

SS IDEOLOGY

Translated from Original
SS Publications



Vol. 3

SS IDEOLOGY

Vol. 3

Copyright 1994 HAMMER
Printed in USA

, 1

Table of Contents

Publisher's Introduction	5
Original Introduction	7
Our Reichsführer:	9
Europe will again become Healthy	10
Quotations	15
The Flow of Heredity	17
Aud and Delilah	18
Rieke Gehrman	20
A Hero of the Battle of Jutland	22
Neutrality and Germanic Effort	24
To the First	27
To Remain Pure and Become Mature	28
Of the Same Kind	31
That was quite a Fellow	36
The Gold Medal for Bravery	39
The Broken Hands	43
Further Reading	48

Publisher's Introduction

SS IDEOLOGY Vol. 3 continues in the same tradition as the first two volumes. It is translated directly from original SS publications: *Germanische Leithefte* (including the very first issue published in 1941) and *SS Leitheft*. These two magazines were published *by* the SS and *for* the SS.

The objective is an accurate view of how the SS actually viewed and presented itself as opposed to the typical Hollywood propaganda treatment.

Per my custom, "Volk" has been rendered "folk", and "Reich " and "Führer" have been retained.

Karl Hammer
December 1993

Original Introduction

"Just as the knowledge of the orbit of the earth around the sun led to a fundamental transformation of the general view of the world, so will the National Socialist movement, based on the teachings of blood and race, result in a transformation of knowledge and hence of the view of the history of man's past and future."

ADOLF HITLER

This knowledge of the fateful significance of the natural laws of blood and race forms the basic idea of the SS. It is an order of select Nordic men along with their clans.

With the help of the laws it itself chooses, the SS wants to make a living contribution to the triumph of the blood-idea in Europe. It wants to preserve and set as an example the highest virtues such as loyalty, courage, comradeship and noble mind. It is a team which, in Germanic loyalty of the following, is unconditionally devoted to the Führer.

The SS is the guardian of the inner security of the Reich and the hardest combat troop against the external enemy. The present struggle is aimed against the live threatening forces of international Jewry, its ally World Bolshevism and also the Jew-dependent, greedy, English rule of money and freemasonry.

The goal of the present, tumultuous conflict is the formation of a natural and thus enduring New Order of Europe. This New Order has been taken up by the Reich, which is based on the greater Germanic development, in close collaboration with brave allies.

Europe, however, should find the enduring foundation for a splendid future in the active community of fate of the Germanic folks. The SS fights for this noble cause. And so, in the SS of the Führer are assembled for battle next to Reich-German SS men ethnic Germans from all parts of the world, especially from Romania and the rest of southeastern Europe.

For the first time volunteers from Flanders, Holland, Switzerland, Denmark, Norway, Finland and Sweden also fight together with Reich-German SS men.

Task of the "*Germanische Leithefte*" ...

...should be to constantly propound the great and common line

of the SS to these comrades from neighboring Germanic lands, and furthermore to publicize the great goals and principals of the SS in the SS homeland of these men. This publication should present a clear expression of the SS spirit common to all Germanic people. It will thus be a constant call for all who are sure enough of themselves to become followers of the hardest and strongest order in Germanic history.

From: *Germanische Leithefte*, volume 1, issue 1, 1941

Our Reichsführer :

From a speech of the Reichsführer-SS Heinrich Himmler (1935):

The SS has been formed by the Führer's order in the newly resurrected German folk.

Every description of organization, task and expansion of the SS can not be understood unless one seeks to comprehend them innerly with his blood and his heart. *It can not be explained why we, so few in number, have this strength within us.*

It can not be analyzed with logic why today each of us who wears the black uniform, regardless of where he is, is carried by the strength of this our community, - be it that he sits on the mount of the race horse or duels in the stadium, be it that he serves as an official, be it that he carries stones as a worker at a construction site, or be it that he rules in high government office or does his duty as a soldier, or be it that he studies the works of the German spirit of our kind - each, perhaps unseen, must stand his ground as a man.

Each knows *that he does not stand alone, rather that this unprecedented strength of a few hundred thousand men who are sworn together* bestows on him immeasurable strength, just as he knows that, as a representative of this black corps of his community, he must do it honor through his best accomplishments.

So are we assembled and march according to inflexible laws as a National Socialist, martial order of select men and as a sworn community of their clans along the path into a far future; we wish and believe that we do not want to only be the grandchildren who fought it out better, rather beyond that the ancestors of far-distant generations necessary for the eternal life of the German-Germanic folk.

From: *Germanische Leithefte*, volume 1, issue 1, 1941

Europe will again become Healthy

We humans live in a world in which all becoming, living, maturing, and passing proceeds according to unbending, godly laws of nature. Subservient to them are the stars, heavens and earth, sea and stones, as well as the life of plants and animals.

Nobody in possession of his five faculties doubts that human life also runs according to the same laws. So, too, are the differences between humans determined by the laws of *heredity*.

In a healthy, naturally-feeling community, for example in peasant life, the sickly is prevented from procreating, and the healthy bonds itself again with the healthy. Only the big city life, estranged from nature, or *economic considerations*, unfortunately cause many a healthy person to enter marriage with a sickly one.

Then, however, nature avenges itself for the nonobservance of its laws: the offspring can become sickly or carry within themselves a tendency toward sickness.

The peasant who still lives bound to nature has always known that, in every species of animal and plant, lines and races must be distinguished, which can not be indiscriminately interbreed. That would destroy the breed. Among humans there are likewise various races. Originally our ancestors respected these barriers, created by the creator. Later certain spiritual and political tendencies gradually suppressed the feeling for natural differences among humans. "Everything is the same which has a human face", that is what they said at the time of the French Revolution. Liberalism, Marxist-Socialism and Communism - those are the milestones in the decay of a Europe misled by Jewry. For the Bolshevist, racial differences are just prejudices which must be overcome. All of that, however, is a human deviation from the godly laws of nature; a disloyalty toward one's own blood, which must have the most serious consequences for folk health and culture. Physical damage, psychological disorder and character inferiority are often the scientifically proven consequences of undesirable race-mixing.

These spiritual, or better said anti-spiritual, tendencies come from racially alien and perverted minds. These teachings do not proceed from the laws of nature at all. In opposition to them, National Socialism does not seek to construct another humanistic creed, rather it seeks to first of all clearly recognize the natural

When I today travel through Germany and everywhere see the children, our little blond youth, I then recognize the purpose of our movement: reaching from the present forward into the German future. - Adolf Hitler



order created by god. Only this knowledge makes it possible to again lead the misled human back to the natural and hence healthy way of life. Therefore National Socialism respects the nature-given difference between races. And it recognizes natural barriers.

So a National Socialist also views a future Europe completely differently than a liberal would. Every National Socialist would instinctively reject a *pan-Europe* of the American kind. The USA is a mishmash of folks and races. In Europe the various folks have in the course of their development taken on diverse folk characters, because other European races have also blended together - in diverse proportions in the various parts of Germany and its neighbors. All of them have *in common*, however, a more or less large portion of Nordic blood.

This Nordic blood component is thus that which binds the European folks. A closer union of the Germanic folks is hence not only possible, but also nature-given. The more or less Nordic blood present in the other European folks is primarily of Germanic origin.

