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★ THE ART OF DR. GOEBBELS ★

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THE ART OF DR GOEBBELS



DR. JOSEPH GOEBBELS

Nazi Minister for National Enlightenment and Propaganda

THE ART OF DR GOEBBELS



*Friedrich
Pfeiffer*
By
F. W. PICK

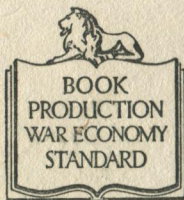
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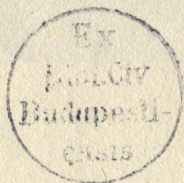


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The Four Freedoms:

“We will accept only a world consecrated to freedom of speech and expression, and the freedom of every person to worship God in his own way, freedom from want, and freedom from terrorism.”

—FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, proclaiming a state of national emergency on May 28, 1941.

“Give us freedom of thought!” (FRIEDRICH SCHILLER).
“Here, everybody must be allowed to worship God in his own way” (FREDERICK THE GREAT, June 1740). “You cannot quench, O despots, the anger of a hungry nation” (FERDINAND FREILIGRATH). “Fight for Right”—*der Rechtsstaat*, or the State Based on Law (RUDOLF VON JHERING, 1872).

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PREFACE

STORIES of Censorship by secret Government orders, of banned or burned books, suppressed and falsified news, always seem to belong to a world that is unreal. The glaring example of this is censorship in Germany as carried out by Goebbels, the Nazi Minister of National Enlightenment and Propaganda. Before his advent it would have seemed wholly incredible that one man could ever succeed in "running" the spiritual life of an entire, once highly civilized, nation in the heart of Europe. Yet he did it. How he did it and how it is being done to this day, it is the purpose of this book to show.

The full history of Nazi propaganda, or of the Third Reich as a whole, cannot be told until after the war, and we must not meanwhile be tempted to replace missing links with intelligent guesses. This book is confined to strictly verified fact, which has been checked, largely by the author's own eyes, and it is for this reason that he refers more than once to his own experiences. It is hoped thus to gain in truthfulness what might be lacking in historical completeness.

On the other hand, this book does not intend to give a list of general principles underlying the Goebbels system of "National Enlightenment." Not that there are no recurring rules to be found in Goebbels's propaganda—we shall meet them only too often—but propaganda is not a science and does not therefore search for facts and their laws. "Propaganda," said Goebbels, as early as January 1928, "is an art. . . . My propaganda is not meant to be decent, nor is it meant to be gentle, soft or humble. It is meant to lead to success." He has never cared whether the means he employed led to hatred, to murder, or even war, as long as he was successful. Indeed, hatred of foreigners, of Jews, of Bolsheviks, of Czechs, Poles and the British nation, all in turn, has proved one of his most "successful" weapons.

The purpose of this book, then, is to put on record precise and practical examples of the working of the Goebbels

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machinery. They will show the more clearly what it means, in everyday life, to be forced to live in its shadow. Readers who have never tasted the Goebbels poison on the spot will thus be enabled to realize the danger of this demagogue. The torture administered to German men and women who have been thrown into concentration camps by their criminal compatriots is supplemented—if supplement there can be—by the spiritual anguish and the mental distortion forced by Goebbels upon millions of human beings in Germany and elsewhere.

It is too much to hope that his victims, who have been doped without their knowing it, will wake up. But this book might help to stultify and negate further propaganda stunts. It is of design a dispassionate record, for the facts cry out for themselves. Everything emanating from Goebbels is repulsive to a degree that needs no colouring. It is repulsive because it attempts to mould the soul of an entire nation according to the will and whim of one man—a criminal. His device of complete serfdom has first been imposed upon the German nation and is guilefully promised to all the victims of his master's mighty armies. It is vital, therefore, that we should realize exactly what Goebbels has done and what he means to do. Having looked into the abyss of totalitarian Enlightenment and Propaganda—where no thought is allowed that is not the thought of the master—we shall be the more resolute in our fight against Nazism.

Goebbels shares the blood guilt of this war with Hitler's other accomplices—Göring, Himmler, Ribbentrop, Mussolini, Tojo—yet in one respect he is our main enemy. He claimed the souls of men even before Hitler's armies took their lives. He is second only to Hitler in the invention of the Nazi system, and second to none in the perfection of its technique. He deals not in arms and aeroplanes but in ideas, and in fighting Nazism and all it stands for we are fighting his conception of life.

PART I THE PLOT

“Let us consider that arbitrary power has seldom or never been introduced into any country at once. It must be introduced by slow degrees, and as it were step by step, lest the people should see its approach.”

—LORD CHESTERFIELD

CHAPTER ONE

GOEBBELS THE BEGINNER

“PUBLIC libraries and bookshops throughout Norway have been purged.” “Several Oslo newspapers were fined because they did not insert, on the day of receipt, a notice circulated by the official Norwegian Telegraph Bureau.” “Four dailies and about eight hundred periodicals have disappeared, among them *Az-Est*, which in 1918 had a circulation of four hundred and eighty thousand, the largest of the Central European evening papers. It was taken from its proprietor without any pretence of compensation.” News items of this kind are constantly appearing in our daily papers. We read them, yet hardly stop to think what they mean. Even if we do, we probably consider them of small importance compared with news of the great battles for our lives. Some of us might even feel that it is natural enough for a conqueror to suppress papers and ban books if this will keep his victims quiet.

In truth, however, these news items are symptoms of that great spiritual disease that stalks the land wherever the Nazis gain a foothold; they illuminate one part of the vast machinery built up by Goebbels, the German Minister for National Enlightenment and Propaganda. Actually, they are no “news” at all. For nearly five years, while he attacked the German Republic in her coma, Goebbels preached the necessity of Press supervision. For nine years now he has seen to it that the life of Germany strictly corresponds to his idea of “enlightened” culture and successful propaganda. To take over papers, to insert political notices on a given day, such things have become questions of mere routine under Goebbels’s administration. For nine long dreary years Germans have been reading such Goebbels-fed news, supplied under different guises, printed in papers long taken away from their rightful proprietors and handed over to those in the confidence of the Minister. There is no free Press as we know it. There is absolutely nothing to warn

the man in the street that he is reading "planted news" in a stolen newspaper. For nine years Germans have read what Goebbels decided they should read. In all German-occupied countries there is the same tale of spiritual terrorism. This is no sweeping statement; it is the simple truth. The vast machinery necessary for such a task has been set up. Goebbels presses the button and calls the tune for every hour of the day for every reader within his reach.

This organization for National—and international—Enlightenment and Propaganda is the result of no sudden inspiration. It is the work of many long years. How it was built up, and how it works, we shall see, and as it is impossible to consider the method apart from the inventor, we must, of necessity, take a look at Dr Paul Joseph Goebbels himself. He is a club-footed, under-sized, bony little man of dark complexion, a *Schrumpf-Germane*, as Germans like to call him, that is, a shrunken Teuton or contracted Aryan. He was born in Rheydt, a town of some seventy-seven thousand inhabitants in Western Germany, on October 29, 1897. His parents, Fritz and Maria Katharina, were poor, decent people who took their religion—they were Roman Catholics, like most Rhinelanders—very seriously. He was an intelligent boy, although his character was marred by a malicious twist, as is so often the case with cripples. He was obviously unfit for any manual work, and the little boy was therefore sent to Jesuit teachers. They helped to develop the strong intellect which was to turn against them when their club-footed nestling became a Minister of the State. He proved a true cuckoo's egg, an utter cynic who despised their religious teaching, but was wide awake to the technique of Jesuit preaching.

He was almost seventeen when the Four Years' War broke out. As far as he showed any feeling at all, it was a vague idealism for the true Reich of the Germans, nothing unusual in an intellectual youth of the Western frontier provinces. While others of his age soon joined the colours—and mostly perished in the bloody battles of 1917 and 1918—he, owing to his deformity, remained at home, in the midst of the *Etappe*, the cracking home front. When the old order fell under the hammer blows of the allied victories the young Paul Joseph Goebbels emerged as a thorough cynic and complete nihilist. He poured

forth endless articles (which nobody printed) condemning the rotten past and calling for a new order. It was presumably about this time that he decided to sign himself Goebbels—thus avoiding the common German spelling which uses the "double dotted o," namely *ö*, instead of *oe*. In this respect, at least, he could claim affinity with Goethe. It remains the only thing they have in common.

He went to Heidelberg University, somehow managing to pay the fees with the help of Catholic charity organizations, and doubtless living on other people as much as he could. There is nothing strange in the fact that he was attracted by Professor Gundolf, "the Jew Gundelfinger" as he was to call him later on. It was Gundolf who popularized Stefan George, that mystic German "seer" of yet another Reich and high priest of an effeminate classicism. Poems praising the beauties of a young man's body formed an essential part of this George ring. Its literary torch-bearers to this day are men like Professor Bertram, of Cologne, who, like Goebbels, is bodily unfit for war, yet an incessant preacher of nationalism and of what he considers to be the true philosophy of Nietzsche. Goebbels is its self-appointed political exponent and he overwhelmed George with State honours after 1933.

In the tumultuous post-war years, at the age of twenty-three, Goebbels took his degree. He profited from the paper shortage in Germany in so far that the statutory rule had been waived which normally requires every thesis to be printed (in at least two hundred copies) and sent to all German universities. His thesis seems never to have been distributed. In keeping with German custom he changed his university several times, but it is doubtful whether he really attended, as he claims, no less than eight—the universities of Bonn, Freiburg, Würzburg, Munich, Heidelberg, Cologne, Frankfurt and Berlin. His declared subjects of study were German Literature, Art, History and, as required by the university rules governing the doctor's degree, Philosophy. What he really did during those years, and after leaving the university, remains somewhat obscure. He did a good deal of writing, but hardly anything was published until he came into contact with Hitler's small movement, whose half-illiterate papers printed some of his essays in abuse. It was here, as the world knows, that he found a haven and a rich field of

activity. The one and only literary work of those years that he himself thought worth preserving was his *Michael*, the story of a German student who fled from the University, "out of a burning love for his people," to become a miner. He lost his life. Grey pessimism, cynical nihilism, unrelieved except for a yearning for a better order of things, were always with Goebbels. It was only when he came into money—Nazi money—that he turned optimistic, and only since he became Minister that he trumpeted his "joy of living."

In 1920, while young Goebbels was gaining his degree from his Jewish professor, Gundolf, Hitler, quite unknown to him, was beginning to organize his National-Socialist-German-Workers'-Party, a name probably invented by Rudolf Hess. The first thing he did was to fix a Programme of twenty-five points which were to be *unabänderlich*—unalterable for ever. Since then he has developed his now familiar speech-making technique, where everything is numbered: Firstly, Secondly, Thirdly. . . . This is so loyally imitated by his followers that nobody thought it funny when the Danzig Nazi, Forster, ended a violent speech in 1939 with the words: "Fourteenth! We thank our Führer!" The familiar Point Twenty-three of the Programme asked for "stringent supervision of the Press and exclusion of all non-*volks*genossen¹." This is the kind of thing one might expect from one who had never succeeded in getting his own outpourings accepted. No wonder Goebbels was immediately attracted by Hitler and his Programme.

Hitler, in those days, was his own publicity manager, having taken charge of the propaganda department of his newly founded party. "It is the object of propaganda," Hitler said, "to force a lesson upon a whole nation." He believed in the importance of the Press because, as he knew from his own experience, it constituted the main source of education after school-leaving age. As soon as he had the money, therefore, he bought the *Völkische Beobachter* (the Racialist Observer), an obscure nationalist paper then appearing twice a week. At the beginning of 1923 he was able to transform it into a daily, soon afterwards increasing the size to distinguish it from all other

¹ *Volks-Genosse* is people's, or national, comrade; Hitler thus stole and distorted the term of address used by socialists. Non-comrades for him are, of course, all non-Nazis, especially Socialists, Communists and Jews.

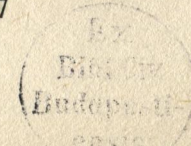
German dailies. If his paper became unwieldy, it was conspicuous and appealed to the reader by means of its large lettering. It was different from any other daily. Already Hitler showed the sure touch of a born publicist. Goebbels, in those days, watched and learned.

When Hitler found leisure to dictate *Mein Kampf* to his loyal lieutenant, Hess, who shared his cell at the *Festungshaftanstalt*, the "Prison Fortress" of Landsberg, he set forth his conclusions about the reading public. First (note the inevitable numbering), there was the mass of newspaper readers, who believed everything they read. "This," he commented, "can be of value if enlightenment is given by serious and truth-loving men; it spells disaster in the hands of scoundrels and liars." He felt sure his readers would agree with this sentiment. All there remained to be done was to advertise himself, and later Goebbels, as truth-loving men who were out to oust the scoundrels then writing for the German Press. We see here the pivot of Nazi propaganda: the use of the words, and sentiments, of their enemies while depriving these words and sentiments of any meaning by giving them a different interpretation. "Serious," "truth-loving" were adjectives Hitler adopted for the exclusive use of himself and his followers.

Secondly, he discovered readers who believed in nothing at all. They were a smaller group of disillusioned people, typical of the post-war years of constant revolt and semi-starvation in Germany. He thought them lost to positive work and did not propose to pay them any special attention. The truth was, of course, that the most fanatical adherents of his movement and almost all the members of his inner circle belonged to this category. Göring, the ex-pilot and commercial traveller; Feder, the civil engineer, and Ley, the chemist; Röhm, who wrote his memoirs, *My Way as a Traitor*, shortly before he was shot; Goebbels, Hess, Himmler, Streicher—all of them were lost to real, positive work. They became Hitler's comrades-in-crime.

The third group were the critical readers. To them every journalist was a thief. This, of course, was Hitler's own idea about editors who did not take him seriously.

This whole passage in *Mein Kampf* expresses nothing but Hitler's cynical contempt for his readers. They would swallow anything if only he proclaimed himself an honourable man—



a Brutus who was to destroy Germany. Goebbels, his apprentice, shared his master's cynicism, his hatred for those in power, and his vainglorious conviction that he was the born leader of Germany.

With the fixing of a Programme of Twenty-five points, the buying of a newspaper, the introduction of a party uniform after Mussolini's example, came the need for a trade-mark, a flag and badge, to make the weapons of party publicity complete. Hitler himself confessed that he worked hard to get the flag right in its colours and proportions. He chose the red flag of the left whose members he wanted to win over, and superimposed a white circle with the black swastika in its centre. It became the national flag of the Reich in September 1935. Red, he said, stood for his social idea, white for his nationalist aim, the crooked cross for the mission of the Aryan.

All this had been settled before Goebbels found his way into Hitler's fold. It remained essentially a Bavarian, purely South German movement with Munich as its headquarters and Franconia its dependency. Rosenberg, the Balt, edited the *Völkische Beobachter*, and Max Amann, whom Hitler had first met during the War, was general party manager and looked after the finances. There did not seem to be much room left for young Goebbels unless he could find some new field of activity. This precisely was his achievement. He brought Nazism to Berlin.

Hitler had never felt at home in the capital, where his very accent made him a slightly ridiculous figure. Not until he had taken lessons in pronunciation and elocution with Gregory, the master who helped so many young actors, had he sufficient self-confidence to travel the length and breadth of the country, speech-making wherever he went. Meanwhile he was thankful to leave Berlin and the unknown Prussian domain to Goebbels. While parts of the country like Bavaria and Franconia allowed Hitler to address public meetings and undermine the existing Republican order, Prussia was barred to him. It was not until May 1, 1927, about six months after Goebbels's arrival in the capital, that he spoke there for the first time. Even then he had to limit himself to a "private party meeting."

Goebbels had been editing the *Völkische Freiheit* ("Racialist Freedom") in Elberfeld, a town where nationalist movements like General Ludendorff's always met with much response. It

was an obscure paper, preaching a rabid racialism, but it impressed Hitler so much that he made its editor district leader of Berlin. It was November 1, 1926, Goebbels's great day.

He was almost thirty when he became editor of Berlin's Nazi paper, *Der Angriff* ("The Attack"). He easily outdid such sensational Berlin papers as *Truth*, which lived on divorce cases, murder stories, gossip and tales of corruption. Goebbels used the same kind of material for political ends. His stories dealt exclusively with Republican statesmen and Members of the Reichstag. He wrote violent attacks and became famous for his vitriolic abuse of men and things, vitriolic even for hard-boiled Berliners. He could do this unashamedly because his one and only object was to be talked of, to create annoyance and sensation and thus to win adherents. He could do so without personal fear because the German libel laws, unlike the British, were hopelessly inadequate; the abused had to prove that the slander published by Goebbels was untrue in fact, and that this was known to Goebbels to be the case. To make Goebbels's position quite secure, all Nazi Deputies, whom Goebbels himself soon joined as a Member of Parliament, were made to sign the wildest slanders. These deputies were immune and beyond the reach of the law. It took the Republic many years to stop this misuse of a Deputy's immunity. Not until 1931 did the Reichstag pass a law—against the vote of the Nazis and Hugenberg's nationalists—forbidding Deputies to sign libellous articles. In protest the right-wing opposition left the Reichstag and the Nazi Deputies assembled at Munich to pass a resolution framed by Goebbels. "The Party," it ran, "admonishes the Reichs-President in the name of millions of suppressed and terrorized Germans, to defend, in accordance with his duties, the fundamental rights of the Constitution against the law-breaking activities of the Parliamentary majority coalition—or, if he cannot, or will not, do this, to retire from office." Thus Goebbels appealed to the Weimar Constitution and admonished President Hindenburg to guarantee the Nazis' unlimited right of libel and abuse of the very men who served that Republican constitution.

Shortly after Stresemann's death, in the autumn of 1929, Goebbels and his gang suddenly found themselves a force in Berlin. He appealed to the disgruntled lower middle class, who

liked his malicious wit, and he found plenty of followers in the unemployed masses, where the violence of his language was appreciated. Surrounded by a bodyguard of tall ruffians in brown shirts, he was everywhere in the midst of the fight. In February 1927 he had hired a meeting-place in a district mainly inhabited by followers of the Communist party. Brownshirts, led by the gangster, Daluege (subsequently made Nazi police chief), were immediately engaged in hand-to-hand fighting. The toll of life taken in the form of steady street murder had begun. Goebbels, who must bear the main guilt for this, could be well satisfied. His adherents had become a bunch of fanatics who felt that the lives thus lost ennobled their movement. "Comrades shot by Reds and Reactionaries march with us in spirit," their Horst Wessel song proclaimed. At the same time these street fights were attracting nation-wide attention.

Goebbels was equally delighted when the party was banned in Berlin from May 1927 until March 1928, delighted when he was arrested (photographs of "Our Doctor in Handcuffs" were widely distributed), delighted when he was prosecuted. It all helped to give him and his movement the halo of the martyr fighting for a great cause. His shrill voice was heard everywhere, in all the big halls of Berlin; in cinemas where he led his Brownshirts to attack some "Pacifist, Jewish, Communist" film production; in open-air meetings. When, in December 1930, the film of *All Quiet on the Western Front* was shown in Berlin, he used white mice to stop the show. Each time the lights were dimmed in the Mozart Hall his bright young men let loose another litter of mice, the Goebbelsian jokers being the first and the loudest to protest against such disturbances. His followers thought it great fun thus to prevent the showing of a film which "vilified German soldiers," as he put it, because it proved what misery war really meant. To publicize peace is an arch crime to every Nazi.

He attempted to popularize the "Our Doctor" idea, but nobody has ever been heard to refer in such affectionate terms to this malicious intriguer. He was admired as an organizer, feared for his tongue, but never liked. His recipe for winning Berlin was simple. "Everything will be changed" was his promise. "Those gentlemen will have a rude awakening" was his threat for Republican statesmen. All this led Hitler to

nominate him, in 1929, *Reichs-Propaganda-Leiter*, head of the whole Reich's propaganda for the Nazi Party, thus handing over the position he had held for himself and enabling him to concentrate henceforth on purely political affairs. This was more than an acknowledgment of his value to the party in winning a foothold in Berlin. It was a sure sign that Goebbels knew how to handle Hitler himself. This alone was a major achievement. Hitler's unquenchable thirst for bombastic talk, which poured from his lips every day and for many hours every night, seemed never to be satisfied. To listen to him was the chief duty of his collaborators. This was bearable for people like Streicher, who had no ideas of their own, but it must have been difficult for a man of Goebbels's intellectual capacity. Yet he succeeded here, too. He made it his deliberate policy to shadow the Führer whenever possible. Having learnt in what direction Hitler's mind travelled, he was always ready to expand those very ideas. He thus created the impression of being a most useful disciple. "For how many miles have I sat behind Hitler," he once sighed, "in his car or his 'plane when we went electioneering!"

These were no easy days. Sometimes he must have felt like a traveller in a doubtful ware, for Hitler used to fill his pockets with boxes of cigarettes, in each box a one, or two-mark piece, and no simple workman at the roadside would be missed. Suddenly the black car with Germany's would-be Führer would stop, the salesman in Nazism would bend forward and, after a few words of nationalist teaching, would leave one of these boxes of cigarettes, plus money, in the hands of the surprised workman. By means of hundreds of such cheap stunts Hitler and his lieutenants slowly built up a picture of the "popular, beloved leader, the hope of millions of suppressed Germans. . . ." Goebbels was always in attendance. He was always ready to echo his master's views and to raise his voice in praise of the glorious future Hitler heralded for everybody (Goebbels himself not excluded).

The autumn of 1929 saw the first Nazi onslaught against the German Republic on a grand scale, centrally directed by Goebbels. A plebiscite, formally introduced by Hitler and the nationalist Hugenberg, demanded the repudiation of reparations and the prosecution and imprisonment on charge of high

treason of every Minister who would sign the Young Plan. Although this plebiscite failed to gain a majority, it marked the beginning of the Nazi tide. No longer had Hitler's movement to depend on the help of its humbler followers and those families, like the Wagners of Bayreuth and the Hanfstaengls of Munich, who assisted Hitler at the beginning. Having made common cause with the main Conservative party, under Hugenberg, the Nazis now found the financial backing of the latter's friends—big business men of the Thyssen type. At the same time, through the death of Stresemann, the Republic lost its only statesman whose successful foreign policy and undoubted integrity could have countered Hitler's hordes.

The next three years saw a wild scramble for power. How Hitler fought the Republic may be seen from his "Challenge to Brüning," which he advertised all over the capital. Would the Reichs Chancellor, his appeal shouted from all the hoardings of Berlin, publicly discuss his aims with him? When the head of the Government did not keep the appointment thus fixed by Goebbels, he was first ridiculed as a coward and then answered by gramophone. Goebbels had one of the Chancellor's recent speeches recorded, and it was his stunt to play the records before a huge audience, continually interrupting Brüning's voice to "answer back" and "completely repudiate him." The crowd howled and cheered. The Nazi Party increased almost overnight. It grew week by week. Nobody interfered with any calumny or slander invented by the fertile brain of Dr Joseph Goebbels.

Hundreds of Nazi newspapers were founded. Their Central Publishing House, Franz Eher, in Munich, supplied a steady stream of Nazi publications. Hess, the Deputy Leader, built up an alternative administration ready to take over when the Republic fell. Röhm organized his vast Brown Army to supply the background of force. Goebbels developed a successful technique of organized calumny on a nation-wide scale. The year 1930 saw his first overwhelming success at the Reichstag elections—and within three years the Nazi Party was the strongest in the Reich, although it never had the support of as much as half of the electorate. Those years, decisive as they were for Germany and the world, show Goebbels in opposition, not yet in power. They show his gift as attacker rather than as

keeper of the castle of Nazi perversion; they reveal how he reached this position rather than how he wielded his power. And it is with the latter, with the question how Goebbels censored, burned and banned, that the world must concern itself.

January 30, 1933, was the Red Letter Day in Europe. Hitler was made Chancellor of the German Reich. Among the gangsters who came into power with him was Goebbels, who took his place as Minister for National Enlightenment and Propaganda six weeks later. No such office had existed before; no Nazi Government could do without it. Its duty was obviously to "enlighten" the public so that it would back any action the administration might contemplate. Its first task was to win the next elections. In this it failed. In spite of the firing of the Reichstag and in spite of the coalition Hitler entered into with Hugenberg's nationalists, both parties together did not reach a majority. They remained just under fifty per cent and it was only through the illegal banning of the Communist party and the imprisonment of its elected Deputies that the Hitler administration won a Reichstag majority. This made it possible to alter the meaning of the constitution and to have measures passed which secured a Nazi victory for all future elections. Yet Goebbels never tires of declaring that Hitler's revolution was won by legal means. This is one of his many lies, and everyone who says that the majority of the Germans voted Nazi is simply repeating his lie. The last free elections showed no such majority and all plebiscites and so-called elections since have been grossly manufactured.

CHAPTER TWO

NATIONAL ENLIGHTENMENT

WITH the coming of the Third Reich the era of "protection" had begun. At home the constitution was cancelled and a dictatorship over mind and body instituted so that the Nazi regime was immune from any surprise. Abroad, within a few years, one country after another was given Reich protection so that Hitler's hold was expanded and secured. The Decree for the Protection of the People and the State, dated February 28, 1933, was the first of the long chain safeguarding the Nazi system of organized slavery. Among other things it cancelled Article 118 of the Weimar Constitution which ran: "Every German has the right freely to express his opinion in speech, writing, printing, picture or any other way within the limits set by general law." With the cancellation of this freedom the whole field was laid waste and the way opened for Goebbels to begin his work.

It was on March 13, 1933, that the Ministry of National Enlightenment and Propaganda was formally constituted. Goebbels, its youngish head, set about with frantic haste to build up a vast machinery which would do more than merely censor and censure. It was sub-divided into ten departments, which were housed in the huge palace opposite the Hotel Kaiserhof and the Reichs-Chancellery. These two buildings symbolized to him the opposition of the past and the newly won power for the future. At the Kaiserhof he and the inner ring of the Nazi Party had waited more than once for Hitler to return from yet one more discussion with Hindenburg, that obstinate old man who would not hand over the Reich to them as long as he was in full command of his senses, but who had to give way in the end. At the Reichs-Chancellery Hitler now ruled, and it was Goebbels's task to secure that government against discontent at home and premature fear abroad.

This could not be done by mere police measures. A per-

NATIONAL ENLIGHTENMENT

functory glance into history taught him that much. The Austrian police state under Metternich had not prevented the rise of liberal ideals and the year 1848. Censorship was not enough. Even Bismarck's rule at home was "no longer negative, like the system of Metternich. It was no longer timidly hostile to the mercantile class, the Press, education and science, but harnessed them all to the car of the government." This description by Professor Trevelyan, if altogether too modern to apply fully to Bismarck's rule, describes a tendency that existed. German science, for example, was free, and so was the Press in all its essential tasks. Every nation-state on the continent, France as much as Germany, was using its economic strength and its schools for the furthering of its own ends—the greatness of the Fatherland, *la gloire de la patrie*.

Goebbels went further. He took the essential step which separates Nazism from patriotism, which robs normal nationalism as we know it, of its sense. He turned his system into a totalitarian machine, making Metternich's reactionary interferences look like a benevolent, paternal rule. He and the young men of his Ministry did more than simply censor and ban in the style of police supervisors. They made religion and man's conscience the servants of their will. He and his helpers did more than simply harness the Press to the car of the Government. The Press, he said, was only entitled to exist—nay, every human activity was only allowed to take place—for the sole purpose of helping the Nazi Government. From the leading article to the last advertisement Nazi law was to be supreme. It was the law of the racial superiority of the Aryan as represented by the Hitler Government; the law of everything for the State as represented by the Hitler administration. Man must be made to think the thoughts of the censor, this was Goebbels's aim. We must "breed" writers, editors, artists, he said, who know nothing else but Nazism, and who will therefore act according to Nazi rules without knowing that they have been forced to do so. Thus there would eventually be no need for anyone to submit articles for approval before publication. The imprimatur would no longer be given by a Nazi official—the writing itself would bear the mark of Nazism, impressed upon it without "special," that is "visible," guidance.

It was a grotesque aim, seemingly beyond the reach of human

power. Yet, however long the process, however great the obstacles, Goebbels was convinced he could reach it. Right from the beginning he set to work at its achievement. Many improvised means were necessary as long as there were "old-fashioned" journalists and writers who had thought for themselves until his advent. With the authority of a Minister of the State he began to "think" for them. A pigmy Prometheus, he began modelling men after his own image.

He began by fighting other Ministers, his colleagues, and to assert himself in his self-chosen role as spiritual dictator of the realm. "Enlightenment" was his catch-word. He demanded the transfer of the Home Office department for political enlightenment. He quickly ousted the Home Secretary, Dr Frick, from this sphere, which he now proceeded to rule through both the Nazi Party's "cultural" organization and the State machinery. He took over the Academy for Political Science which was on the way to becoming a German "Chatham House," under Professor Jäckh. In 1927 Goebbels had founded his own "Political Academy" for the Nazi party in Berlin. "In Germany," he had then told his audience, "politics has come to mean nothing but organized fraud, the activity of the high-ups." Now he had become a high-up himself. His "scientific" discovery of 1927 held good no more. He acquired the real German Institute for International Affairs and turned it into a school for those Nazi leaders who were to be sent abroad or were to deal with foreign Press affairs at his Ministry.

He took over what was officially called "the Press." At first, this meant that he, or his deputies, received the Berlin Press and the representatives of the big provincial papers every day at twelve noon. They were then issued with *Richtlinien*, that is guidance as to what to print, what not to print and how to interpret events. These directions were all nicely typed out for them. At first, this "copy" was received with tolerant amusement, later with apathy, and finally with keenness for it eventually became the daily bread of the profession. The rules thus handed out by Goebbels were supposed to be strictly secret, but the *Temps*, for instance, printed many of these orders of the day and the result was that only "accredited journalists" were admitted to Goebbels's "Press conferences." They had been carefully scrutinized, given a special pass and had signed a

declaration never to divulge any of the orders they received there. Within a year or so all was working smoothly.

Finally, he received from the keeping of the Home Office the governorship of the broadcasting stations, the care of the German National Library at Leipzig, the promotion of art and music—which meant control of the Philharmonic Orchestra—the Theatres and the Film Institute, the responsibility for the National Anthem and, to crown all, the "Campaign against Obscenity and the Debasement of Art." The results were soon felt. His central supervision of the broadcasting programmes of all German stations was first evidenced in special programmes, full of military music, glorifying the struggle of Nazism against the Republic and carefully edited news in accordance with the daily orders issued to the Press. The unique department to deal with the question of the National Anthem was a typically German effort; the Nazis had their own song about the pimp Horst Wessel and their comrades "shot by reds and reactionaries," and wanted it to supersede the National Anthem. Hitler finally solved the problem by making both, *Deutschland über Alles* and the Horst Wessel song, a double National Anthem.

The Bill against Obscenity and the Debasement of Art, now transferred to the safe keeping of Goebbels, had, with the help of the Roman Catholic Party, been passed before the advent of the Nazis. It had been used by Bracht, von Papen's Catholic Reichs-Commissar for Prussia, who superseded the legal government of Otto Braun in 1932. On the basis of this law he had issued a decree forbidding bathing costumes which had no triangular gusset between the leg openings! Goebbels did not intend to invite ridicule in this way, but he saw in the original law a most useful weapon for forbidding what was "indecent" from a political, that is, from a Nazi Party point of view. To the same use he put the new Law for the Protection (protection again) of National Symbols, dated May 19, 1933. It made the Nazi badge—the crooked cross—sacred and inviolable. Generally referred to as the Anti-Bad-Taste Law (*Anti-Kitsch Gesetz*), it installed Goebbels, and in fact all State officials under him, as a sort of Grand Lama of the only possible art.

Other Ministries shared the fate of the Home Office and were similarly shorn of their publicity work. Economic propaganda,

THE ART OF DR GOEBBELS

fairs, advertisements, all came under Goebbels's control. Festivals and fairs, indeed, were his obsession for a long time. To begin with, he organized "Potsdam Day," when the whole Cabinet and the newly elected Reichstag with its manufactured Hitler-Hugenberg majority went to the Garrison Church at Potsdam for an address from President Hindenburg. It was of no value except as an attempt to raise super-patriotic feelings. Even a once-liberal paper like the *Kölnische Zeitung* came out on that day with a heavy black-white-red frame on its front page. Similarly, using the day sacred to his opponents, Goebbels saw to it that the first of May was honoured like no festival before. He stole the workers' day for his own purpose, declaring that unity of nation and workers would be a reality once the trade unions were destroyed. The State, Hitler declared, would safeguard the workers' rights. Trade unions would be superfluous. The way to forced labour and unlimited armaments in the interests of the State, as represented by Hitler, was thus made clear.

Goebbels also went out of his way to open an exhibition devoted to womanhood and designed to allay the well-founded fear that Nazism regarded women merely as child bearers to supply soldiers for the prosecution of the wars Hitler planned, and settlers for the territories he was to annex. Magda Goebbels, the Propaganda Minister's wife, gave her name to a sixpenny booklet, *Die deutsche Mutter* (The German Mother). Having borne him six children in nine years, she was certainly entitled to speak of the true meaning of the Nazi "worship" of womanhood.

In the autumn of the same year, Goebbels was busy organizing the Party Congress, to be held, for the first time, as a national holiday week. He dubbed it the *Congress of Victory*, and henceforth every Congress had its own badge (to be bought by every "decent" German for one mark or so) and its own name, up to 1939. In that year of Nazi hope and infamy it was to be the *Congress of Peace*. Even Goebbels himself has never been more cynical. Poland, states by the dozen, and men by the million, were murdered instead.

While all these activities were aimed at the home front, the outside world was not forgotten. "The present situation must be regarded as tantamount to a state of direct danger of war for Germany," he advised his confidential circle in September



GOEBBELS GETS MARRIED, 1931

Note Hitler in the background, in mufti

1933. From the outset, he worked as if Germany were already involved in war. To him war was not, in Clausewitz's over-worked phrase, the continuation of policy by different means—war was his master's only policy. If the others at home and abroad did not, or could not, shoot back, so much the better. Goebbels, therefore, robbed the Foreign Office of its news-service abroad, its propaganda department, its film service, its interest in art and art exhibitions and sporting events abroad. Thus he could proudly sum up his position in the Official Gazette as follows: "The Minister for National Enlightenment and Propaganda is competent for all tasks of spiritual influence upon the nation, propaganda furthering the State, culture and national economy, and for the instruction of public opinion at home and abroad. . . ."

Among the organizations at his disposal abroad the German news agencies and their staffs were most important. Goebbels caused the official German news agency, the Wolff Telegraphen Bureau, to fuse with the right-wing Hugenberg agency, Telegraphen Union, a fusion which at the same time gave him an opportunity to change the heads and pick his own men from the staff. The newly formed DNB, the *Deutsches Nachrichten Bureau*, was henceforth the main weapon of open attack. Dr Fritz Hesse became its head in London. He was an adherent of the nationalist teaching of General Haushofer, the inventor of *Geopolitik*, which greatly influenced Hitler (since Rudolf Hess had been the General's pupil) in his ideas about living space. This main news agency was supplemented by the *Europapress*, a smaller service, intended especially for South Eastern Europe, and its sister organization, the *Transocean*, serving mainly South America. Its London head was Dr K. H. Abshagen. Both were originally national liberal in tendency, but under Goebbels they became just part of the Nazi information service, which explains President Roosevelt's eviction of their American agents at the beginning of 1941.

Goebbels strengthened them financially and increased their staffs. However, a new and highly significant problem arose. He soon found that the healthy suspicion which his "news" service encountered everywhere abroad stultified his efforts. He thereupon created a net of secret agents whom he planted in every important centre abroad. Their tasks were manifold. They

were given regular and detailed instructions, and neither orders nor agents were, as a rule, known to Germany's diplomatic representatives.

The existence of this systematic attempt to influence foreign newspapers remained no secret. The important instructions issued by Goebbels in the autumn of 1933 found their way into the French Press, and they can be taken as symptomatic of this underground stream of propaganda. The first main point he impressed upon his henchmen was the need for countering foreign attempts to distinguish between German and Nazi. Just as he never tired of pointing out at home that he knew of no Germans and recognized only Nazis, his propagandists abroad were to strive to the same end: foreigners must be made to believe that there was no difference between German and Nazi. The degree to which this propaganda succeeded is amazing. Many were ready to accept this as fact, while actually it was nothing but a particular piece of propaganda urgently needed by Goebbels at home and abroad. Even men of high intelligence unwittingly played Goebbels's game.

