

HANES
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Mutter und Kind

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Foreword

The Reich government's political campaign of austerity has opened the eyes of the public to the fact that the birthrates in Germany must be paramount, that we need healthy and numerous offspring to secure Germany's future.

The legislative measures of the state are also preparing the ground in the economic field, in order to ensure the child-friendly, family-friendly freedom of growth and development.

But the decisive turn must involve the totality of the folks and folk comrades, in which, in contrast to the past decades with their stark materialism and individualism, a deep-seated mental and emotional transformation must take place. The genuinely German evaluation of family and clan, motherhood and children's happiness must once again - as in the "really good old days" in this regard - become self-evident in the life and thinking and feeling of the people and of each individual. All the practical measures of the N. S. Volkswohlfahrt, with their help "mother and child", can thrive only with blessing and fruit if this new and yet so eternal and old mindset has returned to their hearts and souls.

This little work is to serve this aim in favor of the "mother and child" program, the Minister of Reich Gobbels on the way admonished to duty fulfillment and sense of responsibility on the way:

"mother and child are the foundation of the immortality of a people"

Mother and Child

An admonition for the German man and the
German woman

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An admonition

If you want to lead each person back to their first duties, start with the mothers; you'll be surprised at how much will change. From this first change comes the richness of everything else; the whole moral order shifts.

If words are just heard or written, they always stay the same.

But this changes according to what is to be expressed to them, their meaning, according to the spirit by which they are filled, according to the people who speak and hear, write and read them.

The most exalted word can become watered down when it is parroted to the point of thoughtlessness. the deepest sentence may lose its content if people use it who are alien to its original sense.

2000 years ago, roman conquerors in ancient Germania were replaced with awe-inspiring amazement when they experienced the esteem in which our ancestors came to embrace the woman as a mother in family, community and state. How has the concept of wife and mother changed since then?

It is only two years since he was back, when in Germany the League for Human Rights ordered the arbitrary abortion of expiring life to be legally sanctioned. With it was publicly testified the infinite disregard of maternity, which was indicative of the past system. The abyss that separates this version from the mother's evaluation of the old Germans and the word that is true again in the new German State: "Mother and child are the foundation of the immortality of a people".

It is not an individual question among many others, but rather the crucial fundamental question in the life of every people. For with the respect that a nation provides its mothers, it treats its vitality and

thus its right to life rises or falls. In many respects, one has to regard National Socialism as the task of bringing German people to the original, true meaning of the words of its language. So it is also "mother and child" again, so soulful that it corresponds as a living unity of our natural drive: the will to live.

Man or woman? No! Man and woman!

Between the two sexes, the woman represents the heart and the man the strength; which is not to deny that the man can not have heart, but in national politics, the heart is always stronger than the mind. The German woman holds her enthusiasm and transmits it to her children and does not let it be fooled so easily by subtle Rasonnements.

(Bismarck)

Through personal and mental disposition the woman is essentially different from the man. Both are intended for mutual supplementation. Now, if you say this is not news to you, just remember the so-called women's emancipation. At that time, the cry for equality of women everywhere sounded strong and loud. It was based on the false assumption that man and woman are the same by nature, expected the same benefits and consequently demanded equal rights.

Until the last years, we can see how the woman gradually gained access to the last occupations, which until then were closed by custom. Each time, the successful entry of the first woman into a new field of work was accompanied by the applause and war-drums of those who gained support for their theories: all the people who bear the earth are the same from birth. Because that was the fantasy of the imagination, which hovered as the leitmotif of all these aspirations; everything stood equal at the beginning of life; it was only the more extreme circumstances that enslaved the woman in the purportedly too narrow framework of her household, while giving the man free opportunities to disperse in public life. – Already at the turn of the century, warning voices were raised which, with a clairvoyance to be admired today, marked the dangers to be expected from these false assumptions.

Even then, the questionableness of the prevailing ideas was recognized by a few responsible women. Today, we now face the peculiar fact that such discussions seem useless. Whether, for example, the woman is

able to do as much at the machine or at the desk as the man, this question, which previously heated all the mellows, is no longer interesting at all today. We are convinced that the gender is not the same. Quite certainly different tendencies they received from nature. These enable some to render services that are denied to others in the same measure.