If Europe thus does not want to lose its uniqueness, then, above all, the domination of the Nordic race must be secured. The Nordic race, however, has suffered the most by the development of civilization in the last centuries. So has the Nordic race in part nearly ceased to perpetuate itself in the large cities. This valuable race represented and represents not only in the German, but also in all other European folks, the leading segment. This fact is especially significant, because the portion of its blood finds itself in steady decline.

The former, so-called European civilization has likewise had a harmful effect on the health of the folks. The sickly, weak and untalented are promoted with every resource, while the healthy has therefore often had to suffer under the worst social injustice. In nature the sickly and weak are automatically purged and only the strong and healthy come to procreate. Among so-called cultured people, who have created an unnatural environment in their civilization, this "natural selection" is missing.

This is where the measures of National Socialism come into play. In the final hour they prevent that the race white perishes in the foreseeable future. Let us designate the racially good and physically and spiritually healthy portion of a folk with the comprehensive concept "healthy Germanic blood"; so all measures of National Socialism which promote this portion are called "measures for the promotion of healthy Germanic blood". These meas-

ures in National Socialist Germany take two directions: first they prevent the harmful, and second they promote the beneficial.

The National Socialist marriage law provides for the presentation of marriage documents before marriage. In this manner can, for the best of the folks, the marriage of the healthy with the congenitally ill or the healthy with people with contagious diseases be prevented. The offering of very favorable, interest-free marriage loans, on the other hand, eases the marriage of the healthy.

These just mentioned measures of the National Socialist state, however, were always preceded, often by many years, by similar measures of the SS.

The SS man is selected and educated in such a way that he will not mix with racially alien or congenitally ill blood even without these laws.

But in other areas, too, does the SS set a good example by going along new paths in advance. The SS promotes the return of man to natural living conditions through countless minor measures, for example: promotion of building of one-family homes, physical education and exercise, return of valuable families to the land by promoting new peasantry etc.. The SS shows, through the laws of its order and its example, the path along which a strengthening of the Nordic blood portion can be achieved. Similar orders have already existed, scattered throughout history, for example the Toms Vikings of the Baltic Sea, the German Teutonic Knights in Eastern and Western Prussia etc.. These orders, too, only accepted valuable, fighting men, and their accomplishments were correspondingly spectacular. But they had one lacking: they limited their laws to males. So their valuable blood was *not* consciously cared for. But that is what it comes down to in the final analysis, namely that a folk, for the sake of its future, not only preserves its supply of *valuable* blood, but also increases it.

The Reichsführer SS, therefore, already during the difficult period of struggle in 1931, gave to the SS its memorial "Engagement and Marriage Order". In it the SS man is given the duty to select his wife according to the same guidelines with which he was accepted into the SS. The wife is then taken into the SS clan. There she is obligated to the same principles as her husband himself. She hence enjoys the same honor and the same high esteem.

Hence the SS stands at the forefront in the struggle for the preservation and strengthening of Germanic blood and shows the path into a future of healthy folk strength and cultural blossoming. The former, creative working of the SS for these ideas of
xxx

blood has been recognized by the Führer in that he has entrusted to the Reichsführer SS the solidification of the German folk.

From this observance of the National Socialist laws of blood and race grows an order which for all time will secure not only the protection of the Reich, but will also pave the way ahead in all important questions of human life. It becomes the guardian of the European community of fate. But especially the Germanic folks are bound by this SS order through their common blood. With pride should our children's children one day say of us:

"You have laid the foundation for the Reich of our race!"

From: *Germanische Leithefte*, volume 1, issue 1, 1941

Quotations

What was given to the individual by nature, he must pass along as a contribution to his folk. There can be only one right in this community; it grows from the fulfillment of one's own, allotted, highest duty.

ADOLF HITLER

* * * * *

All the nations which fought in the world war honor the "unknown soldier". In Paris he rests beneath the "Arc de Triomphe". In London he sleeps his final sleep under the black marble of Westminster Abby. In Berlin he resides in the Reich Chancellor Palace. Germany is the only land in which the "unknown soldier" is not dead, but lives.

FREDERIK BÖÖK
Swedish Academy, Stockholm

* * * * *

When the war is over we will experience strange things. A New Order will be created in Europe, and work will take the place it justly deserves. One of the peculiar manifestations will be that one will no longer view America as the new world, rather Europe as the new world and America as the old.

According to the Danish newspaper *Fædrelandet* of June 22, 1941, issue number 170, these words were recently spoken to an American journalist of the Hearst Press by the Duke of Windsor, the former English king.

National Socialism forms a folk community which begins with the child and ends with the old person. No one can silence this gigantic symphony of German life. - Adolf Hitler



The Flow of Heredity

Johann Sebastian Bach, the great composer of Leipzig, played the organ with great mastery in the Garnisonkirche in Potsdam for Frederick the Great and his invited guests. Bach poured out his soul like an unfathomable sea.

"That is eternal, godly music, master! Who did you acquire the grace?"

"My great-great-grandfather was a master baker and a musician, my great-grandfather was a tapestry-maker and a musician, my grandfather was the city piper in Weimar, my father was a musician of the court and city of Eisenach, and my uncle the city organist in the same city. For almost 300 years musicians with the name of Bach have lived in Thuringia and Saxony. So this trait was always passed along."

From: *Germanische Leithefte*, volume 1, issue 1, 1941

Aud and Delilah

It was in the time when the Norwegians settled Iceland and experienced their heroic era. That was about one thousand years ago. There lived a man in the northwestern part of the island by the name of Gisli, who was an admirable man. But he was despised by powerful people who envied him, and so he wandered around without peace. His wife, Aud, stayed with him in his great need and cared for him with endless loyalty. Gisli's enemies, however, wanted to catch him, so they tried it through trickery.

Their leader went to Aud and said: "I want to make a deal with you. Aud, tell me where Gisli is, and I will give you 300 marks of silver. In addition, I will arrange a marriage for you which is better than your present one."

She answered thusly: "The most improbable thing, it seems to me, is that you arrange a marriage for me as good as my present one. But it is true: gold is a widow's best comfort, as they say. Let me see if your money is as plentiful and as good as you say."

So he poured the money into her lap. She played with it with her hand, but he counted it and showed it to her. Gudrid, her foster-daughter, started to cry.

Gudrid went outside and ran to Gisli and said to him: "My foster-mother has now lost her reason and wants to betray you!" Gisli said: "Comfort yourself, as long as death threatens me only from Aud, I need not fear for my life."

Then the girl went home and did not say where she had been.

Eyjolf had counted out the money. Aud said: "Your money is in no way less or worse than you have said; now will you allow me to do with it whatever I desire?" Eyjolf gladly accepted that and said she could do with it as she desired.

Aud took the money and put it into a large bag. Then she stood up and struck Eyjolf on the nose with the bag of silver so hard that he was immediately covered in blood. She added: "Take that for your credulity! And every misfortune as well! Did you believe I would sell my husband to a scoundrel like you? Take that and insult and shame, too! For your whole life you should remember, you rascal, that a woman has struck you - and that you did not even accomplish what you wanted to!"

