

Verbundkatalog Kalliope

Alien Homeland.

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SYNOPSIS.

Very tentatively, entitled "ALIEN HOMELAND", the book consists of approximately 30 chapters of between 6 and 14 pages, each ~~one~~ which cover the author's ^{RECENT} experiences in Germany. The story is told chronologically. It begins in the spring of 1945 and ends exactly one year later. This sequence of snapshots does not pretend to furnish the reader with an all-embracing knowledge of conditions in the Reich. Nor does it contain a clear-cut political "message", let alone a scheme for the solution of the many major problems upon which it is bound to touch. But despite the seeming casualness of its presentation and notwithstanding its strictly personal tenor, it is meant not only to convey a vivid impression of life in occupied Germany, but also to name, analyze and classify according to their importance the chief issues at stake. The Germans among themselves; the Americans among themselves; the vanquished in their relationship to their various conquerors; and the conquerors among themselves will be portrayed as the author saw them. In rendering a truthful account merely of her own experiences and adventures, an account that involves scores of people of many nationalities, she hopes to familiarize the reader with what is probably the most important testing ground for today's history makers.

Here, in a nutshell, is a survey of what "ALIEN
^{HOME}~~WORLD~~ LAND" will contain. (Of the chapters enumerated below -
the chapters 5 to 13 - are attached to this outline.)

Chapter I.

the days of "Aachen" On her way back to Germany which she first entered
in (October 44) and which she left during the Battle of the
Bulge, the author stops at Mondorf Les Bains in the Grand
Dutchy of Luxembourg. There she inspects the world's most
impressive Zoo - the GRAND HOTEL where 52 of Germany's leading
war criminals are being held. Account of this memorable visit.

Chapter II.

Frankfurt, the U.S. "capital" in Germany; "USFET"
Headquarters and the "Forbidden City" surrounded by barbed
wire and accessible to Americans only.

At Treysa, a small town north of Frankfurt, the first
inter-zonal convention is taking place - a get-together of
the German protestant clergy under the leadership of Niemoeller.
Interview with the latter.

Chapter III.

Continuation of the trip the goal of which is Munich.
An adventurous night in a thunderstorm and a broken down car.
First impressions of the rapidly deteriorating morale of our
army.

Chapter IV.

Munich, the author's home-town and the scene of her
childhood. She arrives at dusk; but instead of trying to find

a room for the night, she uncontroledly embarks on a grand tour of the ghost city in quest of the shadows of the past. After a visit to what used to be her father's house she finally remembers that for the first time in this deeply familiar town, she is without a shelter. By sheer good fortune she discovers that the partly demolished "Four Seasons" - formerly her favorite hotel - has been taken over by a detachment of the city M.G. The captain in charge invites her to spend the night in a windowless room which remains her domicile for months to come.

Chapter V.

Two conversation pieces. People keep dropping in on the author whom she hasn't seen for the past 13 years or does not know at all. Two of these strangely embarrassing encounters are conjured up.

Chapter VI.

A U.S. war crimes commission convenes at Dachau to try the murderer of an American flyer and his two accomplices. The author attends both trials. Without criticising the procedure, she relates how the two accomplices whom everybody but the tribunal considers guilty are pronounced innocent.

Chapter VII.

"The Germans complained..." Brief study of the German state of mind the most outstanding feature of which is self-pity.

Chapter VIII.

For reasons of journalistic expediency as well as in self-protection, the author, in many of her conversations with Germans, poses as a very naive and poorly informed reporter by the name of Mildred. Summary account of what Mildred learns from the Germans.

Chapter IX.

Portraits of, and conversations with, the two first Bavarian Minister-Presidents to be installed by M.G.: Dr. Fritz Schaeffer, whom the Germans like, proves unwilling honestly to cooperate with M.G. Dr. Wilhelm Hoegner is a perfect sample of that rare species "the good German". His compatriots, however, distrust him. The author attempts to analyze the psychological basis of this distrust.

Chapter X.

"Problem Child De-Nazification". Having illustrated her remarks by recounting a number of pertinent experiences, the author concludes that while Burke's assertion that "you can't indict a whole nation" may be contestable, another maxim is irrefutably correct: you can't fire a whole nation. In principle, "de-nazification" is to be welcomed; practically, however, it has little chance to succeed. There are too many Nazis.

Chapter XI.

The author pays a visit to Professor, General ("The Fuehrer's Brain") Haushofer and his wife. The 75 year old

geo-politician who is said to have been the intellectual power behind Hitler's throne denies that he's ever had much influence. The chapter centers around Rudolf Hess' flight to England, an incident involving Haushofer's son Albrecht who was subsequently shot for his alleged participation in the July 20th attempt on Hitler's life. Among many things that seem to be true, the father tells many a puzzling lie. His story and portrait are being presented because they are most characteristically German. A few months after the author's visit the old couple commit suicide.

Chapter XII.

The re-opening of the schools in the U.S. zone. Mildred attends a number of classes. Are Hitler's children curable? As long as an entirely fresh set of teachers is not available, this question cannot be answered.

Chapter XIII.

U.S..concentration camps. In a conversation with the Military Governor of a small town the author learns about these dire establishments. The governor, a 27 year old First Lieutenant, is typical of many an American youngster who after having held a position of almost undisputed power, will find it most difficult to re-adapt himself to normal conditions. At the sight of one of our concentration camps, the author recalls a man with whose wife she conversed in Chapter V. and who has been arrested shortly after VE Day. She attempts to determine the reason for his arrest but fails. Secrecy surrounds

all persons and things connected with the camps.

Chapter XIV.

The "Inner Emigration", a new term coined by the Germans. It applies mainly to writers and embraces anyone who refrained from glorifying the Nazi regime. In order to belong to this proud fraternity, an author does not have to prove that he ever uttered an anti-Nazi sound. Even so membership is hard to come by and easy to lose. At some time or other the vast majority of all inner-German writers engaged in pro-Nazi activities which, when unearthed, belie their self-styled ^{spiritual} ~~exile~~ ^{exile}. Characterization of the two topmost "inner emigrants", the poets Ernst Wiechert and Werner Bergengruen who are representative of the best in post-Hitlerian German literature.

Chapter XV.

Portraits of two German women, Frau Rudolf Hess and Friedl Bender, a country physician whom the author used to know well. Frau Hess typifies much of what is "bad" and hopeless, Friedl much of what is "good" and promising where German womanhood is concerned.

Chapter XVI.

"Waiting for Nuernberg". The big show keeps being postponed. With other correspondents the author does not dare to leave the scene for more than a couple of days lest she find her cot and seat occupied by a competitor. She fills the waiting time by digging into the Nazi masterfile, a documentary treasure discovered at Munich which furnishes us with the names and case histories of every party member on earth. She also visits a Jewish D.P.-Camp and an *Orre* camp for displaced children of all nationalities.

Chapter XVII.

Nuernberg preliminaries. The press camp, a unique establishment. Conversations with Justice Jackson and others.

Chapter XVIII.