In order to gain influence, his propagandists were instructed to contact both heads and staff of foreign news services. "Personal favours" were to be shown to them, of a kind which would as far as possible raise no doubts in the minds of the recipients. Papers overseas might be saved the fees they spent on inquiries about big German events and on requests for alterations in the times of broadcasting. Smaller papers might be saved the cost of the monitor service necessary for listening in to the German news service.

Goebbels gave his emissaries considerable freedom. They could decide, for instance, without reference back, whether a paper was sufficiently important to be offered a special news service, or a "special correspondent," free of any charge. In exceptional cases the papers might be given financial favours if this would induce them to accept the services of such special correspondents. Advertisements should not be given in such cases, as this would betray the source of information. Instead, cheaper newsprint might be supplied. Only papers like the *Anglo-German Review* in London carried many pages of German advertisements as it was obvious that its readers were hankering after Nazi news and had not to be hoodwinked into

believing that they were reading their old independent paper. Special correspondents supplied by Goebbels's agents were generally the representatives of the official German news agencies, cabling under a neutral flag from, say, France or England. "In no circumstances, however," he wrote, "must German representatives abroad (i.e., his own agents) employ the services of German refugees, because there is in such cases no guarantee of discretion. A particular case gives rise to this warning. It is of the greatest importance." Although it is not known to whom he thus referred, it is clear that some refugees did succeed in effectively fighting his machinations. Goebbels, of course, had his own method of keeping an eye on those who had saved their skins and fled the Third Reich. In 1936, for example, his agent, Dr A. Schmolz, of the German Embassy in Paris, tried to buy the *Pariser Tageblatt*, the refugee paper edited for some time by Georg Bernhard.

He also warned his servants to beware of the Associated Press and similar independent agencies which were unlikely to be taken in. From time to time Berlin would see to it that these unfriendly agencies were given wrong information, so as to discredit them in the eyes of their own public. Such cases were to be followed up by the local agents with renewed offers of really "reliable" correspondents. A special eye was to be kept on news reports which were unfriendly towards any particular country. Such unfavourable reports were to be cabled straight back to the country thus attacked, together with the source, thus ensuring the maximum of bad feeling between the critic and the criticized. "Every disturbance of existing good relations between other States," he frankly admitted as part of his plans, "is directly to the advantage of Germany!"

To supplement these activities, Goebbels founded a Correspondence and Article Service (K.A.N.), which held thousands of articles in readiness for any emergency and covering any conceivable subject. They were selected and written according to the country of destination. The authors were mostly foreigners or camouflaged writers who could not be taken for Nazis. Foreigners were to receive high fees for such work, and it was left to the discretion of the agent who placed the article whether he also paid publisher or editor for printing it. The idea was to win collaborators without their realizing that they were mere

tools of Nazi propaganda. There was, for instance, the case of an author who wrote a book in defence of the professed ideals of the Third Reich. He had difficulty in finding a publisher for it in this country, and the German Embassy in London asked him for a copy of his manuscript. Finally, the German Propaganda Ministry bought the book. It is not surprising that Goebbels was ready to pay for an English book attacking Chamberlain and praising Hitler's "peace policy."

The *Deutsche Informationsstelle*, Berlin, the Goebbels propaganda service, also issued a booklet by another English author attacking Chamberlain's policy of resistance against Hitler's dreams of conquests, which seemed particularly useful for distribution in America. For Germans, too, such propaganda was thought necessary—hence Hitler's Message to the Nazi party for 1941 with its abuse of Neville Chamberlain. To many Germans, Chamberlain remains to this day the man who wanted peace. Hitler thus has every reason to dread his shadow.

Goebbels found many helpers abroad, even though they were unwitting helpers. It was only natural that the instructions he sent out to influence the Press were lacking in principle. Every country had to be told something different. Goebbels never cared about the ideas for which he was supposed to be fighting. All he wanted was success—the creation of a state of mind ready first to excuse, and later to applaud, everything that might emanate from Germany. Whatever the Nazi Government might decide to do at home or abroad should meet the full understanding of public opinion everywhere. Ever present in his mind, and ever present in his instructions, were two points: first, never to allow anyone to make a difference, however slight, between Nazis and Germans; such differentiation would endanger the Nazi system at home and would make doubtful the ready acceptance of every *fait accompli* with which Hitler might present the outside world. Secondly, never to excuse any action that Hitler might take; always to show instead that it was the action of some foreign power that forced him to act as he did. Both these propaganda rules seemed so simple that no child could ever be taken in by them. In truth, however, whole nations and very learned men swallowed them without uttering one word of doubt, nay, without noticing that the meat stank of Goebbels.

In this way he did more than buy and bribe, cajole and

coerce—although these things he did on a grandiose scale; he proved that he was psychologically right in a world which had grown lukewarm in the defence of true values. David Low, that man of genius, touched upon this truth when he made our miserable propagandists of a few years back say: "Oo, you big cad, Britain *isn't!*" Instead of reaffirming our belief in the dignity of the human soul and the values for which we stand, they limited themselves to an endless series of official denials of Goebbels's lies. (See the cartoon on page 35). Meanwhile the Nazi Minister for National Enlightenment was carrying out his recipe: lie in such a degree that no normal human being can imagine that anybody could lie so hard; whatever you do must be done on a gigantic scale, otherwise you will not get away with it for the number of years Nazism will need to prepare for its fulfilment—war.

While he was thus laying the foundations for his work abroad, things moved rapidly at home. It was a time of sudden explosions and outbursts, of frantic attacks against the remnants of anti-Nazi opposition in the world of papers and books. May 10, 1933, saw an organized act of vandalism, of pure Nazism, when a crowd of howling students piled up books by so-called "Jewish and Marxist" authors and burned them publicly. Not so long ago the red flames had leapt up at the west end of Berlin's *Unter den Linden* to do away with Parliament in Germany. Göring's firing of the Reichstag was now followed by the burning of books, a fact Goebbels proudly claimed to come within his "administrative domain." Great German poets, great German scientists and writers were burned symbolically—their life work went up in flames, flames which cast a red glow over the grey façade of the Berlin University and the monuments of the brothers Humboldt in front of it. They brightly illuminated Frederick the Great, a cold bronze statue in the middle of *Unter den Linden*. They lit up William I's old palace and the Catholic Cathedral. University and Church, History and Tradition were forewarned—all of them would be attacked and distorted in Goebbels's good time until they conformed to Nazi wishes. Ghastly gaps in the University and State Libraries henceforth told of the new religion of restriction preached by Goebbels. The world of learning was limited to his view. Freedom of science, freedom of spirit, was a thing of the past. Goebbels

did not flourish. Having eliminated the competitor for a short time, Goebbels helped his Nazi publishers, in whose firm he held a considerable packet of shares. The Third Reich had begun.

Goebbels proved at first more helpless still with regard to foreign newspapers. Again and again the Nazi wireless would announce in the one o'clock news that *The Times* or the *Temps* had been banned by the Minister for National Enlightenment (he never saw the joke in this happy union of enlightenment and banning). On hearing this, every Rhinelanders would go and buy a copy of the banned paper at the nearest bookstall—it had reached Western Germany much earlier of course than it reached Goebbels in Berlin. Indeed, he had to learn much and it was not all his "fault." The police, especially in Prussia with its newly won Republican tradition of Braun, the Premier, and Severing, the Home Secretary, were not drilled in book-burning and paper-stealing, and it took them some time to learn the new duties imposed by the advent of the Third Reich.

If banning was not always successful Goebbels could rely on the Storm Troopers to deal with the Socialist Press. They delighted in smashing the printing machines of papers which were not of their own brownish colour. In due course they received orders to occupy the premises instead and began the great series of "taking over" non-Nazi papers. Where once appeared the Socialist *Rheinische Zeitung* under W. Sollmann, a German Labour leader and a Home Secretary in Stresemann's Cabinet of 1923, there were some Nazi "journalists" installed who used the offices and plant, which had been paid for by trade unionists, to turn out a Nazi paper like the *Westdeutsche Beobachter*. The same thing happened all over the country. Through destruction, stealing or banning the Press of the opposition was brought to an abrupt end.

The Nazi administration gave it a "legal" cover by causing two decrees to be issued which formally banned all Communist papers on February 27, 1933, and all Social-Democrat periodicals on March 14, 1933. Always in the Third Reich, when some act of vandalism or murder had been perpetrated, it was the task of the Minister of Justice, Herr Gürtner, who had saved Hitler from any real punishment after the putsch of 1923, to "legalize" it afterwards.

Thus new Nazi papers sprang up, subsidized by printing presses "freely supplied" and by enforced subscriptions from the public. Summing up the work of the first few weeks for the benefit of the foreign Press representatives in Berlin, Goebbels proudly claimed: "The era of mental decomposition has come to an end." It was the old, cheap trick of his propaganda—the enemy was always decadent and his spiritual world was in progress of dissolution and decomposition. The havoc wrought by Nazis, on the other hand, was called the beginning of a glorious new epoch.

CHAPTER THREE

THE SEVEN CHAMBERS

A BEGINNING had been made. A well-staffed Ministry for National Enlightenment and Propaganda had been set up; the foundations for spreading the Nazi lie at home and abroad had been laid; public libraries had been robbed of books not in keeping with Nazi philosophy; all opposition papers had been wiped out and the Nazi party papers were well on the way to monopolizing the public mind. But it was a beginning only, not a complete system as Goebbels desired. So Goebbels went to Italy, combining an agreeable holiday—which he could now well afford—with a study of the Fascist Press. Many of Hitler's ideas had been modelled on Mussolini's pattern—from the Roman salute to the coloured shirt, from the hatred of democracy to the glorification of the State as represented in the person of the dictator. Hitler had proved a willing imitator.

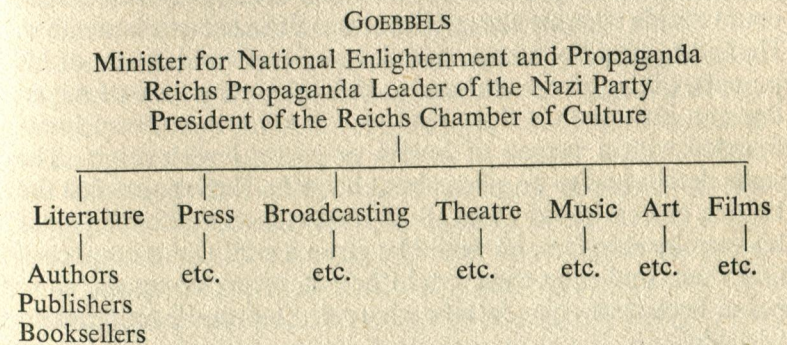
Goebbels went to see for himself how Italian culture was "run." He returned full of admiration and glowing descriptions of the Fascist model state, truly a model farm for the Fascist mind. "The man in the street is never left to himself!" he told his disciples at the Political Academy on June 29, 1933. "The State leads him by the hand and guides him. He is never alone. The State is his last refuge. . . ." Thus, using the old Biblical device of twice repeating the same thought, he impressed upon his hearers his own great aim. Everyone was to live for the State, and for the State alone. This State was embodied in the inner circle of Nazi leaders—Hitler, Göring, Goebbels.

In the autumn of 1933 Goebbels finally produced the all-embracing scheme which was to ensure that "no German was ever left alone." "The new State has its own rules," he stated in the presence of all the leaders of the Third Reich. "To these rules everyone, high and low, must submit. It is the duty of the artist, too, to recognize and accept these rules as guidance for his creative work. It must be our aim to breed a German type

THE SEVEN CHAMBERS

of artist who will fulfil deliberately and openly, with pride and with his own peculiar touch, the needs of our time." Thus defining his aim, he opened what he called the *Chamber of Culture*. Looking up from his manuscript on that November 15, 1933, he saw both his colleagues and his victims sitting in serried ranks, all of them quietly listening as he laid down the law. Frick, the Home Secretary; Göring, the Prussian Premier; Papen, the Vice-Chancellor; Hitler; Funk, his Press Chief; these were familiar faces. But on this occasion they shared the front row with the leaders of spiritual Germany, who had been invited to attend—Furtwängler, the conductor; Strauss, the composer; Johst, the dramatist; Blunck, the novelist. . . . None of them blushed, none of them felt humiliated, when Goebbels told them how artists, writers, poets, were to be "bred" so that they could serve the Third Reich.

The Chamber of Culture, formally set up a week afterwards, on November 22, 1933, was the first Nazi organization to unite Germans according to their profession, and replaced all former organizations by a State institution with enforced membership. The main Chamber had seven sub-chambers, namely the Reichs-Chamber for Literature, for the Press, for Broadcasting, for the Theatre, for Music, for Art, and for Films. Each Chamber consisted of authorized branches or guilds formed by each profession coming under each heading. German cultural life was to be organized in this amazing framework:



In practice the main question obviously was who were to be the members of these guilds or branches (*Fachschaften*) which in turn formed one of the sub-chambers of the Chamber of

Culture. The answer was: everyone Goebbels could think of as being directly or indirectly engaged in cultural work. "Whosoever takes part in the creation, reproduction, spiritual or technical manufacture, distribution, preservation, sales, or in the propagation of sales, of cultural goods, must be a member of the appropriate sub-chamber." So ran the text of paragraph 4 of his Executive Decree. It left no loopholes. Creation of cultural goods—that meant writers, composers, artists, poets. Reproduction—this aimed at publishers, printers, photographers. Distribution—that referred to booksellers and news-agents. All kinds of agents—literary, film, theatre; all kinds of instrument makers—piano makers, record manufacturers; all librarians and keepers of museums were to be organized.

The very completeness of this system made it necessary for many to become members of several sub-chambers. A playwright, for instance, had to become a member of the authors' branch of the Chamber for Literature in the Chamber of Culture. If he wanted to act in one of his own plays he would have to apply for membership of the actors' branch of the Theatre Chamber. Should he think of making a bust, for his own amusement, he would have to join the Art Chamber through one of its branches. If he wanted to broadcast, make a film, or sing, he must in every case first apply for membership of the appropriate branch of the appropriate Chamber of the Chamber of Culture. Each time he had to fill in a huge questionnaire and give details of his previous work so that the appropriate official could decide whether the applicant was fit to become a member. He had to give the names, and dates of birth and death, of his parents, taking particular care to show that they were of Aryan descent, that is that their parents too were in no way inter-married with a person of Jewish or partly Jewish origin. The same details had to be given about his wife. Having satisfied the branch officers about these all-important facts and having paid his membership fees, he would be given a card and a number—and then, and only then, could he act, write, compose, sing, paint, broadcast or undertake whatever "cultural" activities he wished.

The same applied to manufacturers of wireless sets—they helped to distribute "cultural goods," even if the programmes were ordered by Goebbels. Strangely enough manufacturers of

gramophones were free of *Kammerzwang*, forced membership of one or the other Chamber. "Gramophones do not by themselves distribute cultural goods," lawyers of the Third Reich explained, "but records do." Any firm manufacturing gramophone records had to become a member before beginning production and sales. Here, too, overlapping and plural membership was the order of the day. Every kind of manufacturer was soon organized in an economic guild, as employers were similarly organized in the Labour Front.

With the usual disregard of international agreements, the decrees enforcing membership applied to foreigners as well—as far as they worked within the reach of Goebbels. Curiously enough Germans abroad did not figure in the scheme. Legally they seemed to be free, but in actual practice Goebbels could bring pressure to bear and force them into his organization.

The most decisive paragraph of the whole Executive Decree, however, was soon to be the one numbered 10. "Membership of a sub-Chamber may be denied, or a member may be expelled, when facts are known which show that the person in question does not possess the reliability or the qualifications necessary for his activities." Such expulsion or non-acceptance was final. There was no right of appeal—except, of course, the right of Goebbels himself, who could overrule any decision taken by any Chamber. If a bookseller, a journalist, an actor, a writer, a librarian, a manufacturer of records, or a publisher was considered unreliable he could be expelled. The decision was in the hands of the branch president, a choice Nazi.

To be "reliable" in his eyes meant to be in total agreement with him about everything he might think right or advisable or profitable. To be "reliable" according to Goebbels's standard was to be wholly submissive, wholly "Aryan," wholly Nazi. The aim—and the result—was that every member of the Chamber of Culture should be completely in the hands of his Nazi supervisors. If he deviated for one instant from the party line as understood by his immediate Chamber superiors, he lost his membership and thus the means of earning his living. As a non-member, he was strictly forbidden to act as traveller in books or music, to sell a newspaper, to lend, write, print, publish, or sell, any record, book, or periodical, to act as a librarian, actor, singer, musician, or broadcaster.

Every week, in the Publishers', or the Writers', or the Musicians' Circular orders of this kind would appear:

EXPULSIONS: NON-ADMITTANCES: WARNINGS

"The Herr President of the Reichs-Chamber of Literature announces that the undermentioned are expelled from the Booksellers' Branch of the Reichs-Chamber of Literature, in accordance with Paragraph 10 of the first Executive Decree of the Law of the Reichs-Chamber of Culture, dated November 1, 1933:

As from January 20, 1937: Richard Hauptmann, Book Traveller, of Overbeck 2, Dresden.

As from April 20, 1937: Georg Scholz, Publishers' Agent, of Brunnenstrasse 29, Breslau.

As from May 7, 1937: Josef Grassold, Publishers' Agent, of Andreasstrasse 16, Regensburg.

As from May 31, 1937: Leo van Gyseghem, Publishers' Agent, of Otterstrasse 28, Otterbach.

"The Herr President of the Reichs-Chamber of Literature has declined to admit Herr Walter Boeck, Ronnebergstrasse 5, Berlin-Friedenau, to the Reichs-Chamber for Literature, Booksellers' Branch. As it has proved impossible to deliver this decision at his address, it is published now and is legally binding.

"The Herr President of the Reichs-Chamber for Literature declined to admit Herr Johann Konrad . . . on February 2, 1937. This decision has been confirmed by the Herr President of the Reichs-Chamber of Culture on May 15, 1937."

There follow four more non-admittances of would-be booksellers living at Augsburg, Leipzig, Aachen, and again Leipzig. The announcement ends:

"The Herr President of the Reichs-Chamber of Literature has decided, on June 18, 1937, to issue a solemn warning to Josef Dittmann, Publisher's Agent, of Bibrastrasse 19, Würzburg."

This is just one example, taken at random, from a copy of the German booksellers' paper, the *Börsenblatt*, dated July 20, 1937. Every week, in every branch of the Goebbels Chamber, there was, and continues to be, the same monotonous publication of such lists, telling of broken lives, shattered careers, whether of humble agents or brilliant writers. All of these unhappy subjects of Goebbels's displeasure are liable to be expelled, to meet with non-admittance or to be "solemnly warned," the first step towards ruin. The reason for such official action is never given.

Whether the victim has been found "unreliable" from a Nazi point of view, or whether he is lacking in "qualifications" from the same standpoint is never stated. He might have sold a book written by a Jew like Heine who, up to January 30, 1933, was considered to be one of the great poets of the German tongue. He might have offended his local Nazi overlord by not paying enough winter relief or by failing to attend some Nazi lectures on Nazi "culture." He might . . . there is no end to these possible pitfalls, each sufficient in itself to cut short a career.

One of the victims quoted above, Herr Boeck, had left his address when the decision was taken. He had "moved"—to a concentration camp? To a last refuge abroad? Another, Herr Konrad, had protested and appealed to Goebbels himself. But he had been unable to bribe an official of the Nazi Ministry or to pull strings to save himself. His enemy in the Chamber had remained stronger and the final sentence of expulsion had been confirmed. Did he become a manual worker after his expulsion from the "cultural" sphere? Did he flee the country, or commit suicide? Or did he live a few more years, backed by some loyal friend or relative, until he died of grief? No one knows. He remains one of the millions of Germans who have been tortured by Hitler's State.

Every decision of the Chamber of Culture was printed in full, giving the complete postal address of the victim, so that his business and other friends would be sure to hear of it and act accordingly. It was not allowed to trade with an outcast of the Chamber in any way. Anyone doing so ran the risk of following him into his professional grave.

There were other similar decrees ensuring the smooth working of the Goebbels machinery, and some of them were contained in the last few paragraphs of the Executive Decree of 1933. The Chamber and its seven sub-chambers could impose conditions concerning "cultural work," order the opening or the closing of premises and issue orders governing, for example, the nature and form of contracts. This meant that the Chambers had the power to open or close theatres, bookshops, publishing firms, film studios, newspaper offices, art galleries, concert halls, orchestral organizations. They could also "supervise" the contracts between theatre managers and actors, publishers and authors, newspaper proprietors and editors, art galleries and

exhibitors. To crown this, paragraph 26 solemnly stated that no compensation was payable by the Chambers should they decide to close a theatre or alter a contract, but they had the right to impose penalties for any breach of their regulations, a right later limited to a maximum fine of five thousand pounds. Membership fees were imposed like taxes. The orders of the Chamber were carried out by the police.

Thus were the men concerned with the products of culture to be guided until the coming generation, already "bred" according to Goebbels's prescription, could take over and fulfil his and his master's highest hopes by submitting unconsciously to the leaders of the Third Reich. His work was hailed by the inner circle round Hitler as "the most complete piece of spiritual organization conceivable." Never before, truly, had such a conception been carried out. Never before had a civilized country fallen so low. The Chamber of Culture represents a unique attempt to subdue the human spirit and shape it according to the wishes of a small set of criminals, an attempt carried out with all the means and all the thoroughness modern technique could command.

Goebbels generously offered the seats of President of the various sub-chambers to eminent men whose fame was long established. Richard Strauss, the composer, became head of the Chamber of Music, later to be succeeded by Peter Raabe, biographer of Liszt and a conductor of note. The Press Chamber found no such figure-head. Here Max Amann, the Führer's trusted party manager and director of the Eher publishing firm, took over. The Chamber of Literature was headed by Hanns Blunck, a prolific novelist of no special importance but of very great conceit—so great in fact that one literary paper is said to have included in its list of contents the acid remark: "Contains nothing by Hanns Blunck, President of the Chamber of Literature." When he was superseded in 1935—he was outdone in radicalism by Hanns Johst, the dramatist—he created for himself the title of *Alt-Präsident* (late President), which helped to sell his books. In 1935 Goebbels added a Reichs Culture Senate to meet four times a year in an "honorary advisory capacity"—which sounded un-Nazi and not at all in keeping with the *Führerprinzip*, which does not allow of any advice from anywhere. But it gave an opportunity for a further distribution of titles and

State honours and yet another opening ceremony in the presence of Hitler.

If at first the seven Chambers were the subject of some derision—and even secret opposition—Goebbels could rely on the help of leading men and women. Headed by Furtwängler and Strauss, German musicians, writers and poets joined the marching columns of the Brown Horde, and like Gerhart Hauptmann and thousands of others, abetted them. Those like Thomas Mann, who disagreed and would not debase themselves and their art by collaborating in such a movement, had to flee the country; they had to give up writing or publishing, playing or acting—like the great actor, Bassermann, and the numerous university professors who henceforth filled their studies with their manuscripts, thus amassing a *Schubladen-Literatur*, a Desk-drawer Literature. Or they committed suicide. Those who stayed and protested ended in concentration camps or, more humanely, in front of the firing squad.

The net which the Reichs-Chamber of Culture drew around all those who dealt, directly or indirectly, with things spiritual, was close and all-embracing. Everyone was caught and put in his place. The whole cultural life of the nation was ensnared. Take a bookseller, for example, or a library assistant, or for that matter any member of any sub-Chamber. In registering, he or she would have to prove Aryan descent, that is in the Germany of Hitler, Hess and Streicher, prove that there was no one of Jewish origin in the family as far back as 1800. It is a commonplace that we all have two parents and four grandparents, but it is not often realized that there are eight great-grandparents, sixteen great-great-grandparents, and no less than thirty-two great-great-great-grandparents, making sixty-four ancestors altogether of whom particulars are wanted. If every generation is reckoned as a period of thirty years, one has to go back to those great-great-great-grandparents in order to prove Aryan descent. If one of them had a Jewish-sounding name, a German's whole career, and life itself would be endangered. If he were married he would have to submit the same evidence for his wife's descent.

It might be wondered if it was ever really possible for everyone concerned to procure sufficient evidence. Generally, Goebbels considered it satisfactory if the would-be member made his

declarations on oath. But if there arose the slightest doubt in the official mind all the evidence had to be produced. The Nazi Party had a special research department for this work. Until May 10, 1941, it was headed by Rudolf Hess, the Deputy Leader of the Party and the Reich. With all laws and regulations the threat of enforcement in itself suffices to procure obedience. This is especially so in Germany, where officials are an admired caste. The procuring of ancestral evidence often proved very costly, both in money and time, but millions of Germans undertook it willingly. The vile campaign against everything Jewish made it doubly welcome to them to have an "Aryan" family tree. Nobody seemed to feel humiliated by the fact that the very men who imposed this hunt for the non-Jewish forefather were, according to the Nazi theory, racially "inferior" types, namely cripples like Goebbels, fat dope fiends like Göring, impotent maniacs like Hitler, drunkards like Ley, professional murderers like Himmler, sexual perverts like Röhm, or obscenity obsessed Jew-baiters like Streicher.

In registering with the Chamber of Culture the would-be member had further to divulge his former political affiliations. Men with socialist leanings were thus at once "eliminated." Men who had been connected with other parties might be given permission to work, but only under a heavy cloud of constant suspicion. It was only natural that many of these should become over-anxious converts to the Nazi cause. A special column of the membership form required the registration of pen-names, thus securing that no writer could lead a fictitious life of anonymity. These pen-names were openly registered in the catalogues of the German National Library at Leipzig and in the daily news sheet of new publications which went to every bookseller throughout the Third Reich. It meant the end of all anonymous writing. The real name of say Hans Fallada or Peter Bamm was thus known to every bookseller. Such announcements read as follows:

Bamm, Peter (i.e., Kurt Emmrich): *The Small World Lantern*.

Recking, Rupert (i.e. Heinrich C. Nebel): *A Journalist Reports*.

Fallada, the author of *Little Man, What Now?* thus became Rudolf Ditzen once more as he was in "private" life. Privacy, clearly, had no place in Goebbels's conception of things. No-

body must ever be left alone, each person's every step must be supervised by the State, that is by Goebbels.

Musicians were affected as well as writers. No dance-band leader could work without having his real name duly registered: "Members of the Reichs-Chamber of Music may not use more than one pseudonym. Foreign, or foreign-sounding pseudonyms are forbidden. The use of a pseudonym may be forbidden if it endangers the recognizability or the security of legal undertakings or if it contradicts the *Standespflicht*"—the duties incumbent upon a member of so august a body as the Chamber of Music.

To his horror Goebbels soon noticed that there were still some loopholes and he therefore ordered the President of the Chamber of Literature to issue one further warning and one more order to bolster up his Chamber. As late as October 1936 he admitted that there were people who used the title "Member of the Reichs-Chamber of Culture," whereas no one could be a member except through membership of a branch of one of the sub-Chambers. Moreover, it seemed that publishers were not always careful to ascertain whether their authors had paid their fees or had been expelled. "Members of the Chamber of Literature must therefore in future use a rubber stamp. This is to appear underneath their signature on letters and at the head of the first page of their manuscripts. The stamp used must be at least 1.5 centimetres by 0.5 centimetres, and at most 2 centimetres by 0.5 centimetres in size. It must have a frame and should contain nothing but the number of the member as it appears on his pass. To give an example:

A 7005

Members to whom passes have not yet been issued may put their old number of the R.D.S. (Reichs-Association of German Writers) below their signature and at the head of the first page of their manuscripts. The letters R.D.S. must be put in brackets." The German writer had become an office-boy complete with rubber stamp!

The order showed that the organization was not yet perfect. On the other hand it was a big step forward and seemed to close the last loopholes for any writer who might still be trying to

work without the approval of Dr Goebbels. The R.D.S., that is the *Reichsverband Deutscher Schriftsteller*, mentioned in the order, had been the precursor of the Chamber of Literature. Hardly had the Nazis taken power when they announced that every writer must register with this association. On writing to the R.D.S. for a membership form, the candidate was given a questionnaire containing the innocent-looking sentence: "Of purely Aryan descent/Not of Aryan descent. Cross out which does not apply." Goebbels thus succeeded in procuring full information about all journalists and writers amongst whose forefathers there had been someone of Jewish origin. Having made them all register, he proceeded to exclude them, and formally to expel them, from the new Chamber of Culture which required "Aryanism" back to 1800. The long questionnaires duly filled in by the unsuspecting victims were then carefully collected to form a central catalogue at a new office set up to supervise "non-Aryans." At its head was one Hans Hinkel, the Berlin representative of the *Völkische Beobachter* since 1930. In this capacity he had been something of a competitor of Goebbels with his paper *Angriff*. He was now given, as a sort of consolation, the task of supervising, that is to say, slowly exterminating, everything of Jewish origin in the world of letters and science. Born in 1901, he was thirty-two when he became State Commissary and *Reichs-Kultur-Walter*, a Reichs Guardian of Culture. Indeed, there was no limit to new titles and new offices, all of them unique to fit their unique bearers. Hans Hinkel thus agreed to be known as *Sonderbeauftragter für die Ueberwachung der im deutschen Reichsgebiet geistig und kulturell tätigen Juden und sonstigen Nichtarier*, that was Special Commissioner for the supervision of Jews and other non-Aryans spiritually or culturally active in German Reichs territory.

As the expulsion and extermination of his victims proceeded relentlessly during the next few years, so his field of activity diminished, and little more was heard of him. Hinkel (which, in German, means chicken), like the Sudeten leader, Henlein (which, in German, means cockerel), had to be satisfied with a well-paid post of no influence. From time to time he showed signs of activity, as when he banned a club of "non-Aryan" Christians, the Paulus Association, or set up the "1937 Association of Reichs Citizens Not Wholly of German Blood"—

mostly "Quarter Jews" in official language. But he never reached the heights of Hitler, Goebbels, and Hess, who between them planned every new campaign of Jew-baiting, always loudly acclaimed by Streicher, the pervert of Nuremberg.

Thus, before the end of 1933, the basis had been laid for a complete mastery over the spirit inside Germany and for exercising far-reaching influence over public opinion abroad. The Nazi Ministry for National Enlightenment and Propaganda was firmly installed, its tentacles stretched throughout the German Reich; its news service abroad had been organized on a war basis. The Chamber of Culture was founded and was henceforth to guarantee the absolute mastery of Nazism over every conceivable spiritual activity. Goebbels, having made himself both Propaganda Minister and President of the Chamber, in addition to being Reichs Propaganda Leader of the Nazi Party, had become the undisputed ruler of German spiritual life. With Göring he shared the greatest power any one of Hitler's High Command possessed. Göring organized and speeded rearmament; Goebbels watched over the spiritual side of the nation and, as far as possible, of neighbouring nations. "It is beautiful to exercise power with a gun, but it is still more wonderful to win power over the hearts and brains of men," he confessed in one of his purple passages of accidental truth. As long as Hitler lives and keeps Göring as his chief adviser on guns, he has to content himself with the spiritual side. Nazism, as the evil thing we know it to be, is to a very large degree his personal achievement.

CHAPTER FOUR

THE OLD-ESTABLISHED PRESS

SINCE Napoleon called the Press the seventh world-power, every statesman and politician has repeated this saying with something like awe mingled with envy. Bismarck, for instance, said of the national liberal *Kölnische Zeitung* that it was worth a trained division on the banks of the Rhine. In spite of his all too dictatorial rule at home, he never thought of suppressing criticism and transforming the Press into a boot-licking instrument for the benefit of the Government Departments. He was annoyed when he met with criticism. So are most statesmen. But, deeply religious, a man of wide interests and learning, he never attempted to organize a submissive Press which was to shape the soul of its readers. He came to realize that banning was no way out. When the paper of his own party, the *Kreuz Zeitung*, attacked him in 1875 and 1876, he went out of his way to brand it a slanderous journal. But he did not interfere with its freedom to criticize him and the Government. In this he followed Prussian tradition, set up by Frederick the Great who, first amongst the rulers on the continent, granted freedom of thought and expression to his people. "Journals," he said, in June 1740, "must not be interfered with; otherwise they will not be interesting."

It was Admiral von Tirpitz, the man who built the Emperor William II's Grand Fleet, who used Press propaganda systematically for the first time in Germany. The campaigns he instigated in order to win public approval of his vast ship-building programmes, were the first of their kind. If they now seem child's play compared with the work of Goebbels, they nevertheless contained all the main elements necessary for such propaganda. They played successfully upon those human feelings which always form the source of blind action—hatred and envy. Before 1914 it was hatred of England and envy of the Empire's riches which won von Tirpitz a majority each time he decided to

build more battleships. Hitler and Goebbels rang the changes on the Jews, the Bolshevists, the Poles, the British once more, just as it suited their book. Then, as now, the propagandist himself was filled with cynical contempt for the mass of the people. To them the dignity of the human soul meant nothing. It was Power they were after.

Hitler is never tired of stressing the importance of the Press. He has done so in *Mein Kampf*, as we have seen, and he did so in all his election campaigns, in all of which Goebbels was responsible for the publicity. It has often been remarked that both men took the so-called injustices of the Versailles Treaty for their main argument—to kindle hatred and to win adherents. A propagandist has shown in detail how the Treaty may be made use of for such purposes: "How that instrument of unlimited blackmail and most shameful humiliation could be made, in the hands of a willing government, a means of working up the national passions to fever heat! How the indifference of a nation could be turned into indignation, and indignation into blazing fury, if those sadistic cruelties were made use of by a propagandist of genius! How every one of these points could be burned into the brains and hearts of this people until, finally, the common feeling of shame and the common hatred of sixty million men and women became that single fiery sea of flames from whose heat a will of steel emerged and a cry burst forth: We want arms again! But to achieve that end, everything from the child's primer to the last newspaper, every theatre and every cinema, every placard and every hoarding would have to be pressed into the service of this single great mission, until the timorous plea of our clubbable patriots—'Lord, set us free!'—was transformed in the brain of the smallest urchin into the fervid prayer: 'Almighty God, bless our arms in times to come!'"

Hitler himself laid down his programme in just these lines, for everybody to read in *Mein Kampf*. It is from that inexhaustible book of distortions that this quotation has been taken. It was to this end that the Treaty of Versailles, quite irrespective of its faults and merits, was used by him and his helpers. While he left the child's primer to others of his circle—to Schirach, the Youth Leader; to Rosenberg, the Educational Chief; to Rust, the Minister of Education—he handed over to Goebbels every newspaper, every theatre, cinema and poster hoarding. The

Ministry for National Enlightenment and the Chamber of Culture were his main weapons in this fight for supremacy. The central, motivating idea was Arms and Aggression.

The Press was organized into a special Reichs-Chamber within the framework of the Chamber of Culture. But even this detailed administration was apparently insufficient for the needs of Goebbels, for he also issued a bombastic *Schriftleitergesetz*, a law for journalists. It made the journalist, to all intents and purposes, a government official. It imposed the familiar conditions of political reliability and Aryan descent. It did away with the so-called *Sitz-Redakteur*, the Sleeping Editor, whose name was generally given as responsible in law for anything the paper might produce that was the subject of litigation. Henceforth every editorial department had to have its own responsible chief and his name was to appear in each issue. He had to answer for everything "he wrote himself or chose to be printed." This made the shadow of Nazi supervision very real and very threatening to every journalist. It was the end of anonymity. If an editor wrote or accepted anything which displeased Goebbels his name was struck off the list—and his career was ended. Freedom of the Press was a thing of the past.

True to form, Goebbels proceeded to "prove" that now real freedom reigned at last. Henceforth, he told his victims, no journalist was dependent upon the proprietor of a newspaper. From now on there would be no outside influence of big advertisers or of big business, of trade unions or other associations. But he did not tell them what they already knew from bitter experience, that a Master much worse had taken their place and installed himself in a unique and unprecedented position of power. Goebbels directed them all—down to the most insignificant—and dictated what they should write. Where, beforehand, there had been outside influences, the journalist had always been free to follow his conscience, choose between them and to change from one master to another. Moreover, there had always been papers in which he could freely express what he felt to be true and where he could expose, if he wished, a blatant case of outside pressure. No such choice was left to him from now on. Wherever he was, he served Goebbels. Whatever he wrote, he could never indicate that it was Goebbels who had ordered him to write as he did.