...And the men had to retreat in shame... (Thule, volume VIII)

And there was a man in Israel, Samson, who had incredible

strength. The philistines hated him and tried to kill him. Since they were not successful that way, they tried it through trickery. They went to his mistress, named Delilah, and said to her: "Convince him to betray to you the secret of his great strength. We will then give you 1000 and 100 silver pieces, each one of us!"

And Delilah went to her man and tried to unlock the secret of his strength, for the money attracted her very much. Three times he evaded her, but finally he revealed everything to her, because he loved her very much. He said: "The hair on my head has never been cut. If it were cut, I would become as weak as any other man."

When she knew the secret she betrayed it to his enemies. They came in the night as he trustingly slept. They cut his hair off and seized him, stabbed his eyes out, and led him off to prison.

Aud and Delila - two worlds!

From: *Germanische Leithefte*, volume 1, issue 1, 1941

Rieke Gehrman

Farm Woman : Heritage Transmitter of the Nation

Based on a Poem by Ruth Geede

When Rieke Gehrman had been married only a short time, one night in the autumn her and her husband's barn caught on fire. One could see the conflagration from three miles away, but as the farm animals bellowed, one could hear Rieke Gehrman's ever optimistic voice to her family: "What are you complaining about? Our house is still standing, is it not?"

When, a year later, cattle disease and therewith great calamity struck the entire region, Rieke Gehrman bore her first son. Many of her prize animals lost their lives, but she was still able to comfort her husband: "It is indeed a bad blow, but after all, we still have our son."

When Rieke Gehrman had been married for twelve years, all the while attacking her work on the farm year in and year out with the same indomitable spirit, the barn having long since been rebuilt, she said to her city cousins: "Relax? Retire? Give up? Never! I have seven sons who clamor to be raised!"

War came when Rieke Gehrman was forty. Three of her sons had become casualties on foreign battlefields, but, ever proud and brave, she said to one and all: "My sons died the best death that any man can die - fighting for their Führer and their folk."

When Rieke Gehrman became fifty, her husband died, with whom she had shared so much joy and sorrow through the years. He had, however, become too old and sick to work, and his passing seemed to her as equally a part of the cosmic cycle as all the other events of life, and she bore her aloneness with fortitude and faith in the future.

Inevitably there came a time in which city and industry exercised their tempting wiles, causing many a lad from the land to forsake farmstead and plow as a way of life. But Rieke Gehrman succeeded in retaining and recreating for her boys a home where real values were loved and cultivated. As a result, all of her surviving sons became farmers like their father.

Even when Rieke Gehrman's features began to wrinkle and fade from a hard but rich life of work on the farm, she still ex-



Return Home - Oskar Martin-Amorbach

hibited the cheerfulness of heart which any grandmother feels for a homestead of well-bred and promising children. And as they became old enough to help out with the chores, Rieke Gehrman was able to find more and more time to share of her wisdom with the rising generation in her home.

One day, however, even Rieke Gehrman's life came to an end, and, in dying, she spoke to her sons: "Gold and silver, boys, you will not inherit, since my entire life effort and all my investment were put in you and in the farmstead. I am so sorry..." And as her voice began to fade, her eldest son came forward, and, watering her hand with his tears, proclaimed: "Mother, your whole life was for us and we are so proud of what you accomplished. Your blood - that is our real inheritance. So we, your faithful sons, will also do our duty to carry on your immortal work." These words were Rieke Gehrman's last joy.

From: Germanische Leithefte, volume 1, issue 1, 1941

A Hero of the Battle of Jutland

The battle is over. The fountains of water collapse, thick clouds of smoke glide over the surface of the water. The last waves of the armored colossus of 25,000 tons roll through the sea, which has been whipped up by shells.

One sees the destruction of the battle: The "Lützow" lies with the bow deep in the water; the "Seydlitz" is listing, the paint burns on the outboard, and from the smokestack huge, violent flames constantly shoot upward as high as the mast. On the "Seydlitz" a shell had blown out a large sheet of armor from the back turret. This red-hot, glowing metal then fell into the turret onto the cartridges, which caught fire and blazed. The heat is incredible. All the oxygen in the deep turret has been consumed and everyone there is dead.

The flames are burning down from the seventh deck into the sixth. The cartridges in the storage rooms on the sixth floor also catch fire.

Thick columns of smoke! Everything is white-hot! An order comes through the voice-tube and telephone from the command deck: flood the munition rooms! If the fire reaches the munition rooms, the entire ship will go sky high! No answer. Everyone is dead! The fire reaches the fifth deck. The same flames create such a heat that the steel walls start to glow. Again the orders are sent down: "flood! flood!" Everyone on the ship knows: if the fire reaches the munition rooms, the "Seydlitz" will fly into pieces. Everyone asks: Have the munition rooms been flooded?

"No, there is no answer!" Now 1400 men stand in sealed off rooms, each awaiting the moment when the munition rooms will explode and they will be blown into atoms. No one dares to leave his station; these are seconds and minutes of the most terrible anxiety! Then the pump-man Müller comes. He knows there is a reserve flood valve on the aft armored deck.

As he stands in front of the armored deck, he sees that it is glowing hot. Next to him are five sailors and boilermen, who want to risk the same step: "We can not get across, the armored deck is glowing hot!" And the pump-man sees that the deck is indeed glowing hot. He knows their fate will be decided in seconds.

Next to him is the boilerman with wooden slippers: "Give me

your wooden slippers!" The pump-man Müller pulls them over his shoes and hurries across the armored deck.

The shoes catch on fire. He stands in front of the flood valve. He wants to open the last valve which will flood the munition rooms - the final salvation of the ship - a single grasp! 1400 men wait for this grasp, which will decide life and death. The pump-man Müller stares at the flood valve and sees: it is glowing hot!

And he says to himself: You still stand on the "Seydlitz", 1400 comrades are still alive beneath you, you must save them, you must risk the grasp onto the red-hot valve! The pump-man Müller - first he screamed, then he grabbed tight and turned - and then he grabbed it again and turned it some more until his naked fingers literally cooked.

The pump-man Müller had saved the "Seydlitz" and 1400 German comrades!

From: *Germanische Leithefte*, volume I, Issue 1, 1941

Neutrality and Germanic Effort

"...and this I state clearly - I want to know and hear nothing of neutrality...if I come to a border, you must declare yourself cold or warm, for God fights against the devil here. If you want to hold to God, then come to me. But if you prefer to hold to the devil, then you must certainly fight against me. Tertium non dabitur, there is no third option, that is sure. What kind of a thing is that - neutrality? I do not understand it."

Gustav II. Adolf, King of Sweden, to Georg Wilhelm of Brandenburg, in the year 1630

In these weeks and months Europe's destiny for all future is being decided. Germanic volunteers with healthy instinct from the Germanic lands of our continent have decided to fight on the side of the Reich. Beyond that, entire folks have courageously assembled for the struggle for Europe, even those who are not directly related by blood to the German folk, but who are closely bound to it as neighbors or through a common history.

On the other side there were and are states whose position was not initially clear. They called and call themselves "neutrals".

