Thomas Mann

Listen, Germany!

Twenty-five Radio Messages to the German People over BBC

This volume contains the messages which Germany's greatest writer, now an exile in America, has broadcast by short wave to his own countrymen in recent months. What he has to say is not less important to Americans.

LISTEN, GERMANY!

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ALFRED A. KNOPF

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TWENTY-FIVE RADIO MESSAGES

TO THE GERMAN PEOPLE

OVER BBC

by

THOMAS MANN

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NEW YORK

ALFRED A KNOPF

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FIRST EDITION

FOREWORD

IN THE AUTUMN of 1940 the British Broadcasting Corporation approached me with a request to broadcast regularly short messages over their system to my compatriots, commenting on the events of the war, with the purpose of endeavouring to influence the German public in the direction of the convictions that I have often uttered.

I believed that I should not miss the opportunity of making contact, however loose and precarious, with the German people and also with the inhabitants of the subjugated territories, behind the back of the Nazi Government, which had deprived me of all means of exerting intellectual influence in Germany as soon as it had the power to do so. The suggestion was particularly attractive because my words were not to be broadcast from America by short wave, but from London by long or medium wave, and thus could be heard on the only type of radio the German people were per-

mitted to have. It was also enticing to write German once again in the knowledge that the written words would be allowed to fulfil their purpose in the form in which they were conceived — in German. I agreed to send monthly messages, and after a few trials I asked for a prolongation of my speaking-time from five to eight minutes.

The broadcasts at first were transmitted in this way: I cabled my texts to London, where they were read by a German-speaking employee of the BBC. At my suggestion, a more complicated but more direct and therefore more attractive method was soon adopted. Whatever I have to say is now recorded by the Recording Department of the NBC in Los Angeles; the record is sent to New York by air mail, and is then transferred by telephone to another record in London, where it is played before the microphone. In this way not only my words but my own voice is heard by those over there who dare to listen.

More people listen than one might expect, not only in Switzerland and in Sweden, but also in Holland, in the Czech " Protectorate," and in Germany proper, as has been frequently proved by the most strangely coded replies from these countries. By roundabout ways such replies, indeed, come even from Germany. Evidently there are people in this occupied territory whose hunger and thirst for free speech are so great that they brave the dangers connected with listening to

foreign broadcasts. The most striking proof that this is so — a proof which is amusing and disgusting at the same time — is provided by the fact that my allocutions have been referred to, in an unmistakable fashion, by my Führer himself, in a beer-hall speech in Munich, in the course of which he mentioned me as one of those who attempt to incite the German people against him and his system. But these rabble-rousers, he roared, were greatly mistaken: the German people were not that way, and to the extent that they were that way, they were, thank God, behind lock and key. — So much filth has come out of this mouth that it causes me slight feelings of nausea to hear my name come from it. Yet the utterance is valuable to me though its lack of logic is evident. Often the Führer has expressed his contempt for the German people and his conviction of the cowardice, submissiveness, and stupidity of these people, of their infinite ability to swallow lies; he forgot, though, each time to add an explanation of how he succeeds simultaneously in seeing the Germans as a master race destined to world domination. How can a nation spiritually incapable of ever revolting *even against him* be a master race? I beg the hero to examine this question some day between planning one battle and the next.

Perhaps he is right in his confidence that the German nation " is not that way " — he has always been most revolting when he was right. Moreover, to call a

people to revolt does not yet mean to believe, deep down in one's heart, in their ability to revolt. What I believe unshakably is that Hitler cannot win his war — this is a belief based much more on metaphysical and moral reasons than on military ones, and wherever I express it in the following pages it is completely sincere. But far be it from me to wish to fortify thereby the dangerous conception that the victory of the United Nations is self-evident and assured, and that in view of this self-evidence and this certainty one can afford not only every mistake, but also every division of the will, every half-heartedness, every " political " reservation concerning one's allies and the kind of peace to be gained. One can afford *nothing*, nothing at all any longer after all that has been omitted and committed in the past. After all, this war could have been prevented, and the fact itself that it had to come is a heavy moral mortgage on our side. The war has sinister antecedents, whose determining motives are by no means dead, but continue to work underground, endangering the peace and with it the victory. We shall lose the war if we wage a wrong war and not the right one, which is a war of the peoples for their liberty.

September 15, 1942

LISTEN, GERMANY!

I

October 1940

GERMAN LISTENERS:

A GERMAN writer speaks to you whose work and person have been outlawed by your rulers, and whose books, even if they deal with the most German matters, with Goethe, for example, can only speak to foreign, free nations, in their language, while for you they must remain silent and unknown. Some day my work will return to you, I know that, even if I myself cannot return. As long as I live, however, and even as a citizen of the New World, I shall suffer by the fate of Germany and all the moral and physical misdeeds which Germany has inflicted upon the world for seven years, led by the will of criminal men of violence. The unshakable conviction that this cannot come to a good end has inspired me again and again during these years to utter warnings, some of which, I believe, have penetrated to you. In war-time there is no way left for the written word to pierce the wall which the tyrants

have erected around you. Therefore I am glad to take the opportunity which the English radio service has offered me to report to you from time to time about all that I see here in America, the great and free country in which I have found a homestead.

When German troops invaded Holland five months ago, and tens of thousands of human beings were bombed to death in Rotterdam in the course of a few minutes, the editor of the American magazine *Life*, an illustrated magazine which rarely takes sides in political questions, and which everybody reads, wrote: "This is the greatest challenge to America, the land of liberty, in eighty years. . . . Mighty and ruthless military nations have attacked the American way of life. . . . We do not know whether we will ever have to fight on England's side; but we do know that England's struggle is also our own." That's what was said then, after the 10th of May, and is still being said today. The workers think so, and the business men, the Republicans and the Democrats, the followers of Roosevelt and those of his opponent. There is little left of the old America which thought that it could live for itself without concern for the world across the ocean. Where does this deep transformation come from? You know quite well. In this country live 130,000,000 well-meaning and friendly people. They want to work and

build in peace. They actively participate, according to their individual judgment, in the great questions which are their common concern. War, conquest of foreign countries, alliances, Axis agreements, secret meetings, breaches of agreements seem superfluous and crazy to them. But, then, there are the newspapers and the radio reporters who tell them what is happening in Europe; how it is the same everywhere, in Norway, in Holland, Belgium, Poland, Bohemia, how German troops whom nobody has called have invaded these countries which have done them no harm, and are oppressing and pillaging them; and how those are executed as criminals who love their Fatherland and refuse to forge weapons for the foreign intruder. Naturally, an American is above all an American citizen; yet it is often true that he, or his father or grandfather, was born in Norway, in Holland, in Belgium, in protected Denmark, in the Government General, in the Protectorate, that he still has relatives in one of these countries, and fond memories of them. And even if this was not the case, even if, and especially if, his family comes from Germany, he must as a straight-thinking man be outraged by all the injustice, all the violence he is told about. No, I have found no difference between German-Americans, Anglo-Americans, and Italo-Americans. They all feel that this is not the right

way to unify Europe, and that so much crime must, sooner or later, receive its punishment.

Thus the American citizen has three great hopes today. One is America itself, its immense economic strength, its good and proved leaders. The second is England. It may be that in times past even the Americans looked upon the English with a bit of derision. They were thought to be tired and over-refined. But today, in view of the defence of London, there is nothing but a chorus of admiration. England carries the banner of freedom. It speaks and fights for all the nations who suffer and who resist only in secret; that is why the wish to help England is so great here. The third hope, which, unfortunately, is not very strong any longer, still rests upon the German people. The question is asked here whether the Germans will not finally recognize that their victories are only steps in an endless quagmire; that when their soldiers invade three more countries, when their U-boats sink three more ships full of refugee children, when they drive still more people into misery, exile, and suicide, and heap the hatred of the world upon themselves, they are not one inch closer to the desired goal; that there are many better ways to the goal for which we all long: a just peace for all the world.

II

November 1940

GERMAN LISTENERS:

THE RE-ELECTION of Franklin D. Roosevelt as President of the United States is an event of the highest importance, perhaps decisive for the future of the world, and as such it has doubtless been understood in Europe by those who pretend to consider the election and its result as a purely domestic American affair. The destroyers of Europe and debasers of all popular rights regard Roosevelt as their mightiest opponent, and rightly so. He is the representative of fighting democracy, the true bearer of a new social conception of freedom, and the statesman who has always distinguished most clearly between peace and appeasement. In our age of the masses, in which the idea of the leader is inherent, America was destined to bring forth the happy phenomenon of a modern leader of the masses who wants what is decent and right, what is really progressive, who wants peace and

liberty; and the heroic resistance of England against the most infamous tyranny which has ever threatened the world, this resistance which finds ever increasing admiration here, gives him time to mobilize the enormous latent powers of his country for the struggle for the future.

This struggle will be long; nobody deceives himself about that. But the longer it lasts, the more certain is its outcome. The wretched adventurers who are trying to enslave the world feel somehow that they have already lost — they feel it as well as their enthralled peoples who are terrorized by pitiful sham successes. Nobody in the world believes that the German people feel comfortable in the face of the history which its tyrants are fabricating, and which is a miserable brawling of blood and tears. They feign confidence, naturally. In a speech of particularly pathological mendacity which Hitler made recently in his Munich Putsch cellar, he has assured you that Germany's highest military authorities were certain of victory. First of all, it is remarkable that he refers to any higher authority than his own. Is he not Cæsar, Frederick, and Napoleon all in one, and Charlemagne too? In black and white the vulgar historians of National Socialism have confirmed that to this pitiful faker of history. How can he so forget his part that he refers to the judg-

ment of his generals, who carry out his inspirations? — But not all these generals are merely aged cadets and narrow-minded technicians of the military moment. I was told the story of a high-ranking German officer in Paris who said to some Frenchmen: "*Pauvre France — maintenant. Pauvre Allemagne — plus tard!*" He did not know much French, but enough for that; and I am convinced that large parts of the German nation know enough for that.

What will become of the European continent, what of Germany itself, if the war lasts another three, another five years, is a question we all ask ourselves here, and one which the German nation, too, undoubtedly ponders with horror. The present misery is only a mild indication of what must come. And why must it? Is it because a handful of stupid criminals exploit the economic and social process of reformation through which our world is going, for a senseless and anachronistic expedition of world conquest? Yes, only for this reason. What must and will come at the end of this war is clear. It is the beginning of a united world; the creation of a new balance between liberty and equality; the maintenance of individual values within the frame of the demands of collective life; the abandonment of the sovereignty of the national states, and the creation of a society of peoples with equal rights and equal

duties, free, but responsible to the whole. The peoples are ready for such a new order of the world. If they were not ready for it twenty-two years ago — the experiences of the last decades have made them so. They are more ready for it today, however, than they will be after the destruction and the poisonous and devastating consequences of a war of many years. If the war was ended today, and the common work was begun, every nation would have a better chance for a happier future.

In the world which is to come the German nation must and will have its " place in the sun." But if it continues to follow its seducers passively and actively, through fire and water, it will recognize too late that a nation does not obtain its place in the sun by shrouding the world in darkness and horror. Away with the criminals! Away with the National Socialist torturers and tormentors of Europe! I know that I express only the deepest yearning of the German nation itself when I call to it: Peace! Peace and freedom!

III

Christmas 1940

GERMANS:

CHRISTMAS returns, a lovely festival, a festival of love and the one which is dearest to you, a festival filled with the light and the scent and the dream of childhood. One may call it the most German of all festivals, and no people, perhaps, observe it with such tenderness as you do. Why? Maybe because in its cosmic and religious profoundness it is a symbol of your birth as a nation, and the history of your civilization is reflected in it. In the pagan Germanic past it was the festival of the winter solstice, the rebirth of the light out of winter darkness, the dawn of a new day of the universe. But later the young light became the Child in the cradle, in the manger of Bethlehem; the festival for the birthday of the Son of man and the Saviour, whose great and mild heart brought a new human feeling, a new morality into the world; who called His Father in heaven the Father of all men, and in whose Annuncia-

tion the folk-bound Jewish race-God rose to a transcendental, spiritual, and all-loving God of the universe.

The history of the festival is your history. There *was* nothing German before the Light in the East appeared for you too; before Christian humanity penetrated the Germanic pagan foundations and united your conceptions of the world, your moral and religious feeling, with that of the Christian Occidental civilization. To this community you belong, you celebrate your fellowship in it when you place the manger of the Sun Child under the lighted tree, and the images of the shepherds and kings who worship before Him. You also celebrate the wonderful accomplishments which the German spirit has contributed to this Christian Occidental culture, and on the strength of it: the work of the Dürer and Bach, the poems of freedom of your Schiller, Goethe's *Iphigenie,* the *Fidelio,* the Ninth Symphony.

