When I moved to Berlin, he visited me from time to time, and I was also his guest. In the meantime, he had moved to the west of Berlin.

He used to speak of his brother Friedrich Georg with love and admiration. He was more robust in his outward appearance. He was a doctor of law, but held no office and lived on a small war invalid's pension. His spirituality had something anti-bright about it; he saw the depth of things clearly, without mystical obfuscation. For over a year, he made himself available to the *resistance* as an assistant editor. Several excellent essays, such as the one on Chaplin, came from his pen. It was a great pleasure for me when the two writers turned up at my place. It seemed as if they had a lot to say about my political judgement; I was enriched by the points of view and remarks that they used to interpret

The mental process had to be prepared. Around 9. Jünger's *Bude D6s abenteuerliche Herz* came out. Jünger showed here what development he was still capable of. He was no longer

He was not only a war and front-line poet, but had also joined the ranks of the great thinkers. His emotional sensitivity proved to be extraordinary; he was a seismograph who detected the slightest tremors and tremors within the soul with the utmost precision. *Due to the centre of the heart* is a dream book; the inner experiences drawn on it are premonitions of an anarchistic and cruel time. So this was a first shadow cast before you by the terrible things that were about to happen. In the *ausgesprochenen* collected in the book *Leaves and Stones*, a magical power came to light that sensed the most hidden relationships of things and illuminated them with a word.

Occasionally, at a party at Bronnau, Jünger told me about the book he had just finished, *The Worker*. This book is certainly one of Jünger's greatest achievements; in it, he transforms the spirit of the Russian Revolution and Bolshevism into a German approach and way of thinking. Without the Russian Revolution, this would never have been possible. Before I started my journey to Russia, I wrote an essay about it in the *IVierteljahr* on the basis of the *Korrespondenz*, in which I labelled the content of the book as "national-Bolshevist".

Jünger was very close friends with Carl Schmitt, and the three of us rarely sat together. Jünger was fond of the sharp, penetrating spirit of Schmitt. After I had written my *Deutsche Verfassung*, I presented the *Verfassung* drafts for the *Zwischen*

I invited Jünger, Schmitt and Bronnen to visit me. I presented the drafts. Bronnen immediately objected; he felt offended by the attack on National Socialism and warned of the evil consequences of publication. I replied that it was not my place to take such consequences into consideration. Schmitt exclaimed that he had never seen anything so impressive, that the cover picture was literally shocking. Jünger withheld his judgement. He was well aware, he said, of how I consider everything and take all the consequences into account. He thought the drawings were good and effective, and the brochure would probably make a great impression.

In the many conversations I had with Jünger as the events unfolded, it remained undisclosed that Jünger had a strong aversion to National Socialism. Above all, it was the scurrilous spirit of the movement that repelled him. Jünger's aristocratic instinct was of an overly delicate subtlety.

Hitler's order to Goebbels to supply the movement with intellectuals was primarily aimed at jünger. There were several meetings between jünger and Goebbels, but they did not take the course Goebbels wanted. Goebbels was jealous of jünger, he begrudged jünger his literary fame. In his vanity, he thought he could compete with jünger. Goebbels once spoke to a small circle of selected guests and wanted to present himself as an intellectual force to be reckoned with. He had persuaded jünger to appear as well. jünger was in the front row, but felt so disgusted by the hollow chatter that he could no longer stand it. He left the room and went to a nearby wine bar, where he hoped to get rid of the bad aftertaste of Goebbel's words with the help of a good drink. Later, Goebbels also arrived there and was deeply offended, even indignant, when he realised that he had had no effect on Junger, who had even fled from him.

Jünger loved to take part in large demonstrations as an observer. He enjoyed watching the general excitement take on turbulent forms.

Younger was the author of Hanseatische Verlagsanstalt. It knew what it had in him and did not like it when he expressed his opposition to National Socialism. What was certain, however, was that his opposition was not for a moment

subsided. The connection between Jünger and me remained strong. We were united in our criticism of Hitler. Jünger moved in 1933 his residence to Goslar. In 1936 he moved to Überlingen on Lake Bodensee. We exchanged letters, where his were characterised by the spirit of well-considered, carefully thought-out, cool pleasure. The Jutland landscape did not suit his heart, it was too soft for him; he loved the harsh North German landscape far more. That's why he moved to Kirdahorst after a relatively short time, in 1939. In the year 1936 I was in his Goslar apartment and held a secret meeting there. At the time, he was considering the idea of a booklet to be published by Kubin, Schlichter und A. Paul Ueber should be treated.

After my arrest, he behaved nobly. He never tried to lose contact with my wife and son, went out of his way to do something for me, although he was brusquely rebuffed in accordance with the situation, and explicitly declared his support for me in officer circles. He expressed his aversion to Hitlerism in his *martin's thoughts and streams*. With the General von Stülpnagel, who was subsequently involved in the catastrophe of 30 July 1944, he was on familiar terms; after the war he was discharged from the army, in which he had already been promoted to captain in 1933, on 1 July.

Jünger describes his experiences in Paris in the form of a diary in the extensive work *Strahlenlunden*; he often remembers me in the most friendly manner. In Kirdahorst, an old, stately manor house with a marvellous garden had taken him in.

Before the end of the war, Jünger was given command of the Volkssturm in his neighbourhood and used his command violence against it. His Volkssturmmänner home.

For years, Jünger had devoted himself to insects with scientific thoroughness; his collection of insects was unrivalled. "During the day he looked at his desk; in the evening he went to the islands.

Jünger's writing *Der Frierle*, which emerged in 1944 and represented a programme for many men of 30 July, was the subject of heated debate after 1945. Plan accused Jün-

The author claimed to have changed from a militarist to a pan-European and Catholic. Others maliciously interpreted the scripture as meaning that its tendency was to ensure that the German people would continue to be "forced". If it could no longer be done in the I(asernhof, it should from now on be done in the church. In letters to me, he later backed away from his *peace* and sought to explain it from the situation of the moment in which it had arisen.

Jünger was blacklisted in the American zone. This meant that the important works he had on his desk could not be published for a long time. It was only when he moved his residence to Ravensberg and later to Wilflingen in the French zone that he was able to publish again.

The influence of French literature on Jünger is unmistakable. Andre Gide and the French New Catholics clearly inspired him.

It has not always been recognised that an essential motif of Jünger's creations is the motif of flight. He, the author of *Stahl gewitter*, the admired Pour-le-Mérite winner, is reluctant to face battle on the intellectual battlefield; he is driven to avoid the immediate decisions; he only wants to be a recording observer - or, if you like, an observer,

to be a "war correspondent". The young man escapes the discomfort of the time before 9 4 by joining the Foreign Legion; in his

He describes this adventure in *AJribanian games*. When around i 299 the question has been raised as to which front to turn to.

Whether he reckons with the Bolshevik or the Fascist, his *adventurous, illusionary heart* is drawn to inwardness. His *worker* lacks partisanship; there is no sign of class struggle or class struggle spirit here. Jünger sees the collectivism of the technical age in the image of a demon that is inexorably approaching, but which does not force him to make a decision, but which he merely observes and describes in all stages of its encroachment. He does not plead the catastrophe of the *marble lips* to the end; he boards a boat with his brother, which

i!in across the water. He again avoids the either/or after '94J; the hero of his *Heliopolis*, de Geer, leaves the city, which is drifting towards its doom, and escapes into cosmic spaces. His *Waldgänger* is par excellence

The figure of the fugitive who seeks a loophole in which to hide from the uncanniness of the Leviathan and who, in the spirit of Jean Paul Sartre, wants to create an existence that guarantees him the enjoyment of absolute freedom.

Jünger has not completely escaped the danger of adopting some aestheticist habits. He does not correct the reports about him and his lifestyle that cast him in a legendary light, even if he had the opportunity to do so; he is of the opinion that one should not interfere in the creation of a 'myth'.

This cool, objective view of his own person, which is at the same time aware of its assured value, must by no means be interpreted as a refined and proud way of paying tribute to human vanity. Jünger sees himself, as we know, as an "exemplary existence". He has the right to do so: he is not only a great writer, he is also an extraordinary human being. His nobility is not based on a social privilege, but directly on the inner content of his being; he is one of those rare men who are not capable of any baseness. When you enter his sphere of life, you encounter hard and cold authenticity, a sober and strict objectivity and, above all, human cleanliness.

8

Jünger had told me several times about a private lecturer in philosophy in Leipzig, Hugo Fischer, whom he considered to be the most significant living philosophical mind. I read some of the writings that Fisher had published and encountered a highly peculiar spirit in them. A wuiade rliadae mixture of 6lysticism and rationality emerged in them. The writings were rich in surprising insights and outbursts. A brilliant profundity sought to make itself understood. Among the books that came to hand was one on Karl Klax. It described the process of decomposition of the medieval order in its various stages and categorised Blarxism as part of this process of decomposition. Another book interpreted Nietzsche. Here it was shown how Nietzsche had analysed the decadence-

stage and had reached the soil of a new, healthy order. Fischer's particular methodological idiosyncrasy was to select powerful quotations and to exploit the content of such quotations to the full. I asked Fischer to work on the *resistance*. He sent some essays, which were a much-noticed addition to the magazine.

Finally, a personal meeting was arranged between Fischer and me. A man of about thirty-five appeared, with a narrow, long face, slim, surprisingly awkward, incredibly absent-minded. His wife had to make up for everything his absent-mindedness caused. Various amusing anecdotes circulated about him. One evening, Jünger wanted to visit him in Leipzig; he met a man in a dressing gown and slippers with a book in his hand in the street. It was Fischer, who had forgotten to get dressed before going out. Fischer loved to use banknotes as book markers. More than once, large notes had disappeared with the books he had obtained from the university library. His wife got into the habit of leafing through the books before they were returned to the library.

Fischer and I safed in my room for hours. He was indeed a person who sweated out philosophical thoughts. He was in an uninterrupted process of philosophising. It was not without effort to keep up with his conversations from morning till night. They were always deep and meaningful.

Fischer had realised that the age of the planned idea had dawned, and so he could not fall for outdated liberal sentiments. 91 z he finished a book: *Eenin, the Macchianell of the East*. Lenin was recognised as the founder of the state

The intellectual figure of Lenin was brilliantly portrayed in its broad colours and outlines. The Hanseatische Verlagsanstalt had acquired the book, about a hundred copies had been provisionally produced; one of them came into my hands.

After '93, Fischer no longer felt very comfortable in Germany. He didn't want to know anything about National Socialism, He saw through its hollowness. He had little to hope for himself, as he possessed no trace of pedagogical talent. During the lecture, he tensed up in his thoughts; the level,

The height on which he moved was so high that hardly anyone was able to follow him.

EtWä ' 934 he travelled with Ernst Junger to Norway because of. Ernst jünger has summarised his amusing experiences in his

M yrdun, a charming little book. The magister who plays a droll role in it is Hugo Fischer. Fischer liked Norway so much that he felt the urge to emigrate there. He won the sympathy of a landlord who granted him an entry permit. Fischer rented a remote farmhouse near Drontheim and had his family join him. He prepared himself to live all winter on the fruits of the h'leer. But soon after, he could no longer bear the loneliness. He left his wife and children in Norway, returned to Germany several times, spent weeks and months there and worked hard to secure a position at the University of Oslo.

After the outbreak of war, he went to England; his life became increasingly adventurous. After the end of the war, he travelled to Egypt, taught temporarily at the University of Benares in India and then returned to London.

9

The constitutionally irregular situation in which the Germany since 1934, since the installation of Brüning's emergency dictatorship, could be grasped with hands; the order and function of German statehood no longer had a basis for redress. The role of the internal political

Powers and primal powers, their interplay, their influence, their relationship to each other, were no longer in harmony with the wording and meaning of the Weimar constitution. The parliaments were no longer there; what had been intended for the legislative machine was done by an unrestrained bureaucracy through decrees and ordinances.

After the elimination of the Reichstag, three authorities had become the determining and decisive forces of the German domestic political situation: the Reich President, the Reich Chancellor and the Reichsivehr.

The President of the Republic granted legality to all extraordinary measures and all exceptional provisions that violated the constitution; thanks to this, he stifled resistance.

against them. What Hindenburg's authority dictated was swallowed by the people; they sensed the will to order and were inclined to turn a blind eye when this will tore all kinds of threads of legality.

The Reichswehr was the real power that lent resounding force to all the orders of the Reich President; if Hindenburg's natural authority had failed, the Reichswehr was always ready to help out immediately.

Military madness thrives in political states of emergency. One must fear violence if one is still to obey as soon as the laws no longer apply. The Reichswehr was the instrument of force that kept rebellious desires in check, jumping from emergency decree to emergency decree just as disrespectfully with law and constitution as the authorities did. The existence of the German state was increasingly based on the Reichswehr; through its tacit existence, it prevented the German citizen from drawing the benefits of a general anarchy from Brüning's dictatorship of emergency decrees. It was natural that the Reichswehr eventually became aware of the importance of its position; in the end, its self-esteem rose to the level of the state-political importance of its function.

When Brüning was appointed Reich Chancellor, he had the authority of the Reich President and the real power of the Reichswehr at his disposal as political reserves in addition to his parliamentary roots. His special system was to use the Reich President and the Reichswehr as the exclusive backing for his policies. Whenever he played these two cards, they were successful; the winnings they brought him were the tax money he found to reorganise fraudulent banks, the confessions of the wicked and inexhaustible prohibitions. Of course, this put Brüning in a very peculiar position. The power of the Reich President rested in the people, who elected him directly, the power of the Reichswehr in its weapons. The Reich Chancellor's natural source of power, however, was Parliament, which expressed its confidence in him or at least "tolerated" him. Brüning weakened the very constitutional element to which the Reich Chancellery organically belonged and from which it drew its strength; he weakened it with the help of the other two constitutional elements, which acquired as much power as Parliament lost.

In doing so, he himself destroyed the basis of his position of power; he was soon no longer on an equal footing with the President of the Reich and the Reichswehr by virtue of his own origin, which was his alone; he became a costumer of elements of the constitution, towards which he should always have stood on his own two feet according to the purpose of his office.

This did not detract from his reputation and influence, his authority, as long as he was not yet barred from retreating to parliament, as long as he still had the opportunity to set parliament in motion again against the Reich President and the Reichswehr in an emergency. However, the visible change in popular sentiment prevented him from retreating. The parliament, whose composition no longer corresponded to the people, ate only the bread of mercy; in its daily fear of being chased away, it was no longer able to serve Brüning as a support, if he had needed this support. Brüning had made himself strong against Parliament; he had not seen that the disempowerment of Parliament would inevitably leave him as a weak man. He had thought he was being clever against parliament, but in doing so he had fallen into the snares of the two other elements of the constitution.

As long as Brüning still had his self-sustaining foothold in parliament, Hindenburg's trust made him unassailable and invincible. But when Hindenburg's trust became his only lifeline, it was no longer possible to expect that he, as a shipwrecked man in need of help, was only able to consign his political existence to the suffering of a more helpless one. Hindenburg's trust as an exclusive pillar was only sustainable to a very limited extent; there were numerous forces at work to ^{shake} this pillar. Oldenburg-Janusdau's Junker "concerns" reached Hindenburg's ear; the waves of popular agitation found an instrument in the very versatile state secretary of defence, who passed the vibrations on to the Reich President with prudent and Turkish nadidrück'leit. In contrast, Brüning had nothing more to use. The only thing he could have used to consolidate Hindenburg's trust in him and to put a stop to the dark forces was denied him: the great political success, which was convincing in itself and silenced every objection with its meaningfulness. The Geneva disarmament treaty

actions disappointed. The hundred metres that Brüning believed himself to be ahead of the goal of tribute liberation were either a pious deception or a ridiculous fantasy. The cash situation of the Reich was the shadow cast by gruesome collapses.

When it became clear that Brüning was up in the air and was only saved from falling by Hindenburg's forbearance, the relationship between the Reichswehr and the Chancellor changed immediately. The Reichswehr no longer wanted to be the tool of a man who had nothing left in his hands as soon as they refused to obey him. It no longer had any inclination to obey once it became clear that the Chancellor was merely living off the political credit that it itself, together with the President of the Reich, had granted him. If there was already no parliament, why make a fuss about its creator, the Chancellor? The course of events had made the Reich Chancellor dependent on the Reich President and the Reichswehr; but if the real political decision still lay solely with these two constitutional elements, then it was a diversion, an inconvenience to retain the Chancellor as a political mouthpiece.

Brüning felt that he was at the end of his **strength** and dignity. His hour had come. Hindenburg unceremoniously dropped the same Brüning who had been talking himself hoarse for the Reich President only a short time before.

The Reichstag had lost its original meaning, had abandoned its constitutional function; it had long ceased to be a political centre. It had become a meeting place for primitive human hatreds and feelings of enmity, an arena where elementary mass grievances could be settled, an opportunity to vent accumulated anger. The parliamentary sessions were no longer political events, but thunderous occurrences on the occasion of which mass psychological tensions were equalised with thunder and lightning. Every motion sought to provoke the opponent, every vote was a demonstrative challenge. People no longer wanted to convince opponents: they wanted to offend them, humiliate them, knock them out. Debate was replaced by noise, argument by fisticuffs. The fate of the cabinet was decided in scuffles at the beer table. The "politisation" of the German

Voll'es ended with the depoliticisation of its parliament; in the rooms where the power of the state, which emanates from the people, had taken up residence, the customs of the beer ban¹ became established.

German affairs were in a state of flux; Hindenburg himself gave the impetus and opened the floodgates. Germany was in a crisis situation; civil war tensions were escalating from day to day. Circumstances were driving towards violent discharges. The shadows of the surrounding events rested on German existence as a whole; it was felt that Brüning's departure truly brought a German epoch to a close.

Brüning had been the last chancellor of a balance of internal German forces. Just as the bustling Stresemann, with his recklessly optimistic moods, was in keeping with the times in the days of the highly fraudulent credit inflation, the hesitant, sensitive and cautious Brüning belonged to those years in which the constant concern was how to balance the forces. One had 9 *, after the

collapse, believed that the German capitulation was only a matter of prestige, about which the abdicated alili- tary caste, the Junkers and chimney barons, might have been annoyed. As time went on, it did not go unnoticed that the beautifully worded diplomatic documents did not merely regulate matters of honour, but were legal titles by which foreign nations had been given the authority to plunder Germany. At first, the middle class saw itself robbed of all its possessions; only the foreign loans that flowed in across the borders alleviated the terror that had struck its limbs, restored its courage and prevented it from fully realising what had really happened to it. It was only later that his eyes opened: he found himself face to face with the Nidits. He had been lying in safety and suddenly found himself exposed to the horror of uncertainty. Nameless indignation, boiling vindictiveness welled up inside him; he had no way out but to believe in the miraculous. The parliament was not a place where things happened; it had not lived up to the expectations of the bourgeois middle class. It began to blicl'en on parliament, the place of its disappointment, with hatred: it became anti-parliamentary, abandoned its parties and filled the ranks of the Hitler movement.

The labour force was also caught up in the machinery of tribute pressure; where the middle classes had lost their savings, they lost their jobs. The protection that the social institutions were supposed to provide became more and more dubious from month to month. Labour desperately sought to defend the last remnants of the security of its existence by placing more weight on the shoulders of those upper middle-class and upper-agricultural classes whose political supremacy had been broken. These classes fought back, but since labour still had the legal weapon of the parliamentary institution at its disposal, they suffered many an annoying and often costly defeat. The bourgeois and agrarian classes wanted to disarm labour by destroying parliamentarism. In their opposition to parliamentarism, they soon clashed with the middle classes of the National Socialist movement. This common opposition gradually eroded the inner authority of parliamentarianism. In contrast, the workers, who were represented by the coalition of the Centre and the Social Democrats, held on to the parliament all the more tenaciously as it was their last resort to protect themselves from the unchecked storm surge of the consequences of the German collapse of 1918. Its parliamentary defence

position was supported by the fact that the same coalition commanded over Prussia.

It was no coincidence that Hindenburg in 1918 was re-elected by the workers; he was seen as a key pillar of the defence system through which the workers intended to assert themselves.

In order not to jeopardise this artfully balanced domestic political edifice from the outside, Brüning endeavoured to exert a moderating influence on France with the help of England and America; his foreign policy was no less artfully constructed than his domestic policy.

The Prussian election of 1918 brought down his carefully balanced, yet extremely fragile work. After the Centre and the Social Democrats had lost Prussia, the Reichstag no longer had any support. For traditional and human reasons, however, Hindenburg lacked all

the conditions to be the last lifeline for the security needs of the labour force. The logic of the circumstances had decided against Brüning.

After Hindenburg had decided against Brüning, the Reich President found his natural political place within the large agricultural and heavy industrial coalition that had operated together with Hitler against Brüning. It was through the eyes of this coalition that he looked at Hitler: measures had to be taken to properly harness the mass leader. The restoration and further expansion of large-scale agricultural and heavy industrial power in Germany was to be tackled, but not the surrender of power to L^T ational socialism. This handover of power was to be prevented and held back.

Hitler had already become a powerful instrument of this reaction. As the People's Party deputy Dr Schultz revealed in the Weimar parliament at the time, Hitler had held a conference behind closed doors with representatives of large-scale industry in western and central Germany, where he declared that he was "one of the best friends of the ski industry". The social reaction needed Hitler's national prestige: he was prepared to sell it to them. The first emergency decrees of the Papen government had an internal factual context: they represented a business move by move. Hitler tolerated the prank against the Reich's social policy; Papen, however, opened the streets to the tantalisingly strange brown uniform.

The impetus of the Sturmabteilungen, which had been banned by Gröner and had now been resurrected, was directed towards smashing the workers' organisations and feeling that they were the appointed technical emergency aid for future strikes. The uniform was the national colour; where it appeared, people immediately suspected a national heart beating beneath it. It was a stroke of luck f o r the Grofi2grarians and Grofibürger, which they did not want to miss out on, that they were able to recruit prlitorian guards who believed they were fulfilling a national mission by driving the workers to couples in uniform and helping to rob them of their social and political achievements. As before the war, being national meant looking after the interests of heavy industrial and big-agricultural pockets. The abandonment of settlement plans, the mockery of the "IV welfare state", the abolition of the petrol tax, which included a gift of sixteen million euros for I. G. Farben, were all convincing self-revelations of this new German nationalism.

Once again, the dead stirred in their graves; they emerged unexpectedly from the darkness and offered the same recipes for Germany's recovery that had already killed Germany once before. Kapp was replaced by Papen, Lüttwitz by Schleichen; almost all of them smelled of dust and mould due to their sociological nature. Of course, these dead were given a gift that was once denied to Kapp: in the Hitler movement they found a reserve of living forces that gave them so much blood and warmth that they were able to continue their ghostly haunting even beyond the cockcrow. They were only there because they were allowed to suck on the marrow of the Hitler movement.

10

The poet Arnolt Bronnen, who had appeared on the scene as a radical expressionist after 1918, had turned to the political right from around the year 1925. At a congress of left-wing writers in Kassel, he had made challenging statements that caused a scandal. His book *OS* had taken sides with the Annaberg-taken in Upper Silesia. He gradually moved closer to the National Socialists. At the end of the 1920s, he married a hetman's daughter, a captivating figure with an incredible vitality. The young woman was on good terms with Josef Goebbels. Bronnen also became involved with him.

Bronnen enjoyed organising social evenings, the participants of which he cleverly selected so that there were always several people among them who couldn't stand each other, one of whom was the enemy of the other. He usually brewed a large punch bowl. When the alcohol started to take effect, chaos broke out. As a rule, heated exchanges began after midnight, followed by brawls. Bronnen sat calmly in a corner and watched the tumultuous events with interest. Occasionally he would shout a word in between, which would further inflame tempers and provoke new scenes of violence. A frequent guest of his was Ernst Jünger, who, like Bronnen, took pleasure in such excesses, which he did not participate in but enjoyed with quiet pleasure. *Oh* was Rowohlt, Bronnen's old publisher, who remained loyal to him.

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Gaste. Bronnen was also home to other writers Herbert Blank and Valeriu hJarcu.

One day, Bronnen came to visit me and invited me to his flat to talk to Goebbels. Bronnen said that Goebbels had read my *Enficöeidung*, which had appeared shortly before. Although he rejected its basic thrust, he believed it was worth trying to win the author of the book over to National Socialism. It was no longer enough for Hitler to see only thugs and other bullies in his followers. Goebbels, I replied, would have just as little luck with me as he had with Ernst jünger. Nevertheless, Bronnen asked me not to avoid the confrontation with Goebbels.

When I entered Bronnen's room, I found Goebbels in an animated conversation with the radio announcer Alfred Braun, who was still a member of the Social Democrats at the time and had come with his wife. Braun asked Goebbels what he would do if the National Socialists suddenly came to power. It was clear to see how Goebbels immediately felt in his element. The "system government", he explained, had no idea what could be done with radio. He would get everything out of radio in terms of propaganda and agitation that it had to offer. The 'Veimar propagandists' were all bunglers. Broadcasting could be used to ensure that everyone saw events in the same light from the same perspective and approved of everything the "Führer" demanded and did.

After we had taken our seats around the round table, the conversation between Goebbels and me developed. Goebbels asked me what my reservations against National Socialism were. I replied that National Socialism had a false image of world politics and as a result was completely misguided in its foreign policy. Goebbels, agitated, disputed my assertion. National Socialism, I told him, exceeded Germany's non-political potential. The IVesten did not need Germany. He saw Germany primarily as an economic competitor. He said that joining the West meant becoming part of a society in which every member was out to damage and bring down the German partner. The policy of *s filerididid isolation*, the belief that advantages could be drawn

The idea of pitting the West against the East on the one hand, and the East against the West on the other, was once handled by Holstein and Bülow; it was in 1918

failed. On the other hand, the most successful German politician, Frederick II and Bismarck, was that Germany's eastern neighbour, Prussia, was a fruitful political partner. Frederick had been saved by the 'Russian miracle', Bismarck's foundation of the Reich could not have been realised without Russian support. After the collapse of 1918, the Rapallo Treaty had for the first time reestablished Germany alongside the Soviet Union as an important factor on the field of world politics.

After a few weak objections, which were easy to counter, Goebbels conceded the correctness of my arguments. He said, however, that the first task was to crush communism in Germany; once this had been done, the Russian orientation could be chosen without internal pressure. My counter-question was whether he realised who would benefit from the suppression of the communists. The suppression of the Communists was work that was being done for the masters of industry. Goebbels was severely affected by this criticism. In a long speech he tried to prove that National Socialism was only hostile to the Communists because they had to be regarded as Bolshevik auxiliaries. The existence of such an auxiliary force on German soil tied the hands of the German government vis-à-vis the Soviet Union in every situation. In any German-Soviet clash of interests, the German government would have to fear that the Communists would stab it in the back. If the German government sincerely sought a German-Soviet friendship, I said, it could count on the support of the German Communists in any case. Moreover, he was probably mistaken about the inner logic of National Socialist policy. Even if the German Communists were annihilated, National Socialism would by no means pursue a foreign policy orientated towards the East. Hitler's statements in his book *Mein Kampf* were charged with abysmal hatred towards the Soviet Union. Just as the Communists in Germany were an abomination to the masters of industry, so Bolshevism was an abomination to the imperialist rulers of all Western countries.

states was repugnant. Hitler's political speculation was to obtain authorisation from these imperialist rulers to destroy the Soviet Union and then, under his leadership, to elevate Germany to a world power.

Goebbels attempted to use Hitler's remarks about the so-wj etunion; they were of a tactical nature, calculated only to gain mass support, not a serious political objective. Goebbels was unmistakably irritated, even angry. When I denied that Hitler's remarks could be interpreted so harmlessly, Goebbels suddenly interrupted the conversation and began to monologue, regarding the guests present as the audience who were to learn the necessary lessons from his monologue. "Whoever does not decide in favour of National Socialism now," he threatened, "has no political future. As soon as Hitler has seized power, he will be marginalised; he will have nothing more to say, nothing more to say, perhaps he will be silenced in an even more cruel way." There was dead silence in the room. A tension that resembled the dis-

seemed to be on the verge of tearing, lay over all those present. It was as if something completely unforeseen was about to happen. After a pause, I broke the silence and said quietly:

"Mr Goebbels, you have fallen into a low level that is appropriate to your meetings. You have the goodness to endeavour to return to a level that is appropriate to the matter. ' All of a sudden, the tension was gone. Bronnen told me afterwards that he had expected me to slap Goebbels, and he probably had. The solution I had chosen, however, was much better and more effective.

Goebbels was obviously deeply affected; he took the blow without attempting to hit back. The discussion petered out, and Goebbels made a downright weak impression. After a short time, he left and took his leave. When he had left the room, Alfred Braun exclaimed with a touch of irony: "I can't remember ever having been present at an argument in my life without taking the IVort myself. Ida was so determined that I just wanted to listen!"

Goebbels has often been portrayed as intellectually supple, inventive in propagandistic matters, but above all

was a liar to the core. He was certainly a highly talented advertising man. Mentally he was trained to the point of eel-smoothness; but there was little substance behind him, and above all: there was nothing genuine about him. His mobile intelligence was completely uncreative and had no connection with things. She only played with them, and without scruples he seized on every thing to use it up if he could achieve an effect with it. He had no feeling for her inner dignity, for her inner dignity, and so *he* abused everything he touched. He was the exponent of an age which, in its nihilistic lack of commitment, did not hesitate to play off even the highest goods and values for the sake of a momentary success, and thus to cheat them. Nothing was taken truly seriously any more, everything and anything became a theatre prop, a theatrical backdrop, a theatrically made-up dazzling work.

In the autumn of 1933, Hugenberg had agreed to meet with Hitler in Harzburg. The National Socialists, the German Nationalists, the Stahlhelm and Reichsbank President Schacht had come together there to forge a firm, aggressive national front that would be capable of overthrowing the Brüning government and seizing political power.

conquer. Hugenberg had not been treated well by Hitler; Hitler felt that he was the master of the situation, who would overrun the old masters of the German National People's Party with his youth. Hugenberg felt that he was only supposed to provide Hitler with stirrup services and was no longer regarded as an equal partner.

National Socialist infiltration within the German National People's Party began after the Harzburg Conference. Hitler exerted a stronger attraction than Hugenberg was able to exert. The German National People's Party was seen by Hitler as the prey he first thought to devour. Of course, Hugenberg did not want to be swallowed up just yet, and so he looked around desperately for helpers, points of support, even straws that still seemed to promise him salvation.

One day, I was invited by telephone by a Lieutenant Captain Scheibe to have dinner with him. I year something

I was astonished, because I only knew Scheibe very briefly. All I knew about him was that he was a kind of aide-de-camp to Hugenberg.

During the meal he asked me if I would like to have a chat with Privy Councillor Hugenberg. Hugenberg had various things to tell me. Although I couldn't imagine what Hugenberg wanted from me, I saw no reason to avoid him. The day and hour were agreed. Hugenberg was well informed about me and my political work. He gave the impression of a well-groomed man, although his moustache and figure made him seem slightly comical. He made his point without any fuss. Imperial and state elections were just around the corner. His party was under heavy pressure from the National Socialists. He told me that the German Nationals were always accused of being old, calcified men. He was keen to debunk this accusation. He knew that there were young, politically interested, intelligent islanders in my resistance circles. He thought it would be wise to allow the political intelligence embodied in them to come to the fore. He would be happy to place some of the islanders I suggested in promising positions on the Reich and state parliamentary lists of the German National People's Party. I told him that all these people he was thinking of were not even in the German National People's Party. He didn't attach that much importance to it, he replied, and it would be easy to make up for it. He was surprised when I refused. He was used to it, as he was pressed for the gifts he had to distribute. I criticised the policies of the German National People's Party. For some time, the conversation turned to an essay that I had published in the *Uirleriidnrl: Primiegeii- ttim nls Tritt tut fessel*. The essay was based on the privatisation of reparation debts as brought about by the Young Plan. All reparation debts had been converted into private debt obligations. It was necessary, idi said, to now see the sadik receipt as it was: according to the principles of prix'ate property, one had to pay the tribute, and as long as one considered the principle of prix'ate property to be valid, one could not break the tribute fetter. One had to go against the principle of private property in the first place; if one overthrew it, one would also destroy the legitimacy of the tribute demands made on the German people. The II fight against reparations

was only deep enough if it was waged as a struggle against the principle of private property per se, i.e. if it took on a world revolutionary flavour. Hugenberg felt uneasy about this line of thought. But when I abruptly confronted him with the decision of whether he would abandon the principle of private property if it meant that Germany could free itself from the burden of reparations and dependence on foreign countries altogether, he evaded it by remarking that he had never looked at the problem r.och from that angle and that he still had to think about it in detail.

Finally, I brought up my main concern, the reason why I had accepted the Hugenbergs' invitation in the first place. I told him that I adhered to Bismarck's admonition not to let the connection to St Petersburg be severed. I regarded the anti-Bolshevik policy of the German right as a crime against German vital interests. Germany would inevitably perish as a result.

He knew my point of view, he said: I had to understand what it meant that he had invited me unadmittedly. The Bismarckian tradition was also being cultivated in the German National People's Party. Although the party had a lot on its mind with regard to the internal social and economic structure of the Soviet Union, it had no right to interfere in the internal affairs of a neighbouring nation. He could assert with certainty that the German National People's Party would not allow itself to be dragged into Hitler's anti-Bolshevik course. I clearly expressed my doubts about his words. He replied to me with vigour that I could believe him; as long as he led the German National People's Party, this party would not allow itself to be drawn into the anti-Soviet front, but on the contrary would seek to deepen foreign policy cooperation between the two parties.

Germany and the *Soviet* Union. Although he hadn't convinced me, I kept quiet out of politeness. He stood up and, with an almost pleading look, asked me why I was rejecting him. I replied that everything he had told me about the

The German National People's Party is all well and good, but I think the German Nationals smell far too much like the time before•9*4 . The conversation, which lasted two hours was over.

I had resistance readers in Vienna, Graz and a few other Austrian towns. The leading man in the resistance movement in Vienna was the lawyer Dr Sild, a man with an interest in politics; he had been following all the main German newspapers and magazines for years. He had previously belonged to the Schönerer movement, the all-German branch in Austria, which was endeavouring to unite Austria with the Reich. Under the influence of the Los-von-Rom movement, he had converted from Catholicism to Protestantism. He embraced the idea of an Eastern orientation because he believed that there was no other way to achieve unification against French resistance than in alliance with Soviet Russia. His wife, a daughter of the historian von Ficker, was even more politically far-sighted than he was. The small, lively Mrs Cenzi took an interest in everything; she also realised that the orientation towards the East not only meant liberation from Versailles, but also social reclassification. She was willing to accept this unity. Ida believes she never revealed this secret to her husband Johannes. My relationship with the couple was cordial.

Sild had invited me - 9 j i and - 9 i - to give lectures in ÄVien. With Sild I got to know the literary historian at the IVie-ner University, Marianne Thalmann, who wrote a fine book on drama in the liberal era and who emigrated to America after 1935. In addition

Sild made my personal acquaintance with Professor Othmar Spann. Spann's books had been familiar to me for a long time, but I never had a real relationship with Spann's Aristotelian-scholastic thinking. I considered his book *Der ca/are Staat* to be a deductive I(onstruction, which was adapted to the political purposes of I(uria and the Schxverindustrie. The notion that Spann propagated was an excavation of ideas of order taken from medieval supremacy and useful for the purposes of reaction. Spann invited me to join him for lunch. After the meal, we sat down for a chat; Spann's wife, Erika, also took part. I developed my eastern ideas. Spann replied calmly, defending his opposing position only weakly. His wife, on the other hand, responded passionately. Mrs Erika, a poor I(atholic, was

religious lyricist. I undoubtedly appeared to her as a seducer. Nevertheless, Spann invited me to give a lecture at his *gamin ger doche*, which was about to begin.

The *Gnmin ger weeks* were held twice a year. They were attended by students from Austrian and German universities. Their purpose was to educate the students to become apostles of the Spanish doctrine. When I arrived in the mountain village of Gaming, I did not yet find Spann in the old monastery where the conference was being held. In my speech I affirmed the meaning of the Bolshevik Revolution and called for political co-operation between Germany and the Soviet Union. The discussion was lively, and personal discussions afterwards revealed that I had made an impression. Herbert Blank was also present. Blank told me that he had a feeling of unease about the background to the *Gd- ming Week*. That same evening, I sought clarification about this background. Mr Krukenberg had also attended the conference. I learnt that he was an in-house lawyer for the German Employers' Association and that his office was in Düsseldorf. It was obvious that he was the liaison between the employers and Spann and that he paid out the money with which the *Gaminger Weeks* were financed. So anyone who wanted to see how Othmar Spann was in charge of the ideological business of German companies and employers could do so.

The next day, O thmar Spann himself spoke. He developed the idea of professionalism and outlined the "true state", in which entrepreneurship was the ruling class and intelligence should give its blessing. After Spann's lecture there was a short break. I went to Spann and told him that after his presentation I had no choice but to either break up his conference with my discussion speech or leave immediately. Embarrassed, Spann asked me to leave instead. I returned to Berlin.

During my second stay in Austria in '93 ° , I was invited to give lectures at the universities of Vienna and Graz. The Viennese lecture evening went off without a hitch, but things were different in Graz. There were already many National Socialist students here. They had contacted the management of the National Socialist Student Association in Munich and asked how they could oppose me. They had ordered my assembly to be

to break the mould. On the day of my lecture, I was sure there would be something going on in the evening. The rector asked me to join him and expressed his concerns. It would be embarrassing for him, he said, if the university grounds were misused for scandals. I gave him the assurance that I would refrain from any challenges.

In fact, the audience found no reason to riot as a result of my presentation. In order not to provide another such opportunity later on, I had suggested to the chairman that he only allow questions to be put to me. At first everything went well. There were several attempts at disruption; I always managed to calm them down. Then one of Ludendorff's supporters got in touch and wanted to know where I stood on the South Tyrolean question. Shortly before, Hitler had announced his agreement to renounce South Tyrol in favour of Italy in order to win Mussolini's friendship. The word *South Tyrol* had barely been uttered when a tremendous clamour arose in the hall. The National Socialist students, who had previously struggled to prevent themselves from carrying out the Blücher order, now saw the opportunity to start a fight. They pounced on the Tannenbergbund members present, beat them up and attacked other members of the audience. I was standing behind the lectern and a mob of National Socialists rushed up to it and threatened me with fists and stools. There was a small, narrow door behind the lectern. Suddenly I was grabbed from behind and pulled out of the door. It was one of the

organiser of the evening, who took me on this journey from the shooting

line. Hitler had fanatised his followers to such an extent that it outraged Austrian students to see Hitler's national betrayal of South Tyrol disapproved of.