And so it turns out to be a fundamental misjudgment to want to compare man and woman at all in the same competition. As ridiculous as it seems to us, to check to what extent a man is able to represent the woman in the household and in the care of the children, we are as far away today as we are with a woman in the public life. It would be as if we wanted to test the labor of an artist on an anvil and put the blacksmith in front of a easel. For such experiments, today, we are neither in a state of meaning and time.

We have to keep up with the available resources. joint highlifting requires that everyone be at the workplace that suits them by their disposition. Our people are driven to the brink of a fearsome abyss by the private luxurious exercise of their individualistic educated people: in order to break out of the danger zone even just once, it is necessary to make use of the last available power reserves. The individual can not dispose of it under the hood of a foggy idea of freedom according to his selfish will, but everyone has to serve to the post on which he is according to his nature, to fulfill his duty for the whole.

2 memory

Let's have a look at the thoughts of a woman around 1900: that the women's movement is in fact the greatest selfish movement of the nineteenth century, the women of today have no idea. All of its proof rests on the subtle thought that has dislocated all womanly things; namely, that it was possible to free the woman from the limitation of nature.

I have come to the conclusion that the forced labor of women, the feminine ambition spurred on by the liberation of the power, and for many other influences of the spirit of the past, has changed the maternal instincts into the background. To speak of the freedom of the woman, of her individual self-determination, if she works like a paid worker to reach the minimum of existence - that is, to say the least, thoughtlessness.

If one objects that the area of child protection does not include that of women's protection, then the answer is easy: child protection and women's protection are interacting in such a way that they can not be separated! For their part, these mothers have given birth to children who have been stunted since birth and, with weak resistance, carry the burden of work or reproduce their weak offspring.

The woman who thinks of motherhood as a possibility, or the woman for whom it is already a hope, must not abandon the life and work opportunities of the unborn generation for boundless voluntary or involuntarily forced labor, so that she then becomes weak, morbid, physically nauseated and later brings to the world neglected children.

Every claim of equality, where nature created unequal, becomes mistreatment of the weaker part. The unorganized, mediocre and therefore poorly paid work of the woman reduces the wages and employment opportunities of the men; the factory work makes the

woman unfit to run a household and unfit for her maternal duties. Amidst the rattle, heat and stress of factories the woman's nerves, and with them, more distant guts are gutted. The woman not only loses her right hand, but also the right heart for family life. The disabled women make it difficult for the man to marry.

Equality is not fairness : it is not uncommon for it to be bloody injustice!

All that the government does to heal the losses of the wholesale industry's drawing-out process is, on the whole, wasted strength. Nurseries, kindergartens, children's prisons, children's hospitals, holiday colony : with all their gentle endeavors, they can not replace one-hundredth of the vital forces that are robbed of the new generation, directly or indirectly, by the work of women's out of wedlock. Exaggerated care : and in no time has this been more pronounced than in ours : nothing but fragrant cigarette ignited at the outflow of a kloake. The smoke victim makes the temporary more tolerable, but does not prevent the kloake's infectious substances from doing their job.

In our cultural plans, we must assume that maternity is something of value to society for the nature of the woman and the way she completes this profession; and we have to change the circumstances that make the woman more and more motherly and rob the child of her mother, or we have to assume that maternity is not essential : and then everything may go away as it is. Then outward work : with its satisfaction of creativity, ambition, greed, enjoyment, independence : will become more and more the goal, according to which the women design their life plans, change their habits of life, change their feelings.

The four-thousand-year-old Schlendrian : blowing his nose, caressing, beating the child : is not upbringing. It takes tremendous strength to do justice to a single child. that does not mean giving the child every

hour of his life. But it is plain that our soul is filled with the child, just as the man is filled with his work.

From this general point of view, not from the individual point of view, I seek to persuade the women that the individual, nation and race are finally damaged when the women gradually destroy the innermost vital force of their bodily and mental being, the power of their motherhood.

(Ellen Ken)

Does not it really seem to us that these shattering sentences are written not in the past but in our state today, who has taken the whole terrible legacy of a stray gesture from his shoulders? She has an imperturbable point of view, exterminating the problem at the root.

Woman or Mother

For it is the going of the real woman, only through souls, to be creative in souls, as the nature in her is creative by the children to whom she gives her own blood and her own soul.

