

Der
Fuehrer

*Hitler's Rise
to Power*

BY KONRAD HEIDEN

Author of A History of National Socialism

TRANSLATED BY RALPH MANHEIM



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workers and for a philosophy with which to seduce them.

Thus came together by chance the ingredients that were later to shatter the Old World into chaos — Ernst Roehm, the brilliant but unscrupulous leader of the officers, Rosenberg, with a formula for world domination, and Hitler, the proletarian with the raging voice who could put that formula into effect.

This dramatic story is told for the first time by Konrad Heiden in 'Der Fuehrer.' Step by step, he shows the fatal sequence of events leading, with diabolic logic, from that point to the present World War. Behind the figures of Hitler and the men around him, we see a sick Europe, creating, feeding, and maturing the Nazi growth.

Konrad Heiden has supplemented his first-hand observations with a file of early Hitler material, most of it never before translated. His is the only book to give the whole story of Hitler's rise to power from the very beginning to the day when the blood purge eliminated the last opposition and left him absolute dictator of Germany.

'Der Fuehrer' is not only a profound and revealing narrative, but a great historic document essential for an understanding of the history that is being created before our eyes.



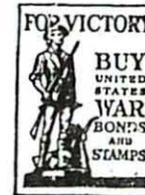
Arnold R. Morrison

His book — a selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club — lays bare the whole pattern of Hitler's career.

'Konrad Heiden probably knows more about Hitler and the rise of National Socialism than any objective historian alive. I await his new book with the most intense interest. I know without seeing it that fifty years from now it will be indispensable source material for scholars. I know this because I know Heiden, who for many years has followed the career of Hitler like a Javert tracking down his man.'

— Dorothy Thompson.

War has made people eager for books. It has also created a scarcity of paper. Books must be smaller now and thinner than the ones you have been used to. However, on the average, such books are not shorter and your dollar buys as much reading matter as it ever has.



Der Fuehrer

BY KONRAD HEIDEN

It is 1864. An obscure French lawyer, writing a satire against Napoleon III, proclaims the coming of an Anti-Christ who shall dominate the world. He even lays down the principles of domination. 'We shall create unrest, struggle and hate. . . . In our arsenal we carry a boundless ambition, relentless hatred. . . . If any state dares to resist us; if its neighbors make common cause with it against us, we shall unleash a world war.'

This book, entitled 'A Dialogue in Hell,' was suppressed and the author forgotten. Many years later copies fell into the hands of a group of unscrupulous Russian officials, who rewrote it, making its satire appear as a Jewish plot for world domination, renamed it 'The Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion,' and published it as a weapon in a palace conspiracy.

As the final step in this strange chain of events, a copy of the forgery fell into the hands of Alfred Rosenberg, who brought it, in 1919, to Munich, where officers of the broken German Army were conspiring against the democratic government, and were looking for a man who could successfully betray the

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DER FUEHRER

By KONRAD HEIDEN

THREE generations ago a "sawdust Caesar," Napoleon III, seduced the democracy of France, made himself a dictator, and was soon intriguing for power in both the Old World and the New. In the 1860's a brilliant Frenchman wrote a book intended as a satire on such dictators. It was a mock dialogue between the dangerous Italian, Machiavelli, and the great proponent of constitutional government, Montesquieu.

In this book were laid down the principles by which an unscrupulous leader who might seem to be a nonentity—and who is even described as wearing a small mustache—could make the people his tool by false promises, teach them to hate, dominate them through their vices, spread the infection through other countries, and eventually conquer the world for the benefit of himself and his gang. This little book, dug up years later by Russian reactionaries, rewritten and fraudulently ascribed to a secret committee of Jews meeting in 1897, became



the so-called "Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion," and was brought out of Russia like a vial of poison by the anti-Semite, Rosenberg, and given to Adolph Hitler early in his career. In it is to be found the political philosophy of Hitlerism, the philosophy of anti-Christ.

Konrad Heiden fought Hitlerism from 1920, when it was only a bad smell in republican Germany, until he had to escape from the country. Long before the transcendent political ability of Hitler and the danger of his program were realized, he began a

study of his purposes, the causes of his power, and the personality of the man himself. Here in this book is the whole story as it never before has been told, including the so-called lost years when Hitler, a jobless dreamer, was living in a Viennese flop-house with vagrants like himself, dressed often in a dirty Jewish caftan which someone had given him, the lowest of the low, but devouring the political news of the day, and preparing his subtle poisons.

Evil incarnate might be the sub-title of this book. The reader of this extraordinary story will follow step by step the beginnings and triumphs of a revolution as sinister as anything that has happened in history, prepared by a sinister mind. He will see, as none of us has been able to see before, the character of a man who deceived a whole generation of outsiders into thinking him a puppet serving this or that pressure group of a distressed Germany. He will come to understand what Heiden means by the conspiracy of the armed Bohemians—armed outlaws, as we might call them—the dregs of the population, soldiers out of a job after the First World War, gangsters, tramps, idlers who would not work and could never succeed in a peaceful civilization, sadists, sex-

criminals, pervers, all the anti-virtuous who lived badly by their wits or violence in a peaceful country, and who wanted anarchy, to be followed by the power to steal, murder, and loot. Of such was Hitler's first private army founded, and those who are aghast at the worse than medieval cruelties of the Gestapo, can now see whence its membership was drawn, and feel a little better about human nature in general.

This period of ours is like the Napoleonic Wars, and Hitler, in one respect at least, is like Napoleon: the books that will be written about him and his dark movement will be collecting for the next century. But it is not too early to begin to understand. The facts of this insidious seizure of power—almost of world power—are now available and they are in *Der Fuehrer*. The curve, as a mathematician would say, is already plotted.

I must tell the prospective reader, however, that Konrad Heiden's book is not a history, as the preceding paragraphs make it sound, but a biography, a biography of a man who beyond all others in our age has made history—horrible history. We are brought into the closest intimacy with Hitler personally; his strange family and his father who domi-

nated him and shaped his revengeful character; his shameful early career, from which the First World War saved him, for he had courage; the women in his life; his almost fatal mistakes, retrieved by a political shrewdness rarely excelled; his complete lack of any principles whatsoever, except the will to dominate for his own ends, which were power, vanity, the need to be boss—for otherwise he was nothing.

Most interesting of all is the strange anti-thesis in his character, which Heiden makes entirely convincing. He *is* a nonentity personally, who can escape from nonentity only by sudden flares into greatness—the greatness of oratory; the greatness of daring decisions, against all advice, and at first usually successful; the greatness of incredible crimes. Unquestionably this book makes understandable and human (or inhuman, depending upon how you wish to phrase it) one of the most evil characters ever inflicted

upon an unfortunate world, which deserved calamity but not so much as it got.

I should say also, that this book is probably the best first-hand account of the social and political history of Germany in these years that has been written. Here are all the infamous Nazi leaders in their private relations—where they came from, what were their occupations and characters. Here is the tragic story of the many who were cast off or murdered by their leaders. Here one learns what Goering is really like, why Goebbels stays in power. And, also, here is the inside story of Munich, of the Russian peace and the Russian war, in relation to what was happening in Germany. But I have emphasized the ideas behind this story, and the personality of Hitler, because all this history is understandable only when one understands them and him. Then all its detail becomes of fascinating interest and high importance.

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Preface

IT IS TWENTY-THREE YEARS now since I first attended a National Socialist meeting, saw (without particular enjoyment) Herr Hitler at close range, and listened to the flood of nonsense—or so it then seemed to me—that he was spouting. It was only gradually that the effects of these speeches made me realize that behind all the nonsense there was unrivaled political cunning.

In 1923, as the leader of a small democratic organization in the University of Munich, I tried, with all the earnestness of youth, and with complete lack of success, to annihilate Hitler by means of protest parades, mass meetings, and giant posters. And so I am entitled to call myself the oldest—or one of the oldest—anti-Nazis now in the United States, for there cannot be many in this country who came into conflict with Adolf Hitler and his handful of followers at so early a date.

Those who experience history and have a share in its making rarely see the enduring threads but only the whirl of exciting and quickly forgotten details. In 1920, and the years following, my friends and I certainly did not view our modest fist-fights and other encounters with the National Socialists as an attempt to put a premature end to the career of the modern Genghis Khan, and I would have jeered at anyone who had prophesied that this was the beginning of a new epoch in world history.

The narrative that follows is based partly on my own observations and experiences then and in later years. However, even the most intimate episodes and reports of private conversations are grounded on documentary evidence or on statements of individuals who seemed to me thoroughly reliable.

This book owes much to that unique collection, the Hoover Library at Stanford University, California. I want to thank Professor Ralph H. Lutz for his permission to use this treasure of documents about recent European history, and Miss Nina Almond, Librarian, and

Mr. Philip T. McLean, Reference Librarian, for the friendly help they gave me in every way. I am indebted, too, to the library of the University of California at Berkeley, and to the valuable private library of my friends Muriel and Joseph Buttinger, New York.

The share the publishing firm of Houghton Mifflin Company had in the making of this book seems to me larger than usual. I cannot leave unmentioned the amount of help, advice, hard work, time, and patience Robert N. Linscott, as an editor, gave to the job; it was a most decisive contribution. Miss Constance Purtell was very helpful with revising and last-hour translating.

Ralph Manheim entered the army before he could finish his translation. The last chapter and part of the chapter before the last have been translated by Norbert Guterman.

K. H.

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Der Fuehrer

Chapter I

THE PROTOCOLS OF THE WISE MEN OF ZION

ONE DAY IN THE SUMMER OF 1917 A STUDENT was reading in his room in Moscow. A stranger entered, laid a book on the table, and silently vanished. The cover of the book bore in Russian the words from the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew: 'He is near, he is hard by the door.'

The student sensed the masterful irony of higher powers in this strange happening. They had sent him a silent message. He opened the book, and the voice of a demon spoke to him.