Krukenberg's presence in Gaming had given me food for thought. Not long afterwards, I was invited to Berlin for another

lecture. Erul:enberg reminded me of the person Irukenberg. An editor who had worked for me during the 3'days of his unemployment came to me with an interesting report. Krukenberg had engaged him to act as the leader of an association that was to bring together all national-minded German writers. Erul:enberg was backed by the employers' associations and the Confederation of German Industry. The authors who joined the association were to receive large print runs and thus ample income.

income were guaranteed. They were expected to unobtrusively propagate in their works the sentiments that favoured the maintenance of heavy industry in Germany. I read the letters in favour from Kolbenheyer and Hans Grimm; Hans Blunck and many others were also enthusiastic. Even Oswald Spengler was in favour. A meeting had been arranged at the Hotel Esplanade, to which many writers turned up. Their comments centred on the fact that their works would soon be published in large editions. They acted as if this would only serve the people and not themselves and their finances. Nobody admitted to themselves that they were only aiming to buy the entire German nationalist intelligentsia.

The project was not realised after all. Hitler's progress taught heavy industry that spending money to bribe writers was no longer necessary.

The Prussian state parliamentary elections of 24 April 1932 resulted in a large number of National Socialist seats. The Weimar coalition, which had previously ruled Prussia, was on weak legs and could only keep itself somewhat in the saddle with the help of procedural knives. It was customary for the strongest parliamentary group to provide the president. The President of Parliament was also a member of the three-man college, which was regarded as the real head of the Prussian state. This three-man college was made up of the President of the Council of State - it was Dr Adenauer - the President of Parliament, Lord Mayor Leinert, and the Prussian Minister President Braun. The Prussian Prime Minister and the President of Parliament were Social Democrats. Adenauer was a centrist. If the National Socialists had been given the presidency of parliament, they would have broken into this three-man college, an arrangement that the Social Democrats *and* the Centre *were* equally opposed to.

The Prussian Prime Minister Braun was of the sentimental opinion that he and his party had rendered such outstanding services to the Prussian people that they were entitled to claim gratitude. This duty of gratitude on the part of the Prussian people

he found himself hurt by the outcome of the Prussian election. It offended him; he therefore withdrew from political business. His party did not allow him to resign from office, but he no longer exercised it. He went to stay with his sick wife in Ascona on Lake Maggiore, where he owned a small house. He had inwardly given up on the cause of the Republic. He fatalistically thought it was pointless to fight on.

Braun was perhaps the best political hopf in social democracy. He had vigour and a mostly realistic view. It was all the more strange that he had indulged in an illusion with regard to the Prussian election result. It was no longer possible to be in any doubt as to where

things were going on in the realm. The year 93 2 was the year of the

Elections. The Weimar Republic and its constitution should, as the Deofsröe *All gemeines Z eitting* had once expressed itself, had to be fought down by elections. In addition to the Prussian

Landtag, the President of the Reich had to be elected. For the

imperial presidential election on 3 March 93 ° was like

the right-wing Hindenburg; the steel helmet

presented Düsterberg, the bourgeois party presented the centrist Dr Marx, the communists presented Thälmann and the national socialists presented Hitler. The first ballot was inconclusive; none of the candidates received an absolute majority of votes. A second ballot was not necessary. It took place on i i.

April 93 2 Stätt. The question now was whether Hindenburg or Hitler would win the race. The bourgeoisie and, in the end, the Social Democrats decided in favour of Hitler.

to vote in favour of Hindenburg. This is what had happened to the Social Democrats, who had now found themselves in the predicament of marching in the wake of the former General Field Marshal. The Communists did not accept this alternative: they held on to their own ideologue Thiilmann.

The Hindenburg front, which had formed in this way, was led by Reidisl'anzler Brüning. Brüning was unwavering in his support for the "old man". The noise made by the National Socialists was tremendous. But the German vol11' was not yet fully ripe for them. Hindenburg was victorious. The National Socialists were defeated and faced empty hatred.

The Reichspräsident drew other consequences from his victory.

than had been expected of him. He believed he was being politically astute if he now gave the political right a chance. The German nationalists were to be given a chance. He reckoned that the reactionary policies of this party would take the wind out of the National Socialists' sails and that Hitler would have no choice but to provide the German Nationals with assistance without any compensation. The German Nationals were to realise what Hitler had reserved as his task.

One day, Hindenburg let Brüning fall in a brisk manner, bidding farewell to the man who had literally sacrificed himself for him. Brüning was now replaced by von Papen. Mr von Papen was a favourite of Hindenburg. As a diplomat in the United States during the First World War, Papen had left his briefcase on the railway. The briefcase contained diplomatic documents proving that Germany was trying to incite Mexico against the United States. This was the end of Mr von Papen's diplomatic career. He went to Palestine as a cavalry officer without earning any particular laurels there. In the Saar region, he had great interests in the porcelain industry.

It did not take long for Papen to finalise his ideas. He saw it as his real task to completely smash the Weimar coalition's weakened position in Prussia; Prussia should not be able to inhibit his "national imperial policy", which only wanted to protect the interests of the heavy industry and the bunkers and disempower the working class. On 30. July '33 he lied

Severing from the Ministry of the Interior and the Reichs executive against Prussia. He claimed that the Prussian government had secretly established relations with the Communists. A Mr Bracht was appointed Reichskommissar over Prussia.

Although the Social Democrats have been harassing the police for years

nothing was done about Mr von Papen's open breach of the constitution. The police did not defend themselves and there was no call for a general strike. The Weimar coalition in Prussia thus came to an end in disgrace.

The Prussian government had brought an action against the Reich government before the Imperial Court on the basis of its coup d'état. A question of political power was to be turned into a question of law. The judges of the Reichsgericht were faced with a difficult task; they were well aware that they could not come up with a judgement against *fait accompli*. They recognised the situation created by Papen in Prussia as legally valid and only endeavoured to prevent the imperial government from further breaches of the constitution.

The National Socialists did not want to be denied the wind to be taken out of their sails. They refused to support Papen; indeed, they even threw down the gauntlet to him. When the Berlin tram workers went on strike, Hitler tolerated the National Socialists taking part in the strike. You could see how the Communists and National Socialists together insulted steel helmets who belonged to Papen as reactionaries. The strike taught Papen that he could not hold on to power without the support of the National Socialist masses.

This was probably related to the fact that Papen had shown himself to be compliant with Hitler in a minor matter. In the Upper Silesian town of Potempa, several SA men had murdered a number of Communist workers in the most savage manner. They had broken into their flats armed and trampled the defenceless people to death with their heels. The murderers were sentenced to death. Hitler sent a cheeky telegram to Papen in which he jeered at the court and threatened Papen if he had the death sentence carried out. Papen paid so little attention to the preservation of state authority that he capitulated to Hitler and condoned the bestial murderers.

However, this did little to help Papen: in November he was overthrown by the National Socialists. His successor was General Schleicher - Hitler had to be patient.

The more the National Socialists' power grew, the more inevitably the politician who favoured an eastern orientation was pushed close to the Communist Party. The political situation itself was the reason for this.

A contact between the *resistance* and the Communist Party. The liaison officer was Captain Beppo Römer, who, having gained the upper hand in the Freikorps, had in the meantime become a Communist Party member. He visited me and we discussed how to take a stand on certain political events. We agreed that the meetings would take place in a pub. Two communist functionaries, who introduced themselves as Konrad and Ludwig, came along with Römer. The party had begun to prepare itself for illegality; its leading functionaries were instructed to only allow themselves to be referred to by their first names. This was to prevent the police from tracking down the active communists.

Konrad and Ludwig read my publications with zeal and thoroughness. When they appeared for the debate, the *HZiderstand* essays were marked with many did'-es; the strokes indicated the passages that had aroused the displeasure of the censors. Their criticism was not infrequently critical; it was not always easy for me to convince them that bourgeois readers do not eat the same ideological fare as out-and-out communists.

Above all, my colleague Karl Tröger wanted closer organisational ties with the KPD. He managed to become personally acquainted with Kippenberger, who, as a confidant of the Communist International, enjoyed an enigmatic and gloomy reputation at the time, shrouded in secrecy. The Communist Central Committee had an interest in the bourgeois intellectuals who were united in my resistance movement and observed the rapprochement endeavours with benevolence. In the late autumn of 1932 a larger meeting in Berlin, in the vicinity of the Anhalter

I was to give a short presentation there on the position of the resistance movement. A number of senior Communist functionaries had turned up. It was noted how similar the foreign policy views were and that there was no lack of points of contact in social matters either. The resistance formulation "We are not communists, but we are capable of communism if the national interest in life requires it" was a breach across which it was easy to establish co-operation.

During the meetings, the news spread that the police had got wind of the event and wanted to break it up. The conference was then closed, but the discussions continued in a café. However, no practical results were achieved; Hitler's rise to power put a stop to such intentions.

In February 1933 I learnt via the Prussian Minister of the Interior, Mr von Bismarck, that the establishment of concentration camps was planned and that they would be set up without consideration. I informed the head of the Marx-Engels publishing house, Jäger. I informed the head of the Marx-Engels publishing house, Jäger, who then decided to transfer the publishing house's stock to Prague and then emigrate himself. During his emigration, he left the Communist Party. He moved to London.

5

During the resistance conference at Leuchtenburg, I discussed the plan with Professor Friedrich Lenz to set up a working group to study Russian planning. Lenz, who had been encouraged to do so by members of the Berlin Soviet embassy, took the matter in hand and found Arvid von Harnack, the manager who set about the practical implementation of the plan. A number of members of the newly founded *Arplan* were invited to take a trip of several weeks to the Soviet Union to familiarise themselves with the plan's economy. I joined the group that wanted to go on the trip. Professor Lenz, Arvid von Harnack, the Heidelberg economist Professor Lederer, Dr. Adolf Grabowsky, the Hungarian Professor Kelen from the Technische Hochschule Berlin-Charlottenburg, Professor Pollak from the Technische Hochschule in Rotterdam, the director of the Port of Rotterdam Plate, a professor from the University of Amsterdam, Professor Auler, economist in Giessen, Gurewitsch, the European representative of General Electric in the USA, living in Zurich, a Mr von Hofmannsthal from Vienna and others made up the travelling party. From Szczecin we travelled on the *Tiiscodr* to Leningrad. The melancholy landscape of the Finnish (Europe made a strong impression on us.

me. We visited some industrial plants in Leningrad and went to the Peter Paul Fortress. Above all, we were attracted by the Hermitage. There I met the director of the museum, Dr Waldhauer, who had previously been a teacher of Greek at a Leningrad grammar school. He showed Dr Grabowsky and me jewels that he rarely took out of their locks. They were marvellous gold and silver wrought-iron works and quartz carvings from the time of the ancient Sliyths. Waldhauer endured the poor circumstances in which he had to live at that time with composure; his passion for the jewels he guarded made him completely insensitive to the hardships and insecurity of everyday life. At Peterhof Palace, I attended a guided tour of the halls by workers and listened with interest to the explanations, which were intended to enlighten the workers on the sociological background of the objects on display. We travelled to Moscow on an overnight train. The numerous sightseeing tours on our programme were exhausting. Almost every day we were invited to visit a People's Commissar, who presented and explained extensive statistical material to us. The economic life of the city had not yet got going. The shops were empty, the underground railway was still under construction, the supply of food to the population caused some difficulties, the overall standard of living was poor; there were only a few cars on the roads. I visited the Kremlin, Lenin's mausoleum, the People's Park, the opera, some exhibitions, often stood on Red Square in front of the marvellous St. Basil's Cathedral or walked along the Moskva River. I spent one of the afternoons with Radek. An in-depth political conversation developed. Radek was a good prophet. He foresaw Hitler's victory and said that the peace-loving Soviet Union would get along with a Hitler's Germany if necessary. Admittedly, he considered Hitler and the Nazis to be far too politically stupid to realise the opportunities that German-Russian cooperation would bring. Radek followed all German literature, including that of the right, with great attention. He was also familiar with Otto Strasser's writings, for example, and knew about every political trend in Germany.

I also spent some time at the German embassy in Moscow. hours. The German ambassador, Mr von Dirksen, was

was not present at the time; he was represented by Mr von Txxardowsky. I talked for a long time with the journalist Axtur W. Just, who was also invited and who represented the *Frdnfi/iirter Zeitung* and the *Kölnische Zeitung* in Moscow. Just had always attracted attention with his pro-Soviet articles. Now he surprised me by making some critical remarks about the Soviet Union; the great change that was about to take place in Germany may already have had some influence on him and his judgement. Nevertheless, he was dissatisfied with the German embassy. He said it was like living on an island. Even the catering was brought by plane from Germany. The German embassy does not cultivate any social relations with Russian organisations. Under these circumstances, it was quite impossible for the German embassy to be able to judge the Russian situation correctly.

I fell ill with paratyphoid while still in Moscow. Without seeking medical treatment, I tried to get rid of the illness by simply ignoring it. I couldn't even manage the right diet. The only thing I decided to do was not to join the journey to Rostov, but to go to Kies°. I was all alone on this journey. I had a nice experience. There was only one Circassian in the compartment where I was travelling. Towards evening, a conductor came to set up the compartment as a sleeping compartment for the night. He brought bed linen for the Circassian and offered it to me as well. I had forgotten to change German money into roubles in Moscow. The ruble was worth about 10 pfennigs, whereas the official rate was 12 pfennigs, I think. The plan had told us in Moscow where we could buy roubles cheaply; it wasn't actually legal, but they turned a blind eye to us. You could get the ruble for between 10 and 12 pfennigs on the Sdiv-arzen market.

Ida asked how much the rescue cost. I was asked for one ruble.

Now I explained to him how the shafler would convert the ruble if

I paid him in German money. He was only willing to do the conversion at the official rate. 12 marks for the bed linen was too expensive for me. So I said I would think it over and he should come in tomorrow. After that, Tsdierl'esse also left the room.

Nidi t

A long time later, the man returned and spread out the bed linen on my seat. I let it happen and took my wallet to pay him. However, he refused the money and said it was all right. Despite my pleas, he didn't give any further explanations.

Later, the Circassian returned. I suspected he might have had a hand in it. So I asked him if he had intervened here. I gathered from his answer that he had. I was afraid, I said, that he had even gone to great expense. I could not accept that under any circumstances and I asked him to allow me to reimburse him for the money he had spent. But I was badly received. With gesticulations and bows, flashing eyes and threatening gestures, he put on a theatre without equal. He exclaimed whether I wanted to insult him mortally. I was a guest of his dear homeland, the Soviet Union, it was a great honour for him to do such a guest a favour, he would have to take revenge if I refused to accept the minor service he had rendered me. Nothing could be done. I still had two bars of chocolate in my suitcase: I took them out and offered them to him. He turned them down. Although I don't have the slightest aptitude for acting, I tried to imitate him, mumble some deadly insults and attempt the odd frightening gesture. But as I lacked practice, I did not achieve the success I had hoped for. He trumped me by assuring me that the offer of chocolate alone was a sign of appreciation for his service to me. Now I had to beg his forgiveness, so to speak, for having had the wicked idea of wanting to return the favour in any way. After endless negotiations we came to an agreement that he would at least accept a bar of chocolate.

In Kiev I met the two Dutchmen from Rotterdam at the hotel, with whom I wandered through the catacombs and enjoyed the marvellous view of the Dnieper from the heights. The paratyphoid was giving me a hard time, and the worst thing was that I also developed a fever. That's why I wanted to travel straight back from Kiev to Berlin and leave Odessa behind. From the Polish border to Warsaw I used sleeping cars; in Warsaw we had - the Dutch accompanied

me - some stay. On the Berlin train, the three of us took our seats in a second-class compartment. The door was flung open and four well-dressed, excited gentlemen stormed in. They asked me to put my luggage away so that they could stow theirs. I remained seated calmly and said they could do that themselves. Professor Pollak sat opposite me in the corner seat. He was more lazy than me and got up to put his suitcases away. But he didn't get round to it, the men crowded round him, he was pushed and shoved, it was a very strange affair. All at once the men said they didn't want to stay in the compartment after all, and disappeared as quickly as they had appeared.

'That was a strange incident,' I remarked, 'there's something wrong here. Why,' I asked my counterpart, 'did you put up with that behaviour from the lads?' He thought about it and suddenly reached for his letter bag. He jumped up: the letter bag was gone. A gang of pickpockets had been in our compartment and Pollak was one of their victims. Pollak not only had his Dutch money in the letter pouch, but also his papers. He ran to the train driver to report the incident, but the men had disappeared and there was no sign of them. At least Professor Pollak could quickly console himself: he had had himself insured as a cautious *hlann* in case of pickpocketing.

After my return from Moscow, I published a report in my magazine *V'iderstniid*; in its immediate freshness, it was also a confession. As was the case at the time, it is also informative for me personally; as a result, excerpts from it are included here:

One wanders through the streets of Russian cities and nowhere does one come across any kind of event, installation or activity that would bribe or could bribe this country of reputation. The people are dressed *sdiledit*: as if there were only male and female proletarians coming from the factory or going to the factory. The *hlanners* wear puddles, the women and girls *I(opftüdi*; hats are the feature by which one recognises the foreigners. The *Sdiuhiverk* is worthy of pity. The suffering is almost empty. where all the *I(east- lich'eiten* of the Orient and Occident were piled up before the *Ikricg*, there are now a few tins of tinned food. there are a few tubs of yellow

Beetroot, a few tubs of cucumbers and potatoes. The most miserable and superfluous things are on display: a few bottles of wine, an old mandolin; a red scarf decorates, and the bust of Lenin or Stalin among the most meagre junk creates a filling centrepiece. Shops on Nevsky Prospekt or in front of the Kremlin, which once enjoyed a kind of world fame, look like the poorest junk shops in the darkest suburbs. Perhaps this is the overall character of cities like Leningrad or Moscow in general today: they bear in their full extent the grey, gloomy, miserable colouring that only their proletarian quarters used to display. The splendour of the old aristocratic palaces is broken; the faces of the poor look out of high windows. Countless people are crammed into rooms where once powerful lords had led a far-reaching, space-dominating existence. This Russia is indeed proletarian, every glance confirms it. It does not want to deceive with Potemkin villages; it might not even have the vivacious imagination to conjure up such villages. It doesn't sugarcoat its bleak, hardscrabble everyday life. It does not prevent any stranger from seeing this Ruffi land as it is; those who wish to go on a journey of discovery on their own initiative and responsibility will not fail to overcome any obstacles.

Ruhland wants to be a workers' state and it is. Whether you are a man or a woman, you have to be employed in order to enjoy the right of citizenship, indeed the right to live at all. If you are not a worker, then you have no prospect of belonging to a corporation that is allocated goods, albeit to a limited extent, and distributes them to its members in return for cards at fixed low prices. In feudal times one had to own land, in bourgeois times capital, in order to be a representative of the leading class: here one has to fulfil one's job in order to have social and political prestige. The fact that the new Russia emerged as a workers' state can be understood historically: as 2 and in the following years the foreign capitalist plunderers and exploiters divided up Ruhland and attempted to colonise the country, the Marxist idea was successfully played off against them. The revolutionary workers defended and saved Ruffiland's independence in foreign policy; the Russian foreigner and the Russian

Citizens were both prepared to betray and sell the freedom and integrity of their fatherland at the price of securing their social privileges. The revolutionary worker's great political achievement for Ruriland gave him the self-confidence to want to mould it in his own image.

The actual position of power held by the Russian worker is dependent on particular historical circumstances. This, however, does not yet decide in principle whether there are deep factual necessities, which lie in the things themselves, which urge towards an age of the worker. If such necessities were at work, only then would the Russian workers' state be more than a historical contingency; only then would the meaning of the Russian revolution rise to the height and rank accorded to the meaning of the English or French revolutions ...

In this sense, the Russian communist worker believes in his mission to the world. He sees himself as a type who is called to take possession of the world. The whole of Russian existence is tailored to this type; it emphasises it, it affirms its right to live, it glorifies it, it creates opportunities for it to recognise itself in its leading importance. Behind every manifestation of public life, behind every gesture of the worker himself, one senses the claim that the worker is the most advanced and most noble kind of human being. .

The environment, the living space, in which the worker receives his or her inspiration is the company. The factory is a strange artificial world, a world that has no relation to the organic and naturally grown. The human being stands in front of the machine; there, in the midst of the noise and roar of the machines around him, he performs his strictly measurable work; the rhythm and tempo of the tuned machinery subject his living organism to its medianised law. But these very machines that subject him to their tempo are, after all, marvellous works of mankind; before technology, man experiences what is good for him and how far he can go if he trusts himself and his reason. Every function within the company is a triumph of the spirit of human science and human rationality. In this environment sits

A view of life emerges that encourages people to trust human reason without hesitation, that sees their vocation in being a functionary in the company and a key player in the production process. All darkness seems to be illuminable; there are no unfathomable world riddles, but only solvable technical problems

...

The worker who has proven himself in the company is prepared for higher achievements. He becomes a student: he studies chemistry, physics, technical subjects. Education means being an advanced technical expert. The state, the trade unions, the companies themselves organise courses and schools in which you go through the educational process. The social sciences, which accompany young Russians from primary school onwards, are to a certain extent the theology, the scientific foundation, the new doctrine of faith and salvation; in them one lives and weaves in Christian concepts and ideas in a similar way to Central Europe. Beyond that, only technical ability, technical education has value. What the priest was in the Middle Ages, the lawyer in bourgeois France, the professor in Germany in 1948, is the technician, the engineer in contemporary Russia ...

The worker has always felt his existence threatened by the anarchy of the capitalist economic order. However well-organised trusts or individual enterprises may be, the capitalist economy as a whole is an unregulated, chaotic confusion of wildly interacting forces. It is precisely the unbound freedom of its operation that is the cause of its crises, which the worker has to atone for again and again with unemployment and wage pressure. In contrast, the ability to plan the entire economy is an old labour demand; it is the essential content of socialism. The worker contrasts the bourgeois idea of freedom with the idea of planning. Socialist construction is the construction of a planned economy. Equivalences appear here which impose themselves and which are not even questioned; as naturally as the bourgeois wants a free economy, so naturally does the worker want a planned, organised and managed economy. As much as free economy and capitalism mean the same thing, so much do planned economy and socialism mean the same thing ...

Other countries are interesting because of the beauty of their land.

It is Rutland alone through his social body, which is orientated towards one point, which is filled with a unified spirit that has placed itself in the artificial state of an elevated, consciously held, heroically assertive existence.

The workers' state of Rutland has a glaring crack in its foundations: the Russian peasant. The very existence of the Russian peasant is at odds with the existence of the workers' state. The Russian workers' state sees the intolerance and is willing to put an end to it with rigour and consistency. Since it has only the choice between its continued existence or the continued existence of the peasant, it decides against the continued existence of the peasant. The peasant does not fit into the framework of the workers' state: consequently he must disappear. The peasant must become a worker; that is the solution. The mechanisation of agriculture is the means. Agriculture must be organised as an industrial enterprise: this will change the peasant's consciousness. In the agricultural collective, the farmer should be like the worker in his factory. Russian pictorial statistics have already taken away the high lambskin cap from the peasant type and replaced it with the proletarian cap ...

The workers' state knows what is at stake for it. The kulak: that is the type of peasant, as he is in irreconcilable opposition to the workers' state by virtue of his very nature. It was hammered into the people's consciousness that this I(t)lak was the enemy of the country, the enemy of the people, the spoiler of the people. Thus the peasant is liquidated in terms of consciousness; one can no longer be a true peasant with a good conscience. The peasant is made insecure; he mistrusts the model that was actually his by nature. He becomes accessible to the other model, which is communicated to him daily in words and writing, through loudspeakers and microphones: the model of the Sony jet citizen who is a worker and wants to be a worker. The city overtakes the country, technology overtakes nature. The workers' state moulds people according to its own necessities; it tests an entire voorlk rim. The spirit of technology and industrialism subjugates 4° million peasants and turns them into comrades of the workers, who in the urban factories are organised according to the pace of the conveyor belt. The work on the organic

The work on the inorganic, on dead matter is equated with the work on materials. In the factory, the electric light, the electric power can be switched on by the proper pull of a lever; the sun, on the other hand, shines when it wants to; there is no button that can be pressed to set it in operation: this is a factual difference that is not worth discussing - but it is precisely this difference that should no longer be taken into account. The farmer should lose himself in the intoxication of mechanisation and come to a new self-awareness as a worker ...

The worker believes in himself, his creative power, his Zuliunfi. It sustains him spiritually to know that he is an element of the socialist uprising. His revolutionary past, his type, his mission become the content of a new myth: the new myth has its chapels in red corners. The pictures of revolutionary heroes, revolutionary literature, Russia's production figures, performance tables of the factory workforce, the ship crew, the collective farm are the icons, the sacred scriptures, the pious signs of this modern state of glorious upliftment. The new myth proves its binding power, although it must prove it in the bright light of awake consciousness. It culminates in the veneration that Lenin's body enjoys. The mausoleum in front of the Kremlin, opposite the magnificent St Basil's Cathedral from the time of Ivan the Terrible, is effective and gripping. Thousands of people file past the mummy lying in the spotlit glass coffin every day. There are no shivers of mystical darkness floating through the room here, blurring the immortal into the intangible. The naive heart may shudder, but cold, uninvolved scientific curiosity also gets its money's worth. The situation in no way forces us to respect the social miracle worker and saviour in the mummy; the Lidit is so grell and hard that it almost humiliates him into a panopticon figure. The myth strikes the limit here, where the scientific illuriosity begins. However, the will to believe despite all this is so strong that even the sober atmosphere of this enlightened everyday life does not throw it off course and rob it of its confidence. The myth also thrives in the high-octane radiation to which it is exposed on the factory floor. " We Russians," exclaimed a Russian communist enthusiastically, "have it easier than the

other peoples! If we don't know what to do about something, we turn to Lenin; we can always find reliable information here."

. The way in which the worker carries out his daily work is already warlike. Every company is a military unit; leaving the workplace is as disgraceful as desertion. The spirit that pervades the factories is militant. Today the workbench is still a weapon; tomorrow it may be more advisable to take up arms. Even from worker to Red Guard is only one step. Nothing could be simpler than to transform these labour armies into revolutionary armies, which now use their lives directly instead of their labour power. The urban form of being of this people can be transformed overnight into the form of being of the military camp; the most labour-intensive workers' state can become the most weaponised warrior state overnight. No one can penetrate the Russian enigma; its manifestation today need not be its final and last. Ruhlant will remain an element of world change; it will become established in those forms of being in which it shakes the world most lastingly and transforms it, corroding it from within.

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The political situation in Germany was coming to a head. Hitler was at the gates and all forces had to be mobilised to beat him back at the last hour. At the beginning of October 1932, the resistance publishing house *published* a weekly newspaper *Entscheidtin g*. The *resistance* had only a limited number of readers; I wanted to try to have an effect on a wider audience, The founding of *Entscl'eiduii*(xvar was a daring speculation. The fate of the weekly depended on whether it would find enough sales to be profitable. The first issue was still too ambitious; the articles were more suitable for a magazine than a newspaper. Only after a few experiments did the newspaper find the tone that was suitable to win the ear of the masses. I hired an old acquaintance as editor who had previously worked as editor. Here, too, A. Paul Weber contributed drawings. He drew the prophetic picture showing the day of the Lord that had just passed.

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Papen; it appeared in a November issue of the *decision*. In January 1933, a Weberian drawing depicted Schleicher's assassination.

Schleicher stood - in his bedroom - in his shirt in front of his bed; Hitler, with his bayonet at the ready, was stabbing the general. A picture of Gregor Strasser hung on the wall. The caption read: *Wallenstein's death*.

The essays in the *resolution* were quite radical. The *decision* clearly attacked the valley circle. For about a year and a half, it had experienced a powerful upswing; the economic essays, written by the later national socialist Ferdinand Friedrich Zimmermann, who called himself Ferdinand Fried, had a socially critical, even social reformist flavour and were initially attributed to Hjalmar Schacht. The deed was disseminated in those intellectual circles that had a feeling for the crisis that had broken out and were longing for remedies. The articles in *Tat* acted as a dummy that was put into the mouths of worried bourgeois intellectuals in order to appease them. The magazine became the sluice through which the bourgeois intelligentsia was channelled into the waters of National Socialism.

When Hitler came to power on 30 January, the *entcheidung* presented a tantalising picture: the unleashed German Michel gazes upwards in delight; from there it rains all the beautiful things he had promised himself and which he believed Hitler would shower on him. The result was that the *decision* was banned for a few weeks. It was allowed to come out once more, but then had to cease publication for good. I felt like putting the Imperial Court to the test, and I lodged a complaint against the ban. The appeal was dismissed on flimsy pretexts; the highest judges of the Reich had already given in and become compliant creatures of Hitler.



Z V*E I T E R T E I L



M D R D E R A B O U T U S



In the September elections 1930, the Reichstag faction of the National Socialist Party soared from 9 to 107 deputies. It was, as was generally said at the time, a political "Landslide". From then on, Brüning's policies were dominated by concerns about how the National Socialist tide could be controlled. The National Socialists did not co-operate positively in the Reichstag; they sought to discredit the parliamentary system as much as possible. Despite their nationalist rhetoric, they were wary of voting in favour of a communist motion to tear up the Young Plan. They feared damaging their prospects as the next governing party. When they realised their powerlessness in parliament, they once organised an exodus; they theatrically left parliament, stayed away for a while, but then returned hungry for more votes. In the subsequent elections, they scored further successes.

In 1932, they believed they were authorised to take over government power, but were outplayed by Papen. One can understand the bitterness with which they looked at Papen's

Although Papen was not given the opportunity to announce the dissolution of the Reichstag during the Reichstag session in which Göring had refused to allow him to speak, the days of parliament were numbered. By decree of the Reich President, the Reichstag was sent home. New elections were held on 6 November 1932. They brought

a surprise: the National Socialists lost two millions of votes. It seemed as if they had passed the peak of their proliferation, as if people were beginning to tire of them and no longer expected anything from them.

Hitler felt that he had no more time to lose: un-

He patiently strove for power. On 12 November 1932 a vote of no confidence against the Papen government was passed in the new Reichstag. The National Socialists voted together with the Weimar parties and the Communists. As the National Socialists were still the strongest parliamentary group in the Reichstag, the

After the election, Hindenburg entered into negotiations with Hitler, according to the old parliamentary custom, to determine whether Hitler was capable of bringing a government into being. There was a lively exchange of letters between the Imperial Court and the Reich Chancellery for several weeks. Hitler claimed to be able to form a presidential cabinet, for which he demanded powers as extensive as those granted to Hindenburg in Italy. Hindenburg rejected Hitler's demand. He could only appoint a non-party personality he trusted to head a presidential cabinet; the party leader Hitler, on the other hand, would have to find a majority in parliament to support his cabinet. Hitler, who would not have been able to secure a majority in the Reichstag, denied that he was an ordinary party leader; he was, he claimed, a man of the whole people. Hindenburg, who was filled with a deep aversion to the "Bohemian corporal", gave Hitler another bitter pill to swallow: he reserved the right to appoint the Foreign Minister and the Defence Minister entirely according to his wishes. In the end, the negotiations by letter failed; Hindenburg did not want to appoint Hitler as Reichsl'anzler.

Another solution to the government question had become necessary. The Reich President tried again with a presidential cabinet. The government maker of the previous years, General Schleicher, was forced to openly assume responsibility for government affairs. His secret opponents intended to remove him from the Reich Ministry of Defence, the basis of his second term of office,

to be removed. On 3 December 1932, Schleicher took over the office of Reich Chancellor. In a public rally in the Sportpalast, which was also attended by the Reich President,

Schleicher developed his programme. Although Schleicher made an effort to appear as a social general and chancellor, the programme announcement was nevertheless dull; I was an audience member and had the impression that Schleicher lacked atmosphere and perhaps also a convincing political format.

On 17 January 1933, state elections were held in Lippe-De-mold. took place. Hitler unleashed his entire propaganda machine. He won votes in the small country and this gave him new prestige. After this event, the ski industry and the Junkers. For years, the big industrialists had invested money in

They had put their money into the National Socialist Party. They had done it because they wanted to get rid of the trade unions and the socialist parties through Hitler. Should they now allow themselves to be cheated out of the success of their financial campaign at the last moment? The Junkers were nervous for another reason. Brüning had squandered large amounts of Reich funds as "aid to the East" to support the "ailing agriculture". The Junkers were supposed to renovate and modernise their estates. Many Junkers used the money for luxury spending and travelled to the Riviera. Major raids were organised. General Schleicher had collected the material and threatened to publish it. Hitler had also got wind of the affair and was preparing to play it off against the Junkers. The Junkers then thought it would be a good idea to entrust Hitler with power on condition that he suppressed the publication of the Eastern aid scandal. Hitler also agreed to do this; the Farmers' Union then instructed the Reich President to let Schleicher go and bring Hitler into government. This happened on 30 January.

1933. Hitler was now the master of the hour.

Hitler had not been handed power without being forced to agree to conditions beforehand. He had to recognise the Weimar constitution, had to undertake to respect the existing laws and not to abandon the principles of legality. He was only allowed to include a few National Socialists in the cabinet he formed. The majority of his ministers were German Nationalists. Hitler had said yes to everything. He despised the German Nationalists from the ground up and was convinced that one day he would be able to rid himself of them. In order to be able to do so, he had made a condition, which the Reich President granted him. He wanted the power to dissolve the Reichstag and have new elections held. He hoped that the new Reichstag would bring him a majority. His most important minister was the former Reich Bank President Schacht. Schacht had entered politics as a democrat; as the course of events moved to the right, Schacht also evolved into a reactionary. It was his financial policy measures that enabled Hitler to get over the initial period.

Hitler prudently prepared the new elections. His masterpiece was the organisation of the Reichstag fire. Who came up with the plan for the Reichstag fire is hardly known today.

to be determined. In any case, it was carried out under Göring's direction. I was told by a reliable source that the original intention was to use forged documents.

", which were supposed to show that the Soviets intended to carry out subversive attacks in all capital cities. It was immediately obvious to me that the National Socialists were the arsonists. With freedom cynicism, the National Socialist criminals accused the Communists of the crime they themselves had committed. Mr von Bismarck told me a few days later that Hindenburg had been standing on the balcony of the Reich Presidential Palace with Oldenburg-Januschau when the Reichstag fire was reported. Oldenburg had said to Hindenburg: "This is the prelude to a world conflagration that Hitler will cause." At the cabinet meeting that was convened during the Reichstag fire, Hitler, as I also learnt, stepped excitedly from one foot to the other, placed the fingers of his right hand on his upper lip and exclaimed one after the other: "Now I'll get my fifty-one per cent! "The German bourgeoisie was foolish enough to fall for Hitler's lies and slander. On 30 January it had been thrown into a veritable state of exhilaration: in torchlight processions and marches it celebrated the hour from which it expected a new national rise, but even more so the annihilation of its uncomfortable Marxist opponents. It had been drowned by the Reichstag fire; Hitler seemed to offer himself as a saviour against communism.

Admittedly, Hitler received a majority of 93% of the votes at the Reichstag election; he received only 43% of the votes. The German Nationals had to step in to deprive him of the much-desired "hehrheit".

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The full extent of the German collapse was not fully realised. In reality, the year 19 signalled the end of Germany's position as a great power and world power. The loss of the colonies was symptomatic of this. The leading imperialist powers are inconceivable without large areas of influence in foreign parts of the world, from where they get their raw materials, their tributes, there they have a reservoir of cheap labour.

The constitution of the Weimar Republic was based on the constitution of the Frankfurt National Assembly of 1849. But the German people did not adopt the republican form of government with its parliamentary-democratic system of their own free will. Germany was to live according to the same political principles that were native to Western Europe. In this way, the form of government of the Weimar Republic was already a symptom of the veiled dependence in which the German people found themselves after their defeat.

This parliamentary-democratic constitution was not based on any original power of its own. Soon the internal forces, which had many international connections with the American, English and French industrial and financial magnates, began to gain the upper hand. The German industrialists and financiers were on good terms with their Western business friends. They saw nothing wrong with taking on the second role and profiting from organising the management of the German economy in a way that was fruitful, useful and profitable for the Western business elite. In this way, they could always count on finding support from foreign economic forces in their domestic operations against the broad sections of the population. Step by step, they undermined the parliamentary-democratic system of the Weimar Republic. They drove towards a dictatorship, which first appeared in a milder form under Brüning, then in an intensified form under Papen, and finally in shameless nakedness under Hitler.

This economic ruling class was closely related to the military leadership. The industrial and financial magnates demanded soldiers in order to one day be able to deny the tutelage of their Western rivals. Thus, the Weimar Republic was nothing more than a backdrop behind which the establishment of a dictatorship of big business and the construction of a new Wehrmacht took place.

But the true rulers of the Weimar Republic were far from thinking of restoring the empire of 1914. They had no navy and had fallen too far behind England and France, not to mention America. This explains the particular political conception on which they placed their hopes. They

were aware of the contrast that had opened up between the monopoly capitalist system of the West and the Soviet planned economy. They themselves were opposed to the Soviet system. They were convinced that one day there would be a clash between the capitalist powers and the Soviet Union. Secretly, they still clung to the earlier all-German intentions of colonising Russia. They could not carry out such an endeavour on their own. To them, it now seemed expedient to exacerbate tensions between the West and the Soviet Union, to foment hatred against Bolshevism, to open up a chasm between the West and the East. At the same time, they offered themselves as condottiere to the West: German Landsknechts were to liquidate the Soviet Union. They thought the pay that Germany would receive for this would be generous. At the end of a victorious war against the Soviet Union, Germany would have grown back into a respectable power. This concept was subsequently attacked by Hitler.

But however much the Hitler empire may have increased its influence: precisely by basing its entire existence on such a political concept, it conceded that it was not a truly independent great power. It wanted to exploit constellations. All world powers do not disdain the exploitation of favourable constellations. But they have reserves in the background, their existence means something important in itself, they do not depend for life or death on a good constellation. A state that lives only from constellations lives from hand to mouth, so to speak. It only thrives within favourable circumstances. If these disappear, then its splendour comes to an end. Even when Hitler was at the height of his power, Germany had not become a noble great power again. It was a colossus on dead feet, and anyone with a keen eye knew in advance that the new hegemony would not last long.

3

The Reichstag elections had taken place on 5. March 1933 - it was a Sunday. Their outcome had had a major impact on the self-confidence of the National Socialist organisation. The

SA felt itself to be the master of the streets and the state in general. It believed it was called upon to intimidate Hitler's opponents with acts of terror. House searches were carried out wherever 'enemies of the state' were suspected, men and women were arbitrarily deported to SA barracks and usually horribly mishandled there. The SA already felt authorised to carry out acts of murder with impunity.

On the afternoon of 8 March, I also felt the new wind that had begun to blow. There was a knock at my door; a detachment of police stood outside. Some men had positioned themselves in front of the house, some others in the hallway, another two men were standing in the hallway of the flat, and two men were preparing to search the house. They entered my study and tampered with the library. They behaved in a conspicuously uninhibited manner. I sat down in an armchair and watched them for a while. Then I asked them, in a very friendly manner, what they actually wanted. They were civil servants from the Weimar era; you could clearly see how embarrassed they were and how ashamed they were of the job they had to do. 'You are said,' I was told, 'to have concealed a large quantity of Communist material in your flat, and a corresponding denunciation was received by the police headquarters. I replied that I didn't have a single communist leaflet and asked whether it was the style of the Hitler state to immediately fall for every infamous denunciation. It was quite monstrous, they replied, how the denunciations had piled up in the police headquarters in a single day, and it was unusual how quickly the new authorities were prepared to listen to these denunciations. Smiling, I said that if they felt like it, they should just carry on doing their duty. Then one of the officials looked at the other, they understood each other in silence and turned to me. One of them finally said that they should be ashamed to perform such a service. They asked me, if I were asked, to say that the house search had taken place. I did not conceal my sympathy, and they took their leave.