We agreed: another issue calls for the community of the woman as of the man.

Which?:

There were times when one did not understand the term "human being" as we used to do under the defunct system: as an autocratic entity that can arbitrarily determine its thinking and acting. At that time, the words "child", "young man", "girl", "man" and "woman" all came together: because, of course, the naturalistic functions live together. Children were the unaffiliated who needed the common care of all. Defenders of land and material possessions were the men. But women were mothers, respected as the sole keepers of good and blood. No one was able to understand the power of the natural order, which inevitably drove everyone to their limits. The thinking of the "modern" human was characterized by lack of modesty. It was thought to have all the solutions.

Especially the city-dweller, who is accustomed to continue hastily to exclaim a confusion of the most varied of emotions, very easily arrives at a relaxed arrogance. He feels "standing over things" and believes that he has "tasted everything". Lack of understanding, let alone contemptible smiles, is what he gets from seeing the joys and sorrows of the farmer, which are so much closer to the true essence of humanity than his own life-content.

How can there be anything sacred, to one which measures all the values of the profitability, of the usefulness for his own well-being? But the natural instincts have not died yet. For a long time, the people who

have become aware of the situation are gathering. They have recognized the ultimate cause of suffering. Whole peoples were disturbed by the fact that at first small, later more and more powerful, rose one wave at a time, in order to turn against the frozen bastions. The last and all overflowing wave was National Socialism. We are not willing to do half work after our victory. We are imbued with the necessity: **It can not go on like this!**

I then talked to a young worker, whose 21-year-old wife in a factory of electrotechnical articles for 24 Reichsmarks a year earned the bread for the family, while he himself stanchered vacant lots of children in the adjoining lodgings on the outskirts of the city. **It can not go on like this!**

A civil service council with an income of approximately 500 Reichsmarks monthly, marries a like-minded woman who insures her own income, pretending not to have any children. He has the desire to invest his money in "more useful" ways. He believes he can not do without an annual holiday. Recently, he famed the purchase of an elegant sport two-seater. **It can not go on like this!**

The widowed wife of a worker earns in a factory for confection 15 to 20 Reichsmarks during the week. At 6 o'clock in the morning she leaves the house to return at 8 o'clock in the evening. It's from grandparents, who receive a pension, that the child, on whom all are hanging with love, is paid attention. But at the same time they can't avoid thinking: if he was not there, the mother would not have to toil in the crowd and would rather have the opportunity to find a man again. **It can not go on like this!**

A bank official has been engaged to a colleague at the same job for several years. The formal marriage was avoided because, in this case, one of them lost his position after a long-standing admiralty in the company. Since the young man, unlike his fiancée, is not permanently

employed, the fate of the dismissal made him suffer, while his wife had to make do with the maintenance. **It can not go on like this!**

The wife of an unemployed engineer succeeded in modestly securing the maintenance of the family through the organization of arts and crafts courses. Her husband acted as a clerk with small handouts. Children are unthinkable. **It can not go on like this!**

That we recognize the absurdity that gazes at us from the thousand examples of everyday life, that only can be our hope. We see the confusion of the opinion, which believed to have found the fair solution in the free profession of the woman. we see the turning of the community life, which weighs on all, and which nobody can escape. Mental and economic causes of misery are so closely linked that one can not separate them: some arise from the others, and they increase each other. Where there is still a healthy feeling, it finds itself overgrown and suffocated by mental weeds.

But it is not the case that man is a victim of circumstances that should be more powerful than he. The circumstances are his work, and if they are bad, it's nothing else but his fault. What has been wronged by a man's hand, can also be corrected by a man's hand again. It is crucially the mind that animates them. If he was not strong enough, the situation can still be saved by him. That is why our attention can only be drawn secondarily to the desperate economic situation. Before that, we have to wrestle with our spiritual cleansing. We have to shake off all the rubbish of vanity, indulgence, validity, incomprehension, and have to search lovingly in us for the sources of our existence. And they are still not completely dry, otherwise he would not live today.

If someone has cleared the way for us, then we have to let it flow loud and powerful. Modest and full of devotion, we must listen to what he has to say.