It was a message concerning the Antichrist, who would come at the end of days. The Antichrist is no mythical being, no monkish medieval fantasy. It is the portrait of a type of man who comes to the fore when an epoch is dying. He is a man with a white skin, in everyday clothes, dangerously contemporary, and a mighty demagogue. He will talk with the masses, and at his word the masses will rise up and turn a culture to ashes, a culture which has deserved no better, since it has borne the Antichrist in its own image and for its own destruction. The great Russian philosopher Soloviev described him. The Antichrist 'does not look like what he is,' and therein precisely lies the danger. He is a young man with a strong personality and seductive power of speech and writing. He is an ascetic and a vegetarian. He will win fame first by a book in which 'respect of the ancient traditions and symbols stands side by

side with a bold and thorough radicalism in social and political problems . . . absolute individualism with an ardent fidelity to the common weal. . . .’ Then, in Berlin, he will become ruler of the ‘United States of Europe’; he will conquer Asia and North Africa; America will submit to him voluntarily. He is an absolute genius, and he may, says Soloviev, wear a small mustache.

This is the demon who speaks out of the book.

‘We shall talk with the people on the streets and squares,’ says the demon, ‘and teach them to take the view of political questions which at the moment we require. For what the ruler says to the people spreads through the whole country like wildfire, the voice of the people carries it to all four winds.’

‘We’—the demon always says ‘We’—‘shall create unrest, struggle, and hate in the whole of Europe and thence in other continents. We shall at all times be in a position to call forth new disturbances at will, or to restore the old order.’

‘Unremittingly we shall poison the relations between the peoples and states of all countries. By envy and hatred, by struggle and warfare, even by spreading hunger, destitution, and plagues, we shall bring all peoples to such a pass that their only escape will lie in total submission to our domination.’

‘We shall stultify, seduce, ruin the youth.’

‘We shall not stick at bribery, treachery, treason, as long as they serve the realization of our plans. Our watchword is: force and hypocrisy!’

‘In our arsenal we carry a boundless ambition, burning avidity, a ruthless thirst for revenge, relentless hatred. From us emanates the specter of fear, all-embracing terror.’

A gabbling demon, and self-conceited, too:

‘We are the chosen, we are the true men. Our minds give off the true power of the spirit; the intelligence of the rest is instinctive and animal. They can see, but they cannot foresee; their inventions are purely corporeal. Does it not follow clearly that Nature herself has predestined us to dominate the whole world?’

‘We shall not submit the unique greatness of our ultimate plan, the context of its particular parts, the consequences of each separate point, the secret meaning of which remains hidden, to the judgment

and decision of the many, even, of those who share our thoughts; we shall not cast the gleaming thoughts of our leader before the swine, and even in more intimate circles we shall not permit them to be carped at.

‘We shall paint the misdeeds of foreign governments in the most garish colors and create such an ill-feeling toward them that the peoples would a thousand times rather bear a slavery which guarantees them peace and order than enjoy their much-touted freedom. The peoples will tolerate any servitude we may impose on them, if only to avoid a return to the horrors of wars and insurrection. Our principles and methods will take on their full force when we present them in sharp contrast to the putrid old social order.’

‘Outwardly, however, in our “official” utterances, we shall adopt an opposite procedure and always do our best to appear honorable and co-operative. A statesman’s words do not have to agree with his acts. If we pursue these principles, the governments and peoples which we have thus prepared will take our IOU’s for cash. One day they will accept us as the benefactors and saviors of the human race.’

‘If any state dares to resist us; if its neighbors make common cause with it against us, we shall unleash a world war.’

And then the demon spreads his wings, conceals the sky, darkens the world:

‘By all these methods we shall so wear down the nations that they will be forced to offer us world domination. We shall stretch out our arms like pincers in all directions, and introduce an order of such violence that all peoples will bow to our domination.’

Who is this ‘we’? Who is it that brags so absurdly?

To the student it is not absurd. It sounds fantastic, but it is not a mere tissue of lies. He turns back the pages and discovers that all this accursed wisdom, all these diabolical plans, were hatched out by a group of old Jews, who met together in a back room in Basel, Switzerland, in the year 1897. The demon aiming to devour the world is a Jewish club. It stands there in black and white, described at length, with place and date. Twenty years had passed before this knowledge found the right man. And thus *The Proto-*

cols of the Wise Men of Zion, since become so famous, fell into the hands of Alfred Rosenberg.

A mysterious occurrence. Rosenberg himself has often told how the unknown suddenly stepped into the room, laid down the book, and silently departed. To Rosenberg it was a sign from heaven. Both the place and the hour were significant. Moscow, 1917. Far to the west, the German-Russian phase of the First World War was drawing to an end in crumbling trenches; in the streets of the capital, the Russian Revolution was ebbing and flowing. Alfred Rosenberg, the son of a shoemaker, born in Reval (Tallinn) on the Baltic, was then twenty-four years old; he was of German descent but as an Esthonian, he was a subject of the Russian tsar. He had been raised in the German and Russian languages; he had first studied engineering and architecture at Riga, also on the Baltic; then, when the German army occupied Riga, he had fled. Now he was studying in Moscow.

The globe was afire. The tsar's empire was crumbling. Perhaps there would never again be peace. Perhaps this book would tell him why. The demon, who had incited the nations against each other, had spoken. Perhaps he, Alfred Rosenberg, understood him better than others; for in his own soul he could feel more strongly than others the mesh woven by hatred and love between the nations. He came from the tsar's Baltic, German provinces. He could scarcely say whether he was more Russian or more German. But today there were greater things concerning which he must achieve clarity. Here in Russia's holy city, in Russia's language, he had received a message. Judah, a book has brought forth thine innermost thoughts! He, the student, would close his eyes and believe it all his life, as firm as a rock. Was a new epoch of world history beginning in Moscow at that hour? Surely one of the most astounding, far-reaching, and bloody conspiracies of all time was bound to that hour. He who could read would go far.

'The nations,' says the demon, 'love and honor audacity in statesmen. Faced with an act of violence, they say: that was vile but clever! A scoundrel's trick, but wonderfully executed! With what insolence! Our leaders must move toward their goal with unparalleled boldness. Then we shall break all resistance in our path.'

The vision sends forth an icy chill and a breath of deadly truth.

The demon of world domination has spoken. He has proclaimed the great secret: the world can be dominated. Bowed with weariness, the peoples demand subjection. And those who resist will be tamed by terrible blows and sufferings. Modern society is charged with a magical current which in all men creates the same thoughts. The masses expect great things of their rulers. And for that reason, great things are easy.

This is the true sense of the secret writings which we today know as *The Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion*. Everything else in them develops from the basic idea that world domination is possible in our time: with sovereign contempt it is shown with what relative ease it can be achieved. Later, at third, fourth, and fifth hand, these profound thoughts were woven together with a figment of forgeries and purposeful lies which confused and obscured the whole document to the point of unintelligibility. But precisely in that condition it could be swallowed without understanding by millions of readers, and this gave it its great effect.

Today we are in a position to re-create the original content of the document. Its content is how to establish dictatorship with the help—and abuse—of democratic methods. The genesis of Caesarism is described. We are told that democracy, if carried to its extreme conclusion, provides the usurper with his best weapons. Furthermore, democracy, in the international field actually offers a dictator, who has firmly entrenched himself in one country, the possibility of world domination. This is the true content of the famous *Protocols*.

Three generations ago a brilliant thinker wrote this secret formula for the achievement of world domination. We know little concerning his life. He was a French lawyer named Maurice Joly. He was, at the time he wrote his little book, a conservative, legitimist and monarchist. He had no thought of writing a secret document; on the contrary, he had in mind a satire against Napoleon III, then emperor of the French. Whether he ever perceived that he was leaving behind him the prophecies of a great seer; whether he ever guessed that his book embraced a political doctrine of world-shaking force, we do not know.

The work was published in Brussels in 1864, by A. Mertens et Fils, as an illegal propaganda pamphlet; it was written in French and bore the title: *Dialogue aux enfers entre Machiavel et Montesquieu, ou la politique de Machiavel au XIX^e siècle, par un Contemporain*. (Dialogue in hell between Machiavelli and Montesquieu, or the politics of Machiavelli in the nineteenth century by a contemporary.) His anonymity did not avail the author. The police of the French emperor discovered him, he was sent to prison for fifteen months. His book was published in a second edition, then it was forgotten, and today scarcely any copies of it can be found.

For the author had seen the secret disease of his epoch, and that is something which men do not like. Today we read Joly with quite different eyes. Today the evils are no longer secret. To us, living in the present day, some of the sentences of this forgotten book seem like a lightning flash, bathing the present in dazzling light. They are unpleasant truths, but great truths, and they come down to us from great sources. Joly gathered his wisdom from Machiavelli and Montesquieu; the Italian political philosopher of the fifteenth, the French political philosopher of the eighteenth century, step forward in his book and utter the ideas of their great works, *Il Principe* and *L'Esprit des Lois*. Chiefly the ideas of Machiavelli were retained in the book's later form, *The Protocols of Zion*. Joly applied these ideas to the technique of dominating the modern masses; that was his contribution. In the final version the conception is broadened to cover the masses of whole continents, of the entire globe.

This brings us to world domination. It is a secret necessity inherent in the mechanism of our existence; it lives in our minds as a secret goal; it stands in the sea of the future as a magnetic mountain, inexorably attracting the ship of modern society. The modern world is a unit. China and England may not pray to the same God, but a telephone bell means the same thing to the yellow man as to the white; a telegraphic transfer of pounds sterling or dollars buys in Asia the rice which is eaten in Europe or America. Such a world would be perfect under the leadership of a central mind, informed over a thousand wires, seeing through millions of electric eyes, aided by the best brains; a mind which would know the needs

of the world and satisfy them with all the means which a dominated earth holds at the disposal of the knowing.

Is this the truth? Who has spoken? Perhaps it is only a half truth, but even in its halfness it is of enormous import, which is not seen by most men. The demon has spoken—or shall we say the spirit of the age—or, in still other words—the new type of man, who is imprinting his features on this age. History is the most skeptical of all sciences; it knows no absolute truths. It does not matter whether things really are as the demon says; what matters is to know whether there are men who see them that way; and whether these men are important.