In the afternoon of the next day, two plainclothes detectives turned up. They, too, were noticeably reluctant to have to carry out the business to which they had been seconded. A new denunciation had been received against me,

they said, and they would have to do a house search. "How many times do you want to do that?" I asked, "Only yesterday my flat was ransacked from top to bottom." They enquired whether this was really true. When I reaffirmed it, they said that it wasn't necessary for them to be active, and with a sympathetic look they withdrew.

In view of these experiences, I felt it was necessary to

I had to clean out all my correspondence. With my wife's help, I looked through all the documents, discarded anything that might have been somewhat inconvenient and burnt anything that had to be cleared out of the way of the Hitler police. We had done this until about one o'clock in the morning and were just about to go to bed when there was a tremendous knock on the front door. I knew immediately which loved one I would now be dealing with. Through the peephole I saw about seven SA men standing outside the flat. I asked what they were doing. They were auxiliary policemen and demanded that I open the door.

In a flash, I thought about how I should behave. Should I phone the police and ask for their protection against the SA gang? Of course, I risked the door being smashed in the meantime. But would the police even have the courage to take action against the unleashed SA rabble? I came to the conclusion that the best thing to do was to go into action myself. The SA horde rushed into my study. The leader seemed to be a petty bourgeois; only one student stood out next to him, who became a little embarrassed in the course of the confrontation. The others save 'üste Galgenge- sich ter. My desk was opened and cleared out, as was my bookcase. In the bookcase were the originals of the testimonies for the *Widerstand* and for the *decision*. The intruders pounced on a page depicting a labourer whom an assassin was about to stab to death. A fat bourgeois was holding the hand of the f4ordboy, who bore the features of Hitler. "Who is this man supposed to be?" asked the Führer, pointing at the assassin. I answered him sternly: "This will probably be your Adolf." The lads jumped up and threatened me without being able to upset me in any way. Since Hitler's rise to power, I had lived in full awareness of my immediate surroundings. I was allowed to assume that

my brochure *Hitler* - would bring me a *German doom*. I had to reckon with revenge at any moment. As often as the doorbell rang, I was prepared to see Hitler's Hiischer enter, but I refused to leave Germany; I didn't want to be an emigrant.

During the day, two boxes of books had arrived from Vienna, standing unopened in the corridor. I knew that among the returns sent back by a bookshop must have been copies of my pamphlet *Hitler - ein deutsches Verfassungsgesetz*. The rudest of the fellows pounced on the boxes. He shouted at me to tell him what they contained. They contained books, I replied. Now he demanded tools to open them. I didn't have any, I replied. He then went to the cart in front of the house and fetched a chisel and a hammer. He began to open one of the boxes. It contained Ranke's *Twelve Prussian Histories*. Disappointed, the lad said: "Oh, it's just academic books!" Now he wanted to go to the second box, which I knew was filled with the Hitler brochures. If they fell into his hands in this situation, I was doomed. I made an attempt to dissuade him from his intention, ironically remarking that he was doing a great service to the publisher's messenger, for whom there was nothing more unpleasant than having to deal with boxes; he had already avoided this unpleasant business today. Then he irritably threw the tools onto the list and shouted that it wasn't his job to make my messenger's life easier. After the peace-breakers had been poking around in my flat for about an hour, they asked me to get ready to go. My objections were in vain. I put the most necessary toiletries in my bag.

My wife had behaved with praiseworthy bravery during the whole time. She had not spared no effort to show her contempt for the riff-raff. Now I said goodbye to her and to my son. Outside, I was pushed into a car and driven to Friedrichstraße 234. In one of the backyards was the SA barracks. The building was heard a delicatessen dealer Gutschow, who lived above us. Two of Gutschow's sons belonged to the SA; they were

who had organised the raid and unlocked the front gate. That SA barracks was already notorious as a place of horror. The neighbours told of the moans and screams of the maltreated.

I was led into a larger room with straw boxes on the floor, but there was no one there except me. After I had waited for some time standing on the wall, the door opened and in stepped the rowdy who had been busy opening the boxes in my flat. He had a truncheon in his hand and it was obvious that he was about to start a fight. When he was about three paces in front of me, I said calmly to myself, without looking at him, that he could hit me, but before he struck the first blow, he should remember that once he had struck me, I would force him to beat me to death. He flinched, looked at me for a while, turned round and left the room. After about twenty minutes I was called into another room. It was filled with SA men. I was brought before the Führer, who asked me if I wanted to escape. I said no. If I could give my word of honour. "Of course," I replied. They wanted to release me back home; if I broke my word of honour, they would find me there. He kept a diary that the SA-6tanners had taken from me. In it I had not made a murder pit out of my heart and had written down my secret thoughts about Hitler. I could only hope that the SA men would not be able to decipher my writing.

The nasty fellow I had fought off in the large hall appeared again to take me to the punishment centre. As he accompanied me through the courtyards, he never stopped threatening me.

It was about three o'clock when I was standing on the lonely Friedrichstraße. I walked down to Belle-Alliance-Platz. There I met a police patrol. I confronted her and told her that I'd been through such a bad time. Then I asked them to escort me back to arrest the horde that had broken the peace and deprived me of my freedom. The patrol leader stared at me in amazement: had I slept through the last few days? I was of the opinion, I said, that it was still the job of the police to enforce law and order.

to protect order. He didn't have an SA barracks, the police leader said, but he would like to escort me home completely. I refused.

But I didn't want to take this surprise calmly. Early in the morning I phoned Mr von Schlabren- there, whom I knew to be working with Mr von Bismarck, the Minister of the Interior in the new Prussian Cabinet. Schlabrendorff invited me to come to the ministry, where I also met Mr von Kleist-Schmenzin in Bismarck's antechamber. I related my experiences. Illeist confided to me that Mr von Bismarck was considering resigning from office. He had not only come across flagrant violations of the law by Hitler's followers everywhere, but also a fundamental and malicious will to trample on the law, especially among the ruling class. Mr von Bismarck admitted to me that, as Prussian Minister of the Interior, he had no power to prevent or atone for National Socialist crimes. He admitted with resignation that the chaos had already taken possession of Germany to such an extent that it could no longer be contained.

Through an intermediary I got in touch with the

Deputy of the newly founded Gestapo. I was allowed to see him. I described the night-time raid as a bandit act. The officer, who knew the literature of the resistance movement, claimed that the *resistance* was dangerous to the state because of its influence on the intelligentsia. He asked if I would undertake not to take any action against the new state for the time being. After I assured him that I had no such plans, he bade me farewell. I now had a few weeks of peace and quiet.

4

I had come across some writings by Carl Schmitt, who at that time still called himself Schmitt-Doritic; they were unmistakable sdariften of an important mind. First of all, I read the booklet *Roman Catholicism and Political Form* and the pamphlet *PoJiiiSrhe Idro/ogir*. An astute and original mind, who always penetrated to the core of essential things, was at work here. Soon after my book *Entscheiden g* came out, Jünger told me that Schmitt wanted to make my personal acquaintance.

When Carl Schmitt entered my room, his first words were: "My world is not yours. I am a Roman by origin, tradition and law." One look at his figure confirmed his statement. Schmitt was a short, black-haired, dark-skinned man with graceful movements and a winning vitality.

After this first encounter, we met frequently. I

was his guest and noticed the unusual life forms he observed. When I paid my first visit to Schmitt, I saw a lady in his room. He introduced her as "Mrs Schmitt" and addressed her as "you" in conversation. I jumped to the wrong conclusion that she was perhaps a distant relative of his and was *keeping house* for him. Only later did I learn that she was his second wife, with whom he socialised according to French custom. She was a beautiful, clever woman of Serbian origin.

Over the course of time, I observed several changes in Schmitt's political position. When Brüning became Reich Chancellor, he joined him and also advised him on matters of constitutional law. During a walk, Schmitt tried in vain to win me over for Brüning with my newspaper. During Brüning's chancellorship, Schmitt had made contact with Reichswehr circles. After Brüning's fall, he swung over to Papen. In the trial before the Reich Court, in which Prussian Prime Minister Braun challenged Papen's coup d'état, Schmitt represented the cause of the Reichsreparation. I criticised Schmitt in my weekly magazine *Entscheidim g* because he had made himself a defender of the coup plotters. Schmitt came to me upset and tried to vindicate himself; his vanity was deeply wounded.

Not long after this event, he surprised everyone with anti-Semitic outbursts. He claimed to have valid reasons for this. He said that in the major trials before the Hague Court of Arbitration, Reidi only ever brought in Jewish constitutional lawyers, who then pocketed the enormous fees. To my astonishment, Schmitt began to praise Streicher's favourite journal, the *Stürmer*. He eagerly read Audi Ltidorff's *Volksw irte* and eagerly endorsed Ludendorff's views on the mysterious role of Jews, Freemasons and Jesuits.

In the autumn of 9j z, Schmitt received an appointment as a full pro-

Professor at the University of Cologne. There he completed his transformation into a National Socialist.

Around February 1933 Schmitt became a full professor at the University of Berlin. During a meeting, I regretted his decision to become a party member. In the January issue 1933 of the *Resistance* was an impressive sight: you could see out of a

In the swamp, countless arms stretched out like hollows, hooked crosses and tattered SA flags stood out. Above their heads, the swamp had already been beaten up. The title of the drawing was: *Ders Ende: der Sump f.* Schmitt said that this prophecy had already been disproved by the course of events. I replied that this could well be the case for today and tomorrow; if one considered a longer period of time, the prophecy would be confirmed.

We only met rarely after that. Schmitt last saw me on 2 October 1933, the day Germany withdrew from the League of Nations. I had told him that I was publishing an essay against him in my magazine.

and wanted to talk to him about it first. He listened to my arguments and didn't raise many objections. He did not make any serious attempts to refute these arguments. Then we discussed the withdrawal from the League of Nations, the event of the day. Schmitt asked me whether I believed that Hitler's policy must necessarily end in war. I replied firmly that war was inevitable.

My essay, which I had announced to Schmitt, referred to his work *Der Begriff des Politischen*. In this essay, Schmitt defined the political as a friend-enemy distinction; one was authorised to existentially destroy the enemy. However, if the political was understood in this way, then the murder of the political opponent became part of everyday life. Schmitt's writing legitimised the SS crimes that were later committed.

After the publication of the essay, I was contacted by Schmitt called me. He was agitated and claimed that I had gone over to the side of the *Berliner Tageblatt* and the *Vossische Zeitung* with the essay. This was by no means the case, I replied. The consequence of his statement was that very soon SS and SA men would be knocking on my door and would consider themselves authorised to destroy my existence. Furious, Schmitt broke off the conversation by hanging up the phone.

It was through a student that I learnt about the anti-Semitic capers that Schmitt had been making in his chair. The crude and drastic anti-Semitic insults and slanders sounded strange, even vile and silent in the mouth of a fine, trained mind. They were all the more repulsive as Schmitt had previously celebrated the Jewish teacher of constitutional law Kaufmann more than once in his writings, had dedicated one of his brochures to Kaufmann, had written a pamphlet in honour of the Jew Hugo Preuß and finally had also dedicated his theory of constitutional law to L^oreuß'.

The writings that Schmitt published during the Third Reich sought to justify the policies of the Third Reich. They were not entirely without traces of Schmitt's former spirit, but no longer held Nix eau throughout, but often adapted to the lowlands of National Socialist

thinking. After the ordinary murders of 30 June - 93 4, Schmitt wrote an article in favour of Hitler in the *Wochenschrift*. Hitler had ruled as the king of judges, it was

It had occurred to him to put down mutineers against his sublime work without a formal trial. Jünger was also embarrassed by the essay; he told me that he had pointed out to Schmitt in all seriousness that he had ventured too far here. He would never again erase the memory of the authorship of this essay. In the years that followed, I heard from time to time that Schmitt had found a fly in the National Socialist ointment and had begun to withdraw again. He played only a minor role in public life; the SS distrusted him. After the collapse •945

Schmitt joined the Americans in the so-called automati-

Schmitt was released in 1946, but was arrested again at 1947, taken to Nuremberg and put on trial.

The Americanische Untersuchungsrichter, a Jewish emigrant Fledilicini, had, so his legal assistant told me,

' In my book *Die Geschichte der deutschen Nation* si you will find on page 201, lines 6-8, the content of a lecture given in October 1936 at a judicial teachers' conference in Berlin on the Jewish question.

was held. The lecture was mistakenly called Carl Schmitt

attributed to him. The speaker, however, was Mr von Leers; Carl Schmitt had presided over the event and, as a preliminary remark to the lecture, only referred to "its significance for the entire conference".

Schmitt questioned. Schmitt had asked whether Flechtheim would have arrested Rousseau, the theoretician of the French Revolution, under similar circumstances. Flechtheim liked this question so much that he released Schmitt from prison. In his book *Es Captivitate Salus*, Schmitt lamented the mild imprisonment he suffered at the hands of the Americans as a Job worthy of lamentation.

Around '91 a magazine was founded in Berlin: *Der Nahe Osten*. The editor was Hans Schwarz, who was a friend of Moeller van den Bruck. Werner von Hugo was the editor.

The magazine saw itself as the custodian of Moeller van den Bruck's legacy. The "Middle East" was understood to mean Poland in particular. Based on a conservative attitude, the nation-state principle was rejected for Prussia; emphasising the authoritarian idea of the state was intended to provide space for the amalgamation of different nationalities. The Prussian idea of order, it was claimed, would also prove beneficial for the Poles; it was important to break down the national hatred between Prussia and Poland and to create a large historical federation reaching into the "Middle East". The Baltic states, and perhaps even Belarus and Ukraine, were also considered for this federation.

The federative idea, which was brought to the fore here with such strength in its combination with the emphasis on bridge-building, reconciling peoples, concealed the fact that this programme was in fact only a variation on and a harmless adaptation of all-German objectives.

A circle formed around the magazine that cultivated a special Prussian consciousness, the main element of which, alongside the idea of the state, was the Protestant confession. Some quite clever men belonged to the circle. The young KoRka, who came from a famous family of lawyers, stood out in particular. He was a lawyer and possessed the legal talent of his predecessors. As he was half-Jewish, he was deported to

1911 cold. Schwarz van Berk, who later became
National Socialism, then temporarily

was editor-in-chief of the *An gri ff* and in the National Socialist

foreign propaganda was strongly emphasised, was in member of this circle in those years.

In passing I learnt that von Kleist-Schmenzin was connected with the magazine and the Near *East* circle. I was told that von Kleist was still a Prussian conservative of the old mould, a devout Christian and an upright man. He used every visit to Berlin to warn against Hitler in the officers' mess where he used to dine. Many threads ran from the *Nah er Osten* circle to the Herrenclub. A large number of Pomeranian and Brandenburg landowners supported the *Near East*. They made their estates available from time to time to organise lecture cycles for students. Sometimes I was also invited to give lectures there. Of course, my east-orientation had a completely different meaning than that of the *Middle East* circle. I never blurred my position, but emphasised sharply where I wanted to go. There were lively discussions in which it became clear again and again how the members of the circle instinctively resisted recognising the difference between their and my views.

Once such a course was organised at Kleist-Schmenzin. It was on this occasion that I got to know Mr von Kleist-Schmenzin personally. He was a man of medium height, almost delicate, agile and intellectually very interested. His estate comprised about 15000 iXlorgcn and was in excellent condition. He had a large family. A gallery was attached to the manor house, and the students gathered there.

In the period that followed, I met von Kleist several times without a closer relationship having developed between us. He wrote a brochure against Hitler in which he rejected him from a Christian point of view. He never claimed to be a monarchist; in company he raised his first glass to His Majesty the Emperor and King.

The first impetus for the emergence of closer relations between him and me was the raid on my apartment after the March elections at 9 3 3. In our conversation, we agreed that, despite our differing points of view in detail that all were united in their opposition to Hitler be uild that it is very zweckmäßig viire to work together against hit-

to operate. As often as Kleist came to Berlin, he visited me. In those years, my flat was a centre of conspiracy against Hitler. I pulled strings from the far right to the far left, German nationalists, conservatives, liberals, centrists, social democrats and communists came and went with me. I had secret connections in numerous high offices and was certainly one of the best-informed people in Berlin at times. The most confidential matters and documents became known to me. From time to time I met the American ambassador Dodd and his daughter, who later wrote about those years and events in her book *Vom Fenster der Botscha fi*. From time to time, all the "enemies of the state" of any significance met at the American embassy. I had confidential dealings with some of the leading Soviet diplomats. On average, I had an appointment once a week with a Soviet embassy counsellor; later, after he had been transferred to Königsberg as consul general, with a leading figure in the Soviet trade delegation. I got to know Ambassadors Chinchuk and Suritz at receptions. Occasionally I was visited by travelling diplomats who were members of foreign missions, such as

z. For example, a Romanian legation counsellor in Paris.

Von Kleist was always eager to hear the news I had to tell him, and he himself told me about conversations with Reichswehr officers; he was outraged by the cowardice of men like Rundstedt, who didn't have the courage to make a break with Hitler, spoke only with contempt of Blomberg and generally despaired of the Prussian army, to which he himself had belonged in his younger years. He gave me a confidential letter from Colonel General Fritsch to the *Stahlhelm* leader Seldte, in which Fritsch called on Seldte to transfer the *Stahlhelm* to the SA. He gave me the minutes of the meeting of the *General Schlieffen* Association, in which Mackensen had rehabilitated the murdered General von Bleicher behind closed doors in a way that was so disgraceful for the Prussian army.

On 1 July 1934, the day after Hitler's atrocious murders of his henchmen, I stood at the window of my apartment. I felt as if I were looking at von Kleist, much more inconspicuous dressed up more than he usually was. In fact, the doorbell rang and he was at the door. He told me that he had never

He had refused to "introduce the Third Reich on his estate", he had never flown the swastika flag; he had not given his winter relief donations to the Nazis, but to denominational organisations, which is why the SA was persecuting him. He had reason to fear that he would be dealt with. He asked me if I wanted to harbour him. In principle, I replied, he was welcome; however, I had to consider myself threatened. If he risked being arrested together with me out of my apartment, he could stay. Incidentally, I added ironically, it would be great news for the Nazi press to be able to report that the highly conservative Kleist and the radical Niekisch had been taken out of a nest together. Kleist wanted to take his chances and stayed with me. From the second day onwards, his friends started turning up at my flat. My 64 friends met in my study and his friends met in the room next door, which I had made available to Kleist.

After he returned to his estate, relations continued in the old way. Once he suggested that I draw up a leaflet to be sent to the officers of the Reichswehr. I agreed, but told him that no one else was allowed to do it except the two of us. It would cost us our heads if anyone even suspected who had sent the leaflet. Kleist had drafted it, it was completely calculated on the psychology of the officers. It concluded with an astonishingly drastic formula, namely with the words: "In future it will say: Characterless like a German civil servant, godless like a Protestant priest, dishonourless like a Prussian officer."

After idi iq; y vtrhaf tet " orden xvar, idi nidits heard more of him. A man like him had to be involved in the 20 July 1944 enterprise. He had scouted behind the scenes, had driven the generals 'oru ierts, had kept cool with Tresckoi via Schlambendorfl stiindig and up to the closest neighbourhood of Generaloberst Fromm. After the collapse of the company, he was 'erliaftet. Eye and ear witnesses told me with great amazement about the brave behaviour that Kleist displayed before his end. He did not enter into lengthy discussions in front of the People's Court. He declared that he refused to defend himself.

From the first day of Hitler's rule, he had practised treason; he had done so because he believed he owed it to his God. He would have continued to practise treason until the fall of Hitler, in whom he saw the anti-Christ. Not another word could be brought out of him. He walked upright to the scaffold.

6

Schlabrendorfi introduced Mr von Halem to me one day. The reason for the visit was unusual. Toller, a relative of the poet and winner of the gold medal for valour, had approached me with a strange proposal. Was there still a possibility of organising an armed body after Hitler's rise to power that could become the core of an anti-Hitler movement? They came up with the idea of setting up a guard and lock society, which would primarily secure the large department stores and threatened Jewish businesses. The organiser had to be a man who had good relations with the Berlin police president, Admiral von Levetzow. A limited company was to be founded in which the financiers, headed by department stores' king Tietz, were to be represented by a non-Jewish representative. I was to bring in the man who had good relations with the police president.

I found this man: it was Mr von Halem. He agreed to take part, even though it took a lot of courage to realise the project.

Afterwards the plan failed, not because of Halem and me, but because of the financiers, who got scared and didn't want to take the risk of organising military action against Hitler. Since this incident, Halem has often come to see me. He was well-informed, was at the centre of detitschnational conspiracies against Hitler and was obviously an energetic man. He was arrested once. His friends, including Kleist, were worried about him; they feared that they were on the trail of the German nationalist conspiracy. This was not the case; only a harmless seizure had led to Halem being detained for eight days.

Around the year 9-, Halem wanted to organise an assassination attempt on Hitler.

nise. He had tracked down a man who was willing to take on the risk. He got him a sinecure with Count Schaffgotsch, which brought in 1 000 marks a month. But when the recipient of the money didn't lift a finger, the subsidy was cancelled. The hlann went to the Gestapo and reported Halem: they had tried to seduce him into an assassination attempt. Halem denied it, but was then horribly maltreated. His fingernails were torn out and he was also abused in other beastly ways. As there was no other witness apart from the denouncer, Halem persisted in his denial. The denouncer was the only witness at the trial. Halem was sentenced to death and executed.

Surprisingly, the *Widif FStDzid* continued to appear for the time being even after Hitler seized power. Plan may well say that the quality of the journal in the years 93) and

19 34 reached its peak. A whole series of new hIitarbei

The result was a series of outstanding essays in camouflaged polemicised against and opposed Hitler. In an essay on acting, for example, Friedrich Georg J ünger delivered a harsh judgement on Hitler's fes- sions and the theatrical gears of National Socialism.

main. A. Paul ÄX'eber's drawings exposed the inner hypocrisy of the National Socialist regime and the catastrophic development of the global political situation in symbolic form in every issue.

An article by Feder *Fried* appeared in the *DeutsGl3 cii Zriiizrg* of 1 . December 19) 3 an article penned by Ferdinand Fried, in which he called for a ban on the *Wirlerstnnd*. Fried followed on from a *IVi*

dersirinds essay by Nidiel, Drr rwigie Bauer. Nickel, a Franl'f tirtter Reditsarn.valt, sdiarfsinnig, libertinis tisch, ja nihi- listisdi, had made fun of clie *Griine Ft ont* and the "blood-and-soil" ideology versted't, but nevertheless transparent. After his heyday in the Ter, Fertlinand Fried had become an employee of the C rfi7ff72 1 "roiit. He had completely forgotten his better past.

The Friedschcn denunciation implied that the *Vlider- staiiél* was supported by the Reichsivehr. It was one of the legends of the time that there were close ties between the *resistance* and the Reidis'vehr. This " ar jedodi

was never the case. There were Reichswehr officers with an Eastern orientation who read the *Widerstand*, but there was never any closer or further connection between the magazine and the Wehrmacht. Presumably, however, the *HZiderstand* was still tolerated because such secretive relationships were assumed to be true.

In the course of a single afternoon, I received three visitors whose leather gave me a different version of the "backers" of the *resistance*. The first said that he why the *resistance* still existed. In response to my astonished question as to who was behind it, he blinked his eyes and replied: "The Wehrmacht". The next visitor claimed that Josef Goebbels was behind the *resistance*. As propaganda minister, Goebbels wanted the appearance of tolerating opposition magazines to be maintained. Finally, the third visitor wanted to know confidentially that it was Goering who was holding his hand protectively over the *resistance*.

After Fried's article, I expected the newspaper to be banned, but I wanted to leave no stone unturned to save it. I had several acquaintances from the past who held high positions in the SS and the *Grüne Front*, although I knew they were not comfortable in their National Socialist skin. I instigated these acquaintances to thwart police measures against the *resistance*. They did, and with success. The ban, which had already been signed by the Gestapo, was held back and the magazine was given another reprieve.

The November issue 9; 4 contained two articles with sharp but wittily disguised attacks on the Third Reich. The National Socialists published a magazine *Bücherkunde* in which all new publications were scrutinised for National Socialist loyalty. The December issue of the magazine published a six-column essay against me and the *JJiderstand*. All the articles in my magazine since - 933 were scrutinised, the anti-Nazi stance was exposed and denounced, and finally the suppression of the magazine was demanded.

Now there was no more help. After just a few days, the Gestapo appeared and confiscated the remaining *resistance magazines*; the magazine was banned.

The essay that had provoked the *resistance* had caught my attention because of its literary skill. I thought I could guess who had initiated the attack against me. The shooter who had fired from ambush against the *resistance* was, as I was later told, Alfred Baeumler.

8

Alfred Baeumler had been in contact with me during my time in Dresden in the

Years 29 7 hired. One day he came to see me and we had an interesting conversation. Baeumler was a teacher at the teacher training college in Dresden and did

also studied philosophy at the technical college. He was a small, somewhat four-legged man who looked like a gnome because of his large head. His self-confidence was extraordinary. He was into male bonding. He treated the female students like air; he tentatively began his lectures only with the salutation: "Gentlemen"; he ignored the ladies, whom he was not allowed to eject. He was undoubtedly unusually witty, a man of brilliant ideas and illuminating intuitions. For several years he had belonged to the Catholic Brenner circle, centred around Ludwig von Ficker in Innsbruck. He had then republished Bachofen's *ÄVerke* and written a brilliant introduction for the edition. At the time he came to me, he was preoccupied with anti-Prussian sentiments. He had the Hohenzollerns, spoke out vehemently against Prussian particularism and defended the Greater German position. He was just about to switch from Bachofen to Nietzsche. During the many walks that we subsequently took, we discussed the problems that he later dealt with in his Nietzsche book. He felt himself to be entirely a "heroic philosopher". His heroic pretensions were, of course, somewhat at odds with the fearlessness he displayed when he worked on *Pool* and *Widerständ* iiiita. His records had to appear pseudonymous, and each time he chose a different cover name. He anxiously asked the bookkeeping department to make sure that his name did not appear in the publisher's books. Hitler was harshly rejected by Baeumler at the time.

In 1928, the chair of philosophy at the Technische Hochschule in Dresden vacant; Professor Kroner was

went to Kiel. Baeumler, who was suffering from having to give two lessons a week, asked me if I could help him to get this chair. I had some connections with the Saxon Minister of Culture, Dr Bünger. The Technical University had put Baeumler third on the *proposal list for the Chair of Philosophy. Now I intervened with Dr Bringen, drew his attention to Baeumler and suggested that he be given the chair. Bünger took a look at Baeumler's introduction to Bachofen's works and then appointed him as a full professor at the Technische Hochschule. When Baeumler paid me his thank-you visit afterwards and said goodbye to me at the front door, I said to him: 'I hope you can forgive me for doing you a favour.' My remark had shown what I was missing from him.

After I moved to Berlin, we only met very rarely. In 1921 I was busy in Dresden and visited Baeumler in his flat on the Weißen Hirsch. A young man, Wilhelm Küttemeyer, who lived with him as an assistant, opened the door. Küttemeyer, then a Kierkegaardian, now a respected neurologist in Heidelberg, said to me after some introductory words that I was in for a big surprise today: Baeumler had become a national socialist. As I sat opposite Baeumler, I asked him if that was right. With a strange emphasis, he replied in the affirmative. The Dresden gentlemen's club had recently invited him to a lecture evening at which Hitler spoke. Hitler's speech had been an event for him. Hitler was a demonic man whose instincts could be trusted.

I took Baeumler's confession coolly and soon said goodbye to him. After Hitler came to power, Baeumler was appointed as a full professor at the University of Berlin. He was entrusted with the political education of young students. After his arrival in Berlin, he spent an evening in my flat. We discussed things and the distance between us grew ever greater. Once he interrupted me and said to me in an angry tone that he didn't know why his train of thought sometimes suddenly broke off in my presence. Under the front door, I told him that he had become involved in a bad thing and that he would regret having backed that horse. The farewell was icy.

Some time later, he published a collection of essays. In a note he wrote that there was a journal in Berlin that partly developed related ideas. He would like to state that it was not he who wrote the journal, but the journal who wrote him.

had copied. It was a most curious incident: the train of thought he was aiming at came from his own essays in the *Resistance*, which had appeared there under a pseudonym. The eggs, which he accusingly claimed had been stolen from him, he himself had laid in the nest of the *Widerstand*. I rapped him on the knuckles in a commentary in the *Widerstand*.

He nodded off in the year 4, by denouncing the Gestapo-rically incited to ban the *Wid07StHnd*. In fact, the he never forgave me for the good I once did him.
had.

9

National Socialism rose to power as a bourgeois movement; but what filled its ranks was the uprooted bourgeoisie. It was reinforced by the unemployed proletariat, who shared the same fate of being uprooted as the bourgeoisie. These were people whose daily element of life was insecurity and who had lost their mental equilibrium with the collapse of their small *XÄ'elt*, in whose centre they had stood and in which they had once been carefully embedded. They were supposed to bring into flufi the solid things that still existed, but from which they saw themselves excluded. They no longer had much to defend; they were attackers and wanted to conquer a piece of ground in order to be able to put down roots again. They were outcasts who were not willing to stay that way; they wanted to gain access to places where they could still feel safe and at home.

Initially, the uprooted had regarded their fate as a temporary misfortune; just as the unemployed hoped to find a job again soon, the dispossessed expected to be reinstated in their lost property. They cultivated ways of life and ideas that had only been natural to them as long as they had not yet lost their social greed.

Through propaganda of unheard-of proportions,¹ ucht had

The National Socialist movement had developed its system of influencing the masses out of shallow slogans, narrow horizons, dull instincts, flattering calisthenics and whipped-up feelings of revenge, the success of which had few equals. The National Socialist ideas were a manifestation of impoverishment; external busyness was supposed to make up for the lack of inner fullness. The movement attracted depleted people; those who were not yet depleted when they joined were brought into line with the general average. The rallies of the movement grew from mass gatherings to huge mass gatherings. Once the movement had seized state power and taken control of the radio, it treated the entire people as a single mass gathered around the microphone. The Reich Ministry of Propaganda became the state radio station; the government extolled its intended or accomplished deeds as a department store does with its cheap fish. As his speeches proved time and again, Hitler was under the impression of the experience of decay; his "mission" was to rebuild the decaying and dilapidated according to a "new law, which he gave as a leader of the masses.

However, the National Socialist masses could only mould the new they wanted to create in the image of the sunken past. They honestly understood and perceived themselves as revolutionaries; in fact, however, their assault only penetrated the realm of historical memories.

The cohesive power of the National Socialist movement at the time of its development was not based on the commonality of benefiting from an existing social condition; on the contrary, the National Socialist masses felt themselves to be

"As 'outcasts', they were comrades and comrades. Of course, one could doubt whether the merely negative feeling of being social outcasts would have been enough to bring millions of people together and keep them together. It was *German* people who were wooed by National Socialism: but there is a marvellous soldier in every German. National Socialism awakened the soldierly instincts; by organising the masses according to military rules of order, it satisfied German elementary needs. The inconspicuous **man** of the masses felt like a soldier; the soldierly aspect gave his existence meaning and dignity again.

What had originally been the masses now became the "army"; the storm troopers saw themselves as a mobilised people. The social order of the people had dissolved, but a soldierly order, which had been established in the meantime, was preparing to replace it. Its success was aided by the fact that for the German, the military order was always a return to his nature, to his very being. In this way, Hitler was gradually transformed from a party leader into an army commander. Hitler's brown army took over the legacy of Hindenburg's grey army. The Germany of Weimar was a foreign country for the brown army; it was "conquered" by them in campaigns that lasted years.

Every event is at the same time a 'eiser that points in one direction; those who know how to see can see where the journey is going. Basically, there are only two directions: Ascent or descent. Accordingly, every event is a step over which one either ascends or descends.

The national revolution was a relegation event. Its marches took place in beer halls; its commanders were unbridled demagogues. It had its prisoners, whom it later mythologised; but they were dead people from the streets, and the communist

Their opponents were hardly fewer. It placed its civil war next to the world war and its slain street fighters next to the fallen heroes of the world war: as if both were the same.

rank were. This equality was a desecration of the front-line soldier. The national revolution was successful, not because of its own strength, but because of the weakness of its opponents.

The unemployed suffocated the strength and momentum of the labour movement. The labourer was no longer a necessary *6*lensch: therefore it was in order to teach him the modesty of the still tolerated man. The labour movement was no longer combative; the unemployed were ready to stab it in the back at any hour. That is why the workers' organisations were no longer *bladite* structures; in the end they had been nothing more than a grotesque façade; xx'what was behind them had become as rotten as old cinder. The workers' parties were no longer opponents, but only opponents; they no longer had to be defeated, they only had to be eliminated.

The bourgeois parties dissolved themselves; they were convinced that National Socialism would do everything better.

make. They prevented National Socialism from carrying out its bourgeois rescue operation by insisting on their continued existence. They allowed themselves to be sucked in, almost to the last man. Their leaders had only been minor field commanders against Hitler; Hitler gradually grew to become the Wallenstein of the civil war. Dürr's democratic pride of manhood, the German People's Party's adoration of Stresemann, the German nationalist loyalty to Hugenberg melted into one in the bed of Hitler's rewarding passion. They sang the songs of civil war with the Hitler troops.

The states were also undermined. With the princes, they had lost the impulse of their self-assertion. After 9- they had become party platforms; their "statehood"

was only a mask for the selfishness of one party or one Party coalition. They were hollow, ostentatious enclosures into which the parties had crawled in order to pose grandly and nobly from there. When the National Socialist Party had put an end to the other parties, all these enclosures were suddenly open to it; no special will could be found within them: the centralised unification of the countries could take place unhindered.

There was no longer any resistance from the bureaucracy either. Over the years after 9 , the bureaucracy had come under the influence of parliamentarism; after having

was no longer beholden to any monarch, it sang the song of the new masters - and these were the parties. No sooner had the National Socialist Party established its autocracy than the bureaucracy realised the signs of the times: it bowed all the more willingly to the new power, the more unchallengeable and stronger it had established itself. It showed no backbone, because it is part of the nature of bureaucracy to have no backbone.

The "National Socialist revolution" was a process of German land consolidation. Everything that the Bismarck empire had shaped and left behind politically collapsed: its party system, the elements of its constitutional structure. But the political legacy that had been handed down to Bismarck and on which he had worked was also swept away. Thus the autonomy of the states disappeared, and Prussia sank. It was an unparalleled process of clearing up, the most honourable historical assets crumbled to dust. With the social uprooting of those millions of Germans who had left the

The old political forms had also become hollow and brittle. This land consolidation emptied out the political space; it was levelled out and made clear. By carrying out this "corridor unification" and "equalisation", the "National Socialist revolution" liquidated the entire period of German history that began with the Reformation. The Protestant church and Prussian state symbols became advertising ploys. The act of state in the Garnisonkirche in Potsdam in 1933 was the highlight of a spectacle in which a great past was kitsched up in one day for the purpose of mob amusement. became. The religious legacy of the man of the people Luther and the political legacy of the statesman Frederick the Great provided the demagogue Hitler with the decorative pomp for the games and festivals with which he courted the favour of the masses. Hitler squandered the remnants of the Reformation's work and the Prussian deed by using them as props for his propagandistic staging.

The Confessing Church led its fight against the Third Reich with international backing. Its most influential liaison to the foreign Protestant churches was the pastor Forel, who was the pastor of the church in Berlin in those days. The Schwedische church, next to which Forel lived, stood in the Landhausstraße in Wilmersdorf. A beautiful garden stretched all the way to Kaiserallee. Opposite the church was a police station. As Forel, who had not only opposition clergymen but also many secular "enemies of the state" coming in and out, suspected that his visitors might be observed and registered, he had a door broken into the garden wall that led directly out onto the wide, lively Kaiserallee. I often went through this door. Forel was a helpful, warm-hearted man, who also possessed a great deal of sympathetic cunning. In his flat he gave advice, gave tips, received reports which he passed on to foreign friends; he hid persecuted Jews and political opponents of Hitler for some time and endeavoured with ingenious cunning to remove them from the hands of the henchmen.

In Forel's house I once had a lengthy discussion with Professor Böökh, a German scholar at Lund University. Böökh, a giant of a man, had been received by Hitler for an audience. Hitler had managed to make an impression on Böökh. Was Hitler, the Swedish professor asked, perhaps not being wronged after all, should we doubt his honest intentions? Forel and I attempted to confirm the favourable opinion that Böökh had formed of the "Fiihrer"; however, when I left, I could not hope that I had succeeded.

Forel once undertook a longer journey through England.

On his return, I found him in deep thought. He had, he told me, had access to the most distinguished clubs in England, and everywhere he had been asked for his judgement of Hitler. But his critical remarks had been met with disapproval; the Lords had not concealed their admiration for Hitler. In Edinburgh, Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham and finally in London, he had had the same experience everywhere. He had attempted to investigate the reasons for this unanimous opinion in favour of Hitler; in doing so, he had come across the name of the man who had been publicly advocating Hitler's party for some time: Lord Lothian. England's high society had been won over in favour of Hitler by Lord Lothian; nothing could be done about it for the time being.

From time to time, the Marburg theology professor Otto, who had become famous for his book *The Saint*, came to Berlin accompanied by his younger colleague Siegfried. Both were Forel's guests each time; they wanted to be able to sleep peacefully on extraterritorial ground.

I became acquainted with Otto at Forel's house. Otto was a handsome figure with a marvellously intellectual scholarly head covered with snow-white hair. He had once been a liberal member of the Prussian parliament, and the fire of political passion still burned in him. He came to Berlin to inform himself, to confer with leading intellectuals about the situation, to inform Forel about internal ecclesiastical events, and finally to see how long the terrible time would last. He was also concerned about the attitude of England and France; it was difficult for him to realise that these

He suffered from the thought that the German catastrophe seemed inevitable. He suffered from the thought that the German catastrophe seemed inevitable. In his conversations with him, the fact that he was a learned theologian completely receded: his entire interest was focussed on politics. Otto saw through all of Hitler's hypocritical events with which he tried to mislead the German people and the German intelligentsia. His eye was incorruptible. He concealed his disgust for Hitler from numerous personalities, including those from abroad, in the blink of an eye. He was one of those men who were driven by the agonising question of whether Germany could still be saved from falling into the abyss at the last moment. His close relations with Forel were aimed at exerting influence on the politically responsible circles, especially those in England, via Sweden.

Otto had already been ill for years; the collapse of
cr was no longer alive.