Again you prepare to observe the Christian, the German festival — for the second time in this war which your present leaders have inflicted upon you and the world — many of you mourning sons and fathers who perished during the assault on neighbouring countries, all of you, surely, with uneasy hearts at the thought of how long all this will still last, whereto it will all lead. You set the tables with Christmas gifts —

they will be scanty enough, for good things cannot be had though your masters have pillaged the devastated Continent in your name. But the candles are burning. I want to ask you how, in their light, the deeds appear to you which your leaders made you commit as a nation during the past year, the deeds of insane violence and destruction, in which they assiduously made you their accomplices; all the atrocities which they have amassed in your name; the fathomless misery and human suffering which National Socialist Germany — that means a Germany which is no longer permitted to be either German or Christian — has spread all around it. Can you tell me how these deeds harmonize with the beautiful old carols which you now sing again with your children, yourselves filled with feelings of childhood — or do you sing them no longer? Have you been ordered to sing instead of *Silent Night, Holy Night,* the bloody party hymn, that mixture of second-rate editorial and street-ballad which elevates some obscure ne'er-do-well to the role of a mythical hero? I do not doubt that you would obey, for your obedience is infinite, and I cannot help telling you that it becomes more unpardonable from day to day.

Infinite and unpardonable is your faith — that is, your credulity. A sorry swindler of history and sham victor makes you believe that through him and through

you a world is dawning where all those values will be finished which make not only the Christian a Christian, but simply the human being a human being, a world without truth, freedom, and right. He makes you believe that he is the man of the millennia, come to place himself in Christ's stead and to supplant the Saviour's doctrine of human brotherhood under God with the doctrine of violence which murders bodies and souls. And, as slaves of his wretched fanaticism you go on fighting, like berserks, for this horrible "New Order," a world where the observance of the Christmas festival, the festival of peace and love, would be a still greater lie and blasphemy than it is even today.

Yet what he makes you believe above all is that it would be the end of the German people, that they would be for ever lost, if they are not "victorious" in this war; that is, if they do not follow a possessed fiend through thick and thin to the end — the end which will look quite unlike victory. He tells you so in order to make you believe that your fate is inextricably bound to his — his fate, which will be sealed indeed when his fine plans miscarry, as can be foreseen with certainty. Oblivion will be the mildest fate allotted to his name in this more than probable case. But you? Would it be your end, the end of Germany, if not he, but rea-

son and human decency gain the victory? It will be Germany's new beginning, its rebirth, its winter solstice, new hope, new happiness, and new life! In the order of peoples for which socially rejuvenated England is fighting, and with it a world of rich resources, in an order of justice, of common weal and responsible freedom for all, the place will be assigned to you to which you are entitled — that "place in the sun" which you cannot conquer by veiling the earth in night and horror. In *this* new order you would be offered entirely different possibilities of self-development, and satisfaction for the deepest needs of your souls, from those in the world of serfdom in which you would be the super-serf: the satisfaction, for example, of the very German need to be *loved.* Does one not know that underneath all crimes to which you are seduced this deep wish always remains alive: to be loved? Does one not know that you are not at all happy, that in reality it is a horror and a desperate distress for you to play the enemy of mankind?

Germans, save yourselves! Save your souls by refusing faith and obedience to your tyrants, who only think of themselves and not of you! I live in the world from which you are shut off, though you belong to it, and I know and tell you: never will this world accept and endure the "New Order," the sub-human Utopia

of terror for which your seducers make you bleed and starve. Never will these great Christian nations tolerate that the peace for which you, too, are longing will be a peace over the grave of freedom and human dignity. In years to come you can, if you so choose, still multiply the misery which you have caused so far by your obedience and credulity, but finally it will be, in its whole measure, your own misery, and one hesitates to imagine what it will look like, what it will be like in Germany at the end of the outrage.

It is Christmas, German people. Let yourselves be moved and also roused to wrath by what the bells mean when they ring out their message of peace, peace on earth!

IV

February 1941

GERMAN LISTENERS:

THE PRESIDENT of the United States of America has spoken. The world is under the spell of his historic speech. It is the speech of a statesman, the best, wisest, and most clear-headed statesman, probably, whom the world has today, not the utterances of a dull fanatic, obsessed with vicious instincts. What I have told you again and again in my messages has been confirmed by this speech in the most serious and binding words: namely, that the Hitler peace, the world order of enslavement and cynicism, this conception of a sinister and sick brain, will not be submitted to, not accepted, not tolerated; that humanity will not bow to it. The President has proclaimed a state of unlimited National Emergency; that means he has summoned the great democracy which he leads to martial self-discipline and unity against the enemy from without, who is, after all, the enemy of all men of good-

will, and he has declared irrevocably that a peace with Hitler, a so-called negotiated peace with the present German rulers, will never be concluded, because such a peace would be nothing but the victory of evil and ugliness, the death of freedom and human dignity.

You know now what you only suspected before. You will have no peace — never, as long as you fight for the pack of outlaws who harass you. Endless and shoreless is the wild adventure in which these wretches have ensnared you, year after year. You must tell yourselves, in spite of whatever false hopes are dangled before your eyes, that Hitler's final victory has now become more remote than ever, because America is throwing the whole weight of its power and its tremendous resources into the scale of liberty and a better future for humanity. Of course, you may also tell yourselves that Germany, in turn, cannot be forced to capitulate for a long time to come, thanks to the huge fighting machine which it has built up in the course of long years, and thanks to the strategic positions which it has wrested from an unprepared and divided world. For a long time to come your lords and masters will not be at a loss for explanations and means to further deceptive victories; they will continue to heap crime upon crime, they will continue to make you play the abject part of the nation which runs amuck among

nations, they will make of you, more and more, something you decidedly do not want to be. They will make you rage against the civilization of the Occident, a civilization which is only beginning to develop its reserves and powers of resistance, which will not easily be exhausted — not more easily than the powers of a Germany in command of the European continent. What is imminent may be a whole epoch of mutual military devastation by which, undoubtedly, the unfortunate continent which has fallen into Hitler's hands would suffer most. And all this because your leaders want to force a system upon the world, and, to keep themselves in power, *must* force upon it a system which cannot be accepted at any price, not even the highest.

But President Roosevelt, in the name of America and the Anglo-Saxon world, has not only rejected the opprobrious peace which Hitler wants and must want, but he has also disavowed the kind of peace which existed between Versailles and the outbreak of the Third Reich. He has declared expressly that no world condition shall return where a Hitler seed can thrive again and grow up to new catastrophes. Your adversaries do not want to go back to the old world; it is not true when you are told that they merely want to preserve the *status quo* and uphold the privileges of the privileged nations and classes. Hitler's revolution is but a fraud;

he is not a revolutionary but only a bandit and an exploiter of a world crisis which is destined to lead the peoples a great step forward in their social education and development. Justice and liberty, equal chance for all to participate in the wealth of the earth, must be the foundations of the coming peace, and the future belongs to a community of free nations, free but responsible to their community, and ready to sacrifice parts of an antiquated national sovereignty to this responsibility. Nobody even thinks of excluding Germany from this new order of peoples. All that the propaganda blares at you about the planned annihilation of the German people by its enemies is untruth and deception in order to keep you at the bloody work. Ponder it, Germans: the only obstacle to a just peace for all is Hitler and his contemptible dream of world subjugation. Keep this thought in your souls and your minds, and let it mature for your salvation and the salvation of the world.

V

March 1941

GERMAN LISTENERS:

WHAT I had to tell you from afar, until now was brought to you by other voices. This time you hear my own voice.

It is the voice of a friend, a German voice; the voice of a Germany which showed, and will again show, a different face to the world from the horrible Medusa mask which Hitlerism has pressed upon it. It is a *warning* voice — to warn you is the only service which a German like myself is able to render you today; and I do this serious and heartfelt duty although I know that no warning can be issued to you which is not long familiar to you, which has not long been alive in your own fundamentally uncheatable knowledge and conscience. To warn you means to confirm you in your own dark premonitions; it means to assure you that these sinister premonitions are *true*, that they are only too justified, and this assurance must be given to you; for only upon the awakening of your feeling to the

fact that you walk along terribly wrong ways rests the hope that you may still leave these ways, after all.

The bad men who lead you — in the ultimate and deepest sense of the word *bad* — know well that you are ill at ease despite all your victories, and that you dread the impossible, unfeasible slave-driver's part which they force upon you. They know that you long for freedom, for decent relations with the other peoples on earth, for the end of the horribly immeasurable adventure of the Hitler war, and therefore they try with all their strength to increase your morale with the successes which their crimes still bring them, and which are nothing else than new and hopeless crimes — as, right now, the subjugation of Bulgaria. "The might of the idea and of the weapons," your press must boast, "is about to sweep away the last resistance against the New Order." — The weapons principally; for what is the idea? The idea is violence and vileness, and the last resistance against it and against the unbearable degradation of humanity by its universal triumph is far from broken. The resistance is alive, is upright, is powerful, tenacious, and inflexible. Its name is England; and England is a world. America is another world; and America's tremendous resources will be at England's disposal in ever growing measure in the struggle for freedom — simply because this coun-

try now sees with perfect clearness that it is *its* struggle, its struggle as well, which England is leading. Have you heard that the so-called Lend-Lease Bill, the law which authorizes the most all-embracing help for England, has now been approved by the Senate of the United States by a great majority? Doubt it as little as your tyrants do, who know well that time is short and that their only hope is to force England to its knees before the Anglo-Saxon world can develop its full defensive and offensive power! You are at war not only with the British Empire, but indeed, and in reality, with America too, even today, and one doesn't have to tell you, you feel it yourselves, that your situation grows more oppressive and impossible from day to day. What shall become of you? If you are defeated, the vindictiveness of the whole world will break loose against you for all that you have inflicted upon the people and nations. If you win, if England falls, even if you win the war of the continents and defeat the West and the East — does any one of you believe that that would be a tenable victory which would create order and be bearable for you and the others, a victory with which life is possible? Can a nation live as bailiff of all the others, with policing armies all over the subjugated globe, while all nations do slave labour for the master race? Is that a moral possibility for any people, and

especially for you Germans? One may think about history and mankind as sordidly and sceptically as one wants to, but that the world will recognize the ultimate victory of evil, that it would tolerate being turned into a single Gestapo cellar, a single concentration camp where you Germans would function as S.A. guards, not even the greatest unbeliever can believe.

The resistance of England, the help it receives from America, are denounced by your leaders as " prolongation of the war." They demand " peace." They who drip with the blood of their own people and that of other peoples dare to utter this word. Peace — by that they mean subjugation, the legalization of their crimes, the acceptance of the humanly unendurable. But that is not possible. With a Hitler there can be no peace, because he is thoroughly incapable of peace, and because this word in his mouth is nothing but a dirty, pathological lie — like every other word which he ever gave or spoke. As long as Hitler and his regime of arsonists remain, you Germans will not have peace, ever, under any circumstances. Always you will have to go on and on, as now, with the miserable acts of violence, be it only to prevent revenge, be it only to keep a gigantic and constantly growing hatred from devouring you.

To warn you, Germans, means to confirm you in your own dark premonitions. I can do no more.

VI

April 1941

GERMAN LISTENERS:

THE MOST recent speech of the German head of state in the Berlin Sportspalast has made a particularly unpleasant impression in America — not so much by its content, which was of the utmost meagreness and only proved the inability of this defective brain to make any useful contribution to the solution of the burning questions of our time, but rather by its hilarity, the unhealthy merriment which spoke from it, and which was probably the principal reason why, also in England, this speech was regarded as "paranoiac," as insane. "Hitler made frequent jokes," wrote the American press. "There were more outbursts of laughter than are usually heard when he delivers a speech." Of what nature were these drolleries? "An English statesman has figured out," said the conqueror, "that I have made seven mistakes in the year 1940. I have made 724 mistakes, but my enemies have

made 4,385,000 mistakes." — Remarkable. The centuries will bequeath from one to the other this humoristic preciosity, together with the others which unleashed the roars of joy of the myrmidons assembled in the Sportspalast — provided only that the human sense of shame does not prevent that. Is there not really something unbearably offensive to the sense of shame, something idiotic and obscene, in being so hilarious in the face of present world conditions, for which Herr Hitler may rightfully feel responsible? Indeed, it is exactly the right moment to make poor jokes! Misery and distress, man-hunt, homelessness, despair and suicide, blood and tears fill the earth. Nations of proud history to whom humanity owes much that is great and who lived in prosperity lie broken, raped, and pillaged. Others lead a life and death struggle to stave off this fate. Others again are forced to sacrifice their liberties to liberty, and to summon all their resources in order to prepare for the same struggle. The German nation itself, which has lived in a condition of war, and worse than that, for eight years, stands in the centre of a disintegrated continent which is threatened with famine and pestilence, and with secret horror it looks toward a future which promises only war, one war after another, endless war, endless privation of happiness, and at the same time the ha-

tred and the curse of the world. Its leader, however, plays the buffoon.