This is the meaning which our age breathes into the teachings of Machiavelli. At its base, however, lies an eternal pessimistic wisdom which teaches that men are easily satisfied, hence easy for a clever mind to dominate. These two elements, the modern truth and the timeless wisdom, give the book a terrifying power which shines through the varnish of superimposed lies.

Maurice Joly had understood the meaning of domination. He knew the modern mass and its state of mind. He had seen a master guide it. The master was Napoleon III, conspirator, usurper, and for nearly twenty years emperor of the French; at once nationalist and socialist, democrat and tyrant, pacifist and conqueror, dictator by virtue of bayonets and the plebiscite; applauded by the masses whom he had politically raped. Joly had written his book with him in mind. He was meant when the demon spoke: we shall stultify the people, we shall promote disturbances in Europe and elsewhere, we shall create a mighty central power, we shall commit crimes, and the people will admire us for them. If gallstones had not made a wreck of this third Napoleon, he might have died in power and glory.

Joly's magnificent portrait of modern tyranny underwent a strange fate. After thirty years of oblivion, its great day came. It was discovered by a group of Russian conspirators. Not, to be sure, by the Russian revolutionaries of that day, the Nihilists, Social Democrats, or Social Revolutionaries; but by a few crafty agents of the counter-revolution, members of the Ochrana, the tsar's secret police. They wanted to frighten the tsar and drive him to blood-

shed. To this end they persuaded him that the Jews of the whole world had devised a secret conspiracy to achieve domination, first over Russia, then over the whole world.

Claims of this sort were not new; they lay to a certain extent in the air. In the nineteenth century the Jews had nearly everywhere — though not in Russia — achieved civil equality and thus taken their place in modern society. Some had amassed great wealth, a few — for example, the house of Rothschild — had even attained real influence, and inspired a venomous anti-Semitism. Soloviev, for example, quotes a French priest who wrote 'that he lived by anticipation of that glorious day when, the skin stripped off . . . the Jews will be used for making cheap carpets.'

This epoch lies behind us. Today Rothschild is a memory, no longer a power. Anonymous, massive concentrations of power in industry and finance have relegated the Jewish bankers and big merchants — once so impressive — to second or third rank. There is a Jewish problem; this book will not attempt to deny it. As a modern Jewish leader, Theodor Herzl, said, 'The Jewish question exists wherever Jews live in any considerable number. . . . The longer anti-Semitism lies dormant, the more furiously it must break out.' Nevertheless, painful as it is, it principally concerns the Jews themselves; it is not and never was the chief problem of society as a whole, which has other and graver worries. But in the nineteenth century, it was possible for imaginative minds to be frightened by the aura of political power surrounding certain Jewish names. In 1868, Hermann Gödsche, a German signing himself Sir John Retcliffe the Younger, wrote a novel entitled *Biarritz*. In it twelve rabbis from all corners of the earth meet in the Jewish cemetery in Prague. There they set up a cry of Satanic glee, for through accursed gold, through its mighty bankers, Judah has conquered the world, bought kings and the princes of the Church; Judah is wallowing in vice and glory. The rabbis represent the twelve tribes of Israel and speak Chaldaean. Subsequently this chapter, somewhat revised, was printed in pamphlet form and translated into foreign languages. And now, lo and behold, we have an 'authentic document,' proving the existence of a Jewish world conspiracy.

Gödsche's text was childish and none too convincing. But suppose you take these rabbis conspiring in their cemetery and give them the worldly wisdom, the contempt for humanity, the seductive power of Joly's tyrant. Don't just make them avaricious braggarts; make them subtle and crafty; make them speak the accursed satirical wisdom of Machiavelli, but in deadly earnest; finally, confound the fabulous nocturnal conspiracy with an international Jewish congress which actually did convene to discuss such sober matters as the problem of emigration. Then we have before us, in all its bloody romantic horror, the demon of Jewish world domination gathered in a congress and fixed in a protocol.

That is what happened. The group of Russian conspirators dug up Joly's forgotten book; they were also familiar with the horror story about the Jewish cemetery in Prague; they knew by the newspapers that in 1897 the Jewish Zionist Movement had very publicly been founded at a congress in Basel; finally, they knew only too well the golden awe emanating from the ancient fame of the Rothschilds. The ingredients of a magnificent conspiracy lay at hand, requiring only to be mixed.

The Ochrana, the tsarist secret police, furnished the means and the brains. First General Oryevsky, one of its heads, had a pamphlet prepared, based on the rabbis' conspiracy in Gödsche's story. The novelty was that the pamphlet was written in the form of protocols; this gave it a much more serious look. The pamphlet served as a frame to which Joly's ideas were embroidered in glowing colors. This was the work of General Ratchkovsky, the leader of the French division of the Ochrana. For the Ochrana had divisions for all countries. Everywhere it tracked down the activities of Russian, and not only Russian, revolutionaries. It was a kind of world conspiracy; a net of spies, intriguers, bribe-givers, and political agitators, which Russian tsarism had cast over the world.

With his eye for conspiracy, Ratchkovsky saw the explosive power inherent in Joly's timeworn and seemingly harmless work. It described modern dictatorship, its secret and yet so open methods; laid bare its cogs and springs. A real tyrant would never have spoken so self-revealingly; only a hostile satirist could have put such words of braggadocio into his mouth. The effect was a terrible

self-indictment of modern dictatorship. This presumably is why the material appealed so strongly to these conspirators of dictatorship. They were confronted with their own image.

They could scarcely have pondered the matter very deeply, but it is precisely in the unconscious acts of men that history is most clearly revealed. The Ochrana men knew that this was good material, that they could make use of it. That was enough. In one or two evenings, over a pipe and a cup of tea, you could adapt this colorful but rather anonymous document for any purpose, put any label on it. Where Joly speaks in the first person singular, puts his speeches in the mouth of Machiavelli, means Napoleon III, and is actually denouncing modern Caesarism as such—just substitute 'We Jesuits,' 'We Freemasons,' 'We Englishmen,' or 'We Jews'—the result would be a fragment of perverted truth, hence not entirely incredible. As for Ratchkovsky and his clique, they were interested in the Jewish angle.

Their plan was more than a simple palace conspiracy. It was the first great attempt at a mighty national counter-revolution against the democratic and socialist revolution of the nineteenth century. The plan was to fuse the passion of the people and the cold power of the state into a mighty, counter-revolutionary force that would shake society to its foundations. If the movement had succeeded, it would most likely have transformed the old autocratic tsarism profoundly from within, made it a hundred times more powerful. In Holy Russia, at the beginning of the twentieth century, it would probably have created a new phenomenon in many respects resembling the later fascist dictatorships. Society in Russia was further advanced in its spiritual disintegration, inwardly more prepared for revolution than anywhere else in the world; at the same time the state power was stronger than anywhere else. Hence, it is understandable that this first attempt at a state-directed revolution should have been made here. It is in any case worth thinking about. Through this conspiracy, Russia became the spiritual mother country of modern fascism, as it later became the world center of communism.

As nucleus of the counter-revolutionary popular movement, a new party was formed. A certain Butmy was its leader. This party was

military in organization. Its storm troops rode through the country, performing 'propaganda by action.' Chief among their activities was a bloody persecution of the Jews, the aim being to call attention to the Jews as the ostensible cause of bad conditions. Always strike the minority was their principle—for when a minority is punished, it is guilty in the eyes of the masses. The name of the movement was 'The Black Hundreds,' which meant simply: the black guard. *The Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion* became the program of this movement; with it they were born, and with it they grew. Even the primitive version, based on Gödsche's nocturnal conspiracy of rabbis, had a terrible effect. It was circulated widely, and in 1903 gave the signal for the Kishenev pogrom, in which several thousand Jews were massacred.

By its very nature every fascist movement strives to harness both the people and the state power to its will. The men who cooked up the *Protocols* wanted not only to stir up the masses, but also to take in the credulous tsar. To this end, they gave the book a political timeliness. A first version had been prepared toward the end of the nineties by Golovinski and Manuilov, two journalists in the service of Ratchkovsky. This version included Joly's most impressive bits. For some reason or other the bombshell was left unused for a few years. It was not hurled until political developments offered a particularly grateful target. In 1904-05, the pamphlet was refurbished as an attack on Prince Svatopulk-Mirski, minister of the interior, and Count Witte, the finance minister, who were too liberal for the Ochrana. A pamphlet on financial policy, by a certain Sharapov, attacking Count Witte was appended. References to the unfortunate Russo-Japanese War and to Witte's rôle as peacemaker were woven in. All this, of course, beneath the paper-thin trimming of a Jewish conspiracy. Other propaganda works represented the Jews as warmongers; now, on the contrary, they had to be peacemongers; for if Witte made peace with the Japanese, he did so—say the *Protocols*—on the instigation of the Jews, who were opposed to a Russian victory. They did not want a Russian victory, because it would have thwarted their plan for world domination.

This is the origin of the supposed textbook of Jewish world dom-

ination. Today the forgery is incontrovertibly proved, yet something infinitely significant has remained: a textbook of world domination pure and simple. The leaders of the Black Hundreds had written this great method of demagogy, the tsar's secret police had given it plastic form. Or, to call this clique of political officials, venal writers, conspiratorial officers, by their proper name: the armed 'intellectual' was out to seize power over the masses. He denied it, to be sure; he said: no, no, this was not my work. The Jew devised these plans; I only stole them and brought them to light for the salvation of mankind. But today we know better. An impartial court has established the truth, even anti-Semitic propagandists have today dropped the myth of the Jewish conspiracy in Basel and admitted Joly's authorship. At first the anti-Semites comforted themselves with the idea that Joly was a Jew and that a 'Jewish spirit' had impelled him to write his book; but then Joly's baptismal record was found, exploding this last hope; since then, some anti-Semites have declared merely that the *Protocols* are 'deeper wisdom,' beyond any possibility of documentary proof. Actually they do contain a deeper truth; but the demonstrable history of their origin shows that this truth involves not a Jewish but a fascist world conspiracy.