During my trip to Italy, which I had undertaken with Tröger and A. Paul Weber in the year 1935, we had come to Rome in the week before Ascension. I visited

I met Italo Tavolato, a publicist I knew, there several times in an osteria near Via Babuina, which was a meeting place for foreign journalists. Tavolato traded extensively with Nadi-richten. He supplied the foreign journalists with the most confidential information about fascist backstage secrets and received cabinet secrets from London and Paris in return. He was a former grammar school teacher, spoke German, French and English like his mother tongue and was one of the most educated people I have ever met. He was the ideal interpreter, translating from the deepest understanding of the subject at hand. He was a tall, bulky man and, coming from the Trieste region, probably had a lot of blood in his veins. His temperament was volcanic. Tavolato's lifestyle was that of a bohemian.

Tavolato earned a lot of money, but then spent it unrequitedly

with his hands full. When he had received a large fee for an article, he would invite his friends and treat them lavishly. It was no wonder that there were days when he barely had a lira to buy the bare necessities of life. Then he had to find friends who would either pump him or keep him free. He had been doing this for years and overcame all difficulties with ease.

I always got to know him from his most distinguished side. We got on well and he felt that I recognised his intellectual qualities.

Through Tavolato's mediation, I met the journalist Engerli in the osteria. Engerli was close to Mussolini, he was the editor-in-chief of *Affari esteri*, the official foreign policy magazine of the Fascist regime. Engerli was a clever man, apparently of Swiss origin, but despite his close ties to the Fascist regime, he was not opposed to it.

He is said to have been shot by Count Ciano in 1942. After several conversations, Engerli asked me if I would like to meet Mussolini.

I

replied that I could not assume that Mussolini was interested in me. Engerli said that need not be my concern. On condition, I said, that I did not need to take any steps, that all the formalities would be taken care of by Engerli, I would agree to such a meeting. Engerli took it upon himself to arrange the meeting. I informed Engerli that we intended to travel to Naples and Sorrento for about eight days. In the meantime, he could take the necessary steps.

We returned to Rome from Sorrento on Ascension Day. The manager of the hotel received me - it was already about eleven o'clock at night - with the message that Palazzo Chigi, the Foreign Office, had asked for me several times; after my arrival news was to be sent there. A journalist who was in contact with Engerli visited me at the hotel that night. He knew everything and told me to come to Palazzo Chigi the following day, where my identity papers would be issued. I would also be given a letter of invitation from Mussolini. The meeting was to take place the next Monday evening at 6 o'clock.

I was warmly welcomed at Palazzo Chigi. The entrance

The letter of invitation was written in the most amiable tone and referred to my magazine *Widerstand* and my pamphlet *Im D1fÄ1rJ9/der Puste*. It was demanded that I treat the conversation that was being considered confidentially and not publish anything about it.

After the visit to Palazzo Chigi, I had a German journalist inform the German ambassador in Rome, Mr von Hassell, of the situation. I informed him that I would be available for a discussion if the ambassador thought that some directives would be useful for the audience. Mr von Hassell invited me to see him at four o'clock the next day.

I was at the German embassy at the agreed time. Mr von Hassell received me in his study. He found the invitation I had received astonishing. It had caused quite a stir in the German colony. The ambassador said that relations between Germany and Italy were still tense and that Mussolini and Hitler were on bad terms. Alussolini was about to go to Abyssinia. If he embarked on the Abyssinian adventure, he would need German help. He said that he had to be pushed as hard as possible to get involved in Abyssinia, then Germany would have Alussolini in its hands. I was strangely touched by his request to eagerly encouragelussolini in his intention to reach for Abyssinia, should an opportunity arise in the course of the conversation.

We then talked about German politics. I confessed that I was an opponent of Hitler and considered his policies to be incomprehensible. Mr von Hassell looked at me for a long time and then opted for openness. He, an ambassador of the Third Reich, confided to me that he, too, was tormented by serious worries. He asked me what in particular he saw as the weakness of Hitler's policy. His anti-Bolshevik line, I replied, was Hitler's undoing; he would inevitably slide into a two-tier war and p e r i s h in it. Has- sell replied that he considered Hitler's anti-Bolshevik policy no less alarming than I did. When we parted, I promised to report back to him on my conversation with Nlussolini.

I went from the German embassy to Palazzo Venezia.

Some plainclothes detectives who were checking my papers were standing at the

Portal. The waiting room was a small vaulted room of exquisite taste. There were two people in the room, a Dutch journalist and an American. I was told about the journalist that she adored Mussolini. She would sit in the reception room for hours every day. Only very rarely did she get to see Mussolini, she was almost never allowed in. But she was already overjoyed to know that she was close to the 'great man'. The American was called to Mussolini before me, but returned after about five minutes. Now it was my turn.

Mussolini received me in the familiar large, long room, which was furnished with nothing but his desk. Behind the desk stood Mussolini in his usual posture: arms folded, looking like a caesar. You had to walk a considerable distance to get from the door to the desk. Mussolini asked me to take a seat, but he himself remained standing. After a few formal words about my personal circumstances, he asked me where I came from politically. I replied that I had been a social democrat, had worked in the trade unions and was strongly influenced by Marxism. My answer seemed strange to him. His tense features relaxed, they took on something boyishly cheerful, he sat down impulsively, leant over the desk towards me and said:

"Not true, one must have gone through the school of Marxism in order to have a true understanding of political reality. Anyone who has not passed through the school of historical materialism will always remain an ideologue." He then asked what I had against Hitler. I replied that I had a great deal against him, but that above all I objected to his policies. Mussolini wanted to know what I thought was wrong with it. I told him that Hitler was under the misapprehension that the Western powers were authorising him to destroy Russia and take it as his booty. If Hitler were to become the sole master of Russia, he would be so strong that the supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon powers would be jeopardised. These powers would never let it come to that. Hitler's anti-Russian line would end with Germany plunging into a war on two fronts, in which it would have to perish. "What do you propose against this?" asked Mus-

solini. " I take up," I replied, " your word about the proletarian peoples. Proletarian peoples are Germany, Italy, Russia and perhaps also Japan. My idea would be to create a combination in which Italy, Germany, Russia and possibly Japan would work together. This combination would be insurmountable, it would defeat England and America in Asia as well as in Europe. " Excited, Mussolini banged his fist on the table. "This is it," he shouted, "what I keep telling Hitler myself! If Hitler's foolish policy drives Ruhlant into the arms of France and England, then Germany, Italy and the whole of Europe will be ruined. " Mussolini also touched on the question of German-Austrian unification. He agreed that Austria should align itself with Germany in terms of constitutional, economic and cultural policy. Under no circumstances, however, could he t o l e r a t e the annexation under constitutional law. It was simply not acceptable for Germany to encroach on Italy's borders. Germany's weight was too heavy for Italy to bear the direct German pressure on its Brenner border. This was what he had often been told in Berlin. But Hitler did not understand the ABC of politics, which consisted of the principle: Do ut des. Hitler always wanted to take, but never to give. This was extremely easy for him, but he would soon no longer find partners who would enter into such one-sided deals.

I hinted that if he went to Abyssinia, he would have to grant the annexation in return. Mussolini quickly replied that "oh I knew that he was going to Abyssinia. It would only take a political eye, I said, to recognise the great tendencies that dominate a state. All the steps he had taken so far were aimed at opening up the Abyssinian question.

Miissolini smiled, thought for a moment and then said: "*Qui cicro verra.*"

Finally, he enquired about the status of the Confessing Church in Germany. The intention of this question was clear to me. Mussolini was keen to find out how strong Hitler's domestic political Madit was. Would it be enough to break the IViderstand of the Protestant IIirdie? Hitler had surrendered to the Ilatholic IJir- the, would he have to do the same to the Protestant IJir- the?)

Hitler had succeeded, I replied to Mussolini, in turning the Protestant Church into a shambles. Only the resistance of the Confessing Church was still noteworthy. Most pastors feared martyrdom, they were not the people to climb the pyre with the cheerfulness of the early Christians. Mussolini laughed and said that the pastors were just shepherds.

Now he came out from behind the desk, gave me a warm handshake and said that when I came back to Rome, I should not fail to register with him, he would see me straight away. He was aware of my publishing activities.

The conversation had lasted about an hour.

If Mussolini, despite his insightful statements, still toed the line of Hitler's policy, it was because he had fallen into German debt bondage as a result of his Abyssinian campaign.

12

Italo Tavolato had mentioned the name of Monsignor Borgia several times in conversation with me and had emphasised what an important personality he was. He said that a meeting with him would be worthwhile. Tavolato organised the meeting in an expensive osteria, which was the meeting place for the *Joux-*nalists. A whole evening was set aside for the meeting. In addition to Tavolato and myself, my two friends A. Paul Weber and Tröger, a German journalist and a few correspondents from foreign newspapers had joined us.

The Monsignor arrived punctually, a man of about forty years of age, small in stature, with the character and form of a curial diplomat of the highest rank. He was the private secretary of Cardinal Pacelli, the future Pope Pius XII. Tavolato again intervened as interpreter.

The conversation that now developed turned out to be one of my most beautiful spiritual experiences. It lasted four hours, was focussed, went deep and touched on the major crucial points of public life. Initially we dealt with the charalitre of politics in general. The two of us, the Catholic statesman, were both very much in agreement about the furious use of ideology to disguise great self-serving interests.

and I quickly agreed. Then we turned to Hitlerism. Monsignor Borgia was filled with contempt for the human and intellectual calibre of the German national socialist ruling class. You could sense the contempt with which this highly cultivated Roman looked down on the crude German beast. We discussed the problem of Bolshevism at length. It was surprising to see how this brilliant representative of the Catholic hierarchy understood the nature of the upheaval in the East. Despotism had prevailed in Russia for centuries; to suddenly introduce liberalism and individualism there would have been folly. Bolshevism had inevitably grown out of the despotic history of the Russian people. Borgia also found the current fate of the Russian Orthodox Church understandable. The Orthodox popes had once been tools and henchmen of tsarism. If tsarism fell, then the Orthodox Church had to be involved in its downfall, not for religious but for political reasons. Of course, the Monsignor was not unhappy about the collapse of the Orthodox Church. He told me that Catholic seminaries had been set up in Czechoslovakia to train priests for missionary work in the Slavic East. The Catholic Church hopes to take over the legacy of the Orthodox Church. Everything depended on filling the Russian people and the Bolshevik rulers with distrust of the Catholic Church. Only in this way would the Catholic Church be able to open the door to the Bolshevik East. That is why the Catholic Church was not in favour of Hitler's anti-Bolshevism. In the background of Hitler's anti-Bolshevik policies were the German heavy industrialists, who lusted after the Russian oil and oil deposits; they hung the misleading coin of ideal and religious purposes around their unrestrained rapacity. The Catholic Church tried to march in the train of these conquest-addicted German imperialists.

Hitler acquired an unintentional merit in favour of the Catholic Church on German soil. Germany was a staunchly Protestant country. All efforts by the Catholic Church to crush Protestantism in a frontal attack had failed and could never succeed. Hitler came to the rescue. The coming of the pro-

Protestant man is a relationship "directly to God", i.e. to the highest value. The Protestant man rejects the mediator between himself and the highest value; without reverence, he believes he is entitled to stand before God's face without an intermediary. Hitler was a Catholic man. He placed himself as a mediator between the individual and the highest value proclaimed by National Socialism, the nation. In this secularised form, the German Protestants also swallowed the idea of mediation. Thus they were gradually, without realising it themselves, transformed into Catholic people. The spirit of criticism, against which Hitler was so fanatically campaigning, was also a fruit of Protestantism. By strangling the spirit of criticism, Hitler was educating German Protestants to blind obedience to dogma.

These trains of thought were familiar to me. I had always seen Hitler as a champion of the Roman hierarchical-dogmatic attitude and had tried to mobilise Protestant instincts against him and his movement in my brochure *Hitler - ein deutsches Verhängnis*. Borgia believed that when the German people were tired of the stones that Hitler offered them, they would once again long for the bread of true religious values and receive them from the hands of the Catholic Church. After Hitler's reign, a strong religious movement would emerge among the German people, from which the Catholic Church would benefit above all.

Ironically, I told the Monsignor that I didn't really understand the Vatican's hostility towards Hitler if Hitler was doing such good preparatory work for the Church. With a subtle smile, Borgia replied that it was not the Catholic Church's way to honour fruit that had ripened for it and that would inevitably fall into its lap through no fault of its own.

Shortly before midnight, the Monsignor took his leave.

When he had left, A. Paul Weber exclaimed impulsively: "Welcher große Mann, was für ein wundervoller Mensch, was für ein sensibles Gemüt - aber dieser kirchliche Diplomat glaubt an nichts."

After the Abyssinian War, it became clear how inescapably Mussolini had fallen into Hitler's hands. He, who was so

The German government, which had long been brittle towards the Third Reich, which was overthrown after 30 June 1944 by a swastika

bande, considered an alliance with the Hitler

Reich. However, he was of the opinion that he first had to examine the German situation in detail. He wanted to familiarise himself with the various counter-currents that had filled the Third Reich from below. He entrusted this enquiry to one of his long-time colleagues, with whom he also had a close personal relationship, Consul General Scarpa. Scarpa, like Mussolini himself, had previously been involved in the socialist movement, but like many Italians and Romanians in general, he was not actually a Marxist. The syndicalist tendencies of these peoples were always more at peace with Proudhon than with Marx.

Scarpa's task was to make contact with all German opposition groups, but also to visit all leading National Socialist politicians in order to gain a personal impression of them. His stay in Germany was planned to last several months. He visited Darré and Goebbels as well as Rosenberg and Ribbentrop; he spoke with SA and SS leaders, with the upper echelons of the Labour Front and the Labour Service. But he also travelled to Ernst Jünger, and from there he came to me. He was aware of my visit to Mussolini and had also received the order from the Duce to see me. Scarpa was an agile, lively man, well-versed in sociological and economic matters, but also well-informed in the field of literature. He had wit and humour and an understanding of criticism. So we came to talk about Silone, who lived in Switzerland as an Italian emigrant and fought the fascist regime from there. I had read Silone's *Foitiimara* and *Bread and Utin*; I found the second of these novels excellent. In it, Silone told how he went to southern Italy illegally and, dressed as an Catholic priest, led the people there against Mussolini until he was tracked down and forced to flee Italy and return to Switzerland. Scarpa said that Silone had given the fascists schxverlidi, they could not deny that he was a significant writer and as such would do honour to the Italian name and the prestige of Italy abroad. This was a liberality of conception whose one

German National Socialist would not have been capable of. This liberalism is also familiar from French intellectual history. The pantheon brings together all those who have elevated the glory of the French spirit, whether they were reactionaries or revolutionaries; the only thing that matters is that they were great. What matters is not their orientation, but their stature.

I voiced all my objections to the National Socialist regime, pointed out its criminal character and expressed my regret that Mussolini wanted to soil his fingers by shaking hands with Hitler. He would inevitably ruin himself with this friendship. Scarpa had obviously gained bad impressions of the National Socialist leaders. He was sceptical about the National Socialists, but thought that Mussolini was already too tightly bound as a result of the support he had received from Germany during the Abyssinian War. He exclaimed spiritedly: "Why don't men of political understanding join the movement to make it more respectable?" He who climbs into a dirty bed, I replied, does not make it cleaner, but only runs the risk of making himself dirty. Scarpa was astonished at the unhesitating manner in which I expressed my opinion of the National Socialist regime. He shouldn't be surprised, I said, I was showing my dislike of the regime right at the top. Not once had I said 'Heil Hitler', nor had I ever held a Nazi standard, I walked past Nazi parades without taking any notice of them, I hadn't given a penny to the winter charity, I hadn't let a Blockivalter into my flat, and I hadn't minced my words when interrogated by the Gestapo.

After a pause, Scarpa said it was a misfortune for the peoples of the world.

It would be a shame if a man was tolerated in the position of dictator for longer than two years. He would inevitably become a tyrant. You can see this with Stalin, you can also see it with Hitler. "And what about your Duce?" I asked.

"You will not ask me to include my Duce in this, "

Scarpa enquired whether I had not met him with oppositional per- I was able to familiarise myself with the personalities. I offered to make a small

to bring a new society together. In addition to the intrepid von Kleist-Schmenzin, I was joined by Otto Petras, who was full of character and clear-sighted, and by a representative of Cardinal Faulhaber from Munich. Kleist talked himself out of his abysmal bitterness. Petras also refrained from exercising restraint.

Scarpa stayed with me for a short time after my guests had said goodbye. He was deeply impressed and said that it was bad that he had to make similar judgements about the Third Reich based on his observations.

Shortly before his departure for Rome, he said goodbye to me. He hid his dejection with difficulty. He expressed his fear that, despite everything, he would not be able to prevent Mussolini from forming an alliance with Germany.

Despite all the restrictions imposed by the Third Reich, the possibility of travelling abroad was not yet cut off. If you had a passport, you could cross the border if you were content with a limited amount of foreign currency. In the year 91 I had to pay for my zveitc

I had my passport renewed on my trip to Italy. In the expired passport

was the visa from the Soviet Union. The policemen, who had noticed it, whispered to each other and made significant B1id'e at me. Then I heard them using suggestive language; I heard the words "red dog". Nevertheless, I received the document I had applied for.

In the summer of 91 3, I travelled from Holland via Belgium, France and Switzerland to Italy. The purpose of the journey was quite political; I

I wanted to get a picture of the mood of the foreign population towards the Hitler Reich and take the opportunity to visit emigrants with whom I was friends. In Amsterdam I met the Social Democratic Party leader Dittmann. I was struck by his nervousness and the mistrust he showed towards any German who crossed the border with an ordinary pal). Like many other emigrants at the time, he believed that Hitler would soon have run his course and that the labour force would shake off the yoke that Hitler had imposed on it.

In Rotterdam I went to see the two Dutchmen with whom I had been in Mosliu in 9i 2. The university professor Pol-lak was pessimistic; he was in favour of the German cultural understanding.

and was not of the opinion that they would be rid of Hitler so soon. The director of the port of Rotterdam, Plate, was of the opinion that the Third Reich would suffer economic starvation; the mistrust of the foreign neighbours towards National Socialist Germany was too great for economic trade to normalise.

In Ghent I met August Borms, the Flemish-Flemish man who had taken on the Germans in 9 4-18, for which he was sentenced to death and then pardoned to 10 years in prison.

was. He was now on the loose and had a strong following among the Flemish again. A brilliant orator, he was known as the *Gloria of Flanders*. He placed great hopes in Hitler, although he emphasised that the Flemish did not want to be united with Germany, but with Holland. Nonetheless, after Hitler's invasion of Belgium, he once again worked with the Germans; after

In '94 he was shot as a traitor to the country. Other people also showed sympathy for the Third Reich and were not receptive to my warnings.

In Paris, I recognised the address of Bodo Uhse and Bruno von Salomon. They lived in meagre circumstances and were supported by the French Communist Party. Their hearts were full of longing for Germany; they became angry with me when I insisted that the Third Reich would certainly last ten years. Both took me to the Hungarian Count I(aroly, who was one of the most convinced and active opponents of fascism. He had a correct judgement of Germany and feared that the National Socialist regime would bring great disaster to Europe. This man's composure of mind was all the more admirable given that he had undergone a serious laryngeal operation and had had a silver tube inserted in his windpipe.

I travelled from Paris via Strasbourg to Basel. In Basel, I spent a long time talking to the political editors of the *Baseler Nationalzeitung* and the *Baseler Nachrichten*. They wanted to find out the details; they found it hard to believe the reports about the atrocities that were said to have been committed by the SA. They were so much in the ilann of the law and humanity.

idea that they lacked an understanding of the unleashing of spiritual and moral chaos that had taken place in the Third Reich.

In Zurich, I made the acquaintance of Mr and Mrs Brock.

Erich Brock lived as a freelance writer. He was a philosopher who later published a major work on Ernst Jünger. At that time, he had completed a novel that I would have liked to have published by Widerstandsverlag. His wife, Brock-Sulzer, was a novelist of great erudition and strong literary talent. She worked on the *Swiss Mona tsheets* and asked me to publish an essay there under a pseudonym, which was taken from my manuscript *Dns Reich der niederen Dämonen*. I discussed various publishing plans with the publisher Oprecht; I wanted to publish my *Driffi imperial figure* and, under certain circumstances, the *realm of the lower demons* with him. I spent an evening with Dr Max Pinner, the former business editor of the *Berlin newspaper*. Our acquaintance went back to the pre-Hitler days. He was now an émigré in Zurich with his wife and was struggling to keep his head above water. Pinner was a clever man who knew how to judge political and economic matters realistically.

By chance I heard that the lawyer Philipp Löwenfeld, who had defended me '99 in front of the islünchen court, lived in Zurich. It seemed to me to be a human duty to go to him and make him fully aware of my sympathies.

pathology. He had been a well-known defence lawyer in i5'lünchen. He still exhibited the stubborn sense of superiority of the successful lawyer. Switzerland had forbidden him to practise his profession, so he suffered from not being able to pursue any occupation that filled him. He was convinced that Hitler would also seize Switzerland; for this reason, he was already carefully preparing his emigration to North America.

I travelled via Genria to Rome. The journalist Uhlniann, who had worked on the *IUücrstaniü*, was waiting for me there and introduced me to a group of international journalists. They questioned me in detail and shared with me the moods and views of their home governments. It was surprising to see how ring-fenced one could talk in the f a- schist Rome; in the National Socialist

risked his life in Germany, people there had been just as uninhibited in blabbing his true intentions.

The next year, -9 i 4, I travelled to Sweden, Norway and England. Father Forel had given me some letters of recommendation. The former Swiss State Councillor lived in Lund.

Dr Blocher. He was a lively old gentleman, who was filled with a hatred of Hitler. Through personal relationships, Blocher had an influence on the opinion of the University of Lund. Through Forel's mediation, a respected merchant in Stockholm took me in as a guest. The Swiss merchants, some of whom had invested money in Germany, felt economically disadvantaged by the German foreign currency management; so they looked to Berlin with mistrust. A number of Swedish clergymen, including the secretary to the Archbishop of Upsala, asked me to report to them on the position and the struggle of the German Protestant Church. The Social Democratic parliamentary group in the Swedish parliament invited me to their parliamentary group room to hear me give a lecture on Germany. It was a risk on my part to agree to give this lecture; if any news of it got through to Berlin, I would have fallen foul of the Gestapo. The MPs were men of honour; none of them turned traitor.

In Oslo, where I travelled from Stockholm, Forel had referred me to a doctor, Dr Scharfenberg. Scharfenberg was a socialist and had close relations with the foreign minister, Mr Koth. In this way, I learnt what the Norwegian government was concerned about before Germany.

I travelled to Bergen on the magnificent Bergen Railway. Here I had had an iVideriinnd reader for years, a businessman who met me at the railway station. He was a member of a prestigious club and wanted to be informed by me so that he could inform the members of his club about the Third Reich.

I travelled from Bergen to Newcastle in clear weather, the large northern English industrial city. The English authorities wanted to p r o t e c t themselves from too large an influx of immigrants. At the passport office, I was asked to stand last in the queue of people entering the country. My passport was in order, but the official was nonetheless reluctant to grant me permission to enter the country. He wanted to know,

how many pounds I had. Although I was able to name an Englishman who had offered to provide me with pounds, the official remained unresponsive. Then I told him that I had a round-trip ticket and that my return journey to Germany had already been paid for. Now the official's face brightened; he asked why I hadn't told him this straight away and gave me permission to stay in England for a while. I spent a few days in Edinburgh, then travelled to Birmingham. An English doctor who had connections to the university invited me to stay with him; he was very interested in politics and enquired in detail about the German situation. In the garden of Birmingham University, I was interviewed by numerous English students. It was the second time I had come into contact with student life in England; I had already spent some time at Ruskin College⁹ • q corrugated in Oxford.

I had detailed discussions in London with the sociologist Karl Mannheim and his clever cousin of the same name. Mannheim maintained good relations with Labour Party politicians. My conversation with him took place in the first days of June. Despite his opposition to Hitler, he made me a suggestion that surprised me to no end. Hitler, he said, was the danger par excellence; everything that stood against him had to join forces to overthrow Hitler. The differences between the allies were irrelevant in this respect. The exponent of the anti-Hitler forces was currently Ernst Röhm. \Ver was an enemy of Hitler had to work with Röhm against Hitler. So he finally recommended that I should support Röhm. Of course, I had no desire to do so, and moreover I thought that the picture he had formed of the German situation was wrong. But this image was shared by many English politicians.

In the spiiic summer i9 3, my wife and I escaped the Third Reich nodi once to Switzerland. We enjoyed some lovely days in Lugano and then in Buochs on Lake JFierxvaldstätt. From Buochs we travelled to Lucerne several times. Here

I had arranged a meeting with Dr IValdemar Gurian, who led a miserable life as an emigrant in Buchrain, a village near Lucerne. Gi:rian was an I(a)tholic who had made a good name for himself as a writer. His ending about Bolshevism was factual and without

spitefulness. I had been in correspondence with him for a long time. Gurian read numerous foreign newspapers and magazines and was able to give me a comprehensive overview of the attitudes of key politicians and church circles in European countries. His personal connections with the Vatican were also remarkable. He was dissatisfied with Rome. He was outraged by the Concordat; he believed that the Vatican had harmed the cause of the Church.

Fritz Lieb, a theology professor from Basel, had also come to Lucerne for a meeting with me. I knew that he sympathised with communism and had a positive attitude towards the Soviet Union. The little man captivated me with his vital and intellectual energy. He wanted to persuade me to emigrate and offered me his country house on Lake Thun as a place to stay. Lieb told me that the former Reich Chancellor Wirth was currently living in this town. I was keen to talk to Wirth, so a meeting was arranged. We sat on the veranda of a small restaurant on the Reuß. It was a beautiful sunny afternoon. Wirth complained to me how bitterly he was suffering as an emigrant. He longed for his Freiburg, for the beautiful evenings when he had drunk his Schöpple with pleasure. It was only with difficulty that he held back the tears as he said this.

He was critical of the policies of the Weimar government. The communist behaviour of the Social Democrats had often bled him in an unpleasant way; he, the man of certainty, had certainly been more objective. As a rule, he got on well with the communist leaders; if you approached them in the right way, you always found understanding from them. By indulging in their Communist behaviour, the Social Democrats had lost sight of the growth of the Hitler movement. In the course of the conversation, I touched on the Rapallo question. The Rapallo policy had not been implemented by Rathenau, as people liked to claim, said Wirth. He himself was the man who thought it was right and implemented it. Ebert had been a fierce opponent of Rathenau's policy. Ebert had never forgiven him for concluding the treaty in Rapallo. After his return from Rapallo, he had lived in a strained relationship with Ebert as Chancellor of the Reich; Ebert had been completely under the influence of the London and Paris governments.

governments. In the end, his resignation from Ebert secretly aspired to and was gladly granted.

It took a lot of effort to return from Switzerland to Germany, the land of so many incomprehensible things.

At Whitsun; 6 I travelled to Copenhagen with my wife and son. We felt the need to be able to breathe freely again. Life in Germany was wearing on our nerves,

The constant pressure we were under was unbearable. An acquaintance of mine, the former Stockholm correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, Dr Deck, was staying at the *King of Denmark* in Copenhagen. Deck had emigrated and had written a book against Hitler in Denmark. He apparently lived from financial speculation on the stock exchange and had rented three rooms in the hotel for himself and his family. It was good to be able to speak freely and loudly about the Hitler regime, and we made good use of it. On Whit Sunday, a passenger steamer arrived in the harbour, disgorging a huge number of power-through-joy passengers. A number of them visited the *King Icon Diliiri'ia*t. Despite their presence, Deck and I gave vent to our hearts, Dr Deck loudly, even overlaid, his disgust at Hitler in the dining room. The Kraft-durch-Freude drivers present pricked up their ears; for the moment we didn't care much whether there were NSDAP informers among the guests or not. It was only later that this thought occurred to us; we crossed the German border later without any worries; we thought it was possible that we had been denounced. Fortunately, that was not the case.

In February 1939 I travelled to Switzerland again.

In Zurich, I had made a flirtatious appointment with Alexander

Reich, the author of *Die Reichshilfe* and later a psychotherapist in Heidelberg. Reich, a tall, slender figure, was once described by a friend as the last of the Danes. When he was later arrested in connection with the Gestapo action against Reich, he suffered greatly; not everyone is born to endure tragic situations.

While I was in Switzerland, the Gestapo had again asked for an IVerk from the *ÄViderstandsverlag*. My wife informed me of this and desperately asked me whether I should not seek asylum in Switzerland after all.

sdiaw. However, I was still reluctant to do so, although there was no lack of signs that a blow was being prepared against me.

I took numerous books with me from Switzerland that were banned in Germany. I put them in the luggage net of an empty compartment and waited until the German customs inspectors had left the carriage.

15

It is said that Hitler once declared that he regarded himself as a magnet that swept over the German people and attracted everything that somehow had steel and iron in its blood; only the worthless elements did not feel drawn to him.

In a certain way, Hitler was not wrong. He acted like a magnet, a magnet, of course, which merely drew to itself that which was criminal, low, barbaric and animalistic in nature. On the one hand, he was a symbol of the horror and fear that lives hidden in the German people; on the other hand, he was the unfiler of the subhuman depths of the German soul. When a social-democratic or trade union agitator used to stand before his audience, one had the feeling that he was drawing them up to him; he seemed like a little professor who had the intention of improving and ennobling the people. The national socialist speaker always stood deep beneath his listeners. He relieved them of all effort; he made no demands, he virtually challenged them to let themselves go, to confide in their bad instincts. National Socialism gave a clear conscience and carte blanche to all the evil traits and instincts of the German people. Its diction was the language of the pub. Its actions were the deeds of bandits and murderers. Everything that civilised humanity is used to shaming was unashamedly exposed. Rudeness was regarded as a virtue, cruelty as manliness worthy of admiration. Deceit, fraud, lies and betrayal were, when useful to the National Socialist clique of leaders, the highest morals. The National Socialist praetorians, the SA and SS men, were society's worst scum, the most disgusting scum of humanity. They degraded the national idea; never was it more unthinkingly abused.

needs. It was used to justify the most atrocious atrocities. The German people had become the enemy of humanity and humanity par excellence. People had reason to be ashamed of their German heritage. Stands aroused nausea, and the shoulder straps of the little pimps made the blood boil, because all this reminded us of the atrocities this rabble was constantly committing. Evil underlies the nature of *all* peoples; but the peoples take care that it remains at the bottom. Hitlerism brought this evil to light and exposed it provocatively. The humiliation, maltreatment and murder of the Jews, the concentration camps, the gas ovens, the "human sudy", the killing of the mentally ill, the invasion of Poland, of Norway, Denmark, Belgium, Holland, France and the Soviet Union, the shootings and murder of political opponents: all this made it clear how evil the German conscience was.

These were the feelings with which I viewed National Socialism. I was still reluctant to go out on the street; when the National Socialist beggars knocked on my door with their collection tins, I slammed it in their faces. I didn't shake hands with any National Socialists, I didn't answer any Hitler greetings. The circumstances were so crazy that one acted like a political hero if one entered the anterooms of the authorities with the greeting "Guten Tag" instead of the Hitler salute. I was often summoned to the Gestapo. Each time I prepared myself not to return home. When I was taken in, I was snippy and bristly. I showed the Gestapo officers, who were mostly stupid, illiterate dolts, how I despised them, I ironised them without them noticing. The physio- gnomies of Hitler, G oebbels and Göring were similar to me. I did not understand how you could not believe and trust these people once you had looked them in the face. They were ghosts of evil demons. Nidits Menschlidies was more at home in them. Their voices sounded eerie; here you could hear the gheril of ominous animals. blue did well to get out of their way. An eel that followed the dark figures was bound to fall victim to the catastrophe, to perdition.

I had nothing in common with the Third Reich. hleiiien l'reun-

I told them that the Reichswehr had made Germany's misfortune complete by siding with Hitler. Since every officer felt bound to Hitler by his oath of allegiance, the German armed forces had to be smashed in a second world war; that was the only way to get rid of national socialism. The defeat, indeed the destruction of the German Reich, had to be accepted, however difficult it might be.

Every day I expected to be arrested. I felt

I saw myself as an enemy of the Third Reich, in a way I lived on a constant spiritual war footing with it, I saw it as the very incarnation of evil.

In the first few months of the year 1937 I travelled to various groups of the resistance movement, as I had done every year. Depending on the circumstances, the meetings were naturally only ever attended by a few people and had to be held partly in private apartments and partly in disguised locations. I was in Krefeld for about four to five days and took part from

From there, he made contact with Düsseldorf, Iserlohn, Essen and Dortmund. One evening, representatives of the groups from these places met in Krefeld in the flat of a chemist. On this occasion, I discussed the political situation. I was asked how Hitler's boost to production should be assessed. I replied that Hitler's feverish armament programme was a worthy achievement. It would inevitably end in a war in which a large part of the national wealth would go up in powder and smoke. Labour creation through armament was in \truth unproductive; of course, it would take some time for this to be recognised.

Some participants wanted to know whether it would be advisable to prepare an assassination attempt against Hitler. I warned against voicing such thoughts, as you never know whether they might one day reach the ears of the police through carelessness.

From Ilrefeld I travelled to Bonn and visited the university professor Hans von Hentig, with whom I discussed political issues. I negotiated with him about the plan to publish a collection of his earlier studies on Casarian and tyrannical natures with a psychopathic flavour, such as Tibcrius, Robespierre and Hlarat. Such a book, with its insinuations, would have been a mass pamphlet against Hitler. Hentig agreed in principle, but was already largely satisfied with his ideas about emigrating to North America. He told me that a law conference was to be held in Bremen in a few years' time. He had been put on the programme as a speaker without having consulted him beforehand. He didn't think about speaking publicly in society.

National Socialists, he did not want to be exposed. He therefore decided to give up his professorship in Bonn and move to America.

The next day I travelled from Bonn via Ilöln to Arnsberg; from there I was picked up by car to Siedlingshausen, where the doctor Dr Schranz lived. Schranz was an intellectually rich man who maintained relationships with a number of important personalities and often invited them to his village doctor's house. He was widowed and had plenty of room in his house. Friedrich Georg Jr. had just been his guest; I spent a lovely day with the two men.

I travelled from Siedlingshausen to Goslar. There I stayed with Ernst Jünger, in whose flat a secret meeting had been arranged for the evening. There were about 10 to 12 gentlemen present, including a respected notary and lawyer and a number of engineers and directors of chemical companies. Almost everyone was preoccupied with the mystery of why Hitler had been able to win over a large part of the intelligentsia. They did not understand how the lack of standards of the Third Reich did not have a repulsive effect. Everyone found it oppressive that one was forced to express one's true convictions and concerns about a disastrous future only with extreme caution. It seemed dishonouring to everyone to have to endure the brutal dictatorship in silence. I returned to Berlin from Goslar.

I had been corresponding with Drexel for some time about a visit to Nuremberg; I usually travelled there two or three times a year. My mother had fallen seriously ill in Waiblingen; I wanted to combine the visit with the trip to Nuremberg. I left Berlin at the beginning of February. I stayed in Nuremberg for about six days. There I spoke at five home meetings. One of them took place in a large restaurant opposite the railway station. A meeting of teachers had been called to the upper floor by one of my supporters, in which oppositional ideas were presented in a slightly veiled manner. Participants in the meeting asked me to join them, but I thought it would be advisable not to do so so as not to give the Gestapo any means of dealing with the assembled teachers. These teachers were already dangerous in themselves.

I was detached enough, and one had to recognise their moral courage. In the parterre rooms I sat together with about ten friends and talked in particular about the German-Italian intervention in Spain. The Hitler government denied having sent troops to Spain; I was, however, well informed and mocked the "heroic deaths to the exclusion of the public" that German soldiers were dying there in Spain. After the end of the teaching meeting on the upper floor, about thirty men and women came to my discussion. Anti-Hitlerian remarks were made with unusual boldness.

The next day I was in the Mautkeller, where a "regulars' round table" of the resistance group was meeting. We put our heads together amongst the other guests - SS and SA functionaries were sitting at the neighbouring tables.

On the third day, around eight to ten resistance supporters gathered in the home of master carpenter Bauer. On this occasion, the question of an assassination attempt against Hitler was raised again. As I had done in Krefeld, I also warned my political friends here not to talk about this matter. It was enough for me to have learnt that an architect was involved in the construction of the Nuremberg Congress Hall and was working on a plan to build an unintended opening opposite the speaker's platform, through which Hitler could one day be shot down if necessary.

My young friend Ilumreich, who was just about to be I told him about his sabotage work within the Postal Protection Service; I encouraged him in this, but advised him not to be uncautious about it all.

On the occasion of my stay in Nuremberg, my friend Drexel accompanied me to the merchant Guttman one Sunday morning. 9 49 During the war, Mr Guttman had been a battalion adjutant in the 9th List in Munich, in the regiment in which Hitler was a private and the head of the Eher publishing house, Amann, was a field-

lieutenant. I had heard that Guttman, who was Jewish, knew the exact details about the awarding of the Iron Cross 1st Class to Hitler. I had gone to Guttman to be informed by him. Guttman told me the following:

At one of the List Regiment's front lines, a section of woodland had fallen into French hands. The division had given the order to recapture this piece of woodland at all costs. The German attack was scheduled for 11 o'clock at night. It was to be initiated by a heavy artillery bombardment. At 10 o'clock 4 o'clock, the battalion that had

attack, the report was received that the wooded area had been cleared by the enemy and occupied by German troops. All telephone connections back to the artillery position had been destroyed. There was a danger that their own troops would be routed by the German artillery fire. Guttman, as battalion adjutant, called for signalmen. Hitler and a second soldier, Weil, were on the scene. Guttman had said to the two signalmen:

"If you manage to bring the report back to the artillery position in time and stop the artillery call, you will receive the E.K.I." The two reporters had run away, and just before 11 o'clock the artillery had signalled that they had been notified in time. The division subsequently refused to award the E. II. I. on the grounds that the two signalmen had not performed any special service, but had simply fulfilled their military duty. However, Guttman had asked the division to revoke this refusal, as he had spoken out in favour of the award. It was only then that the two men who had reported for duty were

E.K.I. had been preserved. Guttman had pinned the E.K.I. on Hitler and Weiß in front of the assembled team, so that Hitler had received his E.K.I. through the intercession of a Jew.

Among the participants at one of the Nuremberg meetings was a man who was to become a prisoner of the resistance movement. The man's name was Becher and he was a technical employee. Tröger had introduced him to the resistance movement and vouched for him. I had hardly any personal impression of him. Becher had belonged to the SA before 1933 but had been expelled because of a history of arms dealing. Tröger expected to get all kinds of information from this renegade SA man. Instead, after a temporary imprisonment, Becher was persuaded by the Gestapo to work for them as an informer. This was presumably the condition under which his expulsion from the SA and his weaponisation of the Gestapo had been agreed.

offences should have no consequences for him. So Becher joined the resistance circle as an informer and provided the Gestapo with reports on their meetings. He also informed the Gestapo about my presence at Nuremberg and what had happened there. There was no lack of omens of things to come. Drexel had told me that he had been summoned to the Nuremberg Gestapo and questioned about the activities of the resistance circles in recent years. On this occasion, Dr Grafenberger, the detective inspector at the time, took him aside and warned him; he told him that the Gestapo was keeping an eye on the activities of the resistance circles. Following the Nuremberg secret meetings, there were heated arguments between some of the participants and a teacher who had not been invited but had expected to be, which took place in a public square. This was unpleasant because things were discussed in front of unknown witnesses that should never have been talked about in public.