At home Goebbels glorified his deed—murder of the freedom of the Press—by saying that in future the German journalist would be guided by the interests of the State. The State, of course, the "interests of the commonweal," was he himself and his own interests. To representatives of the foreign Press he explained his order away by saying: "Public opinion is being made"—he meant manufactured—"and whoever takes part in forming public opinion bears a gigantic responsibility towards the nation and the whole people. Only within the framework of this responsibility can one rightly interpret the meaning of freedom of the Press." This framework, however, was made so elaborate and so strong that it robbed Goebbels's words of all their meaning. Freedom of the Press meant freedom for Goebbels to say what the Press might publish. His disciple, Dietrich, was more candid when he wrote: "'Freedom of the Press' is in fact one of the most shameless and damning phrases which the brains of unscrupulous men ever conceived for the purpose of enslaving public opinion to their own political and commercial interests." Goebbels's explanation of freedom was made in April 1933; this open attack upon any such freedom dated from 1938. In the meantime the Nazi system had installed itself so firmly that no Nazi leader need trouble any more about the feelings of his listeners. But, even then, even in 1938, Freedom of the Press was attacked only because it "enslaved" public opinion. The principle of freedom was not denied its right, not by its most inveterate enemy. Truth will out. Life without freedom is a contradiction in terms. It is impossible.

To make his supervision and direction of the German Press a reality, Goebbels issued a host of seemingly small additional orders. Every newspaper, for instance, was forced to give its circulation figures and to state which of the model price lists fixed by Goebbels applied to its advertisement rates. He thus secured a constant watch over the growth or decline of every paper and could work out its income from advertisements; through manipulation of the price lists he could also influence this main source of income. He did not fix subscription rates for readers although he banned insurance schemes and other attractions which some papers had offered their subscribers. He thus made it possible for his own Party press to compete with, and fight, the old-established papers that remained.

In "directing" the contents of the daily papers his central Press conference at Berlin was soon supplemented by provincial Press offices, which issued orders of a more local character. Thus the Berlin instructions—i.e., quote the Brazil paper *Blank*, never quote the French paper *Double Blank*, etc., etc.—were supplemented by local orders prescribing what to say about a new provincial appointment or a new sewage pipe. All these directions were strictly secret, and to divulge their existence was equivalent to committing high treason. I once saw the editor of a formerly great German paper receive an iron strong-box, which he opened with a latch-key. It contained Goebbels's daily orders concerning trivial things which had now become State secrets. In reading them out to me that editor committed high treason, as he told me himself, and I shall never forget his expression of despair and humiliation as he closed the box again, and rang to have it taken next door to the assistant editor.

Every paper was obliged to print on any given day any given copy in the type and in the position indicated by the Ministry. At first this led to ridiculous howlers even from Goebbels's point of view. One morning, on entering the reading-room of the Berlin University, with its two hundred or more provincial newspapers from every corner of the Reich, one saw something very like a mock exhibition of a chained Press, for every paper had, on its front page, on the right hand side, the same photograph and the same article, all set up the same size and in the same type. They had been ordered to print it—and they had obliged. Such uniformity defeated the object. But to this day it has been found impossible altogether to avoid it. In April 1941, for instance, all German papers printed the same slimy article by the Press Chief Dietrich on "The Führer's Birthday at General Headquarters."

Such uniformity, while not distasteful to Goebbels as such, did not satisfy him because it proved ineffective. It was unwise to draw the reader's attention to the fact that one particular piece of news had been officially "planted." Such attention was liable to turn into suspicion. Until the new generation of journalists bred according to Goebbels's recipe became operative, he was forced to look for a better solution than uniform instructions issued to all and sundry. He must try to induce

every journalist to play his game, while at the same time continuing to write in his own way and for his own particular public. If this was easy of accomplishment with the Nazi party proper, it proved a difficult task with the existing *bourgeois* Press. Goebbels soon found that there would have to be years of careful nursing before the uniformity of his instructions would be echoed in a thousand different voices—in one harmonious chorus of ever-lasting, but never monotonous approval.

The two main newspaper groups of democratic Germany had been those of Mosse and Ullstein. Both published a series of popular papers as well as one or two political dailies of the very first order. Ullstein published the Berlin *Morning Post* and the *Berlin Illustrated*, both with a wide circulation; they formed the financial backbone of this big publishing house. Its "high-brow" paper, of *The Times* type, was the *Vossische Zeitung*, "Auntie" Voss, as the Berliners called it chaffingly. It was an old paper—founded in 1704—of great reputation and renown; its literary editor in the eighteenth century had been no less a man than that great critic and fighter for freedom, Gotthold Ephraim Lessing. Its contemporary political editor was Georg Bernhard. A democrat and a Republican, he had worked for a final reconciliation in Europe and had assisted Stresemann's foreign policy. When the brown shadows darkened, he felt he had to withdraw from politics, but later on he went to Paris to resume his fight.

The publishers decided, after the arrival of Goebbels, to bury the *Vossische Zeitung* (March 24, 1934). There was, they rightly felt, no room in the Third Reich for an independent newspaper of democratic convictions and a great tradition. They also published the weekly *Grüne Post*, which was banned on May 2, 1934, for some time as we have seen in Chapter II above. The publishing house itself was taken away from its rightful owners, and the Ullstein brothers went into exile. It was transferred to a council of Nazi trustees. The popular papers continued to appear in a nazified version, while the *Vossische*, having been closed down beforehand, was saved this final dishonour.

The Mosse group, securely based on a large advertising business, prided itself on the *Berliner Tageblatt*, a journal equally democratic and of almost as high a general standard as the *Vossische*. Its chief editor was Theodor Wolff, one of the best

of German journalists, who had upheld his ideals under the Imperial regime, as he now fought for their preservation against encroachments from the right. He, too, had lent his support to Stresemann's League policy of reconciliation. To the Nazis he was the enemy incarnate, and he must be considered lucky to have eventually escaped across the frontier with his life. Unlike Ullstein, the house of Mosse kept its papers going—the attitude generally adopted throughout the German publishing world.

In this case it was not the owner's fault. Rudolph Mosse had to flee his country. But the new *Berliner Tageblatt*, in its familiar size and print, with no alterations but for its content, was an infamous and a pathetic spectacle. From the leader to the advertisements, it vied with the Nazis in its anxious endeavour to keep strictly to the party line. Goebbels had cause for satisfaction when perusing the paper thus edited by Paul Scheffer, admittedly a non-Nazi. The paper was also allowed to retain its London representative, Baron von Stutterheim, also admittedly a non-Nazi. Goebbels knew that the *Berliner Tageblatt* had a wide circulation abroad, and accordingly he calculated that it would have a reassuring effect if the familiar paper continued to arrive, written as far as humanly possible by the same men, but commenting always favourably on Nazi progress. Some criticism of minor things at home was printed from time to time—Goebbels let it pass; he knew what he was doing. Such criticism, while wholly ineffective at home, because it never referred to major questions, was most valuable in keeping the confidence of readers abroad. For years to come Hitler's main object with regard to the Western Powers was to keep them unperturbed and unprepared. It did not trouble Goebbels that Baron von Stutterheim never wrote proper Nazi reports; it served his purpose admirably that von Stutterheim's reports were printed at all in a paper that supported any and every move of German foreign policy. He saw to the latter. For the rest, he allowed the *Berliner Tageblatt* the sort of freedom that a cat allows a mouse.

Von Stutterheim later joined the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, a paper influenced by German heavy industry. This Berlin daily generally supported the powers in office, and for a long time it formed the right-wing of the supporters of Stresemann. In Fritz Klein it had a great editor, a man of fine freedom of judg-

ment, a patriot, not a nationalist. When the Nazis came into power, he tried to continue to steer the same course of sound patriotism which recognizes the natural limits set to one's own aspirations by the rightful claims of neighbouring countries. Goebbels hesitated to intervene before the Nazi system was firmly installed and it was not until the introduction of the thousand mark fine imposed upon any German travelling to Austria that the clash came. Like most good Germans, Dr Klein was infuriated by this decision of the Nazi Government to forbid any personal contact with Austrians solely because the Vienna Government had no liking for Nazi methods. He wrote a leader under the ominous heading *Bruderkampf*, the fight between brothers, to say how much he regretted such strife between two German-speaking peoples. Hitler flew into a rage at such criticism, Goebbels banned the paper and forbade its reappearance unless it replaced its Editor-in-Chief. Faced with this order—non-compliance meant economic ruin and worse—the owners, the Norddeutsche Buchdruck-Gesellschaft, dismissed Dr Klein. Thus, after eight years of brilliant editorship and a long life of labour for the cause of his country, he found himself cast aside.

It was a great triumph for Goebbels, who could be well satisfied with the new man, Dr Karl Silex. Silex had been Klein's correspondent in London for the past eight years. He had written a book on *Patriot MacDonald*, another on *John Bull at Home*, both rather superficial but very friendly records of English life and politics. He had been treated with great kindness in this country, so much so, as a wit remarked, that an English lady married him in 1927. As far as home politics in Germany were concerned, he was an unknown quantity. The fact that he succeeded his chief in such circumstances was hardly reassuring. Within a few weeks, indeed, his paper was full-sail in Nazi waters. To make the disgrace—already abounding—complete, he followed with equal ease Goebbels in foreign policy. Soon he was among the "experts" writing on British politics and the abusive style in which he sneered at this country became the envy of many a Nazi.

It must be admitted, however, that Goebbels did not have it quite all his own way. Although he had ousted Dr Fritz Klein from the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, he was unable to expel

him from the Press Chamber. Neither could he prevent an influential group of industrialists, backed very probably by old army circles, from founding a political weekly for him. This paper, the *Deutsche Zukunft*, German Future, was modelled after the English weeklies, *The Spectator* or *Time and Tide*, a type otherwise unknown to German journalism. It was first published by the Bibliographisches Institut, the Leipzig publishers, and later on by the Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt of Stuttgart, also a large book publishing firm. This connexion assured the weekly a unique standard for its literary section, while Klein himself led the political section with renewed, though cautious, vigour. Goebbels left him more or less alone now, knowing that a weekly of so high a standard did not reach a wide public, but only an élite which, anyhow, was lost to the Nazi cause. It thus came about that the *Deutsche Zukunft* remained the most free of all German periodicals. Klein, eager to prove once more what he had always been, a pure patriot, rejoined his old regiment and took part, as an officer of the reserve, in the summer manoeuvres of 1936. There he is supposed to have met with a genuine accident and was killed. He was just over fifty years of age. His work was continued by Werner Wirths, a good editor, but a man of less outstanding qualities of character for the simple reason that Klein was a quite exceptional man. If the paper failed to steer an opposition course, it was at least able to supply its readers with the means, the knowledge and the facts necessary for independent judgment. This it faithfully did.

Further to the right, the nationalist counterpart to the Mosse and Ullstein groups were the papers published by Hugenberg's Scherl trust. Its main political daily was the Berlin *Lokal Anzeiger*, the Local Advertiser, a crudely nationalist paper catering for a narrow-minded public, the German Colonel Blimps. Hugenberg, the leader of the nationalist party and a big business man, preached the kind of Imperialism which had flourished in the Kaiser's Reich before 1914. His foreign correspondents were Rolf Brandt and Dr Kriegk, journalists who reported according to orders received in advance. They thus had no difficulty in following Goebbels's lead. Indeed, when their master, Hugenberg, was thrown out of Hitler's Cabinet they simply transferred their loyalties from him to Goebbels. "In

their eagerness to interpret and carry out the orders of their employer, they overreach themselves and make themselves ridiculous," was Stresemann's comment on their activities under Hugenberg who had sent them to Geneva. The same happened again when they wrote for Goebbels. There are no more ridiculous lampoons than those Kriegk manufactured first against Russia and then against this country. The Scherl papers went a long way hand-in-hand with Nazism, for their own nationalism was almost of the same brand. Nevertheless, Hugenberg was forced to retire and to hand the papers over to Goebbels's satellites, just as had happened with the Mosse and Ullstein concerns.

Equally unlucky was the man who had succeeded in forming the Hitler-Hugenberg administration of 1933—Franz von Papen. A member of the Catholic party of the centre, the *Zentrum*, he had bought a considerable packet of shares in that party's paper, *Germania*, which had been founded in 1871; but this proved a poor investment. His party was dissolved, and the paper condemned to death. It languished for some time and finally closed down. Goebbels had no use for a Catholic newspaper.

One Berlin paper alone thrived after the advent of the Nazis—the *Berliner Börsen-Zeitung*, the most violently nationalist of all non-Nazi papers, and for that reason hardly distinguishable from a Nazi paper. It was supposed to be backed by the Army, and as far as the Army turned Nazi this was undoubtedly true. Its editor, Dr Jügler, was an insignificant, mild-looking man who turned thunderer only when he put pen to paper. By reason of its detailed lists of the daily dealings at the stock exchange it secured for itself a wide circulation throughout the business world. The editor of its financial supplement was one Walter Funk, a fat, shapeless, little man of quite unusual ambition. Long before Hitler gained the chancellorship he had had the foresight to enter into a personal treaty of re-insurance with the Nazis and was allowed to style himself Personal Adviser to the Führer on Economics. The day they took over, he was duly made Chief of the Press and Under-Secretary of State. No face was prouder than his on that January 30, 1933, and soon all German *Who's Who's* were to trumpet aloud the little Funk's unique achievements. All his forefathers, right back to the sixteenth century, the German nation was informed, had been

Protestants—this probably accounted for his slightly Jewish appearance. Among them was the “well-known Osiandrist leader,” Funk (nobody in Germany knew what an Osiandrist was); his uncle was *the* pianist Funk, his grandfather the “renowned wholesale merchant” Funk, and so on.

The office of Press Chief was not a new one. It had previously been held by various would-be diplomats whose duty it had been to hand out Government communiqués and to keep the Press in touch with Government circles, especially on questions of foreign policy. He was nominated by the Chancellor and headed the Foreign Office News Department. With the setting-up of the vast Goebbels machinery this office obviously lost whatever importance it had had. But the title, Press Chief of the Reichs Government, flattered Funk, while his post as Under-Secretary in the Ministry for National Enlightenment brought him real power. His old paper, the *Börsen-Zeitung*, naturally profited considerably from his promotion, and for some time to come it was very well informed on the trends of Nazi administration. But it quickly turned into a fully-fledged Nazi paper, quite irreproachable from Goebbels’s point of view.

Goebbels could indeed be well content when he surveyed the Press of the capital. Within the course of the first year of his regime the opposition papers had either been banned—like the Socialist *Vorwärts*—or taken away from their rightful proprietors. By the end of 1933 they were in the hands of men who willingly, and with snake-like suppleness, obeyed his every order and followed his every wish. He knew, however, that the Berlin Press was not the German Press. Unlike the state of affairs in French or British journalism, the German Press is not centralized in the capital. Berlin does not fully represent the trend of public opinion.

Hamburg, Essen, Cologne, Munich—and many more—are provincial centres of a very distinctive character. These great centres are small capitals in their own right, and they exert a great influence on the surrounding districts. As long as Goebbels had not nazified the provincial Press—papers like the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt*, the *Cologne Gazette* and the *Munich Neueste Nachrichten*—he was not master of public opinion in Germany. The issue of orders through his daily press conferences, supplemented by the guidance given by his provincial

offices, proved to be insufficient. The speed of newspaper work was such that it left him, more than once, lagging behind. His machinery could not outrun its little master. The “breeding” of journalists imbued with his spirit was nowhere more necessary than in these provincial centres of independent thought. Meanwhile, the now familiar technique had to come into action.

There was the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, the old liberal paper founded by Sonnemann—the “Jew Sonnemann” as Nazis used to say until Göring married Mrs Emmy Sonnemann who, if of different origin, at least bore the same name. The *Frankfurter* has been honoured by Hitler with special consideration in *Mein Kampf*, in which he refers to it as a “so-called intellectual paper.” Yet, if ever there was a newspaper hated by Goebbels it was this. For a long time he allowed it to keep up a semi-independence with extraordinary lengthy reports about Jewish affairs. In politics, however, he found in Rudolf Kircher a man after his own heart. To this day Kircher, as Editor-in-Chief, writes leading articles which, while always appearing to proffer sensible criticism, are in all vital and fundamental questions in wholehearted agreement with the actions and views of the Nazis. Hitler consoled himself by remarking that “the passage of a thirty millimetre shell makes more noise than a thousand Jewish press vipers—let them hiss!” Goebbels had no need to console himself in this way; he was pleased to let the *Frankfurter* keep up a pretence of hissing. Its acceptance of the main points of Nazi doctrine was thus the more effective.

If it is true that the leading German dye trust, I. G. Farben Industrie, with its headquarters at Frankfurt, financed the paper for some time after it had been taken away from its rightful owners, this does not mean that the new influence displeased Goebbels. Dr Max Ilgner, one of the dye trust directors, soon developed into an ambassador-at-large for the first German industrial drives connected with Schacht, and later with attempts to plant Nazi agents throughout the Far East, the South American Republics and the United States.

Men like Friedrich Sieburg and Wolf von Dewall continued to write for the *Frankfurter* from Paris and London. Sieburg, the author of *Gott in Frankreich* (“Is God a Frenchman?”), wrote propaganda pamphlets about the newly won Nazi-Polish

friendship of 1934, about Portugal and North Africa, crowning these endeavours with a volume of shrill nationalism, *Es werde Deutschland*. He is yet another example of a gifted writer and a highly intelligent man succumbing to the Nazi poison—all Goebbels had to do was to administer his medicine persistently and with an air of authority, and Germans fell for it as flies fall for carrion. The London correspondent, von Dewall, an equally highly civilized man, did not go quite so far. But even he wrote with unblushing apishness: "War is a possibility only if British policy attempts to bar the way to German interests in Germany's living space." This is much more than passive assistance to Nazi crime.

The story of the other liberal paper of importance in Western Germany, the *Kölnische Zeitung*, or *Cologne Gazette*, is not less illuminating of Goebbels's bloodless victories. (Bloodless only if one disregards the suicide of its Editor-in-Chief.) In October 1933 the editor of the City page, Dr Paul Schäfer, took over as Editor-in-Chief. His knowledge of foreign affairs was strictly limited—he had never been in England—and he thus managed to steer a careful course which was completely colourless. The paper's old Geneva correspondent, Paul Borowski, was dispatched to Berlin to keep in touch with the Wilhelmstrasse—but his reports, marked "bb" (Berlin Bureau), outdid even the Nazi instructions he received. Nevertheless, they had to be and were printed. In consequence of all this, the paper lost its liberal character, although it was still written by the very same men who edited it before 1933. It had become a useful ally of Nazi politics in foreign affairs. Blumrath, second-in-command, out-Goebbeled Goebbels by threatening this country with a preventive war early in 1939.

It is only fair to add that the decline and suicide of Stresemann's old paper was due in no small degree to the proprietor's heir, the young Neven DuMont. Scared by the decline in circulation he tried to enter into an agreement with the local Nazi paper, the *Westdeutsche Beobachter*. When these negotiations were broken off by him—the Nazis demanded the complete surrender of his paper—it was almost too late. The paper was banned for publishing news of these abortive discussions. When it emerged and carried on, it had lost its honour—its soul.

Finally, to round off this short survey of the fate of the

provincial papers, there is the case of the *Münchener Neueste Nachrichten*. Here, too, an alternative editor was ready at hand. In Giselher Wirsing it found a man only too anxious to assist in the Nazi clamour for "living space." He belonged to a queer anti-democratic set who flirted with corporative and pseudo-socialist ideas and produced a paper called *Die Tat* (Action). It was only a short step to Nazism for most of them, but there were some like the fine writer, W. Eschmann, who preserved their integrity.

Such exceptions, perhaps one in a thousand, only make the complete submission of the old-established German Press to Goebbels and his daily orders seem the more bitter and revealing. Goebbels was right when, addressing the Reichs Press Conference in November 1934, he thus summed up his success: "To my joy I can state that my admonitions and my warnings to the German Press have fallen on fertile soil." It was indeed a great triumph. He had eliminated every possible criticism of any action any Government Department or Party Institution might take. His organization of daily conferences and instructions issued from Berlin and the provincial centres was working smoothly. Journalists were his employees, a fact carefully camouflaged by his calling his own interests the interests of the State. On all fundamental questions the old-established Press had been made to approve, and to approve daily, Hitler's administration. It formed a single chorus of admiration and applause. "Public opinion" had become what Goebbels thought this opinion should be.

CHAPTER FIVE

NAZI PARTY PAPERS

IF Goebbels had succeeded in transforming the whole German Press into a willing tool of his changing propaganda, what had become of the Nazi Press proper? The *bourgeois* Press had been *gleichgeschaltet*, switched over to his own crooked purposes. Could he direct the newspapers of the Nazi party with equal ease? The question is worth while because the obvious affirmative answer is incorrect. In the domain of the party Press, he had to share power with his colleagues in crime, some of them colleagues in the Cabinet, who jealously guarded their positions in the inner circle of party leaders. Goebbels had to fight hard and long, in fact he is still fighting to this day, to oust co-Nazis from the sphere which he regards as his own—namely the manufacture of public opinion at home and abroad.

It must not be forgotten that his roots were in Western Germany, in Rheydt and, to a lesser degree, in Bonn and Heidelberg. He was brought up as a Roman Catholic, yet was in violent opposition to the Church. Living amongst a population which had become Prussian only three generations ago, he was alive to the fact that it formed the Western frontier district of the Reich. Small wonder then that he yearned for the "real Reich" and went to live and work in Berlin. Hitler's movement, on the other hand, was foremost, and for a long time almost exclusively, a South German affair. Without the unfailing support Bavaria gave him, Hitler would have remained what he was—an illiterate, restless house-painter. Goebbels never felt at home in Munich, in its beer cellars, where his kind of intelligence counted so much less than a stocky figure and two sound fists. He would sit fidgeting at his master's side, biting his lips and shuffling his club-foot about uneasily, a rather pitiful dwarf, keenly aware that here his intellectual brilliance could not shine. It was a great moment for him when he was dispatched to Berlin and found there his proper field of action. His admir-

ing North German followers called him the "Conqueror of Berlin."

Munich, however, remained the centre of the movement. To this day the party organization is directed from there, from the Brown House, and it is there that the party's main newspaper, the *Völkische Beobachter*, is published. It was originally edited, as we have seen, by Hitler himself. When he became too busy to deal with this daily work, he nominated, not Goebbels, but Alfred Rosenberg, as Editor-in-Chief. Goebbels's influence is thus, to this day, almost negligible as regards the Central Organ of the Nazi party.

Rosenberg was born in Tallinn, the capital of Estonia, then under Russian overlordship, on January 12, 1893—that is on the same day as Hermann Göring. He belonged to one of those Baltic German families who considered themselves a master race quite superior to the Estonian people in the midst of whom they lived. Rosenberg must have been content with a minimum of learning, for he never reached the standard which the best of the *Bürger* and the *Adel*, in their respective parts, below or on the Domberg of Tallinn, normally attained. To this day he has been unable to rid himself of the more vulgar characteristics of a crude East Prussian dialect. His intonation must be the secret envy of every humorist who has ever tried to imitate an East Prussian peasant selling a pig at the weekly market-place. Intellectually he is no match, and one would think, no danger, to Goebbels. But the fact that he has very much Hitler's own approach to things puts him in a strong position. He is just as abstruse as Hitler; his knowledge, too, is mainly derived from the political penny-dreadfuls and pseudo-scientific pamphlets which are written by cranks at all times and in all countries. The resulting "philosophy" closely resembles Hitlerian conceptions. Nobody would ever have read his books if he had not been made Chief Educational Leader for the whole Reich.

His editorship of the *Völkische Beobachter* cannot be called inspired. His style is too clumsy to stir the imagination, his ideas too involved to appeal to the masses. But he preached, year in and year out, the danger threatening from Russia and the Jews, and he found a ready and receptive audience. It is Rosenberg who popularized the crude falsifications called "Protocols of the Wise of Zion," which contain a supposed plan

of Jewish world conquest. It was he who constantly attacked Russia. Jew and Soviet were to him synonymous words. In 1936 he proudly looked back on sixteen years of such activity. "In the *Völkische Beobachter*, the central organ of the movement," he told the Party Congress, "warning cries have been uttered all through these years. We have never failed to condemn the attempts at fraternization made by the Governments of the November Republic and of Soviet Moscow, by the Jewish Bolshevist and the Jewish capitalist press. The National Socialist movement opposed Walther Rathenau's attempt at Rapallo to bind Germany to Soviet Judea, and the *Völkische Beobachter* fought a fierce battle against the Berlin Pact of 1926 which, with its clause of neutrality, favoured only Soviet Russia." The confession that a pact of mutual neutrality favoured Russia alone, and not Germany, seems significant.

Rosenberg's summing-up of his work in the *Völkische Beobachter* was accurate enough. It was his own paper, not that of the Minister for National Enlightenment. Goebbels might succeed, for example, in buying up one of the contributors and making him a member of his Ministry or giving him a special job as he did in the case of Hinkel, the Guardian of non-Aryan writers. On the whole, however, Rosenberg saw to it that the "Central Organ of the Movement," published by the "Central Publishing House of Franz Eher," at Munich, the "Capital of the Movement," remained immune from Goebbels's influence. Thus the unification of the German Press under Goebbels revealed some flaws. It would have been easy for Hitler to remedy this and hand over all the remaining party papers to Goebbels. This, however, is precisely what he never did and never will do, and the reason is obvious. The basis of his whole system is the successful playing of one force against another, of one follower against another. He never relies wholly on one man alone. Goebbels might become too big a force if he were to be sole master of public opinion. Rosenberg is therefore kept as a small, but useful, counterweight.

Goebbels is too intelligent not to be aware of this and too good a judge of the real forces in the Third Reich to attempt a change, attractive as such a change might appear. From time to time he indulges in a sly, though harmless, dig at such divergencies. "Thank God," he shouted in November 1932, when he

arranged a public controversy with Hugenberg's nationalists, "thank God, our movement has no party leaders who are proprietors of newspapers at the same time. Our papers are all the property of the party." He knew that this was less than a minimum of the truth for the simple reason that the "party" who owns the papers is represented by the party leaders. Hitler holds most of the shares in the publishing house of Eher (which prints the *Völkische Beobachter*); Rosenberg and Goebbels himself own some, and all share in the annual profits. But Goebbels's malicious tongue obviously relished this sly dig at his colleagues, nicely covered up as an attack on Hugenberg, the leader of the nationalist party and the Scherl newspaper concern.

The position in Berlin was, of course, very different. Here Goebbels was undisputed master. His paper, *Der Angriff*, was of his own making. It was the most violent Nazi publication, full of the vilest abuse of the German Republic that was seen for a long time. Yet its influence was not quite as great as Goebbels would have liked one to believe. When *Der Angriff*, in common with all other papers, had to print its circulation figures, it was found that it sold a mere 60,000 copies. This was a small figure for all the noise it made. German circulation figures are always smaller than British—there are no national papers with a million or more readers. The *Berlin Illustrated*, published by Ullstein, was the only periodical reaching one and a half million copies per weekly issue. A paper with over a hundred thousand was considered big. Nevertheless, *Der Angriff*'s circulation figures were a certain sign that even Goebbels could not fascinate great numbers of readers for any length of time by printing mere abuse. However, he remained proud of his journalistic gibes, and he later had them reprinted in book form. These volumes, *The Attack*, *Fight for Berlin*, *Awakening Berlin*, make sordid reading, if indeed anyone can stand so much petty and foul slander. When he became Minister for National Enlightenment he had to give up the editorship from lack of time. Very sensibly he therefore induced Hitler to promulgate a law forbidding any Minister of State to edit a newspaper. He thus saved himself from the embarrassing, and possibly dangerous, position of having to supervise editors who were Cabinet Ministers. Rosenberg, of course, never accepted

ministerial office until the end of 1941 and continued to edit the *Völkische Beobachter*. Nor could Goebbels prevent other colleagues from influencing their pet papers, just as he himself kept in close touch with *Der Angriff*.

Der Angriff soon deteriorated into a paper which, instead of printing Goebbels's inspired abuse of the Republic, relied on an eternal hymn-singing in praise of the new regime. The result was that it turned from the repulsive to the boring and thus steadily lost readers. It was saved only by a special manipulation. Ley (pronounced: lie), the leader of the German Labour Front, made it the paper of his organization. It thus secured automatically a wide, enforced circulation. All the little Labour Front bosses, who had taken the place of the persecuted trade union leaders, had to subscribe; this they did out of the funds of Ley's organization. It was the German worker who thus, indirectly, subsidized the otherwise dying paper. For Ley it meant a new platform from which he could proclaim his "Strength through Joy" ideas. They ran thus: "You can't divide the world into Good and Bad. Good and Bad rarely correspond to the natural laws. It is much better to divide the world into Beautiful and Ugly. What is useful to me and my people, what makes me healthy and strong, is beautiful. What makes me weak or ill is ugly. . . ." If his readers tired of such rubbish, he never did. Since 1939 he has spent his time in furious attacks on British statesmen, first Neville Chamberlain, later Winston Churchill. Goebbels must have realized that his *Angriff*, the Attack—better called The Boot Licker—under new management, had lost its value from a propaganda point of view, and he soon withdrew from it completely.

In the meantime the *Völkische Beobachter* tried to make up for the lack of a leading Nazi paper in the capital by issuing a North German edition printed in Berlin at the Ullstein premises. It was, in all its main features, a replica of the Munich edition and did not conceal the stark fact that the Nazi Press remained a very poor effort, even compared with the old subjugated Press. The provincial party papers were even worse off. They remained in the local rut, and they stood no chance of gaining a wider reputation such as was enjoyed by the *Frankfurter*, the *Kölnische* or the *Münchener Neueste*. One of these provincial papers owned by the Nazi party itself was the *Essener Nationalzeitung*,

printed, as its name implies, in Essen, the town of the Krupps' armaments factories. Goebbels had no say in this; here he was stumped by Göring, who had the confidence of the armaments industrialists. In a small way it became a sort of competitor to the central publishing firm, Eher of Munich, a fact Goebbels could not but welcome. Its book department specialized in standard works on foreign affairs about which the Munich publishers knew next to nothing. At home, the paper stated the case of big business as far as Göring allowed this. True to its close connexions with heavy industry, it secured the services of the syndic of the Steel Association, Dr Otto Dietrich, as a member of the editorial staff. He was married to the publisher's daughter, Almut Giesela Reismann-Grone. This backing opened up great vistas and as soon as Funk found a better position than service under Goebbels, Dietrich moved up. Funk renounced his title of Chief of the Press in Dietrich's favour to become the rival, and finally the heir of, Schacht at the Ministry of Economics and the Reichs Bank.

When Goebbels published his diary of the months previous to Hitler's advent to power under the title *From the Hotel Kaiserhof to the Reichs Chancellery*, Dietrich tried to go one better with a book called *With Hitler into a Position of Power*. Actually, however, he was no danger to Goebbels, either in influence or in brains. He could never hope to play more than second, or third, fiddle to the Minister for National Enlightenment and Propaganda.

If both Munich and Essen, through their connexions with Hitler and Rosenberg on the one hand, and Göring on the other, were special cases, one must look to another Nazi party provincial paper to discover the real extent of Goebbels's influence. A good example is offered by the *Westdeutsche Beobachter*, the West German Observer. This paper was printed in Cologne, and what happened there, happened, with slight local differences, in Hanover, Leipzig, Stuttgart, Königsberg and every other German town. The Nazi party had founded papers of its own all over Germany some years before 1933. They competed with the local *bourgeois* papers, of which there were several in every medium-sized town. Owing to their typically low standard, they did not constitute a serious threat to any of the old-established newspapers. At most they had "nuisance

value." With Hitler's advent to power this position, based on the actual competitive value of Nazi journalism as opposed to real journalism, changed overnight. On the morning of January 31, 1933, every Nazi party paper felt, and behaved, like a sort of official gazette in its respective district. Of course, they were the first to receive official announcements and advertisements—a subsidy which helped, but only to a very small extent. More important, and more decisive, was the fact that party members as well as every kind of civil servant, from school-teachers to post-office officials, were forced to subscribe to them. Thus the circulation figures—but not the numbers of actual readers—jumped. Moreover, all big advertisers were under pressure and were forced, if they wanted to carry on business at all, to give to the Nazi papers the majority of their advertisements.

With an artificially large number of subscribers and an equally artificially large number of advertisers the party papers were bound to prosper. To "ease" things further there was the whip which could be used on any old-established competitor who proved too sound—he could be banned for any length of time. In the instance of the *Westdeutsche Beobachter*, to return to our test case, machinery and offices completely and newly furnished, were supplied cheaply, simply by taking over the plant built for the Socialist paper, the *Rheinische Zeitung*. The Catholic competitor—and Cologne is a predominantly Catholic town—was banned and boycotted and its plant partly smashed, what was saved from the ruins being transferred to the Ruhr, where the *Kölnische Volkszeitung*, but a shadow of its former self, was still published for some time. Thus ended what had once been, together with the Berlin *Germania*, the main paper of Brüning's Catholic Centre party. The ban on the third competitor, the *Cologne Gazette*, was lifted after a very short time, probably owing to that paper's circulation abroad and good backing from Berlin. Had it also disappeared, the Nazi paper would have gained a monopoly—which, as we have seen, is contrary to the very principle of Hitler's Third Reich, the realm of Two Irons in Every Fire, the country of eternal suspicion and double-faced alternatives.

These provincial papers were fully under Goebbels's control. Nowhere was there a Nazi journalist of any standing, nowhere

a man who showed any of the Minister's shrewdness in matters of propaganda. They fed upon his daily guidance, and continue to do so to this day. The lack of real journalists is notorious with the Nazis, and this in itself proves, once more, that no journalism can live and develop in the shadow of an all-embracing Ministry of Enlightenment. Without freedom of the Press, no real Press is possible.

The *Westdeutsche Beobachter* was edited by the brothers Winkelkemper, one of them having been nominated district propaganda leader. They strove to imitate the style of vindictive abuse invented by Goebbels for his *Angriff*. It remained an imitation, however. One of the brothers later exchanged this activity for the highly-paid position of managing director of an insurance company. It should be made clear, lest any reader should imagine this progress was a result of his abilities, that many German companies made frantic efforts after January 1933 to find an old member of the Nazi party to fill the post of a director, and so gain immunity from Nazi interference. In 1941 this Winkelkemper climbed still farther and was made Lord Mayor of Cologne. Toni, his brother, who had stuck to his editorship of the *Westdeutsche Beobachter*, also "made good." He was promoted to head of the Berlin broadcasting station, and since 1941 he has been chief of the foreign department of the Reichs Broadcasting Company. Both proved valuable servants to Goebbels. Their paper, meanwhile, continued as before: without really serious competition, with a safe circulation and a secure income, still badly written, a paper faithfully following the guidance given by Goebbels.

How badly these party papers are written is further proved by the fact that thousands of small non-party papers continue to thrive. In spite of all the artificial devices which robbed the old Press of readers and advertisers they go on. The war brought yet another assault on their weakened position. In June 1941 Goebbels forcibly closed down a thousand periodicals, mostly dailies. He thus saved labour and, at the same time, killed another set of non-Nazi enterprises.

No survey of the Nazi Press, however brief, could fail to mention *Das Schwarze Korps* (The Black Corps) and *Der Stürmer* (The Stormer). The latter is the personal, very personal, hobby of Julius Streicher, a former schoolteacher of Nurem-

berg. He was one of Hitler's early comrades-in-crime and is one of the few of the "Leader-Ring" mentioned in *Mein Kampf*. (Goebbels and Göring, incidentally, are not mentioned there.) Like all his colleagues, he is abnormal. His sole object in life is the extermination of the Jews, and it is a sort of sexual obsession with him. The *Stürmer* is his own property, and it is filled from beginning to end with stories of sexual crimes committed, according to him, by Jews, most of whom he names. Real pornography must not be sold openly, but Streicher provides it and makes it a point of honour for every party comrade to buy it. In no other German periodical can one read such detailed descriptions of every aspect of sexual intercourse (preferably between a Jew and an Aryan), printed if possible with the full names and addresses of the parties concerned, with photographs or, at least, illustrative sketches. Most of these stories are sent in by "local correspondents" spying upon their neighbours. Needless to say, that never has there been a case when anybody wrongly pilloried by a spiteful enemy has thought of bringing an action against the *Stürmer*. Streicher can claim to own the filthiest publication openly on sale anywhere. Naturally, it sells well. To whet the would-be reader's appetite and increase sales, Streicher hit on the idea of erecting red hoardings in every German town and village upon which the weekly edition of the *Stürmer* is exhibited. It is always read with special interest by schoolchildren and youths. Under the all too flimsy cover of the anti-Jewish campaign, Streicher thus spreads pure pornography—if pure is the right word in this connexion. Serving its own master and its own indecent ends, this paper is free from any special influence from Goebbels. He thought it wise, however, to ban its circulation abroad, to avoid possible international repercussions.