It the course of time it became clear that even the colorless attitude of these others was not entirely so neutral as it at first appeared; for when it got serious, they decided in part *for* England and the Jews, hence *against* Europe and its New Order. The ruling plutocratic strata of these "neutral" folks never thought about really remaining neutral. They had already, long before the outbreak of the war, given up their national sovereignty in that they first placed their territories at the disposal of the spiritual advance of the enemies of the Reich; i.e. they surrendered their news services, press and radio, and tolerated Allied espionage organizations on their "neutral" ground.

Honor, pride and independence - what did these things mean to them if only their full dishes were left intact! How proud, on the other hand, can those men and women be who, in defiance of all the persecutions, already back then affirmed the ideas of the new millenium in those lands!

But that which their ideological opponents there called neutrality, was at best self-deception. Usually, however, it was the attempt to cunningly deceive the Reich and their own folks. None

of their wirepullers believed in a long-term success of this illusory policy. For long before they got up their courage for "the difficult decision" - "for their folk's sake" - to leave the country, their planes stood tanked and ready. This pitiful flight was merely the logical conclusion of their entire working, just like the occupation by the German military of the lands they had misled.

So their abandoned folks in their need had to take the first step to understand their situation. That means they had to recognize that, with the help of their plutocrats, they had simply been drawn into the war plans of Great Britain as pawns. They had to further recognize that England only respected their independence and left the bread in their baskets as long as they were still useful as pawns. This recognition must have been bitter. As bitter as it always is when one must admit a fundamental error on which one had sought to build his entire existence.

Wide circles in the occupied "neutral" areas are still not inclined to even partially comprehend the situation. Why and what for this fruitless condition of stubborn peevishness? Because our enemies were able - in *one* regard - to *really* "neutralize" these folks. Namely, they took away their vision for their historical, Germanic origin, for their own dignity, for political reality and the genuine European relationship of power. In that they were helped in recent years by the Jewish emigrants from Germany. In union with them, they were able to achieve a complete paralysis of political thought in the small democracies of Germanic origin: every unprejudiced, independent development of political opinion there was extinguished down to the smallest remnants. The in itself healthy desire for possessions, the healthy instinct for acquisition and prosperity, no longer meant just for the support of life, rather they were elevated to the content and purpose of life itself.

So honor and pride had to become stunted. Whoever in these lands, which prided themselves on the possession of "freedom and human rights", took the freedom to think and act differently than the system, than "society" or than the masses, was boycotted and economically ruined. So the trader's spirit arose and suffocated every memory of the heroic origins of the Germanic folks as well as the will for clear decision. One only lived for the *day* and stuck his head in the sand. Consequently, one did not even remotely believe that one day, and indeed in the near future, decisions would be demanded which one could not *talk away* or *buy off* with money.

That this spirit of laxity and dishonor did not completely infect

the folks is proven by the brave men and women who already very early offered their possessions and their blood for the victory of a national Socialism in their lands. Not least were these peasant circles, hence people who do not live like one-day insects, rather who are accustomed to looking across several generations, be it with plants, be it with the breeding of animals, or be it with themselves from hereditary farmstead to hereditary farmstead.

These National Socialists not only spoke out that neutrality had never really existed in these lands, and that these lands had been bound to Great Britain. No, these National Socialists went farther: the spacial ties of their lands, the deeper insight into the historical connections and the genuine European relationship of power led them to the following recognition: Neutrality is in that moment morally impossible when a blood-related folk fights for the life of itself and of its brother-folks. According to this recognition thousands of volunteers from these Germanic lands neighboring the Reich then streamed to the front. Their blood, which flows for the common struggle, will one day indissolubly bind the Germanic states together again.

We, Germans and "neutrals", must however reflect and try to image the following: How would it stand with the honor and the esteem of these "neutral" folks if these volunteers had *not* come from their ranks?! These volunteers have through their efforts and as the first opened the gates of their lands to allow entrance of a new, great destiny. Through their clear stand for the Reich as the life-giving center of the continent, they have freed their folks from a centuries-long condition of isolation and feminization. These volunteers have taken care that the history of their lands will in the future be more than a history of the material enjoyment of life. The entirety of the "neutral" folks will one day - if they recognize this war as the decisive turning point in *their* life history, too - frankly admit that the heroism and the sense of sacrifice of their young sons was the greatest deed in their history since centuries.

From: *Germanische Leithefte*, volume 1, issue 3, 1941

To the First

From the first speech of the then commander of the I./SS Nordland to the first Danish volunteers of the battalion on June 25, 1940:

"You Danish National Socialists see among yourselves and in Germany the same blood. Blood, race is stronger than language and ethnicity.

"Language and ethnicity should live on, free and unconstrained, in a new, Germanic-led Europe, but they should never again divide Germanic men or even make them into enemies.

"This is the beginning of a new, great era.

"You have understood this.

"You want to fight along against the mortal enemies of the swastika, against the Jewry of the entire world and the many powers misled by it.

"You are the first representatives of Northern Germania, who - to the honor of your folk, - found the path to Germany, the champion in the struggle.

"You have the pride and the honor to serve and to fight in his guard under the greatest man of all times, under Adolf Hitler!

"One day children and grandchildren will say of you: 'They belonged to the initially very few who had recognized what this world struggle was fought for, and *who did not betray Germanic brothers-blood with a cowardly neutrality.*'"

From: *Germanische Leithefte*, volume 1, issue 3, 1941

To Remain Pure and Become Mature

- by a Young SS Man
on the Eastern Front

It wasn't long ago that we used to consider purity and maturity as something curious; we even used to laugh at the notions. Wasn't the rigour of battle our first command and purity something for young girls? But we have since changed. Now we see with different eyes and no longer derive the strength for our deeds from the storms of youth alone. The protractedness of the war has given us a deeper strength of endurance and rigour. Now we create strength from things, to which we used to never even give a thought. Today we are able to behold our home, the beauty of a field flower, and the smile of a child with eyes made wiser by the pain of loss and the consciousness of danger.

In short, we have grown up. In the middle of the destruction all about us, appears the one objective as substance of our purest longings and sacrifices: the Reich. And the path to this objective leads by way of warrior manliness.

The harder the fighting for our objective is, that much more unbending is the demand for purity of our will, integrity of our character, and unambiguity of our behavior. The highest manly ideal must be embodied, if the Reich is to be attained, for the Reich represents a New Order of man; of families, of clans, and of individuals. And warfare is waged for this New Order.

We first perceived the threat of complete extinction in this war to the highest human denominator during the battles in the east. Surely the demands of race preservation are only a zoological affair, if preservation of Aryan spirituality and culture are not included therein. Even so, our answer to the annihilation of man in the world is not only warfare and resistance, but also our own transformed lives, and manliness and purity are the strongest weapons in this warfare. Yes, pure in the highest sense were the dead who sank at Langemarck into the Flemish soil; pure were the fallen who yet lie in unmarked graves in the east; and pure were also all those who in the hour of Germany's greatest need hearkened to the call of the first years of this war.

So is also our national hymn "Germany, Germany over all" to be understood: not as a battle cry of triumph, but as the deepest

obligation to build a higher order of man and as the mentality of pride in the grandeur of the calling to be warriors for this New Order in the world. This mentality liberates us from the manifestations of decadence, which we behold at every turn: self-interest, profiteering, and political jobbery. It is not a matter of just keeping one's own slate clean for appearance's sake, - an altogether bourgeois consideration, - but it is a matter of consciously rejecting all superficiality as a mark of baseness, of doublespeak and infidelity as unworthy in marriage as it is among one's comrades, and of all obscenity and licentiousness as entertainment. Why? Because all of that opens the way for the enemy to enter and obtain a foothold. To remain pure also means to have conscience and solicitude, and to practice kindness and comradeship.