About four weeks after that stay in Nuremberg, my mother died. I went to Stuttgart for her funeral. From there I travelled on to Ulm. Here I visited some resistance friends and then travelled to Augsburg. On my way back I stopped again in Nuremberg, where I spent an evening with my friend ÄÄfilhelm Puff. During this journey I lived in a feeling of eeriness; I felt as if I was constantly being watched and I expected to be arrested at any moment, without having a precise point of reference. Drexel had gone skiing in the Dolomites with his friends soon after those meetings. I thought that if the Gestapo were planning an arrest against me, it would certainly not happen until my friends had returned from Italy. Several times I told my internal wife that I would like to go to Czechoslovakia if or Drexel returned. Dodo I refrained from doing so.

My thoughts do not comfort me. On Friday, the i p. Harz, nadits, Drcxel was back with the friends. Sunday evening and Sunday we were left alone. On Monday morning, an alliance was formed throughout the whole of Reidi against the IVider-stsndsbevregung, which led to numerous arrests and was, of course, mainly directed against me.

Ever since Hitler had come to power and the Gestapo had often paid unpleasant visits to the publishing house, I was always prepared to be bothered by the police whenever the doorbell rang. I knew who the police were after-

socialists were capable of and what I had to expect when they gained an insight into my work.

On Monday, 1 March 1937, I heard the doorbell ring shortly after 7 in the morning. It wasn't long before our house clerk knocked on the bedroom door and said that the Gestapo had arrived.

was there. The very next moment there was a knock on the door, it was pulled open and a young Gestapo officer entered the bedroom. His words were: "You're under arrest."

I had read Marx every evening in the *hospital* over the past few weeks; I had taken the book into my bedroom and put it on the washstand. My manuscript *Das Reich der niederen Dämonen* was lying on the dresser. I jumped out of bed, quickly took off my nightgown and threw it on top of Marx's book. I had hardly left the bedroom when I quickly turned round, opened the door again and, without the officer being able to stop me, reminded my wife of the manuscript on the cupboard by making a sign. I was then taken by car to the Gestapo headquarters in Prinz-Albrecht-Straße. A total of six Gestapo officers entered my flat and began searching my files and cupboards.

While I was looking in the Gestapo office, I was worried whether the Manuscript *Das Reich der niederen*

Dämonen could still be put aside by my wife. I had already been working on this manuscript for about a year; it contained three main parts: *Bolshevism, The Weimar Republic, The Third Reich*. The formulations I had coined in my analysis of Hitler's empire could hardly be surpassed in sharpness. My intention had been to publish this book in Switzerland. Never in my life had I worked on something with more inner sympathy, even enthusiasm, than on this book.

While I sat in the Gestapo's room, feeling distressed

A not-so-ordinary process is taking place in my flat:

My wife managed to hide Marx's book and the Alanus script under old washing. In the course of the morning, my wife began to doubt whether the hiding place under the washing was safe. She instructed my son to take it out and burn it in the kitchen. She thought she could keep the officers busy in the front part of the flat for so long. My son took the manuscript and burnt it in the kitchen cooker. About five typewritten pages had to be destroyed; it was not a consensus, but it succeeded. Before the officers got to the back of the flat, the manuscript had been reduced to ashes. What was confiscated was all of my publishing correspondence, my publishing production and part of my private library. As I had always expected to be arrested, I had sent my diaries to Drexel in Nuremberg a long time ago, who hid them in the archives of the Nuremberg Life Insurance Bank. The Gestapo subjected me to a brief interrogation. I realised that the action had started in Nuremberg and that some material must have been confiscated there.

A little later, I was asked to board the "green Minna". She took me to the police headquarters on Alexanderplatz. I was pushed into a cell on the fourth floor; the key jingled in the lock and I was left to myself and my worrying thoughts.

I looked in my cell at police headquarters and considered the situation. Although I suspected that my manuscript had been taken away by my wife and that no incriminating evidence had been found in my apartment, I did not doubt that it would eventually fall into the hands of the Gestapo. Originally I had written it by hand, and my wife had copied it out in three copies using a typewriter. She would, I was sure, be called to account for it. *One* fact in particular influenced me. I had written a chapter on the unconditional opposition. In this chapter I had explained how all Hitler's enemies, whether at home or abroad, had to cooperate and how treason was also permitted. There was only one goal: the elimination of Hitler; every means to achieve it was permitted. Now

However, I had removed this chapter from my manuscript. My wife had shorthanded the text of the chapter. I had prefaced the shorthand note with the following lines for camouflage purposes: "From the various newspapers and periodicals writing against the Third Reich, the following emerges as an expression of the mood of all Hitler enemies abroad. " This preliminary remark was followed by the text of my editorial. It was intended to give the impression that the shorthand report was the report of a foreign friend. I had put the shorthand report in an envelope and given it to Drexel. If the Gestapo discovered that my wife had recorded this stenogram, it was bound to have the worst possible consequences for her in view of the monstrosity of its contents. I reckoned that she would be sentenced to at least five to six years in prison. I couldn't get used to this thought and it kept me a w a k e at night.

On the second day of my detention I was taken back to Prinz-Albrecht-Straße for a short interrogation. From what the officers told me, I learnt that some material had already been found in Nuremberg. Apparently a report had been made by telephone from Nuremberg to Berlin. I was told that I was to be "transferred" from Berlin to Nuremberg.

On Maundy Thursday, the 2d. March, I was called up during the yard walk and asked to pack my things. I waited for a few hours in a cellar room at Prinz-Albrecht-Strasse. Around five o'clock in the afternoon I was transported to Anhalter Bahnhof. Accompanied by two officials, I travelled to Nuremberg in the second class of the scheduled express railcar. Any fuss was avoided. 4We sat among the other travellers, without it being made clear that this was a transport of prisoners. The train arrived in Nuremberg at around i o'clock at night. Some Nuremberg officials took me in. One of them gripped my arm in the manner of a man who has dropped a valuable object into his hand, which he no longer intends to give up. I was driven to the police station by car. When I got out of the car and entered the building, I quoted Dante's words: "Let all you who go in, go fetch." In a police custody cell, my clothes were thoroughly searched, including a razor blade that I had taken as a precaution.

I had hidden in a side pocket was discovered and taken from me. I had to take off my collar, tie and braces, and I wasn't even given a towel in my cell. There was a wooden plank bed in the cell; at night I had to fetch a straw sack and two blankets, which were stored in the corridor. In the morning, these "comforts" had to be moved back to the corridor. There was no bed linen. The straw sack and the blankets were stinking with dirt. As a rule, passers-by who were picked up on the street, prostitutes, pimps, drunks, thieves and robbers caught in the act were put in these cells, but they were not expected to spend more than 24 hours there. There was a police officer on watch right next to my cell. Every half hour the light was switched on and I was checked through the peephole to see if I had done myself any harm.

The next morning, it was Good Friday, I was photographed in another department of the police headquarters; I was also fingerprinted there. Easter was just around the corner; I was left to my own devices during the holidays. t

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The Nuremberg police station was a very old building. I soon realised that most of the cells were occupied by my political friends. Meticulous care was taken to ensure that no cell occupant came into any kind of contact with the others; the collection and return of the straw cords had been conscientiously organised by the officers so that there was only one person in the corridor at any one time. There was no IVasdi in the cells; people washed themselves at the water pipe in the toilet. In the meantime, one name or another was mentioned in the officers' interactions with each other; people would peek through the cell door and make all kinds of inferences. For a few nights the bitter weeping of a woman reached my ears; I imagined it could be mine. Later I learnt that it had been one of Drexel's selftreitresses.

The worries about my wife and son's shid'sal robbed me of the sleep of light. I almost stopped eating altogether. I gave 64 a loaf of bread back to the officers.

In the meantime, I was determined to give everyone on all of Haftpsy-

chose to prevent. I devised a system of physical and mental hygiene, which I strictly enforced. We were woken up early at 4 o'clock. Between 5 and 6 o'clock the straw sacks had to be carried out of the cells and the physical cleansing had to be done. It had to be completed. Then I started with calisthenics. Breakfast came at 7 . Then I lay down on the bare wood for another hour or so. At 8 o'clock I got up, started in the cell and think about all kinds of issues and problems. I followed a well-considered timetable. In the first lesson I studied philosophy, in the second sociology, then I thought about a book I was considering writing. At midnight, I was served lunch, which was provided by a police canteen. After lunch, I rested for a short time on the wooden plank bed, after which I continued my intellectual training. Literary history, economics, sometimes maths, questions of aesthetics were the subjects I concentrated on. When I was given toilet paper in my cell that contained poems, I learnt them by heart; I wanted to keep my memory sharp. I also memorised large chunks of prose. As a rule, I would follow my meditations by speaking aloud; I imagined I had an auditorium in front of me to which I was lecturing. Sometimes I completely forgot my situation and my surroundings. I could almost fall into a state in which I saw shelves of books on the walls and thought I was in my study room. Once this impression was so strong that when the clerk opened the door to bring me bread, it took me a long time to regain my bearings. The officers may well have thought I was mentally challenged. In practice, carrying out this timetable meant mobilising all my knowledge.

The days passed quickly in this way. I never received a letter. Boredom. I usually slept until about one o'clock in the morning, and then it was a great pleasure for me to hear the hour strike; I filled the time with thoughts of years gone by. At the end of the month I received a letter from my son, whose enigmatic wording made it clear enough that my wife was also under arrest. I had feared this. For the first time in my life, I consistently and stubbornly closed my eyes to the facts. I wanted to accept it.

I could not believe what my son had told me between the lines. I continued to address my letters to my wife and persistently rejected the idea that she was in similar circumstances to me. For a fortnight this state of self-deception and self-deception continued. Then a letter gave me such clear information that I had no choice but to come to terms with the fact. Now I feared that my son might also be imprisoned by the Gestapo. I feared this all the more when a Gestapo officer came to me one evening and wanted information from me about my son. When I refused to give the requested information, I was brutally told that my son could also be arrested and beaten so severely that he would make the desired statements.

One night, another Gestapo officer with a mysterious expression appeared in my cell. He spoke of a book manuscript that he had come across. I immediately realised that it *was* the manuscript *The Riddle of the Lower Demons*. I had sent one of the three copies to my friend Karl Tröger so that he could have it transported across the Austrian border. A customs official, also a member of the resistance, had smuggled the carbon copy to Salzburg, but then did not forward it to my confidant, Dr Schild, in Vienna as I had wished, but brought it back to Ilünéhen. Faulhaber, a member of the Munich resistance group, took custody of the manuscript. Shortly before my arrest, I asked Drexel in a letter to enquire about the fate of the "Ausreißer". The letter had fallen into the hands of the Gestapo. Naturally, they wanted to find out the secret of the "runaway". I was interrogated about this late at night in my cell. I told them quite generally that I had been writing a German story and that it was about these "German stories".

A few 4 "days later, I was formally informed that the Gestapo had filed a petition against me with the court for the initiation of proceedings for preparation for treason. Ida lodged an objection to this, of course without any results.

On one side of a large "parade courtyard" stood an older cell building, which, as I discovered, was also covered with

was occupied by my political friends. After about three weeks of detention, I was moved to a cell in this building. There I was allowed to wear my uniform, tie and braces again. My cell was on the ground floor. Here, too, the straw sacks had to be fetched every evening and taken out again in the morning. While getting the bedding, the path led me past two specially marked cells. Large boards were placed above their doors, on which was written in huge letters: "For slanderers and murderers".

One evening an officer came, asked me to pack my bags and with a gleefully triumphant face he led me into one of these cells. It was, he said, on the special instructions of Police Commissioner Martin. I knew then that my manuscript had fallen into the Gestapo's hands.

As advantageous and expedient as the mental and spiritual hygiene I had undergone proved to be on the whole, I was not spared a few major, I might say terrible, mental crises. The very day I was taken to this cell was the beginning of one such crisis. There were two wooden plank beds in the cell; the walls and ceiling were painted with sayings in large letters. Two words caught my eye: "I bastard". I realised that these slogans were calculated to force the occupant of the cell to insult himself. I decided that however long I stayed in the cell and however much they caught my eye, I would never read them. I considered myself capable of the discipline of will that this required. I was in that room for around five months and never read the sayings during that time.

But at least the transfer to this cell was an honour for me. to sorrowful considerations. My manuscript had certainly been found. What were the consequences for my wife? She was undoubtedly affected in the most serious way. Furthermore, I expected that I would now be exposed to MIG actions. The I(apitel The *personage* dealt so cruelly with the leading personalities of the Third Reich that I assumed it would lead to revenge.

had to come. The thought of physical contact always excited me immensely. The idea of having to endure a blow drove me crazy. I was tempted to commit suicide. I overcame this temptation once and for all. My resilience also withstood another crisis, which I experienced soon afterwards.

It was my birthday on 3 May. I received a letter from my son. As far as I knew, there was no way he had forgotten or missed that day. The 3rd began without me receiving a letter. I became convinced that he too would be arrested. This thought was almost unbearable to me. I threw myself desperately onto my bed. When I finally lay down to rest in the evening, it suddenly came to me like scales falling from my eyes: I had been wrong about the date all day. The day I had thought was the 3rd was actually the 23rd. On the following day I received the longed-for letter. But perhaps the shock I had endured that day was salutary for me, because it toughened me up for the imminent moment when I had to learn for certain that the Gestapo had also arrested my son.

A certain nervous overstimulation sometimes manifested itself in strange inner experiences. Once I saw myself dancing around in my cell, my head under my arm and blood coming out of the stump of my neck. One morning, it must have been about ten o'clock, I sat on my cot. I only fell asleep for a moment - it could have been a second or two at most. In this short period of time, I had a dream that had all the characteristics of a real experience. I saw my father sitting on the whip, as was actually the case. The cell door opened quietly and Death slipped in through a crack. He had the form in which he was usually imagined: a skeleton with a black shawl thrown over his head, one of his shoulders bare, a scythe slung over his shoulder and a lantern in one hand. He approached me with a measured stride, then stopped in front of me, turned round, made me sit down, moved towards a corner, looked back at me once more with a deep look and then disappeared into the shadows. The whole face was

vividly to the utmost; since then I understand that people can claim with all the strength of their conviction that they have had an apparition which cannot be doubted.
let.

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For the time being, I was still in state police protective custody. This meant that I was not granted any benefits. I was not allowed to improve my diet by buying extra food. Visits were also not allowed.

The guard service was provided by two civilian officers and several detached guards. The plainclothesmen were decent people, and one older man in particular, called Michel, was characterised by his good nature. When I got to know him to some extent, he often let me go to the bathroom at around ten o'clock at night when the Gestapo officers had left, which I found to be a good deed. But the guards didn't give me any cause for complaint either. In a conversation with one of them, I realised to my amusement how people strive to be seen as better than others. Full of indignation, the police officer told me that it was only with reluctance that he did the business of a locksmith; he was a guard and not a prison guard. Being assigned to guard prisoners meant a demotion for him.

The prisoners' suitcases were in the officers' room. I was often taken there. I often saw the addresses written on the tags on the suitcases. That's how I found out who was being held in the same building as me. One day I discovered the addresses of my friends Otto Petras and Wilhelm Puff. Petras had been brought from Silesia to Nuremberg. Several months before my arrest, Puff had published his book of hymns in my publishing house. He had attended one of my meetings and was shocked by the information I had given about the Hitler government's policy on Spain. He had nothing to do with my conspiratorial activities. He was not a member of the Nuremberg resistance group. It was very hard for me to learn that he had also been drawn into the investigation. But what was I supposed to

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In any case, the fate of my friends caused me more grief than my own. When I occasionally heard one or the other being led past my cell, I tried to shout a few words of comfort through the cell door.

In July, I was picked up by a Gestapo officer for questioning. There were four officers and a typist in the room where I was taken. On entering I noticed Marxist and Leninist literature piled up in large heaps. I had reason to believe that these were books from my library. I looked painfully at these treasures that had been stolen from me.

When I had taken my seat, to my horror, the shorthand I have already told you about came up. It was the chapter in which I dealt with the duties of total opposition and which I had dictated to my wife. The shorthand was pressed into my hand and I was instructed to dictate the contents to the shorthand typist into the machine. The shorthand was written in Gabelsberg shorthand and the officers were not familiar with this system. I looked at the shorthand for a long time, thought about how to get out of the noose and then said that I couldn't take shorthand. The officers jumped up and disputed the accuracy of my explanation. But the stenogram was really illegible for me, because I really couldn't write in shorthand. It took some time before the officers calmed down. Now they wanted to know what this shorthand was all about. In the meantime, I had collected myself enough to be able to carry out a diversionary manoeuvre. I claimed that it was the delivery of a foreign friend. I was to find out what hostile sentiments against Germany were being voiced in the foreign press. I had never been able to decipher the shorthand and consequently had no knowledge of its contents. I spoke with such conviction that the officials almost believed me. Only one of them said excitedly that in spite of himself he would not be vexed. I smugly said that I couldn't understand why he was so upset. As if stung by a tarantula, all the officers started to shout and shout at me that it wasn't them who were upset but, as I would soon find out, me alone. As I was losing my cool, one of the officers was so

He was so irritated that he shouted: "Out with him, we want nothing more to do with him. " I was taken away. On my way out, I was told that the translation of this stenogram would be done by an expert at my expense.

Admittedly, I was still worried that the history of the creation of this shorthand might *come* to light by chance. However, the worry was unfounded. My wife was never questioned about the matter; no one ever thought that she might have taken the dictation.

I was aware that my cellmates had been taken away in the morning, brought back at midday, called away again in the afternoon and brought back. They were presented to the investigating judge, who had begun the interrogations. The investigating judge spent a long time with one prisoner in particular. Once I saw this prisoner in the corridor without recognising him. Later I learnt that it was Becher who had denounced the resistance movement.

Becher had also been arrested, probably to disguise the fact that he was the traitor. In his cell he had a number of furnishings that made his stay there comfortable; later he was even given an interrogation room to stay in. So he was favoured. The interrogator pressed him in all directions and he told him what he thought he knew. He passed off the foolish inventions of his imagination as facts. What this subject was capable of was revealed during my trial in one case, the story of which I will tell in advance. A resistance man named Zeuch, a labourer, was a friend of Becher. Becher lived in Amberg and only came to Nuremberg occasionally. He often wrote letters to Zeuch in which he not only asked for information, but also for Zeuch's visits. Before the examining magistrate, Becher claimed that Zeuch was constantly following him in order to influence him for propaganda purposes. When Zeuch contradicted this false claim and referred to the letters in which he had been invited by Becher, the presiding judge asked to see the letters. Zeuch then told him that a Gestapo man

had taken the letters, but had thrown them into the fire after inspecting them. The Gestapo officer who had destroyed the letters was present in the courtroom and had to confirm the accuracy of Zeuch's statements when questioned. He had removed material that exonerated Zeuch and incriminated Becher.

In the second half of August, I too was finally

I was questioned by the examining magistrate. In practical terms, this meant that from then on I was allowed to read a newspaper and books and buy food. I had a selection of Kierkegaard's writings in my suitcase, as well as Plato's *Council*. I eagerly pounced on the long-lost reading material.

The investigation was conducted by District Court Director Zimmer, assisted by District Court Councillor Dr Hager. Both officials had been seconded to Nuremberg from Berlin and were exclusively in charge of the proceedings against the resistance movement. When I was brought before Regional Court Director Z, he told me that proceedings had been initiated against me for preparation for high treason and that I was being held in custody. I was free to lodge an appeal against this.

The examining magistrate thought he could intimidate me, even oppress me, on the basis of the material that had come into his hands in the meantime. But he failed. I calmly rebuffed his attacks. In the solitude of the cell I had come to terms with everything, I also accepted the death penalty and was in a mental state that could not be shaken because it stemmed from the conviction that there was nothing left to lose. I characterised the Third Reich as a tyranny, as an anarchy that was only brought about by terror. In the face of this lawless state, I would have felt like an advocate of violated law and violated human dignity. Hitler had come to power through a coup d'état and a breach of the constitution; it was a disgrace for all civil servants who had sworn an oath of allegiance to the Aeinierer Republic to serve the Hitler Reich. The examining magistrate went into a rage and shouted at me that what I was presenting was insolent presumption.

Audi During the other interrogations I never spoke of "Hitlerism" in anything other than a tone of disdain. I pointed to the falsification of the rooting figures in the Reichstag elections.

elections, to the atrocities of 30 June 1934¹¹, recalled, that Goebbels had been accused in the trial brought against him by Hindenburg.

had been convicted of lying, pointed to the violence in the concentration camps. Whenever I mentioned an atrocity committed by the Third Reich, the examining magistrate hurriedly took notes. When he began to dictate the interrogation protocol, I interrupted him several times, much to his indignation. Whenever he tried to put a phrase into my mouth that I didn't completely agree with, I protested and told him that I wouldn't sign the transcript afterwards.

I sat in the cell for weeks without getting any fresh air and without being able to talk to anyone. The interrogations were exhausting. Once, when the examining magistrate had a glass of water brought to me, I asked him to get me one too. It was characteristic of his attitude towards me that he refused this request.

I was called in for a total of three interrogations. Then the investigating magistrate had had enough of me. He hissed angrily at me: "You're only telling me what you've already told me."

During their interrogations, some of my political friends had allowed themselves to be manoeuvred into the position of believing that they had to have a guilty conscience, that they were guilty and in need of justification. Once, when Gestapo officer Geng led me back to my cell from an interrogation, he said that he had received a letter from one of my former friends, in which he wrote that he had once been a completely reliable man nationally, but had been infected with dangerous rumours in his dealings with me. I replied that when a person was torn away from his family and had to live under such abnormal conditions as cell life entailed, he was capable of the greatest meanness in his despair, for which he should not be held responsible. At the end of the third interrogation, I asked the examining magistrate whether he intended to keep me in the dreadful cell any longer. He replied that the accommodation was a matter for the chief of police. Ida then said that the cell was gloomy, damp, the air in it stank, it was a health-destroying place to stay. He replied maliciously, whether

I take offence at the decor of the cell. He was alluding to the slogans on the walls. I said I wouldn't have taken offence at that. I would never have read the slogans. With a single glance I would have realised that it was National Socialist literature, which I ignored.

8

One September day around noon, I was surprised by the news that I was to be released from police custody and taken to the Nuremberg remand prison, the same prison that later, after the Second World War, held war criminals. It was a relief for me to receive this news. Recently, yard hours had been introduced so that I could spend 20 minutes outside in the company of a guard. It was very hot, but so cool was my cell that I froze in the open air, despite the heat of the sun and the fact that I was wearing a coat. The character of the police custody in my place of residence had never been invaded. It happened that prostitutes or drunks were brought in at night and placed in a neighbouring cell, where they often rioted for hours. The unclean bedding made the stay even more disgusting.

Two officers escorted me to the remand centre.

One of them gave the impression of an animal brute. He came into my cell, read the painted slogans with amusing glee, without realising that they suited him better than me, and urged me to pack up my things. As I was leaving, my eyes fell wistfully on a place on the wall where a young prisoner who had been there before me had made a note in pencil:

'I am 17 years old and was arrested during the party congress for telling a Hitler joke. Oh, mother, help!'

At the detention centre, an old officer took me into his care. He took me to an upper floor and assigned me to a cell that had a large sunny window, a clean bed and was scrupulously clean. The officer naively said that he was placing me here because he thought I was a "prominent prisoner". Strangely enough, I felt like I was in paradise. The next day I asked the catholic

I asked a clergyman to come to me. I told him how avid a reader I was and asked him to get me Schiller's *The Fall of the Netherlands* and his *The Three Years' War*. He did so. From what he said I learnt that he knew my case and thought it was very bad.

I only had a walk in the prison every other day. This showed that there was a co-defendant in my corridor with whom I was not supposed to socialise; alternately we took part in the court lessons. Once, when I looked down at the window on a day when I wasn't out walking, I saw a courtyard where women were walking. I looked at the women and could hardly believe my eyes when I recognised a familiar figure. It was my private secretary Margot Zachert. She had always been a great help to me, but I had deliberately kept her away from all my political affairs. I had only let her write and copy things that were unobjectionable. Nevertheless, the Gestapo had also taken her into custody. She was deprived of her freedom for nine months. Interventions initiated by me and supported by my wife were successful in helping her regain her freedom after this time.

While I was here in the remand prison, the National Socialist Party conference began. Many squadrons of aeroplanes flew over the prison. Hitler had already begun to reveal his cards and demonstrate to the world that he was heading for war.

The first Friday I spent in this prison was shopping day. I ordered fruit and sausage. The fruit was delivered to me, it was delicious pears. The sausage was supposed to come later. I didn't receive it - I was told that I had to pack my suitcase again because I was being transported away. There were two cars in the courtyard. I saw my friend Drexel get into one, and Tröger and I were driven into the other. Three Gestapo officers sat in our car as guards. The driver was the same officer whose cattle-like physiognomy I had noticed before. The cars drove through the city onto the motorway in the direction of Hof, and it soon became clear that our destination was Berlin. The journey was uncomfortably agonising because we were not allowed to leave the car.

It was already 2 o'clock by the time we reached Berlin's Tiergarten. The officers were looking for the Moabit remand centre, but they didn't know the way. I would have known, but I refused to give them directions. Almost
The officers drove around Berlin for four hours; finally they found the remand prison.

Ida was housed on the first floor of the D wing. The cells were generally overcrowded, some one-man cells had two to three inmates. As I was considered a heavy fall, I had to remain isolated, so I became the sole occupant of a cell. The cell inventory consisted of an iron bed, a small wall cupboard, a folding table and a folding bench. Instead of the ominous bucket, the cell conveniently had a water closet. The ward officer was an older man who behaved decently and orderly. The rule was that the prisoner had to go to the window as soon as an officer entered his cell, stand at attention and make a report. I did neither of these things. The station officer spoke to me several times about this, but to no avail. Once he remarked that I would be taken into custody after all. I laughed at him and replied that he shouldn't ask me, a man of almost fifty, to learn what I had deliberately chosen not to learn. He accepted this answer good-naturedly and from then on did not give me any more trouble or reproaches.

One day I was visited by the Protestant clergyman Dr Illatt. He said that he knew I was a dissident, but as I had once been a Protestant, he wanted to look after me. He had met many remarkable personalities here in the area, such as Zinoviev, Radek, Karl Liebknecht, Rosa Luxemburg, Prince Eulenburg; their shidial had often changed completely; today, they were prisoners, tomorrow, rulers. So there was no need to fail. I replied that there was no such danger with me. With my attitude against the Hitler regime, I thought it would be natural to be imprisoned; but in my mind I knew that this regime would not grow excessively old. The priest was startled. He left the cell like a bay and never showed his face again.

I received books from the library as requested. Here I read I got the *Forsyir-Sngd* from Galswortli, but also got know-

books. I worked all day long. Every week I could get food, exercise books and writing materials from the canteen. All the thoughts and reflections that I had harboured since my protective custody in Nuremberg now came flooding out. I wrote a study on *individuals*, one on Plato, a booklet on the future of Europe and the fate of the West. I also wrote a short work about my marriage and another about my youth. I filled numerous notebooks with aphorisms. One short piece was about suicide. In it I developed how everyone could commit suicide in a way that suited them. The militarist who loves the direct departs from existence with a dramatic bang; the explosive catastrophist throws himself from the balcony onto the street or from the cliff into the abyss. He still loves being crushed even if it means crushing himself. The miser and exaggerated egoist no longer allows himself to breathe. He cuts himself off from her and hangs himself. The girl, whose individual existence has become a burden with her grief, wants to dissolve into the elemental. She goes into the water. The one who wants to lustfully exude himself in space has a warm bath prepared and slits his wrists in it. The modest man who wants to leave the table of life without fuss takes poison in the solitude of his chamber.

One day, as I was waiting in front of a door in the bath, Dr Friedrich Slerkenschlager stepped out of the brewing room. Slerkenschlager had often been my guest, but was never a member of the resistance circle. He had rendered great services to plant breeding, was a talented writer and at the same time a poetically inventive man. His acquaintance with me was a bad one: he was also imprisoned. I knew how badly he was suffering. I rushed up to him, hugged him and called out regretfully: "Poor Slerkenschlager!" Shouting, an officer rushed up to us, tore us apart, took my personal details and told me to report myself for punishment.

The *Derliiier Tx gehl itt*, which I was allowed to keep, kept me informed about the outside world. I read more between the lines than in the lines; what I learnt confirmed my belief that the Third Reich stood on very weak foundations. That gave me the strength to face the coming things calmly.

My wife was arrested soon after me. The confiscated letters and statements from other detainees had revealed how much my wife was involved in my work. As she wrote warnings to many friends of mine, she threatened, as the Gestapo claimed, to confuse the investigation proceedings.

She was first sent to the Berlin police prison on Alexanderplatz. Here she had an exciting experience that proved that there were bold men and reliable friends. A few years ago, a detective approached me. He had told me that he used to be in a social democratic civil servants' organisation, but had later turned his back on social democracy. My writings had swayed him and won him over to the idea of resistance. I held on to a slight mistrust of him for a long time. When he came to me, he never said his name, but appeared as 'Mr Meyer'. In the course of time he rendered me great service. He was assigned to the state police and consequently had all kinds of knowledge of confidential matters. He came to me every week to report on these confidential matters. The most important thing for me was what he knew about mafia activities against me and the resistance publishing house. If a publication from my publishing house was to be banned, he would inform me of the impending disaster. He advised me to hide most of the copies and to keep only a small number of books ready for confiscation. Once he came to me with a telegram from Stuttgart in which the Stuttgart state police had pointed out that *Die dritte imperial f* Figur was a dubious book and should therefore be banned. He told me that it would be seized and banned as soon as possible. While we were still clearing a number of copies of this book out of the way, the doorbell rang and two Gestapo officers entered the flat. I barely had time to hide "Mr Meyer" in a room at the back of my flat.

Soviet literature destined for Western countries was transported via Germany. All international customs and agreements

The Gestapo had these consignments presented to them, they were opened, checked and not infrequently their contents were scrutinised. The criminal investigator observed and noted in particular that Marxist books, such as Lenin's works or the reports on the major trials against Pj **atakOÖ**, Radek and others, which were intended for Luxemburg or Switzerland, were removed from the lists. The criminal investigator brought back individual pieces from the biographical material held back by the Gestapo, which he provided me with. It is certainly a highly grotesque thought to imagine that it was the Gestapo that covered my need for Bolshevik literature in this way.

I had agreed with the detective that he would phone me as soon as I was in danger. It was agreed that he would pretend to be HERE (ifilittel European travel agency) and tell me that the tickets were ready and that I should pick them up immediately. This should mean that my arrest was imminent.

About a fortnight before my actual arrest, however, the detective had been transferred from the state police to a police station. As a result, he no longer had the training and knowledge with which he had previously served me and was unable to give me the promised explanation.

My wife had been imprisoned for about a week when she was informed that a Gestapo officer wished to speak to her. She was ushered into the consulting room and, much to her surprise, found herself face to face with the detective. The prison officer was obviously suspicious; he was not one of the people who came in and out of the prison and was therefore known to the prison staff. Moreover, the criminal police officer was no longer with the Gestapo. He still had his ID badge, however, and he bled the officer with it. At his request, she left the room. He asked my wife what he could tell her, whether there was anything to be given to our son, whether any other objects should be removed from the corridor. My wife was not immediately prudent enough to give all the instructions that would have been necessary; at least she was able to make a few requests. In fact, the detective then went to my son and did what he had been instructed to do.

After a while my wife was in the car in Nuremberg

From there she was transferred four weeks later to Regensburg, where several other friends of the resistance cause were imprisoned. One night she was startled in her cell and ordered to get dressed immediately. A car was parked outside the door; accompanied by several Gestapo officers, she drove off into the darkness at breakneck speed. Everything was designed to terrify her. The adventurous journey ended in Nuremberg, where she was taken to the same police prison where I had been. Six weeks later, she was also sent to Moabit.

The arrest of my son had been a deliberately arbitrary act. Once, when I harshly told a Gestapo officer that it was a scandal to hold innocent people prisoner, he replied: "You're not saying anything, and we know that we can only put pressure on you if we arrest your son."

Several weeks had passed when I was picked up for questioning in Berlin. The interrogation was again conducted by District Court Director Zimmer, the same official who had conducted the investigation in Nuremberg. There was a relationship of sincere antipathy between us from the very beginning. I was not easy to deal with. If he asked me a question that I considered intrusive, I was either ironic, gruff or abusive. I always let it be known that I did not recognise the jurisdiction of either the People's Court or the investigating authority at all, that I considered it presumptuous to want to question me. It happened that I replied sharply that I was forbidden to spy on my relationships with other people and that I had to refuse to allow it to be considered a criminal offence to have consorted with me.

During the interrogation I soon learnt that some of my friends had said things that they could easily have concealed. Ida had a lot to do to make up for some of the bad things they had done.

After a few interrogations I was able to get a rough idea of the course of the preliminary investigation. I didn't know everything in detail that was incriminating against me, but I was able to deduce a lot of things by combining them.

On the basis of what I have learnt by combining I produced my first handwriting. For some time I was taken to the examining doctor on average every other day. every other day. The negotiations became more and more unpleasant, never without clashes. When Zimmer thought he had set a trap for me, which happened frequently, I had seen through him before he knew it; I continued to play the game with him in which he had tried to trick me, but in such a way that in the end he had to see himself as the one who had fallen in.

4

Christmas was approaching. A large Christmas tree had been erected in the corridor of the detention centre. However, it was expressly emphasised that it was only there for the officers, not for the prisoners. The prisoners were not worthy of it.

Rumours regularly surfaced that an amnesty was in the offing. The prisoners seemed to need this consolation. So they clung to the hope that an amnesty would shorten their suffering. It turned out that very few of them had a clear idea of the nature of the Hitler Reich and its rulers. They recognised their human feelings and also believed that they were open to appeals for justice. Basically, the prisoners were under the impression that Hitler had no knowledge of the inhumanities that took place on a daily basis. My objection that the Third Reich was intent on the merciless extermination of its opponents shook their hopes and turned them against me more than once. I learnt how little man can bear to be disturbed from his wishes and dreams, from which he draws upliftment. Nobody wants to see facts that spell disaster for them. The unhappy are happy to be deceived if only the deception brings relief to their hearts.

I heard that the Protestant pastor Niemöller had been hospitalised in Moabit. I took part in his sdiid'sa1. The Protestant church had behaved badly. Protestant clergymen had promoted the National Socialist movement. They had allowed themselves to be seduced into supporting the absurdity of the Denisr/7eii CJ97 isirn and the German

to approve of *the common faith*. In their church services, they prayed for Hitler; on National Socialist holidays, they even flagged the churches with the swastika. Only a small group of clergymen who had gathered in the confessional church tried to resist Hitler. The bravest of these was Niemöller.

The process of general Gleichschaltung had revealed such a lack of German character that one breathed a sigh of relief when isolated traces of masculine behaviour were still visible somewhere. Niemöller was not the only brave Christian. The Catholic Church also sent martyrs to prison.

At the beginning of February i 938, I began to experience severe foot pain, which was getting worse from day to day. Eventually it was

I had come so far that I could find peace neither by day nor by night. If I were to describe the symptoms, I could only do so by describing everything conceivably agonising. At one time I had the feeling that my feet were being cut, torn, burned, sawn and pressed, at another time I had the sensation of being strangled and tortured. I had been a non-smoker all my life, now I got up at night in despair, paced back and forth in the cell and smoked cigars. I couldn't sleep for more than half an hour a night; the pain haunted me into my dreams. When I went for a walk, I found it difficult to stand up and keep up the march in a circle. Despite the awfulness of the pain, I didn't go to the doctor for a long time.

Anl anl March I thought I realised that my eyesight was failing. The letters in the books I was reading became paler from day to day; it was only with great effort that I was able to continue reading. At that time I was occupied with Sybel's *Begründun g des DeuiS6hrn Reithes*. I had managed the first volume with ease. The second volume was already giving me considerable trouble, and I couldn't finish the third volume. I could no longer recognise the letters, I could only see shadows on the paper. Soon I was no longer able to decipher my sister's letters either. In the long run, I didn't particularly appreciate this Abel.

importance. I thought my eyes were changing due to my age. I had previously worn concave lenses; I suspected that I might now need convex lenses. So I went to the ophthalmologist. After some IVarten, I was taken to the Virchow Hospital in a vascularised state. The eye examination in the dark room revealed features that made me fear the worst. The examining doctor's remark that no glass could help me made me suspicious.

In Moabit I heard that the ophthalmologist had given the Verdad t that I might be suffering from optic atrophy (optic nerve atrophy). After receiving the report in Moabit, I was called to the prison doctor. My complaints about foot pain were ignored. It was enough for the doctor to note that I had one gouty nodule. He also ignored my reference to a possible optic nerve atrophy.

My wife, who was housed in the women's prison in Bloabit, was on good terms with the headmistress of the women's prison. She had complained to the headmistress that I was lacking medical care. One day, when Dr Woker, the senior medical officer, came to the women's prison, the matron called my wife in and encouraged her to complain. My wife complained that the doctor wasn't looking after me. The senior medical officer was harsh and dismissive, but he did listen to my wife. He remarked that remand in custody was not a stay in a sanatorium. Nevertheless, I was called to see him. He expressed his disapproval of the "rickety way" in which I was limping. My eyes were to be examined again at Virchow Hospital.

The head doctor of the eye ward dealt with me personally. He took me into the darkroom and showed the accompanying officer out. It turned out that he recognised my Zeitsdi rift *resistance* and was not a Hitlerist. He then enquired about the reasons for my arrest. In the course of the examination he observed blood on my retina. He also thought he noticed signs of temporal ablation. "You have optic atrophy, there's nothing more you can do about it, you'll have to accept it." This was the decision with which he discharged me.

I came back to Moabit. There I stood in my cell, the certainty of being condemned once and for all,

never being able to read again, never being able to look at the beauty of the world again. Grief overwhelmed me at that moment. I hid my face in my hands. I had never shed a tear since I was an adult. I have no predisposition to tears. It lasted about a quarter of an hour, then I pulled myself together, dried my tears and drew a line under the inevitable. At that moment I had resigned myself to my fate. I regarded what had come over me as a fact against which any rebellion was pointless and therefore unworthy.