¹ The word 'intellectual' makes it necessary, for the first and the last time in this book, to bother the reader with a footnote. The German 'Intellektueller' and the English 'intellectual' do not mean the same thing. The German word has (especially in recent times) taken a broader meaning and is frequently used merely to designate people with an education above the average; either academic or technical. But the difficulty does not stop here. This book deliberately uses the word 'intellectual' to designate a group, or rather a type, characterized, not by a common economic or material interest, but a common outlook. It comes close to the type of the pragmatist and mechanistically minded modern man, product of mass education, whose sole criterion is: Will it work? Such a man may be, for example, an executive, dentist, or engineer, but whatever his occupation, he will have a sense of class superiority due to an education above the average. In Germany it was this type, restless and disillusioned, that gravitated most readily to the Nazis and formed the backbone of the movement.

The term 'bohemian,' which occurs later, can best be defined as the 'intellectual' who has not found his place in society; who was 'uprooted and disinherited' by the economic upheavals of the twenties and thirties, and unable — owing to the stricter class consciousness of the European — to slide comfortably down into the ranks of the proletariat. He has been perfectly described by Karl Marx, in his *The Eighteenth of Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte*, where he calls the scum of all classes which carried through the *coup d'état* of Napoleon III 'creatures of whom the best that can be said is that they are men of ill repute . . . each a noisy *bohème*, out for looting the state.'

At first the concept of conspiracy is purely symbolical. The human mind, with its tendency to personify great objective phenomena, interprets surprising objective contexts as a personal plan. World history becomes a moral drama; the eternal struggle between man and society becomes the struggle between good and evil; the lofty ruthlessness of history seems bearable only when it is humanized. Thus we give it a mythological form: the great hereditary enemy, the Antichrist, the destroyer, and finally, the conspirator. The nineteenth century in Europe was indeed full of conspirators, from the German Burschenschaften, the Italian Carbonari, the Irish Fenians, to the Russian Nihilists and Socialists. Behind all this, our imagination seeks a world context, a world conspiracy aiming at world domination. Where is the kernel of historical truth in the fantasy of a Jewish world conspiracy? It lies in the great world struggle for human equality to which the Jews owe their admission to modern society; this is the historical fact standing in the broad daylight of truth, whence it casts weirdly magnified, indistinct, and unfathomable shadows into the background of fantasy. On the opposing side, the great principle of inequality fights to preserve its rule; the ruling class philosophy of a natural hierarchy, of innate differences between men. Once this principle is expressed in the form of historical events, it also soon assumes an aspect of conspiracy. The *coup d'état* of Napoleon III on December 2, 1851, and *The Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion* were not hatched out by the same mind. But they are acts of one and the same psychological type; only this made it possible for history to combine one with the other by the thin red thread of a documentary connection.

The spirit of the *Protocols*, therefore, contains historical truth, though all the facts put forward in them are forgeries. Hence its influence on such varied times and peoples. When they were published, their deeper, genuine content beneath the varnish of falsification found a receptive mood in many sections of the Russian people — a mood of decadence and despair. The Russian literature of the period from Tolstoi to Sologub bears witness to this mood. The superstitious tsar permitted himself to be frightened and influenced by wonder-working monks. Serious religious people were

oppressed by the warnings of Soloviev. He associated the materialism and silly optimism of modern culture with the approach of the Antichrist as a modern demagogue; his book, to some extent, is an attack on Tolstoi. Soloviev's Antichrist finally disappears in a battle against the desperate Jews, many of whom he had massacred before. But one of his disciples makes the Antichrist himself a Jew: this was a certain Sergei Nilus.

Nilus was a religious writer. It is hard to say whether he was an honest visionary or an intriguing swindler. At all events, he became the tool of the Ochrana in a picturesque palace intrigue, which was part of the above-mentioned general fascist plan. The purpose of the intrigue was to remove a foreign wonder-worker, the French magnetic healer Philippe, from the tsar's entourage. Ratchkovsky's clique wished to replace the Frenchman by Nilus as their creature. Why Nilus? He had written a book, under the influence of Soloviev, on the theme of the Jewish Antichrist. Its title: 'Small signs betoken great events. The Antichrist is near at hand.' The book is one of hundreds of documents attesting a forgotten mood, and would today be quite lost sight of were it not for a noteworthy change made in the second edition. This second edition was sponsored by the Ochrana and published in 1905 in the Imperial state printing shop in Tsarskoye Selo. Its appendix includes *The Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion*. This was the first publication of the *Protocols* in their present form, and it was claimed by Nilus that these *Protocols* were the minutes of speeches and debates which were made at the founding congress of the Zionist Movement in Basel, Switzerland, in 1897.

This much was true, that in 1897 in Basel the Jewish Nationalist Movement of the Zionists was born. The goal of this group, to put it simply, was to lead the Jews back again to Palestine; to state it more exactly, to create for those Jews who were leading an intolerable life of oppression, especially in Russia, a 'legally assured homestead' in Palestine. In order to disappear in that little corner on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean they had, as Theodor Herzl, the founder of the movement, put it, 'to make the Jewish problem . . . a question of world politics.'

This was the purpose of the Basel congress. But, if we believe

Nilus, its true, secret aim was just the opposite; that is, the foundation of an uncontested world domination by the Jews. He claimed that the public congress was a mere blind for a number of far more important secret sessions. In these secret sessions the Zionist leaders set forth their plan for Jewish world conquest. It was there that those speeches allegedly were made: 'We shall everywhere arouse ferment, struggle, and enmity — we shall unleash a world war — we shall bring the peoples to such a pass that they will voluntarily offer us world domination.'

These speeches were taken down in shorthand and entered in the minutes. A courier of the congress was supposed to bring the terrible papers from Basel to the German city of Frankfurt am Main, to be preserved in the secret archives of the Rising Sun Lodge of Freemasons. But the courier was a traitor. On the way he spent the night at a little city in Baden. Some officials of the Ochrana were waiting for him there with a staff of scribes, and that night the *Protocols* were copied in a hotel room. This was Nilus's story in 1905; but in a later edition he has quite a different version; the mistress of a French Zionist stole the papers from him and delivered them to the Ochrana. In later editions he gives still other versions. There is but one point to which he always adheres: that he himself had received the papers from a certain Suchotin, marshal of nobility in the district of Chernigov, who had received them from Ratchkovsky.

The book was laid on the tsar's table. Its effect was strong but not lasting. At first the tsar was shaken, praised the book's wealth of ideas, its mighty perspective, and believed it all. But Ratchkovsky had gone too far. At that time, perhaps, the deepest sources of the forgery were not discovered; but it soon became clear to the Russian public, who for a hundred years had been only too familiar with the methods of the secret police, that such documents from the hand of the Ochrana did not carry much weight. Minister Stolypin even succeeded in convincing the tsar of the forgery. The tsar gave orders that the book should no longer be used as propaganda, for 'we must not fight for a pure cause with unclean weapons.' Not Nilus but Rasputin became the tsar's confessor.

Nonetheless, the Ochrana did its best to spread its product among

the masses. Butmy, the leader of the Black Hundreds, also published a version of the *Protocols*. In 1917, during the World War and after the tsar's downfall, Nilus published the last edition of his book, with the *Protocols* in the appendix. This time it was: 'He is near, he is hard by the door.' It is this edition which was placed on Alfred Rosenberg's table. It was from this edition that the loquacious and seductive demon of world domination spoke to the young man.

Rosenberg believed in the secret session of Basel, at least he did then. For this we cannot be too hard on a lad of twenty-four. For beneath the heavy coating of a clumsily exaggerated forgery, the *Protocols* contain a genuine element which might well carry a strong, mysterious appeal to the modern intellectual. This element is their radicalism. The *Protocols* are the work of a decadent, unscrupulous group of intellectuals, who pondered the problem of dominating the masses. They saw the modern mass in revolutionary motion. They set themselves the task of weaning the masses from their revolutionary leaders. See what these socialist agitators had succeeded in doing with a few revolutionary phrases and little apparent thought! Why couldn't we learn to do as well? We academicians would surely be a match for a band of trade-union secretaries! There is a technique of dominating the masses, and in principle technical problems can always be solved. The intellectual's envy of the demagogue gave birth to a new political technique.

And here history turns over a new leaf. The conspirators did not need to invent anti-Semitism; no, what they did was to create anti-Semitism as a weapon in the class struggle; something quite apart from the hostility which, since the beginning of the nineteenth century, had been aroused by the Jewish entrance into the bourgeois society of Europe. For now, in modern society, a new Jewish type had made its appearance—the Jewish intellectual; and it is predominantly he who became the target and victim of the most frightful outbursts of anti-Semitism in modern history. For it is his competitor, the non-Jewish intellectual, who incited and directed this anti-Semitism, and directed it chiefly, not against Jewish capital (though an outmoded propaganda says so), but

against the Jewish intellectuals—the lawyers, doctors, government officials, and others who had made themselves, by their share in modern education, so influential a part of society.

We are living in the age of technology. Technology is more than the transformation of heat into power. It is, in general, the domination of brute force by trained intelligence. Natural scientists have studied the soul, and vaudeville 'professors' have demonstrated the power of hypnosis. The fakirs are not the only ones who can cast a spell over the masses. Here, this book shows what great things are possible, even with the simplest methods. Alfred Rosenberg is an engineer and architect, a young man who in a few months will take his examinations for registered engineer. The powers have laid this book on his desk and thereby given him the watchword that was to govern his life, the open sesame of technology: everything is possible.