Das Schwarze Korps is the weekly paper serving Himmler's Black Guard, the S.S. (an abbreviation of *Schutz Staffel*, Protective Guard, as distinct from the S.A., which stands for *Sturm Abteilung*, Storm Troop). Originally, this was merely the military police of Hitler's private army. It grew into a super-police organization with tabs on every single human being alive within the Third Reich. Himmler has gone so far as to create a *Waffen-S.S.* in this war, an armed S.S. with tank units, artillery and infantry, thus forming a miniature army within and above

the regular army; the normal body of military police does not satisfy his ambitions. The *Schwarze Korps* has developed into the mouthpiece of the most ruthless and most radical wing of the Nazi Party. While Goebbels himself must qualify as a steady adherent of the radical wing, this paper has repeatedly outdone even him. From time to time it has advocated renewed measures of violence and these have generally been taken soon afterwards. The advice proffered, and the demands made in its columns, are, so to speak, the scientific result of professional gangsterdom; other Nazi papers are content often enough with amateur gangsters. Himmler, Daluge, Diels, Helldorf, and their like, are professional murderers, thugs, and thieves, and the *Schwarze Korps* is their paper. Compared with them even an intellectual nihilist and cynic like Goebbels is something of an amateur, and he has no hope of influencing this paper.

While it is true that the old-established German newspapers—from the *Berliner Tageblatt* to the *Berliner Börsen Zeitung* and the *Kölnische Zeitung*—are more directly influenced by Goebbels than the main Nazi papers, like the *Völkische Beobachter*, this does not mean that any anti-Nazi attitude can be maintained. Far from it. It simply means that there are Nazi papers directed by Rosenberg or Ley or Himmler while the main body of Nazi and pre-Nazi papers is being directed by Goebbels. This state of affairs may be a thorn in the side of the Minister for National Enlightenment and a joy to his competitive colleagues, but it provides no way out for any independent journalist. It is the old story of jumping from the frying-pan into the fire. Nazi rule is all-embracing, totalitarian. Only in so far as there are divergent aims within the Nazi "Leader Ring" is it possible for journalists—if ordered to do so—to state divergent cases. It can be done on instructions only, and needs the backing of one at least of the Great Lamas of Nazidom.

Goebbels, having laid his hand on the regular old-established Press and on the normal local party newspapers, is still striving for supremacy in the few remaining fields which are outside his sphere. He seems to have lost hope as far as the *Essener National Zeitung* is concerned—here Göring, his most powerful opponent, cannot be dislodged completely. He seems to have abandoned his efforts in the case of the *Stürmer* and the *Schwarze Korps*. Yet he will never renounce completely his

struggle for the biggest and most important party paper, the *Völkische Beobachter*. So far, he has succeeded in making this paper print one of his articles once a week, on Fridays. For the *Völkische Beobachter* this means increased interest and importance, and this probably makes up for the fact that it has to open its columns to him. The compromise works well. It gives Goebbels himself at least the feeling that he can air his views where they should be law, and it gives the Germans the pleasure of seeing him plunge into many a pitfall. Most famous of these howlers was his article written on Thursday, March 16, 1939, the day after Hitler's arrival in Prague and the night before Neville Chamberlain denounced this violation of the Munich settlement. "A single night has seen the dissolution of a State," he wrote, "for which in the Autumn of 1938 Paris and London were allegedly prepared to plunge Europe into a grave international crisis, if not into war. . . . It now collapses like a house of cards. . . . Nothing can or will be changed. It is a proof of the growing insight of the Western democracies that no voice of importance is heard which indicates any intention of lodging a protest. Germany's legal position is too clear to be contested. Peace has been restored in Central Europe." This was the official German view, correctly interpreted by Goebbels in this weekly article. But to his, and his master's, consternation the article had hardly appeared in cold print when Neville Chamberlain gave the lie to this smug Nazi view—he and Lord Halifax lost no time in denouncing Hitler's subjugation of the Czech people and building up a front against aggression.

This is not the only time Goebbels has had reason to regret his contributions to the *Völkische Beobachter*, though it is perhaps the most blatant case. The background of his article of June 13, 1941—preceding the German attack upon Russia—is not sufficiently clear to say whether he made a blunder or whether the whole thing was staged. It will be remembered that he wrote an article forecasting an imminent invasion of Great Britain after the conquest of Crete had been accomplished, and no further moves in the Middle East were contemplated for the immediate future. Copies of this edition were confiscated—or so American reporters were made to believe. If they were banned it could mean that he was pressing for an invasion while Göring and Keitel were asking for a

move against Russia first. It could equally well mean that he was trying to draw a red-herring across the path and mislead Stalin into a feeling of security. In this case—which seems the more likely—he himself must have given the order to "suppress" what he had written after American correspondents had duly received their copies.

The difference between the Goebbels-controlled and the Göring or Rosenberg-controlled press is very small indeed. Göring's Essen paper has a definite tendency towards big business and heavy industry as befits both the Commissioner for the Four Years' Plan—one of Göring's most important positions at home—and Essen where the paper is published. It is sparing of terms like socialism, a pet phrase of Goebbels, but is none the less wholly Nazi. Rosenberg's influence on the *Völkische Beobachter*, on the other hand, is still more difficult to define. It tends towards the racial side of Nazi "Kultur" and stresses at every possible and impossible occasion the importance of Aryan blood in the course of history. Himmler's *Schwarzes Korps*, finally, is nihilist and ruthlessly radical, favouring extreme measures whenever there seems a choice open between a moderate and a radical attitude.

The normal Nazi paper, however, is simply a Goebbels Gazette. It is boring in its cautiousness and its sheeplike compliance with every whim of the Ministry for National Enlightenment. The old-established Press, even if it is essentially unfree, is at least better written and caters for a more intelligent reader who may be interested in matters of art and literature. Yet, if any of its editors or its readers should console themselves with this fact they would do well to remember what Goebbels said on April 19, 1934: "To-day," he declared in cold cynicism, "we have the strange honour of being praised most highly in those papers which harmed us most in the past." Thus the man who wielded the whip which made his victims write as it pleased him ridiculed those who had lost their honour with their freedom. He spoke of the spectacle he witnessed at so many first nights when "critics crawl after me to hear what I have to say about the performance. . . ."

There was another source of information for the intelligent reader, namely foreign newspapers. Some of the Swiss daily papers, like the *Basler Nachrichten* or the *Züricher Neueste*

Nachrichten, were widely bought in Germany, the former reaching, it has been said, a figure of 60,000 copies a day. Papers in French or English could be read by only very few, but even so it seems that *The Times* sold some five to six thousand copies daily. Interference with this distribution was easy for Goebbels, but banning alone did not work satisfactorily, as we have seen. He therefore ordered a watch to be kept over postal subscribers. It was generally believed that lists of these people were compiled, and occasional action seems to have been taken.

Goebbels was more interested in influencing foreign correspondents inside Germany—an "influence" which at first took the form of expulsion, pure and simple. Edgar Mowrer, the American correspondent; Panther, the *Daily Telegraph* representative; Miss Dorothy Thompson, that great woman who has fought ceaselessly for freedom; Norman Ebbutt, of *The Times*, the incomparable reporter of the persecution of Christians in Nazi Germany—these, and dozens of other equally upright men and women, were told to pack their trunks and to leave the Third Reich without delay. Thus they inscribed their names on a Roll of Honour of journalists who served truth and thus became the deadly enemies of Goebbels.

There is another list on which are inscribed the names of men and women who—partly through naïve incompetence, partly through vanity, partly through stupidity, partly through greed, yes, greed for money or greed for a role of supposed importance, fell a prey to Goebbels's propaganda. They have mostly been brought to book since the outbreak of the war; mostly, but not all, for some are still writing books and articles giving currency to many of the main propaganda items invented by Goebbels: e.g., the story that all Germans are Nazis and simply adore Goebbels and Hitler and the rest of the Nazi gang; or the equally false weapon of the Goebbels arsenal which says that Germany was in the throes of a Communist danger and in the hands of Jews and that Hitler's so-called Revolution "saved" the country; or the lie that some of Hitler's inner "Ring" are quite nice men, idealists, in fact. Men who hold such views may, in some cases, be convinced believers of what they say. Nevertheless, their names must be put down on the Roll of Dishonour of those who believed Goebbels.

The sale of foreign papers in Germany was very restricted before the outbreak of war, as nobody cared to invite suspicion. The only important subscribers were the Army District Commands, where the foreign Press is read regularly and extensively by a large staff, which makes cuttings and translates all important items for the benefit of the District Staffs. This work is not confined to military news. It includes all important political items. The Army Command, therefore, forms a centre of well-informed opinion to which Goebbels's propaganda means nothing but a collection of half-truths and outright lies. This fact is significant and not without interest in the study of our own war-time propaganda.

Goebbels was ever ready to offer special facilities to foreign correspondents. They would be lavishly entertained (if they accepted invitations), they could have conducted tours (free of charge), they could enjoy special interviews. But the results were not proportionately satisfactory. Bribery does not work everywhere. In a small way, however, Goebbels had some success. The foreign propaganda section of the Goebbels Ministry, Department VII (there are ten departments, seven corresponding to the seven Chambers of Culture and additional sections for Foreign Affairs, for Propaganda and for Administrative Questions), was headed by Major F. Xaver Hasenoehrl, an Austrian who seems to have thrived on the sales of German-built aircraft in Shanghai and who was Rudolf Hess's man in the Goebbels outfit.

While foreign correspondents of the old German Press confined themselves mainly to reporting their findings back home, the position was very different with the representatives of the Nazi Press abroad. They saw themselves as missionaries sent out to spread the gospel of Hitlerism throughout the world. The *Völkische Beobachter* was represented in London first by one Seibert, then by Böttiger, one of Ribbentrop's men; he had been Press Attaché to the London Embassy, a position which did not prevent him from writing an occasional leading article in the *Deutsche Volkswirt*, the Berlin "Economist". He was overshadowed by R. G. Rösel, nominally the correspondent of the *Essener National Zeitung*, actually, however, one of the chief Nazi propagandists in this country. If he had not been so clumsy in his propaganda work, which was carried out fairly openly,

one might have believed that he was a Gestapo agent at the same time. He issued an "Anglo-German Information Service" for the benefit of Members of Parliament and other circles of possible political influence to spread Hitlerism far and wide. Of his journalistic work nothing is known—partly, perhaps, because he never had time to report properly about an England he did not understand.

The authorities here probably considered it more useful to keep him under surveillance than to expel him. An expulsion order was issued in the case of the nationalist "newspaper men," Crome, Wrede and Langen, who had to leave this country in August 1937. They must have indulged in military espionage, for not once did we expel a Nazi journalist for his writings. These correspondents were allowed to cable their daily abuse of everything British as long as they liked. Sixty Germans were accredited in this country in 1938, a number which had increased to as many as eighty-three by April 1, 1939. It is doubtful whether such forbearance was necessary.

LIMITATIONS AND LOOPHOLES

WE have seen the results of Press supervision as developed and practised by Goebbels, the murder of freedom in Germany which made the present war possible, a war which enlarges the area of spiritual and physical slavery wherever the German armies march.

One of the unexpected consequences of this strict rule of conduct for the Press was that most editors did not dare to use any outside contributions. It was difficult to sieve them. The responsibility for whatever they might contain rested with the editors and none of them would dare to risk his living, if not his life, for some inadvertence of an outside contributor. Goebbels soon realized that this meant a severe loss to his papers, a loss for which they had to pay. Their contents became monotonous and they lost contact with a large section of public opinion which was driven into a muted silence.

Repeatedly, therefore, he caused the President of the Reich-Chamber of Literature, Hanns Johst, to issue orders about such occasional contributions. In July 1937 he went so far as to say—in his order No. 88—that writers who had only a small output and who had another full-time profession might be freed from the necessity of becoming a member of the Chamber. "A Certificate of Exemption will be issued to be used when dealing with publishers, etc., and a subscription of three marks a year will be payable." This meant the introduction of a list of those who were not obliged to be on the list of Chamber members! It proved a disappointment. People who had dropped writing because they were shy of Goebbels's Chamber of Culture were not to be won over by the offer of another list for "exempted members."

In November and December 1938, therefore, it was considered advisable to waive this registration. An author with an annual output of not more than twelve small publications up to

sixteen pages each was to be freed from enforced membership if he could, on request, prove his Aryan descent. No certificates were needed. This was a real relaxation. Goebbels had reached his limits. He had over-organized and now hoped to regain some of the lost outside contributors. If they could write in less constricted circumstances they might become active again and thus help him to keep in touch with public opinion as a whole.

Such cases, trifling or important, throw an interesting light on the working of the Goebbels machinery, and indicate the vastness of his field of activities.

There is, again, the eternal problem as to whether he should ban a colleague's speech from the Press. He has many times interfered with Hitler's own speeches by cutting out a sentence or two which he thought unwise at that moment. For example, when the Führer referred to his hope for the Ukraine and the Ural mountains a year or two after coming into power, the whole German Press, as one man—because it was one man, Goebbels, who ordered them about—printed an expurgated version of the speech. The classical example of an address which was wholly suppressed is von Papen's speech at Marburg in 1934. Papen, who was Vice-Chancellor at the time, told the country that a one-party system could not go on for ever and that changes were necessary. The country, however, never read the speech. Goebbels suppressed it and saw to it that Papen's assistant, Edgar Jung, who actually wrote the speech, was shot shortly afterwards when the Röhm massacre took place. He was only one of many who paid in this way for attempting to speak their mind. Papen, as we know, escaped. To this day he is gladly and proudly serving the men who shot his friends and collaborators.

Schacht, the President of the Reichsbank, has also been subjected to this sort of censorship. In August 1935, when opening the East Prussian Fair at Königsberg, he said that rearmament called for the entire energy of the nation. He thought, therefore (for no other reason), that it was wrong to disorganize national economy by individual actions against Jews. "People who besmirch window-panes at night like heroes, and brand as a traitor anyone who buys in a Jewish shop," did not, he said, help the national effort. Goebbels thought differently. He banned the whole speech. Not a word of it was printed in any

German newspaper. Schacht, of course, remained a member of the Cabinet until he was dismissed and replaced by Funk.

One wonders which signifies the greater influence—the banning of a speech of a Cabinet colleague or the use of a particular word. The latter might seem a ridiculously small thing compared with great questions of State or of life and death. Yet, once again, it illustrates the Goebbels gift for detailed manipulation of public opinion. There is the German word for the League of Nations—*Völkerbund*. German journalists were forbidden to use it after Hitler had withdrawn from the League. Instead they were told to refer to it as the Geneva Gossip Shop. Thus the very mention of the League became a gesture of contempt. Again, when the Commodore of the *Graf Zeppelin*, Dr Hugo Eckener, refused to make propaganda flights round Germany to influence the elections after Hitler's march into the Rhineland, Goebbels, infuriated by such lack of co-operation, wiped his name out. Henceforth, no German newspaper would make any reference to Eckener. As far as the newspaper reader was concerned, he might have vanished from the earth. If there were news about the *Graf Zeppelin*—very well, but Eckener's name would not be printed.

The very word Propaganda, for ever connected with the debased system built up by Goebbels, was given special protection. Originally, the Papal committee which directed Catholic missions abroad had been called *Congregatio de propaganda fide*. Now the term propaganda was applied to the spreading of the anti-Christian doctrine of Hitler's super-Aryan. It could sink no lower. Yet, Goebbels was annoyed when he saw a coffee firm offering *Propaganda Kaffee* or a coffee blend called *Propaganda Mischung*. In June 1937 he therefore made the Advertising Group of the organization for National Economy issue a stern order. "The use of the term 'propaganda' as part of the name of any goods cannot be allowed. This view is shared by the Reichs Minister for National Enlightenment and Propaganda and the Reichs Propaganda Department of the National Socialist Party (both being the same—just Goebbels). The term 'propaganda' must be reserved for political activities. The politician who wishes to impose ideas, or prepare and give reasons for certain measures, uses propaganda. But the merchant who wants to sell goods or services *advertises* them."

Clearly, humour is not a strong point in German administration. Goebbels could feel secure now. His work of "imposing ideas" was, so to speak, patented.

A foreign critic of all this might well sigh and exclaim: "All that is left to Goebbels now is to change the alphabet." The joke would fall flat because Goebbels did it. He ordered German printers about, told them when to use German type (which is like the old-English type) or Roman letters. He changed the names used as analogies by the telephone service. Z had always been Zacharias. Not so in the Third Reich. Zacharias, Goebbels thought, sounded Jewish. He had it changed to Zeppelin.

He went further than that. He interfered with punctuation marks. The poor *Kölnische Volkszeitung* had the misfortune to print a Government appeal, which should have had an exclamation mark, with a question mark instead. In Goebbels's eyes this cast doubt on the Government's intentions. He must have known, of course, how easily a printer could make the mistake of putting ? for !. But the paper was banned. The printer was, I believe, dismissed. Another case of more recent, and more fatal issue still, was the hyphen Goebbels ordered for the word Czechoslovakia. For almost twenty years, everybody in Germany had referred to the State of the Czechs and Slovaks as Czechoslovakia. Suddenly, it was to be Czecho-Slovakia—in order to impress upon Germans that here was a State ready to be broken up by Hitler.

There seems thus to be no limit to Goebbels's ingenuity. But there is a limit to what the reader of this book can bear of this sickening reality of Nazi Germany's "spiritual life." *C'est à vomir*. It might be well, therefore, to glance beyond these dark shadows, beyond these limits, and see whether there are no loopholes in this vast web.

Hitler, Goebbels, and their gang, though they are inhuman in their behaviour, yet remain, thank God, prey to the human weakness of committing errors. The American Ambassador Dodd has said: "Goebbels is utterly incompetent, except in his German propaganda, and success in this may not be real." I think this may be true. This wider question will be considered when the whole field of his pseudo-art has been surveyed. Let us first look for loopholes in his system. No single man can be everywhere at once and be assured that his officials will always

outdo every opponent. There must be many cases where his system breaks down, and perhaps I might best illustrate Goebbels's failings by recording what loopholes I have myself discovered.

The closest watch is, of course, kept on any unwelcome political opinion which might slip through, but judging by the number of times I was successful in "planting" such non- and anti-Nazi views in spite of official supervision this sort of thing must happen continually and extensively. Writing in *Der deutsche Volkswirt*, I reviewed a whole series of political booklets, one of which was by Professor Karl Haushofer, the admired teacher of Hess and early champion of *Lebensraum*, as well as of a German-Japanese alliance. I ridiculed his view that the true Japanese were really Aryans, the "Prussians of the Far East." It was easy to poke fun at this far-fetched theory, but difficult to place it with a German periodical. My review appeared untouched. Similarly, writing in the same big Berlin weekly, I dealt with the problems of Irish autarchy, which I described in detail, only to sum up that the financial consequences had been a visible deficit. One had to leave it to the reader to add, in his thoughts, that the German experiment must lead to the same result except for the difference that the deficit was not made public. How many such *Lettres Persanes* have there appeared in the German Press since 1933? When Montesquieu wrote his Persian Letters, supposedly dealing with far-off Iran, he did not guess that two hundred years later there would be, in the heart of Europe, an oppressive system, a spiritual police state, making necessary a similar use of camouflage. By beating the Irish trees one beat about the German bush. Persia's bulbul was a German sparrow.

In 1937 the Nazi Press was furiously attacking the Foreign Secretary, Mr Anthony Eden, in whom they rightly saw an obstacle to Hitler's wild desires. Goebbels made them dilate on the group round Churchill, Eden, Duff-Cooper and Amery, a group, they claimed, which had no real following but wielded great power. I therefore made use of Mr Eden's fortieth birthday—an occasion which nobody mentioned in this country—to write a full article on his career. I offered it to the *Kölnische Zeitung*. Its editor, well aware of Goebbels's attitude, refused it with a shudder. I sent it to the Berlin weekly, *Deutsche Zukunft*,

where it was printed forthwith. Thus its readers were told the facts, namely that Anthony Eden, on taking over from Sir Samuel Hoare, had been "England's most popular man." They were pointedly reminded that, among his teachers and helpers, there were, besides Austen Chamberlain, John Simon and Samuel Hoare, the then Permanent Under-Secretary, Robert Vansittart.

The following year saw Munich, when Goebbels invented atrocity stories about Czechoslovakia by the thousand—so much so that even some of his bright young men felt sick and thought of taking up some other occupation than this systematic sowing of hatred. Nothing could be done. But when, still breathing spite and venom, he began to announce that Britain would not interest herself in "Czecho-Slovakia" he was countered. Under the cover of a long biographical sketch of Sir John Simon, the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, I impressed upon the readers of the *Berliner Monatshefte* the words he had spoken on August 27, 1938. Lord Simon then announced that, where war and peace were the issues at stake, purely legal bonds would not decide Great Britain's attitude. I showed that he, together with Lord Halifax, formed the Inner Council whom Neville Chamberlain consulted before taking decisions about the European situation. My article began as a review of Bechhofer Roberts's *Sir John Simon* and ended: "If Simon, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, does not, from a departmental point of view, concern himself with foreign affairs, this speech of August 27, 1938, shows once again how great the influence of this man is." The monthly which printed this, it must be remembered, used to be financed by the German Foreign Office and was then mostly read in diplomatic and similar circles concerned with foreign policy.

To quote another example of such indirect contradiction to Goebbels's instructions, I would refer to the Imperial Conference of 1937, which I reported in detail for the *Deutsche Zukunft*. The article showed that the "unity and the common resolution" of the Commonwealth had been reaffirmed, and dealt in detail with the vast plans of rearmament and standardization of arms throughout the Empire. I called it a "gigantic plan of rearmament putting into the shade anything attempted in the past, a task undertaken with a heavy heart yet

with great determination." As to foreign policy, the Conference reaffirmed its wish to keep the League as a basis of foreign relations. "The importance of the Netherlands and of Belgium for England's security was specially stressed by Mr Eden, who thus gave reasons for special agreements with France and Belgium. The League and the guarantee of peace were his leading motives." Could one state with more clarity why this country had, without delay, undertaken to help France and Belgium in the event of German aggression after Hitler had torn up the Locarno Treaty?

With an equally easy mind can I look back on my last contribution to the *Berliner Monatshefte* in March 1939. From that time onward neither this nor any other periodical dared print anything from me. The Ministry for Enlightenment had discovered my regular London Letters in the *Schweizer Monatshefte*, the Swiss monthly of Zürich, where I could, and did speak my mind freely and unhampered in order to counter Nazi propaganda in and beyond the German-speaking part of Switzerland. My "swan song" in the Berlin monthly was a review of William Allen White's *Puritan in Babylon, The Story of Calvin Coolidge*. I could not know then that the same William Allen White would be one of the foremost fighters for American help to Great Britain in this war—what I did know of this President-to-be of the Committee for Helping America by Helping Britain, was that he hated Nazism like any true democrat. I tried to impress his name upon the reader throughout the article, and I wonder sometimes how many must have remembered him when they read some of the vile attacks of the Goebbels Press against this great helper of mankind? I picked on a footnote from the book which gave Coolidge's Presidential Address of 1925, to show what Americans stood for, and what they stand for to-day. "Here stands our country," I quoted Coolidge in full, "aware of its might but obedient to its conscience. Here it will continue to stand . . . supporting the cause of justice and honour among nations. America seeks no earthly empire built on blood and force. The higher state to which she seeks the allegiance of all mankind is not of human, but of divine, origin." I gave an even longer quotation from the speech, and also twice quoted Kellogg, the father of the Paris Pact which outlawed war for all time and was signed by Strese-

mann on behalf of Republican Germany. Both Nazis and Germans must have blushed to read this. Nazis, because it contradicted all they wanted; Germans, because they realized the more bitterly how deeply they had fallen.

There were many other occasions, though of less political significance, when Goebbels's instructions were frustrated. There could be no better guide away from Nazi paganism and towards Christianity, no better fighter for ethical values and the crucified Christian churches in Germany than Dr William Temple, the then Archbishop of York. He was about to give a public address on what he knew to be the truth about Nazi persecutions when I translated his literary address to the Library Association, which I headed "Why read?" It was a literary essay without any relation to Nazi affairs. That was why I thought it could be published. It would impress the name upon the German readers and make them listen the more attentively if Goebbels started any mud-slinging. I offered the translation to a great German daily. The editor scented danger. "I should like very much to print it," he wrote, "but I do not know the author's position *vis-à-vis* Germany, that is to say, what his reputation is, speaking purely politically. You will understand that it would not be advisable to print anything by this author if he were heading a movement against Germany. As I have arranged to insert the article on Sunday next, will you please telephone your answer to our London correspondent and ask him to telephone me."

I left London for the country and never answered him. He printed the whole text as arranged. Probably he felt he was covered; perhaps he did not mind the risk? Who knows? Dr Temple himself was pleased with this result.

The more one considers the apparently unpolitical fields of literature and art the more often does one discover, half-hidden, or not at all hidden, anti-Nazi tendencies. The case of Dr Temple's address, "Why read?" at a time when he was raising his voice against the anti-Christian work of the Nazis, is but one example among many. There is, for instance, the case of the exhibition of paintings and sketches in London by Frans Masereel, the Flemish artist whose books had been banned in Germany. The blocks of his woodcuts had been destroyed by order of Goebbels when it became known that Masereel had

joined an anti-Fascist Council abroad and proclaimed himself once more a convinced democrat. Reviewing the work of several young British painters in the *Kölnische Zeitung* I therefore added: "And just now Frans Masereel, so well-known in Germany, exhibits his paintings in London and thus sets an example. . . ." Whereupon I gave a detailed description of the exhibition, ostensibly unaware of the political implications. Masereel had been sceptical. "Try it," he had said with a sad, ironical smile, when I proposed such a review for a German paper. It must have been the last note about his great work anywhere inside the Goebbels realm of "re-born art."

A gem in my collection is the report on the seventh world conference of the New Education Fellowship, the only one to appear in any German newspaper. The meeting was boycotted by Nazi Germany. In spite of its startling title, "Education and Liberty," however, my long report on the deliberations at Cheltenham was printed. Germans were thus once again told of Liberty and Democracy in the United States as explained by Dr Boyd H. Bode. They heard of a Chinese contribution on international contacts and creative adjustments in the modern world. "The World Congress reached its climax on turning towards the problem which moves us all equally, the relation of personal freedom to international anarchy. The speaker on this subject was Dr G. P. Gooch. He defined the title of his address thus: 'By Personal Freedom I mean the flowering of personality, the opportunity of growing to our full spiritual stature, the chance of making one's unique contribution to the community life within the limits of the law. By the International Anarchy I mean the system of sovereign states which dates from the sixteenth century, which ignores the unity of mankind, recognizes no obligation to any external authority, and regards the sword as an instrument of national policy.'" In quoting Dr Gooch it was thus possible once more to try to lead Germans back to the real sources of our civilization and point out the dangers which have overwhelmed us since. "The greatest achievement of mankind," they were reminded, "is what the Germans call the *Rechtsstaat*, the state based on law." No severer indictment of Hitler's lawless regime seemed possible. "We must regard civilization as a joint achievement and a joint responsibility. We must organize a society of Nations, in which

alone the right of the individual to live and grow in freedom is likely to be recognized and secured."

These words by Dr Gooch, part of our common heritage, were high treason to the ears of Germans under the Goebbels rule. But the whole report duly appeared in a great German newspaper on August 20, 1936. The Minister for Enlightenment did not know then, but he might have guessed, that this powerful address was reported in the British Press under the heading "Evil of Ruthless Dictatorships."

There occurred a great many smaller but similar incidents in this constant hunt for loopholes in the Goebbels net. Radical Nazis attacked Lessing, that fine fighter for the freedom of the human spirit. Hamburg went so far as to re-christen the Lessing Street with a name more appropriate to the Third Reich. I therefore stressed, whenever I could, the greatness of Lessing. When Lord Lytton planned the National Theatre, I recalled Lessing's premature attempt to found a National Theatre at Hamburg; when I wrote on St John Ervine, one of whose essays I had translated into German, I reminded German readers of Lessing's great teaching of true literary criticism.

The same could be done, and was done, in nearly all the dozens of British book reviews I wrote for German periodicals. There is no need to explain them in detail. But I might perhaps disclaim what seems to have been attributed to me: Charles Morgan, writing in *The Spectator*, in 1940, said that a lecture he gave in Paris in 1936 "brought ruin on my books in Germany." In truth, they sold steadily and well. I have been able to devote almost one and a half pages of the *Deutsche Zukunft* to his play, *The Flashing Stream*, and his introductory essay on the singleness of mind. I admire Charles Morgan greatly, and I love his books, which are to me the most profound of the last twenty years. But since there was never any restrictive action taken against them in Nazi Germany, my long essay on his play does not come under the heading of protests against Goebbels. If Goebbels never moved against Charles Morgan, it is for the simple reason that no Nazi could possibly understand him.

Amongst my book reviews I mentioned Austen Chamberlain's *Down the Years*, John Gunther's *Inside Europe*, Jackson's *Marquess of Reading*, Millin's *General Smuts*, Gooch's *Before the War*, Duff Cooper's *Haig*, Churchill's *Great Contemporaries*,

Fisher's *History of Europe*. . . . None of them would be agreeable to the Nazi palate. How was it possible that all this escaped the attention of Goebbels's satellites? Partly through placing them with different papers and through good distribution. Mainly, however, because although Goebbels could issue wonderful rules, down to the last hyphen, he could not educate his young apprentices, teach them enough to enable them to judge correctly what was going on in the world of letters. It is from ignorance that his helpers suffer—and does not he himself suffer from the same incurable disease? He may have brains, indeed he is very clever and full of subtlety, but he is quite ignorant as far as our common Western heritage is concerned. His very system of "breeding" writers and artists, of pressing them, like cattle, into a Chamber of Culture, is proof of this. Living in London, and thus beyond the reach of his dirty hands, I could at my leisure probe the depth of his system, test its limits and find its loopholes.

It may be argued that these loopholes were small and in any case did not materially interfere with his work. This is true. But if I have touched the soul of one reader inside the Goebbels prison I am content—and I know I have done this. Moreover, through these loopholes I got to know the nature of that castle of culture erected for the Germans by Goebbels—that prison house for debased "spiritual" incest. Goebbels issues the ideas, and the journalists, writers and poets supply the goods accordingly.

One day it will be possible to write of all those who did not respond and who countered Goebbels in his own realm. To name them now would endanger their very lives. There is a vast literature, mainly contributed by the democratic opposition, which never saw the light of day—if there be any day in the twilight of Nazidom—and was written, printed and read secretly wherever freedom-loving Germans lived.

Book reviewing remained the last refuge of the critical spirit while Goebbels organized his seven Chambers. This too came to an end in 1935. Goebbels chose the third anniversary of the setting up of his Chamber of Culture for this final onslaught on the remaining nests of open opposition. It was a suitable thing to do on such a day. All the hangmen of the German spirit were present, Hitler, Funk, Ley, Brückner, Dietrich, the whole

assembly listened to his enlightenment: "The presumptuous writers," he stated, "who know everything better than anyone else and who accompany the reconstruction of our cultural and artistic life with their cacophony are nothing but heirs of the Jewish autocracy of critics in disguise. It appears that the complex criticism of these carpers, which cannot now be applied to anything else, is being applied to art. We must prevent this. I consider it necessary therefore to issue an order to-day forbidding every kind of criticism and replacing it by the consideration and description of art. This does not imply a suppression of free opinion. But only he may utter his free opinion in public who possesses a free opinion and who, moreover, by reason of his knowledge, his learning, his skill and his qualifications has the right to judge others who appeal to the public with the creations of their imagination. Often it is just the other way round. . . ."

Writers of genius had been tortured to death by criticism, he said, and he asked therefore that not the product alone, but the opinions of the artist should be taken into account. In other words: it was to be considered first whether a writer or artist was a member of the Nazi party; he was to be praised, or condemned, accordingly. "Because the Führer himself is such a great artist, German artists have given themselves wholly to him. Great works of art have been created in the last four years: yet the greatest of them all was created by the Führer himself. Out of an unruly mass he formed a people, a free nation. This conception sprang from his artistic imagination." Thus for the next quarter of an hour he sang the praises of Hitler who, listened modestly from his front-row seat. Goebbels was right. This praise of god-like Hitler fitted in with this latest attack upon the freedom of criticism and the freedom of speech.

PART TWO

THE PRISON-HOUSE

But that I am forbid
 To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
 I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
 Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
 Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their
 spheres,
 Thy knotted and combined locks to part
 And each particular hair to stand on end,
 Like quills upon the fretful porpentine.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*.

CHAPTER SEVEN

PROMOTED LITERATURE

WITH the banning of free criticism Goebbels hit publishers, books and magazines. He had organized the writers. He had drilled the publishers and printers. He now falsified the echo a book might find once it came through the sieve of his supervisory system. What, then, was the fate of the natural intermediaries between newspapers and books, namely magazines, mostly monthlies?

The two main monthlies, catering for the entertainment and instruction of the German middle classes, the *Velhagen & Klasing's Monatshefte* and the *Westermanns Monatshefte*—called after their publishers—had always been patriotic papers, somewhat Victorian in their outlook. They had no difficulty whatever in finding their way through Goebbels's regulations and printing good specimens of what has been called Blood and Soil Literature. The heroes of their stories had always been of the slow-moving, simple-minded kind; it was easy now to give them an extra nationalist touch. The *History of German Literature*, by Bartels, which was distributed by Westermann long before Goebbels was heard of, fitted to perfection into the Nazi picture, Bartels being one of the foremost Jew-baiters in German literature.

Of a higher standard than these two was the *Türmer* (the Watch Tower), edited by Dr Friedrich Castelle. He stood for purer poetic values, and in that respect was only one remove from Nazism. Further to the right there was the *Deutsche Volkstum*, edited by Wilhelm Stapel, a violent nationalist. Like the *Börsen Zeitung*, his publication thrived as soon as the Nazis came to power. Among the new monthlies that sprang up, the *Völkische Kultur* of Dresden calls for attention because it made use of the Under Secretary of the Home Office, Dr Buttman, to secure for itself a firm footing within the Nazi realm. Buttman also lent his authority when the German Language Association got into

difficulties and feared it might have missed the Goebbels bus. He later retired to Munich where he became head of the State Library; by that time both the periodical and the Language Association no longer needed his protective name.

Goebbels's main triumph, as always, lay with the great monthlies of pre-Nazi Germany. Here he could reorganize out of all recognition. Thus the *Neue Rundschau* of the S. Fischer Verlag, once an international forum of the very first order, was severely mauled. André Gide, G. B. Shaw and Thomas Mann disappeared from its pages, one after the other, and their place was taken by the "new" writers of the Goebbels brand who could do anything but write. *Die Literatur*, the monthly of the Deutsche Verlagsanstalt, had never maintained such a high standard in its literary contributions, and this very fact saved it from too much interference. It rather concentrated on book reviews, and these remained for a long time serious and reliable. Officially promoted nonentities did not find too much space there. The same could not be said of the *Innere Reich*. While this paper relied on poetry to a large degree, it kept its pages wide open to a sort of romantic longing for the true German Reich of Germanic origin. Its editors, von Mechow and Paul Alverdes, probably considered themselves "ennobled Nazis." They could, of course, defend their attitude by pointing to Professors of German Literature like Petersen (Berlin), Hans Naumann (Bonn), or Friedrich von der Leyen (Cologne), who—all of them—went the same way. *Euphorion*, their monthly, was suddenly ashamed of its classical name. Changed to *Dichtung und Volkstum*, Poetry and Nation, it declared that henceforth it would particularly concern itself with the nation as the basis of all creative work. Goebbels was satisfied with these nebulous phrases, all of which implied the same outlook—his own outlook of crude nationalism.

It is hardly necessary to point to the same changes in the world of political monthlies. When the German Academic Exchange Service changed from a cultural society planned on the lines of the *Institut Français* and the British Council into a Nazi propaganda plant, its paper, too, was affected. *Geist der Zeit*, Spirit of our Time, edited by one K. Schwarz, explained that, in speaking of spirit, it meant the special spirit of the German people. What others had said in poetic phrases and

literary essays Schwarz expressed in semi-philosophical terms. It was the same Nazi song of nationalism everywhere.