6

An hour after my return from Virchow Hospital, I heard my name being called in the corridor. Soon afterwards, an officer opened my cell and told me that I was being transferred to the hospital. At the hospital I was taken to a room on the top floor. The room was occupied by ten men. The first examination was carried out by a young doctor, Dr Kremer, who seemed to love brutal methods of treatment. Both the doctor in charge, Obermedizinalrat Wo- ker, and the young doctor regarded me, the political prisoner, with antipathy; they were in favour of the Hitler system. As a newcomer, I was a man who aroused interest in the Saa1 for an hour. They wanted to know who I was, why they had brought me here, what offence I was suspected of. There was a major in the room who had been sentenced to prison for an assault, a patent merchant who was accused of major fraud, a teacher who, like me, had been arrested as a political prisoner and who belonged to Reinhold Wulle's circle. One of the most interesting people in the room was a servant from

"He was a son of a Mecklenburg farmer who had acquired excellent manners both at servants' school and in his various positions. He was clever, and it was also evident that he had been diligent and hard-working. His knowledge of literature was extremely good. He took special care of me, made my bed, fetched my food, read to me and massaged my *B e i n e*. He kept quiet about the reasons why he was sitting there. Only in the course of time did he occasionally drop a few remarks from which one could deduce something like

the following l'onnte. He had been stationed for a long time with the Grand Duke of Schwerin and here mostly in Ludwigslust. There, however, he was dismissed because of dark rumours. Various signs suggested that it had been a case of homosexual aberrations. He then entered the service of Princess Blücher. Princess Blücher was an old lady who seemed to take a liking to the young man and probably trusted him too much. He had a passion for precious stones and diamonds. He took the family jewellery out of the box several times when the princess was away. He enjoyed flattering a girl with whom he was having an affair at the time. He kept a few gems for himself. The saddle came up, the princess was deeply concerned and a trial was held. He was sentenced to five years in prison and bore his punishment with resignation. He openly admitted that he deserved it. Until the moment he was released from hospital, he was a loyal helper to me. Nothing was too much for him; he even patiently read Hegel's *P/aönomcaoJogie des Grisirs* to me. He carefully wrote down what I dictated to him.

In contrast to him, my immediate bed neighbour was a gloomy fellow. He was about 26 years old, had been in the SA for a year and had managed to make money partly as a pimp and partly as a blackmailer. He told the story of the vile deeds he had committed. He brought brains to his bride, whom he then plundered. When he was later sentenced, he was labelled "the Sdireéken of Friedrichstrasse" by the chairman of the court. In the course of my time with him, I learnt that he had been used as an informer against me by the station officer. His job was to report everything he heard from me and observed about me. In my absence, when I was called in for a medical examination or an interrogation, he would go through my notes and letters and then report back to the officer.

I wasn't completely blind, but could still see the figures as rare starl'e sdiattcs. This was enough to enable me to orientate myself well. This ability to orientate myself was made even better by the fact that I possessed a fine sense of touch, excellent hearing and a good gift for I(ombination. So none of the observers could

who didn't know anything about my illness, got the idea that my eyes were in a bad way. The chap thought he could conclude from this that I was "faking".

Among those in the room was a bookseller, Richarz, from the Rhineland, who had done great business as a salesman. For example, he had distributed the y4 volume of the *Alitenwerk des Auswärtigen Amtes* with great success, and in doing so, he had brought in a lot of money.

deserved. He had a few meaningless formal lines in his pocket from the Foreign Office for sales purposes. In order to gain access to major industrial leaders such as Klöckner, Thyssen and Krupp, he used to call them and claim that he was coming on the instructions of the Foreign Office. Naturally, he was then received. He knew how to appease the disappointment of the industrialists and their annoyance at having been taken in by a representative by the solidity of his appearance, and as a rule he did not leave the factory without being able to take large orders with him.

The Reich War Ministry had published a brochure intended to popularise the idea of military service. The Imperial War Minister von Blomberg had written to the publisher of this brochure, saying that he wished to see it distributed as widely as possible. The bookseller dealt with the letter in the same way as he had dealt with the letter of recommendation from the Foreign Office. As he assured Blomberg that he was travelling on his own behalf, many doors were opened to him that would otherwise have remained closed. In large companies, he sold the brochure in quantities of twenty to thirty thousand copies at a time. He became a rich man. As sedate and self-possessed as he may have originally been, he could not resist the temptations of sudden wealth: he threw money around. He rented entire flats in the most expensive hotels.

A nephew of the Imperial War Minister von Blomberg was a bookseller in Stettin. He got wind of the great successes of RiCharz and also of the fact that he was exploiting his uncle's name. He went to his uncle and convinced him that his name was being misused for commercial purposes. The Reich Minister of War made a request.

The bookseller was prosecuted and, strangely enough, the prosecution was dropped on the basis of the Treachery Act.

sentenced to two years in prison. Richarz's livelihood was destroyed. Richarz had become so accustomed to the life of a bailiff that he could hardly bear the thought of having to return to modest circumstances after serving his sentence. His weariness with life was clear to see. One day he collapsed on the stairs with a fit of weakness. The doctor transferred him to a two-man cell. A second man had to be added to him.

Chief Constable Amsel entered the room. I had the unpleasant feeling that he was taking the mickey out of me. Behind my back, some criminals had been talking to the administration, they felt disturbed by the reading aloud, which was done as a labour of love. After the head constable had given the impression for some time that he was considering who he should transfer to the small cell, he ordered me to move.

I was alone with the bookseller for several weeks. We got on very well and he dared to approach me. The doctor had diagnosed angina pectoris. Richarz was deteriorating more and more every day. He had no courage to live, no will to live, he wanted to die: he would rather be dead than poor. I endeavoured to instil courage to live in him again, but it was in vain.

On the day he died, Richarz asked me to sit at his bedside and shake his hand. It was so hard, he told me, to die without feeling that anyone was taking any part in it. I gave him my hand, it seemed to calm him, and so he passed away.

In June, I had submitted a petition to the examining magistrate in which I explained that I was on the verge of losing my sight completely and that I wanted to be able to see my wife and son before my blindness was complete. I was then promised permission to speak.

Several weeks passed. One day I was asked to come to the understudy's room. When I entered his room, he was in the company of Dr V'ol'er, the senior medical councillor. The sub-judge opened

He told me he had granted my request. He would call my wife in later; I could talk to her for twenty minutes. Then my son would be called in and I would be allowed to talk to him for the same amount of time. My wife was shown in; I hadn't seen her for over five quarters of a year. Correspondence between us had also been forbidden since she had been arrested. Like my son, she was detained in the same prison where I was. She made a deaf impression. The arrest had not broken her; she stood her ground in the bravest manner. She said that she felt well, that she felt completely blameless, and that it was not difficult for her to hold out. I told her how my health had deteriorated. When I made some disparaging remarks about the detention centre in Nuremberg, which was harmful to my health, the trial judge interrupted me, saying that I was not allowed to say that. I had to do everything I could to assuage her grief about my condition. The twenty minutes passed quickly. It was painful enough for both of us to be torn apart again.

Then my son arrived. It made me happy to watch him, that he was not out of shape mentally and spiritually either. He was supplied with literature and occupied himself with languages. When he had left the room, Chief Medical Officer Wo-ker said to me. "The examining magistrate agrees that I should do everything that can be done to combat your suffering. If there are possibilities of a cure, these possibilities should be utilised. "

My son was released from prison on 1 August 1945. He was covered by an amnesty. The news of his release from prison had a liberating effect on me. The

The pressure that had weighed on me for an unbearably long time suddenly disappeared. I felt that the thought of his companionship was the heaviest thing I had ever had to deal with.

8

After some time, I was taken to the eye ward at the Charité hospital. A thorough examination of my eyes began. I could see so much for myself that the blind spot had widened considerably. It wasn't possible to see the impressions

into a single image. After the thorough eye examination, I was taken to the head of the eye ward, Professor Löhlein. Professor Löhlein had become interested in my case and looked after me carefully. However, he was unable to give a satisfactory diagnosis; he contented himself with repeating what was already known, namely that it was a case of optic atrophy and that the symptom of temporal pallor was unrecognisable. He did not deal with my other complaints, the foot pain and the difficulty in walking. He did not order any curative treatment and none was given.

Over the following weeks and months, I kept coming back to the Charité at appropriate intervals. At one point it was suspected that the ailment might be related to foci of pus in the oral cavity. Several teeth were extracted, but their removal did nothing to change my condition.

An ordered examination of my ears, nose and throat revealed no clues as to the nature of my illness.

An examination followed in the neurological clinic: my mental state was to be checked. After the usual rehabilitation experiments, I had to lie down on a bed. A panel of old and young professors and students gathered around me. The head doctor began a conversation with me. He assumed that I was in a blind situation and wanted to know if I was under arrest. I let him know. He then dealt with my educational background, discussed some philosophical problems with me, enquired about my views on leading historical figures and ended with the question of how I felt about Martin Luther. I replied that the young Luther was exceptionally sympathetic to me. "Why?" I was asked. "Well," I replied, "he didn't look forward to defiantly confronting the whole world, and his 'I stand here, I can do no other, God help me, Amen' was a great word." Ida had said this with a passionate expression, and everyone in the audience laughed x'erständnisx off. The lecture was finished. An old professor came up to me and told me that he had been a reader of my magazine and had often wanted to meet my personal acquaintance.

to make a personal relationship. He said he was very sorry that this personal acquaintance had now taken place under such unfortunate circumstances. I asked him in what state of mind he had met me. He replied, laughing brightly, that everything was in order.

During one of the next visits to the hospital, the doctor remarked: "You are much sicker than you think you are. "

9

After Richarz's death, I returned from the small cell to the large ward.

There was usually a tension between the political and criminal prisoners. The political prisoners took credit for having violated Hitler's laws, the criminals had a guilty conscience. They were secretly angry with the political prisoners; some would have been happy to be "political" themselves. Within the hall, however, this contrast rarely materialised. It goes without saying that there was an unspoken agreement among the politicals.

In those days, I got involved in a joke in the courtroom that had consequences for me. The patent clerk had suggested holding a court hearing for me. The patent clerk had suggested holding a court hearing to pass the time. The prisoners went along with it. A chairman of the court was appointed; I was to take on the role of the public prosecutor. The patent merchant himself was the defendant, and his defence counsel was a Jew called Berliner. I was on quite good and friendly terms with Berliner, so much so that other prisoners as well as the officials often took offence because of their anti-Semitic sentiments. The spectacle gave me the opportunity to make a drastic mockery of National Socialist justice. The defendant's case, I said, was lost from the outset because he had the impudence to insult the high court through a Jewish lawyer. Anyone who somehow relied on a Jew would have to be ruthlessly destroyed.

The comedy lasted about half an hour. Later I was told that officials had been listening at the door and had taken notes of my mockery of the Third Reich. In addition

the next day, some criminal friends complained that their most sacred National Socialist feelings had been hurt by the parody. A number of prisoners from Luckau Prison were sent to the crane. were transferred to Moabit for hospital treatment. Among them were Dr Theo Schellen and another man, Döpner, who were both assigned to Saal. Sdiefler was born in Petersburg, had attended the humanistic grammar school there and studied Sinology. He was a talented linguist and thoroughly schooled in philosophy. He had been persecuted by the Gestapo for several years for communist propaganda, lived illegally and eventually fell into the hands of the police. He was sentenced to several years in prison by the People's Court. In Luci'au, he organised communist cell work and circulated training letters. He had the special ability to write in tiny letters; he managed to fit four to six pages of text on a square page. He put this skill at the service of his illegal propaganda activities. I was known to him through my magazine. We quickly became friends and discovered many common points of contact. He once told me that he had had thorough Greek lessons from an excellent teacher at grammar school in St Petersburg. He happened to mention his name: Professor 4Valdhauer. I pricked up my ears. It was the same Waldhauer whom I had met in Leningrad in the year 1931 as a director of the Ermitage.

Scheffler told me about the plans he wanted to realise when he returned to freedom. He did indeed later manage to be released into freedom. He was spared the concentration camp. But it was not enough for his happiness. He resumed his conspiratorial work and was then arrested again in connection with a trial against the so-called *Red Kipelle*, sentenced to death and beheaded. The news was extremely dismaying for me.

As humanly clean as Scheffer was, Döpner was just as disreputable. Döpner had been a secret agent for Goebbels. In collaboration with a Gestapo government councillor, Dr Steinmeister, he had carried out searches of Jews in his district. He was sentenced to nine years in prison. He was outraged by this and could not comprehend how

had been able to find a court to prosecute a National Socialist for such "petty offences", which only affected Jews. His thesis was original: the judges were enemies of the National Socialist system, they only imposed such high sentences in order to enrage Hitler's true friends against the "Führer". The high penalties were sabotage offences against the Third Reich. When the Third Reich itself later laid hands on the Jewish assets, he felt doubly innocent. How could he be penalised after the Reich had followed the same path! Sometimes he divulged secrets. In the year 1934, there had been a

Emperor's birthday celebration, which was organised by generals of the

The celebration had been organised by the old imperial army. At the time, SA people had burst into the banquet hall, disrupted the ceremony, thrown illusions at the generals, their wives and daughters and soiled the men's uniforms and the ladies' silk dresses with whipped cream and chocolate. I still remembered this incident. Döpner uncovered the background. He himself had organised the SA march on behalf of Goebbels. The report at the time had read: endless SA marches had marched past the zoo. Döpner revealed that it had not been an endless procession at all; the SA men had marched around the zoo several times in a circle, as if on stage, thus giving the impression of endless columns. Döpner also reported on the way in which attacks on Jews and Jewish businesses were planned and organised. The spontaneous anger of the people, which Goebbels liked to report on, broke out every time on the instructions of the propaganda minister and moved along the very lines that these instructions had prescribed.

I noticed how Döpner lacked any sense of the propriety of his behaviour. It showed the moral disintegration and feralisation that the Third Reich had caused in people's minds.

We had heated political discussions in those days. Hitler was about to seize the Sudetenland. Chamberlain had come to Germany, and it was only because England was prepared to humiliate itself that peace was maintained. Everyone was betting on war at the time. I had the feeling that the situation was not yet ripe for it. With certainty, which I found difficult to justify, I asserted

I that the Itrig Jessi had not yet broken out. Germany was not fully armed and would still need some time. Then, on 1. October, when the meeting in Lünen took place, I interpreted it, as it turned out afterwards, completely correctly. Hitler had almost achieved his goal here: namely, to obtain authorisation from the European powers to wage war against Soviet Russia.

Temporarily, the hall was filled with hJanuary residents, whose fate was somewhat shuddering. Although there were only ten beds in the hall, which were already occupied, six more were brought in. They were given straw sacks to lay on the floor. The men had been ordered to be sterilised. I spoke to one of them at length; he was a thirty-year-old "hischling" and engaged to an "Aryan woman". The Gestapo had warned him not to continue his relationship with her. His landlady observed the couple and realised that he was not following the Gestapo's instructions. The Gestapo arrested the "Aryan woman", who claimed during interrogation - it is not known what treatment she had been subjected to - that she had been continuously chastised by him. As a result, he was arrested and sentenced to sterilisation as well as imprisonment.

I have met many sterilised people in the course of my career. Doctors who felt themselves to be respectable men saw nothing wrong with carrying out such cruel and damaging interventions. In my opinion, no doctor was allowed to carry out laws of this kind. The incident I told you about had been reported to the authorities. They ordered that I be removed from the hall and placed in a small cell.

Ida had written three defence pamphlets, so-called "Sdiutzschriften", in an attempt to influence the voi'untersudiung and, above all, to help my friends who were also arrested. I drafted two of these defence briefs without having a firm and reliable basis. I merely combined what the preliminary investigation was aiming at and what accusations could be made. Only the third protective brief was drawn up on the basis of the statement of claim. It

in the end it turned out that, on the whole, my first writings had not been an air-raid, but that I had correctly guessed what the accusation was brewing.

I repeatedly emphasised, with all the pressure I could muster, that the resistance circles and the resistance movement were not illegal organisations in the sense of the law, that they had never gone beyond the stage of mere friendly cooperation. The traces of Tröger's organisational games stood in my way when I made this objection.

Tröger had in fact once - it had been 9j - written down a formal organisational statute. I had never taken this organisational statute seriously, had never read it much.

long forgotten in the meantime. It had never been realised, but it was a cheaper and more useful stofl for the investigating authority.

At the beginning of October'93 - I was still in Saa1 - I was handed the indictment. The envelope read:

"Top secret! " I was in no hurry to find out the contents. The people in the room were burning with curiosity and it was clear to see how hard it was for them to be patient. It wasn't until late in the evening that idi opened the envelope. The indictment had around one hundred and sixty typewritten pages; it was an extensive brochure. I asked Dr Schellen to read the contents to me. Although I made it quite clear that I did not want an audience, I could not prevent ears from pricking up around the room. After an overview of the defendants and after their personal details had been established, the facts of the case were presented as the examining magistrate saw them. The continuation of the resistance movement was a criminal offence and the movement had long been banned under the law on the continuation of banned parties. The content of what I was supposed to have said in the Ndrnberg forest hut was quoted as the informer Becher had reproduced it: everything was twisted, skewed and fantastically embellished. I would have had 3 different secret meetings right after 9j

organised, had continued my magazine until 9' 4, round and circulated in various parts of the country.

I took great precautions to keep the groups together. I was told how many places I had been to.

The indictment centred on excerpts from two manuscripts. The first manuscript, Detttscoe *Mobilma-*

chting, had already been created in '93'. The first part dealt realistically with the Third Reich. The second part dealt with Germany's relationship with the Soviet Union.

The appearance of this publication at the beginning of

9i 3 had been announced. After a careful review, I was dissatisfied with the work; it didn't seem to me to be ready for publication. So I tied up the manuscript and put it aside. In the manuscript were some essays that had been published in the *Widerstand*. Here I had simply put the proofs of the *Widerstand* into the manuscript. Some of them had the word "ready for print." This word "ready for print" only applied to the publication in the *Resistance*. The accuser, however, used the word to refer to the entire manuscript in general and claimed that my admission that it was a manuscript that had been put aside was null and void; I had obviously had the firm intention of publishing it.

The investigating judge's main blow against me& were the extracts from my other Alanus script: *The Riding of the Lower Demons*. The manuscript had a chapter: *The Personals*. In this chapter, the physiognomies of the leaders of the Third Reich were outlined.

The desperate question was raised as to how it could be explained that no German had enough physiognomic vision to recognise what was hidden behind these gruesome lenses. The terrible course of events could be read from these faces.

My reader's breath stopped in horror. He looked around shyly and furtively, as if he was about to break. Gradually, a circle of listeners had gathered around us; it was obvious to them how thrilling the situation was.

In the course of the investigation proceedings, I had suggested some lawyers to the investigating judge whom I had thought of appointing as defence counsel. It was one of the iniquities of National Socialist justice to deny political prisoners the right to choose defence lawyers in whom they could have confidence. The People's Court reserved the right to decide whether a freed defence lawyer should be released.

defence counsel or not. As a rule, he referred the accused to official defence lawyers. The lawyers who were appointed to the official defence were carefully selected. Most of them were National Socialists who had to be considered opponents of their clients from the outset. They could not defend the defendant's case with vigour; their style was that of an *advocattis diaboli*.

The National Socialist legal conception had the principle *nulla poena* rejected *a lege* and had proclaimed in its favour:

" No criminal without punishment ". But what should be considered a crime if it had not previously been defined by law? The "common sense of the people" took the place of the text of the law. The Nazi judge could label anti-Hitler sentiment alone as a crime on the basis of "common sense" and consequently punish it.

The lawyers were now called Rechtswahrer. The usual National Socialist hypocrisy and infamy was also hidden behind this designation. The law officer was supposed to help find justice and bring the criminal to justice. He took the side of the prosecutor against the defendant and was an ally of the court against his client. The National Socialist lawyers, insofar as they were not official defence lawyers, ruthlessly exploited the prisoners' fear of the impending punishment and drew money wherever they could. They did this in the full knowledge that they were unable to do anything for their client. The legal profession had become an indecent trade.

In November, I was called into a visiting room. The People's Court had rejected the lawyers I had applied for and assigned me an official defence lawyer. This official defence counsel, the notary and Berlin lawyer Dr Hercher, wanted to see me now.

Dr Hercher was about 70 years old. At first glance to see that he was a vain, senile man. He used to be

He had been a member of the Völkisch Party and had therefore belonged to the All-German movement for years. He had become a National Socialist early on. Now he was the second chairman of the Rechtswahrerbund. He explained to me that he had been chosen especially for me because this was a special case that required a proven force. I told him upstairs that I

I attach little importance to him and his defence and want to conduct my case myself. The proceedings against me were not about punishing a guilty man, but about destroying an opponent. I told Hercher about an incident that had taken place some time ago between an army lawyer and myself. I had been questioned by him because some of my co-accused resistance friends had been members of the army. I had told the army lawyer that the support the army was giving Hitler was a disgrace and a disgrace for the army. The army lawyer seemed to be touched by a trace of human sympathy for me. He approached me and asked me in a humanly warm tone whether it was not possible for me to revise my position against Hitler? I exclaimed passionately: "Never, never, never!" This, I told the lawyer, was still my position today.

Dr Hercher was embarrassed; he felt extremely uncomfortable. He said he would have to take a closer look at the files. After barely an hour, he left without having discussed the indictment with me. He only came to see me once. On his second visit he told me that he had spoken to the court reporter. He was of the opinion that my case was not so simple. The case of literary high treason, which I also had, made the judgement difficult. The Chief Reichsanwalt was not comfortable with the treason charge. Nevertheless, I would certainly have to expect to be sentenced to at least life imprisonment. Dr Hercher, had read my manuscript *Des Reich der niederen D?i'ioneii*. This is an implausible pamphlet. It was impossible for a normal person to think about National Socialism in this way. He believed that my mental state was not completely in order. As a result, he suggested that I have my mental state examined. If reduced mental responsibility was found, I could expect the circumstances to be mitigated.

I protested vehemently against his imputation. I forbade myself to attribute my hostility towards Hitler merely to a defective mind.

Hercher did not give up his efforts to change my mind. When I continued my attacks against the Third Reich, he replied that he was satisfied with the existing regime.

gime is completely satisfied, he is saturated, enjoys a great reputation and has a high income. He therefore had no reason to wish for the end of the government.

Offended and hurt, Hercher left me. We hadn't discussed the indictment this time either.*

Shortly before Christmas, I was informed that my process at TI 3 January 1939 . The deadline was short; I had no time to file motions for evidence or make other preparations. Because it was implied in the indictment that I had

I had already concluded an agreement with the Zurich publisher Op- redet about my manuscript, and this assumption did not correspond with the facts, I tried to persuade my legal adviser by letter either to summon Dr Oprecht as a witness or to have him questioned provisionally at the German consulate in Zurich. Hercher evaded this request by pointing out the short notice of the appointment.

After Christmas, the clerk came to see me; he wanted to persuade me to apply to see a doctor during my trial. In fact, I was in a very miserable state. I had large dimers, was emaciated and extremely exhausted. The slightest physical and mental exertion caused me to succumb; I was not up to any demands.

However, the clerk's decision was very transparent. The senate of the People's Court had obviously not yet given up the intention of labelling me as mentally ill. The doctor was given the role of appearing during the trial and declaring my diminished sanity. I could in no way work into the hands of the court's intentions. So I rejected the clerk's suggestion. The clerk was right

* In 1948, Hercher sent me a card which said, among other things: "So you have not only survived the terrible time, but are also healthy again. I am all the more pleased because you were probably the one who put up the fiercest resistance to Hitler's system at the time. I am happy that I was able to play my part, as your defence counsel, in sparing us the last thing that the gentlemen of the People's Court were not sparing with then and later.

offended, but claimed to have had my best interests at heart.

The New Year's night of 9i 8-*9s s was one of the hardest I have ever experienced. I thought through my entire situation. fiir

It was clear that the court was basically only interested in me. The lawyer had hinted that the court was intending to be merciless towards me, against my friends. Besides, I still had my wife in prison. I asked myself whether I would not be doing both my wife and my friends a service if I avoided the proceedings. What interest could the court still have in continuing the trial once I was no longer a party to it? Would the proceedings against my wife and my friends not be d i s c o n t i n u e d ?

Ida remembered my young friend Krumreich. Krumreich had turned up at my place when he was about twenty-four years old. He was a giant of a man, clever and extremely thoughtful. Once a week he came to me and told me his doubts, his thoughts. He was often tormented by the thought of whether the law was really on the side of Hitler's opponents.

EtW:* In 934, he came to Nuremberg as a postal clerk. The career prospects at the post office were not great, but he had no ambition to be a civil servant and no sense of ambition. He simply wanted to earn a living and indulge his political inclinations.

In Nuremberg, he founded an activist group within the resistance circle. This group debated whether it would not be expedient to shoot Hitler down.

The Gestapo learnt about the discussion of the assassination plans and gave Ilrumreich special treatment. What happened in the process is not known. In any case, Iérrtmreich attempted suicide in Nuremberg prison by slitting his arteries. He was rescued and 1:am to IVürz- burg. There he died in his cell. his death was very painful for us.

THE PROCESS

On 3 January -9 39, a Tuesday, the trial began. Early in the morning, we three main defendants, Dr Dre- xe1, Har1 Tröger and I, were taken from the Moabit prison in the green car.

I travelled to the Bellevue prison. It was very cold; I was freezing because I was only wearing a light summer suit that had been kept in the prison's chamber since I had put on my hospital clothes when I was ill. A plainclothes police officer accompanied us; he had the job of keeping an eye on us throughout the trial. At first he behaved harshly and often snapped at us when he observed our attempts to e x c h a n g e a few words.

In Bellevuestraße we arrived at the building of the People's Court, which had previously served as accommodation for the Reich Economic Council. First we were taken to the cellar rooms, where various large, damp cells had been set up. Naturally, we were separated there. Soon after I had entered a cell, the door was unlocked again and two more defendants were pushed in; both had appointments. They were treason cases, completely unrelated to each other. One man was optimistic; according to his story, he had spoken to a civilian about working in an armaments factory and had come across an agent of the Gestapo. He hoped, if not for an acquittal, then at least for a light sentence. The other, on the other hand, saw a bleak future. He had become involved with a Czech, had given him various details about the state of armaments, which he had learnt from other sources, and had even taken money for it. He felt his head was in danger and did not believe he would escape alive.

Both were picked up for trial after some time. I met them again in the evening after they had been sentenced. The optimist, who had already seen himself at large, had been sentenced to ten years, while the pessimist, who had thought he had lost his head, had got away with five years in prison. The mood of the two had turned into the opposite: don't let the day get ahead of you.

I can praise the evening, and there's no need to despair until night has fallen. I was called out of my cell shortly before 9 o'clock. As I found it extremely difficult to walk and

I was very exhausted, Drexel was allowed to lead me by the arm. I had not seen him for two years; I felt sorry for him beyond all measure. A feeling of affection and tenderness for him seized me; I stroked his hand and whispered good words to him.

The room chosen for the trial was draped in red, with a large red carpet on the floor. The defendants' benches took up almost an entire side of the room, with witness benches on the other side. Behind the witness benches was a small room for the audience. On the podium stood a powerful table for the court. Our escort and a number of police officers had positioned themselves behind us defendants. In front of the dock were the tables for the defence lawyers. Three lawyers were seated. Drexel's defence lawyer was an SS man; Tröger's defence lawyer, Kaudler, appeared to be a lo3-aler iXlann. Drexel had had bad luck with lawyers. After his arrest, his relatives had appointed a defence lawyer and paid him a fee in advance. After a few weeks, this defence lawyer died of a heart attack; the fee was not repaid. In Serlin, Drexel chose the long-time leader of the Scout Association, Dr Kameke. Eight days before the start of the trial, Kameke was arrested for offences against § i y3 and now found himself in prison. The SS defence lawyer was an officer.

Tröger had stuck with Dr Kaudler from the outset; when he ran out of money to satisfy his fee demands, he asked the People's Court to appoint his previous defence counsel of choice as public defender. The People's Court granted his request.

We watched on the Anl'lagebanl', waiting for what was to come. I had my firm defence plan.

The court had been given my diaries, many of my letters and some of my manuscripts. It also had diaries of my friends, and some statements by my fellow detainees were added to the list. There was little more to hide and lose. The chairman of the court knew more precisely than I did what I had been thinking on a certain day, indeed at a certain time, namely when I was in prison.

I was the one who entered the diary note or wrote the captured letter. I had to fear at all times that I would be lured into a trap by clever questions. Under no circumstances did I want to put myself in the position of being caught in a lie. I thought it was right not to make a secret of my unconditional hostility to Hitler. At the same time, however, I wanted to make it clear that being an enemy of Hitler was not forbidden by any article of the law. As vehemently as my diaries, letters and manuscripts settled accounts with Hitler and his accomplices, I wanted to vigorously defend the view that this was a private self-understanding that was not punishable by law. Of course I knew that I would inevitably be convicted in view of my ostentatious hostility to Hitler. It was my intention to draw the entire vengefulness of the court exclusively onto myself, to be the lightning rod for everyone. So I hoped to steer my wife and my friends out of the affair without too much trouble.

Let me say at the outset that I had more success with this tactic than I could have expected.

A number of foreign journalists were present in the courtroom. My arrest had attracted attention in journalistic circles abroad. They remembered my book *Hitler - a German doom*. Foreign newspapers published articles about my arrest and me. Through some circumstances, which I have not yet been able to trace, it was rumoured that I had prepared an assassination attempt against Hitler with my friends and that it was quite certain that at least ten death sentences would be passed at the forthcoming trial. This information reached the New York newspapers. Foreign journalists had been trying for weeks to find out the exact date of my trial. The People's Court and the government did not like the interest that the foreign press took in me. I planned to provoke the court if the press were allowed to attend. Of course, I feared that I would not be able to prevent the exclusion of the public.

Finally, the **door** opened behind the judge's table.

and the "people's judges" appeared. They were all present, including the chief Reichsanwalt and the court clerk.

The people's court was the highest court of the German Reich. The People's Court claimed to be the supreme court of the German Reich above the Imperial Court of Justice.

To the left of Chairman Thierack sat a legal assessor, the so-called rapporteur. To his right was a tall SS man in uniform. Then came a senior SA officer and finally an official.

When the court entered the courtroom, all those present stood up; taking advantage of my suffering and exhausted state, I contented myself with merely marking the obeisance. Then the trial began.

As I had suspected, the senior public prosecutor rose after the opening of the hearing and requested the exclusion of the public. He justified his request by claiming that the public hearing would jeopardise state security.

I had already instructed my lawyer beforehand to argue against the application for exclusion of the public and had also instructed him to present my objections in detail. The objections I mentioned were of several kinds. The defence options, I wanted to argue, were already extremely limited for the defendant in and of themselves. If the public was excluded, he had to fear that his interests would be completely ignored without public scrutiny. In my case, things are doubly complicated; as a result of my illness, I am handicapped in my ability to defend myself beyond what is necessary. I needed twofold protection, which I saw in the observation of the proceedings by the public.

The defence counsel rose only very hesitantly; it was clear that he lacked the courage to confront the chief prosecutor. Finally, he stammered out that he had been instructed by me to speak against the chief judge's motion; I wished to remain in public. The two other defence lawyers spoke immediately after him; they explained with an unpleasant agility that they, like their clients, fully understood how state security was threatened by the presence of the public and, as a result, would not oppose the chief prosecutor's motion.

Before I had the opportunity to report to the court myself to protest against my defence lawyer and the

to make up for what he had neglected to do, the Senate was gone. On his return, he announced the expulsion to the public. The hall was cleared, the audience and journalists were removed. However, a number of selected people, representatives of the Ministry of Propaganda, the Ministry of Justice, the Reich Chancellery, the Gestapo and the Federal Law Enforcement Agency were admitted; but they were urgently warned not to allow a word of what they would hear here to penetrate beyond the walls.

Since I was the main defendant, I was questioned first. The perfidy of the President of the People's Court immediately came to light. In connection with my high treason trial I 199 , during a search of my house, a Tagebudi was confiscated by me and placed on file.

had been made. The People's Court had sent for it from Munich. This diary provided information about my activities in the year I p18. I had told it about my opposition to the Reich government's war policy and the formation of a secret political circle that wanted to gain influence over the workers in the factories. I knew very well, I had written, what consequences this secret subversion work could have for me. As soon as the authorities found out about it, my leave of absence would certainly be cancelled immediately and I would be sent to the front straight away. Although I had no desire to die for the fatherland, I was nevertheless determined to continue my secret work.

With false pathos, the chairman read the corresponding

I was already a subversive, a traitor to my country who had shied away from death for my fatherland. This remark was intended to give the impression that I lacked courage. He intended to belittle me in the eyes of my co-defendants. I replied that if I had wanted to avoid death, I would not have taken the risk of revolutionary work. Political good behaviour would have been the

would have been the surest guarantee of not being called up to the army again. The chairman was uncomfortable with my response. The tone in which we spoke to each other, came to a head right from the start.

My role during the B4ünchen Soviet Republic became one of
The Chairman of the Supervisory Board

I decided to make it clear that I was a traitor by profession, so to speak.

On my birthdays, I had taken stock of my life in my diaries. The chairman read these passages aloud with pleasure. When he had finished, I remarked that I should not be ashamed of my life balance sheet. Besides, I found his method very questionable, bringing up things that were already twenty years in the past and had nothing whatsoever to do with the current proceedings. The chairman replied that it was only a matter of examining me psychologically. Agitated, he closed my questioning for the time being. When I returned to the dock, from which my friend Drexel had been called, I whispered to him: "The man is a canaille. "

On the afternoon of the second day of the trial, the presiding judge intended to deliver the crushing blow against me that would make me meek. He wanted to read out the power of the manuscripts *Deutsche Motilnuicl ung* and *Dns Reich der niederen Dämonen*. He had invited a large audience to this reading, including Streicher. His introductory words prepared the audience for what was to come. I had done something monstrous, he said; while the Führer was giving his strength for the good of the state and the people, I had written a diatribe, the measureless spitefulness of which could hardly be surpassed.

He read out indignantly: 'In taking Hitler into its service, the bourgeoisie had also seized the masses who believed in him. The mass mobilisation was thus directed to a level where the upper middle classes could not be undermined in any way. The whole elementary evil of the 'awakening of the people' proved to be a thunderstorm that cleansed the thick air that lay over the FI ures of the upper middle classes from the Marxist vapours. The subsidies that the upper middle classes were pumping into Hitler's defence acted as a reliable preventive spell against the social hailstorm. " He almost burst x or indignation at the words: "When the small demagogues had united all bourgeois classes on the line of 'national socialism' ...

,the time came after the total social zero, the absolute social nothing. But the total social zero, the absolute social nothing, was the vagrant, was the man from the \Viencr asylum for the homeless. "

He even got out of hand with the sentences: 'The first stage effect of the Third Reich was successful when the coups d'état of spring -933 were staged as a 'national revolution'. The 'Day of Potsdam' was organised by the Prussian tradition. Like an arrangement of fireworks, it was organised in a few hours; only empty shells and charred cardboard remains were left behind. The upper middle-class dictatorship presented itself in the worn-out skirt of the old fry; this earned it the cheers of the masses, who are always moved when they see their 'great past', be it on the street, be it in the circus, be it on the screen, be it on the boards. The coffin of the Prussian king became a comedy prop when Hitler paused before it in 'reverent prayer' and the Potsdam Garrison Church became a meeting place for dark men of honour. Hindenburg acted as a comic old man; his fee was the tax-free gift from Neudeck. The grofibourgeois imperialism celebrated the complete self-transformation of the free, self-determining people into subservient crony fodder, which mentally prepared itself for the heroic deeds it needed for financial reasons. "

The tension in the hall grew from quote to quote. The atmosphere of the Third Reich was such that a man who dared to think and even write such things seemed like a madman.

I was thinking about the best way to parry the chairman's attack. Inside, I was completely calm and in control of myself. When Thierack had finished, he turned to me pathetically and asked me in an ominous voice: "What do you say now? " Breathless silence reigned in the room. Then I replied that one could certainly prove the truth of much of what I had written here, but I did not want to make that attempt, but would merely confine myself to asking who was liable to prosecution, the one who had committed the terrible atrocities or the one who had simply observed them?

The chairman looked at me speechlessly. The tension in the hall was broken in an instant. The effect that Thierack had created had fizzled out. After a short pause, Thierack closed the file, stood up and said: "The meeting is closed. "

On the third day of the trial, the summoned witnesses were called. To my surprise, there were a considerable number of them. I hadn't called anyone. Tröger, in particular, was the one who sought help from many witnesses. The witnesses from the resistance groups were intimidated. They were unmistakably afraid of being caught, arrested by the Gestapo and sent to a concentration camp. Some of their statements were aimed at securing pardon.*

Otto Petras behaved in the most dignified manner. He was the only witness who was on top of the situation. He didn't let anything frighten him; no human being is unambiguous, he said, everyone harbours contradictions. He could not be fooled, by sharing my anti-war propaganda with him. He told me how I had told him, for example, in 1930 that the King of Bavaria had already lost the war in 1917, that the conservative Reichstag deputy Westarp had did not believe in victory, and Helfferich, as he told Stresemann in 1909, confessed, had deliberately lied to the Reichstag. The chairman nervously cut the witness off.

Among the witnesses was Dr Gierken's brother, the mayor of a Frankish village near. His interrogation took an amusing course. Dr Friedrich Merkenschlager had read my manuscript *Das Keith der niederen Dämonen* on his brother's farm. The prosecutor sitting asked the witness whether he had also looked through the manuscript. Merkenschlager said no. Thierack wanted to know what impression the manuscript had made on his brother. The answer was that the brother had been walking around the hole for days as if disturbed. Whether he had read the Alanu-

The second investigating judge, District Court Judge Dr ÄV. Hager, who, it should be noted, acted in a thoroughly humane and loyal manner, was

In the year 1948, for example, he published a denkschrift in which he described his observations.

I joined the Hodivcr Council proceedings against my resistance movement. The last paragraph of his memorandum reads:

"... But history has shown how right these men of that time were. Their clandestine meetings in Nuremberg, Leipzig, Hindenburg, Berlin and other places were the first signs of an insurrection against a regime whose disastrous effects have become perceptible to all ..."

script on his desk when the Gestapo were searching the house? The witness replied in the affirmative. Had the Gestapo found the manuscript? The witness replied in the negative. Why not? The manuscript had been kept in an empty milk can in the milk room. Had the Gestapo not looked into the milk cans? Only some of them, the witness said, but not the empty milk can that contained the manuscript. What did he then do with the manuscript? He burnt it, said the witness. The chairman turned to me triumphantly and said with a solemn pa- thos: "You see, your work of shame has been blown to the winds as smoke by the breath of a German hereditary court."

Due to my exhausted state of health, I had permission to sit down directly on the chair at the witness table so that I could follow the proceedings better. When I put some questions to my friends during the examination of the witnesses, it was obvious that they were reluctant to testify. The presiding judge therefore ordered me to remain in the dock during the further questioning of witnesses, as I was now exerting a fatal "power of suggestion⁴ on my poor seduced victims".

