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Nazi Orientation. A Sketch.

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N A Z I O R I E N T A T I O N
A Sketch
by
KLAUS MANN

A round green table with beer seidl's arranged in a semicircle. In the center of the table, a big globe covered with swastikas; near to it, a huge microphone bearing prominent signs with the words, "Radio Berlin" and "Deutschland Sender."

There are two conspicuous arrows pointing respectively to the right and to the left - one with a poster reading "To the Air Raid Shelter for Nazi Bigshots", the other with a sign, "Personal Air Raid Shelter of the Fuehrer."

The scene is empty when the curtain raises. One can hear the noise of distant explosions dying gradually away. Then, the sound of a siren, whereupon MISS VALKYRIE tiptoes into the room, very cautiously, from the right. She is a blond-haired female of impressive dimensions - definitely the Wagnerian type.

MISS VALKYRIE: (looks around, examines the situation. Being sure that there is no danger, she turns around, to the air raid shelter from which she just emerged; claps her hands and cries:) All clear, gentlemen! You may come up; no reason to be scared...

(From the right appear slowly - one after the other - GOERING and GOEBBELS, followed by STREICHER, VON PAPEN, RIBBENTROP, HIMMLER, and other Nazi celebrities - each wearing a name plate very visibly; all of them looking rather despondent.)

GOERING: (wiping the sweat from his face:) Are you sure we are safe, Fraeulein Valkyrie?

MISS VALKYRIE: My word of honor as the supreme leader of all Hitler Girls...

GOERING: That doesn't mean much; but let's take a chance. These air raids get on my nerves, zum Donnerwetter nochmal... Were those damned bombers English, Russian, or American?

MISS VALKYRIE: I couldn't tell you, your Excellency. They seemed to come from all directions at once.

GOEBBELS: Where is the Fuehrer?

MISS VALKYRIE: In his bomb-proof little drawing room; rather excited, if I may say so, Herr Doktor.

GOEBBELS: Does he lie on the floor - biting into the carpet and screaming he's a martyr?

MISS VALKYRIE: Quite so, Herr Doktor. He ^{keeps} saying nobody loves him and has already destroyed five of our finest Oriental rugs.

GOERING: The pretty ones I just stole in Paris for my country house? But this is outrageous!

GOEBBELS: Now, take it easy, Hermann! There are plenty of carpets in the occupied countries. The main thing is, at this point, to go on with our Orientation broadcast.

MISS VALKYRIE: How right you are, Herr Doktor! But who will be our speaker? The Fuehrer does not seem to be in a position...

GOEBBELS: Then it's your turn, Hermann. You'll discuss the subject, "Why the German capital will never be bombed by our enemies."

GOERING: I can't...

GOEBBELS: It's an order, Field Marshal Hermann Goering. Isn't it, Herr Himmler?

HIMMLER: (nods grimly.)

GOERING: If Herr Himmler says so... (He rises - heavily and slowly; throws a beer seidel from the table and is frightened by the noise which he takes for a new explosion. He groans:) There they are again! Verdamnte Schweinehunde... (Tries to hide under the table.)

MISS VALKYRIE: But your Excellency! Everything is all right...

GOERING: I know. It's just that I am kind of shaky of late. What I need is a nice new uniform and a juicy morphium injection. *morphine*

(A S.S. Man appears with a big syringe and a gaudy new uniform.)

GOEBBELS: It is really disgraceful. So I'll have to take over once again, although I loathe to speak in public.

GOERING: I know you do, my poor friend...

GOEBBELS: Duty above all! Heil Schickelgruber. Fraeulein Valkyrie, if you please...

MISS VALKYRIE: (speaking into the microphone:) This is Berlin speaking - the Deutschlandsender! Your announcer is Fraeulein Valkyrie in person. We have been off the air, for twenty-seven minutes, on account of minor technicalities. A bunch of Jewish saboteurs have wantonly attempted to disrupt our communications - unsuccessfully, of course. Don't worry, German friends!

(~~The traitors are just being executed in the courtyard of the Chancellery.~~) We continue our broadcast, "Orientation Course for the German People." The main speaker of our program is - as all of you know - nobody less ^{than} but Adolf Hitler himself.

(Thundering applause from the audience.)

However, the Fuehrer is still busy in his mountain retreat in Berchtesgaden, studying the glorious news from the Russian front.

(New applause.)

HITLER's VOICE: (from the left:) Those Russian dogs! Those rats! How can they dare to resist me? Do they take me for Napoleon? I am ten times greater...

Goering: My master's voice...

GOEBBELS: That sounds pretty bad...

X MISS VALKYRIE: Field Marshal Goering, too, has been ^{de}retained by affairs of utmost significance...

GOERING: More morphine! ^{NE}Another uniform!

MISS VALKYRIE: But, happily, we have "our Doctor." It is my privilege to introduce Paul Joseph Goebbels, Minister of Enlightenment and Propaganda.