For all who withstood Nazism, only one way was open: to close down. This is what was done by the *Preussische Jahrbücher*, Prussian Yearbooks, one of the great German monthlies. One of its editors, E. Jung, was shot during the Röhm massacre of 1934; the other, Walter Heynen, survived to see the end of the paper.

The dead were safe from Goebbels; they saved their name and their honour by closing down before they were polluted. Of those alive only one or two monthlies could be secure from Goebbels—the select few which were ruled by other Nazi leaders. Again, as in the case of the *Völkische Beobachter*, it was Alfred Rosenberg who proved Goebbels's most determined competitor. He edited, and continues to edit, the *N.S. Monatshefte*, the National Socialist Monthly. Being the only official Nazi monthly, it has secured a special place for itself in spite of the boredom it exudes. Its articles on the only true German art have long been recognized as the last hope of those "artists" who will never sell any of their products on their merit. With his unquenchable hatred of the Church and the Christian religion, Rosenberg allows a monthly survey of the "philosophic" position. This usually provides a good indication of the strength of resistance, or otherwise, shown by Christians—Protestants and Catholics alike—and of the counter-measures Rosenberg recommends. The Press, as a whole, is never allowed to touch this subject; it has been definitely banned by Goebbels.

Most of these monthlies are published by great book-publishing houses—educational firms such as Westermann or Velhagen & Klasing; general, such as Deutsche Verlagsanstalt; or political, such as Eher—but it is obviously beyond the scope of this work to examine minutely Goebbels's influence on each of these publishing houses. Nor can one attempt a survey of the 20,000 new books which are published in Germany every year in the light of the havoc caused by Goebbels's administration. Generalities, while true in themselves, would throw no new or helpful light on the fantastic structure, the "House that Goebbels built." Naturally, the production and sale of militarist books increased steadily; this was also the case with books on pre-historic times when the old German tribes were happily

THE ART OF DR GOEBBELS

hunting bear or wolf. Similarly, all books of a democratic nature vanished overnight. All this is true, but probably misleading; from these observations one might deduce that these developments correspond to the natural trend of German thought. This, of course, is what Goebbels would like one to believe. To understand his work fully and the monstrous lie which he fabricated, one must therefore turn also to the technical side, to the book-publishing and book-selling trades.

Lists of German writers and enforced membership of the Chamber of Culture with its seven sub-Chambers was not enough for Goebbels. The book-buyer, too, had to receive his attention. If *he* could choose the volume the bookseller would offer his customer across the counter; if *he* could determine the books the lending library would buy and keep on its shelves; if *he* could fix the kind of book the publishers would commission or accept—when he had done all these things, Goebbels could be content. He would then have supplied the necessary counterpart to the writers' organization. It did not take him long to carry out this programme and thus to secure his system against any possible breakdown. The laws he applied to journalists were supplemented by intricate rules for printers. His laws for writers were capped by detailed rules for bookselling in the widest sense of the word.

Having organized in a Chamber all the human beings producing and selling books, he set about to influence their actions throughout. He had eliminated all non-"Aryan" and all democratic writers, publishers and booksellers. He now began his "positive" work by fostering his chosen literature. There were, of course, the standard books of the Nazi doctrine, which needed no regular recommendation, such as the works of Hitler, of Goebbels himself, of Göring, Hess and the rest. For them special arrangements were made. A copy of *Mein Kampf*, the Nazi bible, was given at the Register offices to every newly married couple. The Home Secretary made an order to this effect. The book was used as a school prize. It was given away whenever there was a book to be given away. "Sales" thus jumped startlingly. A million copies were not difficult to dispose of, and they were soon printed at the big Ullstein works (now christened *Deutscher Verlag*, the German Publishing House), so as to relieve the Eher publishers at Munich and free them



NAZI "ART": YOUNG PEASANT WOMEN by Adolf Wissel
'No concession is made to the strange new theories so sedulously followed in other countries now.'—Nazi Propaganda paper

PROMOTED LITERATURE

for the Goebbels books and similar products. It has been claimed that 23,000 copies of *Mein Kampf* were sold by 1929 (the first volume was published July 18, 1925, the second in 1926, each at a price of 12 marks or about 12s 0d). A cheaper edition, both volumes in one, was published on May 7, 1930, selling 62,000 copies by the end of the year, another 52,000 in 1931, and 80,000 in 1932. When Hitler took power the sales jumped, quite naturally. But the fantastic figures (1.2 millions by autumn 1933, 2.2 by the end of 1936) reached since, are due to Goebbels's intervention. It is no exaggeration to say that most of these copies were given away, that is, paid for by Government funds. The newly married couples who received the book in accordance with the Nazi Home Secretary's order, and the Storm Troopers who were thus honoured by their organization, took their "gifts" at the taxpayer's expense.

What interested both Goebbels and Hitler was that the book was paid for more than four million times, which meant a startling sum in royalties for the author, and in profits for the publishers—the latter being again Hitler, Goebbels and a few other Nazi leaders who formed the board of the Eher Verlag. Thus are Nazi millions made. The author's income from foreign editions of his book was equally sound. The American edition, abridged and translated by E. T. S. Dugdale, and the first English edition (the name of the translator of this incomplete version has never been divulged) appeared in 1933. The latter sold 47,000 copies. There are also Italian, Spanish, Danish, Swedish, Hungarian and Portuguese editions. Thus the Nazi gospel was spread and the author's private means increased. No French edition, however, was ever authorized and a full English version was permitted only because the first edition met with too much public criticism.

Rosenberg's *Mythus des XX. Jahrhunderts*, the bulky bombast about the racial view of history as preached by Nazism, was for some time a close runner to Hitler's own book. Germans were curious to see what new "philosophy" they were offered. Yet, but for the fact that Rosenberg was made the "Trustee of the Führer for the whole Spiritual and Philosophical Education of the Nazi Party," no serious person would ever have read his race-ridden rubbish. Since his *Mythus* he has produced a few pamphlets, mostly directed against the Catholic Church. The

Nazi Party took care, however, not to identify itself formally with these outpourings and his booklets were printed by the Hoheneichen Verlag, a publishing firm which, in truth, is but a disguised subsidiary of the party publishers, Eher. It seems unlikely that the Vatican, who put his books on the Index of Prohibited Publications, was ever taken in by this gesture.

Goebbels saw quite well that he could not feed the nation on *Mein Kampf* and the *Mythus* alone. Nor did he want to. The next thing was for him to establish a National Book Prize which he announced, together with other "cultural" prizes, once a year. In 1934 it was awarded to Richard Euringer, a young man of no distinction, for a book entitled *Deutsche Passion*, 1933. It was a sort of German calvary with songs about the occupation of the Rhineland and similar political events. The following year it fell to Wolfgang Eberhard Möller for his *Berufung der Zeit* and the "Letters of the Fallen," equally poor productions without any artistic value. It is hardly necessary to add that the young men thus honoured were favourably inclined to join the Goebbels Ministry for further work. Gerhard Schumann, who received the Book Prize for his songs, *Wir aber sind das Korn* (But We Are The Grain)—a book title which sounds as queer in German as it does in English—was still under thirty when he became a Member of the Reichs Senate of Literature, as well as a collaborator of the Storm Troopers' Cultural Circle. Storm Troopers have, indeed, their own circles of "culture."

To his distress, however, Goebbels found that the National Prizes cut no ice, except for the lucky winners. He therefore issued innocent-looking little lists called the Six Books of the Month. What book clubs or newspapers did in other countries he did in the name of the State. There were thus six books twelve times a year, seventy-two guaranteed Nazi books which received a free and nation-wide publicity. The Press would print the lists, the bookshops would display the books. Inclusion of the poorest product of Nazi mentality would mean satisfactory sales. Goebbels was thus able to help his friends, and fill the pockets of any writer or publisher he chose. He could also use his power to bribe a reluctant writer or publisher by thus offering him sales and profits.

But to Goebbels, seventy-two chosen Nazi publications as

against the twenty thousand new publications of a normal year was a far from satisfactory ratio. The next thing, therefore, was a German Book Week. This gave him ample scope for having long lists of recommended books prepared. Every publishing house naturally desired the inclusion of its own productions into these recommended lists. Thus, again, Goebbels offered a bait and secured wide publicity for books of his liking: militarist, anti-pacifist, attacking whatever he wanted attacked, defending whatever he wanted to see defended. Publishers liked to be able to announce that their books had been "chosen" and that they figured among the true Nazi publications of the year. Booksellers were forced to have special displays of these books at the given time. The Press was also active on their behalf. The praises of these chosen publications were sung as by one vast united choir.

The work of such special recommendations had to be organized and put on a permanent basis if it were to bear the full Nazi fruit. Thus a Reichs Bureau for the Promotion of German Literature was founded. It was headed by one Hans Hagemeyer, and staffed by a huge number of readers who supplied short reviews of every book's merits or failings from a political point of view. Four times a week these reviews were printed. They were anxiously awaited and minutely studied by all German publishers. Would their new book meet with approval? Or would it be condemned and thus become a financial liability? The *Bücherkunde*, issued by the same Reichs Bureau, gave additional advice as to the general trend of "desirable" publications. Its A edition was intended for the general public, the B edition, which listed the "good" and the "bad" books in all detail, was for the trade.

This Reichs Bureau for the Promotion of German Literature is not a purely Goebbelsian affair. Other Nazi leaders, especially Alfred Rosenberg, influence it considerably. In a way it is a continuation of the Militant Association for German Culture, the Nazi "cultural" organization which enjoyed its hey-day of noisy propaganda before Hitler took power. In it all the most radical elements of the party, who clamoured for a "spiritual" revolution to undo the results of the French Revolution, united to promote the pure gospel of Nazidom. This *Kampfbund* comprised the would-be intellectuals of the movement, the spiritual

thugs, as against the practical thugs who concentrated their efforts in the Black Guard. With the advent of their party to power they lost something of their usefulness to the movement. After all, there were now the "usual channels" of the Goebbels Ministry, which could not look on with indifference while the Militant Association for German Culture continued its violent abuse of everything outside its own ranks. It was therefore a good way out to make these people watchdogs for the true-blue Nazi literature.

The *Bücherkunde*, the book news of the Reichs Bureau, is well worth attention. Its general articles are throughout of a very low standard, written in faulty German and showing all too visible signs of ignorance. The "bright" young men who write these obituary notices of German writers and poets are usually in a hurry to tell their world what they have learned half an hour before. It is the book reviews, however, that give the paper its importance. They form the bulk of the reading matter, and they decide the fate of any new publication. The language throughout is militaristic. "Report from the Front on Readers and Literature," "Victorious Thrust through the Enemy Lines," "A necessary Battle for German Aims"—this kind of simile flows easily from the pens of these uniformed book reviewers, ex-members of the Militant Association for German Culture, the new masters of Promoted German Literature.

Praise is, of necessity, given to Nazi colleagues from other services. There was, for instance, the Chief of the Main Security Department of the Reichs Leader S.S., in plain language Himmler's right-hand man, that notorious criminal, Reinhard Heydrich. He managed, or his secretary managed, to produce a pamphlet of some twenty pages on *The Change in our Struggle*. In it he declared that the revolution was at an end and that official orders should be strictly obeyed, since it was now he himself, and not a Republican official acting in accordance with the law, who was in charge. "This enlightening pamphlet deserves every support!" shouted the *Bücherkunde* happily.

From a different quarter came a book called *Politics and Drama*. Its author was the Reichs Dramaturg, the Reichs Stage Manager and President of the Chamber of Theatre, Rainer Schlösser. This, of course, had to be recommended. The author had an official position and could, if necessary, hit back. But

he did not apparently belong to the true-blue Fighters for Culture and Promoters of Literature, and therefore a slightly questioning note was risked. Review No. 12,746, all notices being numbered for further reference and cataloguing, thus regretted that the book was so exclusively retrospective. "It would be welcomed if Dr Schlösser would deal with these questions as they touch our campaign for the German Theatre of to-day. . . . The names he mentions form an all too indistinct picture. But for that the book is to be warmly welcomed." Surely, this must have warmed the hearts of all the new Nazi playwrights whom even the author thought unworthy of mention. The word corruption seems a mild expression for such praise and condemnation according to one's position in the Nazi hierarchy. It constitutes one vast system of personal reinsurance, of manufactured sales and manufactured "public" opinion.

"The booklet must be welcomed," states a review of another book, because it constitutes "a valuable thrust from one sector of the new German construction of culture." This *Neubau der Kultur* is one of the pet terms of Nazidom, a slogan particularly cherished by the German Minister for Education, Bernhard Rust, who started work in 1934, with a view to transforming schools and universities into Nazi breeding-places.

Luckily the importance of the law-giving reviews of the *Bücherkunde* is somewhat diminished by the fact that so many Nazis lose their positions, if not their lives, within a short space of time. One might be head of the Brown Army to-day and thrown on the rubbish heap to-morrow, dead or an outcast. Lesser Hitlers come and go. Who was praised to-day for his "exceptional" work of wonderful perception might be a doubtful shadow to-morrow. There is Review No. 8,537, telling of the "popular," "fascinating" and "admirable" sixty-three pages written by the Cologne Professor for German Literature, Friedrich von der Leyen, on *German Poetry and the German Soul*. "It is admirable how von der Leyen shows what is essentially German in German literature. . . . The booklet is to be recommended!" And yet, the author was hounded out of office soon afterwards. He was first forbidden to examine students—which forced them to transfer their allegiance to other professors—and finally he retired altogether. His wife

had been unable to prove that her ancestors were "Aryans" down to A.D. 1800. (Nazis, avoiding the name of Christ, replace A.D. and speak of the period after the "turn of time," *nach der Zeitwende*.)

The Book News of the Reichs Bureau naturally protested against the books by René Fülöp-Miller as he recognized religious values and did not base everything on Nordic blood. The Bureau has equal scorn for any aesthetic tendencies in any novel. Everything that does not serve the Nazi philosophy must be eliminated. A novel appeared dealing with Sicily in the Middle Ages. "It is dangerous," was the loud warning of the reviewer of the Reichs Bureau. "It is dangerous because it might induce readers to accept the mistaken notion that the Germans, i.e., the Germanic tribes, were barbarians." The fact that it told the story of a German ruler who made the Germans great with the riches of other countries, and feared among their neighbours, could not save this novel. "It must not be given to untrained readers," namely, readers untrained in the Nazi falsification of history.

It seems well-nigh impossible for any novelist to find a subject which might not cause the Reichs Bureau for the Promotion of German Literature to find fault—unless the author has an official position with the Goebbels Ministry or some other Nazi organization. Wilhelm von Scholz, for instance, a novelist who is chiefly concerned with mysticism, had his difficulties. His volume of stories, it is true, was specially recommended owing to "its noble language" and its discretion, "so different from Stefan or Arnold Zweig." Yet a love story of his was thus judged officially: "This pessimistic book should be read only by self-sure men. A general recommendation does not seem advisable from the purely educational point of view." Nobody within the limits of the Third Reich finds anything ridiculous in the idea that a love-story must be of educational value to the people or, better still, to the State as personified by Hitler, Goebbels, or Göring. A "pessimistic" book, where both lovers find their death, seems suspicious to "positive" Nazidom, positive in its breeding of children for further living space.

Worse even than the death of lovers is the suicide of a young man; see Review No. 15,863. Ernst Penzoldt, a gifted writer,

tells the story of one Idolino who prefers to kill himself than to endure further a life that does not fulfil his dream—a dream of beauty. His highest aim in life is beauty itself, a mirror of God in the harmony of the world. Now, no official, working from nine in the morning until six in the evening, with one hour break for lunch, sitting in his office on the third floor, Room No. 199, can be expected to write a critical essay on the merits of a novelist. All he can do, and all he does, is to measure everything submitted to him, whether a scientific treatise, a novel or a love poem by one simple standard: does it fit into the framework of Nazi teachings? and does it spread the Nazi doctrine? If so, he will pronounce it a jewel of German literature. If not, it must be condemned as useless and harmful. What else can one expect of an official "judging" with the outward appearance and certainly all the consequences of authority? The verdict on Ernst Penzoldt's story about beauty was: "This purely aesthetic world has no message for us or our time. It flees from all the great questions of our time, and this flight into the seemingly timeless must be condemned as unreal, a dream-like affair, whence one quickly turns back to the great happenings of to-day and the demands of reality. This story does not merit recommendation!"

All this would seem simply ridiculous if it had not the *cachet* of an official announcement. Such judgments form the guidance for every publisher, bookseller—and writer. The recommended books sell, others are condemned to languish and die. No publisher can continue publishing condemned books. What a recommendation means, on the other hand, is shown by the sales of one so-called novel entitled *Party Comrade Schmiedecke*, by a Nazi called Karrasch. It dealt with the adventures of a typical Storm Trooper who fought for the Nazi "idea" by engaging in street brawls with Communists, persecuting Jews and using super-nationalistic language at every possible and impossible occasion. With the normal help extended to such a propaganda book it sold 35,000 copies. After a special three months' publicity drive by the Reichs Bureau for the Promotion of German Literature, it had sold 60,000 copies. Similarly, one Heiss wrote a book entitled *Germany between Day and Night*. It sold perhaps two or three thousand in the normal way, then Goebbels ordered the Reichs Bureau to launch a special drive

on its behalf. 25,000 copies were sold within a few months. It soon became worth while for publishers and authors to produce books which found the approval of Goebbels and the Reichs Bureau.

Publishers and authors were entitled to use and publish the findings of the Reichs Bureau—not all of which could be printed in the Book News—for the purposes of advertising. Thus the importance attached to these “judgments” was increased. Publishers who reprinted such recommendations had to pay a sum equal to five times the published price of the bound volume of the book. Thus a good source of income was secured for the Bureau and its affiliated publishing firm, the Gauverlag Bayerische Ostmark of Regensburg and Bayreuth. The editor of the Book News, Hans Hagemeyer, and his staff had their seat in Berlin in order to keep in the closest contact with the Ministry for National Enlightenment and Propaganda.

A very special place in the activities of the Reichs Office for the Promotion of German Literature was reserved for old German history, pre-historic research work and everything connected with the life of the Germanic tribes. One might almost say that this was the central interest of the Bureau. Alfred Rosenberg's teachings formed the basis of every judgment in this sphere. Small wonder that the Reichs Bureau had to repudiate two out of every three books on pre-historic times in 1935 alone! There was then still a group of real research workers living in Germany, who presented their findings quite impartially and without taking into account what Rosenberg had decided was “right.” It took some time to silence the true voice of science and make the latter's view exclusive. It was unbearable, the Reichs Bureau decided, to have the Germanic tribes described as barbarians who drank heavily and spent their time fighting and hunting. Such descriptions were Roman, oriental even, far removed from the truth as conceived by Rosenberg. That truth, of course, implied that the Teutonic tribes represented a “higher spiritual culture,” whence everything else, including Greek civilization, was derived. “The German research workers occupied with pre-historic times are now able to draw their final conclusions,” said Rosenberg. “They discover that all later developments sprang from Europe and that the Nordic nations carried their views into the

south-eastern world in order there to create philosophy, states and Greek temples.”

He made his friend, Reinerth, head of an association which concerned itself with these questions, stipulating that this was “the only office of the Nazi party” for prehistoric research. Its findings were law and its declarations were duly echoed by the Reichs Bureau for the Promotion of German Literature. “The book must be repudiated both from a philosophical and a scientific point of view,” the Bureau said of Professor Clemen's work on *Old Germanic Religious History*. Clemen, it was stated, made the fundamental error of thinking nobody could prove that the Indo-European races came from the North. Rosenberg had long decided that this was so—he had proved it by simply stating it. “There is no reason to further such a book,” another notice ran. “We advise the publishers, who have already produced many faulty books, to submit their manuscripts to us in advance. . . .”

“Raab is wrong about the origin and dispersal of the races. . . . His book, therefore, cannot be recommended.” This meant the end of an exhaustive work on *Eternal Germania*, printed by the nationalist publishers, Koehler & Amelang. “The submitted version of this book,” an infuriated official wrote in yet another notice, numbered 9,586, “must be repudiated. But it should be quite possible to re-write it, to correct the mistakes and replace the faulty illustrations. It could then be recommended. In the meantime, we demand the withdrawal of this book with its out-dated illustrations.” Thus was history written to Nazi orders.

Since Cardinal Faulhaber of Munich quoted Tacitus in 1933 to counter Nazi attempts to paint the Germanic tribes as superior beings—later debased by Christianity, according to Rosenberg—every reference to Latin writers has been regarded with suspicion in Germany. One unfortunate, Baltzer by name, writing on *Germanische Kultur*, dared to say: “In contrast to the Greeks and the true Romans who despised drunkenness, the Germanic tribes glorified it: ‘He who has never been drunk is no true man.’” This was worse than bad taste; it formed an attack on the only attitude allowed in the Third Reich, one of limitless admiration for everything Germanic. “This book,” judgment number 14,913 stated, “has been submitted to us

again in the same form as when it was repudiated. It is the publishers' own fault if their book is inviting ridicule. Once again it must be repudiated."

Thus the steady stream of advice, admonition, repudiation or recommendation goes on, pouring forth with increasing strength, slowly yet surely modelling the books to come and the thoughts to be printed. Every book, every collection of poems or scientific essays, every novel, finds its way into the lists of the Reichs Bureau for the Promotion of German Literature. There they are divided, separated into Black and White. Recommendations mean sales, profits, power over public opinion. "Promoted" literature is blessed with exclusive rights. "Promoted" literature is truth incarnate for the Third Reich, is art of the highest order, is philosophy of the best. Repudiation, on the other hand, means starvation, death—at the very least, it means financial loss, political suspicion and thus, perhaps, personal danger.

One might argue that the great majority of the people who buy and read books, are concerned only with their particular field of interest. To this, too, Goebbels has his answer. Since 1936 he has fostered so-called *Fachbuchlisten*, lists of technical books covering the practical work of any profession. Booksellers have to exhibit recommended works of this kind in the workshops themselves, and a periodical called *Das deutsche Fachschrifttum* regularly promotes that technical and professional literature which is sufficiently tinged with Nazi philosophy. This technique of providing each branch of the nation's workers with its particular literature is still in its infancy, but the infant is gruesome enough: carpentering according to Nazi ideals, mining according to the Goebbels idea, all this follows logically from the idea of "German physics" or "German arithmetic," as taught by Nazi professors of the Third Reich. Goebbels presses the button. The machinery responds. The Propaganda Cells of the Nazi party begin to hum with Goebbels's orders; the Ministry for National Enlightenment and Propaganda flashes these orders into every corner of the realm and beyond; the Chamber of Culture with its seven sub-Chambers and its thirty-odd regional offices takes them up; the Reichs Bureau for the Promotion of Literature echoes the same guidance. This huge orchestra plays the same melody on a thousand different instruments. Goebbels's song of deliberate

lies and distorted opinions rises as one hymn glorifying Hitler, the master, and Goebbels, his prophet.

He orders the disappearance of Dr Eckener's name. He orders the continual praise of de Brinon's betrayal of France. He orders systematic abuse of Russians, of Czechs, of Poles, of Britons, and—always—of the Jews. He orders, he instructs, he directs. One storm after another dashes against the mind of the German people until they know not what is lies and what is truth, until the German mind becomes as clay in the potter's hands, in the hands of a malicious pervert, one Goebbels.

CHAPTER EIGHT

POLLUTED CHANNELS: LIBRARIES AND BOOKSHOPS

IF books form the most permanent vocal expression of the spirit of man, the supervision, not to say editorship, assumed by Goebbels seems well-nigh diabolic. And the end is not yet. There are other cogs of his supervisory machine still to be considered. While he—and, to a lesser degree, Rosenberg—works through the Reichs Bureau for the Promotion of German Literature, the Nazi party itself has devised a further safety-hatch to secure the “purity” of the party’s teaching.

The number of books and pamphlets dealing with Nazi views about the Army, race, foreign policy or home affairs grew at an alarming rate after January 1933. Some of these pronouncements embarrassed the Inner Circle who either did not want to or could not at the time acquiesce in the demands contained in these pamphlets. Rudolf Hess, therefore, set up a Commission of Examination for the Protection of National Socialist Literature. Publishers and authors were invited to submit their works to this committee of vetted Nazis who would tell them whether the views expressed could properly be called national socialist and whether this fact might be conveyed in the title of the book. The committee started work on April 16, 1934, and Hess nominated Philipp Bouhler its first President. Bouhler, an old party comrade, who was then thirty-five years of age, had worked for the *Völkische Beobachter* and had proved himself a reliable official of the Brown House. His committee worked there, in Munich, with some forty readers and some six hundred outside contributors. Soon there were many books on the market proudly proclaiming: “The Examining Committee for National Socialist Literature raises no objection to the publication of this book.”

Thus the Nazi party, by giving its formal *imprimatur*, saved itself from its more radical followers who wished to proclaim

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what they felt to be the real aims of Hitler’s movement. No embarrassing truth could leak out in future. At the time the blindfolded people thought that the Committee was out to save the public merely from the cranks playing the official mentor.

Goebbels, on the other hand, continued to go his own way. He added to the “German Book Week” and to the “Six Books of the Month” a list of the “Hundred Most Important Books,” and yet another of the “Two Hundred Most Important Books for National Socialist Libraries.” These lists were addressed to libraries and booksellers, rather than to the general public. But, after all, what is the “general public”? It was Goebbels’s art to split such generalities and to serve every distinct group with its peculiar Nazi needs. Libraries, for instance, could be Party Libraries, or Lending, or Public, or School Libraries. For each type he had special lists compiled which stated the minimum amount of Nazi literature to be bought by any of them.

His “Advisory” Bureau for Lending Libraries quickly gained decisive influence throughout the country. It worked out a percentage of Nazi books to be stocked by every type of library, fixing a strict ratio of party literature and books of a general character. “Trusted officials, bearing a certificate from us, will examine the books of all lending libraries,” the Bureau announced to librarians in July 1937. “We remind lending libraries of their duty to have ready complete lists of their books, or a card index, on which all newly acquired books have been marked. By looking through these lists it should be possible for our agents to ascertain the contents of the library.” Having destroyed the old and valuable stock of banned books, of say Emil Ludwig or Thomas Mann, the proprietor of a lending library was now faced with constant supervision. He was forced to devote to pure Nazi publications a fixed minimum percentage of the money which he allocated to additions to his stock. His likes and dislikes did not matter. The wishes of his clients were also of no account. Some of the books thus bought under pressure and chosen from the official lists supplied by the authorities might never be read. But author and publisher, duly subsidized, could thus continue turning out equally abject Nazi “literature.”

The supervision imposed upon librarians was child’s play

compared with the restrictive system worked out for booksellers. They, too, became more like civil servants of the Chamber of Culture than independent men and women who were masters in their own house and their own shop. There is no need to mention that they had to be members of the Chamber through the membership of their trade organization, with all that this demanded of the subject's political and racial past. The German booksellers' organization was perhaps the most thoroughgoing of any country, even before the arrival of Goebbels. It seemed easy, therefore, for Nazism to take it over and use it for Nazi ends. But it took some time to imbue this vast and proud organization with the true Nazi spirit. Goebbels had to have recourse to his old recipe of "breeding" the men he needed: in future, nobody would be permitted to sell books unless he had passed a special examination following on a fixed time of apprenticeship. An Apprentice Certificate was introduced. All future booksellers would thus be centrally supervised, and duly numbered and catalogued.

Meanwhile, increasing pressure was brought to bear on the existing booksellers, and by September 1934 a publisher had been found who could preside over their organization, the *Börsenverein*. Wilhelm Baur, who then took over, was a fully-fledged Goebbels man. Characteristically, he thought it necessary to found at the same time an Association of Reichs German Booksellers for convinced Nazis or those who thought it necessary hastily to affirm their belief in the new masters' creed. For a full two years Baur happily presided over both the great old-established organization and the new Nazi group of militant crusaders. It was not until October 24, 1936, that both were fused. This meant that all the radical demands of the Association had been fulfilled. Booksellers had either become Nazis or lost their businesses. The Book Trade Group in the Reichs Chamber for Literature had become another of Goebbels's tools. "Booksellers," their daily trade paper, the *Börsenblatt für den deutschen Buchhandel*, summed up, have "a political task. . . . It does not matter how many books you sell. What matters is that you sell as many good books as possible." Good books being Brown books, works which praised the Hitler-Göring-Goebbels state.

Even so, Baur thought it wise to have an alternative paper

ready for the radical wing. Thus, in 1936, he allowed a new periodical to appear which was to give a true Nazi commentary on the bookseller's daily problems. This *Bookseller in the New Reich*, edited by him and Dr. Wissmann, the Vice-President of the Chamber of Literature, was issued in two versions, Edition B carrying a supplement containing material issued for the enlightenment of party speakers. This was compiled by the Party Propaganda Leader—Goebbels, once more!—and the propaganda office of Ley's Labour Front. All orders for the new periodical had to pass through the Berlin office of the Eher publications, so that strict supervision was possible. The first number was welcomed by the President of the Reichs Chamber of Literature, Hanns Johst. "I know your needs and sorrows better than you think," he told them, thus making excuses for dissatisfaction caused by the increasing burden of regulations. Baur himself added a self-revealing piece of Nazi history: "When the Reich was stabbed to death by Marxists in November 1918. . . . The Imperial Germany had fallen prey to the November Republic. . . ." Praising Goebbels, the man who made him, he stated: "While our youth is passing through the schools of the new German State and through its youth organizations, it is much more difficult to 'educate' the members of the older generation." But it had to be done, and the new periodical was to help make the booksellers' association "one of the leading Nazi organizations"; in other words, make Baur one of the leading personalities of the Third Reich.

If he did not succeed in this aim it certainly was not the fault of his new venture, which followed in the steps of the Black Guard's weekly, the *Schwarze Korps*. His paper appropriately started off with an attack on booksellers who still adhered to their religious convictions and hated the idea of selling such books as Rosenberg's *Mythus*, which the Pope had included in his Index of Prohibited Books. The new publication spoke of "those blockheads, long since become ridiculous, who take every opportunity to protest against a wholesome draught of fresh air in their stuffy 'opinion shops'—their behaviour resembles the obstinate kicking of a bad-humoured ass."

It is like a refreshing breeze—to use the Nazi paper's simile—to witness these "old-fashioned" protests against the Goebbels German Book Week as late as 1936. There were still booksellers

who dared to raise objections to the preference lists issued by the Reichs Chamber for these recurring book weeks. "Should we issue lists for a day of supposedly religious publications which sow hatred against Nazism?" the paper asked, adding with strange irony: "We limit ourselves to a truly pagan *Kulturpolitik* and promote the German book. . . ." Or was it no irony? A true Nazi is, of course, proud to be called a pagan. "We barbarians are better beings," is his slogan.

Following the line of success opened up by Streicher's filthy Jew-baiting paper, the new *Bookseller in the New Reich* gave names and addresses of such protesting booksellers. One Max Herrmann, who lived in Wiessee—famous as a Bavarian health resort, more renowned still for the Röhm massacre of 1934—told the district headquarters of the Nazi party, Munich-Upper Bavaria, that he was not interested in the chosen books mentioned in the Chamber's preference lists. For his part, he preferred the Bible. Compared with the Bible, he wrote, the books mentioned seemed less than trifles. Another bookseller, Josef Paintner, of Rosenheim, sent a postcard addressed to the Association of Reichs German Booksellers, Baur's own organization, to say that he was "first and foremost a Catholic bookseller"; he could not take part in the German Book Week as long as Roman Catholic bookshops were victimized and the lists officially issued by the Government publicized anti-Christian works. Other shops returned the parcels of book lists and propaganda material unopened—"to save postage and to save their souls," remarked the new periodical with disgust.

To read these details of public pillory in the *Bookseller in the New Reich* would be refreshing but for the fact that such attacks on the remaining strongholds of resistance invariably led to prosecution and persecution. The Nazi watch-dog, let loose, turned his attention to every detail of bookselling activity. Was it *zeitgemäss*—that is, in conformity with the new spirit of a new time—to have order forms printed with the ending "Yours faithfully"? Was it right to sign oneself "Yours obediently Heil Hitler"? "The Hitler greeting," it was laid down, "was and is the only upright greeting." The reproduction of the reverse side of an invoice used by Max Spohr, of Leipzig, a publisher of scientific books, was given pride of place under

the heading "An Impertinence?" It seemed incredible, the paper remarked, that this man still used invoices which publicized, quite unperturbedly, "the scientifically camouflaged *Schweimereien*" of Magnus Hirschfeld. The latter, it must be remembered, has always been a target for Nazi attacks. His books were foremost among those honoured by Nazi students by being burned publicly in Berlin. Besides being a Jew and a doctor, he was a scientist interested in sexual phenomena, especially homosexuality.

Another page of this *Bookseller in the New Reich* was devoted to literary questions of the kind all too familiar by now to students of the Goebbels realm. "What about Thomas Mann?" it asked. His books were not then banned in Germany and could be sold "without restriction." Yet, he had left Germany. "Why?" the paper asked innocently; "surely nobody would have harmed him in the least." He had now written to protest against the German persecution of the Jews—without the Jews, Mann had said, the Germans would still be like the old tribes, proper barbarians. It was a good thing, Mann had declared, in an allusion to Cardinal Faulhaber's courageous stand, that the Catholic Church reminded us to-day that only after the acceptance of the teaching of Christ did the Germans join the ranks of the leading civilized nations. "One is not German by being racialist. The German Jew-baiting, or the hatred indulged in by the present regime, is not really aimed at the Jews, or not solely at them: it is aimed at Europe and at everything that is best in the Germans. It sets out to attack, as we see more clearly now, the Christian-Classic basis of our western civilization. It is an attempt (symbolized by Germany's leaving the League) to exterminate this civilization. This threatens to cause a terrible estrangement, full of potential disaster, between the country of Goethe and the rest of the world."

If the paper quoted this warning of true foresight in full, it did so in order fully to condemn Thomas Mann. It asked the German booksellers not to sell a single copy of any of Mann's books. Soon afterwards they were banned and Thomas Mann's voice was drowned for Germany unless a German, at the risk of his life, listened in to one of his rare, yet all the more impressive broadcasts from the New World.

Finally, there was the case of a customer who wanted to buy Emil Ludwig's book on William II. The publishers—Ernst Rowohlt, formerly of Berlin, at present in semi-retirement in Stuttgart—were not allowed to supply it, Emil Ludwig being of Jewish extraction. Their stocks had been transformed into wood pulp. Nazis referred to him as “Emil Ludwig-Cohn,” just as they called M. Litvinoff, on Goebbels's orders, “Litvinoff-Finkelstein.” The bookseller who was asked for Ludwig's book was obviously one of the old upright type and felt that it was his job to supply books, not to censor his customers' reading matter or to censure an author's forefathers. He did his best to trace a copy, and he asked the *Börsenblatt*, his trade paper, to insert an advertisement. This, after all, was the usual procedure, and it was for such cases of Books Wanted or Offered that his journal carried a daily supplement. “The fool was evidently of the opinion,” said the Nazi periodical, “that the Editors of the journal were as simple as he himself seems to be.” His advertisement was not inserted. The book was never procured. “The book must not be sold in Germany. We advise the bookseller at the same time not to try to order it from abroad; otherwise he might get into trouble. . . .”

Is the reader's patience exhausted? Does he think I have chosen too many examples, gleaned from many hundred copies of this priceless periodical, *The Bookseller in the New Reich*? Alas, I have covered the first six pages only—the first six pages of the first issue. No fairer résumé could possibly be given. Yet, to go on quoting seems to be too much for both reader and author. It is easy to imagine what kind of mind one must have to enjoy this sort of reading matter, as undoubtedly it was enjoyed by most of the subscribers. It is easy, too, to imagine what kind of mind the continual study of this periodical must produce. Slowly, and with deadly certainty, the poison works. Literature in all its forms is being judged no more according to eternal values, “simple values” like truth, love and beauty. It is judged exclusively from Goebbels's point of view. Does it, or does it not, promote the present State and its declared policy? This outlook is gradually acquired by men exposed to the Goebbels machinery, and they sink so deep that they do not realize that they have been doped. Political expediency becomes the one and only criterion for literary judgment. More, to a

large degree it has become the basis of all thought in the Third Reich.