That was one reason why the speech made such a revolting impression here. Another reason for unpleasant reaction, for a long time, has been the childish absorption of this man in himself, which makes him say "I," and again "I," with total unconcern for the question of whether this emphasis on the first person is not, just in the case of *his person*, equal to an unbearable æsthetic and moral lack of tact and taste. For it is intolerable when someone, in whose skin nobody would like to be, constantly says "I." Herr Hitler looks upon that piece of world history which he has brought about when, by his alliances with Russia and Japan, he exposed the two basic principles of his political religion, anti-bolshevism and the race idea, as mere means to cheat the world — he evidently looks upon this history from a highly personal angle, the angle of his biography, a swindler's career, which seems to him like a hero's life and whose adventurousness has bewitched his weak head. If he would only let himself be convinced that Hitler the individual, with his fathomless mendacity, his shabby cruelty and vindictiveness, his incessant shouts of hatred, his degradation of the German language, his inferior fanaticism, his cowardly asceticism and paltry unnature, his whole defective being, which

is void of the slightest trace of magnanimity or higher life, that this individual is the most disgusting figure upon whom history ever cast its light. At best he is a tool in the service of the dynamism of history for the attainment of purposes and goals which lie wholly outside of his dull consciousness. Once they are accomplished, the tool which was useful only for destruction will quickly be discarded and forgotten. But the day of his fall, the day when this voice of a vicious cur will not resound around the globe any more, when this hysteric's claw, clenched into a fist, will no longer pound the world map, will be the day of deepest relief and delivery for millions and millions. Everywhere the people will sink into one another's arms with tears of joy and celebrate with ringing glasses the liberation from this plague, from oppression by this infernal rogue. A man in such a predicament, born so exclusively to his own and all the world's misfortune, should, if he cannot help *existing*, at least not *talk* about himself.

Herr Hitler, in the course of his cheerful address, provoked an ovation for himself by saying that " some gentlemen " should come and try to separate the German people from him, their leader. He who would try that would be ignorant of the German people. Well, the character of the German people is universally

known, and Herr Hitler tells us nothing new when he says that such an attempt is useless from the start. The German people are without the political alertness and criticism of the Italians, who show an unmistakable disinclination to fight for their Duce, because they believe that scoundrelism may well be acceptable, but that one must not be a blockhead on top of it. The German people will continue to march disciplined and faithfully for a considerable time — namely, as long as they believe what they are told, that they are to be annihilated if they fail to win Hitler's war. As soon as they recognize this as a gross lie, as soon as they understand that Hitler and his gang are the only obstacle to a just peace and a happier order of peoples, ready to include them, they will, without any further persuasion, send Hitler where he belongs.

VII

May 1941

GERMAN LISTENERS:

NATURALLY I am well aware of the fact that it is difficult to talk to you today. Reports of victories rain down on you, just as the incendiary bombs of the torturers who govern you rain on London, and put your minds — at least those of the weak, dumb, and brutal — in a state of flaming enthusiasm impervious to all warnings. Pictures dance before your drunken eyes which are a dread and horror to all who have retained some sense of human honour: the idiotic and revolting picture of the swastika flag waving from Mount Olympus. Soon it will also wave from the Acropolis — it is inevitable. Prudently, you were told that this time the terrain was not favourable to the great invention of the Blitzkrieg; that quick decisions similar to those in the west could not be expected. Superfluous caution indeed! Things go even faster than you were given to hope, and faster than some

among you feared. The German war machine, a technical monster, works with overwhelming speed and precision. All heroic courage is helpless against it; mercilessly, in mechanical triumph, it stamps down the faith, the confidence in justice, the freedom of — I don't know how many nations.

Are your chests swelling with pride? Pride of what? *One* Greek stands against six or seven of you. That he dares it, that he protects the narrow path of liberty with his body, that is astonishing — not that you triumph. Are you quite at ease in the role into which the play of history drives you, when now the symbol of Thermopylæ repeats itself on the very spot? It is again the Greeks — and who are you?

Your tyrants have drummed into you that liberty is obsolete rubbish. Believe me, liberty is still — it will be eternally, regardless of all jabbering by pseudo-philosophers — what it was two thousand and some years ago: the light and the soul of the Occident; and the love, the glory of history will belong to those who died for it, not to those who ground it into the earth with tanks.

You renounce love and glory as long as you have the success which compensates you for everything? May at least the better ones among you remember that there is a false and hollow, futile and ruinous success, as

compared to the true and genuine success which is won in the service to humanity, and which humanity recognizes. You believe too much in stark and bare success, in force, in war. When a nation like the Germans forgoes every thought except that of war and its preparation for seven years; when it jettisons everything that might stand in the way of this thought, liberty, truth, humanity, enjoyment of life; when it establishes the total war state and concentrates all its faculties on this one point, to prepare morally and physically for war — when all this is done in a world which is not willing to make war, which abhors war, has ceased to believe in it, and has arrived at a point of civilization where it wants peace, how could the war which you finally forced to break out fail to produce results which seem like great history and the conquest of the world? This is no magic; it is not surprising, let alone admirable. It is inevitable. And still it is bare of all validity and nothing but bloody display.

I tell you at the moment of your greatest — or perhaps not yet greatest — exuberance, that it will not be accepted, not permitted. Do not believe that you only have to establish iron facts before which humanity will bow in due time. It will not bow before them, because it cannot bow before them. However scornful, bitter, and doubtful one's thoughts may be about humanity,

there is, underneath all wretchedness, a divine spark in it, undeniable and inextinguishable, the spark of the spirit and the good. Mankind cannot accept the ultimate triumph of evil, untruth, and violence — it simply cannot live with them. The world resulting from a Hitler victory would be not only a world of universal slavery, but also a world of absolute cynicism, a world which would find it totally impossible to believe in the higher and better in man any longer, a world which would belong completely to evil and be subject to evil. There is no such thing; it will not be tolerated. The revolt of humanity against a Hitler world filled with the utmost despair of spirit and good — this revolt is the most certain of all certainties; it will be an elementary revolt before which the " iron facts " will crumble like plaster.

The desperate revolt of humanity against Germany — must it come to that? German nation, how much more must you fear the victory of your leaders than their defeat!

VIII

June 1941

GERMAN LISTENERS:

YOUR press informs you in a rather peculiar fashion about the events which concern you most. The closing of the American consulates in Germany was reported to the German public with the comment that no act of retaliation against the freezing of German credits in America was intended, but that the measure had to be taken because the American consuls had committed espionage in favour of England. What was carefully kept from you was that before this, and spontaneously, the Government of the United States had closed the German consulates and ordered the deportation of their staffs — first because these agencies were indeed nothing but nests of espionage and sabotage, and second because the American people, through their Government, desire to make their position toward the present German regime clearer and clearer. The guardians of public sentiment in Ger-

many were eager to reverse the sequence. When you heard of the American action against the German consulates you were supposed to think that it was mere repartee. It is the other way round, and I considered it worth while to tell you about it.

I considered it worth while because every day you are misinformed about the deep and practically unanimous horror which the people of America feel for the character and the deeds of your present rulers, and you are misled about the fact that the United States has long been at war with Germany morally, and by this time even *de facto*. Since simple-minded Mr. Lindbergh happens to be the best-known American in Germany, excerpts of his speeches advocating a negotiated peace with Hitler are presented to you as the voice of America. They are not America's voice. In the American democracy speech is free and the courage to be in the opposition is respected. If the Colonel appeaser distributes 17,000 free tickets, he has 20,000 applauding listeners — that is not so enormous, considering the dimensions of this country, and neither the speech nor the thunderous applause means much. The true voice of America is that of President Roosevelt, whose re-election by the American people to the helm of this country was probably the decisive event of this war.

I am certain that the message has been withheld from you which, after the ruthless sinking of the *Robin Moor*, he sent to Congress, and then, instead of any diplomatic note, to the German Government. Like Churchill's last speech, which differed very little from it in tone, it probably was presented to you as the utterance of a madman — and yet it is humanity which speaks from it.

The President said literally: "The total disregard shown for the most elementary principles of international law and of humanity brands the sinking of the *Robin Moor* as an act of an international outlaw. . . . Our Government believes that freedom from cruelty and inhuman treatment is a natural right. It is not a grace to be given or withheld at the will of those temporarily in a position to exert force over defenseless people. . . . The present leaders of the German Reich have not hesitated to engage in acts of cruelty and many other forms of terror against the innocent and the helpless in other countries. . . . This Government can only assume that the Government of the German Reich hopes through the commission of such infamous acts of cruelty to helpless and innocent men, women and children to intimidate the United States and other nations into a course of non-resistance to German plans for universal conquest — a conquest based upon law-

lessness and terror on land and piracy on the seas. . . . The Government of the German Reich may, however, be assured that the United States will neither be intimidated nor will it acquiesce in the plans for world domination which the present leaders of Germany may have."

Thus President Roosevelt. Meanwhile Hitler has declared war on Russia so that, significantly, Germany now has all three great powers outside herself as enemies: namely, England, Russia, and America. Well then, a new series of motorized atrocities is imminent. They may accelerate fate in a happy sense; unfortunately it is more likely that they will infinitely prolong the war and retard the establishment of a human order on earth for many years. This may not be just what the German people hope for. The man, however, who is covered with blood and crime and who is the only incarnation on earth of bolshevism in the most obscene sense of the word, presents himself anew to the world as St. George piercing the dragon and as the champion of Occidental civilization. I know the face which the world makes at that. I should like to see yours, German listeners!

IX

July 1941

GERMAN LISTENERS:

THE TREATY between England and the Russian people cannot have failed to make an impression on you, especially the provision that neither of the two countries will make peace without the other. In league with them is the United States. It, too, regards Russia as its ally, and it, too, has unmistakably and definitely declared that it will never acquiesce in the kind of peace which Hitler wants. The horror-man knows today that his attempt to win the world over to his kind of " order " by playing the saviour of civilization from bolshevism has failed pitifully. Not even a dog continues to trust him in this role — with the exception of a few dogs and Quislings in Europe whose business it is to trust him. Certainly he is not a saviour — in no connection. He is the enemy of humanity, he only; and from *him* the world must be saved. The German people must know, and it cannot be repeated to

them often enough, that they can never obtain peace and quiet under their present regime. This war will continue, year after year, until this man Hitler, with his execrable surroundings and his whole system, has been eradicated from the surface of the earth. That is the way it is. It cannot be otherwise. No peace is possible with this crook, who has proved again and again that he is totally unfit as a contractual partner, and who is so stupid that he knows nothing of loyalty and faith, of right and kindness, but only understands violence and untruth; the world cannot live with him, and he cannot live with the world. Can you visualize this evil and peaceless fool some day ruling, as a transfigured Prince of Peace and millennial Saviour, over a world pacified by his victorious sword and formed according to his wrong ideas? That is plain nonsense, Germans. It cannot be. Consider that the vast majority of humanity is definitely opposed to the aims of Hitler and his satellites, the aims of the so-called Axis powers. Add up the peoples of Russia and China, of the British Empire and America — that *is* almost the whole of humanity! How can this giant weight fail to make the scale sink sooner or later, which in addition is weighed down by the secret hopes and wishes of all subjugated, pillaged, mistreated peoples of Europe!