GOEBBELS: (into the microphone:) National Socialists! ^{Aryans}Ariens! Deutsche Volksgenossen! All of you realize, or ought to understand, how vitally important Orientation is, these days. You can live without butter, without cigarettes, without soap and coal, even without beer; but you can't live without Orientation. How can you fight, if you don't know what you are fighting for? And how can you know what you are fighting for, unless the Fuehrer tells you what it is all about? And that is what he does, in his immeasurable generosity. He gives you as much Orientation as you can possibly wish for - Heil Schickelgruber!

(Applause.)

Just now the Fuehrer's Inner Voices are particularly productive. I found the divine man in high spirits when I called on him, the other day, in Berchtesgaden. (surrounded by his friends,) He sparkled with life and wit...

HITLER's VOICE: I am all alone. Where is my friend Roehm? I have killed him, they say. If that is true, I too wish to die...

GOEBBELS: Never before have I seen our inspired leader in such a brilliant mental and physical state. English newspapers spread the ridiculous lie that he thinks of his imminent death...

HITLER's VOICE: Where is my friend Rudolf Hess? They say he went to England. I want to join him. They have less air raids over there...

GOEBBELS: More dynamic than ever, the Fuehrer reaffirmed his inflexible determination to conquer England in the nearest future. In fact, he intends to go there himself...

HITLER's VOICE: Where is my friend Putzi Hanfstaengel? Can it be true that he is in Washington? If so, I want to go there too. Putzi is so much fun...

GOEBBELS: Moreover, he announced his well-⁴considered plan to ^(considered)

invade the United States of North America. And this, my Teutonic listeners, brings me to the main topic of today's discussion....

HITLER's VOICE (bellows and groans:) More carpets!... Let me have more carpets!

(A S.S.MAN appears in the door leading to Hitler's room; he carries a bunch of torn rags which he hands over to another S.S.MAN. The latter rushes off and returns with new supplies of tapistry which he gives to the first man.)

GOERING: More carpets to be destroyed! And just my favourite pieces! - the ones I stole in Greece! It's too much: I can't bear it... A new uniform and another morphiam injection! And make it snappy, or I'll faint... scream... X

GOEBBELS: The main subje t of today's discussion - I say - which is "The Conquest of the United States," or, "America - Germany's Lebensraum."

(Applause)

Now, I may presume that all of you, Arien folks, realize what "Lebensraum" means and how important it is to the Master Race: in fact, "Lebensraum", in its own way, is as indispensable as Orientation. "Lebensraum", of course, is s p a c e - a vast, immeasurable lot of it: sufficient space to drill many millions of soldiers and to produce the weapons they need. It is the Fuehrer's mission to provide the Master Race with "Lebensraum." First he thought he might content himself with Europe - a mere bagatelle. But the English clumsily interfered when we began to liquidate Poland: so the Fuehrer's Inner Voices advised him to conquer the British Empire. England was on the point of collapsing when our inspired leader suddenly changed his mind - Heil Schickelgruber! That is to say, he discovered that it wasn't really worthwhile to lick the Britik^l, just now. So he turned against Russia - or rather, the treacherous Bolsheviks turned against us - what's the difference: at any rate, we turned against each other, Heil Schickelgruber.

(Applause)

HITLER's VOICE: Where is my Russian Army? All in pieces... ganz kaputt...

GOEBBELS: Non-Jewish friends! Volksgenossen! I don't need emph size that our campaign ~~in~~ against the fiendish Soviets is one of the most gigantic military successes in history. We conquered plenty of "Lebensraum"; the red devils were annihilated. But just when the Russian army ceased practically to exist, the Fuehrer, in his unfathomable wisdom, changed his wonderful mind once again. His Inner Voices told him that it isn't worthwhile to lick the Soviet Union, just now. Weather conditions are awful, down there. The whole country stinks. So our Fuehrer - Heil Schickelgruber! - renounced the City of Stalingrad which he had previously chosen as a little birthday present for himself. Now he feels that lousy holes like Stalingrad and Boston, Moscow are not good enough for him. He wants New York, Chicago, Philadelphia.

(Thundering Applause)

Men and women of the chosen nation! America is ours: it belongs to us. All we have to do is, to take back what is our legitimate property. For it was a German who discovered the American continent. Whoever told you that Christopher Columbus was of Spanish origin, is a Jewish liar. A commission of German professors has been assigned to investigate his racial background. But without waiting for the results of this scientific enterprise, I can tell you, right now: the discoverer of America had a German grandmother. X

(Applause)

Bolshevik

Who, then, dares to question our claim that America is ours? We'll get it, all right. And ~~believe~~ believe me, Christian brothers' - the United States is a juicy enough prize to fight for. Think of all the dainty stuff we'll find in the big American cities! The Ford cars, the turkeys, the Chocolate Sundays, the Hot dogs, the Coca-Cola, the ~~diamonds~~, the whiskey... *(Gmmer, the beer)*

GOERING: Stop it, Paul! It's too much! I'm fainting... A new uniform - quickly! and another morphium injection!