An irrevocable answer is thus demanded from each of us with regard to every aspect of our being. The more we realize that we are working toward a social and political New Order, and the more we embody the consciousness that alone in service to the Reich does our nobility lie, in that degree will it become clear to us, that only they can exercise and retain dominion in this world who have kept themselves pure, - even in the face of error and disgrace.

We have seen comrades fall right next to us who were young and quite unfinished. That filled our hearts with grief and discouragement. It is then, however, that we experienced the truth that fulfillment in life is not a function of the quantity, but of the quality of the years, which we have been given. This is so, because every living man, woman, and child can obtain the crown of life: to die for the fatherland.

Life without pure desire is meaningless. So it is that we deeply embrace Goethe's saying: "To live for pleasure is base; the noble live for law and order." We cannot precisely know whither we climb in this struggle and what form and condition await us on the mountain peak above, but the Reich is an immediate mission, which we can presently recognize and fulfill. And to be innerly equipped for this task requires purity and manliness.

Note the bourgeois soldier, who enthrones every false and impure god. Perhaps such a one ignorantly despises purity and manliness, because all he has ever been exposed to are the empty forms of these virtues and never their racially spiritual content. In any case, only he is a true man, who roots the threads of his soul in the foundation: in the extremity, which alone engenders love of family and fatherland, in a faith in the divine law operative in the life of his race, and in the willingness to keep on

marching serenely to one's death, because he knows the meaning of that death as highest sacrifice to God.

To be a master means to be mature, to have spiritual insight, to look beyond appearances, to do the necessary, and not to lose one's faith in the process. Not because we have power and weapons in our hands do we enjoy a certain rank in this world, but because we are actual warriors for the Reich. This means that we have chosen: responsibility, discipline, accountability, reverence, and kindness, - i.e. to become a stronger man and a new creature, and not to let the world prescribe its "law" for us. We are masters, because we stand in relation to the world as instruments in the service of a higher order. This recognition makes us mature without respect to age. Eighteen year olds have in this manner and through the rigour of war been made into men. The hour of trial has not found them wanting, but rather testifies, that they have indeed become mature.

From: *SS Leitheft*, September 1944

Of the Same Kind

The railway behind Tronheim was destroyed, so the company had to march.

"Marching in Norway", the riflemen thought while they cursed and threw their rucksacks onto their backs, "is like scooping water out of the sea: it never seems to end."

But the country was beautiful, more beautiful than any other region they had seen so far, and they had got around a lot in Europe during this war. The street went up the hill, not suddenly, but rather in such an easy and charming way that one hardly noticed it while marching. Small dark lakes lay between the mountains, and the fields and meadows were so green - like something only can be in spring. Yellow primroses stood all over in the grass like at home during Eastertide, though Whitsuntide had passed long since.

The company marched afresh into the morning, and after a short rest in the afternoon, they marched far into the night. Finally the point marching ahead saw the town; the march objective for this day was called Ogendal. But in this moment the company had a bitter disappointment, because the whole town, that lay so beautiful in the valley, was so thoroughly destroyed that only ruins could be seen. Not one house was standing any longer, just now and then a wall, single chimneys and walls. Everywhere between the remnants it was smoking and smouldering.

When the company made a stop on a meadow beyond the town, one of the riflemen who were camping here in the region said that yesterday there had been heavy combat here. The Norwegians had bravely offered resistance; in doing so the town had gone up in flames.

But the riflemen were tired of the long march and the captain made it brief. He pointed with his hand above to the heights, where the farmsteads were: "Every platoon one farm!"

The young blond lieutenant who lead the first platoon quickly looked at the surroundings: "I already have mine," he said and turned back to his riflemen: "First platoon to the farm right by the three trees!" The riflemen turned their heads. Precisely the highest farm! But they did see that this farm was more beautiful and bigger than the others. Like a castle it stood up on the hill. The dark red beams beautifully suited the white-framed windows and all around lay an intact realm of meadows, fields and forest.



In Memoriam - Paul Bronisch

Certainly it was good to stay up there.

The lieutenant gathered his platoon. The riflemen again lifted the rucksacks and then climbed up the path. Through the birch forest it went upwards. When the fresh green of the trees opened up, the farmhouse already lay in front of them. The meadows were spread all around the building. The fields were freshly

crushed. Everything seemed so clean and neat. Really, the farmer who lived here was a king in his empire. "We are riflemen of the second company", the lieutenant whistled happily, it was his favorite marching-song, "we fight and win, but we never retreat!" Then he let his platoon stop and slowly stepped up to the farm.

It was a broad and stately house. Over the massive entrance projected a slim roof, which was carried by two wooden pillars. The pillars had a delicate woodcarving, almost too delicate for the heavy gate. The very moment the lieutenant was about to put his hand on the door handle, an old man stepped out from under the canopy. His stature was big, so big that he was a good bit taller than the lieutenant, who actually was of good size himself.

The old man saw the soldier and grasped with both fists the door frame, stood there straddle-legged and furiously shook his head. "Hello!", said the lieutenant.

The old man swallowed a couple of times and shortly said: "No". It must have been the only word he could say in German, "No, no!" And his slim, square face looked unfriendly, and in his grey eyes stood a blazing rage.

The lieutenant smiled again and said easily: "You must lodge my platoon here for the night, forty men; those, find room in the house, here, the others in the barn!"

The old man clutched his fingers into the wood of the door post and stemmed his legs in the ground, as if he alone had to refuse admittance to the whole platoon that lined up in front of the house. Angrily he said: "No!"

The lieutenant called for the sergeant, and told him to see after the barn and prepare the straw for the camp. He would cope with the old man here all by himself.

The very moment the lieutenant had said this, the old man came forward a few steps and stalked into the house before the lieutenant, as if he had changed his mind.

The lieutenant stopped at the doorstep for a moment. He saw a broad, low hall in front of him, the walls were panelled with wood, above it were heavy black beams. The room obtained its light only from the door and lay partly in the dark. Only gradually could the lieutenant discern that men stood here, ten, twelve men, all so tall that they almost reached the low ceiling with their heads. All of them had the same unfriendly face as the old man.

Suddenly the lieutenant saw that the men stood around a stretcher. A dead soldier lay on the stretcher. The lieutenant took off his cap.

The men in the circle did not pay any further attention to him and silently looked down at the dead man. They didn't pray, they did not even move their lips. And the men's faces became rigid again, as if they were only together, but not to show each other their mourning.

The lieutenant saw the slim face of the dead one, which was as pale as wax. The eyes were closed. A broad grievous scar ran across the forehead. But the expression of peaceful rest lay on the face. The jacket of a Norwegian soldier was spread over the chest, and the cap lay on top of it. But at the foot of the stretcher stood the plow. Then the old man stepped up to one of the men and silently put a hand on his shoulder. For a moment the man looked up and lifted his head as a sign of having understood him. Then he turned to the lieutenant. "The farmer is dead", he said in good German.