With the book in his bag, he fled at the beginning of 1918 to his native city of Reval, later called Tallinn. German troops took the city. Rosenberg remembered that he was a German. He volunteered for the German army, to fight against the Bolsheviki who for some months had been in the saddle in Petersburg and Moscow. The German commandant distrusted the German Russian and rejected him. He remained a civilian, earning his living as a drawing instructor at the *Gymnasium*. His eyes were still fixed on Russia. The Bolsheviki had disbanded the Constituent Assembly, proclaimed the dictatorship of the proletariat and the advent of socialism, but at the same time had given the poor peasants land, or rather summoned them to take it; they had brutally suppressed all political freedom, all opposition parties. Those affected resisted; there were plots and assassinations. The Bolsheviki, in a desperate life-and-death struggle, always in power but always on the brink of catastrophe, struck down their enemies by ruthless, barbaric terror. They acted in accordance with the recommendations of *The Protocols of Zion*. Were they not themselves the Wise Men of Zion? Hadn't they Jewish leaders? Isn't Lenin, their top leader, a Jew? In this, to be sure, Rosenberg was mistaken. Lenin was no more a Jew than Rykov, Kalinin, Krassin, Bucharin, and other Bolshevik leaders of the old guard; but Trotzky, Zinoviev, Radek were Jews.

The Bolsheviki exterminated the Jewish bourgeoisie of Russia as heartlessly as the Christian; from time to time some little Jewish community cursed and excommunicated a Bolshevik leader who arose in its midst; for Rosenberg, however, Russia was ruled by the Jewish Antichrist which Nilus had prophesied. Rosenberg himself has a little drop of Jewish blood in his veins; let us assume that he did not know it at the time. The world in which his great experiences took place remains in any case Russia. It was there that he met the demon. It was there that the dice governing the destiny of nations were falling. There the Antichrist held sway over a field of corpses. From there the plague was moving on Europe. It was on Russia that we should march, when the time came, to tumble Satan from his throne. Our life work was to summon Europe to avenge our exile.

For at the end of 1918, Rosenberg was forced to leave Reval with the remnants of the withdrawing, disbanding German army. The Bolsheviki pressed after them, occupied Reval, took Riga, approached the German border. He fled from them, crying: The plague is coming! An infected army, on the point of mutiny, flowed homeward, carrying him along. Thus he left Russia, came to Germany, bearing with him a treasure, the message of the Russian Antichrist, the *Protocols*. In a swarm of Russian fugitives, officers, intellectuals, barons and princes, Rosenberg reached Berlin, then Munich. At the same time other refugees reached Constantinople, London, Paris; Russians, Germans, but also Englishmen, Frenchmen, even Americans, members of those Allied expeditionary armies who, after the outbreak of the Bolshevik revolution, had occupied, for a time, Russian territory in Siberia, in the North, in the Crimea. And with this flow of fugitives not a few copies of the *Protocols* reached Western Europe.

A pity that General Ratchkovsky never lived to see the day. The shadow of Russia fell over Europe. From the Kremlin, Lenin exhorted the world to revolution, holding aloft the *Communist Manifesto*. Rosenberg comes, a humble fugitive, with the textbook of world domination in his battered suitcase.

Chapter II

THE ARMED INTELLECTUALS

IN MUNICH, TOO, THERE WAS A REVOLUTION; here, too—or so it seems to Rosenberg—the Wise Men of Zion had seized the helm. But already the saviors were silently gathering. Conspirators had found one another; secretly they were amassing arms, preparing to overthrow the revolutionary, though legal governments. Rosenberg found his way into these circles, and became acquainted with two men: a young officer by the name of Rudolf Hess and Dietrich Eckart, an elderly writer. The group of conspirators had learned from the Wise Men of Zion. Outwardly they were an innocent club, studying and declaiming old Germanic literature. They even called themselves the Thule Society, after the legendary kingdom of Nordic mythology. Thule was the ancient—and scientifically more than questionable—homeland of the German race, which was supposed to have come down from the North.

Rosenberg brought the conspirators of Thule the secret of world domination and therewith their program. *The Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion* appeared in German. A certain Ludwig Müller signed his name as publisher. The impression on German intellectuals was extraordinary. Edition followed edition; the little volume was given away and widely distributed; the good cause found backers who preferred to remain anonymous. Not only in

Germany did it become the book of the hour. A respectable British newspaper, the *Morning Post*, devoured a series of articles to it. Even the *Times* demanded an investigation to determine what truth there was in the *Protocols*. The same occurred in France. In Poland the Bishop of Warsaw recommended the book's dissemination. The *Protocols* were published in America, in Italy, in Hungary, in Turkish and Arabic. The story of the circulation of *The Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion* would seem to indicate the existence of an international network of secret connections and co-operating forces, the actual aims of which did not become known to the world until twenty years later. And yet this network is described clearly enough in the *Protocols* themselves.

Now the Thule Society prepared to act. They decided to kill Premier Eisner. Kurt Eisner was a Socialist writer, the leader of the Bavarian Revolution. On November 6, 1918, he was virtually unknown, with no more than a few hundred supporters, more a literary than a political figure. He was a small man with a wild gray beard, a pince-nez, and an immense black hat. On November 7 he marched through the city of Munich with his few hundred men, occupied parliament and proclaimed the republic. As though by enchantment, the king, the princes, the generals, and ministers scattered to all the winds. When the news came, the minister of war cried out: 'Revolution, oh, my God, and here I am, still in uniform!'

Unlike Lenin, Eisner really was a Jew. Like Lenin, he had the peasants and workers on his side, but all the educated classes, the officers, officials, students against him; in such a case, there is no difference between Christian and Jew. Belatedly the intellectuals grew ashamed of their cowardice; they grew ashamed when they perceived that there was no danger. Their radical hatred found its embodiment in leagues like the Thule Society. While the Rosenbergs, the Hesses, the Eckarts, and others whose names have been forgotten were still planning — such an act, after all, was dangerous — a man whom they had insulted and cast aside got ahead of them. The League had rejected Count Anton Arco-Valley, a young officer, for being of Jewish descent on one side. Determined to shame his

insulters by an example of courage, he shot Eisner down in the midst of his guards on the open street. A second later he himself lay on the ground, with a bullet through his chest. Eisner's secretary, Fechenbach, sprang forward and saved the assassin from being trampled by the boots of the infuriated soldiers. A mass insurrection broke out, a soviet republic was proclaimed. The Communists seized power — without bloodshed. In the place where Eisner fell, his picture was pasted to the wall; a Red Army man stood beside it, and all passers-by had to salute the picture. The members of the Thule Society soaked a bag of flour in the sweat of two bitches in heat, someone 'accidentally' dropped the bag in front of the picture, the flour clung to the ground and the walls; dogs gathered by the dozens, the picture and the guards silently vanished. This repulsive story is told here only because those responsible publicly boasted of it.

An army marched against revolutionary Munich. It was a motley troop; remnants of disbanding regiments; free corps, newly formed of unemployed soldiers and young people eager for adventure. In a village south of Munich a labor battalion of Russian war prisoners, forgotten though peace had been signed with Russia months before, fell into their hands. Russians? Must be Bolsheviki. What else would they be? Fifty-three Russian prisoners met their death in a sandpit over this misapprehension. In another village, a lieutenant asked the priest on whom he was billeted if he didn't know a few Red suspects in his community. Oh, yes, he knew some, and he named twelve, all of whom, as came to light in a later trial, were quite harmless individuals, who in the troubled times had somehow frightened the priest. On its march the troop dragged along twelve workers, drove them into the courtyard of the Munich slaughterhouse, and shot them against a wall with several hundred other unfortunates. The slaughter lasted for several days.

For on May 2, 1919, Munich had fallen to the White Army, the so-called government troops. The Red régime had survived but a few weeks. With a single exception, its record was free of blood. This exception regards the Thule Society, which had formed a small underground free corps of its strongest members, to work behind the Red lines. The free corps was armed and thus constituted what since

the Spanish civil war (1936) has been called a fifth column. The conspiracy was discovered, a number of Thulists arrested; according to martial law, they were liable to the death penalty, but the Red government could not make up its mind to sentence them. In the last hours of the collapsing régime, news came that the White troops were shooting prisoners. Munich was embittered. In vain the army commander, the poet Ernst Toller, intervened. A fanatical subordinate, to whom the prisoners were entrusted, had a number of them shot, among them a woman; with them a few others who had nothing to do with the Thule Society and who had been arrested for tearing down government posters and other trifling offenses. Those shot included — in view of the subsequent legend, this is not unimportant — a Jew; all in all, ten persons. It remains a hideous deed, but the fifth-columnists of Thule were only bearing the consequences of their conspiracy; it is not true, as Rightist propaganda later claimed, that any hostages were murdered. In the courtyard of the Munich slaughterhouse hundreds of victims paid with their lives for the shooting of the Thulists. Many, if not most of them, were innocent. The drunken soldiery arrested, by mistake, Catholic workers, loyalists, enemies of the revolution and the republic; they murdered twenty-one persons in a cellar by order, or at least with the connivance, of their captain. 'The soldiers,' an eye-witness said later in court, 'many in a drunken condition, tramped around on the prisoners, struck them down indiscriminately with their side-arms, and thrust about so wildly that one of the bayonets bent and the victim's brain splattered all over. In this way they killed fourteen more people and then looted the corpses. Five prisoners were severely wounded. The corpses looked ghastly. The nose of one had been bashed into his face, half of another's skull was missing. If one of the wounded still showed sign of life, the soldiers beat him and stabbed him. Two soldiers grasped one another around the waist and carried on an Indian dance beside the corpses, screaming and howling.'

When the White troops entered Munich, they went to the Nineteenth Infantry barracks and found a body of soldiers which an eye-witness later called 'a wild Red rabble.' Every tenth man, chosen at random, was stood up against the wall and shot. Only one was

set aside from the very first to be spared. His position was only too clear. When the high officers of the Munich Reichswehr fled before the radical uprising, they had left this man behind, to observe and report. A dangerous commission, requiring courage — but ugly. A few months previous, this man had attracted the attention of his officers in a strange way. 'They all noticed him,' one of them later recollected, 'because his salutes were so punctilious as to be provocative' in those revolutionary months when most of the soldiers defiantly refrained from saluting at all. When the government troops stormed Munich, his comrades wanted to help defend the city; he made a speech dissuading them. His comrades had suspected him of being a spy, and during the soviet régime he barely escaped arrest. Now he became the executioner. After May 2 an examining commission sent hundreds of men to the slaughterhouse wall. This man soon came to the attention of the commission, which used him as an informer. He delivered his reports in writing and later boasted of them. 'When he was ordered before the examining commission,' wrote one of his friends, 'his indictments cast a merciless clarity upon the unspeakable disgrace of the military treason practiced by the Jewish dictatorship of Munich's soviet period.' By rank this stool-pigeon was a corporal; by nationality, strange to say, an Austrian. His stated profession was painter and architect. His name was Adolf Hitler.