I realize that after these eight stupefying years you

are hardly able to visualize Germany without National Socialism. But do you find it easier to imagine its perpetuation by the final victory which Hitler wants you to believe in? After all, is that something fit for eternity, this immeasurably corrupt, hopelessly lawless, pathologically ruthless regime under which you live and fight? Think of its origins, of the means which it employed in the struggle for power, the sadism with which it exerted that power, the moral disintegration which it spread, the crimes which it committed, first in Germany and later in every corner where its war machine carried it! Look at the collection of its representatives, these Ribbentrops, Himmlers, Streichers, Leys, this Goebbels, the loud-mouthed liar, the Führer himself with his evil inspirations and his fat, pompous Great-Arch- and Reichs-Marshal of the Greater German Great-space Reich! What a menagerie! And *that* is supposed to win, to stay, to last, to enslave the earth? *That* is supposed to be the answer to the problems of our time — indeed, to the question of man himself, to the problem of humanity, and to determine life on earth for a thousand years? Who can believe it? All this bears the unmistakable mark of the eerie and eccentric interlude, of a thoroughly unhealthy, abnormal, and fantastic event, of the depraved adventure and evil dream — of a dream from which, thank God,

there will be an awakening, and must be an awakening if Germany is ever again to find a normal and undistorted relationship with the world, with humanity.

"Germany, awake!" With this slogan you were once lured into the pernicious and stupefying dream of National Socialism. He means well by you who calls to you today: "Awake, Germans! Awake to reality, to healthy reason, to yourself, to the world of freedom and justice which awaits you!"

X

[SPECIAL MESSAGE]

August 1941

GERMAN LISTENERS:

THE GREATEST moral blessing that can be bestowed upon the German people is to count them among the subjugated nations. For what verdict could there be about Germany, and what hopes could be pinned on Germany for the future, if the gruesome acts which it commits under its present regime were committed voluntarily and with full consciousness? You who are listening to the voice of freedom which comes from without evidently consider yourselves members of a subjugated nation, and the fact alone that you are listening is in itself an act of mental resistance to the Hitler terror and of mental sabotage of the bloody and limitless adventure into which he has plunged you Germans. In Russia Germany's youth bleeds to death by the millions; your rulers admit that even this campaign will last into the winter, and meanwhile the almost inexhaustible powers of the opposite side are growing in a world which wanted peace, only thought of peace, and at first stood helpless in the face of the

German war machine built up in seven years. Germany will meet horrible tribulations if the war continues another year, another two years, and it will continue, for you yourselves can hardly believe any longer that you will defeat the majority of humanity, which is opposed to Hitler's plans. Germans, do not let it come to the utmost! You yourselves should shake off the vile, unspeakably degrading rule into whose clutches you have fallen by a dark destiny; you should prove what the world still forces itself to believe, that National Socialism and Germany are not one and the same. If you go on with Hitler through thick and thin until the end, a revenge will come, frightening for all those who mean well by Germany.

Look how the suppressed nations of Europe resist the same enemy who also suppressed you! Do you want to be lesser, weaker, more cowardly than the others? Consider that the tools to enslave the world are the work of your hands, and that Hitler cannot continue his war without your help. Deny him your hands and stop helping! For the future it will make an enormous difference whether you Germans efface the man of horror, this Hitler, or whether it has to be done from the outside. Only if you liberate yourselves will you have a claim to participate in the coming free and just order of peoples.

XI

August 1941

GERMAN LISTENERS:

THERE is much dispute in the world as to whether a difference can really be made between the German people and the forces which dominate them today, and whether Germany is at all capable of integrating itself honestly into the new, socially improved order of nations, based upon peace and justice, which must emanate from this war. Whenever I am asked these questions, I make the following reply:

I admit that what is called National Socialism has long roots in German life. It is the virulent perversion of ideas which always harboured the germ of corruption, but which were by no means foreign to the good old Germany of culture and education. There these ideas lived in grand style; they were called "romanticism" and held much fascination for the world. One may well say that they have gone to the dogs and were destined to go to the dogs, as they were destined to go

to Hitler. Combined with Germany's outstanding adaptation to the technical age, they constitute an explosive mixture today which threatens the whole of civilization. Indeed, the history of the German nationalism and racism which ended in National Socialism is a long, ugly history; it goes far back. It is interesting at first, but later becomes more and more vulgar and abominable. However, to confuse this history with the history of the German genius itself, and to consider them as one and the same, is crass pessimism and would be an error which might endanger the peace. I am, I tell my friends, well-meaning and patriotic enough to believe that the Germany which they love, the Germany of Dürer and Bach and Goethe and Beethoven, will have the longer historical breath. The other Germany will soon be out of breath: its present puffing and fuming must not be mistaken for an enormous breathing-power. It has lived itself out, or is about to live itself out, to live itself, literally, to the death in the "Third Reich," which, as a refutation of an idea by its realization, represents something unsurpassable and thoroughly fatal. Just upon this all hope is based. It is based upon the fact that National Socialism, this political realization of ideas which for at least a century and a half have been brewing in the German people and their intelligentsia, is something extreme and,

physically as well as morally, totally extravagant, an experiment of the utmost possible immorality and brutality, which cannot be exceeded or repeated. The jettisoning of all humanity, the running amuck against everything that binds and civilizes men, the desperate rape of all values and spiritual goods which at other times were cherished by the Germans too, and not last by them, the erection of the total war state in the service of race myth and world conquest — one cannot do more, cannot go further. If the experiment miscarries, and it will miscarry, German nationalism, which is the most dangerous there ever was, because it is mechanized mysticism, will have burned itself out and Germany will be forced or, rather, it will be permitted to exert itself in an altogether different direction. The world needs Germany, but Germany, in turn, needs the world, and as it cannot Germanize the world, it will have to assimilate itself to it, just as all higher and better Germany always did with love and sympathy. It will see the necessity for pulling back into the light traditions which are today trampled in the mud, but which are no less national than those whose perniciousness has become so patent. They will make it very easy for Germany to unite with a world in which freedom and justice are realized as far as it is possible for man to realize them at this hour of his existence.

That is one thing. The other is that Germany will never have been happier than as a member of a united world pacified in freedom and depoliticized by the evaporation of national sovereignties; in fact, the Germans feel this even today. Germany is actually made for such a world, for if ever power politics were a curse and distortion of nature for a people, they were so for the essentially unpolitical German people. A malicious Frenchman has said that if a German wants to be graceful he jumps out of the window. That's what he does, indeed, and in fact with still wilder determination when he wants to be political. Power politics means for the German *dehumanization:* Hitlerism, this ghastly jump through the window, proves it. It is the convulsive overcompensation for a lack, to be proud of which the German was never proud enough.

For no people will the end of power politics be such a relief, such a promotion of their best, strongest, and noblest qualities, as for the German people; and just in that kind of world which now, with deluded exertion, it tries to keep unborn, these great qualities will be able to develop happily.

XII

September 1941

GERMAN LISTENERS:

In his wonderful *History of the Thirty Years' War* Schiller relates how the enemies of the chivalrous Gustavus Adolphus purposely spread the most terrible rumours about the cruelty of his warfare, which could not be refuted even by the shining examples of humanity which the King set. "One was afraid," says Schiller, "of suffering by another hand what one was aware of doing oneself in similar cases." — Is this not the exact definition of the reason why the German people believe that they must fight this shoreless and unwinnable war to the utmost, bear untold misery, and follow their desperate leaders on and on toward God knows what end? The German people fear that if they abandon their war-lords, they will suffer what they know the victorious Nazis would inflict upon others: annihilation. The Goebbels propaganda shouts it daily into their ears: You must win or you

will be annihilated! You have only the choice between an all-embracing victory and extinction!

But first of all, you Germans should realize that any leadership which brings its people to the abyss of this alternative — that it must either conquer the world or perish — is a leadership of infamous adventurers. And second, the idea of extinguishing peoples and exterminating races is a *Nazi* idea — it is not at home in the minds of the democracies. What should and must be destroyed in order to save humanity from the most heinous slavery which has ever defiled the face of the earth, that is the Nazi regime, that is Hitler and his accomplices, but not the German nation. It is sheer nonsense to expect intentions of annihilation of any kind, economic, political, or even directly physical, against the German people from England, where in the middle of this war the perhaps most significant social revolution of its history is taking place, or from an America under the leadership of Franklin Roosevelt. These nations and their statesmen know that the world is going through a crisis, which is abused by Hitler for an anachronistic expedition of conquest and enslavement, but which in reality is destined to lead mankind to a higher level of its social maturity and majority. They want nothing more than to win Germany, which is indispensable to an order of peoples perfected in freedom,

for just this new order born of the spirit of rejuvenated democracy. Also, the principal significance of the Atlantic meeting between Roosevelt and Churchill is that America assumes *co-responsibility* for the coming peace — and who can believe that a peace concluded in Washington could, in any respect, resemble the one which the Nazis would dictate.

What *they* have always loved, of course, is to bring about " accomplished facts." And annihilation remains for ever the most accomplished fact. Hitler's infamous super-chief of police, Himmler, has openly declared that he will physically *exterminate* the Czech nation in its entirety if it does not unresistingly submit to the yoke of the master race; and all that happens in the subjugated territories, in these hellish Government Generals and Protectorates, aims with thorough premeditation at the biological and moral reduction, the spiritual — and by no means always only spiritual — castration of the peoples. The Nazis know full well why they concede, at the most, an elementary education to their victims, and take the first opportunity everywhere to close the universities. Higher institutions of learning and research are breeding-places of human pride and the sense of liberty; they produce men who might become leaders of their nations against the oppressors. The master policy of the Nazis, a pol-

icy of unparalleled infamy, cannot tolerate them. We have the answer of these gentlemen to the Czechs' request for permission to reopen the university in Prague: "If we lose the war," it read, "you will reopen your university. If we win, you won't need any university." You won't need any — that means: you will for ever be a dull, ignorant, intellectually and morally emasculated herd of slaves who are not even *aware* of their lot, but vegetate in miserable contentment. That is what the master race has in mind for the serving peoples of the New Order; for no trace of sympathy, of respect for other people's lives, other people's honour, no trace of human and brotherly feeling lives in those ignominious brains which have been given so much power to do evil by an ill fate that must be turned, and will be turned.

I do not talk about the "accomplished facts" which they have created in regard to Poles and Jews. They belong to those reasons for which it will indeed be no pleasure, after this war, to be a German. But I cannot get over an utterance from official Nazi quarters which was aimed at France. "Paris," it said, "will be transformed by us into the Luna Park, France in general into the brothel and the vegetable garden of Germanic Europe." Can there be more shameless brutality? It is true, in 1940 France was in bad moral shape.

Its middle class was infested with fascism, its generals and a part of its statesmen were enemies of the people, and traitors; the Third Republic was corrupt and ready to fall — the victory over it was cheap. But the idiotic conceit — to deal with a nation of the historical dignity of France as is done in that announcement, and as will really be done if Hitler wins — this illiterate conceit, bare of all conception of what *France* is and remains despite all — such blasphemy must find its punishment. The genius of Europe will prevent a New Order which is founded on such baseness.

At times Hitler has been compared with Napoleon — a comparison which in my eyes is in bad taste, for the great Corsican was a demigod compared to the bloody hypocrite whom you Germans have considered a great man for a while, and the universal domination with which the son of the Revolution threatened the world in his time was harmless — indeed, it would have been a tyrannical blessing — compared to the filthy terror which Hitler would establish. But listen to the verses from "The Awakening of Epimenides," in which Goethe, after the fall of Napoleon, condemned the Hitler adventure in advance:

Woe unto him who, insolent
And heeding ill advice,

That what the Corsican once did
Now as a German tries.
May he feel soon, may he feel late,
Be it eternal right:
He and his kind 'spite force and pain
Should end in bitter plight!

XIII

October 1941

GERMAN LISTENERS:

THE NEW ORDER in Europe is soaked in blood. I cannot describe to you the disgust which the slaughter of hostages ordered by General Stuelpnagel has aroused in this country. Naturally, it is a stupid lie that the murderers of the German officers of occupation in France have been incited to their acts of desperation by Russia and England. That is about as true as it is to say that only Jews and Communists resist the so-called co-operation with the German oppressors. The French people are beginning to understand how they have been betrayed and cheated and to what kind of enemy they have been surrendered. The assassins are neither Communists nor Jews, nor have they been hired by England or Russia; they are simply young, hot-blooded patriots who cannot endure any longer the sight of the ghastly humiliation and exploitation of their country, of the systematic race-murder which

Hitler commits in France, and who resort to crime in order to give a signal to the world that France's soul is alive, even though this life consists only in rage and helpless desperation. They have far more reason for their blind deeds than that man Schlageter had, at the time, for the murderous sabotage act which made him a national hero. Schlageter was a hero and martyr; the French assassins, however, are cowardly, hired murderers. That is the logic of German nationalism — a dishonourable logic, bare of all fairness. According to it, one hundred, two hundred Frenchmen must pay with their blood for *one* German life: so much more noble and precious than the blood of other peoples is German master blood. And on this ridiculous megalomania, this godless presumption, a New Order is to be based!