Then we suddenly realize that we are completely different people than we appeared before, and that the world has changed around us because

our eyes have gained clarity. With every unnatural vice that fell away, we become lighter and mightier. And now it falls to us like scales from the eyes: in the so-called "Freedom" the woman was estranged from her real being, humiliated, besmirched with an ugly jewel which was contrary to her greatness, enslaved by heresies that did not correspond to her nature. She herself feels how her being opens up again to the vast, for whom it is destined, how she is raised again to the ruler of her loving empire.

The preachers of the right to self-determination, however, remain at the bottom. Their words about the "machine of state", about the "imprisonment inside the house" and the many other misconceptions are no match. For the person who has returned to his natural sources has outgrown them sky-high. In their hearts lie the unnatural rules, that's why they never go up. But from the eternal sources the new, the ancient spirit flows. His advertising now belongs: not a woman in "freedom" but in a sacrifice – mother!

*To become happy
Serves well the earth
Those who die alone
Their life has no pleasure
Everyone has to die
Let your children inherit
(And let them be good)
Your Name and your Blood*

*Mother, oh mother, I am hungry,
Give me bread or I'll die!
Just wait, my dear child,
Tomorrow we will sow fast.*

*And when the grain was ready
The child was still crying
Mother, oh mother, I am hungry,
Give me bread or I'll die!
Just wait, my dear child,
Tomorrow we'll harvest quickly.*

*And when the grain was harvested
The child still shouted
Mother, oh mother, I am hungry,
Give with bread, otherwise I will die!
Just wait my dear child,
Tomorrow, we'll thresh the grain quickly.*

*And when the grain was threshed,
The child still shouted:
Mother, oh mother, it is starving me
Give me bread, sons I die!
Just wait, my dear child,
Tomorrow we'll grind it speedily.*

*And when the grain was ground,
The child still shouted
Give me bread, sons I die!
Just wait, my dear child,
Tomorrow we want to bake the bread.*

*And when the bread was baked,
The child was already on the coffin.*

(Folksong)

Interlude

Is there a more divine state, that of pregnancy? All that one does, in quiet faith, must somehow benefit the expectant in us! It would have to increase its mysterious value, which we think we will win over! There you go a lot out of the way, without having to force yourself. Since the negative hand gives the hand agreeably: the child should grow out of the mildest and the best. It shudders at our keen and sudden nature, as when they pour a mischief in the cup of their life for the dearest unknown.

Everything is veiled, unsuspecting, one knows nothing of how it is done, one waits and fights to be ready to be. Here a pure and purifying feeling of deep irresponsibility prevails in us, almost as a spectator before the closed curtain, it grows, it comes to the day: we have nothing to determine in the hand, neither its value nor its hour: "it is something bigger that grows here than we are", - is our secret hope. We do everything for him, that it is born prosperous: not only everything useful, but also the warmth and heart of our soul.

(Nietzsche)

You want to be well loved, women, and for quite a long time, until death: so be the mother of your children.

(Jean Paul)

After all, the feeblest human being is lying on a soft, infinitely warm heart, where his mother is, and never again encounters a deeper, more intimate love. The world is lonely when the sweet, friendly eye of a mother is extinguished; from the minute the little life leaves her, she has no more joy than sacrifice, and if she does not fare with her breast for a long time, she feeds it with her heart as long as she lives.

(From the notebook of a German nobleman)

*Allready the moon is a little clearer
Under the stars' sparkling shine
Allready the mother is lovely watching
The son of fiery power
Not of the Earth is her picture and her
To see such a likeness
But on the top of the world,
She closes the circle of the beautiful flower
With the mother and her son
Crown the gloriously perfected world.*

(Schiller)

Lands and cities are called and represented women, and verily, the mother, who educates the future of the first five years of children, founded land and cities. Who can replace a mother? Although what you sacrifice for the world is little known of her : the men govern and reap : and the thousand night watches and sacrifices, about which a mother, the state, a hero or poet, are forgotten, not even paid; for the mother herself does not pay : and so, one after another, the women, unnamed and unrewarded, send the pillars, the suns, the mute, the nightingales of time!