The result of Goebbels's vast work of organizing the human spirit and forming it according to his own will is apparent in any normal bookshop owned by an ordinary patriotic bookseller. I will take the case of a moderately well-run shop in a north German town. Its owner strove hard to make the best of every world, and he did well under the Republic and not too badly under the Third Reich. He always tried, however, to sell books of literary value. In 1932, before Goebbels started his national soul-making activities, his best sellers were Stefan Zweig's *Marie Antoinette*, Hans Fallada's *Little Man, What Now?*, Ina Seidel's *Wish Child*, and the books by the Norwegian Knut Hamsun, the Germans Carossa and Hausmann, and the nationalists Beumelburg, Dwinger and Steguweit. The last-named, the poorest of them all from a literary point of view, hastily joined the Nazi party to write henceforth a running commentary on “cultural” events for the local Nazi Press. Zweig was banned with the advent of Goebbels, and Fallada had to lie low for some time.

The year 1933, the first year of the Goebbelsian goggles saw the burning of books by “non-Aryan” and democratic writers. Hitler's *Mein Kampf* and Rosenberg's *Mythus des XX. Jahrhunderts* found many buyers, less so the diaries of Goebbels and the speeches of Göring. “There is a general decrease in sales,” our bookseller confessed; he tried to explain this fact away by saying that libraries in Germany and abroad had stopped buying. At the same time Goebbels had not yet started his various subsidies. The truth was that the books then allowed to appear found no market. The public had not yet been “bred” to swallow whatever was offered to them. Of the newly discovered men, Hanns Blunck, who was to become the first President of the Reichs Chamber for Literature, sold well. He could at least tell a story, with a moderately interesting beginning and a proper end; above all, everybody was curious to meet these Goebbels geniuses whom the German Press had been asked to popularize.

However, the main interest in books properly paid for by the public was reserved for the memoirs of Gertrud Bäumer, formerly a democratic Member of the Reichstag; for Otto

Flake's *Hortense*, assuredly the book of an individualist belonging to a past which Nazism hoped to destroy completely; for Maurois, whose *Eduard VII* was translated from the French; for Harold Nicolson's *Peacemaking*, 1919, also freshly translated. New series of very cheap books, comparable to our Penguins, found willing customers partly because it was the cheapest way of making oneself familiar with the new Nazi writers, partly because some good old writers were thus offered once more. The Insel booklets were followed by the "Little Library" of the nationalist publishers Langen-Müller of Munich and by the two series, *Deutsche Reihe* and *Deutsche Volkheit*, printed by the racialist Diederichs of Jena. Meyer's *Bunte Bändchen* completed the cheap series most in demand.

The following year, 1934, saw the Goebbels machinery at work. Total sales rose by some ten per cent. This was not so much the outcome of the publicity given to special books by the Reichs Bureau for the Promotion of German Literature. This office, while increasing the sales of chosen favourites, could hardly make up for the lack of interest still displayed by the book-buying public. "There is a change in the type of our customers," our bookseller confessed. "The troopers of the young Germany and its organizations, camps, etc., emerge as book-buyers." Thus, subsidized buyers brought improved sales. To meet their demands our bookseller was happy to draw on the information he could glean from Langenbucher's guide to nationalist and racialist literature, *Volkhafte Dichtung*, as well as from the lists of "The Hundred Best Books." Subsidized literature found subsidized buyers. The State caused the books to be written and publicized, and it also financed the buyers. In this connexion the State was Goebbels; the subsidies were the taxpayers' money.

True, our bookseller sold H. Blunck's new novel very well, and the officially sponsored *Party Comrade Schmiedecke* went most satisfactorily. But he also sold Kennicott's *The Heart is Alive*, a very personal collection of love letters—a "liberal" book as the Book News of the Reichs Bureau for the Promotion of German Literature said sadly. Thus, but for the party organizations which bought what they were told, our bookseller might not have sold a single copy of the collected poems by Böhme, Menzel, Schumann and all the other "poets" praised

by Goebbels, poets who generally turned out to be young men working at the Ministry for Popular Enlightenment.

The next year, 1935, saw all the different subsidiary movements Goebbels had started in full swing. The German Book Weeks had become a fixed institution; the book announcements broadcast by all German stations had been thoroughly overhauled; the film companies had been urged to make use of the books Goebbels wished to see most in demand; lectures and addresses by writers and poets had been organized on a nationwide basis, actively helped by the Nazi Cultural Community and the Reichs Association for Book Propaganda. The full blast of this State-devised publicity, carried out on a lordly scale, made itself felt. Another eight per cent rise in sales was the result. The success was really even greater, for rubbish like Rosenberg's newest attack on the Church found a very large public.

Our bookseller sold a novel by Luise Berens-Totenohl, assuredly the peak of the blood-and-soil literature. Stella Gibbons's parody, *Cold Comfort Farm*, seems a mild and utterly realistic description of peasant life compared with these outpourings of a Germanic peasant soul. Dwinger, Beumelburg, Wiechert, Griese, were other names which showed that the public had really begun to interest themselves in heavy-footed, slow-moving, pseudo-peasants and the so-called solid literature. Our bookseller, polite to his Nazi masters rather than truth-loving, added that Hanns Johst's book, *Mask and Face*, met with interest at home and abroad. Johst, it must be added, had just been made President of the Chamber for Literature.

Examining more closely the publications in demand, we discover, however, *Richelieu*, by the Swiss Professor Burckhardt, Duff Cooper's *Talleyrand*, Miss Waln's book on *China*, a novel by Warwick Deeping. Was this Nazi literature? Was there, then, one market, created, subsidized, and kept alive by Goebbels, and another created and kept very much alive, by the ordinary book-buyer, the normal book-lover who still had a mind of his own? Translations and biographies seemed fairly far removed from Goebbels and his urge towards super-topical subjects, namely the glory of Hitler and his prophet Goebbels.

The following years showed this same gulf growing more pronounced. Books full of racial "ideals" and an overdone love

for truly Germanic virtues increased in number and found buyers. Goebbels's hope for a new generation of properly bred Nazis seemed, if not fulfilled, steadily approaching fulfilment. On the other hand, a tendency towards translations from abroad became pronounced. This contradicted the spiritual autarchy fostered by Goebbels. An astonishing interest in historical books made itself felt: it was the German's flight into the past. Finally, there was a vast and steady demand for books of pure art—a flight into the spiritual realm quite beyond everything earthly, that is, everything Nazi. The success of Charles Morgan's *Sparkenbroke* represented this last urge visibly. Like all his books, it was translated, and ranked amongst the five best sellers of the year. Löscher's *Alles Getrennte findet sich wieder* was a romantic and very German book of mystic memories from the Bohemian frontier. Mitchell's *Gone with the Wind* was bought in Germany as it was everywhere else. Yet Fallada's *Wolf Amongst Wolves* received little attention. To the Nazi it appeared to be too "negative"; to the ordinary German who wanted to forget the miseries of the post-war world, this book about the years of inflation was too cruel a reminder of past sufferings which might easily be brought back by the Nazi regime. Looking along the bookshelves of an ordinary bookseller somewhere in North Germany, we have thus seen how far Goebbels had succeeded, and how far he had failed, in moulding the nation's soul after his own black heart.

THE TWO CHAMBERLAINS

WHILE the ordinary German could not flee from Germany or the Goebbels machinery which imprisoned his soul, he could, at least, take flight by digging into the past or by reading translations. Germany, in the heart of Europe, had always been *the* country of translations. Wave after wave of spiritual influence from abroad had swept across the country. Whether it was Shakespeare or Ossian, Voltaire or Dostoiewski, Ibsen or Zola, again and again Germans had turned to a foreign genius for yet another world to enrich their own. It was Goethe who first used the term *Welt-Literatur* (World Literature). The translated literature in German is boundless.

What had been an enrichment of the German mind became, under Goebbels, a last refuge. Without it the human spirit in the Third Reich was condemned to break and succumb to the Nazi poison of racial exclusiveness and Germanic superiority. For some time Goebbels was fully occupied in organizing the "home producers" and he left translations untouched to a large degree. As long as political anti-Nazi books could not be printed, he seemed to be indifferent about the increase in translated novels and biographies. Harold Nicolson, Duff Cooper, Mitchell, Waln—all of them sold widely in German translations. Yet, with the increasing tension between this country and Germany, publishers thought it wise to cut down their English programme and to take only those authors they felt quite safe with.

Perhaps the situation with regard to translations can be most clearly explained by some particular examples which I was able to observe at close quarters. In 1936, it will be remembered, Hitler took the final step to make his frontiers in the West secure and thus enable him to go to war in the East, if he should meet with resistance. His march into the Rhineland was the prelude to the subjugation of Austria, Czechoslovakia and the

countries he has since overrun. The occupation of the Rhineland was more than a breach of the Versailles Treaty. It was also a violation of the Locarno Treaty of 1925, freely negotiated between Republican Germany on the one hand, and France, Belgium, Great Britain and Italy on the other. Hitler himself had guaranteed to keep the Locarno agreements. He now broke them, thus bringing down the edifice erected by Stresemann, Briand and Austen Chamberlain in the cause of peace.

It was at this time that I decided to translate Sir Austen Chamberlain's books into German. His defence of Locarno, his tribute to Stresemann and Briand, would enable the German public, I thought, to draw their own conclusions. By showing them what Locarno meant to the peace of Europe, I hoped to warn them of the dangers implied in Hitler's policy. But would it be possible to get such a book past the Goebbels censor? Any book to be translated, Goebbels had ordered, was to be submitted in its original form to a special Committee of Six, who would read the book and pronounce judgment upon it. They were to say whether it could be printed in a German version for the benefit of German readers.

By chance I met the Leipzig publisher who had been chosen to open a book department of the Essen *National Zeitung*, Göring's newspaper. The head of the firm was a convinced Nazi, one Müller-Clemm. But his technical advisers were obviously not. They were interested in good books rather than in true-blue Goebbels publications. To them I suggested doing Sir Austen Chamberlain's memoirs; they saw what great possibilities this promised, and accepted the offer. I should add that they did not read English. They forwarded two volumes of Chamberlain's *Down the Years* (1935) and *Politics from Inside* (1936) to the Reichs Chamber for Literature, Department for Translations, and asked for the official permit to publish a translation. It seems that none of the officials of the Chamber was either willing or able to study these 324 plus 676 pages. A thousand pages of British politics must have been too much for them. Moreover, since the request for a German translation came from the *Essener Verlagsanstalt*, commonly called Göring's own publishers, there was no reason to suspect that anything was wrong with it. They issued the necessary permit by return of post.

I did not know then that this was a mistake. When the same publisher wanted to produce Professor Trevelyan's *Sir Edward Grey* they at first met with an indignant refusal. "But you even sanctioned the publication of Austen Chamberlain's books," he answered angrily. "Chamberlain, who is attacking us constantly? Impossible. We never allowed that."—"Excuse me, here is the letter from your Department to that effect."—"Good gracious me. But we thought it was Wagner's son-in-law, Houston Stewart Chamberlain!" the official exclaimed. Thus the Goebbels censor had mixed up the renegade, Houston Stewart Chamberlain, that Hitlerite before Hitler, with Sir Austen. This, however, I was not to learn till later.

Sir Austen Chamberlain himself was delighted with my suggestion—small wonder, because the destruction of the Locarno Treaty weighed heavily upon him. Yet, could it be done? Goebbels had banned his last article in the *Daily Telegraph*, he reminded me. Would not the same thing happen again? I said that this was a question for the German publishers to decide, not for us; moreover, had not Goebbels declared that the *Daily Telegraph* was banned in Germany for a piece of news about Danzig? It was an unfortunate coincidence, he had told foreign journalists, that Sir Austen Chamberlain's article happened to be in the same issue. "Let us take him at his word—for once." And so we did. When I was notified that the Reichs Chamber of Literature had granted the permit we signed our contracts—the Essen publishers; Sir Austen, the author; and I as editor-translator.

I selected all the passages which were of importance to the German reader living under the rule of the Goebbels system. "It is vital for Germany to hear what foreigners really think," I wrote in introducing the edition. "Sir Austen speaks not as a friend of Germany, which he is not, nor as her enemy, as I firmly believe. He speaks as an Englishman. The reader must think for himself. He must answer for himself the question: why did he judge Germany as he did?" I was allowed almost 780 pages for my one-volume edition, and I thus could include everything of real importance for Germany. "At Locarno," the German reader was reminded by Sir Austen, "Germany voluntarily renounced all desire for the reconquest of Alsace-Lorraine, and of her own free will guaranteed the inviolability of the frontiers

of the West. . . . The independence of the Low Countries has been recognized as a British interest, for, in truth, their frontier is our frontier. . . . Germany, though at present disarmed, is still potentially the greatest military Power on the Continent. It is from that quarter, and that quarter alone, that danger has menaced us since 1870, or might menace us again. . . . The enemy, if enemy there should arise, was not this country or that, but the aggressor—the nation which should break its pledges and make an unprovoked attack upon its neighbour.”

Not since January 1933, when Hitler had taken power, had Germans heard this truth. There were many other chapters of a similar character; for instance, the warm appreciation of Stresemann, a great European and a great German; the chapter on the “French and English” with its clear-cut statement that as between Germans and Englishmen, the deeper one goes, the greater is the divergence of faith and spirit revealed. The whole book thus made it plain that Sir Austen stood for all the Nazis hated most. Would it really be possible to publish it all? The more I translated the more doubtful I became. And then, on March 16, 1937, Sir Austen died. He had seen my work grow. He had looked forward to reading his book in German. His death seemed to cut short our plans. With his powerful support gone, the attempt appeared to have been made in vain.

It was then that I approached Mr Neville Chamberlain, the new Premier. He was in Scotland, fly-fishing—the last real holiday he ever had. Lady Ivy Chamberlain, his sister-in-law, told him of my work, now so precariously in the balance. The day after his return to London I heard from him. He saw my point; he was prepared to write me a special Foreword. Surely, if I used this by way of Preface no Nazi censor would dare to ban a book thus specially endorsed by the new Prime Minister.

Neville Chamberlain had a quite unusual grip in dealing with his duties. The amount of work done by him every day was startling, and whenever I asked him anything about Sir Austen's books, I had his reply by return of post. He always seemed to find time to add a word or two in his own handwriting, as if there were not hundreds of other things also claiming his attention. He liked the idea of the book and he set aside the following week-end to write a sketch of Austen as he had known

him—and to prepare the text of the Foreword that would pass the Goebbels censor.

Knowing that he was a busy man, I had written him a sort of résumé of what he might usefully say in the circumstances. This was a bad blunder. It was not Neville Chamberlain's way to let his secretary do what he had decided to do himself. “In the preliminary consideration of the Foreword,” I was told, he had contemplated “an observation to the effect that the chief interest of this book to German readers would be in its picture of the life of a British Statesman in England.” He proposed therefore “to go on by giving from his personal recollections a very brief sketch of Sir Austen's characteristics. It appears from your letter that this line of thought would correspond closely with what you had in mind. . . .” The Foreword was thus wholly his work.

It is the only literary essay ever written by Neville Chamberlain. More than that; beyond its felicity of phrase and vivid description of Austen's personality it had some political importance. At a time when Goebbels and his Press were turning out anti-British articles in an endless stream to belittle everything we stand for, the Prime Minister here wrote of Sir Austen as this “very lovable and chivalrous gentleman.” Hitler had broken the Locarno treaties, yet here was Neville Chamberlain praising the main architect of that construction for peace, “the soul of honour, rigid in principles, but most rigid where he himself was concerned, unswerving in friendship, equally devoted as son, husband, or father, and withal a delightful companion.”

Introducing himself, he said that Austen had intended to write an introduction to the German edition himself. “So it has fallen to me, his surviving brother, to carry out what I know would have been his wishes.” Indeed, this sounded innocent enough for any German censor's ears, and as it turned out, the Goebbels Department was completely hoodwinked.

In conclusion, he added a final confession. Sir Austen, he said, “has left behind him in his own country a great example of selfless devotion to public service, and I confidently believe that he will make new friends among the readers of these unstudied sketches.” That was as far as he could safely go. In sending it on to me for a draft translation and inclusion in the book he said that he hoped it would “serve my purpose.”

Some anxious weeks passed until, at last, the news came through that, indeed, it had served its purpose. The book was out, uncensored and complete, for anyone to buy anywhere in Germany. Its first edition of three thousand copies—it was a guinea book—was sold before the day of publication; it had to be reprinted immediately. Sir Austen's portrait on its cover appeared in all Berlin bookshops, I was informed; it turned up wherever there were politically interested Germans. Having once passed the censor, and having the imprint of a renowned Nazi firm, it made front page news. Nazi papers announced it because they took it for just another "Göring inspired publication." Non-Nazis could refer boldly to it as the book seemed to be well covered by official Germany while at the same time corresponding closely to what they thought themselves. I still remember the proud day when an official of the Foreign Office, who had just returned from Germany, told me: "The book is prominently displayed everywhere. I saw it on the bookstalls at Cologne station and everywhere in Berlin."

Reviews from German papers began to arrive. What they said mirrored the state of affairs shown above (in Chapters Four, Five and Six). Only one man, Rolf Brandt, writing in the nationalist *Lokal Anzeiger* of Berlin, doubted whether it was really wise to publish such a translation. To him Sir Austen was the enemy incarnate. Otherwise it seemed as if one could hear a sigh of relief going through all the old-established newspapers: for once, after almost four years of Nazi "self-sufficiency," they were allowed to deal with something not instigated by Goebbels. Even the Roman Catholic *Germania* took courage and devoted a third of one page to the book, and told its readers of the "impressive attitude" taken up by Sir Austen. To be quite on the safe side, the reviewer quoted the editor's remarks at length; he then dealt with Austen's unpolitical chapter on great speakers. . . . The *Deutsche Zukunft* said that here British Parliamentarianism was "explained and justified." Justified, indeed! The Munich *Neueste Nachrichten* wrote a leading article, quoting the chapters on Locarno and on the divergence between Englishmen and Germans. They went so far as to say that they were happy that Sir Austen had not cut out any of his critical remarks! The reviewer, Dr Eschmann, must have been happy indeed at the thought that, by thanking Austen, he

really committed *lèse majesté* and questioned Goebbels's own system.

Stresemann's old paper, the *Kölnische Zeitung*, demonstrated the results of the Goebbels system at its "best." On April 3, 1937, Dr Blumrath, the second-in-command there, had written me: "We cannot print your article on the late Sir Austen Chamberlain. The main reason for our decision is that Sir Austen's last article in the *Daily Telegraph* shows him to be so strongly anti-German that it seems wrong to print such a warm appreciation as appears in your article. Perhaps it will be possible to deal with Chamberlain when your translation has been published." This moment had come. A reference to Locarno—not to Stresemann personally, though—was specially inserted in the book review. But before this was printed the editor cut out the ominous word. Thus, Stresemann's old paper, properly Goebbelized, was one of the very few papers which did not dare to mention either the maker of Locarno or that peace pact itself.

The *Berliner Monatshefte* hailed the appearance as a service to Anglo-German understanding. *Die neue Literatur* called it the most important book of Memoirs of recent date—a clear and deliberate overstatement. "It should be read with keen attention." There were well over fifty reviews, all saying the same thing in so many voices. But what of the Nazi papers proper? The Reichs Bureau for Public Libraries, for instance, was critical, and rightly so, from its Nazi point of view, and it advised therefore that only very big libraries were to be allowed to add the book to their shelves. Albrecht Haushofer, reviewing it together with Duff Cooper's *Haig* in *Geo-Politik* was not less doubtful. The book proved, he said, that there could be no understanding between Germans and Englishmen in spite of their "part-kinship."

The same opinion was echoed by the *Völkische Beobachter*. The old story that German and English ways were closely akin was contradicted by Austen's book, the reviewer said, but it was necessary to get to know the English character. Dr Ihlefeldt, writing for the Bavarian district paper, *Bayerische Ostmark* and for the Nazi propaganda paper in France, *Deutsche Zeitung in Frankreich*, went one better. He wrote what any of the old-established papers would have loved to write, namely that

Napoleon's dreams, wherever they were dreamt, must be renounced because they would always find the British in opposition! If it were otherwise, he quoted Sir Austen's words, Britain "might well awake to find that she had to pay the costs of their (the European nations') feast of harmony."

In any democratic country the publication of this book would have had some influence; slight as it might have been, some impression would have been made. Not so in the Third Reich, where neither Hitler nor Göring nor Goebbels ever embarked on a long book. It is doubtful whether Hitler himself ever reads anything beyond Karl May's wild-west stories (that he reads those is a well-established fact which Karl May's publishers advertised widely until they were forbidden to do so). And the minds of these men alone counts in Germany.

Outside Goebbels's sphere of influence, the true meaning of this publication was well understood. To quote the Swiss paper, which has won so much honour in its fight against Nazism, *Der Bund*, of Bern: "This is a book by the third partner of Locarno, the pact which is valid no more. It is a glorification of that general understanding and European collective security, which has now been struck off the list. It is a moving memorial to two great Europeans, Briand and Stresemann, whose work has now been superseded by different methods. And yet, this book has been published in Germany and for Germany!"

Goebbels had been caught napping. His system—apparently complete—had not been found watertight against a determined attempt from London to break in and to speak to the Germans direct. With every new Anglo-German crisis the demand for this book rose. It sold steadily, down to the very eve of the war, which found us, as forewarned by Sir Austen Chamberlain, in arms against the aggressor—Germany. It is with reference to the sales of his brother's book and the question of text-books in German schools (which we must solve after this war) that Mr Neville Chamberlain wrote me as follows:

Prime Minister.

10 Downing Street,
Whitehall,
10th May, 1938.

Dear Dr Pick.

I have been greatly interested in seeing this little publication and I must say very gratified to think that it is a text-book in German Schools. The pronunciation guide is intriguing.

I am glad to hear that my brother's memoirs still continue in demand.

Yours sincerely,
(Signed) N. CHAMBERLAIN.

The whole episode of this publication had its funny side too. There was Herr Müller-Clemm, the head of the Essen newspaper and book-publishing firm. He made a point of travelling abroad and handing out copies of the books he printed. He felt honoured, he wrote, to be chosen (chosen, indeed!) to do a book with a Foreword by the Prime Minister. Could he come and present him and Mr Anthony Eden—then, as now, our Foreign Secretary—with copies of a special edition he was preparing? It was a queer, puzzling situation. But, Neville Chamberlain said he was prepared to receive a copy from the publisher personally if he insisted on coming over.

Herr Müller duly arrived. He was a tall, friendly-looking man. He stayed at the Savoy; he spoke no English. I took him to see the Prime Minister in his room at the House of Commons. No stranger scene can have been enacted in that large, dark room, which has seen so many important meetings. Neville Chamberlain remained standing behind his desk while the German publisher, tall and erect, started off with a little speech. How grateful he was for the great honour done him and his publishing house by the *Herr Premierminister*. . . . While he spoke, Neville Chamberlain gave me one of his short, kind looks. He must have felt the comedy of the situation. There he was, a German, a Nazi, thanking Neville Chamberlain for writing something which had been written only in order to fool this very German's masters. It was grotesque.

Before I could begin to interpret, in a word or two, what the

publisher had said, Neville Chamberlain answered. He had understood the trend of the publisher's little exercise in speech-making. "I feel sure I know what he meant. Tell him what a great pleasure it was for me to help in bringing out this book. Yes, tell him how happy I feel about it." We both smiled. The seal was set on this work of many months—a comic, endearingly funny seal, provided by the erect Herr Müller. The Prime Minister handled the fat volume, beautifully bound in blue leather, with Sir Austen's crest impressed on it in gold. A beautiful piece of work. "Oh—does the book sell?" He was told that the publisher himself was quite surprised at the big demand. He would print many more English books after this start. We all smiled now. Prime Minister, publisher and translator were well satisfied, although for different reasons.

The publisher also saw Mr Eden. I had not met the Foreign Secretary before, and so there had been no time to inform him of the background which, naturally enough, had remained between Neville Chamberlain, Lady Ivy Chamberlain and myself. The publisher, therefore, was received like any distinguished foreigner. The big staircase inside the Foreign Office, the huge room with its tall windows, where the Foreign Secretary works, formed an impressive prelude to a memorable visit. The Nazi publisher came with all the preconceived ideas bandied about in Germany on the instructions of the Goebbels Ministry; ideas about Mr Eden's hateful League ideals, his stand for collective security, his suspicious visit to Moscow. . . . Within a few seconds, however, all this was changed miraculously. Müller found himself seated in one of the neat little red arm-chairs, so well known to every visitor, near a huge fire which blazed away lustily. He was met by a stream of kindly questions from his host: Had he served in the last war? Did he know that he, Eden, was at the front at one time exactly opposite to where Hitler had been? He was told—"not for publication, this"—that Hitler and Mr Eden had drawn a sketch of the front line on the menu when they met in Berlin in February 1934. "Never again must we go to war. We shall settle differences if both sides—both sides, yes, both—show understanding."

I translated as quickly as possible, Mr Eden helping with a German word now and then. Herr Müller felt he understood English all of a sudden. Yes, he understood this man.

When he entered the room a few minutes before I knew he had thought this: what a youthful appearance, a real feather-weight of no importance, a typical League politician. Yet now, looking into this serious face, so clearly marked by sorrow and constant labour for international collaboration, in the presence of Britain's Foreign Secretary he felt disarmed. All his preconceived ideas, based on Goebbels's propaganda, crumbled and vanished when faced with Mr Eden.

Never before had I watched a more fascinating game, the exercise of the perfect gift of charm in the realm of serious politics. On leaving the Foreign Secretary, Herr Müller was beaming. How wrongly he had been informed about him in Germany! Really, he had met, he felt, an ex-comrade in arms who understood a man from the opposite trench, a fine fellow, a Statesman. . . . It was pure charm that had turned an ignorant Nazi into a praising admirer.

The comedy was complete when the proud publisher sent a copy of Sir Austen Chamberlain's *Memoirs* to Hitler himself. "Does Herr Hitler read such books?" Mr Eden had asked him with one of his disarming smiles. The publisher, bowing, had answered that his Führer read lots of history books, including the lengthy volumes of Marshal Pilsudski's Works. He soon afterwards produced this letter of thanks from Hitler:

"DER FÜHRER UND REICHSKANZLER.

Berlin.

December 16, 1937.

Dear Herr Dr Müller-Clemm!

For the courtesy you have shown me in sending me your new publication, the *Memoirs of Sir Austen Chamberlain*, I express to you my sincerest thanks. I was glad to see the book, and have had it incorporated in my library.

With German Greetings!

ADOLF HITLER."

A facsimile of this letter is printed on page 131, so that the reader may judge for himself both the style and the signature of the man. Hugh Walpole's judgment that Hitler struck him (when they met) as "absolutely tenth-rate" is borne out even by this poor note of thanks. Moreover, one need not be an expert in graphology to see that this is the signature of a

haunted man—*unstet*, the Germans would say—and of an unscrupulous fanatic. Compared with his signature of some twelve years ago we see that his Christian name—clearly eligible at the time—now consists of almost nothing else but the final “f,” rudely crossed. His surname has lost the dot and the full-stop at the end which it used to have and has degenerated into something every Englishman would take for “Hun.”

He obviously never read the book. Neither did any of the other members of the Nazi inner circle. They thus missed the shock of seeing a typically British book full of anti-Nazi views printed inside their own realm and failed to acquire the fruitful knowledge that might have sprung from a real understanding of British politics as set forth by Sir Austen. Neville Chamberlain’s broad hints could not deflect them from the course fixed many years before on the strength of the political penny-dreadfuls they had mastered in the early twenties.

Whenever I came into touch with Mr Neville Chamberlain in the following two and a half years which were granted him, he inquired about the book. To have outwitted Goebbels so thoroughly was a pleasant memory for him. Even to-day, while we are fighting the war which Neville Chamberlain strove so gallantly to avoid, this book is still on the shelves of many thousand Germans. Each one of them, turning to his bookshelf, can read Neville Chamberlain’s essay and Austen Chamberlain’s confession of faith—a heritage that must help to make them immune from the Goebbels propaganda which vilifies everything British.

Since Goebbels had been caught napping once, why not again, especially as the publishers discovered my book to be a very profitable undertaking? I therefore suggested a German edition of Sir Frederick Maurice’s *Haldane*, and this too appeared in due course. My version relied wholly on the first volume of the great Liberal’s *Life*; the second, dealing at length with Albert Einstein, could have been included only if I had cut out the chapter about him and relativity, a thing I was unwilling to do. As it was, there remained enough truly Liberal thought in the book to make it a revelation to Germans under Goebbels. Once again they could eat of the forbidden fruit of humanitarianism and liberalism. Under the slogan, “A friend of Germany—but a true Britisher” the publishers started a big

publicity campaign for this book to which I gave the sub-title, taken from Field-Marshal Haig’s dedication: “Great Britain’s greatest Secretary for War.” This was misleading in so far that it was less a book on military reorganization than on a great Liberal Scotsman who brought his profound mind to bear on many a

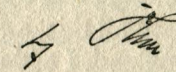
Der Führer und Reichkanzler

Berlin, den 16. Dezember 1937.

Sehr geehrter Herr Dr. Müller-Clemm!

Für die Aufmerksamkeit, die Sie mir durch Übermittlung Ihres neuen Verlagswerkes, der Memoiren von Sir Austen Chamberlain, erwiesen haben, sage ich Ihnen meinen verbindlichsten Dank. Ich habe in das Buch gern Einblick genommen und es meiner Bücherei einverleibt.

Mit Deutschem Gruss!



HITLER’S SIGNATURE

A letter from Hitler to the German publishers of Sir Austen Chamberlain’s Memoirs. Note the evasive worthlessness of this much broken signature. It runs “Adolf Hitler,” not “First Hun.”

subject. What was somewhat colourlessly called “The Lord Chancellor visits Canada” became, in my version, a chapter headed “Supra-national Morality.” The higher nationality of which Haldane spoke there was the thing most hated by Nazism since Hitler and his accomplices know of one value only, namely the State and the Nation as personified in themselves. For Haldane, as explained in his great address to the

American Bar Association under Mr Kellogg's presidency in 1912, there existed a higher standard of ideals in international relations, based on morality. What was more, and what was of the greatest importance for readers under Nazi rule, was the fact that Haldane explained this higher nationality by drawing on Immanuel Kant, on Rudolph Jhering's *Zweck im Recht*, and on Fichte's definition of *Sitte* and *Sittlichkeit*. He thus confirmed, and based, his ideal of the higher nationality on German thinkers and German philosophers.

The moral for Germans under Goebbels was obvious. The reader could judge for himself how far the new teaching of the barbarian gospel of Might is Right was in contradiction to what was best in German tradition. He could see, in the mirror of Haldane's address, how deep was Germany's shame. Haldane said in 1912: "The world is probably a long way off from the abolition of armaments. . . . Yet, there are signs that the best people in the best nations are ceasing to wish to live in a world of mere claims, and to proclaim on every occasion *Our country, Right or Wrong*. There is growing up a disposition to believe that it is good, not only for all peoples but for all nations, to consider their neighbours' point of view as well as their own. . . ." The reader in Naziland could realize, if he was able to think at all in spite of the Goebbels anæsthetic, that his new leaders were excluding the Germans from the best in the best nations and making them the worst of the very worst.

Having stressed all this, and having shown the life of a liberal statesman in England, I added a final chapter of my own on the last few years. It showed that this country regarded the League as the only firm basis of hope for the future. It mentioned the three Liberals who had carried out great army reforms—Cardwell, Haldane and Hore-Belisha. A speech on the moral strength of a nation, which was more important than mere armaments, gave me yet another occasion to stress international morality. Finally, in summing up Lord Haldane's life and work, I tried to show how Hegel and the philosophy of German Idealism had been father to his conceptions. Would that Germans, starting from the same basis, might reach Haldane's own conclusions!

The reception this book had was very similar to that which greeted Austen Chamberlain's Memoirs. Just as the old

nationalist press had attacked Sir Austen so did the *Börsen Zeitung* attempt to show that it was Haldane who forged the instrument of Germany's destruction in the Four Years' War. The *bourgeois* papers were friendly, foremost of all the *Kölnische Zeitung*; they mentioned the close ties between Haldane and Germany and showed their readers that, indeed, a civilian and a philosopher can be a successful Secretary of State for War (quite an unheard-of thing in Germany). It was not unnatural, too, that many economic papers, which did not usually mention biographies, printed notices and, stressing the Peace Mission of 1912, questioned whether the Munich meeting would show better results and avert what Haldane's visit to Berlin in 1912 did not prevent—another war. The *Rheinisch-Westfälische* went so far as to say that Haldane was both a friend of Germany and an English patriot, just like Neville Chamberlain. That was in December 1938.

Again, it was the Nazi Press proper which dared to mention the main theme which the other papers—under the influence of the daily distortion handed out by Goebbels—thought it inadvisable to name. "Strange as it might seem, one can learn from this book more about our present time, and become aware of things of greater value, than could be found in the most topical work." Could there be a more devastating statement about the Goebbels machinery of suppression? Yet, these words appeared in a long review printed in the *Essen National Zeitung*, which then drew attention to the chapter on Higher Nationality. This, the paper claimed, opened up "possibilities of a new international law," the reconstruction of which it declared to be an urgent task of European statesmanship. Similarly, the *Bayerische Ostmark*, the Nazi paper for Eastern Bavaria, in a leading article, quoted the same chapter to say that Haldane had been well in advance of his time (meaning, probably, our own Nazi times), and added: "The book's political colouring is reflected in its every shade in Dr Pick's translation which enhances its topical importance, as does the whole presentation by Sir Frederick Maurice." Clearly, the political meaning of this book was well understood.

If it found a receptive public this proved only the real hunger that existed inside Germany for the thoughts artificially banned by Goebbels. The Ministry of Enlightenment had drained Ger-

many of all thoughts worth thinking, but the nation's appetite for them wherever they appeared had become all the greater. Under cover of a Nazi publisher's imprint, camouflaged with a military-sounding title, with the help of the British Prime Minister, and, finally, with the unwitting assistance of an ignorant, careless censor, German readers had been supplied with some real food for thought. It was the voice of our Western civilization and democracy calling for Germany's contribution. All the elaborate devices of a rigid system, seemingly complete and inescapable, had not prevented this voice from making itself heard.

One day it will be possible to speak of all those who listened to this voice while outwardly conforming to the Goebbels regulations. One day the story will be told of those who, while living inside Germany, did not follow the instructions of the Minister for National Enlightenment. There was, for example, the case of the political cartoons drawn by Paul Weber and published, with a Foreword by Professor Hugo Fischer, by Ernst Niekisch's *Widerstands Verlag*. The collection contained many anti-Nazi cartoons. There was, almost alone among the great writers remaining inside Germany, Ricarda Huch, who boldly condemned the persecution of the Jews in the Middle Ages. Oswald Spengler, the philosopher, also refused to bow his head. He had ridiculed the childish racial theories entertained by Hitler, Rosenberg, and the rest in a book he was preparing when Germany was turned into the Third Reich. Unperturbed, he added a footnote to the effect that he had written the book long before Hitler took power and had not altered a word. His *Hour of Decision, Die Jahre der Entscheidung*, duly appeared and was never withdrawn from circulation or censored. Spengler himself, it must be added, died soon afterwards. There is, finally, the vast literature which never saw the light of day but was read secretly, distributed under cover of darkness, to find its way into the homes of democratically minded Germans. When Hitlerism has been destroyed, the story of this heroic literature can, and will, be told.

If Goebbels did not take any action against the books mentioned here, not even at a time when he must have realized what their intentions were, the reason seems clear. His system was strong enough to prevent the voice from finding an effective

response, a response that would transform itself into action. For the time being, at least, such loopholes did not seem to matter. He was the undisputed master of the German spirit, guiding the nation along the path he had chosen, the path that led to war.