For these men the World War was not at an end. They did not recognize defeat. In any case, they said, we were stabbed in the back. But we do not accept this peace, we shall not reconcile ourselves to this revolution. The German army fights on in Germany. Every period has its methods. The thing for you to do is to sit down at an inn, watch the people, listen to them, get acquainted with them and win their confidence. It is a strange period of silent civil war. Two armies are fighting one another, almost unseen by the public; they are building up secret arsenals, and the problem in this war of position is to steal the enemy's arms by bold forays. The greatest danger is that the Allied victors of Versailles should find out what is going on, for then the weapons will inevitably fall into their hands. Hence we must sound the people out, find out if they know anything about hidden arms; and if they do know, whether

they are disposed to pass their knowledge on. We give them a little encouragement; they open their hearts. And then the time comes. One night we get into an automobile together. Two comrades 'happen' to be along. Out into the woods; we raise our gun to the fellow's head, and boom. That is how we fight against traitors.

The struggle was nourished on a wild hatred from man to man. During a communist uprising near Merseburg the leader of a police detachment learned that a troop of seventy rebels had been seen in the vicinity; the soldiers jumped on their bicycles and rode out against the enemy. An encounter followed, and 'all the rebels fell,' according to a later printed report. No quarter was given, no prisoners taken. From a dark thicket in the Black Forest, Erzberger, the minister who induced Germany to sign the Treaty of Versailles, was shot. One night a few young men swore a mortal oath over their wine and beer; next morning, feverish and overwrought, they drove out in a car, overtook another car, and shot Minister Rathenau with an automatic. Deputy Gareis planned to attack the army of secret murderers in the Bavarian parliament; the night before the session he came home late. As he was opening the door, two shots rang out in the darkness. Gareis was dead, his murderers were never found. Men vanished without trace; how many corpses the woods concealed can only be guessed; a woman was found dead at the foot of a tree, over her head a note was pinned with the words: 'Lousy bitch, you've betrayed the fatherland. So you are judged by the Black Hand.' One Pöhner was president of the Munich police, a brilliant official, an extraordinary jurist; later he became a judge of the highest court in Bavaria. Someone said to him that beyond a doubt there were organizations of murderers at large. With an icy glance through his pince-nez, Pöhner, the judge, replied: 'Yes, but too few!'

In the Bavarian ministry of justice sat a high official, appointed to solve these murders. Actually he had been put there not to solve them and not to find the murderer; that was his unwritten task. His name was Franz Guertner, and he was a man of no ordinary abilities. A few hundred steps away, in police headquarters, sat a colleague, also a high government official, whose official function was likewise to prosecute political murderers; but he, too, had

his unwritten orders, he, too, discovered nothing. More than that, it was later proved that he had murderers directly in his service. His name was Wilhelm Frick.

But who gave the unwritten orders? Who sent out the murderers, held back the police, commanded the judges? At first this force was an *esprit de corps*, inspiring a large circle of officers, officials, and other intellectuals; not all, or even most of them — but a blood-thirsty minority which forced its will on a startled and trembling majority. They killed and lied for the German army. This army had been defeated on the battlefield; its formations had disintegrated, its soldiers had thrown down their arms and packs, and had gone home, weary and desperate. The revolution had triumphed over the army. But the ideal lived on in the hearts of two hundred thousand officers.

A hundred and ninety thousand had been forced to doff their uniforms; but in civilian life, whether in secure positions, menial occupations, or actual want, most of them remained officers at heart. The republic reduced its army to two hundred thousand men, and the peace treaty forced them to halve this number; patriotic revolts broke out, which in reality were the class struggles of discharged officers. In March, 1920, a *putsch* was attempted; the government had to flee from Berlin for a few days; but in a five-day general strike the German workers forced the officers to their knees. Twice, in 1918 and in 1920, the German officers' corps capitulated to the German workers, and this is something they will never forget.

The revolutions of the twentieth century gave rise to a new militarism. For in these revolutions the soldier rose up against the army, the armed civilian broke open the front of which he was supposed to be a part. The army as such was attacked, the army as such defended itself. It was a new kind of struggle, and from it developed a new kind of army.

On the whole, the leaders of this army were neither noble junkers nor rich men. Before the World War of 1914-18, the main body of these leaders lived modestly and without glory on meager pay, often in proud poverty. If they reached the post of lieutenant-general, they were rewarded with personal nobility, but this did not

mean admission to the noble caste. If this officers' corps combated the revolution, it was not fighting for an existing social order. A professional soldier was defending his profession. It was the officers' class struggle.

The German Revolution of 1918 to 1923 was not the great experience of the German people, but it was the great experience of its officers. A strange gray terror rose from the trenches and overpowered them. They began to study this terror and turn it to their own ends. Army and revolution entered upon a struggle for the source of power in modern society: the proletariat.

The educated worker, the intellectual of the fourth estate, is the strength of present-day armies. This proletarian worker, who more and more is becoming the actual intellectual of the technical age, is the human reservoir of modern society. Any militarism which does not want to die of malnutrition is dependent on him. The modern army is an army of technicians. The army needs the worker, and that is why it fights against the revolution; not for the throne and not for the moneybags, but for itself.

The army devours the people. A fatherland rises up within the fatherland. Germany: it is no longer the soil on which Walter von der Vogelweide, Luther, or Goethe trod; it is not the Cathedral of Bamberg, the *Nibelungenlied* or the Rhine, the people on the wharves of Hamburg or the learned men of the Prussian academy of sciences; Germany is: a tank park, a line of cannon, and the gray human personnel belonging to them. 'I find,' wrote one of those two hundred thousand officers in his autobiography, 'that I no longer belong to this people. All I remember is that I once belonged to the German army.'

The words are by Ernst Röhm. This Röhm, more than any other in his circle, is the key figure we were seeking when we asked: Who sent out the murderers, who gave the judges their orders? A young officer in his mid-thirties, a captain like a thousand others, the kind who might gladly and easily disappear in the mass, he stood modestly aside in the dazzling parades where generals and marshals, personally responsible, perhaps, for the loss of the war, were applauded by a misguided patriotic youth. Röhm was only an adjutant to the chief of the infantry troops stationed in Bavaria, a

certain Colonel von Epp. But from this modest post he established, in defiance of the law and against the will of every minister in Berlin and Munich, a volunteer army of a hundred thousand men, calling themselves modestly the *Einwohnerwehr* (citizens' defense). When this armed mass was finally disbanded by orders from above, he formed new nuclei. New organizations kept springing up, with all sorts of names, under constantly changing official leaders, all having ostensibly nothing to do with the Reichswehr. Actually all were an extension of the Reichswehr, under the command of Röhm.

Röhm was a professional soldier of petty-bourgeois origin. His father was a middling railway official in Ingolstadt, Bavaria, where Ernst Röhm was born on November 28, 1887. The boy became an excellent soldier, the embodiment of personal bravery. In 1906 he joined the army, in 1908 became a lieutenant. Three times wounded in the war, he returned each time to the front. Half his nose was shot away, he had a bullet hole in his cheek; short, stocky, shot to tatters, and patched, he was the outward image of a freebooter captain. He was more a soldier than an officer. In his memoirs he condemns the cowardice, sensuality, and other vices of many comrades; his revelations were almost treason against his own class.

A gigantic arsenal had been left behind by the fallen German army. In the peace treaty Germany had promised to destroy it. The Allies supervised the process by control commissions, sitting in the large cities of Germany and traveling through the country. These arms had to be saved. In Bavaria Röhm undertook this task.

He was able to persuade a few of the Allied officers that these old armored cars and rusty machine guns could be of no use in serious warfare, but would come in handy for combating the world revolution which was moving, through Germany, toward the Rhine. This strange collaboration with the Allied organs must have been very close; in his memoirs Röhm indicates as much in passing, praising certain British officers and mentioning an Italian, Major Grammacini. He succeeded in surrounding the Allied officials with a dense net of counter-spies; men wishing to report a secret arsenal were prevented from reaching the foreigners; they fell into the hands of a German, masquerading as an officer of the

Entente, who with a straight face, stammering broken German, listened to their reports, and then delivered the traitors to eager assassins.

'We will transfer them from their rascally lives to death,' Röhm used to say in such cases. 'That is the soldier's law of self-defense.' Many years later, generals might from time to time appear as witnesses before courts and parliamentary committees, raise their right hands and swear that they had known nothing of the murders, and had no idea who the murderers were. The job was done by Röhm and his henchmen, the Heineses, Neunzerts, Schweikharth, and Ballys — to mention only a few of all those who have been half or totally forgotten. He was not the only such leader in the Reich. There was Lieutenant Rossbach in Pomerania, Captain von Pfeffer in the Ruhr; there was Captain Ehrhardt who marched through the whole of Germany with his armed band, and at the height of his career instigated the *putsch* which was stifled by the general strike. Röhm was more conscious of his goal than any of the others; his career was the most successful, his end the most tragic.

In any case, it was the officers of middle rank, captains, or at most majors, who relieved the generals of their responsibility, ostensibly without their knowledge, often actually against their will. They shoved their generals aside, in the end openly combated them, and during the whole period grimly despised them for their cowardice and inertia. The officers' class struggle became the struggle of the lower against the higher officers. When the German Republic disbanded the army, more generals retained their posts than the English army has in peacetime; those who were discharged received pensions they could live on. The well-paid generals became easily reconciled to the republic; they were not grateful enough to admit it openly, nor courageous enough to deny it. But the lieutenants and captains saw no place for advancement in the tiny army of a hundred thousand men; they saw themselves reduced to the level of armed élite proletarians; many, with no official position at all, marched through the land at the head of mercenary bands, subsidized by heavy industrialists and landowners to protect their factories or estates from the specter of communist revolution.