The Krupp case, a sad example of allied disunity and of our reluctance to deal justly with big industry. Ready though we are to disown its captains, we refuse to have their crimes discussed in public. Any such discussion might prove embarrassing to the criminals' opposite numbers in our *respective* countries.

Chapter XIX.

The trial begins. Critical review of the ^{e. 1985} ~~proceedings~~ and characterization of some of the figures involved.

Chapter XX.

The German side of the picture. The counsels for the defense, the German press. Conversations with these men among whom the author discovers an intimate friend of her youth.

Chapter XXI.

The first political mass trial under German jurisdiction. Since the main German objection to "Nuernberg" concerns our failure to permit the participation of a number of German judges, the author considers the Weissenburg trial an important event. When it is over she has to admit that - for the time being at least - the Germans cannot be trusted

to take proper care of their own war criminals.

Chapter XXII.

Berlin, testing ground for all allied cooperation. Comparison between "Western" and Russian occupation methods. Conversations with allied and German leaders. Discussion of the economic difficulties created by the zonal system.

Chapter XXIII.

The French and British zones. Short summary of what constitutes the main difference between the British and French occupations on the one hand and ours on the other. (Note: here as in previous chapters the material will be dramatized rather than dealt with essayistically. her presence is ~~W~~ Also, wherever warranted Mildred will replace the author .)

Chapter XXIV.

Czechoslovakia, mediator between East and West. Visit to Prague, Lidice, etc. Conversations that lead to the hopeful conclusion that true social-democracy is feasible; its establishment would further the solution of the problems which divide the globe.

Chapter XXV.

France, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland. Impoverished Europe, a paradise for black marketeers. Characteristic snapshots from the author's large collection of mental pictures of the European scene.

Chapter XXVI.

Pleasure-seeking Germany. The author attends three parties and many theatrical, musical and cabaret-performances.

Chapter XXVII.

"Citizen Werwolf". As yet - the author contends - the Nazi "underground" exists largely in the imagination of sensation-hungry reporters. "The Werwolf", however, is a national state of mind and as such rather more difficult to cope with than any tangible resistance movement. A number of examples are given which show "Citizen Werwolf" at work.

Chapter XXVIII.

Savage Germany. Frightened though she is, the author travels mainly at night. Account of one of these dismal trips the like of which was thinkable in the heart of Europe only during the Thirty Years War. Nazis, German gangsters and just plain hungry Germans; hungry D.P.s and D.P.-gangsters; G.I. drunkards, deserters and gangsters roving the countryside, - the author finds them all equally frightening.

Chapter XXIX.

Round-up. Even in this chapter the author will refrain from editorializing. She will, however, present the reader with a summary of the conclusions arrived at during the year just past. (See attached Author's Statement.)

Chapter XXX.

Farewell to the "ALIEN HOMELAND" and flight home.

AUTHOR'S STATEMENT.

A friend of mine, an exiled ^eGerman writer, wishes to pay a visit to his former country - not for sentimental reasons but for sheer burning curiosity.

"None of the hundreds ^{of articles} on the subject that I've read", he told me recently, "has given me the faintest idea of what things are like there. I've perused every book dealing with Germany without having been enabled to picture the place under present conditions. Much as I dread the venture, I begin to realize that unless I go and see for myself, I'll never know."

"Rubbish", I said kindly. "What do you think I am writing 'ALIEN HOME~~E~~ LAND' for, if not for the express purpose of saving you the trip? Go right ahead and apply for your passport. By the time the Secretary of State gets around to attaching his signature to that document, the book will have become a minor classic and you won't have any desire to return to a place where for all you knew you've just spent an entire year. For that's the way you're going to feel once you're through with 'ALIEN HOMELAND'. See?"

We both laughed, although my boastful little speech had not been devoid of seriousness. My simple purpose in writing this book is indeed to take the ^{READER} ~~author~~ to Germany; to make him see what I saw there; to have him meet and converse with many of the people I met; and to let him share ⁱⁿ whatever insight and understanding I gained while exploring the place and observing its present inhabitants.

As for any points that I might wish to make they will emerge accidentally as it were. The story is meant to speak for itself and the reader will be permitted to form his own opinion. Here are some of the conclusions which he is not unlikely to draw even before his arrival at Chapter XXIX:

- 1.) Nazism is anything but dead. The infection to which the German nation proved so susceptible continues to poison its system.
- 2.) While we are not making a success of the occupation we need not blame ourselves only. A great ~~deal~~ deal of passive resistance is being put up by the Germans partly because they mean to hamper our efforts and partly because of the paralyzingly provisional character of their present existence. As - to their minds - their future fate does not in the least depend on them, they see little reason for exerting themselves. Our main difficulties, moreover, do not lie with the natives. As long as the zonal system prevails in its present rigid form and a partitioned Germany continues to be ruled by at least two sets of conquerors unwilling to cooperate with each other, we shall not be able to solve the German problem, economically or in any other respect.
- 3.) This problem could be solved quite easily - in fact, virtually every solution could be made to work, if only it were a fruit of allied unity. 'Germany' has come to be a secondary issue - indeed it is but one of many manifestations of THE issue of our time. There, as practically everywhere on earth everything depends on whether or not the Western Democracies will come to a true understanding with the Soviet Union - or, to put it more simply still, on whether or not Russia and the U.S. will get along.

Should they do so (and the author concedes that with the best of intentions on our part no such understanding may be reachable) Germany would be left without the slightest chance to create as much as an uneasy thought in anybody's mind. Faced by a complete impossibility to achieve any of her goals - whatever they may be - by anything but peaceable and legal methods, she would apply such methods, if at first merely for the sake of expediency. Since, however, nations like individuals cannot in the long run lead a double life, the German nation would gradually adapt itself to its ~~new~~ novel part, a process in the course of which it would become thoroughly "re-educated".

If, on the other hand, war should either actually break out or even remain a distinct possibility, no effort on our ~~part~~ part, however powerful, would suffice to convert the Germans into peace-loving democrats. Until the very last the Nazi Regime kept hoping for a break-down of our relations with Russia and the vast majority of the German people continue to pin their hopes on that war to come.

x

x

x

It ought to be stressed once more that nothing of what has been said above will appear in the book in this or a similar form, but that it merely outlines the author's basic ~~idea~~ ^{viewpoint} regarding her subject. Though rather too complex as to be presented within so slender a framework, this viewpoint may be stated as follows:

- 1.) Morally, politically and in every important respect the Germans are in very poor shape.
- 2.) We have thus far not succeeded in raising their general level.
- 3.) This state of affairs is deeply regrettable; it is not, however, of decisive importance, since and quite especially
- 4.) Most of what matters today - including the German future in all its aspects - depends on our relationship with the Soviet Union.

CHAPTER I.

I had driven all night. At Paris, my orders hadn't come through until late in the afternoon; my paper seemed in a hurry to get that story and I could ill afford to loose an entire day by spending the preceding night in bed. Besides, I was myself uncommonly eager to go and arrive quickly.