The President of the United States has given expression to the general feeling by saying that the German murders of French hostages are acts of men who know deep down in their hearts that they cannot win. In fact the whole Nazi war bears this mark of hopelessness. Violence always contains an element of desperation; it is indeed the dominant element in it, and even the career of a Napoleon was fundamentally *one* long struggle of despair, the outcome of which was certain from the beginning to all who knew, and secretly even

to himself. Is there any one of you who believes that the destiny of the wretched creature which calls itself the Leader of Germany will be different from that of all other men of violence in history? His victories, those mechanical, still-born victories without any lustre or glory — they make no heart beat higher, nobody respects them or believes in them, the German nation itself looks upon them without pride, without enthusiasm, only with horror because of the rivers of blood which those victories now cost in Russia, and with dazed apprehension which is only too justified, for they will lead to nothing but ruin and misery. The Nazis and the greying cadets who serve them as generals believe that the world will finally listen to reason and bow to the inevitable; that means: to their domination. That is a fallacy. There are things which must be avoided, and which humanity will know how to avoid no matter how great the number of victories with which they try to prove their inevitableness. Hitler's triumph will be avoided, I guarantee that to you. He is doomed; he doesn't know it yet, but perhaps his misconstructed brain has occasional forebodings of it. Let him conquer Moscow, the Caucasus, let him create as many so-called accomplished facts as he wants to — these facts are void, they will not be recognized, will not be accepted, and the war will continue, nobody can tell for

how many years; but it is certain that no peace will be concluded with the Nazi regime, that Germany will get no peace as long as it follows Hitler. Peace will be concluded with Germany — with a Germany whose people and Government are willing to join a humanly possible, humanly acceptable world order with equal rights and equal duties for all.

XIV

November 1941

GERMAN LISTENERS:

IF I had the good fortune, in the course of my long life, to contribute my share to the cultural prestige of Germany, I am grateful for that, but I have no right to boast about it, for Providence, and not my intention, was responsible for it. No artist does his work in order to augment the glory of his country and his people. The source of productivity is the individual conscience, and while the sympathy which the product arouses may benefit the nation upon whose language and tradition it is based, this benefit is mostly accidental, and I am therefore not entitled to your gratitude. You Germans would not be allowed to show gratitude for my work even if you wanted to. So be it! It was not done for your sake, but out of innermost necessity. However, there is something which I have done for your sake, out of my social, not my private conscience, and my conviction grows daily that the time will come,

and is already approaching, when you will be grateful for it and appreciate it more than my story-books: it is that I warned you, when there was still time, to beware of the vile powers in whose yoke you are helplessly harnessed today, and which lead you to unimaginable ruin by a thousand misdeeds. I knew these powers; I realized that nothing but catastrophe and misery for Germany and for Europe could emanate from their indescribably vicious nature, while the majority of you, victims of a delusion which already must be incomprehensible to you, expected from them order, beauty, and national honour. Must one not think of Goethe's words about the " devoted German nation, which only feels truly exalted when it has gambled away all that is dignified "? I, too, knew you, my good Germans, and your fallibility concerning your understanding of true honour and dignity. Therefore, in spite of my nature, I entered the political arena in October 1930 and in the Berlin Beethovensaal made the speech, in the face of raucous interruptions by Nazi rogues, which some of you may still remember. I called it " An Appeal to Reason," though it was an appeal to all better Germany; and this speech gives deeper peace to my conscience today, futile as it was, than everything which I have accomplished in my happier efforts as an artist.

With my weak powers I tried to prevent what had to come and what has now been a reality for years: the war, the guilt for which your mendacious leaders place on Jews and Englishmen and Freemasons and God knows whom, while the war was a certainty for everyone who could see, from the moment those leaders came to power and began to build the machine with which they intended to crush freedom and justice. And what sort of war is it in whose fetters you writhe — an unlimited, devastating, hopeless adventure, a swamp of blood and crime in which Germany is about to drown? What does it look like in your country? Do you think that we, out here, do not know it as well as you do? Brutalization and misery are spreading. Without scruples, your male youth down to those eighteen and sixteen years of age is being sacrificed to the Moloch of war, hundreds of thousands of them, millions of them — there is no home in Germany which does not mourn a husband, son, or brother. The decay begins. In Russia there is lack of doctors, nurses, medicines. In German hospitals the seriously wounded are put to death together with the aged, infirm, and mentally deranged — two thousand out of three thousand in a single institution, as a German doctor told us. This is done by the same regime which screams protest when Roosevelt accuses it of the intention to destroy Christianity

and all religion, and which pretends to lead a crusade of Christian civilization against bolshevism, although in itself it is only an incomparably more vulgar variety of bolshevism. The Christian counterparts to those mass executions with poison gas are the "mating days" when soldiers on furlough are commanded to mate, like animals, with B.D.M. girls (*Bund Deutscher Mädchen*), in order to breed state bastards for the next war. Can a people, can any youth, sink any lower? Atrocity and blasphemy of humanity wherever you look. Once, in days past, a Herder lovingly collected the folk-songs of nations. That was Germany in its decency and greatness. Today it understands nothing but murder of peoples and races, moronic annihilation. Three hundred thousand Serbs have been assassinated by you Germans, not *during* the war, by any means, but *after* the war with that country, upon orders of those nefarious scoundrels who rule you. You know the unspeakable crimes which have been and are being committed in Russia, against the Poles and the Jews, but you prefer not to know them because of your justified horror of the equally unspeakable, the gigantic hatred which some day must engulf you when the strength of your men and machines gives out. Indeed, horror of that day is well justified, and your leaders take advantage of it. They who have seduced you into

committing all these crimes tell you: now you have committed them, now you are inextricably chained to us, now you must go on to the end; otherwise hell will come over you. Hell, Germans, came over you when those leaders came over you. To hell with them and all their accomplices! Then you can still obtain salvation, peace, and liberty.

XV

[SPECIAL MESSAGE]

December 24, 1941

IT is Christmas again, German listeners, war Christmas again, for the third but not the last time — alas, it is far from the last time. Your rulers now consider it best, after all, to make the admission at least that you are facing a long and hard war, with a blood-soaked Christmas year after year. The world situation, they say, makes this unavoidable — the world situation which they created. For once you may believe what they say, and what they do not say you can guess: that there will be no victorious peace (*Siegfriede*) at the end of your war, for Germany's victory would be no peace, and mankind must and will thwart the peace which your leaders are planning.

War Christmas again, one of many — sad to observe. Do you not wish that there would no longer be a Christmas, and that you would not have to prepare for it sparsely, not give presents to one another which only reflect the decline of living-conditions — to say

nothing of the state of mind in which you give and receive them? How do you feel, Germans, on the eve of the festival of peace, the festival of the birth of Light, the festival of the descended mercifulness born to man? Is my guess right that shame and infinite longing fill you tonight, longing for innocence, for a way out of the enmeshment in insane guilt in which you are writhing; that shame, burning shame fills you in the face of the loving spirit of this festival? Look around you; what have you done? In Greece two hundred human beings starve to death every day — that is only one example of the indescribable misery, the death of peoples, the rape of human beings, the agonies of bodies and souls all around you, which your seductible nature, your terrible obedience have caused. What will become of Europe, what of yourselves, in the course of the "long and hard" war which is announced to you with false candour? It would be good, Germans, if despair began to creep into your souls, it would be the beginning of good. Desperation is better than cowardly boasting. From despair, if it is only deep enough, comes the elevation, the new hope, the rebirth of light. Look, the Christmas star, toward which mankind is wandering, burns and shines even through the thick bloody fog of this time. It is the star of peace, of brotherliness, and of right.

XVI

December 1941

GERMAN LISTENERS:

How did you like the Order of the Day with which Leader Hitler discharged his generals who were defeated in Russia and, directed by "voices" which he hears, appointed himself Commander-in-Chief in all theatres of the German war of world conquest? We here have read the document with the same mixture of disgust, horror, and ridicule which all expressions in word or deed of this miscarried individual bring forth. Fear, braggartry, larmoyant self-glorification, the ordinary excess of lies, the threat of new sacrifice, new weapons, new carnage, importunate begging to "his" soldiers for whom he will do anything conceivable, and who are called on to give their all for him — for *him*, mark this! — all this whines and roars forth from the decree in the voice which we know, and which has become so horribly known to the world, the voice of a raging dog.

In between he talks French — as the conqueror of Gaul he probably feels obliged to do so, even though it still goes a bit amiss. The "*raison d'être*" demanded, he said, that all commanding power be concentrated in one hand. And by "*raison d'être*" he evidently means the German people's right to live, its *liberty;* for by "liberty" he means the most dishonourable slavery as a means to plunge the whole world into dishonourable slavery.

Deranged by crime and brought to Berchtesgaden for a rest, the monster soon regained, in the strengthening mountain air, the belief in his mission; rapidly his insanity was restored. In every line the document speaks of intuitions, inner voices, inward callings; his psychiatrists have not been able to prevent that. Not since Joan of Arc has there been anything so romantic — only with *her*, not with Napoleon, Cæsar, Frederick, can this mystical hero be compared, though the comparison is an insult to that decent girl.

Above all he wants to make himself and his poor soldiers believe that he always knew what would come. He claims to have foreseen the desperate position into which he has brought Germany, the global war which he set off when he began to prepare the defence of Germany — "defence" is what he calls it! The blind adventurer who is forced by his ill-starred destiny into

one unforeseen misdeed after another claims to have known at the outset of his criminal career that some day the three greatest powers on earth, England, Russia, and the United States, would be engaged in warfare against him and his foul regime. There a wretch pronounces himself more guilty than he is — and then he reassures himself by mentioning Japan, the agile brother-in-arms whom he may soon declare Northern Aryan, and who, he claims, has given a new and favourable course to his war by the successful surprise attack on America's Pacific outpost.

Thus he speaks to his soldiers. Yet what his Joan of Arc voices should tell him is that America's unconcern was the unconcern of an enormous feeling of strength, and that it was probably quite unwise of the yellow companion-in-arms to awaken the lion so rudely. That lion has barely lifted his slumbering paw and in due time he will learn to understand total war, which until now he has not understood. In the coming years, before doom will engulf Führer Hitler's head, we will often hear the shout, louder and louder, with which even now he tries to justify himself: "I never wanted anything but Germany's greatness!" And whom does he finally call as protector and witness in his edict? God the Almighty. This most godless of all creatures, who has no other relationship to God

the Lord than to be a scourge of God, has the effrontery to call on the name of Him to whom millions of his tortured victims are crying. Leave us that name, scoundrel, so that we can speak from the bottom of our hearts: God in heaven, destroy him!

XVII

January 1942

GERMAN LISTENERS:

THE NEWS sounds incredible, but my source is good. As I have been informed, many Dutch-Jewish families in Amsterdam and other cities are deeply mourning their sons who have died a horrible death. Four hundred young Dutch Jews have been brought to Germany to serve as objects for experimentation with poison gas. The effectiveness of this chivalrous and thoroughly German means of warfare, a true Siegfried weapon, was proved successful on the young "subhuman creatures (*Untermenschen*)." They are dead; they have died for the New Order and the martial ingeniousness of the master race. Just for that they were, at best, good enough. After all, they were Jews.

I said the story sounds incredible, and everywhere in the world many will refuse to believe it. Even today there are still strong traces everywhere of that in-

credulity which has caused such bitter suffering to us refugees from Germany for all these years: that unwillingness to believe in the true nature of National Socialism, to consider it *humanly possible;* the inclination, not to say the tendency, to consider such stories as atrocity tales remains widespread, to the advantage of the enemy. But they are not simply stories: they are *history*. The Nazis are consciously making history with all their acts, and the experimental gassing of the four hundred Jews is a conscious and demonstrative act of history, an instructive and exemplary expression of the spirit and the creed of the National Socialist revolution, which nobody understands who does not consider the moral readiness for such acts as a revolutionary attainment.

The relapse into this readiness — a relapse of thousands of years — is what the National Socialist revolution consists in; nothing else ever has been or will be produced by it. One must not forget that at the inception of this war, which did not begin in 1939, but in 1933, the abolition of the rights of man took place. "The rights of man are abolished," Goebbels declared then, in the Berlin Sportspalast, and ten thousand poor stupid devils roared with pitiful, absurd applause. It was a historical proclamation, the principal basis for all that Nazi Germany today inflicts

upon peoples, including its own: the establishment of a revolutionary attainment, which mean the *abolition* of all moral attainments of humanity for thousands of years — not only the attainments of the French Revolution, but also the mitigating, civilizing effects of Christianity, which sharpened the human conscience. The content, the new doctrine and deed, the theory and practice of the National Socialist revolution are bestialism, nothing else; and its product is the Europe of today: a half-exterminated region of hunger and disease which, if the Hitler war continues for a few more years, will be nothing but a feeding-ground for the wolves.