This seemed the end of the lordly life to which the German in-

tellectual youth had grown accustomed during the war. Their school course had been broken off ahead of time; their examinations had been made easy for them. After a short period of active service, they were sent to an officers' training course and soon they were lieutenants with a monthly salary of three hundred gold marks. It was a dangerous existence, but one full of pride and pleasure. The material level of life was high enough to permit of a hard fall, when, as Röhm put it, 'peace broke out.' He adds in his autobiography: 'Since I am an immature and bad man, war appeals to me more than peace.' But peace had come.

These armed intellectuals were the German army, they preserved its spirit, upheld its tradition. Even before the First World War, it had ceased to be the army of Prussian junkers, which foreigners held it to be. Its most brilliant mind, its leader in the World War, was Erich Ludendorff, a man of bourgeois origin, like most of the important German generals in the World War, such as von Mackensen, von Kluck, Groener, Max Hoffmann, Scheer. When the Kaiser offered him nobility, Ludendorff declined, saying he wished to bear the same name as his father. Since the broad mass of the lower officers gives an army its character, the German Army of the World War could be called an army of armed students. And since these intellectuals in uniform found no career and no bread in the breakdown after the peace, their officer days remained for many the high point of their existence; the hope for a return of the golden days remained their secret consolation.

Among these bright-colored, though plucked birds, Röhm was conspicuous by his simplicity; he had the nature of a leader, not of an aristocrat. This freebooter captain was inspired by an almost worshipful love for his subordinates; he was the type of superior officer who lives and dies for his troop and is constantly fighting his superior officers in their behalf. 'Respect and affection for your subordinate, not the praise of your superior, is the highest ideal,' he wrote as a young lieutenant. In general, obedience was not his strong point. 'The thinking subordinate is the natural enemy of his superior,' is another of his maxims.

And this fatherly soldier was a homosexual murderer.

We shall not go into the apparent contradictions in Röhm's

nature. He was the secret head of a band of murderers. For his arsenal, he had men killed without the slightest qualm. In his inconspicuous position, he spent four years in Bavaria, secretly building up an army; or, more accurately, he kept building up new armies, for this secret army often disbanded. It was scattered by commands from above, torn by internal struggles. It allowed itself to be used for different purposes by political leaders who the next day abandoned them. But somehow Röhm always kept his army in hand, for he disposed of the arms and maintained a bloody guard over them.

It was this atmosphere that led him personally astray. Many sections of this secret army of mercenaries and murderers were breeding places of perversion. One of these was Rossbach's free corps. Rossbach and his adjutant, Heines, seem to have brought Röhm to the path which ultimately led to his destruction.

It is no contradiction that this misled leader should have been attached to his soldiers and thought more about them than most of his comrades did. Röhm was the type of officer who fights with the revolution for the soldier's soul. He grasped the great truth that the new army should not destroy the revolution but use it. "The revolutionary school of communism prepares the German worker for the struggle for national freedom," he writes. He never wearies of praising the communists and their military qualities. Once he had him in his company, he assures us, he could turn the reddest communist into a glowing nationalist in four weeks.

The future workers' army passes through the school of civil war. These freebooters do not complain about the inner conflict in their fatherland. There are too many soft and rotten elements among the people, wipe them out! Röhm calls them the 'philistines,' and by that he means everything mediocre: in spirit, in passion, in possessions; sometimes he seems to mean everyone who has a family. He praises the have-nots without office and property, the raw warriors. They are the stuff the new army needs, for the new army must wage war in Germany, to wean the workers from the parties.

To this end, Röhm founded the National Socialist German Workers' Party. It might be said to have existed before him, first under the simpler name of the German Workers' Party. But that was a

club, sitting in the back rooms of little restaurants, talking. At all events, a mere idea. And an idea it remained until the club, seeking to win over the German workers, became the party of soldiers. This was Röhm's work. He discovered the club, joined it—an officer among workers! And not he alone. With commands he forced his soldiers, with pleas he drove his comrades into it. Thus the party became a political troop. Whole Reichswehr companies marched through the streets in civilian clothes as National Socialists! Thus arose the formation which later, as the SA, became the basic party formation.

They hunted down the Jews and beat them. Were they not the Black Hundreds of southern Russia, risen from the dead after fifteen years?—At all events, they employed the same methods. They thought the same thoughts; for all these soldiers had read *The Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion*, or read about them at least. And, indeed, they were practically the same men.

A colony of Russian émigrés—aristocrats, generals, industrialists, scholars, artists, students—had settled in Munich as in almost every other big city throughout the world. They stood as martyrs of the great Bolshevik terror which kept the post-war world a-tremble, and made Europe skip a heartbeat when in 1920 a Bolshevik army appeared before Warsaw and nearly changed the course of history.

From this Russian legion, Rosenberg stepped forward. With his new friends of the Thule Society, with Dietrich Eckart, with Rudolf Hess, with an engineer named Gottfried Feder, he approached the German Workers' Party. First he delivered lectures about the Wise Men of Zion, the Jewish peril, the Jewish wirepullers behind Bolshevism. This was still a far cry from an organized party. Rosenberg repeated the same lectures before a dozen similar groups and grouplets, all in obscure back rooms and small beer halls. But then Röhm sent in his soldiers from the other side. The grouplet became a piece of that German Reichswehr which then was a gigantic political party under arms, though without a program and without a leader.

Rosenberg supplied the program. It had already been tested, the idea of the Wise Men of Zion had gripped millions throughout the world. Rosenberg pointed eastward. From Russia the Antichrist

was sending forth his new armies, after moving his cannon to the Rhine under the tricolor of France.

The German Army was undergoing a revolution, a profound spiritual and physical metamorphosis. The impact upon this army of a foreign, supra-national world policy, conceived in gigantic Russian images, gave birth to the great movement which has been known ever since as National Socialism. A captain from the German provinces and a Russo-German student had to meet before the power of Germany and the world-embracing fantasy of the East could combine into an explosive mixture. Personally Röhm always rejected Rosenberg's distant perspectives and probably never took them seriously. 'Europe and the rest of the world,' he says, 'can perish in flames. What is that to us? Germany must live and be free.' Such a sentiment is the antithesis of any broad world policy. From the outset the two men sensed that they were foreign to one another; they hated one another throughout their collaboration. But their work was stronger than they.

The Röhm type surely did not recognize the ironical textbook of world domination in the *Protocols*. To him it sufficed that it was an effective pamphlet against the Jews. The defeated German officers' corps needed such a book. For an army that wants to maintain its prestige among the people must not be defeated. For forty years this army had been trained to defeat the French; it could not accustom itself to failure. The *Protocols* offered consolation: 'It was not the French who defeated us but the Jews.'

At all times and among all nations, crafty and strong personalities have recognized the simple secret of rule by violence. Four hundred years ago, an Italian gave it the theoretical form which today seems to us the most valid. A Frenchman adapted these thoughts to the modern age. But it took a band of Russian conspirators to transform the theories into a practical program. And in Germany the program was to be consciously applied for the first time. German officers took the idea of world domination seriously.

Those who wish to transform the world must be able to transform themselves. Every real revolutionary deed begins with one's own person. After his last unsuccessful *putsch* in 1923, General Ludendorff, for long years the idol and leader of all national revolutionary

movements in Germany, said in court: 'Events have taught me, and it pains me to own, that the leading stratum of our society is incapable of giving the German people the will to freedom.'

Röhm says it more simply: 'Only he who is without possessions has ideals.'

A broken people, a broken army, broken men. The new movement rises out of wreckage. Ideals had to fall into the mire, destinies to be shattered, characters to sicken, before something new could be born. For this thing was new, and from the very beginning it was frightful. Rosenberg lost his home, Röhm his people; the type which now fell in with them, bringing them their greatest strength, had nothing to lose.

The gilded troop met in feebly lighted beer halls, smelling of cold smoke. Officers became conspirators. And they were no longer alone — that was the decisive factor. Now they were with workers. Not with the main body of the workers, with the mighty masses from the factories, but with the flotsam, the stragglers living on the fringe of their class, the workers at odd jobs and the unemployed. The declassed of all classes came together; those of the upper and the lower classes made common cause. In all times this has been the way of counter-revolution: an upper layer that has lost its hold in society seeks the people and finds the rabble. The officers were out to find a demagogue, of whom it could be said that he was a worker. They would cry out to him: Leader, command us, we shall follow.

In their class struggle the officers were forced by circumstances to create a workers' army; they found their leader in the lowest mass of their subordinates, and commanded him to command. The spirit of history, in its fantastic mockery, could not have drawn an apter figure. It was the man who had sent his comrades to the slaughterhouse wall after the overthrow of the Munich soviet. A human nothing, a gray personality even among soldiers, 'modest and for that very reason inconspicuous,' as a superior has characterized him; not even a German, but a homeless derelict from the Viennese melting-pot. The army in which he was a soldier was charged with energy, laden with possibilities, but he descended to

the most dubious level, that of *agent-provocateur*; even in that field he was no leader, but an unsavory tool of the political counter-espionage; an *homme de main*, entrusted with necessary but loathsome tasks; happy when he could obey and, by his own admission, knowing no higher goal than 'to follow his superior blindly and contradict no one.' His exterior was without distinguishing marks, his face without radiance; there was nothing unusual in his bearing. He was one of those men without qualities, normal and colorless to the point of invisibility. They can be forgotten beneath the broadest spotlight, even while they are present. The void, it might be said, had disguised itself as a man.

The leadership of the new military party in Munich was given over to this human object. The officers wanted a tool. They sent him through the country on speaking tours, used him in their press bureau to write releases, sent him into political meetings to hear what he could hear. At length, as propagandist orator for the German Workers' Party, he seemed to have found his niche in the world. He was a man of the people, at home amid the most sordid poverty, hence familiar with the heart of the poor. To speak in the language of his employers, accustomed to the military trade and embarrassed in the presence of the people: that trap of his will come in handy.