This was no ordinary assignment. Nor was my goal - the Palace Hotel des Bains, at Mondorf ^{les Bains} in the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, - an ordinary hotel. For some weeks now the swanky establishment had served as the world's most outstanding ^{jail} ~~quarantine~~. Germany's big 52 were being held here, that crop of leading Nazi war criminals from which the Nuernberg prosecution was to pick its defendants.

As the darkness changed into twilight and I distinguished at both sides of the road the unending string of factory buildings, blast-furnaces and workers' barracks ^{which} ~~that~~ comprise the gigantic steel production center of Luxembourg, I slowed down a little to check up on my own inner motor and its reactions to the approaching day. It was an odd and swiftly changing conglomeration of thoughts and emotions ~~whhhhh~~ that ~~registered~~ ^{registered}.

V.E.-Day - I felt my private V.E.-Day. What I am going to behold is a symbol of victory, gorier but more tangible than any. For how long have I been waiting to see it? It was in 1931 - was it not? - that those Munich brown shirts threw chairs at me at a pacifist meeting. 14 Years ^{ago - V4} out of the 18 which constitute my grown-up existence. ^{A small eternity} ~~minutes~~ during which the faces of the men of Mondorf grew so nauseatingly familiar to me that with the faintest bit of pertinent talent I could have painted their portraits - most of them - from

when
inter

— (Para)

— (Para)

Sins of omission, I ~~was~~ ^{knew} ~~not~~ ^{were} by no means less damnable than bad deeds ~~committed~~ ^{done}. Then I realized that I had better than myself ~~seriously~~ My conscience ~~was~~ troubled, I threw myself into the struggle body and soul, if after my own fashion.

trans-
sition

The anti-nazi show, the only one of its kind, a miniature

revue both lyrical and satirical in character which I had written myself - aided, occasionally by brother Klaus - and in which I appeared as mistress of ceremonies, was only too well received. Its continued success in six countries prompted the ~~Reich's~~ ^{German} government not only to rob me of my citizenship which I had long ^{since} considered a dismal possession, but also to arrange for a series of riotous "Saalschachten" ("Hall Battles") which eventually led to the closing of the show. By the end of 1936 Europe's smaller nations were sufficiently intimidated to dread the "Fuehrer's" wrath and "The Peppermill" was thought a dangerous irritant.

I left for the United States with ⁺very little money, no job and a negligible knowledge of English. I learned fast, though. I had to, if I was to do the one thing which I considered both imperative and within my possibilities. ~~As best I could I would strengthen the ranks of those who knew. Whatever knowledge and experience I possessed I would turn into live ammunition. In print and from the lecture platform I would help denounce, define and perhaps forestall the mortal danger which was Hitler's Germany. Wühhh~~

A joyless job, devoid of the ^{intrinsic} playfulness, ~~unimaginative~~ ^{grimly} any artistic venture, ^{albeit} ~~unimaginative~~ one ~~earnestly~~ dedicated to a ~~hh~~ ^{political} purpose.

At its most militant and endangered The Peppermill had remained exciting fun. ^{now I was on my own; and} But lecturing, as matters stood, made for a ~~lonely~~

And always there had been ten of us, sharing in the ups and downs of an adventurous journey.

precarious and very exhausting existence.

War came. France fell. At any moment Britain might be invaded. In August 1940 I went to London, invited by Mr. Duff Cooper, then British Minister of Information, to work for the BBC. ^{"Beitz"} My broadcasts to Germany drew this comment from an enraged Dr. Goebbels:

"A bought wench ^{of disgrace} (^S "ein gekauftes Schandweib")
laugh^S amidst the ruins."

W. H. W. 2.
There were ruins alright. But although I didn't feel much like laughing, I was proud and happy to be where I was. At least I was part of it all, part of the people of this brave and suffering city under whose burning sky I kept fighting my way to the conspicuous building on which the Luftwaffe concentrated so many of its ^{most valiant} ~~most~~ efforts. At least I was where I belonged.

More lectures in the States; more broadcasts from London.

When the war had spread across the Atlantic and American soldiers began to be shipped overseas, I asked for permission to go along. As an accredited U.S. War Correspondent I returned to England, "covered" the Middle Eastern Theater of Operations, and finally ^{much of} saw the European campaign from Omaha Beach to Aachen. During the Battle of the Bulge I went home once more, to fly back to Europe one month after the Rheims surrender. And undeservedly to see ^{this} ~~the~~ night yield to my private V.E.-Day.

I looked about me, at the countryside blackened by smoke and covered as it were with targets not one of which had been hit. Nowhere, in fact, was there any scar, any sign of attack on land or from the air. One of the enemy's most indispensable arsenals, it appeared, had been left unmolested. But then, the enemy's interests were not the only ones involved. The Luxembourg steel was owned internationally; "Abed" (fill in full name) in particular was one of the world embracing mammoth concerns which sensible people were loathe to attack.

The sight was strange, though. All the stranger, since with the rising sun vehicles began to appear on the highway, jeeps and trucks manned by G.I.'s who could not but remember that bullets

transition } are made of steel.

Would I be permitted to talk to them - to the monstrous prisoners at the "Palace"?

Scarcely. They had proved only too eager to plead their cases without a jury for publication, and never since their arrival here had they been given a chance.

Even so, I had better try.

(To whom, especially would I want to talk?

I shuddered. As usual, the early morning ~~morning~~ ^{air} ~~was~~ ^{tranquil breath} proved chillier than had the ~~night~~ ^{of the night}.

Pity in a way that the night was over. Its mild and aromatic beauty had ~~heightened~~ ^{heightened} the feeling of extreme coziness which I always derived from sitting at the wheel, all by myself, surrounded by all my belongings and cutting through the darkness as through a soft and friendly element. Even while the

fight was still on; while liberated and conquered areas were infested with enemy pockets and nothing seemed less commendable for one of my sex than solo night driving, I felt irrationally snug and secure whenever I seemed alone with the car and the darkness.

There was no such feeling now. Shivering stubbornly despite the gaining power of the sun, I had to admit that my eagerness to arrive - ever - dwindled with the distance between "here" and my destination.

Should I even apply for those interviews?

Of course I would; I was still a reporter. But I hoped rather ardently that my request would be turned down. How could I possibly talk to those beings? How could I ask questions, coolly and in a civilized manner where the most violent, the most extreme accusations seemed lame and wholly inadequate? ~~and the little of audience, what did it mean in the end~~
~~What was the point?~~

Supposing even I were forced ("permitted", I thought) to watch them in silence, would I be able to control myself? ^{with which they} Would not the sickening disgust ~~that~~ filled me be mirrored in my face?

^{stage-} No/part that I had ever played seemed so treacherous as that of the placid American lady journalist which I was a bout to ^{embodiment} execute!

They would be executed, most of them. Once their sordid, their unspeakable records stood revealed in the fierce searchlight of world attention; once the sum of their misdeeds ^{had been} drawn, neatly and for everyone to check, they would have to be hanged, whether we liked it or not.