The lieutenant shortly nodded his head in agreement: "We will stay in the barn," he said. The man repeated the answer in Norwegian. The old man listened and silently nodded his head.

The lieutenant went and accommodated his platoon in the barn. "Nobody is going to enter the house," he explained to the riflemen, "The farmer has been killed in action, probably during the combat yesterday morning."

When after a while the lieutenant again stepped into the house, he was attended by two soldiers, who were carrying a steel helmet and a gun. The old man was startled at first and the men raised their heads and faced the lieutenant. For a moment it was totally silent in the room. But the two soldiers stepped up to the dead, saluted and stood at attention and with a hard grip set the guns down before them and stood guard.

At first the men had stepped back against the wall. Not until now did they realize what this was supposed to mean. The lieutenant faced the man who had appealed to him and said: "The farmer has fallen as a soldier. I assign him the guard!" Slowly the man translated word by word. The men all around bowed their heads in silence and it seemed to the lieutenant that their faces were not so hard and unfriendly as before.

But now a young woman, who had sat by the middle of the table, arose. She had a tall, slender figure and a free nature. It seemed to the lieutenant that he had never seen a more beautiful and more noble face.

The woman appeared in the door and looked for a moment at the dead. Then she saw the German soldiers, who stood motionless at the foot of the stretcher, with the guns before them, one on

the left side, the other one on the right side of the plow. They did not stand in any different manner in front of the dead one than the other men did, and their faces had the same serious and severe expression as the other men's faces. The awe of death was over all.

The woman saw this and stepped back into the room. When she again came into the hall, she held a wooden trencher in both hands on which lay one of the thin Norwegian flat breads, and handed it to the German officer: The lieutenant knew the custom, broke off a piece of the bread, and ate it slowly. He knew that herewith he had become a guest in this farmhouse.

The next morning, when the platoon marched off again, the old man again stepped up to the lieutenant.

"Thank you", he said, and the lieutenant recognized that he had learned this German word only for that very purpose. Then he called for the man who could speak German and motioned to him encouragingly.

"The Germans shot the farmer", said the man severely, emphasizing every word and looking sad.

"It is war", said the lieutenant, "It is war", the man repeated. And the old man, who seemed to have understood the word, nodded in agreement. "It may have had to come to this", the man said again, and his face brightened up, "but I want to say this: no hate will remain!"

The lieutenant nodded his head wordlessly. He actually wanted to say something, but big words did not mean a great deal to him. For a moment he searched for a suitable answer.

At last he found the words he wanted to say. "We are of the same kind", he said.

"That is right," the man repeated, and now also the old man reached his hand over to the officer, "We are of the same kind."

Today we know a sense of community which is far stronger than political or economic interests can explain. It is the sense of a community that is determined by the blood. - Adolf Hitler

from: SS Leitheft, August 1944

That was quite a Fellow

On my journey to Frankfurt an innkeeper in a village near Jena told me how - several hours after the battle when the town had already been totally abandoned by the army of the Prince of Hohenlohe and was surrounded by the French, who had thought it was occupied - a single Prussian trooper appeared in the town. The innkeeper assured me that if all the soldiers who had taken part in the battle had been as brave as this fellow, the French would have been beaten even if they would have been three times as strong as they actually were. Here's the innkeeper's story...

Totally covered with dust, this fellow jumps off his horse in front of my inn and cries, "Innkeeper!"

When I ask, "What's up?", he answers, "One glass of brandy!", and while throwing his sword into the scabbard he adds, "I'm thirsty."

"God in heaven!", I say, "Will thee, my friend, not flee?! The French are close to the town!"

"Now, now!", he says, and while placing the bridle over the horse's neck explains, "I haven't had anything all day!"

"I believe you are possessed by Satan!", I tell him.

"Hey, Liese!", I call, and she gets him a bottle of "Danziger".

"Here!", and I want to give him the whole bottle so that he will ride on.

"Tut, tut!", he says as he wipes the sweat from his forehead, "Because I don't have any time!"

"You are a child of Death!", I exclaim.

And again I say, "Here!", as I pour him a drink, and I try again to give him the whole bottle so that he will ride on. "Drink and ride on! To your health!"

"One more!", says this fellow as the shots already ring out on all sides into the town.

"Another one? Aren't you worried?", I ask.

"One more!", he insists as he wipes his beard and blows his nose from up on the horse, "Because it will be paid in cash!"

On, my soul, I wanted him to...

"Here!", I say as I pour him a second drink as he desires. And after he finishes it, I pour him a third drink and ask, "Are you satisfied now?"

"Oh!", the fellow shakes himself, "The brandy is good!"

"Well!", he says as he puts on his hat, "What do I owe you?"

"Nothing! Nothing!", I reply. "Clear out, in the name of the



devil, the French are already entering the town!"

"Well,", he says while reaching for his boot, "So God will reward him." And he takes out a short-stemmed pipe from his boot and says, "Get me fire!"

"Fire?", I ask, "Aren't you concerned?"

"Fire, yes!", he says, "Because I want to light a pipe of tobacco."

"You are possessed by legions!" I exclaim.

"Hey, Liese!", I call the girl, and while the fellow is stuffing his pipe, the girl gets the fire.

"Well!", he says, holding the pipe he has just lit in his mouth, "Now the French are going to be in trouble!" And while pushing the hat over his eyes and grasping the bridle, he turns the horse and draws his sword.

"You are a devil of a fellow!", I exclaim, "A damned, bewitched rogue! Will you in the name of the hangman clear out to where you belong? Three soldiers - don't you see them(?) - already are stopping at the gate!"

"Fancy that!", he comments while he spits and views the three soldiers with flashing eyes. "If they were ten I still wouldn't fear

them." And at this moment the three Frenchmen are already riding into the town.

"Basso Manelka!", the fellow shouts as he sets his spurs to the horse, and rushes toward them; he jumps on them, as true as God is alive, and attacks them as if he had the whole corps of Hohenlohe behind him, in such a manner that the soldiers, uncertain whether more Germans may be in the town are - against their habit - startled. And before one could turn his hand, he slams the three out of their saddles and seizes their horses, and with them in tow he flits past me and yells, "Bassa Teremtemtem! Well, now you see, Mr. Innkeeper! Adicus! Good bye! Hoho! Hoho! Hoho!"

The innkeeper marvels, "I have never seen such a fellow in my whole life!"

by Heinrich von Kleist

From: SS Leitheft, October 1944

The Gold Medal for Bravery

When after the (First) World War the Austrian flags, - which had been unfurled into the wind in all directions throughout Europe on innumerable old and new days of victory for the empire - had to be lowered in honor, no cadet carried them high and waving into a common temple of dignified memory. Just as the great nation had burst into six or seven parts, so did they find their place of rest here and there, where they rustle imperially as soon as the wind blows from the battlefield on the Kahlenberg (battle against the Turks), several also in Hungary, some in cities which all of a sudden belonged to countries that formerly only had the privilege to see the satin, bullet-riddled flags after they had surrendered to them. Strangely did the standards hang in various halls, and when at some distant time during a silent night the last colored frazzle flutters from the poles like a moth to the ground and falls to dust, their fame will still be great.