It is terribly difficult and a matter of constant perplexed concern to imagine the life of the German people with the other peoples after this war. There have always been wars, and the nations which fought them have always done much harm to one another. Thanks to the short memory of man, that was mostly buried and forgotten very quickly. This time it is different. What Germany is doing, what misery, sorrow, despair, death, moral and physical destruction it inflicts upon humanity by practising the revolutionary philosophy of bestialism, is on such a scale, so atrocious, so hopelessly unforgettable, that one cannot conceive how our people will be able to live in the future among the

brother peoples of the earth as an equal among equals. The longer the war lasts, the more desperately this nation entangles itself in guilt, and it still continues today for the single reason that it appears to you, Germans, as though it was too late to stop; because you feel that too much has happened for you to turn back, because horror grips you at the thought of liquidation, settlement, atonement. You think that you must win so that the revolution of bestialism will extend over the whole earth, and that under its auspices a sinister agreement between you and the rest of the world would be possible. But that cannot happen. You see with your own eyes that the world is determined to do its utmost to stave off the fate of meeting you on the basis of bestialism, and the power of your despair is not equal to the will of three quarters of humanity.

You must not *win*, for you cannot win. You must purify yourselves. The atonement which you fight to prevent must be your very own work, the work of the German people, of whom your army, which will soon be exhausted and disintegrated, is a part. It must come from within, for from without only revenge and punishment can come, not purification. I always contradict those who, for the time after the collapse of Hitlerism, recommend a forcible education of the German people from without. Any transformation, I tell them,

is the concern of the German people themselves, must be their own concern. Those of you to whom my name still means anything know well that I am not a revolutionist or man of the barricades, and, by my nature, certainly not a crier for bloody deeds. But I know enough about the laws of the moral world, and have enough respect for them, to be able to tell you and announce to you with certainty: a cleansing, a purification and liberation must and will take place in Germany, so thorough and of such determination that it will be in proper relation to crimes such as the world has never seen. It must, I say, and will take place, so that the great German nation will once again be able to look humanity in the face and extend to it, with free gesture, its hand for reconciliation.

XVIII

February 1942

GERMAN LISTENERS:

THE TENDENCY to cloak bestialism in legality is a familiar peculiarity of Nazism. Thus the mistreatment and murder of Russian prisoners of war, against which the Soviet Government has repeatedly raised formal protest, are based upon a military principle, invented especially to justify these crimes, a principle never heard of before: hostile forces which, according to German opinion, are surrounded, trapped, and cut off are regarded as prisoners, and if they fail to lay down arms, their resistance is not looked upon as combat, but as mutiny, by which they deprive themselves of all legal protection as prisoners of war. — What has German military honour come to? In former days a soldier who bravely resisted to the last was respected by his enemies. Today he is declared infamous. With what justification? Nobody understands that who does not understand the insane logic

which National Socialism has employed from its very beginning, even before it grasped power. Fundamentally it is nothing but the attitude that any fight against it is simply not permissible. To make war against any of its invasions is a crime in itself; the peoples must submit to it voluntarily and without struggle, instead of forcing it by their nefarious resistance to wage a "war of defence." — This is an unprecedented, hair-raising phenomenon. Crime itself reigns on earth as inviolable, as the power sanctified by God and history, and to lift a hand against it is a sacrilege punishable by death. The human spirit grows still and silent in the face of such apocalyptic impudence.

It will hardly yield to it, however. The reports which the Russian soldier has received about the fate of his comrades in German camps have greatly increased his dislike to share that fate: even if the German High Command considers him surrounded, he will not surrender so easily — and for exactly the same reasons the nations which are still waging their unpermissible war against Nazi Germany will not surrender so easily. They are informed about the atrocious doings of the German master race in the subjugated regions of Europe, by photographs, for example, which have come out of Poland and which reveal a degree of misery and a rape of humanity for which there are no words: the

inflated corpses of starved Polish children, the bodies of thousands and thousands of Jews who have perished in the Warsaw ghetto from typhus, cholera, and consumption, thrown into heaps for the common grave. The United Nations know what awaits them if Hitler wins. They know what they are in his eyes, in the eyes of Nazi Germany: vermin, human rubbish, inferior races destined for slavery, destined to serve the lucid and chosen royal nation of the Germans after they have been adequately prepared for that morally and physically, after their pride and manhood have been broken and they have been reduced intellectually and biologically to such an extent that they can never again become a danger to the autocracy of the German noble barbarians. They see with their own eyes, by the Polish example, how this is accomplished. The Governor General, a former shyster by the name of Frank II, has expressly declared that Poland was a model for the rule which victorious National Socialism was planning to impose everywhere in the world. Above all, the country was systematically deprived of its possible intellectual and political leaders: murdered and tortured to death in concentration camps were scientists, doctors, jurists, professors, the rich, and those of higher birth. Then came the people. Eighty-five thousand have been slaughtered by the conqueror race, a

million and a half have been sent to Germany to do forced labour, the women and young girls have been turned over to prostitution by official decree. The rest live as beggars on a decimating and stupefying level.

Degradation, emasculation, extermination — Nazi Germany has nothing else in mind for its brother nations on earth. In France the means are only slightly more subtle; does not the retention of the French prisoners of war, the seclusion of these one and a half to two million young men from natural life, serve the same purpose of biological reduction?

Indeed, Nazism knows how to convince the world of the absolute necessity of its removal. The free peoples, however much they may hate war, however little they may have been prepared for it, will fight on, if need be, year after year, and summon their last reserves, which are far off, in order to do away with this pestilence of murderous arrogance. And what about the German people, upon whose shoulders a measure of guilt is heaped by its leaders which makes us shudder? Have they themselves no sense of what is absolutely necessary, and what will undoubtedly be accomplished just because it is absolutely necessary? Do they not begin to curse the doctrine of their chosen blood-nobility, justifying every crime, which imbecile criminals have drummed into them? Do they not long

to be people with whom others can live, lest the cry: "The Nazis must be annihilated!" becomes more and more the cry: "The Germans must be annihilated"? A people with whom nobody can live, how can it live itself? How can it participate in the spiritual and intellectual life of humanity, in universal culture? With what sort of face will all that is German present itself in human company after this war? German listeners, as long as our nation will not deign to acknowledge that it is a nation like any other, with its advantages and its equally great faults, it will be threatened by the horrible fate of an outcast. Only by virtue of the acknowledgment of its humanity will it assume the place in the society of nations to which it is entitled.

XIX

March 1942

GERMAN LISTENERS:

THE OTHER day I told you: " As long as the German people do not admit that they are a people like any other, with their advantages and their equally great faults and disadvantages, so long will they not find their place in a free and equal company of nations, but will be threatened by the sinister fate of pariahs, which will constantly lead them on to further crimes." I know that today most Germans long for nothing any more but peace and freedom, reasonable integration and co-operation. But that is not the aim of the man who is still allowed by a nation destined to rank and dignity in the commonwealth of freedom to call himself its leader. In his last speech — and it might really have been his last one — in this last speech, if something like that can be called a speech, held on the so-called German Memorial Day in the Berlin Zeughaus, he talked about the " long, blessed years

of peace which will follow this struggle," without adding, however, what a peace which would find his blessing would look like, and without thinking in his poor, bloodthirsty brain that the condition which he will leave behind in Europe, and the murder of whole generations which he has committed, will make it impossible for a long time to come to speak about a blessed peace. But the fundamental peculiarity of the German nation, the incompatibility of its ideas and desires with the most natural desires and hopes of the rest of humanity, were once again stressed by him with bellowing voice: in that passage where he spoke about the United States and President Roosevelt, whom he considers his personal enemy and competitor. Incidentally, in this connection, it should be mentioned that his mania for constantly comparing himself with Roosevelt (as though a vulgar adventurer such as he could be at all compared with a real statesman like Roosevelt, who is truly concerned with the future of humanity) is as ridiculous as it is repulsive. That part of his jabbering, however, to which I refer is the following: "It is none of our business in what kind of world the President of the United States desires to live. But if he intends to reshape Germany or Europe according to his wishes, if he wants to create here a world foreign and repulsive to us, we only can assure

him — " Well, it is clear what he assures. What remains unclear is only why and how the benefits which President Roosevelt has defined as the aims of this war set off by Hitler should be foreign and repulsive to the German people or even to all Europeans.

Four Freedoms have been promised to the peoples by the President: Freedom of Speech and Worship, Freedom from Want and Fear. But that is exactly what the peoples of Europe, including the Germans, are yearning for in their innermost tortured souls. The German nation is not so strangely disposed, it is not such a monster, that it would prefer to live in a world of strangled speech, persecuted belief, want and fear. Whoever pretends that is an illiterate prattler who has picked up something about German profoundness, which strives not for happiness, but for a heroic existence. It is quite a heroic existence which he has given you Germans, and wants to give you permanently! It is a dog's existence, and you will not get out of it, until you have discarded this misfortune of a leader.

I call it an aristocratism of misery, the distinction of an outcast, to find repulsive what all others wish for, what all others need, and what is the hopeful substance of that true revolution which is going on over the earth, and compared to which Hitler's revolution is only a miserable expedition of robbery. The people

want to be free under a higher equality, liberated from the fear of international brigandage, and partaking in equal measure of the enjoyment of the goods of this earth. Does Hitler have any idea of the deep change which the social life of the Anglo-Saxon countries is undergoing, of the rejuvenation and perfection of democracy which is at stake, of the struggle of men honestly concerned with the future for a new balance between freedom and equality, right and duty, individual and society? Does he even know what democracy is when he vilifies it with his stale propaganda phrases? The fact that Russia and the West are fighting today on the same side against him, the enemy of mankind, is only the outer expression of the inner truth, that socialism and democracy have long ceased to be opposites, that their values seek unification, and that this is the revolution which is to gain the victory over the filth of untruth and violence which he calls revolution.

This time of suffering and widespread destruction is, simultaneously, a time of all-embracing hope. Humanity may emerge from this catastrophe with a great step forward in its social formation and maturity. Possibilities are apparent which only a short time ago nobody would have dared to envisage: the organization of the society of peoples, the administration of

the earth for the benefit of all, peace, freedom, and security. The arbitrary despotism of the national state must be broken, but the nation will live. Germany will live, proudly *and* modestly, a unique people and a people like all others.

XX

[SPECIAL MESSAGE]

April 1942

GERMAN LISTENERS:

THE FIRST anniversary of the destruction of Coventry by Göring's fliers approaches — one of the most abominable performances with which Hitler Germany taught the world what total war is and how it is conducted.

It began in Spain, where the machinists of death, this race of men with their National Socialist education and their empty, dehumanized faces, practised for war. What a sport, to pepper bullets from low altitudes into fleeing masses of civilians, where there are no defences — briskly and merrily! The memory of the massacres in Poland is also immortal — exactly what is called a glorious page in history. And Rotterdam, where thirty thousand people perished in twenty minutes, thanks to a bravado which cannot easily be distinguished from moral insanity! The noble von Rib-

bentrop veiled his face and sobbed: "We did not want that!" Those were good times when you had nothing else to sob about than what you inflicted on others. Now the time comes, and is already here, when Germany must sob about its own sufferings, and this cause for sobbing will increase while a world which did not want such service to humanity, and was not prepared for it, adapts itself to its task of defence and becomes the apprentice who surpasses the master. Did Germany believe that it would never have to pay for the misdeeds which its lead in barbarism enabled it to commit? It has hardly begun to pay — over the Channel and in Russia. Also, what the Royal Air Force has accomplished so far in Cologne, Düsseldorf, Essen, Hamburg, and other cities is only a beginning. Hitler is boasting that his Reich is ready for ten, even twenty years of war. I assume that you Germans have your own ideas about that — for example, that after a fraction of this time no stone will stand on top of another in Germany.

The most recent raid over Hitler-land has damaged the old city of Lübeck. That concerns me, it is my home town. The attacks were aimed at the harbour, and the installations of the war industry, but fires broke out in town, and I do not cherish the thought that St. Mary's Church, the magnificent Renaissance Town Hall, or the

house of the Seamen's Society may have been damaged. But I am thinking about Coventry — and I have no objections to the lesson that everything must be paid for. Probably there are other people in Lübeck, in Hamburg, Cologne, and Düsseldorf who have no objections to it either, and when they hear the drone of the R.A.F. over their heads, wish them success.