"We" were certain, not to like it. It was too new, too unprecedented. Besides, almost two years had past since the Moscow Declaration of November 1, 1943 which stipulated that "... major (war) criminals whose offenses have no particular geographical location will be punished by joint decision of the governments of the Allies."

at that time,
The war was far from won, then, and the "governments of the Allies" saw much cause to coordinate their every effort for victory's sake. Now that "peace" had come, *no such* coordination could be observed. *It seemed to be more difficult to achieve.* It seemed hardly imaginable that British and American (and French) plenipotentiaries should join with Soviet delegates to try and punish a flock of men some of whose basic concepts all but matched what nowadays appeared to be our own. In this summer of 1945 our relationship with the U.S.S.R. had not yet reached its present critical stage but *it was already* *problematic* even then, and the thought of any *get-together* devoted, not to precarious negotiations but to common action, was not easily conceived. *appeared almost paradoxical*

Things *been carried* *ACE*
had *too far, though.* *we* were thoroughly committed. At Yalta *too!* "the just and swift punishment of war criminals" *postulated* *had been* *and* *since then* *habitually* *re-assert* the Moscow stand. At long last *on June 26th, 1945* more than a year after the ~~hahhahhah~~ German surrender a Four~~X~~ Power Conference on Major European Axis war Criminals *at* had opened in London and although a multitude of conflicts *was* *were* known

~~hampers~~ ^{progress} to ~~hampers~~ its ~~progress~~, the conference could not but lead to the final establishment of an International Military Tribunal. ~~Whoever~~ ^{Whoever} ~~should~~ ^{should} ~~decide~~ ^{decide} ~~now~~ ^{now} ~~to~~ ^{to} withdraw, would have to accept the responsibility for having wrecked the United Nations. ~~No one~~ ^{No one} was ready to do so.

~~We~~ ^{should} ~~have~~ ^{see it} ~~to~~ ^{through} ~~Victory~~. Side by side with the Soviets we should have to sit in judgment to announce in the end that these defendants - a "bulwark against bolshevism" every one of them - must hang by the neck until dead.

It made strange thinking in more than one way.

The men upon whom my curious gaze would rest an hour or so from now were doomed. ~~They deserved to die.~~ ^{They deserved to die.} If there existed a fate more bitter than death, surely, they deserved ~~that~~ ^{that} in the light of their impending perdition, my own voyeur's role appeared ~~repulsive~~ ^{ghoulish} and ~~repulsive~~ ^{repulsive}.

Perhaps they didn't know yet. Remindful of "Leipzig" and the farcical performance which the "Allied and Associated Powers" had sponsored there, they had, some of them, voluntarily ^esurrendered. There would be - they must have felt - much talk regarding their crime and punishment. Eventually, however, all would be well. For eventually we would rid ourselves of what we would soon consider a most embarrassing burden. Once again a German court would be called upon to try our charges and the result ~~need~~ ^{did not} ~~have to~~ ^{have to} be feared.

mistaken

Poor slob. They were ~~wrong~~. They always had been - fatally and irretrievably so. Never for one second - not even at the breathtaking height of their power - had ~~hh~~ they had a chance. Never was the impermissible to be permitted. The world would not have it. Great Britain, the United States and the Soviet Union, they, prisoners at the "Palace", ~~were the world~~, were the world. And you seriously believed that your verdict would be accepted? How much naivete and ignorance, indeed, how much perverted innocence lay in this, your puerile belief.

You Germans - and only you - possess a word, an adjective, descriptive of this time-honoured inability of yours to distinguish between what is possible in the world and what isn't: "weltfremd" you call a person incapable of drawing that distinction: "world-alien".

To you, the term holds no criticism. Quite the contrary: the term connotes something dreamily romantic, something pure, guileless and movingly childlike inheres in the term which only the non-German might take to mean provincial, ill-mannered and not quite civilized.

X

X

X

Luxembourg City!

How quickly the time passed in ~~the~~ terms of both hours and years.

Did it not seem like a minute ago that I knew myself cozily alone with the car and the darkness? And like day before yesterday that I drove down this wide and elegant boulevard - too ambitious a street, really, for so moderately sized a town. ✓

Good old Brasserie Alpha! That's where we played - quite

✓ Yet it was nine years ago that "The Peppercorn" gave us its last performance here.

often and always to fine, appreciative crowds.

For all its tininess the Grand Duchy was a seemly, civilized place to live in. Nothing provincial about its people, nothing in the least "weltfremd".

25 more kilometers to go. A shabby 25!

The landscape at all events would grow lowlier now. No more factory smoke and unhilt targets. Tidy villages, instead, bedded among flowery meadows, arbour'd walks and gently sloping hills.

Impossible to imagine a less fitting environment for the ~~monstrous~~ ^{Spectacular incarceration} ~~incarceration~~ than the sleepy and enchanted little spa of Mondorf les Bains. ~~Don't the French gardens surround it?~~

~~It's Kurhaus is an eighteenth century building with French gardens~~
~~surrounding it. It's a small building with French gardens~~

^{the} ~~my~~ early nineteenth century ~~and in the French gardens surrounding the Kurhaus~~ ^{In its quiet streets} ~~had never died~~ ^{had never died}

and in the French gardens surrounding the Kurhaus a small group of sightseeing G.I.'s looked as anachronistic as their great-great-grandfathers would do in front of Rockefeller Center.

The modest Hotel which housed the prison commandant and his staff - a small but complicated building with a glass veranda, an oriel turret and a spacious but windowless vestibule, - appeared absurdly ancestral and "gemuetlich" in the face of its present function.

Colonel Burton C. Andrus of Washington, West Pointer, Combat C.O. and boss at the "Palace" ^{eyed} ~~glanced~~ at my orders.

"No good" he said, sounding as if somehow enroute the precious ones had gone sour.

"Frankfurt" I said; "or what's left of it."

.....

-H1-

We had left the Autobahn. Seen from Hitler's super highways even the loveliest countryside appeared remote and lifeless. These never ending streams of concrete cut the world in two and excluded the traveler from ~~either~~ either half. ~~On and on he drove without passing a human habitation. His loss,~~
On and on he drove without ^{ever} passing a human habitation. His loss,

On the gently winding miniature road that we had chose, our two cars - one jeep and one Shveetie - looked like a convoy. It was wise these days to travel in pairs, not only on account of the thousands of armed SS who were known to be hiding in the ^{sc} forests, but also because ^a our once proud fleet of automobiles had ^{of late} sadly deteriorated and two vehicles were safer than one.

"Let's stop", he suggested "and talk to Red; he's lonely."

"Those crazy bastards", he said laughed; "those Germans. Why they stay at home, when they got such a darned pretty country."

"Lebensraum", declared Cokie. "We'll tell you more about that, once we are through with the Fuehrer's brain."

It was only now that Red began to feel a bit lonely.

"Roger", he said vaguely, before hurrying back to his jeep.