Just like the flags, which had been placed into the dark, so too were none of those who had marched in their army's field-grey uniform for four years permitted to exhibit their decorations for bravery, if their residence was located in one of the new countries. The returning soldiers slipped their medals, crosses and ribbons into chests or behind the laundry. Yes, they could only keep the decorations for bravery in the dark; and so sometimes an old warrior would stretch out his hand towards them, when he accidentally caught a glimpse of them, in order to feel them, the presents of an empire, before slipping the indignant jingling things back into the dark.

This same thing also happened to a sergeant, who had earned the gold medal for bravery at the San in the Carpathians - first the small one and before long the big medal for bravery in silver -, and later in Tyrol the bronze medal, and moreover the "Karl-Truppen-Cross". He was a man who took delight with weapons, whom nothing could have pleased more than to stay with the company until death, in Galicia or Trient, in Bosnia or on the "Schmelz", he wouldn't have cared where. But as a German, whose native land was in the shadow of another nation's impetuous, far-reaching greed, he stepped just like the flags and medals into the dark and became a farmer, and not a bad one indeed... just that he reached more often than others behind the laundry



The Suckling - Fritz Mackensen

into the closet to pull out the five medals in order to let them tinkle on his palm.

He took a wife, cultivated the fields, procreated a child, and when it was being born and he saw how desperately his wife

grappled with the labor pains, how the midwife intervened on behalf of the woman yelling "mother" like so many he had seen dying on the battlefield, then without being aware of it, he snapped his heels together, his heart beat loud, and his forehead broke into a sweat; he felt that here he couldn't do anything else but to stand at attention...or else he would have had to squat in a corner and cry piteously.

But as the child in the cradle croaked and the woman smiled overjoyed, the gratefully relieved man had a curious inspiration, an inspiration which he never would have had if his army were still marching under flags and drums, because no sergeant has ever had the right to confer medals and honors onto a person; but now that army and medals were gone and in the dark, he had the idea to act like a supreme commander and reward the death-defying struggle. He twirled his moustache, stepped to the closet, took out the five medals and looked at them long. Because his knees were still trembling, he was inclined to give his highest and most splendid decoration, but then he considered that the child was only a girl; he shook his head and selected the big silver medal, which sparkled on the white and red striped ribbon, and attached it to the mother's nightgown. May the laughing mother refuse, may the midwife press her hands with an earthy bellow on her belly, the medal now was awarded and lay day by day, until the woman in childbed had recovered, on the night stand, and all those who came for a visit could see that the sergeant honored his wife the same way he himself had been honored in the past. Later he did not put the medal back into the closet. It did not belong to him anymore, to a soldier standing in the shade, which was how he felt about himself; it was now his wife's property, and he almost begrudged her the medal. She didn't really understand, nevertheless she had to care for the decoration of honor from now on herself, not in the dark off course, from which it had come to the fore, round and twinkling like a star, because of the new life. She lay it in a plate of cut glass on the sideboard and there it could be resplendent.

Soon a second child arrived, and the father rewarded his wife with the small silver medal, and a year later with the bronze medal, because again both were girls. Even in the fourth year this didn't change, although the mother almost died during the child-birth; but the sergeant, - now already like a real general, who also often does not perceive the true merit -, did by no means give her the gold medal for this, but his least distinction, the "Karl-Truppen-Cross".

When after this a fifth and sixth girl were born, his wife's bravery seemed to have become something ordinary for the man, not worth an appreciation, just like, as he meant, some of his own heroic exploitations also remained unnoticed, and so justice demanded that he did not make a great fuss about such a blessing of female descendants anymore, and he was even permitted to crab and grumble about it, until finally in the eight year the boy came, so easy and effortless, so fast and almost without pain for the mother, that fairness demanded that she should have had a decoration taken away rather than be given a new one; but it was a boy, and there stood the father next to the bed with tears in his eyes, and he layed the gold medal, the highest-ranking of Austria, onto the chest of the woman in childbed, and she, who had always laughed about these honors, became serious and cried overjoyed about the child, and also a little about the medal.

Strictly speaking, she had deserved this decoration long since. But considering that it had called for most exceptional heroic deeds to win this medal, and bearing in mind the flags were the witnesses of so many continent-shaping hours in history, it was only right that the most exquisite reward for bravery had been taken out of the dark and layed onto the light milk and future-giving breast of a mother only for a boy...for what a transitory man's game would be glory and flags, medals and empires, would not at all times a new suckling boys' lips find their first heroic nourishment at such full breasts.

From: *SS Leitheft*, September 1944

The Broken Hands

Master Riemenschneider was alone in his workshop. The twilight fell gently onto the figures that seemed to softly fill with life in the last daylight. Tilman kept his restless hands still and his eyes once again embraced the work of late. He stood up and went with a heavy pace to the Madonna-statue and - as it had so often before - it appeared to him again that he didn't face a dead woodwork, but a mysteriously beating being. He once again felt the gently falling draperies of the garment, noticed a familiar peculiar shiver pass through his body, which always came over him when he began to carve a loving and intimate face out of the soft, fragrant wood from the native forests. At work he always liked to be alone and he was bound neither by time nor by hour. Everything he saw and loved or hated in his life, he merely took in his hands in order to let it become a new being out of stone or wood and relieved from everyday live. For his wives it hasn't been easy to live by his side. He had married three times, but death had been a common guest and had kept grasping what he believed to own totally. At times it seemed to him that he was guilty, as if he had let his wives' lives, which had been so special to him, flow too much through his hands into his work. They had always been like fountains to him, from which he could obtain strength and joy and occasionally also a bit peace. But they weren't really gone, and this was a good and comforting certainty for the master. Beauty and aristocracy arose from the material. He had fulfilled an unwritten law; born out of nothing, he had made creation and faith in life visible in mute creatures. It has been a long way from the hard time as apprentice to the height of his work. He had seen many people and countries. Oh, the world was wide and the longing was growing the more he drank it in. But gradually peace even came over him. Würzburg surrounded the restlessness of his blood. Here he was sheltered.

The master calmly reflected on the whole of it and then he realized that the bygone time of the peasant-awakening was like a great river into which his longing could flow.

His thoughts once again went through the treasure halls of the ecclesiastical taskmasters, through the aspiring pillar walls of the high cathedrals - in all of them were his sculptures, monuments, altars, apostle-statues. Standing in these mighty stone-forests he always was happy, and he admired the master builders of the country who defiantly piled up such structures into the sky. He

also liked the bells that rang over the wide land with their heavy tones.

But something strange had lived involuntarily inside of him and now broke through. Why did the priests hang up Dutch gold and colored finery in there? Why did they sing in foreign prayers to God? Why did the money jingle in the cases seem to be the most important to the churches? Then wild distress came over Riemenschneider. He clenched his blessed hands into powerful fists. How often had the clerics forced him to form things his hands were reluctant to do. Still, I have gone as I wanted to, they couldn't oblige me; and while he was thinking, a cold sparkle increased in his eyes. He had used the people that surrounded him day by day as models for his work. Countrywomen, children from the city, men from the workshops and from the farmlands - he had placed them in the altars, and the Church had given them foreign names.