After the witness examination, the chairman turned to the many letters I had written to Drexel to go through them with me. All my activities were laid out before my eyes. Several times a week I had told Drexel what I had experienced, what visits I had had, what I had done, what I had been doing and what I had been thinking in view of the events. Unambiguous judgements about people and events had been filled in, harsh criticism had been given. Drexel had carefully preserved the letters because he was of the opinion that they had to be preserved at all costs as a treasure trove of contemporary history. Now the most biting sentences were read to me one after the other; I was asked to comment on them.

Sometimes quite embarrassing situations arose. Tröger, for example, had made the statement in his defence that he had withdrawn from the movement. Then a letter arrived

from the autumn of 1916, in which I told Drexel about Tröger's visit to me and said that Tröger had apparently come to his senses and returned to his old attitude. Tröger was very embarrassed.

The court, which was supposed to save Tröger under all circumstances, was also visibly uncomfortable. I put an end to the consternation that had arisen by saying that the experience

Tröger's clarification about his withdrawal from 1915 is sadly correct. The assertion in my letter from 1916 was false. The court had crossed the bridge I had built,

glad and entered it, even though it was shaky enough.

In the evening of that day, the chairman announced that the pleadings would begin the following day. A whole day would be reserved for the Chief Public Prosecutor, Sunday was recess, Monday and Tuesday belonged to the lawyers.

The senior defence lawyer stood up and explained, to everyone's amazement, that he did not need a day, but would make do with an hour. The presiding judge replied irritably that this could not be possible in view of the large amount of material involved in the trial. The chief prosecutor insisted on his announced intention. He remarked that he did not intend to take into account the law on the formation of parties, which had been cited in the indictment, at all. Even more irritated, Thierack said that the court could nevertheless apply this law. This argument seemed to indicate that there was a difference of opinion between the presiding judge and the chief judge advocate. I recalled the earlier occasional comment of my lawyer that your Oberreichsanwalt was not comfortable with the whole case. The day ended in an unpleasant mood.

On Saturday, the Oberreichsanwalt began its plenary session. A relatively large number of listeners had been admitted.

The chief prosecutor stated approximately the following. The course of the trial and the material found had confirmed the charge of preparation for the High Council. The resistance movement would have pursued even more treacherous purposes. Without any particular explanation and with surprising legal impatience, the chief judge dealt with this general part. Then he turned to the defendants personally. He examined the question of whether I could ever be expected to

I would still join the National Socialist movement. According to the outcome of the trial, this was completely out of the question. As a result, he applied for twelve years in prison.

In Drexel's case, he still considered it possible that he could find his way to National Socialism. Accordingly, he submitted the application for six years in prison.

He treated Trög-r with great gentleness and care. He had been the cleverest of them all, had defended himself most skilfully and was probably the most blameless. If I remember correctly, the sentence was four years in prison.

The lawyers had agreed that they would not plead in the order required by the order of the defendants; my lawyer was to be the last. The pleas that were made were bland and meaningless. Drexel's defence lawyer thought he could help his client by rubbing up against me against his will. The plea of Tröger's defence counsel referred to the services he had rendered to the Reich and the Wehrmacht.

The following Monday, only my lawyer's plea took place. It was a shallow, bland concoction, a real field, forest and meadow speech. I had asked my lawyer not to admit treason, to plead to the treason paragraph and not to ask for a lenient sentence. He did not follow my instructions. He even dared to refer to the chapter from Nietzsche's *Zarathustra* in which the tarantulas are mentioned. I should have behaved like a tarantula towards the marvellous leader. The Chief Reich Prosecutor passed over the irrelevant pleas with silence. Now came the closing statements of the defendants. I was inclined to go into the course of the trial in detail. I would have had time for in-depth reflections on Sunday. But then the Moab prison authorities - perhaps on the instructions of the People's Court - committed an outrage against me. They put a vagabond in my cell for the day, who chatted incessantly from morning to night and could not be silenced by any means. I was able to win my second of quiet reflection for myself.

Before I began my closing remarks, I was asked by the lawyers how long I intended to talk. I replied: "About an hour." They showed signs of displeasure.

willing, told me that it had no value after all, that I was lost after all and that there was nothing left for me to save. I did indeed speak for about twenty minutes. I explained: I was astonished that people were talking about a secret organisation. I had openly named my magazine *Resistance*, there had been open talk of a resistance movement. My intention was visibly to offer resistance. It had even happened that police officers had said that the very name of the resistance publishing house was unlawful. It was an insult to insinuate that I, with my small band of supporters, had organised the want to overthrow the "Third Reich". Of course, I would have had the intention

I wanted to shake up consciences and leave it to all those who felt addressed by me to draw the appropriate consequences for their actions. The realm of the lower D?lmouezs was only at the draft stage. As a result, the question of publication was not yet ready for decision. My private letters could not be considered as legally significant incriminating material. Treason charges were not justified. If my lawyer had pleaded for a lenient sentence, it had been against my instructions. I was only asking for my family, and also for my friends. If anyone was to be held accountable, it would be me alone. I was the only one who had disseminated the thanks of the resistance movement through my journalistic activities. Ironically, I said that my friends had just fallen for my "railroad-rail IVorts". I ask nothing for myself. The judgement of the court would show the extent to which the "Third Reich" was capable of lawfulness, integrity and chivalry.

My lawyer moved around excitedly in his seat. "Now you've spoilt everything," he hissed. Streidier was here as Hitler's representative and would find a way to break my obstinacy. The chairman stood up and called me to order, remarking that my slip of the tongue had been completely unacceptable.

The court retired for consultation. The audience scarcely excited.

After two hours of deliberation, the sentence was passed. I was sentenced to life imprisonment and three years' imprisonment for continuing a forbidden pastime, Drexel to four years' imprisonment and Tröger to 1/2 a year.

Prison, which is deemed to have been served by remand in custody tions.

We were taken to the cells in the basement building. The police officer was probably afraid that I might hurt myself in despair. In fact, I wasn't desperate at all. On the way down I said to Drexel that war would come soon and then the Hitler regime would perish. Those dogs were going to make it bad, but everything would end well in the end.

I was taken out of my cell and brought over to Drexel and Tröger. We said goodbye to each other.

We were soon taken to Moabit. I didn't come back to the hospital, but was dressed in a ragged prison uniform and put in a death row cell.

I was at the extreme low point of exhaustion. My limbs were in a lot of pain and my eyes were very painful. I was left to my fate in the cell. With the exception of mealtimes, no effort was made to look after me in the first few days. The whole time I was lying on the cot.

After a few days a head constable arrived, who I had the impression was not entirely lacking in human feeling. He said it was unacceptable that I should always remain in the closed room; I should take a walk in the courtyard. I had little desire to do so, but he insisted. The next day, before 1/2 i i o'clock, the door was unlocked, an official entered and asked me to offer him my hands. To my surprise, I was handcuffed. I protested. The man explained that because I was sentenced for life, this was part of my suit. I was led to the door that led out into one of the courtyards. There were already about six men standing there, all tied up. I learnt from shouted exclamations that almost all of them were death row prisoners; next to them was another man who, like me, had only been given a life sentence. We few men were now led into the courtyard under very special precautions. Three officers and a police dog were in charge. As a result of my paralysis

It was difficult for me to cope with my miserable condition and my blindness; the restraint exacerbated my natural helplessness. The next day, I objected to this form of walking. I was advised to go to the doctor, which I did immediately. His opinion helped me to be spared the handcuffs.

About ten days had passed since my conviction when I was told to get ready. I followed the officer and was led into a room with a large table in the centre. I took my seat, the officer sat down next to me, the door opened, a voice rang out and I was given an unparalleled surprise. A small woman entered the room, unaccompanied, so she was at large. The day after my conviction, she told me, the Reich prosecutor's office had ordered her release. Of course, this did not mean that the proceedings against her had been dropped; she enjoyed the advantage of being able to attend her trial at liberty. As far as this was possible in the short time available, she reported on her experiences. "We hadn't seen each other for about seven months and it was clear to see how frightened she was at the sight of me. I was indeed scrawny as a cripple and extremely weak. The joy was immeasurable, and it was a great comfort to me that I no longer needed to know she was in custody.

When I reported to the doctor, he didn't come in person;

He sent a paramedic who was obviously in my favour.

"Your case," he once said, "is very sad and very hopeless, we're sorry we can't help you better." I received what I asked for: food for the sick, even butter, Bili di, liver tran and audi vitamins.

At the beginning of February, the senior councillor Dr Ivoker entered my cell; I had never met him before. Plan had told me that he used to be a centrist and had then very quickly turned National Socialist for career reasons. He felt the instinctive contempt and rejection I felt towards him. Now he told me that there would never be an attempt to di agnosticise my life. It annoyed him when I told him that the cause of my illness would probably be the poison that I was convinced I had received in Gestapo detention.

I spent several days at the Ner ven Clinic on Hansaplatz.

I was tied up again. The attendant officer, a rather good-natured man, was ashamed. I asked him if he was afraid that I might escape from him in my condition. 'Not that,' he replied sheepishly, 'but I have strict instructions. Even during the medical examination, I am only allowed to take your hands from you on the doctor's special orders and only for as long as the examination requires.' I could hardly stand and could only walk with great difficulty. Professor Vogel handed me over to a senior doctor for examination. My reflexes were checked. Medical consultations followed. Again, I realised that my illness was a mystery to the doctors. They recommended a lumbar puncture. This lumbar puncture, which was then carried out in Moabit, cost me dearly. The symptoms of paralysis, which had previously remained within certain limits, suddenly worsened after the lumbar puncture. Accompanied by two officers, I had been able to walk to the operation with difficulty, but on the way back I had to be dragged by them.

I was again taken to the Hansa Clinic and the examination began anew. One of the doctors claimed to have discovered a change in the spinal fluid that seemed to indicate the true nature of my ailment. I only found out what the condition was a few days later when I was taken to the eye clinic to see Professor Löhlein again. Löhlein, who had taken a favourable interest in my fate, told me that it was suspected that I was suffering from multiple sclerosis. There was no cure for this condition. It was not known whether it was infectious or degenerative. The course of the disease was extremely fluctuating; there were periods of extensive improvement, then crashes again, then new recoveries, but these never led back to the initial stage.

Now the wind had its name. The prison doctors' consciences were salved insofar as this allowed suffering,

I was told not to bother with it any more because everything was without hope. So I was left in my cell until the beginning of April. My wife came to visit me once, accompanied by my son. At the end of February, the trial against my wife before the People's Court took place; it lasted eight days. With it

thirteen of my friends were still in the dock. She was sentenced to i
^{1/s} years in prison for aiding and abetting the preparation of high
treason, which was deemed to have been served by the z 2 months
of pre-trial detention.

On i i April 9 i 9 - it was Easter Tuesday - I was transferred to Brandenburg-Görden prison on the Havel. Apart from me, there were several others on the transport.

political prisoners, such as Mr von Arnim, who had been sentenced to two and a half years in prison for helping to bring a friend being pursued by the Gestapo across the Danish border. In Brandenburg I could not complain about the reception. I made such a pitiful impression that all the officials offered me a seat. I was taken to a so-called invalid cell. The cell contained a sex offender who had committed an offence against a child and two political prisoners. But the most terrifying thing was the presence of a mentally ill man, a tailor who had smashed his wife's head in with an iron. He talked incessantly from morning till night. In view of his mental illness, he had only been sentenced to five years in prison and was to be transferred to an insane asylum after serving his sentence. It is one of the oddities of the justice system that it deems it necessary to first send a lunatic to prison and then harass healthy people with his company.

Fortunately, I wasn't in that place for more than three days. I went to the doctor, was sent to the police station, and when my medical papers arrived from Berlin, I was transferred to the military hospital.

The Brandenburg-Görden prison was a new building that met hygienic standards. It was scrupulously clean. The layout of the buildings was functional. There were no vermin, something that is never lacking in prisons as a rule. The catering was satisfactory. There were about 2 yoo prisoners in the institution. Supervision was carried out by old officers who behaved humanely on the whole. During the six years I spent in this institution, I actually only had one encounter, and that was not with a supervisory official, but with the Protestant clergyman.

A few days after my admission, I was called to him, Bartz was his name, to be asked whether any welfare measures were necessary in favour of my relatives. While all the other officials, when they had only caught a glimpse of me, asked me to sit down, the servant of Christ refrained from doing so. I was unabashed enough to tell him that it was impossible for me to stand. He gruffly told me to get a chair from the corner. I told him that I was too weak to do so and that I couldn't see where the chair was because I was blind. The incident had caused an irritable atmosphere between him and me. He reluctantly called in a companion to carry the chair to me. Everything went well when the personals were taken. Then, in accordance with the form, he asked me the prescribed question as to whether I was sorry. I didn't know what I had to regret, I replied. He asked me if I didn't realise what a serious crime treason was. Yes, I said, sometimes it could be life-threatening, as Jesus x-on Nazareth had experienced x or i qoo years ago. He shouted how I couldn't say such a thing. The next question on the questionnaire was whether I belonged to the Eir- die. I answered in the negative. Bar tz wanted to know why I had left. Since I took offence at Bartz wearing the swastika, I was malicious enough to tell him that I had left the church because I had already seen i i 99

on which slippery slope the Protestant Church
I'm in the centre of the world.

In the military hospital, I was admitted to a large room with space for fourteen beds. At the moment it was only occupied by schwadi; with me there were x four inmates. The room

The oldest was a man convicted on political grounds, a commullist called Koivsky. He took care of me as a friend, arranged my bed, explained all the conditions under which I now had to live and offered to help me in any way he could. Over the next few days he began to read to me, which was a great honour for me. The Zuditliausbibliotliek always contained only good books, even though it had already been criticised by the Nazis; it was almost exclusively fine literature. We sat down to read at a table in an edie. Kou'sky, a metalworker, had read a lot. It was amazing what he knew, he belonged to that type of worker who was eager to learn,

who never ceases to surprise and who has a better relationship with intellectual matters than the well-fed, educated citizen is sometimes wont to have. He showed good judgement in political matters. The tendency to overestimate himself was a weakness that was easy to bear and hardly capable of clouding personal relations.

The institution comprised four houses: houses one and two were occupied by prisoners, houses three and four by so-called professional and habitual criminals. In the military hospital, both categories were lumped together, and so over time I got to know many of these "asocial elements". I found several of them who had something impressive about them. They were rebels who didn't live out their rebelliousness in a political way, but in a criminal one. They believed they were taking revenge on bourgeois society when they broke into safes, plundered jewellery shops in broad daylight and did other 'really big things'. They were characterised by the fact that they always deliberately risked their lives in their deeds. There was a touch of a big game in their criminality. They had a peculiar kind of criminal honour, which they strictly adhered to. In their personal dealings they were reliable, they would never have been disrespectful to a comrade. They looked with contempt on the "egg and chicken thieves", those lines of thieves who cheated, who acted deceitfully, who deviated from the path of the law but always did so in such a way that their personal safety was not jeopardised, and who did not shy away from stealing from their comrades. The people in this category, whom I also met, were indeed unbearable. They gave you the impression that you were dealing with filth. Sometimes I suffered greatly from having to share a room with people of this type and having to breathe the same room air.

The official who managed the military hospital, Kraffelt, was a large, bulky man with brutality written all over his face. He had left the Social Democratic Party shortly before i p 3 3 . His apparent self-confidence was justified to a certain extent. He had also dealt with medical matters theoretically and in many respects understood more than the doctors. Closer contact revealed that he was above averagely intelligent. He kept a low profile with political prisoners; he interpreted more than one.

He also stated that he was not a National Socialist and was critical of Hitler. When political prisoners were visited by their relatives, he was generous, giving them an hour or even longer **instead of** twenty minutes to talk, and he also looked through his fingers to them in other respects. It should be noted right away that I got on good terms with him over the years, that he kept me constantly informed about political and military events, often brought me the news from the black stations and made sure that Nazi-minded officials were kept as far away from me as possible. If I survived my imprisonment alive, I am largely grateful to him and his measures.

Admittedly, he was not able to do anything about the criminal prisoners.

be terrible, especially when his temper got the better of him.

Several times I carefully tried to make him come to his senses; I didn't understand how a man of such intelligence could allow himself to be carried away by violence. He was later to pay a heavy price for having ignored my warnings. After the occupation of the prison by the Soviets, he, who had remained at large for several weeks, was denounced by a former prisoner. After his arrest, I was told, he fell victim to a bullet. I regretted his fate and it pained me that I could not help him.

I managed to maintain an appropriate distance between the civil servants and myself throughout the years. Over time, it turned out that there were even more former Social Democrats among the civil servants. Small efforts to turn them against National Socialism were successful. Gradually, a small anti-Nazi cell formed, which acted as a kind of spy in my favour in many incidents later on.

The medical service in the institution was provided by Dr Eberhard and Dr Müller. The hospital staff was made up of the oldest members, Dr Eberhard. Dr.

Müller was in charge of the Rex-ier. Throughout the year 1939 Dr Eberhard was on secondment somewhere, so that Dr Müller had to provide the service for the whole house.

Dr Müller was a very patient doctor. I had been against the medical profession for a long time. My political friends had included many doctors, and they had more than

once proved my sarcastic objections to their art right. From the magician of primitive times, I liked to say, two professions had developed, that of the priest and that of the doctor. Just as the priest acted as a physician of the soul, the physician behaved as a comforter of the body. The medicines were often only of symbolic value. It was important that the patient "believed" that the remedy would help him. Similarly, the priest's remedies were only symbolic. At times I was reminded of the amusing picaresque novel by Lesage, *The Sinking Devil*. Here the hero tells how he fell seriously ill one day in a Spanish village; but as, he continues, he was unable to find a doctor within a radius of sixty miles, he was lucky enough to come through the illness alive.

But seriously: A few incidents in hospital seemed to confirm Lesage's scepticism. If an ulceration at the tip of the finger required an operation - I had experienced this myself - the patient could be sure that the process of ulceration was malignant, that after a short time the upper phalanx had to be removed completely, that after a few weeks the second phalanx was removed, that the third phalanx was also affected by the same fate and, if he was unlucky, in the end the whole hand had to believe in it. I have seen cases where patients who were hospitalised with a foot injury that would have been easy to heal ended up dying of sepsis.

The greatest benefit from **w h i c h** the prisoners benefited, was the laziness of the officers. If the officers had been pedantic in their fulfilment of the regulations, life for the prisoners would have been difficult. However, as they endeavoured to make themselves as comfortable as possible, the days passed mostly without disturbance or disruption; the prisoners were almost always left to their own devices.

The prison had two clergymen, one Protestant and one Catholic, and several head teachers. Before - 933, lessons were organised for prisoners up to the age of 30.

was set up. This was now abolished and some of the senior teachers were called upon to perform administrative duties. The Protestant clergyman was already remembered.

The Catholic priest, Anton Scholz, who we will talk about later, was a man of heart.

On the first of February 1944 the constable Krüger came into the hall and read out a number of names from a list. The

Patients, all of them seriously ill, were told to pack up as quickly as possible to be taken back to the "house". I was also among those called up. As I was unable to walk, an ambulance was used for me. I was told that the hospital was not for the permanently ill, but only for the temporarily ill. Anyone who was incurable had no business being in hospital. This

was the resignation of Dr Eberhard, who had returned to the institution in 1940 and taken up his duties. Dr Eberhard was a cultivated, indeed an artistic man; he played the piano excellently. His Beethoven evenings often exasperated Pastor Scholz, who shared the house with him.

In the "house" I was put back in the invalid cell where I had already been for a few days. Among the eight men who lived in the relatively small room, I met Franz

Steber, who was secretary of the Catholic Youth Association in Düsseldorf and was involved in a major political project; he had been sentenced to five and a half years in prison. Sitting in the dock with him at the time was Chaplain Rossaint, who was sent behind prison walls for ten years.

I was left in peace in the cell. No-one asked anything of me and no-one bothered me. I had the right to lie in bed all day, was given two baths every day and was bathed for about two hours when the weather was nice.

the farm gctragejq, fenn Ba detag var, idi geS en nine

The "light" was then switched on in the IVanne at mid-morning.

turmkaftal'tor" (the LeicJs tt ff f7ii was a ÄVochenzeitiing for the prisoners) lierciilgcholt to hea ufsichtigen me.

'i Leriditt umital(akto r" was the friiliere Generalstabsmajor ' on Bentlicini, whom i had already met in 1939) i at one of my lectures in Essen. Ihm was the daily newspapers zu- g2nglidi, and we filled the time with political conversations

off. I usually stayed in the Badcrauni until around twelve o'clock.

As little as I was incriminated, my stay in the cramped room and

under the prevailing circumstances was not good for me. The

cellmates often got into heated arguments, and sometimes there were fights.

I made several attempts - here I had to deal with Dr Müller - to return to hospital. Ida felt my condition worsening from week to week, as I was very sensitive to noise. But my efforts were in vain. Dr Müller openly admitted to me that I naturally belonged in hospital, but he said that I had been discharged from the hospital by Dr Eberhard, who was my superior, so there was nothing he could do.

Under these circumstances, it had become June. Early in the morning, a prisoner who was the prison's bar cleaner came into the cell and said: "We're all going to be shot. " In response to further questions, he revealed the secret he knew: the war with the Soviet Union had begun.

A guillotine was set up in Brandenburg in the early year. Executions were carried out once, sometimes twice a week. At first, a number of formalities were maintained: a bell was rung - the bell for the poor -, the prisoners stayed in bed for an extra hour and the delinquents were served a small last meal. Soon one after the other was dismantled and no one took any further notice of the bloody procedure. The number of death row prisoners sometimes totalled twenty men. When they were admitted to the institution, they were placed in very small cells, known as "comb boxes", in which they remained shackled day and night. Selected officers were always assigned to look into the cell to prevent suicide attempts. Almost all of them were political convicts and Bible students. Since the beginning of the war, the *Witnesses had been* severely persecuted.

As they refused to fight with the rifle in their hands for reasons of conscience, the Hitler Reich felt authorised to take relentless action against them. Hitler would not tolerate anyone refusing to be a soldier. He saw a refusal to serve in the armed forces as an act of sabotage. It was obvious to link this apparent act of sabotage to the United States. It was claimed that the Witnesses were American agents, an American Fifth Column within the borders of Germany. As soon as an Earnest Bible Student tried to evade the Waifendienst, he was put on trial and usually sentenced to death. The Bible Students had a great chance.

If they promised to serve with a weapon up to twelve o'clock at night before their execution, they were sentenced. Despite the many cases of executions of biblical scholars, I know of only two or three in which an IVider call was made. One shocking case was when father and son were dragged to execution at the same time. I was told that those sentenced to death almost always died upright, brave and manly. The biblical scholars were

The Protestant pastor had persuaded one of the Bible Students to sign the revocation. On one occasion, the Protestant pastor had tricked one of the Bible Students into signing the revocation. At the last moment, the man got up again, threw the pen in the pastor's face and shouted:

"I must die after all. Get away from me, Satan! " On the occasion of a visit that Bentheim's wife had paid to her husband, he was able to whisper to her my request to inform my wife of my circumstances. my little wife pulled out all the stops to come to my aid. For a long time we had been in contact with the former Ministerial Councillor in the Justice Department.

ministry, Dr Werner Gentz. Gentz had - 93 i been relegated to a small magistrate's position. His wife, a loving person and a capable lawyer

She often provided my wife and son with her legal advice and helped them with many human kindnesses. Gentz had close relations with Watzdorf, the Attorney General at the Berlin District Court, who was in charge of the penal system in the province of Brandenburg. Mrs Gentz turned to Watzdorf, and he obtained permission for a specialist medical examination to be carried out on my I(ostcn.

There was an excellent nerve specialist in Berlin, the

University Professor Dr F. Crirtius. Strange coincidences

They played together to get my wife in contact with Dr Curtius I'am. They succeeded in getting Professor Curtius interested in my case. h4his wife visited him. He welcomed her warmly, soon made it clear to her in confidence that he hated the Nazis, and agreed to call me. Curtius was a grandfinefle of the famous Ernst Curtius, who left behind the great *G rien iscl e story*.

The medical authority of Professor Dr Curtius w'ar so

that it was accepted by the Ministry of Justice. Perhaps it was fortunate for me that Dr Eberhard had gone on holiday in those days; he might have thwarted the investigation. Dr Müller, however, agreed.

At the end of June, a head constable told me that I would be sent back to Moabit remand prison the following day. The transport there was a real tragedy for me. I could hardly stand and couldn't walk at all. Nothing was prepared for the transport. Some men first dragged me to the tram stop in front of the prison; my legs dragged and sweat poured down my forehead. At Brandenburg station, after much toing and froing, a porter was persuaded to take me on his trolley across the tracks to the platform. There I was laid down on the ground. When the train had arrived, some railway officials helped to lift me into the compartment for prisoners. With the help of other prisoners, I was first dragged from Potsdam station to the "Grüne Minna" and then unloaded at the police headquarters on Alexanderplatz. It was midnight. There were constant deliveries, it was very busy. The conditions there were atrocious. There were several large rooms in the basement that could normally hold eighty to one hundred men. Four hundred to six hundred people had been crammed into these rooms. No-one could sit down, no-one could lie down, they were always crowded together. Everything was dirty and bugged. Almost all of them were political prisoners; among them were many from Czechoslovakia and Poland, generals, high officials, doctors, clergymen. A narrow iron spiral staircase led to the cellar. I was given a shove and I slid down it. An official took pity on me and brought me into a small, narrow room with a cement floor covered with wood shavings on which I could rest. The next day I was taken to the hospital in Moabit.

To my great delight, my wife came to visit me. Of course

the visit must not last longer than i y minutes.

The medical examination didn't take p l a c e until the beginning of August. One evening, it was already 6 o'clock, I was taken into an examination room. s uchungraum. Professor Curtius was there with his secretarytärin . He sent the officer out, saying he needed

not him. The examination was thorough and conscientious and lasted about an hour. After it was over, Curtius also asked his secretary to leave the room. He impulsively took my hands, assured me not only of his good nature but also of his admiration, asked me if I had any special wishes that he would like to plead for when he gave his expert opinion, and encouraged me to tell him everything that was important to me. I told him that the most important thing for me was that he emphasised the necessity of hospitalisation. Then we talked about politics. I expressed the hope that Hitler would suffer the same fate in Russia that Napoleon had suffered.

Perhaps I would have stayed in Moabit for weeks if something hadn't happened in between. My wife tried again to get permission to visit. Her first visit had been arranged by the headmistress of the women's prison, who had apparently reported that my wife had come from outside. Now the warden, a man of about five and a half years, appeared in my cell. He thought he had to emphasise his special position by holding up his hat. He spoke of my wife's request and said it was unacceptable that she should be admitted to me so often. I replied that the last visit had only been five times.

It lasted ten minutes, and I asked that he understand my wife's situation. He asked where my wife lived. When I had answered him, he said that this was contrary to what he had been told before the first permission to visit. He literally said: "So the person lied to me." I said: "Firstly, my wife doesn't lie at all, and secondly, my wife is not a person, but a lady." The director stared at me for a few seconds, turned around on his heel, muttered that he had my reason to deal with me, left the cell and slammed the door so hard that it rang.

At four o'clock the next morning I was taken from my bed and transported to Brandenburg. The Moabit prison administration had given my transporter a short note from the doctor stating that the only thing appropriate for me was a stay in hospital. When I arrived in Brandenburg, I was taken back to the invalid cell. Nada two hours

paramedics came and carried me back to the military hospital. The reception I received there was extraordinary. The officers jumped, Chief Constable Ilraffelt put me in the nicest cell and looked for a man who could be a suitable companion for me. The doctor, Dr Eberhard, was also transformed. He now took it for granted that I should not be left in the "house" and announced all kinds of measures to ease my condition.

Professor Curtius's expert opinion suggested that I might have multiple sclerosis. However, it also stated that it was multiple sclerosis with atypical characteristics. In a personal conversation, he said that I would probably never be able to walk again. However, he hoped that my eyes would improve. Professor Curtius offered to come to Brandenburg every month to check on me. Although therapeutic treatment was not possible, he hoped that it would have a beneficial effect if I felt that I was not abandoned. However, these monthly visits did not materialise because the hospital doctor was opposed to them.

In autumn 1942, rumours emerged that the two houses in which the professional and habitual criminals, the so-called security detainees, were housed, had been razed to the ground. They were to be deported. Sinister rumours began to circulate that the inmates were to be transported to Mauthausen to be "liquidated". Initially, there was a strong sense of the monstrosity that lay in using the term "Liquidation" to refer to human life. Gradually, this feeling dulled, and people no longer found anything wrong with regarding people as liquidation masses. From the 1 January 1943 onwards, those professional and customary outlaws, numbering almost a thousand men, were sent away in detachments.

* The highly cautious diagnosis, which was appropriate to the particular circumstances, was probably misguided for reasons of expediency. I later overcame the paralysis almost completely, but my eyes did not improve. The "crashes" that characterise multiple sclerosis did not occur.

managed. They did indeed come to Mauthausen and were, as was later confirmed, actually murdered there.

Around April 1933, a large number of political and criminal prisoners who had been sentenced to more than six years were questionnaires for completion. The title of the questionnaire for political prisoners was: *Questionnaire for political criminals*. It asked whether the parents had belonged to a socialist party, whether they had been in the Soviet Union, whether they had taken part in any training courses there, whether they themselves had joined a socialist party, whether they had family members in the field. Some foolish people lulled themselves into a shallow optimism in the hope that an office was being prepared. I was stared at in amazement when I emphasised that there was only the threat of a new assassination attempt.

I also received such a questionnaire to fill in. In the weeks that followed, some senior officials began to visit those prisoners who had handed in questionnaires. The Catholic priest Anton Scholz was one of the officials commissioned to carry out these visits. The officials were supposed to check whether the prisoners were "unimprovable", "asocial elements", as the fancy expression went; if their report was that the prisoner gave the impression of being "asocial" and "unimprovable", the baton was passed.

One day, the Catholic clergyman came to see me. During the Weimar Republic, he had refused to support the politics of the centre. This had led him to the great folly of joining the National Socialist Party in protest.

to join. Of course, soon after 1933 he had become suspicious and had found a fly in the National Socialist ointment. Above all, 30 June 1934 had shaken him to the core; on that day he realised that Germany's leaders are not politicians, but criminals. the.

When Scholz had taken a seat in front of my bed, I began to tell him straight to his face that I knew very well why he was with me. I wanted to give him a clear drink. Ida had never been an Hitlerist, had never thought of Hitler as anything other than a street gang leader since I had experienced him in Munich. 1934; I had written a brochure: *Hitler - ein deutsches Verhängnis*

until. Since 9; 3 I had considered it my duty to think of ways and means to get rid of Hitler. In my opinion, there was no place within the Third Reich more worthy of a decent man than the penitentiary. Any attempts to change my mind would be in vain.

The priest was taken aback at first. He admitted that he had to report on me and that my fate depended on it. I was utterly astonished, I told him, to see him, a priest, taking on such a mission. Then he told me his story of how he had fallen into the party because of a misunderstanding.

The priest obviously left me deeply shaken. From then on, he visited me frequently, brought me all the books I wanted and became one of my friends, the longer the better. He was philosophically educated. The fact that he had been a subscriber to the magazine *Hochland* for many years spoke in favour of his intellectual alertness. He was a good comforter to many death candidates in their last hour.

The priest spoke about me to the medical councillor Dr Eberhard. He had been an enthusiastic Nazi until 1942. Around '94 - I observed an inner change in him. The more he changed, the closer we became personally. During his visits, we talked about everything.

My mental problems. Now the Medical Council was also willing to do anything to prevent me from being liquidated. He gave a favourable verdict on me, emphasising in particular that I was unfit for transport, assuring me in his expert opinion that my life expectancy had been paid for anyway and that it was not worth transferring me to an extermination camp. The Ministry of Justice enquired quarterly what stage of disbandment I was in. Basically, the only reason the order to transfer me to an extermination camp was probably not given was because the Ministry of Justice was expecting to receive news of my natural death every day.

In the course of the liquidation coalition, the Reich Chancellery had seconded an official, Giese by name, from Hitler's nearest neighbourhood to Brandenburg. He was to check the file and decide whether a political prisoner should be murdered or not.

One day in the summer of 1943, the chief constable

Kraflelt came excitedly into my cell. He said: "Now I demand that you pull yourself together. The officer will come to your cell and talk to you. Your life is hanging by a thread. If you say a careless word, you will be lost. You must admit that you would have changed your mind by now, that you thought Hitler was a great man, that you had no doubts about the victory of the German weapons. " I replied to Kraflelt that I would say nothing of the sort. Kraflelt implored me to think of my wife and son and not to run open-eyed to my doom.

In the meantime, it had been rumoured that the hospital's official had entered. The medical councillor had just passed in front of my door to receive the administrator. Kraflelt rushed out and whispered to the medical officer that it was not reasonable to talk to me and that an accident was about to happen. The medical officer replied that this had to be prevented at all costs. Outside my cell door, the medical councillor intercepted the officer. Now I heard a conversation that lasted almost an hour. The medical officer

"informed" the Amtsxvalter about me. He praised me about the Saul King and claimed that my case was somewhat similar to the Ludendorfl case: I was a very clever man, but in the political field I was a fool. The official closed the conversation with the words, 'I don't think it's necessary to go into my case.

* The originators of the ordinance by which "Gypsies, Jews, criminals and political prisoners were handed over to Himmler by the judiciary. were delivered, stood as defendants before the Sdiwurgeriéfit at the regional court of IViesbaden at the end of i 9J i to March i9yz. The trial went under the name "G egen kIarx und Genossen wegen Beihilfe to murder".

One of the defendants was the Reg. Councillor Giese, the official who h a d been in Brandenburg-Görden.

The trial took place under highly unusual circumstances. The aim of the arrangement was to prevent it from being reported in the press. Although the public was not excluded, no one learnt of the scandalous events that were stirred up in this trial. As a result, the defendants were set free. The judiciary beanites (F(ar x and Hupper ts- sdiwieler) claimed not to have known what Himmler was doing with the extradited prisoners. I do not know what excuse the official used. ObsÖion on the basis of those ver-

The head constable Kraffelt hissed at me, half seriously, half amused: "You bloody stubborn bastard! Did you hear how we had to struggle to get the bailiff out of the house?" I replied that I had heard and was very grateful.

Kraffelt later told me that the danger had been averted for the time being. But the Catholic clergyman told me that a note had been made on my personal card: "Not fit for death". This meant that my personal file had been placed in a category of the card index that was usually excluded from the outset when selecting candidates for death.

One day in August 1942 was taken to the hospital's visiting room. I was received by a Gestapo officer who had piled up a number of files on the table. He introduced himself as the head of the department in charge of the fight against Bolshevism. I asked how there could still be a department to fight Bolshevism in 1942; I had believed that the Third Reich had completely done away with Bolshevism. Smiling sourly, he replied that it looked that way on the outside, but that millions were still Bolshevik on the inside. No sooner had he said this than he realised what a mistake he had made; he was joking, he claimed, but there were still Bolsheviks who had to be wiped out. Just the case, for the sake of which he had come to me, proves this. After I had taken my seat, he began with his questions. He wanted to know whether I knew a Lieutenant-Colonel Gehrts, a Government Councillor Harnack and a Lieutenant-Colonel Schulze-Boysen. I readily admitted that I knew Gehrts. Gehrts had previously been the editor of a newspaper in Oberhausen and later a member of the *Tat*; he had sought contact with my resistance circle. He had often come to see me. He was a devout Protestant whose religious beliefs in some ways separated him from me. But nonetheless, he seemed to share my political views.

order, thousands of people were murdered, the judgement was "acquittal for lack of evidence". This meant that the 44,000 murders of "gypsies, Jews, criminals and political prisoners" went unpunished.

to be accessible to the public. After he had joined the Wehrmacht as an officer, joined the Ministry of Aviation and made a relatively quick career there.

He was already a lieutenant colonel. More than once he had dared to enter my flat in his uniform.

and I thanked him for some interesting information. After my arrest, he kept in touch with my wife, encouraged her and sent me greetings.

The Gestapo officer told me that Gehrts had taken part in a conspiracy against Hitler, that he had even been in contact with the Soviet Union and had now been arrested. The Gestapo officer gave me answers to some of the questions he asked. From these answers I was able to gain a certain picture of the matter in which Gehrts was involved.

In the Ministry of Economics year a government councillor Dr St. be-

Dr St. This Dr St. was often visited by Colonel Gehrts. They locked the door to be safe from surprises. A secretary became suspicious and filed a report with the Gestapo. The Gestapo had them both under surveillance and one day they arrested Dr St. He lost his nerve and made detailed statements. One of his statements was that Gehrts had been in contact with me for years. He had read my books, had often spoken in favour of them and had been influenced by me, especially with regard to my attitude towards the Soviet Union.

I did not deny that I had been on good terms with Gehrts. I knew little about his political views, I said. All I knew was that he had always shown himself to be a good Christian and had obviously been a member of the Confessing Church. I hardly knew anything about Schulze-Boysen, I claimed. I had met him several times in Wirlich's flat. Once he had visited me in my flat accompanied by a Mrs Libertas. We had discussed what could be done to protect Hitler, but Schulze-Boysen did not mention the secret relations he had established with the Soviet post-ridite service. Schulze-Boysen was a brilliant and talented man, active, brave and thoroughly clean.

Two scanners bearing the name Harnack were listed among the accused. One of them was Arvid Harnack, who was also a government councillor in the

Ministry of Economics. Arvid Harnack had once been secretary of Arplan, he thought communist. During one

In a conversation after '93 3 he let it be known that he was secretly working against Hitler in his office. He was closely associated with Schutze-Boysen and was of the opinion that there was no more urgent

than to liberate the German people from Hitler. The other Harnack, the son of the famous professor of theology Adolf von Harnack, was a Social Democrat and former president of the government in Magdeburg. I had met him once and had learnt that he had not conformed to Hitler.

Since the Gestapo officer obviously knew nothing about my close relationship with Arvid Harnack, I kept quiet about it and said that I had only known the other Harnack superficially.

The record of my interrogation was barely half a page long; it was the result of an interrogation that had taken about four hours.

The outcome of this trial is known: Schulze-Boysen, Harnack, his wife and many others were hanged.

The trial against Gehrts was cut short because it was established that he had not known about the disclosure of his communications to the Soviet Union. The military court sentenced him to death by firing squad.

POLITICAL OPPONENTS

In the course of my prison career I met many men, some who had been convicted for political reasons and others who had merely had to atone for careless words against Hitler. Not all of them were strong characters; some had fallen into the hands of justice more for their folly than for their courage of conviction. Some of them gave me cause to remember them.

In the spring of '943 I met Otto Buchxvitz, who had been hospitalised for dropsy. His arms hung down his body like thick sausages, no Giensch

would have given something for his life. Buchv-itz had been a textile worker, had rendered outstanding services to the development of the textile workers' association, had then switched to politics, had become a member of the state parliament, then a member of the Reichstag and had worked as secretary of the Social Democratic Party in Görlitz. He, too, was one of those self-made men who so often emerge from the working class and who amaze people with the scope and extent of their self-improved education. His appreciation of fine literature was remarkable. He was a kind-hearted man who felt true and genuine compassion for the oppressed.