By a lucky coincidence I had discovered Professor General Karl (The Fuehrer's Brain) Haushofer to be at large. Germany's leading geo-politician had been repeatedly questioned by our military; but it seemed that the man whose thoughts were said to have inspired many of Hitler's deeds and who, according to dozens of ~~ages~~ ^{English} American and English news stories and magazine pieces represented the ~~great~~ ^{spiritual} power behind the Nazi throne, had been found innocent. In the United States alone four books had been published on the "Brain". Obviously he would long since have been made the target of the press, had we not assumed that he was inaccessibly jailed.

If my informant, a fairly unimpeachable source, ~~was to be trusted,~~ ^{was to be trusted,} ~~stated,~~ the general was not only free, but his house had been put "Off limits" to all US personnel. This meant that I was entitled to request an interview ^{but} must go away quickly in case he was not in the mood to grant it.

I knew the Haushofers from early childhood. They had often come to my grandparents' house where, in the phantastic days before world war one, members of the royal family met with revolutionary artists, anti-semites conversed with Jewish scientists and generals were exposed to pacifist ideas. I was very small then, but I knew that in this circle Haushofer was by no means considered brilliant. ~~However, according to~~ ^{He was ambitious, though and} ~~very industrious, and his comrades in arms, regarded him as a~~ ^{very industrious, and his comrades in arms, regarded him as a} ~~stated for a signal career. Good looking in a~~ ^{stated for a signal career. Good looking in a} ~~stiff and rather tiresome way.~~

414
of the art
held
by then
German Democracy
Haushofer's
un-balance
this

an ardent student of war who ~~by then~~ acquired the rank of a one star general. ~~By then~~ the war was over and Haushofer's career finished. The republic however was kind to the Kaiser's generals and permitted the military expert to establish himself as a Professor at Munich university. Of course he hated the republic, that child of defeat and national humiliation. And he loved its enemies among Herr Hitler was certainly the loudest and perhaps the most promising. One of his students, an enthusiastically un-balance youngster by the name of Rudolf Hess introduced the two who took an instant liking to each other. Uneducated Hitler was like a sponge; thirstily he absorbed whatever theory might furnish his dreams with a "learned" substructure and geo-politics seemed exceedingly suitable. The friendship that developed between the corporal and the general was rooted in their common "patriotism" by which term they understood "love of more country". Haushofer's half-Jewish wife shared her husband's admiration for the Fuehrer-to-be who on his part graciously overlooked those rotten 50 %.

We were approaching Lake Ammer and I had to decide who

I was today, Mildred or myself. Somehow I did not like the idea of fooling the old man who ~~must~~ ^{could not but} be horribly unhappy. ~~if his country at least~~

For obvious reasons, ~~the general had never liked me~~ ^{he would surely} and ~~he would prefer to talk to a companionable~~

Mildred. But ~~he might in fact refuse to see me at all~~. As a journalist I should not have hesitated. The "Brain" was a "scoop" and I must not risk missing it. As a person I ^{finally} determined to take the chance.

The house, a stately old manor called the Hartschimmelhof, was ~~built~~
~~built~~ ^{built} most charmingly located.
 Built on top of a woody hill it ~~faced~~ ^{faced} the lake and ~~beyond it~~ ^{beyond it}
 the tender ~~silhouette~~ ^{silhouette} of the distant mountain chain. The ~~maid~~
 The maid who opened said that the Herr Professor was ill, but that
 she would tell the ~~gnädige~~ ^{gnädige} Frau. She looked frightened. Most Germans look
 frightened ~~when~~ ^{when} at the sight of uniformed visitors.

"Karli!" she cried in a voice hoarse with emotion,
 "come down quickly; ~~nannnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn~~ I have a surprise for you!"
astonishment,
 Much to my ~~surprise~~ *astonishment* "Karli", too, was visibly moved by
 That a
~~t nnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn~~ grand child of his dear late friends had come to visit
 was a great and unexpected joy.

"Now there!" he said, ~~with his hands~~ extending both his hands completely
X "there is finally somebody towards whom my conscience is ~~finally~~ clear!"
~~What~~
~~With~~ a strange welcome, ~~that I had never before experienced~~
Having always been ~~so kind to me~~ ^{he} kind to my grandparents and felt
~~here so~~ happy and at ease in my presence, ~~that~~ ^{even his opening sentence} that he did not mind ~~admitting~~
confessing to an otherwise all but "completely clear conscience".

They were a fine looking couple. Holding himself very erect despite his 75 years, tall and lean Haushofer wore his tweeds like a uniform. His wife, a lively and intelligent woman in her sixties, sported a black peasant's dress that made her look like a well-to-do farmer's wife on Sunday.

I did not have to ask many questions. They talked ~~and~~^{and talked,} swiftly, breathlessly ~~and~~ finishing each other's sentences and obviously convinced that they were addressing themselves ~~an understanding~~^{to an understanding} soul. I had told them that I was a correspondent and that this was an interview; ~~but~~^{possibly to keep them reminded} also, ~~of the nature~~^{of the nature} of my visit, I had produced my notebook and pencil. But after years spent in solitary confinement they had ~~seem~~^{been} re-united with a trusted friend. Every now and then Frau Haushofer would beg her husband to let her tell at least part of the story; he ~~was ill~~^{was ill} and should spare his heart all this excitement. Then she would take over to be almost constantly interrupted by impatient "Karli" who could not bear to remain silent for more than a minute.

[illegible]

the general had been close to the "Fuhrere" ^{only} up to 1938.

"The days of Munich" he said "were the happiest of my life. I never wanted Germany to go to war; ~~whshnñshwhshdbnbvñbh~~ 'Munich' showed that a very great deal could be achieved ~~ngñgng~~ by peaceful methods. That's what I told Hitler in no uncertain terms. I felt that I was entitled to do so, but he ~~dsgñgngagñghdsgñ~~ hated me for it." →

"And actually", said ~~Haushofer~~, "there was something childlike about his ~~fixation~~ although ~~in those days I was unaware of~~ an introvert who'd never discuss his feelings. Nor did he it. Rud[olf] was ~~unhappy~~ and did not make friends easily. My oldest son Albrecht was one of a very few whom he liked and trusted. If only he had trusted him a little less!"

And then in the evening he went to bed. He was very tired.
Deputy Minister of War had been working hard for some time.
He had been thinking about the situation in Germany.
As time went by, infantile Rudl became moodier and
moodier. His health, too, left ever more to be desired, even those
stomach spasms of his seemed of a purely nervous nature. They abated
somewhat during the Western Blitzkrieg, but after the fall of France
the Fuehrer's Deputy felt exceedingly ill. It was then, in the early winter
of 1940, that he sent for his friend Albrecht. The moment had come, he told
him, to conclude peace with Great Britain. Secret steps ought to be taken in this
direction. Albrecht had studied in England and knew the mentality of her people, in particular that of the Duke of
Hamilton whom he considered ardently pro-German and babbled
for a negotiated peace. Sir Samuel Hoare, too, Britain's Ambassador to Spain (now Lord Tempelwood) was among those
willing to participate in the proposed meeting on neutral soil. And Albrecht was to issue the invitation.
None could be better than Dr. Karl Burckhardt, the renowned President of the international Red Cross (now Swiss Minister to France) who had always been on the
friendliest of terms with the Third Reich. Albrecht, it was decided, must go to Switzerland and see Burckhardt.