It could even be that my sense of justice would be put to a special test by this bombardment. Swedish papers are announcing that the so-called Buddenbrook House in the Mengstrasse, the house of my grandparents, is supposed to have been destroyed, and American newspapers have asked me about it. I do not know whether the news is true. For many outside of Germany the name of Lübeck is bound to the thought of this house because of my early novel, and they readily think of it when bombs fall there. In the town itself, of course, the building has long ceased to be called the Buddenbrook House. The Nazis, infuriated because foreigners kept asking for it, renamed it the Wullenweber House. The stupid rabble does not even know that a house which bears the stamp of the eighteenth century on its rococo gable can hardly have had anything to do with the daring Mayor of the sixteenth century. Jürgen Wullenweber brought much harm to his city by the war with Denmark, and the people of Lü-

beck did with him what the Germans may after all some day do with those who have led them into this war: they executed him. It may be said about the former inhabitants of this house, which in order to extinguish my name was renamed after him, that they have never done anything but good to the city, and, in my own way, even I have followed their example. To follow an example in one's own way, that is tradition. The old burgher house, which is now said to lie in ruins, was for me the symbol of the tradition which directed my work. But such ruins do not frighten those who live not only with sympathy for the past, but also with sympathy for the future. The decline of an epoch does not have to be the decline of a man who is rooted in it and who outgrew it by describing it.

Hitler Germany has neither tradition nor future. It can only destroy, and it will suffer destruction. May a Germany arise from its fall which will be able to *commemorate* and to *hope*, and which will be able to love the past and the future of humanity! Thus it will gain, instead of the mortal hate, the love of the peoples.

XXI

April 1942

GERMAN LISTENERS:

GERMANY, Japan, and their deplorable Italian partner — in short, the Axis powers — are the ones who abuse the social revolution in whose orbit the world is standing, for the accumulation of great empires. Only the democracies, which are accused of senility and hopeless clinging to old and outworn notions, take this revolution and a better, happier future seriously. For Hitler Germany and Japan, on the other hand, the "New Order," the hopes of the nations, are nothing but propagandistic means for the purpose of deception, subversion, conquest, and subjugation. It is their fault that the social revolution has assumed the shape of a bloody, devastating, still immeasurable war: it was they who carried the disfiguring ideas of nationalism and race into this process of necessary change, this mutation of democracy, which though irresistible could also have taken a peaceful course, and

who degraded the revolution to the dishonest means of nationalistic power politics. At a time in history when the waning importance of nationalism is so evident, when from the purely national angle no problem, be it political, economic, spiritual, or moral, can be solved any longer, and when the necessity of reduction and restriction of national sovereignties becomes clear to everyone — at such a time they revelled in nationalism and wantonly started the nationalistic war of subjugation, this war for the murderous idea of race supremacy and the enslavement of peoples by some chosen master blood.

It will be in vain. Nothing is more idle and criminal than the war of the imperialistic governments which the democracies sought to evade so long, which they wage so reluctantly and of necessity only — which does not mean that they are not going to win it. The revolution which is the true and real part of it will gain the upper hand over the war as a means of conquest. The results of all bloodshed will be revolutionary, not military results. The Axis peoples, though not their governments, have a definite feeling for that, as is proved by their behaviour in the face of the victories which their leaders dish out to them. It is a completely joyless and completely suspicious behaviour. The Germans look at Japan's victories with badly con-

cealed anger. They have no advantages from them, and they begin to suspect that, in reality, they cover and pay for Japan's conquests with their wealth and blood. Their own victories, however, they have long accepted with a kind of apathy which shows clearly that they consider them senseless and pernicious. They have overrun nine nations, but they are not proud of it. The collapse of France filled them with joy, not because it looked like victory, but because they believed it would end the war. But since then? When they saw moving pictures of German troops marching into Russian towns, deep silence prevailed in the audience. When the screen showed Göring's bombers dropping bombs on London, it was not applause that was heard, but sighs. Those were not only the sighs of fear of coming revenge; no, this complete lack of enthusiasm for victories expressed the inner knowledge that Germany's military victories are sham victories and bloody rubbish, nonsense which leads nowhere, because conquests are invalid before the truly historic event: the Revolution.

Germany had as little of a revolution in 1933 as it ever had. *Russia* has had a real revolution, and her belief in it upholds her in her war of resistance against the Nazi invader, which fills the whole world with admiration. In the *Anglo-Saxon* countries revolutions are

taking place, right in the middle of the war, which make all the fascist propaganda bleatings about plutocracy and capitalistic obsolescence ridiculous. Does Roosevelt want to return to the nineteenth century? Is Churchill a Manchester man? Together they are the authors of the Atlantic Charter, a revolutionary document which defines the principles of the peace and announces a New Order compared to which all that Hitler calls by that name is imbecilic infamy: a social order of justice and of fulfilled claim to freedom and security for all.

Democracy does not look back, it looks forward. It is undergoing a social rejuvenation. For the democracies the revolution is not a pretext for conquest, looting, and subjugation; for them it is the real stake. If tomorrow the mischief of the war should end, if you Germans would chase away your mob of robbers, the Nazis, and offer peace to the world, the work could begin, the work on the New Order for which all peoples long.

You cannot, you say? The terror is too strong, the Gestapo state invincible? We must cling to the horrors of war in order to postpone the horrors of defeat? Then you must be told again: a people who *wants* to be free is free, in the same moment. If the people in German cities would go into the streets and call unani-

mously: "Down with war and the rape of nations! Down with Hitler and all Hitler trash! Freedom, justice, and peace for us and for all!" — then the Nazis would recognize that they have lost. They would shoot, naturally, but a regime of adventurers which must shoot at the people is finished, and the German uprising would certainly not cost as much of your blood as flows in Russia.

Germans, the free peoples are still pinning their hopes on you, and will continue to do so until the very last moment. America, above all, who knows no hatred against the German nation, entertains this hope: much rather than darken the European sky with death-dealing squadrons of planes, it would send ships with food, in order to restore on the mistreated continent what a phrenetic moron has destroyed.

XXII

May 1942

GERMAN LISTENERS:

WHAT is characteristic is always pleasing. Therefore an utterance of Nazi Propaganda Minister Goebbels has been received in the world with a certain mental pleasure. It said: "In case of defeat we shall all be hanged with one rope."

This is of course not true, for the extermination of the German people is neither feasible nor desirable, and no sensible person contemplates it. But it is an utterance of exhilarating genuineness, a bit of gangster vernacular, indicative of the kind of self-appraisal from which it comes, the word of a scamp who knows what he and his accomplices have to expect when things go wrong; who sees already that things will go wrong, and who is now trying to generalize his fate as far as possible, who cannot emphasize enough the common responsibility of the whole nation for all that has happened, and calls to you in a shrill voice: "Do not de-

sert us on any account! You have accepted us, tolerated us, participated in everything. You can't say A without saying B; you must recite the whole alphabet of crimes, down to the last, in order to get off, perhaps, with only a small loss in the end, despite all. If you abandon us, if you discontinue to participate — one rope awaits us all!"

The rope awaits him, him and the whole regiment of scoundrels whose lying mouthpiece he was; above all, it awaits that indescribable creature which for nine disastrous years has been allowed to call itself the leader of Germany. If this rope is a parable, it is an unintentionally well-chosen parable, for the rope is the tool of dishonourable execution, and one can only hope that the German people will not relinquish this tool to any stranger, but that they will themselves carry out the sentence over the clique of criminals who have corrupted and abused them as no other people have ever been corrupted and abused. This is the first and least which the world expects of the Germans as a token of the fact that after long aberration they are willing to lead a new, fitting life.

A nation is always capable of such a new start, especially a nation of the mutability of the Germans. But nobody pretends that it will be an easy and comfortable new start. Nobody intends to flatter you Ger-

mans, with propaganda, into the idea that human society, after the flood of offences which it had to accept from you, will, from one day to the next, embrace you as a full-fledged member as soon as you deign to give the signal. It would be wrong to picture it to you that way. The sentimental brutes among you will not be given another chance to scream that you were baited with promises which were not kept afterwards. The more just and intelligent among you know exactly how matters were in this respect. They know that your leaders derided and rejected Wilson's Fourteen Points as long as a trace of hope for victory was left in them. Only when they were at the end did they consider Wilson's project, for which nobody was mature enough at the time, least of all we Germans, good enough to serve as the palladium to cover up their well-known "national resurrection."

The eight points of the Atlantic Charter, in so far as they concern the planning of a new social and just order of peoples, far surpass the Wilsonian demands, and naturally they apply also to Germany. It is not a lie designed to undermine your morale when you are told that the world needs Germany, and that everybody would be only too glad to see the honest integration into the new order of a Germany which has renounced violence, mad arrogance, and murderous

incendiarism. But it would be a lie to tell you that it could be done in a trice. Too much has happened, too much has been suffered, too much ghastliness has been caused by the seducible and intoxicable nature, the political immaturity of our people, to justify the expectation of a quickly restored confidence. Debauchery must be paid for, and Germany has given itself to debaucheries which truly cry to Heaven. The sorry orgiasm to which Germany's educated men yielded when in 1933 the lowest came to the top and National Socialism began its rule is unforgettable. To believe that this Hitler mob was chosen to restore national dignity and honour; not to see that its rule, from the very first day, meant war, catastrophe, the abyss, and nothing else; to derive comfort, with learned perversity, from the shabbiest unhealthiness and licentious criminality, as from a refreshing barbarization — a lack of instinct of such proportions is not permissible, such ecstasy of misunderstanding is punishable, and nothing could be more ill becoming to the Germans than plaintiveness in defeat, after they have committed cruelties which have no equal in history.

Honour and equality of rights will have to wait. Liberty and equality have been denied by Germany and trampled upon too long to entitle it to ask for them on the first day after laying down arms. A long

quarantine of precaution and supervision will be inevitable. Germany will receive economic assistance, but military might will have to be denied to a people who for so long could visualize their unification with the world only in terms of world subjugation. The inner political formation of Germany will be left to the Germans, and the task of the German people in this connection, and the proof of their worthiness of confidence, will be that they pull themselves together and undertake a purification of their social body which must be thorough and not restricted to the extinction of the Nazi pestilence. This purification must hit the whole stratum of people who have used Nazism as an instrument to satisfy their greed for power and possessions, and who must never again be in a position to make Germany the curse of mankind.

XXIII

June 1942

GERMAN LISTENERS:

In one of my former broadcasts I was guilty of a regrettable understatement. I spoke about the shameful Nazi crimes and mentioned that four hundred young Dutchmen of Jewish blood had been brought to Germany in order to be killed there with poison gas. I have now heard indirectly from Holland that my estimate was too low by one half. There were almost eight hundred human beings who at the time were arrested, brought to Mauthausen, and poisoned there. Meanwhile the exact number has been published by the Dutch Government in exile, but as I doubt that the news has reached you, I think I ought to pass on to you the correction which I received privately. It shows that Nazi bestiality always surpasses everything that is attributed and ascribed to it; there is never any danger of exaggerating: the worst still remains half-way behind the truth.

Yet is not the savage mass murder at Mauthausen only an insignificant detail in the whole aspect of this inhumanity? Is it not drowned out by the ocean of atrocity extending over the whole tortured sphere which is in the power of the Hitler infamy? Since the violent death of Heydrich, the most natural death which a bloodhound like him can die, the terror rages everywhere in more pathological and uninhibited fury than ever. It is absurd and makes us shudder once again to think of the mixture of brutality and screeching touchiness which has always been significant of Nazidom. Let us disregard the fact that the attack itself and the flight of the attackers could hardly have succeeded without hints and help from the Nazis themselves. Corruption is a bottomless swamp: it is decidedly capable of anything. But did ever a man like Heydrich find a different end? Is not the death he met the most natural thing in the world — simply a professional risk and a dry probability whose realization cannot surprise any logical human being, let alone outrage him? Wherever this murderous knave went, blood flowed in streams. Everywhere, even in Germany, he was called simply "the Hangman." His name was a signature to death warrants, nothing else. He quickly signed thirty-four of them before he went from Prague to Paris, where he made a short but effective visit, re-

sulting in the murder of one hundred and fifty-three hostages in one week. That was before he moved into the Hradchin as Protector, and there he protected the people of Czechoslovakia in such a way that it will not be forgotten from the German name in a hundred years. Well then, he was murdered. And how do the Nazis take it? They are having fits. They actually behave as though the most incredible misdeed had been committed, the highest thing human violated, the crown, the palladium stolen. Any trace of logical decency is foreign to them, they are bare of the slightest sense of justice, they have not a spark of sense. Their voices break with cries for revenge. And then they begin: the grief-stricken Führer, who lost a beloved accomplice in murder, gives his orders, which he contrived in slumberless nights. Butchering and shooting sets in, a raging against defencelessness and innocence, just the way the Nazis love it. Thousands must die, men and women. The whole village of Lidice, which is supposed to have sheltered the culprits, is emptied by murder and laid in ruins. The surviving population of Prague must line the streets while the funeral procession of the saint passes by. At home a pompous state burial is ordered for him, and another master butcher orates at his grave that he was a pure soul and a man of high humanity.