The prelate of the Prince-Bishop of Würzburg brought the master a new order. Riemenschneider's grumpy answer pricked up his ears. Then it burst eager and unrestrained out of him: "In the city a rumor is being spread, but I don't want to believe...Master Riemenschneider! At all times the hellish powers have had their place inside you. How else could you place the embodied Antichrist inside the holy altars?"

Pressed and greatly astonished, the master asked: "Where... where is the Antichrist, Reverend Sir?"

He slipped the pale hands into the wide sleeves of his soutane and said cold, a bit scornful:

"In the corners of your altar's squat peasants with vulgar faces, and you have carved a quite distinguished countenance for Judas in the Heiligenblutaltar in Rothenburg, so that it could be St. John. And on all crosses the thieves are missing, and", his eyes crept up the master and he bent forward: "and all Mothers of God you carve carry the face of your young wife Elisa."

The master gave the reverend a slight and cool smile, raised the slim hands in refusal and said: "Yes, yes, I know what you want to say : ...And still today the brand of infamy, the first humans in the nude, are standing cheerful and innocent at the portal of the Marienkirche. I know what you think of my work, you're saying that I didn't stick to the Holy Scriptures. Now I have come to know that it is sheer risky to immerse oneself too profoundly into the Holy Scriptures. I just slipped off the false clothes that you have wrapped around the people and now this is annoying to you, because you see the truth."

"Beware, Master counselor, woodcarver of the holy and only Church, she has the Lord's sacrament, she stands untouched above all people. Remain a servant of her! Don't become a henchman of the devil and his lackeys!"

The master didn't reply anything, but stared at the prelate long and scornful. As the heavy oak door slammed shut behind the departing churchman, Riemenschneider knew that the first big beam of the bridge he had crossed for decades had broken.

Tilman Riemenschneider had been in the country for some days. He visited friends and comrades of whom he knew that they were affiliated with the clandestine peasants' resistance organization. The silent revolt spread like fire. The peasants' need grew. But Tilman Riemenschneider took sides with them.

On top of the city wall of Würzburg the peasant-chieftains had been standing for hours awaiting the peasant-armies that were to arrive in the city. Till the rebellion they had hidden. When the alarm bells rang they came out suddenly and silently marshalled their men. Their matters stood well now. The archbishop had fled, he must have realized that his game was up. Soon the peasants were to come. The wind hit their faces like a chilly fist. The night crept cool and long. Bermetter moved up to Riemenschneider: "It takes a damned long time, the army's march towards Würzburg."

Darkness, coldness and waiting, continuously grew together more oppressive, more overwhelming.

A cry sounded through the black darkness. Hoof-clatter. A rushing rider. It was Mergentheim's courier. Out of his gasping breath they tugged words, at first only two, that insanely spinned around:

"Everything's over... Everything's over!...Nothing is left of the peasant-armies." The stammering report about the fall of the last peasant-army burned into their fright.

Nothing was moving. The horror grew around the men as if they were surrounded by an unpenetrable wall of flames. They thought they were choking. It was unbearable. Then someone gave a wild howl, like only a beaten animal is capable of crying.

But then it broke loose with a fury. A peasant-leader's call cried sharp through the turbulence of the disintegration:

"Riemenschneider! Riemenschneider!...Here, quick, a horse, we must leave Würzburg! When the bishop returns the victors will march into the city, and then our lives will be over. We're mud on their shoes! We...the last ones!"

And astonished at his rigidity: "What's up, Riemenschneider?"

Come!" Very faint, yet as hard as glass, came back his reply:
 "I have made Würzburg great...I'll stay, I won't turn tail, and
 ...and...where...would...I...go?"

Silence!

Only the night's black storm was raging. No stars were shining, no light of hope was warming.

The peasant-leaders thought better of it. They realized that any escape would have been needless. Sooner or later they would have been discovered, or they would have had to hide in the forests, but then they possibly could die of hunger.

The last peasant-leaders managed to hide for three days, then they were discovered and captured by the bishop's bloodhounds. They crouched chained up in the deepest dungeons of the fortress Marienburg, their burning eyes focusing on the heavy darkness. None of them knew of the others. The air in the dungeon was foul and humid.

Tilman Riemenschneider almost suffocated in the blackness of the dungeon. Day by day passed, step by step, and many nights trickled away. Tomorrow was gone and the past had collapsed. Suddenly footsteps were clanking in front of his stone-dungeon, or it could also be chains. The daylight dazzled Riemenschneider. He was roughly pushed forward. The flashy red of the executioners' doublets burned in his eyes. He entered the courtroom.

Above his humbleness the tribunal was enthroned. Black, distant, and belonging to another world. At that time he knew: Now here comes my harvest...the red harvest.

The accusation was read out by the city-bailiff. The clergy had surrendered the master to the secular court; she retained clean hands, for how could possibly bloodstained hands embrace the Holy of Holies? The Church was unblemished. She stood above the secular state that had to serve her and the secular state had to pass the sentence:

"Tilman Riemenschneider, sculptor, woodcarver, city-counselor and former mayor of the city of Würzburg, is accused of wicked treason to his sovereign and feudal lord, the noble Prince-Bishop of Würzburg. Because of disobedience and because he intended to open the city to the cringing peasant-heretics, he is given the sentence of death...But the Church..."

Riemenschneider barely listened. He looked through everything, and outside he heard a bird sing. Small bird, he thought, I could have had use for your song yesterday and all the days in the dungeon. But arraignment and judgement carried on, word by word, approached him, touched him, grasped his heart like iron

fingers and broke it.

"The Church is merciful in the name of the Lord, Riemenschneider will only be deprived, part of his possessions will be dispossessed, and by means of torture...his hands...will be ...broken!"

Could the sun shine...the wind blow? Did the trees have the right to rustle and the birds the right to sing when this excruciating pain was being inflicted? Must not everything freeze with nameless horror?

And it was done!

Humans carried out a human sentence. When the torturers began their horrible act, the master dug his teeth into his lips. He didn't utter a sound. Then he fell into a whirl of glowing red circles.

So that never again as in the Middle Ages will our creative people be tortured - for this we fight.

From: SS Leitheft, May 1944

Further Reading

Do you want more books like this one? Books translated directly from the ORIGINAL Third Reich publications?

Now you don't have to settle for books merely "about" the Third Reich - in other words somebody else's "explanation", which is really just an opinion at best and a downright distortion at worst!

Get the real McCoy straight from the horse's mouth! Ask your dealer about the following *Hammer* books:

SS Ideology Vol. 1
SS Ideology Vol. 2
SS Ideology Vol. 3
SS Ideology Vol. 4
SS Race Theory and Mate Selection Guidelines
SS War Stories Vol. 1
SS War Stories Vol. 2
German War Stories Vol. 1
Reinhard Heydrich
The Voice of the Ancestors
Anti-Jewish Poems of the Third Reich
Adolf Hitler Quotations
Rudolf Hess - Selected Speeches
Horst Wessel - His Life and Death
The Unknown Stormtrooper
Blood Martyrs of the Hitler Youth
Hitler Youth Poems

SS IDEOLOGY is translated directly
from *original* SS publications.

This is not a book *about* the SS. It is a
book *by* the SS...That is why it is so
special.

If you want historical accuracy - as
opposed to Hollywood propaganda -
then this book is for you.

Enter the heart and soul of the SS!