CHAPTER TEN

MORE FOREIGN INTRUDERS

THERE were, however, innumerable cases when Goebbels stepped in and banned translations. One can only guess how many times the Censorship Department of the Reichs Chamber of Literature refused permission, but there must have been many hundreds and thousands of refusals purely on grounds of the foreign authors' racial descent, their political affiliations or the general tendency of their writing. *Die ganze Richtung passt mir nicht* ("the whole tendency does not suit me"); this classic phrase of the Imperial police chief was triumphant to a degree hitherto quite unbelievable. How often must a German publisher have asked anxiously for information about the grandparents and the political convictions of an author whose latest book—whether it were a thriller or a treatise on ants—he wished to translate! How often German representatives abroad must have been bothered with such requests for intimate information not to be found in any Who's Who! In London, for instance, not a week went by without the German Embassy passing on such an inquiry to the Anglo-German Academic Bureau. This Bureau, originally run on similar lines to the *Institut Français*, was financed by the German Foreign Office and soon fell completely under the influence of the Nazi Director for Great Britain and Ireland, first Herr O. Bene (who left for Italy when he was not accepted as Consul-General here), and later Herr Karlowa (who was expelled all too late, in 1939). The Nazi Party, the Anglo-German "Academic" Bureau and the Embassy between them must have supplied an endless stream of private information about British men and women, their forefathers and their political affiliations.

Goebbels did not hesitate to act even after translations had been passed by his Censorship Bureau and had found their way into the hands of the German public. An interesting case was that of the Finnish writer, Miss Salminen, whose novel, *Katrina*,

MORE FOREIGN INTRUDERS

was given a rousing welcome by the German Press, especially the *Völkische Beobachter*. Here was a new "Nordic" writer, it was claimed, an author who expressed exactly what Germans felt. The book sold many editions, and Miss Salminen was delighted, as could be expected, and she went to Germany in 1938. She returned a convinced believer that "Nazism is one degree worse than Communism." She made an "Open Confession" in the newspaper *Aland* and said that her visit to Germany had opened her eyes to the bestiality of Nazism. Her publisher in Germany, Herr Kippenberg of the great Insel Verlag, was forced to break off relations with her. His letter to her was worthy of any publisher working under the Goebbels rule.

German publishers, he told her, had always translated books and had given world importance to the literature of smaller states. "No one in Germany demands (!) that the authors of translated books should declare themselves to be disciples of National Socialism. . . . But we cannot stand abuse." Miss Salminen's book would not be reprinted, she was informed, and none of her future works would find a translator in Germany.

Small wonder that there were foreign authors who consented to sign, just as German writers signed, declarations stating, on oath, that there were no Jews among their ancestors. Many foreign authors selling steadily in Germany thought it either right or useful, or both, to behave in a manner wholly favourable to Nazism. One outstanding exception is Sigrid Undset, the gifted Norwegian novelist; her resistance to Nazism remains an inspiration to all free men and women.

I know of only one instance when the Reichs Chamber of Literature, that is Goebbels, decided against a book and was forced, nevertheless, to allow it uncensored publication. I refer to the German edition of Lord Londonderry's *Ourselves and Germany*.¹ There were at least three German publishers who wanted to acquire the German rights. I was able to secure them for the firm which had published my Chamberlain and Haldane translations. It was not, as those were, a book which would make Germans shrink from Nazism and its inventors, but, as it was to be published in Germany anyway, it seemed well to secure it for the Essen firm.

Throughout the history of diplomacy there have always been

¹ Published by Robert Hale in March 1938.

two ways of preventing a quickly rearming Power from turning against oneself: either by building up an alliance against this Power or by making a firm alliance with it. This, of course, is the reasoning of pure power politics. Lord Londonderry urged its adoption at an early date and proposed that the idea of an Anglo-German understanding be given a chance. This, he argued, must lead to a restriction and canalizing of Hitler's ambitions. In his book he stated this case in urgent terms, aware that the time might come when the Germans would "be able to dispense with the hope of any understanding with us and to strike out along a course of *Weltpolitik* frankly antagonistic to Great Britain." Lord Londonderry, for five years Secretary of State for Air, saw the seriousness of this danger only too well. His sole aim was to avoid it. His critics, on the other hand, seemed to consider that his policy of "pinning Hitler down" implied, or outwardly necessitated, a certain indifference to some of the hateful features of Nazi home policy. To me this home policy was of prime importance—if, indeed, it could be separated from the ultimate aims of Nazi foreign aggrandizement—and I always adhered to the conviction expressed so clearly by Sir Austen Chamberlain in 1933: "*That*—i.e., Hitler's Third Reich—is not a Germany to which we can afford to make concessions. *That* is not a Germany to which Europe can afford to give equality."

Since, however, the book was to be published in Germany, I saw no reason why I should not translate it myself. The contracts were signed on April 7, 1938, and my translation, which this time did not involve any editorial work, was ready for the printers by the beginning of June. In the meantime, the publishers had applied to the Reichs Chamber for the necessary permit. They should have done so before concluding the negotiations, but they had felt convinced that there would be no difficulty and had not bothered. At the end of June, when they were still without official reply, they began to wonder; on July 1, they had to inform me of their failure. The Reichs Chamber had flatly refused to grant the necessary permit! In his book Lord Londonderry called Hitler's occupation of Austria a "dangerous action, which is hardly distinguishable from war itself." He stated that he felt "very apprehensive" about German intentions towards Czechoslovakia. He regretted

the lack of freedom in Germany and the attitude towards the Jews—"religious and racial persecution came to an end in the British Empire with the Catholic Emancipation Act in 1829 and the abolition of negro slavery in 1833." He singled out Julius Streicher and his "notorious" weekly. No, such a book could not safely be offered to the public in the Third Reich. Permission was refused.

The *bon mot* used by a member of the Royal Family—"I prefer Lord Londonderry's book to most others, it is so short"—had turned against it. Its brevity had enabled the German censor to read and condemn it. It seemed there was nothing more the publishers could do. They wrote to say that Lord Londonderry's book, though interesting, important and revealing, largely misunderstood the German attitude and would thus harm rather than further the cause of a better understanding between the two countries. However, when I wrote back to say that I would tell the author they were wired, asking me to withhold information. The publisher, meanwhile, went to Berlin to fight for a reversal of the ban. He failed and Lord Londonderry was finally told that publication was considered "inexpedient." To say that the author was shocked would be a mild description of his reaction.

He immediately addressed to Göring a strong and detailed protest, written in German and saying that this unfortunate refusal to allow the German people to read his book showed him quite conclusively that his efforts for a better understanding on realistic lines were doomed to failure.

For many weeks there was no answer to this, and the publishers made no further reference to the matter. It seemed that Goebbels had had the final word. The book was not fit for Nazi consumption.

On August 6, however, over a month after the original ban, I heard, confidentially, that there was still a chance. Obviously Göring had sent to his Essen friends for a report. On August 20 Herr Müller, the publisher, telephoned his printers from Berlin and ordered them to go ahead. At the same time he made a fresh formal application to the Censorship Department of Goebbels's Reichs Chamber of Literature for their permission to publish the translation. The men who were to grant the permit did not then know that the decision had already been

taken and that the matter was really out of their hands. Essen, in fact, received direct word from Göring not in the form of a private message but an open telegram which said plainly, for anyone to read: "Don't take any notice of any objections the Reichs Chamber raises. Publish the book." In vain did the censor try to have at least the "incriminating passages" obliterated. No change of the text was necessary. The book was to be printed in its original uncensored form. Göring had overruled Goebbels.

It might be argued that, in doing so, he acted more out of spite against Goebbels than out of any desire to improve Anglo-German relations, and that certainly his action was not due to a fit of reasonableness. He always hated Goebbels with the dislike of a fat, brainless man for another of poor physique but great intelligence. Goebbels, for his part, hated Göring as the first man after Hitler, and one to whom popularity seemed to come more easily than to the malicious Minister for Enlightenment. The clash over Lord Londonderry's book was but one small incident in a long series of differences but it exposed, in a flash, the existence of rival forces within the Nazi "leader ring" and the limitations of Goebbels's apparent omnipotence in his own sphere.

The book, uncensored and complete, appeared in October 1938. It was unique, not only in so far that it had been published in spite of an official ban, but also from a purely bibliographical point of view. It contained more pages than were indicated by the pagination: in between pages vi and vii there appeared a *Vorwort*, a Foreword, occupying two extra pages. This last-minute addition was in the nature of an apologia to the Goebbels department. In nebulous phrases the publishers declared that Politics and History formed the basis of their list. It was necessary, they humbly suggested, to understand other nations, and for that reason they had printed this "document," faithful to the original, in fairness to Lord Londonderry, "the prominent fighter for Anglo-German friendship." The public apparently did not notice that there were two additional pages, nor did it know of the struggle between Goebbels and Göring over the publication of the book.

It appeared just after the Munich settlement, and must have made ominous reading. If, it said, no international action

could be taken in respect of the *Anschluss* of Austria, "a totally different situation arises should the German policy of expansion extend to the incorporation or forcible acquisition of Czechoslovakia." It was typical of the German Press, always in fear of Goebbels, that this clear warning was nowhere quoted or referred to. Topical subjects were taboo. Instead, most papers limited themselves to introducing the author to their readers as one of the most influential English politicians outside the Government. The admiration always extended to a Peer (how often have continental writers referred to "Lord Eden"!) was everywhere apparent. Only two papers touched upon the political aspect of Lord Londonderry's plea: the Essen *National Zeitung* said that it was almost amusing to witness Lord Londonderry's pressing demand for a clarification of German aims—"he seemed almost to expect that he would be given the date of the next German action"; the *Rheinisch Westfälische* declared boldly that the book filled certain gaps long suffered by newspaper readers, by reason of political necessity. The Goebbels supervisory organs were naturally critical, the *Bücherei* recommending the book only for readers who were completely "trustworthy and able to judge for themselves," i.e., readers who could be counted upon to repeat the preconceived Nazi ideas irrespective of anything they might read. Almost everywhere Lord Londonderry's questioning of Nazi racial policy was repudiated. "It is somewhat strange," said the *Monthly for Foreign Affairs*, "that he should criticize our attitude to the Jewish question and demand repeatedly a clearer definition of Germany's aim." "He might be better informed on internal affairs in Germany," wrote the *Mitteldeutsche*.

Thus Goebbels had the satisfaction of seeing a general wave of criticism throughout the German Press. Although he had been unable to prevent publication, he saw, at least, that five years of Nazi teaching had borne fruit and that criticism after his own heart was now flowering unaided. It seems unlikely that he issued a special Order of the Day against the book. Most papers must have thought it wise to "answer back" on their own account. Thus, if the publication of this book had exposed the limit of the power wielded by Goebbels within the Nazi hierarchy, it also showed how great had been his success in "breeding" Nazi writers who used the pen "spon-

taneously" for the loyal execution of their master's innermost wishes.

Meanwhile, I was anxious to extend this series of books which could enlighten the German public as to the trend of contemporary thought outside the boundaries of their Nazi prison. After Austen Chamberlain and Haldane there were to come translations of the *Life of Lord Oxford and Asquith*, by Cyril Asquith and J. A. Spender; the *Life of Ramsay MacDonald*, by Lord Elton, and the two great volumes, *Before the War*, by Dr G. P. Gooch. The latter translation I actually finished the day war broke out—its German title, *Der Krieg kommt* (War Comes), having thus been sadly overtaken by events.

No purer mirror of British liberal thought could have been found than these books. The shadow cast by Goebbels over the German mind was so dark that one was indeed grateful for the opportunity of shedding some liberal light into his realm. The one concern of the German publishers was that in no circumstances should mention be made of the editor of the German Documents covering the outbreak of the Four Years' War—Herr Kautsky, a great Socialist. Thus far did Goebbels's tentacles reach.

In June 1938 Goebbels thought it necessary to issue a confidential order covering six points which publishers were expected to observe when applying for translation permits. It ran:

"You are asked to supply the following when applying for the permit:

1. One copy of the book in its original version.
2. A list of contents in German, with, if necessary, an exact reproduction of any questionable parts.
3. A separate short note on the foreign author, with special reference to the question of his Aryan descent and his literary importance.
4. Name of the translator.
5. Name of the firm which is to sign the contract.
6. A reasoned statement explaining the intentions of the publishers from a cultural point of view; whether the book constitutes an introduction into the way of living of another nation, whether it forms a basis for discussion, or whether it is intended for purposes of entertainment or education."

To this heavy-handed, very German order was added a special rider: "You are required to mark those paragraphs which need special attention in view of their political tendency. We would add that the entire matter must be treated with due tact and discretion." This was a well-nigh impossible admonition for Nazi Germany. Tact and discretion by their very nature were incompatible with the methods of Goebbels. However, even this strict order did not work well. After all, foreigners were not within easy reach of Himmler's police, nor were they under the immediate influence of Goebbels. They could not be ordered about. He could only improve his system by training his censors so that they would in future differentiate between, say, Austen Chamberlain and Houston Stewart Chamberlain. He could drive them so that they could not be caught napping again as they had been in the case of Haldane. He could continue building up his own power within the Nazi Leader Ring so that he could resist further interference from Göring. But perfection was still far from achievement when War brought its own problems.

It was Neville Chamberlain once more, who—this time without knowing it—provided Goebbels's Book Censorship Department with a big problem and the danger of renewed ridicule. The *Daily Telegraph* of June 1, 1939, was able to tell its readers the following inside story:

"NAZI DOCTOR'S DILEMMA"

"To-day's publication of the Prime Minister's book of speeches, *The Struggle for Peace*, places the German Minister for National Enlightenment and Propaganda in a quandary. The German rights were sold at the beginning of March before the Nazi annexation of Czechoslovakia, and I hear that the translation is now nearly ready. The book is being published by a firm the head of which is Professor Hoffmann, the Führer's official photographer. When he signed the contract for the German edition he had obtained the official permit of the Propaganda Ministry. The question now is whether Dr Goebbels will revoke his permission.

"Since March 15 Dr Goebbels has more or less continuously proclaimed that Mr Chamberlain's policy is a struggle not for peace but for encirclement. He will obviously not be helping to spread that belief if he allows the publication of a book which shows clearly how far Mr Chamberlain went to appease Germany. The danger

from the Propaganda Ministry's point of view is all the greater as the spell Mr Chamberlain cast over the German people by his visits to Herr Hitler is not forgotten. A best seller among picture postcards in Germany for months showed the heads of the Prime Minister and the Führer together. It was made after Godesberg. It cannot now be bought.

"The Chamberlain family's popularity in Germany began in fact with Sir Austen. His memoirs, to which Mr Neville Chamberlain contributed a foreword, were translated by Dr Pick. The volume first appeared in Germany eighteen months ago, and was a book of the year."

I have good reason for saying that this corresponds with facts, for, excepting the last paragraph, I had written this note myself. The Censor in the Propaganda Ministry had the unpleasant task of explaining to his Nazi colleague, Hoffmann, why the book could not be published and why the money invested in it was a total loss. Hoffmann who, as photographer, constantly accompanied Hitler, knew, of course, of the Führer's ravings against Chamberlain since the latter's protest against the annexation of Czechoslovakia. He therefore acquiesced in the Goebbels decision and dropped the book.

Foreign books read in German translations gradually became the nightmare of the Goebbels Ministry. "Official critics complain that the bookshops still 'overflow with foreign rubbish,'" wrote a contributor to the *Encyclopædia Year Book of 1939* in a note on German literature, "and *Gone with the Wind* and *The Citadel* have probably found as many readers in their German translations as all the 'orthodox' novels put together." In May 1939, after Germany's final break away from Western civilization, Goebbels issued new and very definite instructions to all German publishers. He sent the head of the Book Department—clumsily called "Trustee of German Literature in the Reichs Ministry for National Enlightenment and Propaganda"—to address them at their annual meeting, the *Kantate*, at Leipzig. His name, Schlecht, was eloquent, *schlecht* meaning "bad" in German. Oberregierungsrat Schlecht, then, to give him his title, offered the German publishers detailed "suggestions" for the future. He confessed he had not found it easy, in the past, to collaborate with some of them, but now he trusted he had won their "confidence and sympathy." Wilhelm Baur, one of

the oldest National Socialists, had become their leader, and under him they were now united for positive co-operation. Some publisher, in his innermost heart, might have accused the political propaganda of the Nazi party of being too primitive, but he, Schlecht, was certain that such doubts had now been silenced through the work of his department. "We guide and help literature," he said. "We do not dictate; we act with *Fingerspitzengefühl* (sensitivity and tact); we keep an open mind." There was no censorship of books before publication, he emphasized; most publishers asked for guidance beforehand. Thus the banning of books had been reduced to a minimum. "Even when a publisher has been found to have committed a *faux pas* we have been at pains to see he suffered no avoidable hardship. We have, where possible, required only certain alterations in the text, and have, on occasion, even permitted the sale of the remainder of an edition already printed."

Having thus glossed over the hard facts of the strict censorship of German books and authors, he passed on to the question of translations. Here, he said, centralized censorship was in force, and it was necessary to apply for a publishing permit before taking on any foreign work. "It is our duty to protect German literature from being swamped. . . . We have always been anxious to ensure a lively interchange of ideas with other countries, but there are far too many translations on the market in Germany. We wish, however, to encourage good translations of books published in countries which are friendly towards Germany." In other words, his advice was to buy as many foreign rights as possible from fascist countries, and thus to subsidize sympathetic authors abroad.

This was followed by a straight warning: "The utmost caution must be shown when drawing up contracts with foreign authors. Heavy losses are inevitable if the author suddenly reveals a malicious hatred for Germany, as has happened repeatedly in the case of Anglo-Saxon and Scandinavian translations." This proved to be Goebbels's last word on translations before the outbreak of the war. The cases of Mr Duff Cooper's *Talleyrand*, Miss Salminen's *Katrin* and Mr David Low's cartoons, which I had been instrumental in securing for a German edition of political cartoons entitled the *Fool's Mirror of History* and other similar slips through the Nazi net of censorship, gave

emphasis to this order. From May 1939 onwards no new contract with any English, Scandinavian or American author seems to have been signed by any German publisher except where the author's pro-Nazi attitude was proved and probed beyond all doubt.

Schlecht then turned once more to the home market. The nature of his instructions forms an authentic sketch of the true position after six years of Goebbels's guidance. "The programmes of our publishing houses," he said sadly, "show painful gaps as regards topical literature in the widest sense of the term. These gaps must be filled. For example, colonial literature is very poorly represented in fiction. Full attention must also be given to the artistic treatment of the great subject of the national socialist revolution. The large number of historical books must be reduced and their quality intelligently influenced. Too little space has been given to the racial idea in our novels while the Jewish question, a good basis for plots, has been almost completely ignored. Literature about the World War and books on peasant life must be protected from the prevailing mediocrity. Publishers are recommended to "nurse" novels about town-life and the German workman. There is also a distinct shortage of good society novels and much more attention should be devoted to present-day professional life."

This did not exhaust Schlecht's list of Books to Be or Not to Be. He went on to deal with detective stories and with children's books. He promised still better "guidance" for book reviewers in the daily Press. He hoped for more talks by state-subsidized authors all over the country, thus to secure still bigger profits for the books, the writers and the publishers, who blindly followed Goebbels's lead. All these "requests" were not just whims of the moment, points of an address to be listened to and immediately forgotten. Publishers had to take notice of these official instructions, and they were to be closely followed; he who proved the quickest and most slavish in their application would reap the biggest profits.

Even so, Herr Schlecht's criticism clearly showed that many, if not most of Goebbels's wishes, did not correspond with the natural desires of either author, publisher or public. For twenty years, Hitler and Goebbels had attempted to feed the nation,

or whoever listened to their outpourings, on anti-Jewish slogans. Yet, according to Herr Schlecht, no good *Juden-Roman*, novels about Jews, had so far been written anywhere inside the Goebbels realm of spiritual incest! Ever since Rosenberg had begun to instruct Germany, and German youth in particular, the race had been proclaimed as the basis of all historical progress. Yet, Herr Schlecht had to admit to an insufficient response. Darré never tired of praising Blood and Soil, Ley dilated endlessly on the blessings of the town and the worth of the German workman—yet, all this and all the Goebbelsian guidance had failed to create a literature glorifying these tendencies.

Had Ambassador Dodd been right, after all, when he wrote in his Diary as early as April 19, 1935: "Goebbels is utterly incompetent, except in his German propaganda, and success in this may not be real"? Was the success of all his cajoling and coercing, his banning, burning and censoring quite unreal? Did the German nation, as a whole, still resist his pet theories of race and expansion, of colonial ambition and his dictatorship over mind and body? The large number of historical and translated books, complained of by Herr Schlecht, evidenced a wholesale flight from the present into the past and into foreign realms untouched by Nazism. Had Goebbels failed, and did the German nation still resist his work after so many years of centralized censorship of thought?

The answer to this question is of more than academic interest since it will teach us what to expect of German resistance in this war. It will also teach us how to attack our enemy's morale. The war of 1939 was made possible by the work of Goebbels. But this work will prove a success only if the German nation keeps up its morale during this war. If his success was, as Professor Dodd suggests, unreal, the German home front will break sooner than many expect. Before elaborating this point, however, we must glance at the other five departments of Goebbels's Ministry which, like those for the Press and literature, try to mould public opinion to the minds of Hitler and Goebbels. There we shall see the final manifestations of Goebbels's attempt to "guide" the spiritual life of the nation.

Goebbels's assault on the Press and the world of books has been dealt with in some detail. But this covers only two of the seven sub-Chambers into which he divided the nation's field

of spiritual activity. There still remain the spheres of broadcasting, film, theatre, art and music to be considered. The disparity in the space devoted to the Press and literature on the one hand and the remaining five subjects on the other, may be thought to indicate a lack of proportion, but it is to be argued that the written word has an importance far more lasting than that of the passing strip of celluloid or the transient spoken word of the radio, while art and music lend themselves but reluctantly to political uses. The theatre, in Schiller's words, a moral institution, once had great political power, but that is no longer the case. It is no accident that the Press and literature have become Goebbels's main weapons for the forging of the German mind to the Nazi pattern.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

THE CIRCLE CLOSED

GERMAN art has suffered terribly under Nazism for the simple reason that Hitler considers himself an artist. When he was twelve, he, the little son of Customs Official Schickelgruber, dreamed the dream of his life: "I knew that I wanted to become a painter." More than forty years later, on August 25, 1939, the dream was to recur: "I am by nature an artist, not a politician," he told Sir Nevile Henderson; he wished to end his days as an artist, not as a warmonger. . . . Since his accession to power he "ruled" art as presumptuously as he had ordered the political life of the nation. Goebbels has faithfully interpreted his wishes, constantly praising him as "the first artist of the Reich."

Mein Kampf should have warned the nation what to expect. After the violent tirade there against syphilis—it seems reasonable to conclude that Hitler himself suffered from the disease in his early manhood, hence his sexual abnormality and impotence—the author states: "To fight prostitution one must first of all do away with its spiritual origin. The purification of our culture must be extended to every field of cultural activity. Theatre, Art, Literature, Film, Press, Commercial Posters and Window Displays must be cleansed of the taint of decadence and made to serve the State. Individual liberty must be subordinated to the duty of race preservation." This promising ideal was faithfully upheld under Goebbels. "It is the duty of the State," the Führer had said, "to prevent the nation from falling into the hands of idiots"—a reference not to Nazis but to modern artists. The true, the only art, then, was art prophetic as countenanced by Hitler. His taste inclined to the pre-naturalist painters of peasants, and the pseudo-classical nudes of the eighteen-eighties. Adolf Ziegler was proclaimed a great artist, his "Four Elements," picturing four commonplace German women, unclothed and precariously seated on cold marble,

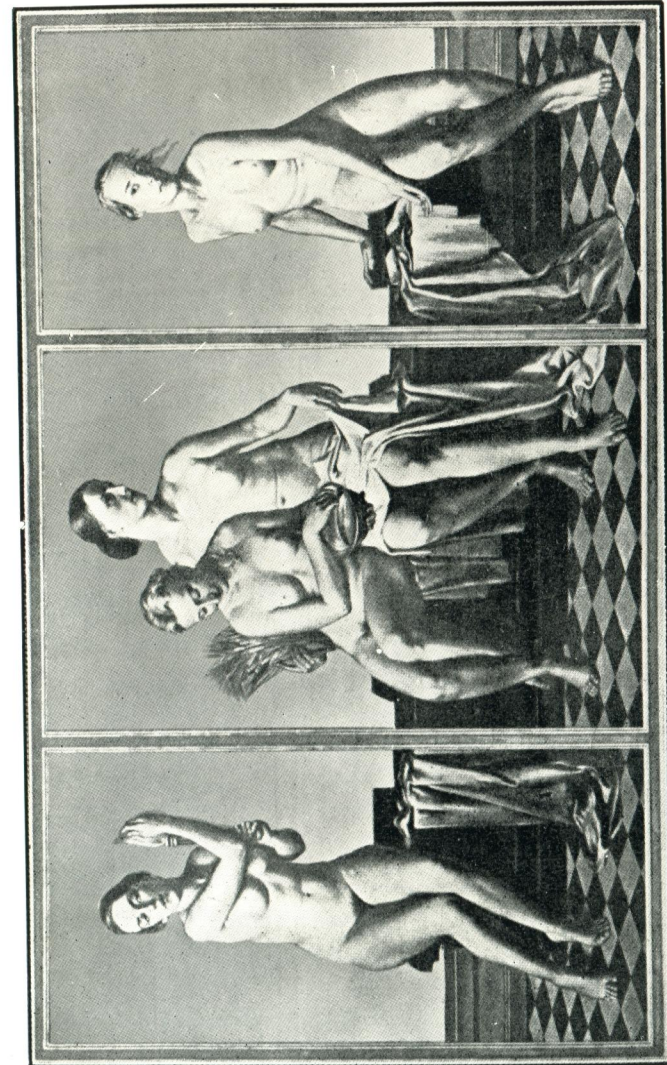
THE ART OF DR GOEBBELS

was triumphantly bought by the State for Hitler's "House of German Art" in Munich. (See illustration on opposite page) Adolf Wissel, who covers huge canvases with plump peasant women, was similarly promoted. (See illustration facing page 96.) One might be forgiven for wondering whether the artist's Christian name had anything to do with their Nazi-sponsored success. Paintings of peasants, or of German families, generally showed at least four children. Four, the statistics told race-conscious painters, being necessary to secure the future of the nation. Families with four or more offspring were eligible for membership of the Reichs Association of the Rich-in-Children. . . .

German galleries were robbed of almost all the acquisitions of the last generation. The works of Liebermann, Kokoschka, Barlach, Marc, to mention only a few, disappeared. Galleries were similarly robbed of old masters which found their way into the stately homes of Göring and Ribbentrop, Hitler and Goebbels. Even men like the Marquess of Londonderry could not but marvel at the number of art treasures crammed into the homes of the new Nazi masters. Other great paintings of the past were sold abroad to supply foreign currency for the purchase of armaments and to finance the Nazi spy ring which encircled the globe. And yet, every year, at Nuremberg, Hitler would make a long speech in praise of art and artists and promising the patronage of a sympathetic State.

This patronage was given, just as it was given to writers and party "poets," in the form of huge subsidies to those who joined the Nazi party and expressed the Hitler idea of art. Most of the "art" resulting was of the standard of Hitler's own watercolours, uninspired sketches made during the boredom of the Four Years' War. Goebbels picked his artists carefully, made them "Professors" of this or that, and thus bought their everlasting gratitude. He liked to have these men around him at his receptions for uncritical foreigners. They lent him the air of a Maecenas.

Hitler's great mania was architecture. He had once walked the streets of Vienna looking for work as an unskilled labourer in the building trade; he now indulged in building for the next millennium. As a lad of sixteen he had been convinced he would make his name as an architect. As master of Germany he began



NAZI "ART": THE FOUR ELEMENTS by Adolf Ziegler, specialist in Nazi nudes
Another example from Hitler's House of German Art in Munich

building on a vast scale. He ordered gigantic motor roads to cover the length and breadth of the Reich. They were part of his preparations for war, but he proclaimed them as "artistic" achievements. It is doubtful whether his "House of German Art" and his Führer House in Munich, or his new plan for Berlin can be classed as art. In Berlin trees were destroyed to make room for vast empty spaces, promenades and meeting-places for drilled brown masses. Germans remembered the angry voice of the old Bismarck when he saw the trees of the Reichs Chancellery pulled down by Caprivi, a sin he never forgave his successor. The new men of the Third Reich cared nothing for nature or tradition. The Zeppelin Field and the Luitpold Arena, built at Nuremberg to Hitler's orders, were equally gargantuan. Yet, do sheer dimensions make for greatness? "The bigger the better," seems at any rate to be Hitler's conception of art; "loud and fast" his idea of good music.

Goebbels naturally echoed his Führer, but he took no active part in this mad building campaign. Modern, independent architecture was stamped out. The *Bauhaus* had to disappear. This was Goebbels's only "contribution." He made Professor Eugen Hönig President of the Chamber of Art, and Adolf Ziegler, the painter of nudes, Vice-President. For the rest, he did not pretend to have any particular interest in this side of the nation's life. In his heart he probably liked some of the modernists he banned. He obviously thought he had done enough in clearing the way for men like Schultze-Naumburg, who taught the *Art of Blood and Soil*. He did not attempt more than the suppression of the modernists.

Schultze-Naumburg, who exchanged wives with Frick, the Nazi Home Secretary, represented the return to primitive Germanic peasant building, to the mystic belief in building for the centuries by following the voice of the blood and the tradition of the mother soil. Life in Naziland would have been incomplete without his teachings. They were a true reflection of what Rosenberg had demanded for years. Race must rule—in building and sculpture as in politics and religion. The "Day of German Art" in Munich in July 1937 gave complete expression to this Nazi control of art. The Bavarian Nazi district leader, Adolf Wagner, opened the proceedings by stating that the hour of "the rebirth of German Art" had struck; Hitler was more

than its patron: he was its greatest master. Goebbels, obviously ill at ease, contributed only such pearls of wisdom as: "Art is a natural gift. It springs from either talent or genius." "Genius comes of itself; it arrives when its hour has struck." It was Hitler who spoke of the true Nazi faith: "The House of German Art is the biggest and most beautiful building of its kind in the world. . . . Until the arrival of National Socialism there existed a so-called 'modern' art. . . . With the opening of this exhibition the foolery of art degeneration and the annihilation of culture has come to an end." This stream of verbiage flowed on; it was to form binding law for all German artists. Goebbels, who listened, was to interpret and enforce this law.

While playing second fiddle to Hitler and Rosenberg in the world of art, Goebbels also had to give way to others with regard to the theatre. Rosenberg's Militant Association for German Culture which had been transformed into the Reichs Bureau for the Promotion of Literature, also concerned itself with the theatre-going public, first by joining, and later merging into, the National Socialist Cultural Society. This *Kultur-gemeinde* was headed by Walter Stang and provided cheap tickets, and thus a regular attendance, for all theatres throughout the Reich. Its film, art and music departments were of comparatively small importance. It was in the theatre that interest was largely concentrated. Goebbels's influence here was relatively limited; further, to his embarrassment, he had been less successful than Göring in "acquiring" the different theatres of Berlin itself. Göring, as Prussian Premier, had taken over the Berlin State Theatre, the Kroll Opera House (used for the Reichstag's meetings after his firing of the original Reichstag building), the State Theatres in Cassel, Wiesbaden and Hanover. Goebbels, on the other hand, had been able to secure for himself only the Opera House of Charlottenburg, the Berlin suburb—he re-christened it German Opera House to console himself; the Great Play House, which he renamed Theatre of the People; the People's Stage and the German Theatre. The latter had seen Max Reinhardt's productions in the past. Under Goebbels all the great producers and players left the country. Reinhardt and Jessner went to Hollywood, the first to direct a dramatic school there, the latter to do film work. Bassermann left because his "non-Aryan" wife was forbidden to appear on the stage. Lucie

Mannheim, Elisabeth Bergner, Fritz Kortner, and many other great names suggest themselves. We became the richer for Goebbels's prosecutions.

Goebbels made Dr Rainer Schlösser the President of the Theatre Chamber and carried out an extensive "purification" on the lines of his Press persecutions. He banned the First Night Criticism from the Press, which meant that it became a punishable offence to review a play in the Press of the following morning because, according to Goebbels, such speed made ripe judgment impossible. It certainly made it impossible for him to issue directions as to how new plays were to be received. Goebbels did not, however, associate himself with the movement which clamoured for open-air plays of a pseudo-Germanic kind. These choral plays were to take place on a *Thing-Stätte*, supposedly of a type used by the old Germanic tribes for their meetings. This return to primitivity was all too simple for Goebbels the cynic. He left it to others, the simpletons, like Rosenberg, to foster such movements.

There was no doubt that the German Theatre had suffered heavily during the years of the Republic. Having lost a World War and faced, first with inflation, then with mounting debts, the country had but little to spend on the arts. But the Third Reich, with no budget and no constitution, could naturally spend as much as it liked on anything under the sun if its leaders were unscrupulous enough to ignore the future, and Hitler and his intimate circle could certainly be relied upon for unscrupulousness. Goebbels and Göring proceeded to lavish huge sums on their favourite theatres and pet actors—or actresses. Göring's State Theatres were luxuriously equipped—as was Emma Sonnemann, the actress who finally became his wife. Goebbels's interest, while focused on film stars rather than on theatrical leading ladies, was instrumental in overcoming theatrical unemployment to a considerable degree, but the repercussions of this "interest" were far more serious for the theatre than its worst financial plight could ever have been. Subsidized plays, such as the anti-Jewish farce about the Rothschilds, disgraced the stage from which Schiller's Marquis of Posa had once demanded: "Give us freedom of thought!" All freedom was now lost; and while certain financial problems were temporarily solved, the theatre itself

had become an immoral institution—a distillery of the Nazi spirit.

The absence of any real dramatists in modern Germany is even more striking than the lack of great novelists. "Nazism is like a beech-tree; nothing can grow beneath it. . . . I found it impossible to sit through anything, though I believe there has been one masterpiece with a pig as the leading character," said Lord Vansittart. This pig in August Hinrich's *Jolanthe*, attracted huge audiences, especially from the National Socialist Cultural Society. It may not have been art, but at least it provided Germans with some harmless amusement. There is not much cause for laughter in the Goebbels Reich. "The public still insists on being amused," was the finding of Professor L. A. Willoughby.

Nazi influence was less pronounced in the realm of music, although musicians were also thoroughly organized by Goebbels in his Chamber for Music. Again, there is the drab spectacle of "non-Aryan" composers, conductors, musicians of all kinds, leaving the Third Reich or going into enforced retirement. Bruno Walter, Klemperer, Leo Blech, and many others of international fame left. They were joined by other independent spirits who, like Fritz Busch (and Carl Ebert), eventually came to enrich the musical life of this country. Glyndebourne, for instance, was a direct outcome of Goebbels's repressions. As in art, every modern tendency in music was ruthlessly condemned. As Schultze-Naumburg had attacked the "negro style" in building, the new masters of the Reichs Chamber of Music proceeded to ban "negro music." As early as April 1933, Hindemith, Berg and all the modernists disappeared from German programmes. It took some time before "melodious jazz" was again permitted. Goebbels, with his ear to the ground, was well aware of the widespread resentment caused by the banning of all modern dance music. It is doubtful whether he himself relished the prospect of interminable German waltzes and marches, and it must have been with a satisfied grin that he reintroduced jazz under the flag of "melodious" dance music.

He was singularly successful in his efforts to win the support of German musicians for his organizing mania. First, that happy-go-lucky musician, Richard Strauss, Germany's greatest living composer, allowed himself to be nominated President of the Music Chamber. Most probably he took it, as he had taken

so many honours, as just another official recognition of his work. He seems never to have understood what great service he rendered to the Nazis by allowing his name to be used for their Chamber of Culture. When he found the office irksome—he was forced to fight for the continued production of his operas, "endangered" by the part-Jewish descent of his librettist, Hofmannsthal—he faded out of the picture. True, he proclaimed himself an adherent to Nazi racial ideas by choosing another writer of strictly "Aryan" descent for his librettos, but on the other hand, he appeared publicly in London with his refugee publisher and seemed quite delighted at the intended slight of the German Embassy, in not inviting him to attend any reception there. He had walked into the Goebbels Chamber carelessly, and he walked out again the same way.

It was Peter Raabe, a sound musician and conductor of the Aachen municipal orchestra who then took over. He regarded the influence of the cinema with a good deal of suspicion and feared that Germany might wake up one day to find herself no longer a country of great musicians, in the Bach, Beethoven and Mozart tradition. He advocated State intervention—intervention on behalf of a better musical education for the youth of the country, for the banning of harmful criticism and for the realization of many another musician's dream. He did not see that this appeal for State aid was the surest way to complete ruin. "Music is an art," he said, "accessible only to those who know the blessings of solitude." "The real spirit of art cannot be influenced by official action." Never "has the art of an age been the mirror of that age." "The basis of all spiritual creation is freedom." All these convictions were contrary to Nazi ideals. Nevertheless, he worked for Goebbels's Chamber of Music, part of a machine which was to rob men of the private life, which never left them alone, which was the very antithesis of creative solitude. He set out to influence the musical life of the nation by means of official orders. He helped to rob his fellow-musicians of just that freedom of which he had spoken, the freedom necessary for all creative work. He was a sound musician, but a poor politician.