Buchwitz had attended the Reichstag session in which the Enabling Act was passed and then began illegal political work. He maintained contact with his emigrated comrades in Czechoslovakia, x he-wrote socialist literature and maintained numerous organisational relationships. At the right time, he learnt that the Gestapo was on his trail. He fled to Danemar1'. His wife was imprisoned twice for long periods in order to force him to repent. In Copenhagen x, he focussed on taking advantage of support facilities for political refugees. He earned his living as a newspaper publisher. He liaised with international emigrant committees and attended conferences in Western European countries. Once he was in Brussels and travelled back to Denmark on a Danish steamship. On the high seas he learnt to his horror that the ship was

intended to sail through the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal. He confided in the captain, telling him that he was a lost German and that he had to fear being arrested in German waters. The captain reassured him, advised him to stay in bed during the passage through the canal and to hand over his papers. He would then take care of everything else, and that's what happened. The captain gave the inspecting police officers schnapps, told them all sorts of fairy tales about his passenger and managed to ensure that Buchwitz was not woken up at all.

After the invasion of Denmark by the German troops

Buchwitz organised the escape of numerous immigrants from Denmark to Sweden. He succeeded twice in his endeavours. During the third transport, an informer in Copenhagen betrayed him and played him into the hands of the Gestapo. He spent a long time in a Copenhagen prison and was then extradited to Germany. Buchwitz was sentenced by the People's Court for sentenced to eight years in prison for treason.

Buchwitz was also treated well and actually made a noticeable recovery. He was with me for about three quarters of a year. For me, he was a very good comrade and an excellent counsellor. He took a lively interest in the content of the books we worked through, we discussed a lot and our time together was usually lively. The medical councillor always made sure that I had a companion in my cell who was able to read difficult literature to me. For example, he assigned an educated man, Dürnberger, who was about 2 years old and showed all the signs of a serious illness, to my cell. It was nevertheless strange that it had not actually been possible to determine what was really wrong with him. The doctor once suspected that the kidneys were not in order, then the heart was the subject of detailed examinations, the lungs were observed over and over again: in short, there was no way of finding out where the centre of the progressive physical deterioration that was undeniably taking place lay.

Dürnberger was the son of a professor in Graz. The family was a strict Catholic, and her son still revealed the noble rank and status of her lifestyle. The boy had been sent to a Jesuit boarding school at an early age. He had suffered greatly as a result and once confessed how much he had lost his mother's love.

It was astonishing for me to see how far removed the spiritual world of Austria was from that of the empire. The intellectual atmosphere of Protestantism in particular was an unknown country to Dirnberger. Those authors - philosophical, scientific or aesthetic - that had been a natural part of the growing generation in Germany were foreign to this young man, who had studied modern philology. On the other hand, he was an intelligent, self-contained man, well versed in Catholic and scholastic literature. In the course of our time together, I introduced him to Hegel's philosophy and we read the *Phenomenology of Mind* and the *Encyclopaedia of Philosophical Sciences*. It was not easy for him, who was used to the objectivity of Catholic dogmatics, to understand dialectics. He was very happy about the art studies we were engaged in. We read Knapp's great three-volume history of art and then had many fundamental discussions. The basic Catholic attitude of his character was evident in his attitude towards Gothic art. He instinctively abhorred it as barbaric, as most novels tend to do, and felt drawn to the Renaissance, but especially to the Baroque. There was a picture of Poussin in Knapp's work. This picture made him beside himself, he looked at it again and again and came back to it. It was one of the most profound aesthetic experiences he had ever had.

His literary taste was undeveloped. He considered Ina Seidel's novel *Das Wunschhind* to be an important novel and regarded men like Kolbenheyer and Emil Strauß as important authors. I brought him into contact with Tolstoy's *War and Peace* and Dostoyevsky's *The Briar Karamazov*. This opened up a new world to him, and he was well on the way to acquiring a keen sense of literary quality.

Dirnberger's family was monarchist, and in Austria that meant Habsburg-minded. The young man joined a secret organisation that maintained close relations with the Habsburgs abroad. His job was to smuggle large sums of money across the border to Yugoslavia, which were then channelled from there into foreign propaganda for the Habsburgs.

Without amusement I heard that these sums of money

were brought in. The Ministry of Finance in Vienna still saw many veiled Habsburg-minded officials. They knew how to twist and turn it so that part of the tax revenue was put aside and made available to the Habsburg conspiracy against the Third Reich.

The conspiracy came to light and many personalities were arrested: Counts, barons, lawyers, doctors, school counsellors, were arrested. A whole series of them were executed; the young Dürnberger got away with two and a half years in prison. He was under the influence of the codes of honour and decency of normal times. He had always reckoned with prison, but the fact that he had been sentenced to prison threw him to the ground. He suffered terribly and no consolation would come to him. One almost had the impression that he was dying of a broken heart. I had fatherly feelings for him and made every effort to cheer him up. His end was shattering. About four weeks before he died, he suddenly got an unspeakable headache. He talked out of his mind and only had moments of light. When he got up, he could hardly stand on his feet. He was constantly moaning: "My head, my poor head!" This condition lasted eight days, after which he improved somewhat. Dürnberger's brother, who had come to visit him from the field, gave his father an idea of how his son was faring. The father sent a telegram announcing a long letter and encouraging his son.

One Monday morning the constable handed a thick letter from his father into the cell. I noticed that Dürnberger was in a very bad way. I asked a cellmate, Palmowski, to read the letter to Dürnberger straight away, as he said he was unable to read it himself. Palmowski was reluctant. He wanted to have an early breakfast before he set to work. But he had barely finished his breakfast when Dürnberger let out a loud cry. He literally collapsed and began to moan that his headache had returned. His temperature was 35° and even lower. One had the impression that Dürnberger was unconscious. He moaned incessantly. He was left lying like this all day. In the evening the doctor came, examined him and gave him a mor-

phium syringe. Nevertheless, Dürnberger did not stop gasping. This condition lasted until Wednesday morning. In the early hours of the morning he suddenly took a deep breath, and I had the impression that this was his last breath. Dürnberger was indeed lying dead in bed. He had passed away without having heard his father's last greetings.

2

After Dürnberger's death, Dr Barnbach was placed in the cell as the third man. The way in which the officers dealt with him showed that he had a special relationship. He had been a major and had been sentenced to death because, as an officer of the Berlin district commando, he had helped numerous people to be deported. It seems that he had accepted food in return. Among those who had used his help was the widow of the former Prussian Minister of War von Einem, who was worried about her son.

Barnbach had come from Buch, Ebnath, where he spent a long time observation of his mental state. It was clear to see that he, a man of about sixty-five, was speculating on being treated as insane and thus saving himself from the scaffold. However, he was thought to be a malingerer, and he was. All the circumstances indicated that he was to be executed in the very near future.

On the evening of the day he was hospitalised, his wife visited him. The officer in charge told me afterwards that very strange things had happened during this visit. The wife had pounced on him and made the most violent accusations because he had sent bouquets of pears to several young girls during his stay in Budberg. She had organised a great zealous search and then, in her indignation, had hurled it in his face that it would be right for him to go to the scaffold and that he should be ashamed to continue playing the comedy of the mentally ill. The report that this official made to his superior authority that very evening was the direct cause of Barnbach being hauled off to the guillotine the very next day.

What happened in the cell that night was grotesque. Palmowski kept telling Bambach to hang himself. Now he was not shackled, now he had the opportunity to escape the executioner; he should make use of it. He had a towel at his disposal and could use the belt of his hospital gown. Palmowski then explained the most practical and expedient way of successfully tying off his neck. Bambach tossed and turned. He admitted that it was quite a nice thing to cheat the hangman.

to beat him, he had to think about it and didn't yet know whether he would do it. Perhaps there would be an opportunity the other night. Palmowski doubted that there was still time to lose, and every half hour he woke him up with the question of whether he was still alive or whether he was already dangling. I asked Palmowski several times to stop this cruel game, but he wouldn't listen to me.

In any case, Bambach did not hang himself, but was picked up early the next day, berated by the doctor and the officials for his cowardice in the face of death, and then handed over to the executioner.

I heard that the envoy Kiep was lying in a neighbouring cell. He was on death row, had cut his wrists and was now in hospital. For several weeks, a cold actor had to sleep with him every night because it was feared that he would repeat the suicide attempt. In the course of time, I also came into personal contact with him. I remembered that he had been head of the Reich press at the time of Reich Chancellor Luther. We soon found a platform of mutual understanding in political discussions. Kiep was one of the prisoners who were favoured by the director of the institution. He visited Kiep almost every other day and brought him newspapers. The officials arranged it so that we could often talk for hours in the garden, where we were allowed to make ourselves comfortable on deckchairs. These days are among the fondest memories of my stay in Brandenburg.

Kiep was most recently Consul General in New York. He had arranged a large bond issue in Germany around 1933 and

had encountered in particular the lack of support from New York Jews. When Hitler's harsh anti-Semitic policy set in, it became embarrassing for him to have to defend Hitler's policy to the Jewish donors. He was one of the few German diplomats who refused to represent the Third Reich abroad. He left New York and lived as a private citizen for several years. As a result of his international connections, he was approached and asked to finalise a trade agreement with Brazil. He then travelled to China to prepare a trade agreement there as well. After the outbreak of war, he was drafted and served as a major in some unit. He never doubted for a moment that Hitler would lose the war.

943 he attended a tea party at the home of a Mrs Solf. There were about seven people in total. During the conversation the name Gördeler was mentioned. Kiep confessed that he knew the fall of Hitler. No one knew that one of the participants, a doctor, was a Gestapo informer. He pressed charges and all the participants were arrested. Kiep's wife was also arrested. Mrs Kiep spent a long time in the Ravensbrück camp, where she had to endure terrible things. Kiep himself spent months in inhumane conditions in a cellar of the Gestapo prison in Hirschberg. In the end, he and the hostess were sentenced to death, Mrs Kiep was released and the other members of the tea party received long prison sentences.

The trial was held before the People's Court. As a major, Kiep was the only soldier and should actually have been tried by a court martial. However, his trial had been referred to the People's Court in order to keep the entire process in one hand.

Just as I was getting to know Kiep, they were working on a pardon for him. The idea was that he had many friends in the Reich War Ministry. They wanted to take Kiep's pardon case away from Justice Minister Thierack and place it confidentially in the hands of the Reich War Ministry. It was hoped that this would save Kiep's life. Kiep himself was not without confidence. \Once he had survived everything, he often said, he would look back on these difficult years with more pride than depression; they were an extraordinary experience and a positive value.

having suffered, having fought against Hitler, conferred a higher human rank. He smiled wistfully and said that was certainly true, but everything depended on whether you survived time alive.

After 20. July 1944 he began to become more restless than he had been before. He was afraid he would be affected by this event.

to be affected. I asked him if he had been in contact with the key men. He had known various of them, he said, but he had had nothing to do with the conspiracy itself. His brother, who was serving as a major in Paris, visited him and assured him that his pardon was in good order.

One Sunday, Brandenburg was surprised by an air raid and the prisoners were in the cellar. Ida missed Kiep and asked an acquaintance for him. I was told that Kiep had been picked up by two Gestapo officers early that morning. I heard this news with great concern. About ten days later, the Catholic priest came to see me and told me that Kiep had been taken to Prinz-Albrecht-Straße in Berlin. There he had been given the choice of whether he wanted to be treated "according to the American system, the Bolshevik system or the Gestapo method". He was then tortured horribly, his fingernails were torn out and inhumane things were done to him. It was brought against Kiep that the name Gördelner had also been mentioned in Mrs Soll's company. Kiep was supposed to make incriminating statements. He had finally shouted that he was prepared to sign anything if it was bad. After this gruesome scene he was strangled to death.

4

On the morning of 21 July 1944 an official reported to me that an assassination attempt had been made on Hitler, but that it had been unsuccessful. Generals and the former mayor

The driving forces behind the project were the mayor of Leipzig, Gördelner.

In the course of the morning, several officers came to me to ask me about my opinion. They were surprised to hear me say that I was not unhappy about the failure of the assassination attempt. They were all the more surprised because in the event

If I had succeeded, I would undoubtedly have been immediately liberated. They wanted to hear the reasons for my attitude. I explained roughly the following:

It had been clear for some time that the war was lost.

is. Only the German people don't want to believe it.

If Hitler had been eliminated now, the conviction would inevitably have arisen in the broadest sections of the German people that Germany could have won the war after all if Hitler had not been murdered. The responsibility for the inadequate total defeat would have been shifted to the assassins, and Hitler would have continued to be seen as the saviour, redeemer and miracle worker who had been prematurely embraced. Hitler would have grown into a legendary figure, a *hlythos*, he would have been even more perilous as a dead man than he was as a living man. Every child in the penal system must see that it was exclusively the National Socialists who were responsible for the catastrophe.

At the beginning of April 1945, the sound of a distant siren could be heard from the west. The Americans had crossed the Elbe on 12 April and were advancing towards Berlin. The cannon thunder came closer. The prisoners as well as the Officials were expecting the arrival of the American armoured columns every hour. Instead, however, the thunder of the cannons suddenly stopped. Rumour had it that the Americans had stopped their advance and had withdrawn back across the Elbe on the basis of agreements with the Soviets. In fact, it remained completely quiet for several days. Towards 19 April, a faint hail was heard.

nonendonner from the east. The Soviets were from the Oder had advanced westwards, had bypassed Berlin to the south, had advanced to Jüterbog and were moving towards Brandenburg. The battles for Brandenburg lasted more than eight days, and the officials of the prison, which was located about 12 kilometres from the city, were unable to return to their families if they lived in Brandenburg.

On 20 April was Hitler's birthday. Early in the morning, as I lay in my bath, a heavy air raid began on the Brandenburg airfield, the engine works and the Opel works. The prisoners in the hospital were taken to the cellar. Former Higher Regional Court President Träger von Königsberg, who had been sentenced to death, joined me in the bathing room. He had left Königsberg with his judges and prosecutors shortly before the Soviet troops captured Königsberg and travelled to Stettin. This departure was counted as a crime; his public prosecutor had been caught and he was to be sent to the scaffold. I said to him that now he could hope to escape with his life after all. He agreed and said it could only be a few days before the prison gates were opened. In the meantime, he was still seeking solace in Schiller. In fact, he had a volume of Schiller's works with him. After the air raid was over, the prisoners returned to their cells. Shortly afterwards, I heard Träger being picked up. The

The official who took him away told him that the administration had something to tell him.

After the meal, the Catholic priest came to see me. He had lost all composure. Something terrible had happened, he reported. In the morning, an order from Hitler had leaked through from Berlin, on the basis of which another thirty successful people were to be executed immediately. The head of the Aristalt, Director Dr Thümmeler - a German National who had always indicated that he was not really a Nazi - had wavered for some time as to whether he should obey. Finally, he had decided to carry out the order. It was only political prisoners and officers who were sacrificed. Among them was Trager as well as Legation Councillor Mumm von Schwarzenberg.

The priest remarked that when he had heard of such an order, he had trembled that I might also be involved. But now he could tell me with certainty that another order of this kind would not be carried out.

The next day, Dr Thümmeler's conscience stirred; he suspected that he had become a mass murderer. To stop himself from ever obeying such a horrible order, he ordered that the guillotine be dismantled and sunk in the nearby Havel.

In the year 1946, the English lost Dr Thümmeler in Hildesheim.

The gunfire was getting closer by the day. The bombardment of Brandenburg continued, the Red Army advanced beyond Brandenburg towards Görden and occupied the Brandenburg State Hospital, a sanatorium and nursing home ten minutes away from the prison. The German troops were to the west of the prison, so that it was in no man's land. The bullets whizzed over the prison. Obviously it was only a matter of spikes on both sides, the Soviets seemed to be waiting for supplies. The director of the prison suddenly changed his attitude. He formed a prisoners' council, which was approached for its opinion on all matters. Now the Protestant pastor came to the fore. One had the impression that he was cosying up to the prisoners and pushing the director into the background.

The prisoners' council demanded that the prisoners' civilian clothes and luggage be handed over to them. However, it did not succeed with this demand. On 2 April, however, it was decreed that the political prisoners' cells were no longer to be locked during the day.

On the afternoon of 26 April, I was lying in a deckchair in the garden, it was wonderfully sunny and warm. There were fights between Germans and Soviets on the other side of the prison wall. The prison was not affected because, as was rumoured, an agreement had been reached between the Soviet and German commandos not to fire on the prison. Some officials stood around me and discussed the situation with me. Then Dr Gerecke, a medical councillor, appeared. Dr Gerecke had been transferred to Dr Eberliard's position in Brandenburg a few months earlier. He had previously been a ship's doctor and as such had travelled to China, Indonesia, South and North America and had lived for a time in those distant parts of the world. The officials were keen to provoke a conversation between the two of us. They directed the doctor to a deckchair. Dr Gerecke remarked that the time of comfort for me would soon come to an end. I replied that this could be assumed. He replied that the German people had not shown themselves worthy of Hitler. The man was too great for the German people. Astonished, I asked how this abandonment *had* come *about*. The Russians, he continued, had pulled themselves together when they were already close to ruin and had made the most outrageous sacrifices, which had then led to the rescue of Russia. I countered that Russia's situation was quite different from that of present-day Germany. Russia still had enormous reserves in its hinterland, an area of at least 8 million square kilometres with enormous raw material stores and factories, and still inexhaustible masses of people; but unoccupied Germany had now shrunk to a few square kilometres. It had no more weapons, no more people, no more raw materials, no more factories. The awareness of still having reserves in the back of one's hand strengthened self-confidence and resilience. But if you were faced with nothing, further resistance would turn into madness and senseless frenzy. He insisted that the German people had not shown enough willingness to make sacrifices. I slapped my hands over my head and said:

" But Mr Medizinalrat, how can you say such a thing! Is there a whole person who has sacrificed more for a political thought and a political leader than the German whole person has done?" Again he came back to the fact that Hitler was a genius. Then I told him to his face that Hitler was not a genius, but a gigantic criminal. Plan saw how this answer turned him inside out. With the obtuseness of a monomaniac, he gasped out: "Beware, beware, the war is not over yet. A word like that could cost you dearly, it could get you killed." I laughed at him and said that there was an end to this murderous madness. The game was over, the German people had to pay the price.

The officials had listened intently, the medical councillor apparently didn't know what to do next, he said goodbye and left.

The next morning, 27 April, it was rumoured that the Soviets had ordered the institution to raise the white flag and surrender. The Protestant pastor who had gone to the front German line, made a statement about the ultimatum and asked what he should do,

what he should do.

The German commander advised him to accept the ultimatum and assured him that he would not allow the institution to come under fire. As I learnt from officials, there was great excitement in the 5administration.

the greatest excitement. The officials were wondering whether they should stay or flee. At first they kept their mouths shut and assured me that they would stand their ground and fulfil their duty until the last moment. The prisoner council supported them in this view; it advised the officers that their presence was necessary for the proper conduct of business. The Prisoners' Council "began to lobby the Soviets to ensure that not a hair on any official's head was harmed.

Plötzlich, at 11 o'clock, all the cells were locked again. The prisoners protested, believing that the administration in the last eyewitness period had a bomb over the gate. However, the real reason for locking the cells was more of a grievance than a 1)ubenstüdi. The director and a number of other senior officials had decided to dispose of it. They were afraid of being stopped by the political prisoners. They provided a number of transport wagons so that they could enter the German lines. The Protestant priest, the Catholic priest

The pastor and the head teacher Reichelt took over the management of the institution; they wanted to stay. The medical councillor, who was also preparing to flee, asked the hospital officials to join him.

At 12 o'clock the director had escaped. Now the cells were opened again. I was carried into the hospital officers' room, where the hospital officers were gathered, and questioned as to whether I advised escape. I recommended staying. The hundred or so people with severe tuberculosis - who were housed in two large barracks - should not be left to their fate. Besides, there was no shortage of people in need of help in the hospital. The officials assured us that they wanted to persevere. You could feel the atmosphere becoming more and more charged. The officers were completely intimidated and clearly showed the fear they were filled with. In the early afternoon, I watched as one officer after another left the hospital. The head constable, Mr Schütze, came into my cell and said that he had intended to stay. Now the Medical Council had sent over that it was the last moment to escape. He was waiting with a lorry. The officers who wanted to escort him still had five minutes to arrive. Most of the officers had already left the hospital. Only he, Chief Constable Krafelt and Assistant Constable Ilrüger were still in the building. He could see them also preparing to flee. He continued verbatim: "I confess, I'm a cowardly dog even if I leave. I am ashamed of you to my core, and so are the other two. That's why they don't want to say goodbye to you. I have overcome myself to come in and shake your hands once more." Then he left.

About twenty minutes later, an unholy commotion broke out in the asylum. An armoured car had reached the institution, a Soviet soldier seized the keys and also unlocked the criminals' cells. The prisoners poured into the yard and welcomed the Soviet soldiers with cries of joy. In the meantime, criminal prisoners began to loot the storehouses and also attempted to break into the clothing store. It turned out that the warden had been reluctant to hand over the prisoners' property in time.

A short time later, a Soviet general came to the hospital. He made a short speech to the prisoners who were able to get out of bed. He said that the institution was under Soviet protection and that it was the Soviets' intention to bring freedom to the Germans. He would take care of the care and return of the prisoners to their families. It is understandable that he caused great rejoicing under the prevailing circumstances.

The Soviets did not stay in the prison for more than half an hour, then the armoured tip went on x-or. The political prisoners immediately organised a strict service. They locked the most dangerous criminals back in their cells, set up armed guards and restored order in the prison within a few hours.

At night, I was taken into the kitchen by some political friends; that was the headquarters of the political prisoners. We discussed what to do next: how to help the prisoners regain their property, how to ensure their care and, in particular, how to take care of the hospital. It was expected that we would have to stay in the hospital for a few more days, as Brandenburg was still being reloamped and ferry traffic was completely paralysed.

The next day, the Dutch doctor Colsbergen and my Czech cell mate Pa" ela fetched my suitcase from the I(ammer. I dressed in civilian clothes and waited for things to happen. The lunch was cooked very well. A lot of fat had been used; I hadn't eaten like this for several years. Of course, the guests had to eat this unusually good food, and everyone was very pleased.

Ida strove with all her might to get out of the institution, ohu o1i1 I was l'atim able to keep on my feet. a small reminder was that you shouldn't stay in a prison any longer than you absolutely had to.

Nachmittags you received an order to vacate the institution

It was said that the Germans who had moved away had foeknowngcgc that they intend to close the institution o n the assumption that it will end up as a riiss support piiiil't. Only the I(ranken should remain. I was convinced that this catastrohic report was correct. Now I was faced with the question of what to do. I wanted to get out at all costs, but I didn't quite know how to go about it.

should. At that moment, the Catholic priest came to visit me; he invited me to his flat, which was about five minutes away from the institution. But how was I supposed to get there? I couldn't walk five steps. Then the Czech Pawela offered to carry me there. He even left his luggage behind to do me this labour of love. The trek, which had been assembled from the prisoners, set off on the march to Berlin.

The Catholic priest received me with warm hospitality. Although I had been carried the short distance, the journey had been so strenuous that it took me almost an hour to recover. The priest had buried some bottles of red wine in his garden; he fetched one, we clinked glasses, drank to my liberation and to a good fate to come.

The zy. April had been a Friday. The priest made his bedroom available to me and lay down on his sofa. The next morning he told me that he had heard that a lorry had been released for the transport of some sick people to Berlin. During the course of the Saturday, the officials who had taken over the provisional management of the institution met with the pastor several times. They agreed that the lorry would also take food from the institution to feed the transport. The Catholic priest insisted that I should also be taken along. On Sunday, shortly after mealtime, the lorry pulled up. It was a well-maintained lorry with rubber wheels and a team of beautifully groomed brewers. The driver of the lorry, who had also arranged the whole enterprise, was a butcher, Karl Günther, from Berlin-Reinickendorf, who had been sent to the detention centre for butchering. He had also been used as a butcher in the prison, a post which, as one realises, was one of the most pleasant in the entire prison establishment. According to the principle: "You should not tie the mouth of the ox that is butchering", the prisoners used in the butcher's shop lived almost in splendour. I once witnessed one such man being brought back to his cell from the operating table after he had already been opened.

had to be removed because the hernia that had to be removed could not be found. He first had to undergo a slimming cure before he could be helped.

There were no sick people on the wagon apart from me. Günther had only taken care of himself and his friends, who included the Hildburghausen doctor Dr Mel in, the young son of General I.-demann, who had been executed after 20 July, had been an officer in the navy and convicted for not denouncing his father, then Czech, Yugoslavian, Polish and a few German former kitchen staff. I was accompanied by Baron G., which Günther had not been able to prevent. Günther had loaded the back half of his car heavily with meat, coffee, sugar, pasta, bread and fat, plus large quantities of spirits, which Günther had also taken with him. From the very beginning, Günther behaved as if all this was his private property. He only let his closest friends partake of the good things, the others had to make do with meaty stews. Only once, during the journey home, did he allow everyone a portion of meat and a cup of bean coffee.

We first tried to reach the town of Brandenburg. T h e r e were dead soldiers lying on the roadside, destroyed columns of cars a n d blown-up tanks everywhere. It turned out that Brandenburg was still under attack and could not be crossed as a result. When we wanted to bypass Brandenburg, we ran into a Soviet artillery position. The Soviet commander directed us to Nauen. Nauen was already in Soviet hands. On the road we continued to encounter Soviet tanks, artillery and infantry. Strangely enough, no-one asked us for our ID and we were allowed to pass undisturbed. Late in the night we met a Soviet horseman on an apple tree. He stopped, shouted at us and threatened us with a rifle when we didn't immediately stop our march. He pointed to a bleeding wound on his horse's leg and demanded one of the two bay horses from us. We unhitched one of our bay horses and t o o k the chimney for him. Of course, we feared that he would go lame. To our relief, it soon became apparent that the

The horse was excellent and held up excellently until our arrival in Berlin. It seemed advisable to us not to wash the Blue, so that in future we would discourage other Ilavallers from wanting to carry the horse. We also agreed to let the air out of the front wheel of our carriage, as we were concerned that an undamaged carriage might tempt troops to requisition it.

Late in the afternoon, we drove through a forest. We were determined to reach Nauen that same day. A car with two armed men drove past. They braked, got out and asked if we were foreigners or Germans. G. couldn't stop himself; although he had an excellent command of French, he thought it was appropriate to give a German answer. Without saying much, the two men then took several tall men from the car and loaded them onto their car. Unfortunately, mine was among them.

In this coffin were my manuscripts, which I had written while in custody, and some valuable books. I had stowed the Kofler well in the car. Unauthorised and without my knowledge, G. had pulled my suitcase out of the hiding place and hidden his luggage there instead. He put my Kofler on top of it. This way it lay as if on a platter and I lost the last thing I had saved from the penitentiary. When I confronted G., he tried to apologise with flimsy excuses.

Towards evening we came across a cavalry division. We smelled rubbish again. Some Soviet officers cast expert glances at our horses. In fact, an officer came riding up, demanded the other bay horse and only refrained from taking the grey when he noticed the traces of blood. He offered a grey horse for the bay. This horse did not make a very trustworthy impression. We suspected that it was suffering from severe asthma; it didn't pull, stopped every now and then and left the whole load to the companion horse. We reached Nauen late at night with great difficulty. We turned into a farmstead and spent the night on our wagon.

Early in the morning, we realised that our car was in the yard.

of a large seed and animal feed store. The owner had a beautiful villa next to the farm. He had been the highest SS leader in the area and had fled. The rooms in the villa had been looted. At the farmstead we met Dutch and French people who were enjoying themselves, slaughtering chickens and goats and taking good care of themselves. We decided to take a rest day to give the horses time to recover. This proved successful. The red horse gathered strength and it was clear that he had only been completely exhausted when we took him over. After the rest day, he was a good, usable draught horse. On 1. May we left Nauen. The country roads were full of forced labourers returning home. Dutch, Belgians, French, Italians, Poles and Ukrainians were travelling west here and east there. They had stowed their belongings on small 5vans. The country roads were as busy as the city streets.

Outside Nauen, we encountered guards who pushed us onto a side road. It soon became clear what was being plotted against the passers-by on the road. A camp was to be set up in a large meadow and all travellers were to be forced to work for one or two days for this purpose. We had no choice but to follow the instructions of the guards. Glich and G. were left on the ÄVagen as sick people, the others had to grab a spade. We agreed that the two of us should direct our horses so that they gave the impression that they were slowly grazing their way towards the land. The rest of our travelling companions were to disappear from the workplace one by one; a house on the road was designated as the meeting point. Then, having reached the country road, we suddenly wanted to put the horses into trot, pick up the travelling companions at that meeting point and try to escape. The l'lan glided perfectly. The journey took no longer than an hour and a half.

In the neighbourhood of this workplace, we were presented with a shocking picture. In your field stood a seriously ill horse, presumably suffering from pneumonia, one leg injured by an umbrella, and it kept desperately thrusting its head into the lum. It was a symbol of helpless and tormented Iéreatiir. In the evening of that day we dined in a village surrounded by

Poland was occupied. We were given shelter in a stable where some straw had been piled up. It was already night when the door opened and a Polish officer entered and asked for me. He spoke German, and it turned out in conversation that he came from the Olsa region and had lived in the Sudetenland for a long time. He had read my writings and had heard my name from my companions. He asked me about my fate. I was still very much in need of help, could hardly move and was exhausted as a result of the hardships of the war. He comforted me, lamented the German people for having embarked on this unfortunate Hitler adventure, enthused about German art and literature and promised to help ensure that nothing unpleasant happened to us in the district occupied by the Poles.

When we said goodbye, he told me that I would have a good time when I got back to Berlin. I denied this and he wanted to know why I doubted it. My experiences during the Nazi era, I told him, had made me lose my faith in the nobility, chivalry and righteousness of the German people.

My pessimism astonished him, and he said that I would see in the following days to what extent I was right in my dismissal." The next day, it became clear that the Polish officer had taken precautionary measures in our favour.

We reached Hennigsdorf on the evening of 2 May. It was in Soviet hands, but the battle for Berlin was not yet over. The Havel bridges had been blown up. The question was how we were going to get across the Havel. A single emergency bridge had been built by the Soviets, but it was used almost without interruption by Soviet troops. We managed to get through to the local commander of Hennigsdorf. He was kind enough to give us an adjutant to escort us across the bridge. We were pushed in between Soviet troops and got across the river.

This time we stopped off at a summer restaurant in Neuendorf. camp for the night. An old woman took care of me there.

* My experience in my compensation matter fully confirmed my doubts.

especially. She brought me a pillow and good blankets. We finally reached Berlin on 3 May.

Günther stopped in Reinickendorf on Swakopmunder Straße.

To my astonishment, he made arrangements to clear the carriage. The Czechs and Yugoslavs allowed themselves to be ordered to dismount and take their luggage off the carriage. The Germans also complied with his request. I protested. He claimed that he would drive home, weigh the loaded food, give everyone their share and take me to the south of Berlin in the carriage. When I didn't believe him, he threw me and G. off the wagon and drove off with everything on it.

A merchant who lived in this street offered to put up four people, a Czech, a Yugoslav, G. and me, for one night. Two days earlier, his wife had been killed by a shell fragment while standing in the kitchen. He had buried her himself in the front garden.

I only had about a pound of bread and two cubes of margarine to eat. The next morning G. said he had to look for his relatives. He promised me solemnly that he would inform my wife of my arrival and that he would definitely come back or send his son. As a guarantee, he left his luggage with the merchant. He, an old man, would not have been able to carry it either. I waited for him or my wife until about four o'clock in the afternoon. Later it turned out that he hadn't informed my wife: he hadn't made the slightest attempt to come back or send his son.

The three of us were already starting to annoy our host. So I decided, come what may, to make my way to the mayor of Vedding. The Czech and the Yugoslav took me under his arm to drag me there. But after a short time I realised that I wasn't going to make it. Fortunately, the Paul-Gerhard-Stift was nearby. The two foreigners dropped me off there in the 'party room and said goodbye to me. Ida was very grateful to them for their willingness to help. The head shivester asked what I was up to. I asked for accommodation for a short time. The headmistress told me that there was no room and that I should move on. I replied that I was not in a position to do so.

was able to. I had no business being here, was her reply. I quietly remained seated. After about an hour, she came back in and snapped at me: "You're still sitting here." I got angry and said sharply that I wasn't thinking of leaving voluntarily; if she didn't like it, she should have me thrown out into the street. She shouted that it was an outrage. At that moment, the senior physician Dr Müller entered the room and asked what was going on. I put him in the picture and told him my name. He was taken aback and asked if I was the former editor of the *Widerstand*. When I said yes, he remarked that he had been a reader for many years. Of course I could stay one night, he said, he would speak to a Red Cross nurse who would then continue to look after me. I had a place to stay for the time being.

The next morning, all kinds of patients arrived. As the Red Cross nurse had been delayed, I doubted whether she would come at all. I was negotiating with a woman who had brought a relative for outpatient treatment to see if she would let me stay with her temporarily if I gave her my two margarine cubes as initial compensation when the nurse arrived. She took me to the Soviet commander, who wrote an instruction to the mayor to have me brought to my wife's flat on a lorry. The mayor promised to arrange for a lorry. It was Saturday. I waited in vain from hour to hour for the carriage. From the whispers of the office staff I realised that something was wrong. Finally, I was told that no lorry could be found. Desperate, the mayor asked me what he should do with me in his office. I replied that I didn't care at all, at least I wasn't going anywhere.

At that moment, an elderly Jewish woman appeared in the office. She had a matter for the mayor, and it was clear that she was personally acquainted with him. After the two of them had finished their business, the mayor presented my case to her and asked her if she had any advice. She was a patient at the Jewish Hospital, which was nearby in Iranische Strasse. She promised to talk to the head doctor and assured me that she could guarantee that I would be admitted there. It was Mrs Marie Harder, who later took over the first care of the political

prisoners in the Wilmersdorf district office. She hadn't promised too much. I was accommodated and cared for in the Jewish hospital in the friendliest possible way.

4

During the Hitler era, the Jewish Hospital was used as a kind of military hospital for Jewish concentration camp prisoners. I was told that the former editor-in-chief of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Theodor Wolff, had died there. The hospital was an extensive complex. The rooms were filthy. In the wing where I lived, I met some acquaintances from the past. Professor Varga, an economist at Budapest University, a **learned** man, lived here at the time. An editor of *Pest Lloyd* shared the room with him. We sometimes sat together and exchanged memories. A Berlin lawyer, Dr Schindler, with whom I lived on cordial terms, shared the room with me.

I kept thinking about how I was going to manage to inform my wife of my presence in Berlin after G. had failed. Berlin had fallen on my heels, but there were hardly any transport options. My wife lived in Tempelhof; I didn't even know the street and number of her house. The only clue I had was the address of the publishing house where she worked, in Belle-Alliance-6 "traÙe. Mrs Harder assured me every day that she wanted to go to Wilmersdorf and was trying to find a "Vagen; she wanted to take me with her. But day after day went by without her being able to fulfil her promise.

Desperate, I undertook the first longer walking tests. It was painful and I got tired quickly. After a few days, I was able to walk about 50 metres with two sticks. I often asked around whether anyone in the south of Berlin had anything to do. Ida promised rewards, but I didn't find anyone who would have done a Botengang. Money **was** held in low esteem in those **days**. Everyone wanted food, nobody wanted the paper notes.

In my helplessness, I decided to walk to Tempelhof. After eight days in the hospital, I set off on this endeavour. I set off; it was a hot day. Soon I was at the

The end of my strength. Completely exhausted, I sat down at the edge of the pavement; I was in a mood of complete equilibrium, no matter what happened. I sat there for half an hour when someone tapped me on the shoulder. It was my room-mate Dr Schindler, whom I had happened to pass on the way. He persuaded me to return to the hospital and gave me a lot of help.

Two days later I got to know a Miss Ehrlich, also an inmate of the hospital. During the conversation, I complained that I couldn't find anyone to pass on a message to my wife. Miss Ehrlich told me that she wanted to go to Charlottenburg the next day and take a message to Belle-Alliance-Straße.

Saturday and Sunday passed and I began to doubt whether the messenger had actually kept her promise. Monday morning also passed. I was sitting at lunch when the door opened and my wife came in. It was a lovely and happy reunion after such a long time.

When my wife came into the shop on Monday morning, she found the note that Miss Ehrlich had left. As she walked and stood, she set off. Of course, she didn't fail to get a pass at the commandant's office, which was on 4Vege, beforehand. The Soviets were in the habit of picking up passers-by and using them for clearing work. She wanted to protect herself against this.

In the afternoon, my wife pinged the mayor's office to organise a ride for me. She was promised a horse-drawn carriage for the following day. In the early afternoon of the next day, the carriage, a closed coach, drove up. The journey to Tempelhof went through the terrible fields of rubble into which the once .so well-kept streets of Berlin. Around five
The car stopped in front of my wife's flat.

I was free! Red Army soldiers had opened the prison gate. *I* had barely experienced the day of freedom when I had to wait to get it out of my hands.

of the German people. Even in the aftermath of the collapse of the Third Reich, the German people showed themselves incapable of rebelling against the guilt-ridden Hitler regime. That's how terrible the situation was: Germany had to be shattered before Hitler could get rid of it.

Of course, the collapse of Germany was borderless. There was no longer a Germany in the political sense; as after the Thirty Years' War, Germany had once again become a mere geographical concept. An unbiased examination of the question of who was responsible for Germany's dreadful fate led to a clear conclusion.

Hitler had not come to power in Germany by chance. National Socialism had a clear origin: it was a political cancer that had grown on bourgeois soil. Its germ was already recognisable in the effort that Kaiser Wilhelm II sent to the Reich President on 3 December 1918.

Chancellor Fürst Bülow wrote: "First the socialists absconded, behead and disable them - if necessary, by bloodbath - and then I'll get to the outside! But not before and not at speed."

The politics of the German bourgeoisie had gone bankrupt for the second time in this century. The first bankruptcy of 1848 had not ended with the political de-industrialisation of the German bourgeoisie; it was once again allowed to seize the leadership of Germany, and once again it caused a catastrophe.

Only a few realised in 1918 the extent of this catastrophe. The entire German territory was occupied by foreign troops; foreign generals were in charge. The future of the German people was completely in the hands of the victors. Two

The world powers, the USA and the USSR, had established themselves as the principal shapers of world political development. German events became a function of the relations between the two powers. Politically, Germany no longer had any power of its own. Political people in particular had to consult with the side to see how far they still wanted to get involved in politics. Since 1918, they had a vivid sense that the Third Reich was the death throes of Germany's existence as a great power, whose living conditions had long since been exhausted. In 1918 the death throes were over: the great power Germany was irretrievably gone. What was now on the bo-

which was still interpreted as a political expression of life, was merely a sign of political decay. World history had become a world judgement for Germany; Germany had been weighed, found too light and rejected.

There was no longer any room for independent German politics. The freedom that had opened up to me again turned out to be an almost impenetrable thicket of new, breath-taking ties.

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