GOEBBELS: Of course, our Fuehrer - Heil Schickelgruber - has already worked out an elaborate scheme for the coming conquest of America. Our first concern is ~~revenge~~ - almost needless to say. Our most impudent enemies in the United States will be liquidated without delay - in ~~the~~ ^{our} usual relentless and dashing manner. ~~New and effective methods have been discovered to torture and kill those wicked American patriots: they'll be forced to listen to recorded Hitler speeches until they go mad or commit suicide. In this way, we'll dispose of our stubborn antagonists over there - from President Rosenfeld (alias Roosevelt) down to such infamous scribblers as Dorothy Thompson and Walter Lippman. (Win + the 4)~~ As for the fellow who had the nerve to do something unspeakable "right in the Fuehrer's face", - if only in a song - we have not yet decided upon the most painful and, therefore, most suitable method to murder him. The same cruel method - once we have found it out - will be applied to that obnoxious clown, Charlie Chaplin, who dared to steal the Fuehrer's handsome mustache, or rather, the Fuehrer stole his - what's the difference? Heil Schickelgruber! Long live the Great Dictator! We may be somewhat more lenient on the female Hollywood stars; some of them will even enjoy the privilege of being admitted to my personal harem...

GOERING: I take Hedi Lamarre...

GOEBBELS: Shut up, Hermann! You have your uniforms and your dope.

GOERING: That's enough from you, you lousy cripple...

MISS VALKYRIE: Gentlemen! Please! Is this the orientation you want to give to the nation?

GOEBBELS: ~~As for General McArthur, we may let him to our Japanese Allies - pure Ariens, incidentally, according to the investigations of our German professors. Now, friends, I don't want you to think that we have nothing but enemies in the United States - quite the contrary: There are quite a few active, devoted Nazis on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean. I prefer, however, not to mention their names - for two obvious reasons. First, it would be unwise to compromise them as "Fifth-Columnists"; secondly, our agents over there must not think themselves too important. They may fool themselves and believe that they are going to run the show, once we have taken over. They are utterly wrong. We'll cheat our American friends as we have cheated our French supporters. America is our Lebensraum - not the Lebensraum of any American Nazis.~~ *Leave*

(Applause)

would-be

and we'll certainly show them what the "Herrenvolk" can ^{do}. In practically no time all labor unions, all religious and political organizations will be dissolved. Congress and Senate will be replaced by a ~~a~~ bataillon of reliable storm troopers. Each American State will have its Nazi Governor, or "Gauleiter", to be appointed by the Fuehrer - Heil Schickelgruber! The illustrious chief of our Gestapo, Herr Himmler, will move right into the White House, as the supreme representative of the German Government. Herr Streicher - the matchless expert in ~~all~~ racial questions - will look after the education of the American people. I personally intend to take over the functions of all editorial writers now active in the United States. There are far too many of them. Every little sheet has its own opinion - it is really a disgrace. In the future, there will be but one opinion - mine.

(Applause)

The Fuehrer - who is not only the greatest statesman of all times but the greatest artist to boot - will change the architecture of all American cities, to begin with New York. The Statue of Liberty is to be superseded by his own monument in colossal dimensions - all dressed up in his magnificent Lohengrin outfit - you know, with silver helmet, sword and swan, and everything. Broadway will be re-christianed as "Horst Wessel Strasse"; Times Square will be called "Hermann Goering Platz." *Doctor Goebbels*

GOERING: (weeping with delight:) It's too beautiful to be true...

GOEBBELS: Did I ever lie? Not as far as I can remember.

GOERING: Your memory seems kind of weak, brother.

GOEBBELS: Never mind my memory, Hermann. Besides, we have the Fuehrer's word that America will be conquered. And it won't be a hard job, either. The United States will be knocked out the very day of our landing there. The American people is incapable of resisting our streamlined blitz attack. According to our experts who have been investigating the United States for years, the whole nation is decadent and mentally deranged. . Too much base ball - not enough goose-stepping: that's what's wrong with them. ~~All they can do is to read the funny-papers and worship movie stars.~~ (The country is indeed in a most pitiful state - ruled by gangsters, women's clubs, and Bolshevist millionaires. They may have some factories and may even be able to produce an air plane or two, once in a while. But the pathetic thing is: they aren't able to use them. No pilots - positively none...

(One hears sirens and the noise of new explosion. The whole party moves in panic towards the air raid shelter.)

GOERING: Here we go again...

GOEBBELS: (shouting into the microphone:) There are no American pilots! Believe me, Volksgenossen! I've never lied to you...

MISS VALKYRIE: (at the window:) American planes! Flying Fortresses! Right over the center of Berlin!

GOEBBELS: (into the microphone:) We have to get off the air, on account of minor technicalities.... (He withdraws towards the shelter.) Jewish sabotage... Heil Schickelgruber!

~~GOERING appears in the open door.~~

Our Orientation course has to be interrupted

Insertion, 6 :

Hitler's Voice: I'm suffocating!
I can't stand this shelter any more!
I want to destroy all shelters,
all buildings, all cities

(New groaning and yelling can be heard from HITLER's private room. Then the door is opened and a bunch of torn carpets is thrown all over the stage. Finally the Fuehrer appears - covered with taphstry, disshevelled, raving, in convulsions, insane-looking. He screams:) Where is my Lebensraum? Where is my superiority in the air? Where is my orientation? All in pieces... Alles ~~kaputt~~ kaputt....

C U R T A I N