"That trip", continued old Haushofer, "was my son's eventual undoing. I had begged him not to go - or at least to make certain that the Fuehrer approved of the meeting. Albrecht wouldn't say so, but he knew full well that Rudl wished him to act behind Hitler's back. He'd promised to go and he went. Burckhardt gladly agreed to get in touch with the British. The rendez-vous was to take place on an abandoned tennis court near Madrid and as soon as possible. For a while Rudl was happy. Then he gave in to his nervousness, his impatience and ~~huh huhh~~ his predilection for the adventurous and romantic. Instead of waiting for the diplomatic get-together, he flew to Scotland. And this time Albrecht was not informed."

Hess' departure, according to the abandoned "Brain", marked the beginning of untold sufferings for the house of Haushofer. Albrecht was arrested and brought before Hitler and Ribbentrop who, fuming with rage, accused him of having assisted in the Deputy's flight. His visit with Burckhardt which had long since been reported by the watchful Gestapo, was held against him, although it had produced no known result. Seemingly Albrecht succeeded in clearing himself, yet actually he had fallen in disfavour. Ribbentrop never forgave him for having meddled in his own Foreign Affairs. But the grudge that Hitler bore him was more personal and hence more burning still. With Hess the "Fuehrer" had lost the one being close to his heart, his only friend; the faithful companion of his days at the fortress of Landsberg and the one in whose presence and with whose assistance he had created the bible, "Mein Kampf". His betrayal was too shattering a blow ~~for the time being nothing must be done against~~ ever to be admitted. ~~For the time being nothing must be done against~~ accomplices. Even ~~the traitor's~~ Albrecht Haushofer ~~huh~~, the suspected instigator, must not be permitted to know how deeply the "Fuehrer" was wounded. He had to be guarded, though and to be disposed of at the earliest inconspicuous opportunity.

The explosion of July 20th 1944 furnished the desired pretext.
according to his parents
Though loyal Albrecht had not been involved in the plot, *he knew that his*
time was up
~~He fled. In his place,~~
old Haushofer was taken to Dachau; Albrecht's wife was arrested along with
his brother Heinz; and even when they had all been released, their lives
remained in danger. The only one to be spared incarceration was the
fugitive's mother, half-jewish Frau Haushofer.

Nobody knew what had become of Albrecht, until a Soviet soldier
reported his death. As few weeks before the final Russian breakthrough
he had been caught in Austria and held with a bunch of Russian prisoners.
As the enemy approached, the *panic* Germans shot the prisoners, including young
Haushofer. One of the Russians was not quite dead and escaped to tell
the news. The Soviets arranged for a christian burial for Albrecht.

~~He have some through~~
~~the father~~
"And after all ~~that~~ concluded, I've been questioned and cross-
examined again and again by the liberators. In open jeeps I've been shipped
from prison to ~~prison~~ prison, until one night my old heart ~~ceased to beat~~
and I was ready to die. They saved me - what for? Only to go on torturing. *with their*

I know that they mean well - *that* they simply *don't* understand.
But have
I not suffered enough to be *beaten* suspicion? I told them all
I knew and was finally exonerated. Or do you think, they'll come and get
me again? *My God* I couldn't bear it - *dear God*, I couldn't!"

There was little ^{that} ~~✓~~ could think of to comfort him.

"Who cleared you?" I asked.

USFET

In listening to the noble looking old warrior I had
myself been inclined to believe in his sincerity. But now that I recalled
the facts I stood once more aghast in the German fog. His son, to begin
with, had ~~not~~ been killed with a bunch of Russian prisoners ~~shot~~ in
~~shot~~ in Austria. He was shot in
~~shot~~ like Albrecht, for their alleged participation
comrades in death were ~~shot~~ six Germans, and ~~they paid~~
and they paid, Young Haushofer
in the July 20th plot. ~~He was the first~~
outstretched hand
to be identified. In his ~~hand~~ ~~hand~~ ~~hand~~ held a

number of tightly written pages, as though he wanted them to speak on his behalf.

Perhaps the father had never seen Albrecht's posthumous work.

But surely he knew that the latter had long since turned against
the regime, albeit it ^{initially} ~~accepted~~ because the regime had turned against
him. More likely than not the "Brain" had been right in ~~calling~~
trip to Switzerland ~~at the beginning of the end.~~
But ~~between~~ the five years that passed between the Swiss venture
and the Berlin shooting ~~was~~ ^{Albrecht's} altered political mind,
~~but also~~ his relationship with his father. His sonnets
steep and bitter -
the fruit of his captivity - bear witness to these changes.
The son's
last message ^{solemnly} as one who remained blind until the very end,
been in his power," once Albrecht "to cage
thrust back the demon, but who opened its wings and let it
fall upon the world."

Late, though he had acquired them, Albrecht died for his convictions. And he prepared for the end by dispelling the fog which even now enveloped his father's house.

Accessed

enveloped his father's house.
and
"Guilty I am" he cried; "...
I stand ~~alone~~ in my own heart long my
... I ~~had~~ lied to my conscience, lied
to myself and others.... Early I ~~had~~ and fully, how wretched was
our
course I warned, but not strongly, not clearly enough.....
And today I know ~~how~~ how much I owed ~~him~~."

[illegible]

confessed to his participation in the ~~attempt~~ of July the 20th attempt ~~on the~~ on the

"in those power it had been to throw back the demon,"
denied him the honour of such "guilt".

Account of his own... the German... there it was... related by one... his whole power it had been to threaten

"Back to the man" ~~Angustangnangnang~~ ~~Di-hah-lia~~ ~~in that~~
~~is it his belief?~~ ² ~~Little~~ ^{even.} Little it mattered. There was no ^{for} excuse! there was
 not even any rational explanation of, this old man's performance,
 past and present. And yet I could not help feeling profoundly sorry for
 him.

What for? Has he ashamed

of his ~~son's~~ ~~marriage~~ ~~to~~ ~~himself~~

believe that son's martyrdom?

Or, if he had made himself believe

that Albert was killed by

my lake? Or was he lying?

Or did he know of the son's

he ~~was~~ ~~not~~ ~~obviously~~ ~~was~~

Charm

him.

Para
T

Major Coker, I explained
It was getting late. ~~and we~~ was expected at Third Army
Headquarters ~~at Bad Toelz~~ must be going. My hosts paled.
"An American
Major?" they cried, - "and ~~outside~~ waiting all this time?! He
~~(Colonel Intelligence Corps)~~
is not, - is he - connected with CIC?"

Even when they had learned that Cokie was harmlessly
connected with the Reichpost, their fear ~~and~~ would not
subside.

"Had we only known" they lamented, ~~and~~ "it's not too late
yet. Won't you please call him in, lest he be offended!"