(Jean Paul)

Someone tells about his mother. a German apparently. Loud and slow he puts his words. Like a girl who binds flowers, thoughtfully examines flower and flower, and does not yet know what will become of the whole, so he suggests his words. To love? To suffer? All listen. And whoever can not follow the German in the heap, he understands it all at once, feels single words: in the evening ... was small. There they are all close to each other, these gentlemen who come from France and from Burgundy, from the Netherlands, from Carinths Talers, from the Bohemian mountains, from the emperor Leopold.

Because what the one tells, they have also experienced and just like that. If it was just a mother ...

(Rilke)

*There is no lovely poem,
As that speaks of mother love
The mother is hugging her smiling child.
There is no lovely poem
When that says how bright the light is
The faint dear light of the firmament
Burning in a mother's soul.*

*There is no such thing as a human heart
When that is crying in mother's pain
As a dear child complains
God's right luck fails.
There is no rich human heart
As that in motherly pain
Weigh the sac on the poor
And so in all delight lies.*

*Mother, O mother!
The sea is deep, the world is wide
So great and deep the world and sea
So immeasurably is your pain.
But also as far as the sky is blue
So far the lord built the world
So immeasurable is the air
In a single mother breast.*

(F. Dingelstedt)

Mother And Child

*O mother, you holy office,
Sent by the Lord of eternity
The soul that comes from heaven
To educate the sky again*

I woke up in the middle of the night. : in my sense suddenly a bright ray penetrated; from the snow-white bed there at my side, it went out, from the long drooping curtain. A whole chuckle sounded out of it; I had to laugh, softly and happily, because it sounded like the soft beeping of the young hens in the chicken coop. And the ray built a bridge between me and the little bed, and my soul slid across the closed curtain and saw a small, red, bundled little human, from which the strange sounds emanated, and my senses scented the humid, warm feeling, that came from the out from his mouth. My soul slid back on the shining ray, and body and soul were full of light, and within me it was and sounded: overcame, survived! The body was as light and free as the soul. What he used yesterday was healthy, alive and forlorn. Just do not tune in, just enjoy, enjoy this blissful awareness! And now everything moved over me again: the unsuspecting morning, the desperate day : the heavy hours, then soon after 11 o'clock in the night the child : a boy : big and strong. now they all closed, the father, the warden, the child, only I woke, startled by the ray of my happiness. and I was alone with my luck and talked to him. for how could one think of sleeping with such a rare guest in bed?

"If it were not too immodest," I said, "I'd like to ask some more from you for my boy, because who knows when you'll come back, life is long, and I have to work as a housewife for advice."

"alas," said the father, "that is now superfluous, he is a young, strong and healthy, the rest comes by itself" : now I moved with the act, because that must also be understood as a housewife.

"You could have given him some kind of thinking, since you're there!" : then said the lucky one: "every day you spend with your child, caring and taking care of it, I will come to you and put a grain of corn in your child's heart." When it grows up, the seed will rise : the richer the seed, the richer the harvest, as long as it can feed on the stock, so long it will be happy : let his life be this hard " .

And before my eyes was the future: I put my rosy little pony to rest and sat at his bed and sang him to sleep, I pushed him in the carriage in the sun and back and through the green fields : the spring comes soon. I did not do him any schoolwork, and I played and sang with him, I shared with him his little sufferings and no great joys, and he trusted me everything that moved his heart! And every day happiness was with us : I felt it distinctly : and grain by grain, my child became a happy man, and his life became rich and bright through the seed of his childhood.

Again my eyes met a bright ray, and when I opened them, it was the morning sun that shone through the window. From the bed, instead of the gentle gurgling, a powerful scream came, and the mistress was shivering around the little thing. In me, however, the warm stream of life, which the nature of the mother donates, surged so that she would chain her child to her with unbreakable ties.

How it fidgeted and snapped, how the little mistress dislocated itself to the most sordid grimaces, until the screaming man finally lay on my side, pouting and swallowing, and my eyes rested on the fluffy head with pride and bliss. Right, there was already luck again on the edge of the bed and watched us! The first grain was sown. If the grains only be rich, that was my only concern!

Written in late, lonely hour by a German mother.

*Now you lie, holy life,
in my arms,
this fluffy delicate head
is truth here.*

*That drank you to this day
My red blood
How does it flow to my heart?
in a warm tide!*

*I feel like a dream
farewell world and sorry
on my lips I taste
the eternity*

(Martenssen)