Goebbels also secured the support of Furtwängler who, after some signs of independence, finally made his peace with the Nazis and slipped into the role of the First Conductor of the

Third Reich. He concentrated on German classical music and willingly renounced freedom in agreeing never to play any modern music. Forbidden to play Hindemith, he played Pfitzner the more, or Mozart, Bruckner and Beethoven. Germany retired like a snail into its own shell. Self-satisfied German musicians looked back upon the glory of the past. The paths leading into the future did not concern them. Their attitude, surely, was Goebbels's dream; they were easy to supervise and direct; no surprises or new developments need be feared from them.

It has often been asked why Richard Wagner's music became the stock-in-trade of all musical effort in Naziland. Profound explanations in vague philosophical terms have repeatedly been attempted. But the answer is simply Hitler. Hitler's apparent love of Wagner's music can be accounted for with equal ease. First of all, he does not really care for the music as such—more than once he shocked Mrs Winifred Wagner, the present Lady of Bayreuth and widow of Richard Wagner's son, Siegfried, by asking her some totally irrelevant question in the middle of one of the Festival productions of the master's music. To her disgust he often chose to occupy the intervals between the acts with signing papers or having a discussion with an architect or foreign visitor. His sleepiness during the performances and his keen interest in other matters in between and afterwards, show that he does not care for music, not even Wagner's music. His masquerade is partly the outcome of his wish to pass for a man of culture, an artist, a painter, an architect and music-lover turned statesman; partly attributable to Richard Wagner's hatred of the Jews, so eloquently expressed in his two Nazi-treasured outpourings against inimical Jewish criticism.

Even this, however, taken in conjunction with the German saga text of most of his operas, would hardly have made of Richard Wagner the Nazi State Composer *par excellence* if it had not been for the early assistance Hitler received from Bayreuth. Mrs Winifred Wagner became a sort of good fairy in the dark days when nobody of any standing took the slightest notice of the young fanatic. While Hitler was in prison at Landsberg not a week passed without a food parcel arriving from Haus Wahnfried, neatly packed by Mrs Winifred Wagner herself. During the following years, while Hitler, a haunted man, dared

not stop at big towns without a bodyguard, his black Daimler was often in the neighbourhood of Bayreuth. He would suddenly appear at Haus Wahnfried, clad in his familiar mackintosh and brandishing the dog whip he used to carry in those days. He was always welcome, and Mrs Winifred's children came to know him as "Uncle Adolf," who often came to sit with them at bedtime.¹

Hitler's friendship with Mrs Winifred Wagner, then, was the real reason for the ascendancy of Richard Wagner in the Third Reich. It is true, of course, that his anti-Jewish and pro-Germanic attitude helped considerably, especially in popularizing him in wider circles, but Goebbels was only following his master's lead when he arranged for Wagner's music to be played at all official functions. The Bayreuth Festivals provided an easy means of furthering Nazi propaganda abroad. There were always crowds of foreigners present who could be treated to some inconspicuous propaganda on the subject of Germany reborn.

Before the Reichs Chamber of Culture, with its seven sub-Chambers, had been set up, Goebbels had already organized the spheres of the film and the wireless—both means of immediate mass influence. The Film Chamber was set up on July 22, 1933, and it worked speedily to nazify the German film industry. Since Jewish influence was stronger in this young industry than in any other of the seven cultural sub-divisions, the change was all the more brutal. From producers like Lubitsch to stars like Marlene Dietrich the great exodus of gift and talent began. Only the second- and third-rate were left behind, and they hoped to make good their deficiencies in talent by a strong expression of Nazi ideas. A Film Examination Board was installed to which every scrap of celluloid had to be submitted before release. "Examination" was, of course, the Goebbels euphemism for Censorship. Like the literary censor, this *Prüfstelle* banned whatever displeased it. Before coming into power Goebbels had won big successes in the "battle" against such films as

¹ Miss Friedlinde Wagner, Richard's granddaughter, arrived in this country after the outbreak of war, in order to publish here a book on this strange friendship between Hitler and the Wagners. Her book, a revealing document of the corruption of the Nazi inner circle, could not appear because Miss Wagner became a victim of the internment policy of Sir John Anderson in July 1940 in spite of the fact that the authorities knew that she had come solely to write an anti-Hitler book.

Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front*. The white mice which had then been used to boycott an anti-war film were now replaced by the censor's scissors. All peace propaganda was naturally axed.

More important still was the "positive" work done by the Film Credit Bank which was attached to the Film Chamber in order openly to subsidize Nazi producers, actors (and actresses) and script writers. The *Dramaturgische Büro* (the Bureau for Film Scripts) proved its worth in supplying the military and super-nationalist subjects which Goebbels wished to impress upon his public. Films entitled *The Patriot*, *Comrades*, *U-Boat Heroes* became a commonplace in a world ringing with Hitler's promises of peace to all and sundry. It was not for nothing that Goebbels, with a satisfied smile, declared in February 1934: "The film is one of the most modern and effective means of influencing the masses." He used it to the full.

Special stress was now laid on the so-called cultural films, short topical and ostensibly unpolitical films dealing with some aspect of science and industry; for such educational films a special *Kulturfilmstelle* was created by the Reichs Chamber of Films. These films were saturated with the true Nazi spirit. Military matters were popularized, and the Nazi leaders themselves were elevated to film-stars. Rudolf Hess and Joseph Goebbels together were responsible for a sort of Nazi March of Time film, which did valuable campaigning work for Hitler's "elections" of March 29, 1936. It showed street fights of the—thank God—very past past. Goebbels and Hess were not disturbed by the fact that many of the scenes, ostensibly depicting street brawls during the Weimar Republic, had actually been taken in France, many in the studio. The new Nazi code of truth and honour had arrived, together with the new Nazi film.

Foreign films, which had always formed a substantial part of German cinema programmes, almost disappeared. International arrangements of the kind existing between Gaumont British and the German Ufa for the production of different versions in English, German and French of the same film were brought to an abrupt end. It was Goebbels's decree that Germans should see nothing but Nazi-produced films. To make up for the lack of big films, he made it a punishable offence for any cinema to show two full-length films in one programme, but

they were obliged to include at least one of his Kultur films. Small countries were induced to come to terms with Germany, and Goebbels was particularly proud when he succeeded in getting Hungary to sign up with him. Under this arrangement, Hungary allowed German films to be shown without the special film tax generally in force, and in "exchange" for this, Germany helped in the production of Hungarian films. Thus Nazi propaganda was doubly secured, in both Hungarian and German films, shown throughout that country.

In the spring of 1937 Goebbels forced Hugenberg to give up Ufa, Germany's biggest film-producing company. Hugenberg, the nationalist leader, who had already been deprived of his Cabinet seat, and had seen his party dissolved in spite of the fact that it was due to him and his party that Hitler was able to form his Government in 1933, was now robbed of his property. The new Ufa Company was headed by the Staatsrat, Dr Emil Georg von Stauss of the Deutsche Bank. Stauss belonged to that all too numerous group of self-styled patriots, who had proved completely devoid of any sense of honour, patriotism or even commonsense, by joining the Nazis. As long as he was given titles (Staatsrat being one of them), he served any master, even Goebbels. The Ufa Board was also joined by Carl Fröhlich, the popular film producer, now made a Herr Professor. He had as a sister-in-law Miss Erika Schmidt, for a long time Goebbels's favourite secretary.

The film industry thus came very directly and very personally under Goebbels's control. The same may be said of those film actresses who, angling for leading parts, were ready to acquiesce in anything Goebbels might devise. Without these activities on the part of the Herr Minister for National Enlightenment, who kept his favourites well in the limelight, the perverse atmosphere of the Third Reich would be incomplete. If this record smacks of fiction, it only reflects the true state of affairs within the Hitler realm.

A special feature of Nazi film production was the annual film of the Party Congress at Nuremberg, usually made by Leni Riefenstahl. Her greatest effort was the filming of the Olympic games in Berlin in the summer of 1936. She worked one and a half years to bring the film to Hitler's ideal of really gigantic proportions. Beauty, to him, was always the Loudest and the

Largest; Leni Riefenstahl obliged him with "a timeless document of a great idea—a hymn to beauty and human striving," to use her own words.

No useful purpose can be served by cataloguing the various products of the Nazified film industry in Germany. Export figures fell rapidly, and the standard of production followed this tendency. Everywhere the same drab ideals of ardent nationalism and so-called racial idealism were in evidence. The pure entertainment film was typified by sentimental stories of sweet German maidens and fair gallant young men. There is only one film that must be mentioned and that because Goebbels himself probably wishes to forget it: *Papis Geburtstag*. "Daddy's Birthday" was the homely tribute of an over-ardent place-seeker, who set out to popularize the Propaganda Minister's personal charms. He filmed the Berlin home of the poor boy from Rheydt who had made good—with the help of Government money. The film showed the lavishly furnished residence of the Goebbels family, depicted Magda his wife, and her many children. There they were, all of them, the son of her first marriage and the boys and girls born since she married Joseph Goebbels. (By 1941 there were six of the latter.) It was a touching scene to see them all smiling happily on the occasion of their daddy's birthday. But the public reaction was unexpectedly rude. Laughter at the artificial home-sweet-home atmosphere quickly changed to disgust at the luxury displayed. Goebbels had the film withdrawn overnight.

The seventh of the cultural sub-Chambers, the Reich Chamber for Broadcasting, was the first to be founded by Goebbels, and it is the microphone which has made him best known to millions inside and outside Germany. To become undisputed master of the air was the most urgent task of the new regime, and a complete broadcasting system was, in fact, in operation by July 7, 1933. Since then, all radio news, as Press news, has been centrally controlled. All the programmes of all the German wireless stations were also directed by Goebbels. These stations themselves were vastly expanded and strengthened to make reception possible in the loneliest valley in the Alps and to the greatest possible number of listeners abroad. Horst Dressler-Andress was the first President of the Chamber

for Broadcasting, but he was soon superseded by Eugen Hadamowsky, who advertised himself in a short booklet entitled *Hitler Fights for the Peace of Europe*. That was in 1936, and was as untrue then as it is now.

As logical counterpart to the increased effectiveness of the broadcasting stations, improved conditions of reception were introduced by supplying the population with a cheap receiving-set, the *Volks-Empfänger 301*. It could be bought by eighteen monthly instalments of a mere 4.40 marks. Contrary to the prevailing impression in this country, it enables most Germans to listen-in to the more powerful long-wave foreign stations, not to any short-wave programmes, though. There can be no doubt that radio acquired a steadily increasing public in Germany, even if this could not be compared with the great masses affected in this country or in the United States. The Nazi leaders, however, were the first to make broadcasting a regular means of a nation-wide publicity for their own ends.

Personally, I confess to an ever-renewed feeling of revulsion when the voice of Goebbels comes from the loudspeaker. His radio technique is the technique of the physical misfit who can enjoy the feeling of being top-dog, while sitting alone in front of the microphone in a well-guarded studio. Never does he speak with more overbearing cocksureness than when he addresses himself to the nation over the radio. His cold, haughty, sneering voice is precise and inhuman in its mechanical exactitude. His every word carries clearly to his listeners; by a steady stream of insinuations, he attempts a sort of hypnotism. As a broadcaster he is more effective than Hitler, who, in his hysterical outbursts, becomes quite unintelligible. He also easily overshadows Ribbentrop, a singularly dull broadcaster, and Rosenberg, whose intonation makes him sound ridiculous the moment he begins speaking.

Goebbels is the foremost Nazi broadcaster, and all his understudies, such as Fritsche, the war-time pep-talker, try in vain to ape him. In vain, because Goebbels's vanity and haughtiness are quite inimitable. Without these unique qualities, he could never have attempted to direct the spiritual life of a whole nation and shape it after his own distorted mind. The decision as to what was to be broadcast, filmed, played, acted, sung, printed and published in Germany rested with Goebbels. All he had to do to keep his

position was to continue flattering his master and try his hand at shaping Hitler's own mind. He had set himself a superhuman task. ". . . and yet success might not be real." It is doubtful whether he ever stops to consider the results of his work. So self-sure is he, that disaster, when it comes, will overtake him suddenly, unprepared. A crack somewhere in the fabric of his system will send the whole structure crashing to the ground.

Like some grotesque spider, he sits in the middle of his vast web. He is Minister for National Enlightenment and Propaganda. He is Nazi Party Propaganda Chief. He is President of the Reichs Chamber of Culture with its seven sub-Chambers of Press, Books, Art, Theatre, Music, Films and Wireless. Thus the circle closes and walls in every expression of the human spirit within the Third Reich. More, the German is not only forbidden free expression in press, books, art, theatre, music, film or wireless, he is robbed, too, of the very fundamentals of such free action. He is, in Lord Halifax's words, "deliberately deprived of the elements of true judgment." The very prerequisites of true judgment have been manipulated and manufactured by Goebbels before the German is aware of them. Goebbels supplies all the answers before any questions can be asked. They consistently reflect the wishes of Dr Goebbels, but they have no relation to the truth. The news as given on the wireless, in film, book or paper; the ideas expressed in the theatre, in painting or in sculpture, all coincide perfectly. But let it be repeated, they have no relation to the truth. The idea of, say, German racial superiority is artificially and uniformly imposed upon all the facts, before such "facts" reach the German public. Thus Goebbels breeds the new man to be a tool in his hands.

"This King," wrote Montesquieu in his Persian Letters, "is a great magician: he applies his power to the very spirit of his subjects. He makes them think as he wants them to. . . . They and we live on the same earth, but the people of his country and the people of my country have nothing in common." The Nazi world does not belong to any community of nations. It is an awful, malignant tumour artificially created by Goebbels and his master.

THE GUILT OF GOEBBELS—UP TO DATE

JUST as body and spirit are perceived as fundamentally a single, inseparable unity, the style of a writer cannot be considered entirely apart from the content of his writings or the machinery and technique of propaganda from the content of that propaganda. Having studied the machinery evolved by Goebbels and explained implicitly, perhaps, the aims of his exertions, it might be useful to consider shortly what it is that he offers his victims by way of meat and daily bread. Are there, then, recurring principles in his propaganda?

Goebbels has only one aim—the glorification of Goebbels; this naturally includes the glory of his master as he is dependent upon him; his power must be perpetuated. Every principle he has ever adopted has been for the achievement of his own ends. Liberalism was thus attacked because it was opposed to the shaping of the human mind through the agency of a censorship system. Instead, the greatness of the German nation, the Nordic race and the German State was preached. Hitler is that State, that Nation, and Goebbels is their prophet. Race became a weapon with which to batter any intelligence likely to resist his system. It is a testimony to the thoroughness of his organization and the irrelevance of the principle he preached that the great majority of Germans never looked at Hitler, Göring or Goebbels with the searching eye of the racialist; they never seemed to be critical of the clubfoot of their Minister of Enlightenment, the dark hair of their Führer, and the obesity of the Prussian Premier from the "racial" point of view.

Goebbels was right in making a second scapegoat of "Intellect," if he wanted to make his edifice secure. To be a member of the intelligentsia was almost as bad as being a Liberal or a member of an inferior race. The existence of intelligent people, after all, constituted a threat to the inviolability of the Reichs Chamber of Culture. To confound intelligence, therefore,

mysterious quantities such as Blood and Soil were introduced; no one but the appropriate Third Reich official was in a position to say which man or what machine reflected the true quality of Blood and Soil, for the standard of judgment was fixed at will by Joseph Goebbels, or Alfred Rosenberg, or Walter Darré. The latter had the slogan appropriately printed on his letter heading. (One recalls the German typist who faithfully copied it and addressed a letter to "The Reichs Agricultural Association, Blood and Soil. . .").

Goebbels did well to attack the past Republic as immoral and lewd; this successfully forestalled those who might cry out against the obscenity of the Third Reich. "Chastity was the butt of a literature and a stage that, in the land of Goethe and the Meistersingers, had come predominantly under the influence of alien cheapjacks and exploiters. . . . Girls and lads in their early teens were openly bought and sold in the temples of sexual perversion." This is how Douglas Reed echoes the true-blue Nazi teaching. Needless to say, such pictures painted by Goebbels of pre-Nazi days are as untrue as the enlightened Minister's portrayal of the Third Reich, but they gave good cover for the perversion practised in both the Brown Army and the Hitler Youth. Röhm's sexual perversion had been exposed long since by a Social-democratic Parliamentarian, and yet he remained in charge of the Brown Army, where he found ample scope for his homosexual activities, until Hitler had him shot in 1934. At that time, a Government appeal was posted on every hoarding throughout Germany to the effect that never again must it be possible for any one to practise the vices "punishable under paragraph 175 of the Penal Code." Germans, old and young, lads and children, gathered round these official notices to discuss, perhaps in whispers, what sexual aberration it was that was forbidden under that heading. Has there ever been a more depraved Government appeal in any civilized nation? Could there be a better illustration of the "purification" of German life, as promised in *Mein Kampf*?

It is well known that the perversions practised at the Röhm Headquarters spread throughout the country and flourished in the Brown Army, whose leaders were chosen for their willingness to indulge in the same practices. Thence it spread to the Labour camps and to the Hitler Youth. The moral morass of the Nazi

movement was thus a well-known fact. That is why Goebbels attacked the Republic for its supposed immorality, in language quite unsurpassed. When the Third Reich was firmly established, he switched over to a campaign of organized slander against the Catholic Church. For months on end all German papers were forced to print long and detailed reports of sexual aberrations which were, Goebbels made them say, a commonplace in monasteries and nunneries. He produced the vilest accusations against monks who looked after the inmates of mental homes (the inmates being quoted as witnesses), and against nuns who ran schools. When Dr Mundelein, the upright Archbishop of Chicago, refuted such slander, Goebbels convened a mass meeting of some twenty thousand Nazis at the *Deutschlandhalle* in Berlin to answer back. "Dr Goebbels," reported the *Daily Telegraph*, "made wholesale accusations about sexual depravity in the Catholic Church. Much of what he said would be unprintable in an English newspaper." The men around Hitler, whose profession is murder, obviously must stir up the most primitive feelings of hatred and must call in the help of mud-slinging sex-slander.

Goebbels was right in attacking artists who care for nothing but their art. He thus obviated the otherwise inevitable discovery that the Minister for National Enlightenment was propagating nothing but rubbish. Artists must be forced to serve the ends of Joseph Goebbels. Words to him became weapons, easily exchangeable. To use the enemy's words and give them a new meaning to serve his own purpose, that became his favourite trick. "The modern organization of the State of Germany is an ennobled form of democracy," he told the World Press in Geneva in September 1933. About 75 per cent to 85 per cent of the German nation, he then claimed, would endorse Hitler's Government. "You are free," he said, "to visit our concentration camps which prove most beneficial, *segensreich*." He failed to add whether he considered them beneficial for his Government or for his maimed victims. "We oppose the war of pacifism by a peace which holds the sword," he had stated on October 5, 1927. What value have words in the mouth of a nihilist, a prestidigitator who thus makes nonsense of human thought?

It seems superfluous, and it is most certainly futile, to look for

any principle in Goebbels's attack on Communism, on Czechs, or Poles, Jews or Negroes, on plutocrats, on Roosevelt, Chamberlain or Churchill. He knows but one principle—personal power. He knows no absolute values. He is incapable of conceiving such Christian values as Truth, Love or Beauty. He is out to gain power, to win influence, to rule over the minds of men for his own ends. We, therefore, find him always advancing those principles which might, at any given moment, improve his chances. He is always on the side of radicalism and extreme measures. Everything that is vilest in the Third Reich and in the actions of the Hitler gang has his unflinching support—if indeed he is not himself the instigator. His Campaign against Critics and Carpers, so suddenly launched in May 1934, was a fitting prelude to the mass murder of June of that year; it was he who accompanied Hitler throughout the decisive hours prior to, and during, the massacre of scores of his fellow-countrymen.

His visit to Warsaw earlier in the same June saw the spreading of his net throughout the Polish State which his master intended to destroy when the right moment came. His radio announcement, on July 11, 1936, that Hitler had recognized Austria's independence and sovereignty, gave ominous warning of certain destruction. The list of his interventions is endless. Each of them is full of sinister implications. Where his clubfoot leaves its mark; where the sickening Nazi technique, so essentially his own, has been applied, there force has followed and final disintegration come with the marching feet of the German armies.

With Hitler and Göring he shares the main guilt for the present war. Throughout the staged German-Polish crisis of 1939, he manufactured news designed to whip up hatred to a pitch never before known. He went to Danzig in June 1939 to arouse new passions and to fight, he said, the mistaken Polish idea that towns at the mouth of a river must belong to the State through which that river passes. "If that were so, we Germans could claim the mouth of the Rhine, namely Rotterdam." This makes sinister reading—Rotterdam has since become the symbol of Nazi crime in the West. It is just another illustration of the fact that every principle, whether used or attacked by Goebbels, is quite irrelevant to the real issue which is Nazi Might and Power.

The Foreign Secretary of Poland, Col. Beck, made his last

appeal for frank Polish-German negotiations on May 6, 1939, in a speech which explained the Polish attitude more fully than any other statement in those fateful months. It seems well, therefore, to single out the treatment Goebbels reserved for this speech; his criminal record will be all the clearer. Beck spoke on a Friday, but no German paper was allowed to print a single word of the speech until another twenty-four hours had passed. The Goebbels-supervised wireless stations told Germans the same night merely that Colonel Beck had made his speech as previously announced. Nothing about its contents was said. The German listener was treated, instead, to another list of Goebbels-invented "anti-German demonstrations" and "outbursts of hatred" against Germany in Polish towns. He was told that an effigy of the Führer had been carried about on gallows by "the Polish mob" who had also destroyed "German property" in Poland. This was the news for the Germans, as given out and invented by Joseph Goebbels, their Minister for National Enlightenment. It was only in the English news service from the very same German stations that the speech by Beck was summarized. Thus the listener abroad was fooled, and the listener at home was pushed further along the road towards the Nazi-willed war with Poland.

Saturday found Goebbels still busy "cooking" Colonel Beck's speech, and it was not until Sunday that German papers printed what they called the Polish Minister's statement. It had been shortened by two-thirds. The two-thirds cut out contained the gist of Beck's declaration. Not a word about the Anglo-Polish agreement, so fully explained by Beck, was left in the German version. "Neither Great Britain nor Poland has any aggressive intentions whatever, but they are determined to defend certain principles of conduct in international life." Germans were not allowed to know this. "I expressed myself, immediately on my return from London, as ready to receive the Ambassador of the Reich, who did not, however, avail himself of the opportunity until to-day." Goebbels was careful to suppress this statement which showed all too clearly that the Third Reich did not want any discussions, in any circumstances. Goebbels replaced it by a "summary" for the "benefit" of German readers: "Minister Beck made declarations which do not speak well for his historical knowledge."

Beck had said: "I hear of a demand for the annexation of Danzig to the Reich. When I get no reply to our proposals of March 26, for a common guarantee of the existence and the rights of the Free City . . . I have to ask myself what is the real aim of it all? Is it a question of barring Poland from the Baltic, from which Poland will not let herself be barred?" Germans heard nothing of this. They heard nothing of the real intentions of Poland and the real content of Beck's speech. Yet, they were all convinced that they had read the speech fully and fairly. They remained totally unaware of the fact that they had, in truth, been treated to a Goebbels tune set to Goebbels music. "Poland played the innocent . . . Beck turned pathetic." This was what Goebbels made the German News Agency tell the German public. The falsification of the speech, together with the wave of atrocity tales put out by the Minister for National Enlightenment, showed clearly to the world, not to the blindfolded Germans, that the decision had been taken. Hitler had decided to wage war upon Poland. Goebbels was preparing the ground for it.

No one would be more surprised than Goebbels himself to see his treatment of Beck's speech singled out for consideration. To him this was all in the day's work; it was a normal procedure which he had followed for six long years. A reminder of his atrocity stories about Poland would induce in him nothing but a yawn. His helpers had been cataloguing every street brawl and every broken window-pane for years. He had only to open the archives, re-heat and re-hash, exaggerate and colour according to the needs of the moment. Even so, there were not enough for his purpose and accounts of atrocities had to be repeated, several times over, with slight variations. Many of the blood-curdling incidents attributed to the activities of the Czechs in 1938 were suitably transformed into Polish incidents in 1939. Principles, like incidents, were interchangeable. A change of name was all that was required. Goebbels must have enjoyed himself as never before. Success, to him, was the arbiter, telling him whether his propaganda was good or bad. Success was at hand. War was loosed upon the world, this time without a hitch.

It might be added that some of the journalists in the provincial propaganda offices, at least, who had to do this sort of manipulating, were sickened by the work. I think I should be

right in saying that some of them would have liked to resign their office. This feeling does credit to their hearts, but not their heads. What they did then was merely a logical extension of their usual work. It was on a larger scale, but it was fundamentally the same as ever.

The last note the Nazi Foreign Office sent to this country after the German armies had penetrated deeply into Polish territory ended with these words: "We take note of the British intention to destroy the German nation . . . of which intention Commander King-Hall has informed us by order of the British Government." This lying statement was purely and typically Nazi. Commander King-Hall had never written a word which could be interpreted in this way; neither had he written by order of anyone or anything but his conscience. The explanation of his being "quoted" in the final German memorandum was that he had written to a great many Germans in an attempt to break through the wall of the Goebbels Censorship. This particular distortion of the truth was inserted in the note purely for home consumption, to erase from German minds the memory of this British effort.

Haunted by the fear that war was inevitable unless someone saved the German people from the Goebbels system and told them the truth, King-Hall had addressed a News-Letter in German to thousands inside the Third Reich. He had told them simple truths about the warlike intentions of their Government. Goebbels, infuriated by the fact that another breach was revealed in his strict supervisory system, wrote an *Antwort an England* (an answer to England) in his weekly article for the *Völkische Beobachter*, of Friday, July 14, 1939. He called King-Hall's letters a "childish absurdity," written by order of the Foreign Office and with the help of Lord Halifax. He was, of course, incapable of imagining a world of free journalists and free writers, but there was probably another reason for his thinking that the news-letters were officially inspired (if he really did believe it). As I informed Commander King-Hall at the time, the Nazis took the printer's sign at the end of the News-Letter to be the number of the corresponding Foreign Office file. His German News-Letter, No. IV, for instance, was marked L.C.P. -5613. To the bright young men of the Goebbels Ministry this probably seemed sufficient proof of the "fact" that

it had been "written, printed and dispatched" by the Foreign Office itself.

The truth, of course, was that King-Hall had acted on his own initiative. "Dear German reader," he had said in his last letter, "I cannot understand why Dr Goebbels is thought to be so clever. Is the poor man unable to see that all the excitement about my letters must cause you to put but one question, namely: Why are the Nazis so afraid of my reading the letter . . . ?" Goebbels never forgave this insult. But the News-Letters could not, as no individual effort could, prevent the outbreak of Hitler's war. With a superior sneer, Goebbels had King-Hall's attempt besmirched in that last memorandum when war, loosed by his master, was already claiming its victims by the thousand.

It was only fitting that it should fall to Goebbels, again and again, to inform the German people of yet another aggression against an innocent nation, Poland, Denmark, Norway, Belgium, Holland, Luxembourg, France, the Balkan States, Yugoslavia, Greece . . . Russia, the list is long. Again and again has the German heard the voice of his Minister for National Enlightenment announcing that the German armed forces were once more on the march to bring death to another innocent nation and to extend the influence of the Hitler-Göring-Goebbels rule. But for these official pronouncements, Goebbels has not had much to say during the present war. Since the attack on Poland, his work has become even more secretive. It is the manipulation of news behind the scenes. His rare public utterances would put him very low on the ladder of Nazi hierarchy, whereas, in truth, he is supreme in the spiritual field, and very close to the ear of his master when political decisions have to be taken.

"The silly and stupid leaflets," as he called them, dropped by the British over Germany, caused his first public appearance of the War, on November 5, 1939. "We confront," he told the assembled German youth, "we confront the slander campaign of our enemies with the pure truth." He was more illuminating a few weeks later, when he opened an "Afternoon for Soldiers, Workers and Artists," organized by the Reich Chamber of Culture and the National Socialist Strength through Joy movement. "We are a nation; we shall become a world nation." Here,

in a nutshell, was the Nazi plan of expansion. The spiritual guidance of one nation of eighty millions was a task that had lost its attraction for him. He now looked forward to the shaping of world opinion.

In the new year he went to Münster, the catholic cathedral town in Westphalia, since heavily raided by the R.A.F., to speak of the Thirty Years' War. The lesson he propounded was that of the false leadership of that war. Was Nazi leadership to be satisfied, one wondered, if it finished its own chosen war in less than thirty years? In Vienna, in the autumn, he answered this question: Hitler, he promised the Austrians, was a man of long preparations and short wars. As a formula it sounded much better. Long laid preparations for attack, the Austrians were willing to grant the new regime. They knew then that a short war alone would save the Nazi regime from destruction.

He spoke at Nüremberg and he spoke at Hamburg. With disarming boldness he told the dockers in the North Sea towns that nobody in Germany listened to British broadcasts or to the voice of one Winston Churchill. He knew full well, that if there was any part of Germany where Britain's voice was listened to by everybody, it was in the coastal towns. English Socialists are plutocrats, he explained, and this formed the basis of all his home propaganda until the attack on Russia was launched. The "plutocrats," allied to the Soviets, have since undergone various changes, "Jewish-democrats," being the best label to link them up with Jewish Communists.

Christmas 1940 he declared a People's Christmas, presumably because so few of the common people were able to gather together round the family Christmas tree, as of old. The sneering voice of Goebbels from the loudspeakers, replaced the old Christmas atmosphere. "One day the hour will come," he told the German children, "when your father returns home from the front and your mother, weeping with joy, holds him again in her arms." It was a meagre promise from the man who had done all he could to bring about this war, and the separation it meant, in hundreds of thousands of cases separation for ever. The blood of his countrymen killed in Poland and in the West, drowned around Norway and Crete, murdered in the marshes of Russia and the deserts of Africa is on his hands for ever. And not their blood alone. His blood guilt extends to all the nations drawn

into this struggle, peaceful people mercilessly plundered and murdered.

The new year saw a new wave of mass meetings to prepare the nation's morale for the future struggle and to counter the spreading apathy. Newspapermen under his command had, by then, become "journalist soldiers," *Schriftleiter Soldaten*. "We Germans," he shouted at Leipzig, "have much to give, but we want also to take much." His worst enemy must admire this statement for its grain of truth.

"A Genius builds a new World," was the Goebbels motto for Hitler's birthday in April, 1941. This slogan was his contribution to that year's idolizing of the Führer. What effect it had, remained a mystery known only to the exalted three, to Goebbels, Hess and Himmler. Yet, this idolizing of the Führer's eternal greatness forms the basis of all Goebbels has ever been able to do. His power is derived from nothing else. He is clever enough to know how to charm his Master and how to influence him. One finds him constantly using the same old terms of super-flattery with monotonous regularity—"genius," "the greatest artist," "the best son of Germany," "the saviour,"—and the same stimulants to egg him on into action. The main formula for sending Hitler into a rage, is the simple sexual theme of castration. On August 23, 1939, when Hitler received Sir Nevile Henderson at Berchtesgaden, he was "excitable, uncompromising, his language violent and exaggerated." He shouted that the Poles had castrated six Germans. If we remember that he had first intended to attack Poland on August 25, instead of September 1, we also know why his entourage had given him this particular piece of manufactured news at that particular moment. It was calculated to drive him over the brink of the abyss. It was Goebbels, and nobody else, who bore the responsibility in the Third Reich for all news. It was he who thus coldly and intentionally drove his mad master into a flight of fury whenever he wanted. Hitler, himself impotent, saw red whenever he heard of castrations. If it had not been for this complex, no one would ever have thought of inventing such stories about Czech or Polish or Russian or Jewish atrocities. "He also said that there had been another case of castration," the British Ambassador reported of his next conversation with Hitler the following day. His advisers, Goebbels, Göring, Ribbentrop, Himmler, kept it

up. With a dose of the same medicine, they drove him on into the war that is to be their own unmaking—after millions have lost their lives.

This does not in any way lessen the Führer's guilt—he stands condemned, an outcast—but it does indicate the methods applied by Goebbels. It shows how successful he was in making his own position secure. The outbreak of the War, and the fact that the German armies march and follow their leaders' orders, also testify to the temporary success of his system. The arrival of Hess in this country is further evidence of his effectiveness. Hess sincerely believed he could easily patch up a "peace" with what he conceived to be his British sympathizers. The latter, he thought, could do away with the "small clique" around Mr Churchill, who were bent on the destruction of Hitler's system. True, Hess is not gifted with much intelligence, but if Goebbels succeeded in making him believe in the possibility of such an absurdity, it is obvious that nearly every Nazi must believe in almost everything put out by him. He might be unpopular, he might be hated by many—but his "news" is believed to a large extent, since there are no alternative sources of information available.

"The great library building is completely gutted," the American journalist, W. L. Shirer, reported in May 1940, of the library in the Belgian town of Louvain, burnt down in 1914, and since rebuilt with American help. "'And the books?' I ask my commandant. 'Burnt,' he says, 'all of them, probably.'" The last fire raid of the same year on the City of London, destroyed millions of books stored in the book publishers' quarters around St Paul's Cathedral. The Nazi hand which burnt books on *Unter den Linden* in Berlin in 1933, has stretched out to Belgium and has reached, under cover of darkness, the heart of London. Everywhere it leaves behind it a heap of rubble. The best fruits of Western Civilization are burned to ashes. Nazism has no other use for them.

In fighting the Nazi threat, we fight the Goebbels danger—the danger to the free spirit everywhere and in every form. As far as Goebbels can reach, "directed opinion," "guided thought," "manufactured news,"—a nihilist attitude of spiritual slavery—rule alone. If Nazism were allowed to continue its work, the human spirit as we know it, would come to an end. It would

be replaced by the artificially created mass mind which follows instructions issued at the political centre. It would be replaced by the willed reactions of man, woman and child, "bred" according to the master's wish.

In fighting against the Goebbels spirit, we must not be deviated by outworn slogans of the kind proffered by men who have been blinded by hatred against whole nations. We are fighting the Nazis and Nazism not the Germans, not even the Prussians. If the Goebbels system of censorship has any roots in German history those roots are not in Prussia but in Austria. It was Metternich's system that came nearest to a strict censorship. His Austrian police inspectors broke the heart of Grillparzer, whereas Lessing found inspiration in the Prussia of Frederick the Great, with its spiritual freedom. It would be fatal to make the mistake of accepting the vilest of Goebbels's lies—namely, that he, Hitler and the Nazi system represent German or Prussian tradition. Fatal, because it would make the Germans fight for their own lives instead of making them decide not to bleed any more for a bunch of gangsters. Fatal, because it would besmirch the purity of our Cause, which is the Cause of freedom of speech, freedom of thought, and religion, freedom from want anywhere and everywhere, freedom from terrorism. We are not out to annihilate any nation and we do not act from hatred of any nation. We hate the suppressors of liberty—Hitler, Göring, Goebbels and the rest.

In this sense there is a glimmer of hope even in the darkness of the picture here painted. For this record of vileness makes us alive, once more, to the eternal values of truth, love and beauty, for which we stand and for which we live, and for which we are ready to die. In this sense we are fighting Goebbels and his gang to free the German people, too. It is already evident that the years from 1933 to 1939 were not enough to secure the Nazi system for all time. It will soon be apparent that Goebbels built for the hour and lost all.

After this war, we shall have to clear the way for the German nation to re-educate itself and learn the truth about the past generation, the history of which has been utterly falsified by Goebbels for his own ends. It will then, I believe, be seen that many Germans have been secretly at work. Thus we shall find comrades-in-arms in the desert warfare that must be waged

after peace is restored. The desert created by Goebbels may then appear as one comparatively short sterile stretch of land. In the days to come, his Chamber of Horrors, with its seven sub-Chambers, will be regarded as the most complete system of interference with the human spirit the world has ever seen. It is to obliterate this system for ever that we are fighting to-day.