All this is insane. It is the insanity which a confused world has permitted to assume absoluteness and which now has the power to commit any degradation of the word, of healthy reason, of the human intellect. To insanity, power is everything: it needs power unconditionally in order to come to full life. No reasonable being is as dependent upon power and craves for it as inordinately as does insanity. One needs no power to speak the truth. But to be able to say Heydrich was a choice specimen — that requires power, the absolute power to determine what is truth and what is nonsense. Nor does a reasonable man do everything for which he just happens to have the power. The Nazi, however, looks around to see whether there is anybody who could disturb him, hinder him, punish him. If nobody is there, if the avenger is too far away, he does it.

Philosophers of history have called power itself evil. I do not believe that. Only degenerates regard power as a means to do evil unpunished. May this war turn the power over to those whose minds have reason, whose hearts have sympathy, and for whom power is a means to do good!

XXIV

July 1942

GERMAN LISTENERS:

I KNOW well that I don't have to warn you against exuberance now that Hitler is once again winning and has conquered Rostov, the city on the Don, which he had conquered once before. It is well known that such things do not plunge you into exuberance, that the blare of radio trumpets which accompanies the announcement is odious to you, that you are by no means overjoyed. It is not necessary to dampen your enthusiasm; rather, you have to be consoled. Not we, out here, are in need of consolation when the war looks as it does at present. If you only knew how sure we are of our cause, which to begin with, and as premise for all that is to come, is the cause of destroying Hitler! His destruction is sealed, believe me and don't be afraid! It is a world necessity, wholly inevitable, and will be accomplished one way or another; and because it is decided, the victories of that wretch are merely

bloody nonsense. You are bewildered and depressed. You are thinking: "Will he triumph after all? And shall we never get rid of him? And will the world be German, in that desperate fashion in which we are now German?" Be of good cheer! Hitler's victory is an empty word: there is no such thing — it is not within the realm of the acceptable, permissible, thinkable. It will be prevented; rather, he himself will always prevent it, the sorry scoundrel, because of himself, simply because of his nature, because of his impossible and hopelessly deranged disposition, which does not permit him to think, want, or do anything which is not false, mendacious, condemned beforehand. One speaks of the betrayed devil. But nobody betrays the devil; he *is* betrayed, because of himself and to begin with. Not with Faust's soul, the soul of humanity, will this stupid Satan go down to hell, but *alone*.

I say: Be of good cheer! Do you think that he will get even as much as the Caucasus to lubricate anew his steam-roller of world conquest? And if he gets it, and the Russians stand behind the Urals, what more? Well, just more. It can only be more, night, madness, and death; there is no end for *him*, there is only *his* end. The Russians will not make peace. None of you can believe that. The sham revolution of Nazism has met with a real and genuine revolution, one whose thor-

oughness in purging ought to be a lesson to you, you Germans, when your hour comes. And this Russian Revolution is bound by long-term, clear-cut, and historic treaties to the Anglo-Saxon democracy, which has awakened to its social obligations and is undergoing an equally revolutionary rejuvenation — bound to it for a struggle which Hitler, with the diabolical filth of his "New Order," cannot survive. It is to this treaty that the subjugated, pillaged, tortured, half-exterminated peoples of Europe look. In these nations the hatred against the shameless oppressor, still impotent, yet exploding again and again in violent individual acts, rages and grows, and they wait only for the moment when in terrible revolt they can throw off the most repulsive yoke which has ever been imposed upon nations — they wait for it, Germans, *as you do.*

One should not ask you to revolt, should not ask: When will you finally chase out the infernal good-for-nothing who does all this to you and who has made the German face look like a Gorgon's grimace? When will you give it up and capitulate before reason? — There is no sense in pressing and asking you thus, we all understand that, for you cannot. It is not as it was in 1918 when Germany collapsed. A body of people harnessed and splinted in the iron of terror like yours does not collapse, but stands eerily erect even if under the iron

everything is already rotted. Must I tell you how rotten it looks already under the armour which keeps you on your feet? You know it better than we do, and I believe that nobody can feel as much horror of you as you must, after all, feel of yourselves. But the iron-splinted phantom which you will soon be must fall some day, despite all, and that will be the moment of your rebirth as a human people. Were there not, even last winter, mass shootings of mutinous troops? Soon there will be more of it, and still more. The strike of the senselessly bled people's army — that is the shape which, in all likelihood, your collapse and your resurrection will take.

The end is near, Germans, believe me, and be of good cheer! Just at this moment I tell it to you when once again it looks like success and victory and conquest for you. The end is near — not yours, not Germany's. The so-called destruction of Germany is as empty a word, as non-existent a thing, as the victory of Hitler. But the end is approaching; in fact, it will come soon — the end of the repulsive system, the robber, murder, and liar state of National Socialism. An end will be put to its trashy and disgraceful philosophy and all the acts of trash and disgrace which have sprung from it. Accounts will be settled, disastrously settled, with its bigwigs, its leaders and helpers, servants and

beneficiaries, its generals, diplomats, and Gestapo hyenas. Accounts will also be settled with its intellectual trail-blazers and shield-bearers, the journalists and pseudo-philosophers who licked its boots, the geopoliticians, war geographers, teachers of "*Wehrwissenschaft*" and race professors. Germany will be cleansed of all that ever had anything to do with the filth of Hitlerism and all that made it *possible*. And a freedom will be established in Germany and in the world which believes in itself, respects itself, knows how to defend itself, and which takes not only the deed but, before that, the thoughts into the control of those ideas which connect man with God.

XXV

August 1942

GERMAN LISTENERS:

GREEK mythology tells us about a King, Midas, who transformed everything he touched into gold. Today we experience that there is a touch which immediately transforms everything, even the noblest thing, into filth: it is National Socialism to which this horrid faculty has been given. All the ideas of our time, born of the endeavour for spirit and the future, of the desire for the perfection of social life, all that is good and well meant, Nazism snatches from others, steals it, twists, distorts, spoils and soils it, turns it into a repulsive monstrosity, and gives it a smell of horror and hell. Everything it touches — and it touches everything — automatically becomes dirt and smut in its hands. I said it long ago and I say it again: the element of *vitiation* is the strongest and most significant of the ghastly phenomena of National Socialism. It has vitiated all ideas which were supported by the best men

in the world and has made something of them in which no decent person wants to partake any longer. The idea of *socialism*, for example, presented to us again, just recently, in all its genuineness and purity in the world-famous speech of the Vice President of the United States, Henry A. Wallace, about the century of the common man — what becomes of it when the Hitler brood talks about it and practises it? Degradation and interdiction, darkness, general stupor and dullness — in short, slavery. The idea of the *revolution* itself, which at all times and even in its crudest embodiment was bound to the magnanimous endeavours of man, to the longing for more freedom, more right, more happiness on earth — as the National Socialist revolution it has become ransacking, rape, murder, the wild negation of the achievements of thousands of years, a fanatical recoil into bestialism. The idea of *peace*, to name it also, have we not loved it and believed in it? Did we not feel that peace was the universal order of the hour, and that war was only a negligent evasion and truancy from the great tasks which confronted us and which could be solved only in peace, and by peace? Well, National Socialism too says " peace," it demands " peace." But what is meant by it? The enforced submission to evil, the self-abandonment of man — that is meant; and it has turned the most convinced pacifist

into an affirmer of war, of the inevasible war against *it*. Was not *patriotism* a fine, natural, and good feeling — the love for the traditions, the culture, the language of the people from which one came, a love which blended so well with the sympathy and admiration for other varieties of the human, for the intellectual charms and cultural contributions of other nationalities? What has the reversed Midas, National Socialism, made of the gold of patriotism? Well, filth, naturally. Asinine arrogance, raving racial haughtiness, maniacal and murderous self-idolization, hatred, violence, and nonsense have been made of it. And it is upon total vileness, upon the most lunatic perversion of German nationalism, that it wants to build the "New Order" and Europe.

Europe! National Socialism is actually about to make us dislike even the idea of "Europe"; indeed, like no other this idea has fallen victim to its vitiation. "Europe wants to become one," Nietzsche has said. "We good Europeans," these words come from him, as well as the ones of the "European small-statism," which had to come to an end. The notion "Europe" was dear and precious to us, something natural to our thoughts and our will. It was the opposite of provincial narrowness, petty egotism, nationalist brutality and boorishness; it meant freedom, spaciousness, spirit,

and kindness. "Europe" — that was a cultural level and standard: a book, a work of art, was good when it reached into the European sphere; only he was a good, a superior German who was a European. National Socialism has taken charge of this matter. It, too, says "Europe" — but in the same way that it says "revolution" or "peace" or "Fatherland."

Germany is not to become European, but Europe is to become German. Wading in blood, surrounded by misery and maledictions, callous to a hatred the like of which no nation on earth ever had to endure, Nazism is at work, against the desperate resistance of the peoples, to make Europe into a hollow, emasculated, intellectually degraded appendage of monopolistic Germany, an appendage only sparsely populated by exploited slave races, a German "protectorate" in the most dishonourable sense of the word. In the "Protectorate" of Czechoslovakia all universities and almost all schools are closed, libraries and laboratories have been plundered. No Czech history may be taught in the remaining schools, but courses of German history and Nazi ideology are given sixteen hours a week. The Czech language is being killed: it is forbidden in the administration, in judicial affairs, for the drafting of laws. A war of extermination rages everywhere against the populations over whose territories the

steam-roller of conquest has passed. It has been decided that soon there shall be no more Poles in the annexed territory called "Wartegau." All those in the Balkans who cannot do forced labour are simply left to starve. Greece starves and is about to become extinct. Rumanians, Finns, and Hungarians are bleeding to death on the battlefields, while the Yugoslavs are being massacred right where they are. The Dutch are being "trans-settled." There, as everywhere else, the Department of Race Politics co-operates harmoniously and effectively with the murder detachments of the Gestapo. France's population is to shrink, and will shrink to twenty millions. In Paris, night life is "encouraged." For the Nazi, the idea of Paris was always only that of "night life." It is a gorillian idea, and the idea which he has of Europe as a whole, the way he thinks about it, respects and loves it, is shown by the answer which a German officer of the High Command gave to the Mexican military attaché in Berlin who had asked him what the Nazis would do to solve the problem of hunger and revolt in Europe. "All of Europe may starve to death," said the German, "as long as our armed forces are sufficiently provisioned. We are determined rather to exterminate the entire civilian population than to capitulate." A manly word, the word of a good European German. Was it pronounced

perhaps just at the time when the "European Authors' Congress," convoked by Goebbels, met in Weimar, under the chairmanship of poor Hans Carossa, with the participation of all sorts of Quisling writers and co-operating literary knaves from north, south, east, and west?

Like this authors' congress, all Hitler Europe is a macabre farce — a vile perversion and defilement of a great idea, long ready to materialize. It will materialize, but, God willing, not in the ribald style of Nazism. A general spiritual work of restoration will have to begin when Hitler is defeated — it must be begun even now, so that he will be defeated. The ideas of Socialism, Revolution, Peace, and Patriotism must be restored from their vitiation by the Gorilla Midas. What must be restored above all, and at the same time, is the idea of "Europe," which was an idea of freedom, national honour, sympathy, and human co-operation in the hearts of the best men, and must be that again.

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This book was set on the Linotype in *Bodoni Book*, a printing-type so called after Giambattista Bodoni, a celebrated printer and type designer of Rome and Parma (1740–1813). *Bodoni Book* as produced by the Linotype company is not a copy of any one of Bodoni's fonts, but is a composite, modern version of the Bodoni manner. Bodoni's innovations in printing-type style were a greater degree of contrast in the " thick and thin " elements of the letters, and a sharper and more angular finish of details.

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