For in this unlikely looking creature there dwelt a miracle: his voice. It was something unexpected. Between those modest, narrow shoulders, the man had lungs. His voice was the very epitome of power, firmness, command, and will. Even when calm, it was a guttural thunder; when agitated, it howled like a siren betokening inexorable danger. It was the roar of inanimate nature, yet accompanied by flexible human overtones of friendliness, rage, or scorn.

The contradiction between the lamentable appearance and the mighty voice characterizes the man. He is a torn personality; long reaches of his soul are insignificant, colored by no noteworthy qualities of intellect or will; but there are corners supercharged with strength. It is this association of inferiority and strength that makes the personality so strange and fascinating.

Adolf Hitler, the man, is portrayed here as most of his contem-

poraries and many of his own supporters saw him in his beginnings; and the picture is basically true. As a human figure, lamentable; as a political mind, one of the most tremendous phenomena of all world history — this is a contradiction which occurs in every man of genius, from the stuttering Moses to Bonaparte, the strange, unglamorous artillery captain; but few of those historic figures united so many contradictions, such lack of distinction, and such superhuman strength.

Trading with the Enemy

Without the support of key American industrialists, Adolf Hitler would never have been able to wage World War II.

While most Americans were appalled by the Nazis and the rearming of Germany in the 1930s, some of America's most powerful corporations were more concerned about making a buck from their German investments. Here are a few examples of how US industrialists supported Adolf Hitler and Nazi Germany.

GENERAL MOTORS

GM, which was controlled by the du Pont family during the 1930s, owned 80 per cent of the stock of Opel AG which made 30 per cent of Germany's passenger cars.

When Hitler's panzer divisions rolled into France and Eastern Europe, they were riding in Opel trucks and other equipment. Opel earned GM a hefty US\$36 million in the 10 years before war broke out, but because Hitler prohibited the export of capital, GM reinvested the profits in other German companies. At least US\$20 million was invested in companies owned or controlled by Nazi officials.

General Motors may have even been plotting against the Roosevelt administration. According to Charles Higham in his book, *Trading with the Enemy*, GM representatives met secretly with Baron Manfred von Killinger, Nazi Germany's west coast chief of espionage, and Baron von Tippleskirsch, the Nazi consul general and Gestapo leader, in Boston on 23rd November 1937. The group "signed a joint agreement showing total commitment to the Nazi cause for the indefinite future" and proclaimed that "in view of Roosevelt's attitude toward Germany, every effort must be made to remove him by defeat at the next election. Jewish influence in the political, cultural and public life of America must be stamped out. Press and radio must be subsidised to smear the administration", and a *führer*, perhaps Senator Burton Wheeler of Montana, should be in the White House. Although the group tried to keep the agreement secret, Representative John M. Coffee of Washington found out about it and had the entire text of the agreement printed in the Congressional Record in August 1942.

HENRY FORD

Ford, the founder of the Ford Motor Company, was an outspoken anti-Semite and a big donor to the Nazi party. Ford allegedly bankrolled Hitler in the early 1920s at a time when the party had few other sources of income. In fact, the Nazi Party might have perished without Ford's sponsorship. Hitler admired Ford enormously. In 1922, *The New York Times* reported, "The wall beside his desk in Hitler's private office is decorated with a large picture of Henry Ford. In the antechamber there is a large table covered with books, nearly all of which are translations of books written and published by Henry Ford." (Hitler actually borrowed passages from Ford's book, *The International Jew*, to use in *Mein Kampf*.) The same year, the German newspaper *Berliner Tageblatt*, a Hitler foe, called on the American ambassador to investigate Ford's funding of Hitler, but nothing was ever done. Ford never denied that he had bankrolled the *Führer*. In fact, Hitler presented Nazi Germany's highest decoration for foreigners—the Grand Cross of the German Eagle—to Henry Ford.

THE CURTISS-WRIGHT AVIATION COMPANY

Employees of Curtiss-Wright taught dive-bombing to Hitler's *Luftwaffe*. When Hitler's bombers terrorised Europe, they were using American bombing techniques. The US Navy invented dive-bombing several years before Hitler came to power, but managed to keep it a secret from the rest of the world by expressly prohibiting US aircraft manufacturers from mentioning the technique to other countries. However, in 1934, Curtiss-Wright,

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hoping to increase sales of airplanes to Nazi Germany, found a way around the restriction: instead of telling the Nazis about divebombing, it demonstrated the technique in air shows. A US Senate investigation concluded, "It is apparent that American aviation companies did their part to assist Germany's air armament."

STANDARD OIL

The oil giant developed and financed Germany's synthetic fuel program in partnership with German chemical giant, I. G. Farben.

As late as 1934, Germany was forced to import as much as 85 per cent of its petroleum from abroad. This meant that a worldwide fuel embargo could stop Hitler's army overnight. To get around this threat, Nazi Germany began converting domestic coal into synthetic fuel using processes developed jointly by Standard Oil and I. G. Farben.

Standard taught I. G. Farben how to make tetraethyl lead and add it to gasoline to make leaded gasoline. This information was priceless; leaded gas was essential for modern mechanised warfare. An I. G. Farben memo stated, "Since the beginning of the war we have been in a position to produce lead tetraethyl solely because, a short time before the outbreak of the war, the Americans had established plants for us ready for production, and supplied us with all available experience. In this manner, we did not need to perform the difficult work of development because we could start production right away on the basis of all the experience that the Americans had had for years." Another memo noted that "without tetraethyl lead, present methods of warfare would not be possible." (*Trading with the Enemy*)

Still another I. G. Farben memo chronicled Standard's assistance in procuring \$20 million worth of aviation fuel and lubricants to be stockpiled for war: "The fact that we actually succeeded by means of the most difficult negotiations in buying the quantity desired by our government... and transporting it to Germany, was made possible only through the aid of the Standard Oil Co." (Note: According to a 1992 article in the *Village Voice*, Brown Brothers Harriman was the Wall Street investment firm that "arranged for a loan of tetraethyl lead to the Nazi *Luftwaffe*" in 1938. A senior managing partner of the firm was George Bush's father, Prescott Bush.)

Standard Oil may also have undermined US preparations for war. A congressional investigation conducted after World War II found evidence that Standard Oil had con-

spired with I. G. Farben to block American research into synthetic rubber, in exchange for a promise that I. G. Farben would give Standard Oil a monopoly on its rubber-synthesising process. The investigation concluded that "Standard fully accomplished I.G.'s purpose of preventing the United States production by dissuading American rubber companies from undertaking independent research in developing synthetic rubber processes."

Standard Oil may have also helped distribute pro-Nazi literature in Central America. According to Charles Higham in *Trading with the Enemy*, "on 5 May 1941, the US Legation at Managua, Nicaragua, reported that Standard Oil subsidiaries were distributing *Epoca*, a publication filled with pro-Nazi propaganda. John J. Muccio of the US Consulate made an investigation and found that Standard was

As late as 1934, Germany was forced to import as much as 85 per cent of its petroleum from abroad. This meant that a worldwide fuel embargo would stop Hitler's army overnight.

distributing this inflammatory publication all over the world."

INTERNATIONAL TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH

IT&T owned substantial amounts of stock in several German armaments companies, including a 28 per cent stake in Focke-Wulf which built fighter aircraft for the German Army.

Unlike General Motors, IT&T was permitted to repatriate the profits it made in Germany, but it chose not to. Instead, the profits were reinvested in the German armaments industry. According to Anthony Sutton, author of *Wall Street and the Rise of Hitler*, "IT&T's purchase of a substantial interest in Focke-Wulf meant that IT&T was producing German planes used to kill Americans and their allies—and it made excellent profits out of the enterprise." IT&T also owned factories in the neutral countries of Spain, Portugal, Switzerland and Sweden which continued selling products to axis countries.

The relationship with the Nazis continued even after the US entered the war.

According to Charles Higham in *Trading with the Enemy*, the German Army, Navy and Air Force hired IT&T to make "switchboards, telephones, alarm gongs, buoys, air-raid warning devices, radar equipment and 30,000 fuses per month for artillery shells used to kill British and American troops" after the bombing of Pearl Harbour. "In addition," Higham writes, "IT&T supplied ingredients for the rocket bombs that fell on London...high-frequency radio equipment and fortification and field communication sets. Without this supply of crucial materials, it would have been impossible for the German Air Force to kill American and British troops, for the German Army to fight the Allies in Africa, Italy, France and Germany, for England to have been bombed, or for Allied ships to have been attacked at sea."

CHASE NATIONAL BANK (later Chase Manhattan Bank)

Chase operated branches in Nazi-occupied Paris and handled accounts for the German Embassy as well as German businesses operating in France.

As late as six months before the start of World War II in Europe, Chase National Bank worked with the Nazis to raise money for Hitler from Nazi sympathisers in the US.

According to Higham in *Trading with the Enemy*, "In essence, the Nazi government through the Chase National Bank offered Nazis in America the opportunity to buy German marks with dollars at a discount. The arrangement was open only to those who wished to return to Germany and would use the marks in the interest of the Nazis." Americans who were interested had to prove to the Nazi embassy that they supported Hitler and his policies.

Cooperation with the Nazis continued even after America entered the war. For example, Higham says, Chase offices in Paris remained open long after other American banks had shut down, and even provided assistance to the Nazis: "The Chase Bank in Paris was the focus of substantial financing of the Nazi embassy's activities throughout World War II with the full knowledge of [Chase headquarters in] New York. In order to assure the Germans of its loyalty to the Nazi cause...the Vichy branch of Chase at Château-neuf-sur-Cher were strenuous in enforcing restrictions against Jewish property, even going so far as to refuse to release funds belonging to Jews because they anticipated a Nazi decree with retroactive provisions prohibiting such a release." (*Trading with the Enemy*)