But Cokie ~~cherished~~ ^{ed} a vivid aversion to ~~any~~ social
intercourse with Germans, ~~and~~ refused to take a seat. ~~Then~~

"~~Sorry~~" he said, "but ~~my~~ ^{He} all shook hands,
~~and~~ ^{though} ~~then~~. Then the

~~hair~~ ^{hair} accompanied us to our cars.
full of children.
The jeep was ~~being~~ ^{and} One sat on Red's
lap, two by his side and two crouched behind him ~~hh~~, their ~~legs~~ ^{bare}
dangling against his back.

"I was showing ~~them~~ ^{picture} my book" said Red; "they were quite interested

"How kind!" ~~she~~ ^{claimed} Mrs. Haushofer and added that these were
their grand children and that they loved to see nice pictures. ~~and~~ ^{it}

~~we had~~ ^{we had} a look at the ~~book~~ ^{volume} which ~~it~~ ^{most}
turned out, contained a ~~gruesome~~ ^{gruesome} illustrated history of
concentration camp. ~~Dachau~~

The old ones staggered ~~at~~ ^{there} at the sight, but neither of them
uttered a sound.

As we left, they stood ~~there~~ ^{still} waving and ~~and~~ they ~~disappeared~~
to wave ~~our~~ ^{our} convoy disappeared around a curve.

"They ain't since," said Red,

Handwritten: "I don't know."

Full of children.

nāngnāngnāngnāngnāngnāngnāng

nāngnāngnāngnāngnāng It was the last that I saw of them. A few months later, Heinz, their surviving son, searched the house for his parents. But ^{all} ~~he~~ ^{discovered} ~~there~~ ^{was a} ~~map~~ ^{neatly drawn little} ~~map~~ ^{trace} which showed how to ~~reach~~ their corpses. They had ~~been~~ ^{been} taken ~~poison~~ ^{poison}. ~~Heinz~~ ^{Heinz} ~~found~~ ^{found} ~~two~~ ^{small} ~~glasses~~ ^{lay} ~~near~~ ^{dead} ~~the~~ ^{man's} ~~body~~ ^{body}; but the woman was found hanging on a tree. In her black peasant's frock ~~she~~ ^{she} ~~looked~~ ^{looked} ~~like~~ ^{like} a well-to-do farmer's wife on Sunday. They left no clue as to why they had gone. ~~But~~ ^{According to} ~~Heinz~~ ^{Heinz} ~~thought~~ ^{thought} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~parents~~ ^{parents} ~~could~~ ^{could} not have stood any more questioning, any more suspicion, any more misunderstandings; ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~general~~ ^{general} ~~he~~ ^{he} ~~said~~ ^{said}; ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~he~~ ^{he} ~~had~~ ^{had} been wanted on the witness stand at Nurnberg.

nāngnāngnāngnāngnāngnāngnāng

Was their fear of any worldly authority the true ^{cause of} ~~cause of~~ their suicide? Or had they finally grown tired of lying? ~~Perhaps~~ ^{Perhaps}, as they emptied those two ^{small} ~~small~~ ^{glasses} ~~glasses~~ they had permitted the ^{fog} ~~fog~~ to dissolve. For no reason that I could ^{have} ~~analyze~~ ^{analyze} I wished rather ardently that they had.

.....

CHAPTER XII

-31-

a development which followed with the keenest interest

Gradually the schools re-opened in our zone.

For many years I had been dealing, in articles, lectures and a book ~~H~~, with education under Hitler on which sordid subject I had collected a prodigious amount of material. More than once, while computing the volume which was finally called "SCHOOL FOR BARBARIANS" I felt physically ill. Even the reading of the most abandoned Nazi literature for adults had never affected me to a similar degree. At least the grown ups were equipped to defend themselves. But the Children were helpless. Anything offered to their ~~black~~ ^{BLANK} and curious minds was bound to be accepted. And though the very taste of the poison brewed for their consumption was enough to make you sick, it was only when you pictured the the effect which the concoction must eventually produce in Germany that you were really nauseated.

"He who has the youth, has the future!" - among so many ^{preposterous} Nazi slogans this, their favorite battle cry, sounded like a sober statement of fact. From the very beginning the regime had devoted ^{very} a great deal of effort, energy and power of invention to the task of ~~making the youngsters~~ ^{one single instrument} converting some ten million youngsters into ~~hundreds of thousands~~ ^{one single instrument} possessed by Herr Hitler. ~~hbb~~

"German Youth", they lied in 1933, "belongs to the Fuhrer". In 1938 the same assertion, though still exaggerated, contained a fair measure of truth; ^a And a few years later its veracity was virtually complete.

Now, Hitler was dead and dead men own nothing. Yet he lived on in the hearts of his people, a wealthy ghost who would not be easily driven from the "living space" that he occupied. In the case of many an

a description of the
followed in the history
interest

CHAPTER VII

- 31 -

Every one I saved
from the various other
kinds of the to
the school

Cal development
related to the
interest

had possessed by Herr Hitler.
"German Youth", they lived in 1933, "belonged to the 'Hitler'."
In 1933 the same action, though still expected, contained a fair measure
of truth; and a few years later its veracity was virtually complete.
Now Hitler was dead and dead men own nothing. Yet he lived
on in the hearts of his people, a wealthy folk who would not be easily
driven from the "living space" that he occupied. In the case of many an

At the least moment I decided against going myself and sent Mildred instead. I knew too much; in my eagerness to learn more still, I would frighten and alienate the teachers by asking too many and too well-informed questions. Neither they nor the pupils would ever behave quite "normally" in the presence of an American uniform. Yet harmless Mildred ~~was harmless~~ was incapable of seriously upsetting anyone.

So I furnished her with an official list compiled by the Educational Department of M.G. and stating that forty elementary schools had started to operate last Monday. Among the 52 000 children between the ages of 6 and 14 who had registered at Munich, there were two Jewish boys. 40 000 youngsters had actually turned up and were received by 500 teachers. 25 000 "purified" text-books had been distributed. They dealt with reading and arithmetics only and covered the curricula of the four lower grades.

The first school days were bound to be chaotic. The children of this city had been school-less for more than a year. Those who stayed at home learned nothing and forgot much. Those who were sent to safety by the K.L.V. - "Kinder-Land-Verschickung" (Committee for the Evacuation of Children to the Country) were allegedly given a minimum of instruction. But long before the actual closing of all Munich schools in the spring of 1944, the educational system had been thoroughly shaken. A severe shortage of teachers, the destruction of many school houses and the ever increasing demands of the Hitler youth had done away with all "regularity" - even with what the Nazis considered "regular". ~~Many more~~ ^{Many more} ~~There were even few~~ ^{had vanished since.} building ~~was~~; and barely 50% of an already insufficient number of teachers had ~~been~~ managed to survive the political thunderstorm known as de-nazification.

Thus Mildred was scarcely surprised to find that the first school on her approved list had failed to open. The second had closed at 10 a.m. Its one inhabitable room was small and ill-equipped. And additional class room was being cleared of debris and would be ready some time next week. In the third - the suburban ^{ed}Ridler school - conditions proved somewhat complicated.

When told that Mildred desired to attend a number of classes, the principal advised her to return next Tuesday.

"We are not ^{here} today", he said embarrassedly, adding that the ~~hundreds~~ hundreds of children whom she had seen about belonged rightly to the Guldein school; the latter had been destroyed. Nor were Ridler and Guldein the only institutions alternately to people this building. A third school claimed equal rights. ~~Most~~ ^{Most} teachers kept teaching ^{all day long and} no matter whose ~~turn~~ turn it was. ~~Where, though, was the school only, was by no means less busy engaged.~~ If each child was to receive an average of three daily lessons,

well-intentioned

He hates me - she felt - ~~and he despises~~ ^{for sitting here} squatting here that good man ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~little talk.~~ ^{little talk.} Zauner for ~~that he should~~ have to sit here quietly and listen to what he considers treacherous trash wouldn't so frenzy him ^{but} for my humiliating presence. How dangerous he looks - how downright frightening.

Unaware of the ~~silent exchange~~ ^{disconcerted} of glances between his ~~guest~~ ^{general} and his enraged pupil, the teacher had proceeded to illustrate his remarks by a bit of personal history.

"Yes indeed" Mildred heard him saying, ^{*It's very much like*} "that's the way it was Those who're familiar with that spot in Bad Aibling. ~~Some of you~~ ^{Some of you} ~~know~~ ^{know} that ~~it is a summer~~ ^{it is a summer} with thousands of foreigners visiting ~~the resort~~ ^{the resort} during the season.

Now when I was a boy - ~~and~~ ^{being nasty,} for I, too, was a boy and quite a rogue at that - how did we behave towards those foreigners? Did we go around ~~cutting~~ ^{cutting} their tires, throwing sugar into what not? No Siree! We wouldn't have made such fools their gasoline tanks and ~~ourselves~~ ^{ourselves}

out of ourselves - not for anything. These people came from all over the country and even ^{In due time they'd go home again} from abroad, and we certainly didn't want them to tell their folks what a bunch of uneducated hill-billies we were. Bad

Aibling was a good place to live in and one of which we boys were rightly proud. ^{*gone out of our way to*} Why the heck should we have spoiled its

~~fine~~ ^{fine} reputation? ~~Personally~~ ^{Personally} I wasn't anything like an angle or a show-boy. But when it came to dealing with

those guests of ours ^{I'd} ~~put~~ ^{put} on my Sunday behavior. Every now and then one of them would stop me on the street, because he'd gotten lost, or wanted to know where the post office was, or a certain shop, or the best restaurant. Then ^{in town} ~~I'd~~ ^{I'd} take my hands out of my pockets ^{assuming} ~~a~~ ^{and} nice, polite attitude. I'd tell them all they wanted to

know. I'd speak slowly and just as clearly as I possibly could; for most of these people didn't understand Bad Aiblingish, or Bavarian, or even German. Once in a while they'd show their appreciation by giving me a little something of other although, of course, I would never have asked for it."

He talked animatedly and had a movingly eager way of re-enacting the scenes to which he referred. Thus the "nice and polite attitude" that he had assumed in conversing with strangers was most vividly portrayed - a carriage full of composed grace and casual dignity.

The boys never stirred. Nor did their locked faces betray any of their thoughts.

In returning from Bad Aibling to Munich, Herr Zauner ^{poignantly} remarked that here, ^{too,} ~~the same~~ a great many foreigners could be found these days ^{towards them} and that good manners and a friendly helpful behaviour ~~would~~ ^{would} go far in re-gaining for Germany the love and the respect of the world. ~~At this~~

It was only now that the living poster heaved a short but penetrating snorter. Mildred was not quite certain, but thought that she saw the teacher blushing at the sound. His inner man, she imagined, could not have helped blushing from the very start.

Or had he forgotten what - by sheer necessity, if not by conviction -
 he must have been preaching for the ^{past} 12 years? How did it feel to condemn
 today what but yesterday was deemed sacred? Perhaps Herr Anton Zauner
 had never been a Nazi at heart but unless he behaved like one he would
 not have been permitted to go ^{on} with his teaching. Two or three of the boys
 whom he was now addressing had known him as a ^{docile} servant of the Third Reich;
 at the beginning and the end of every lesson they had heard him hail
 Hitler, and they surely remembered what these lessons had been like.

And
~~As for the rest of his charges both inside this class-room and without, might~~
~~they not they, too, be cognizant of his "change of heart"? Who knew more~~
~~about their head-master than that he had never been a Nazi at heart?~~
~~He had been a Nazi at heart, that was the fact, that the gang~~
~~if only they had known that the gang had never been a Nazi at heart.~~
 If they ~~realized~~ ^{thought} that the ~~gang~~ ^{man} had never been suspended, they certainly were.

gender

Despite his apparent self-assurance the teacher seemed thoroughly aware
 of how precarious was his position. Throughout his inaugural speech he had
 taken pains not to call anything Nazi by its ^{true} ~~right~~ and unmistakable name.
 There had been no mentioning of "National Socialism", of the "Hitler Youth",
 or of any of the doctrines and concepts which he could so ill afford
~~clearly~~ to denounce. Instead he spoke of "certain things which some of us
 never really liked", of "errors" that were "human" and of the need of
 pledging one's loyalty with "extreme caution". His touching little egg-dance -
 or was it merely pathetic? - carried no conviction but the one that nobody who
 had made his living by spreading the "Fuehrer's" gospel, was truly susceptible
 to re-mold the minds of German youth. The "nice, clean, new start" advocated
~~him~~ by one on his staff called for nice, clean, new personnel.

The question of whether or not Hitler's Children were curable
 could not even be tackled as long as an entirely fresh, wholly "innocent"
 and unembarrassed set of educators was not available.

Who was to train these people? Germany's ^{how were they to be taught} future teachers, ~~who was to teach~~
~~then~~ what to teach?

M.G. encouraged the establishment of schooling centers for teachers but had to concede a fearful shortage of qualified instructors. And nothing could have been less surprising: Whoever kept his job under Hitler was ^{compromised} tainted, and ~~but~~ whoever ~~highly~~ it ~~whereas~~ lost ~~whereas~~ more than a decade ago — not only lacked in experience and professional skill, but ^{was} ~~was~~ ^{too} ~~often~~ embittered and reduced as to ~~qualifying~~ arouse much confidence.

Hmmrrgerdhhagngnbbhgngafnhgnntgngstafingfhngsagntagngghnhtagdhagngghn
nnggn hgnfnrbfngmgngwgng

The problem of ~~German~~ re-education of German youth was all the more perplexing, since school was by no means the only influence to which the young were exposed. Haunted by their memories of a ~~pleasant~~ bountiful life in a victorious country; surrounded by their fallen idols, yesterday's ^{former} "youth leaders" and by those whose proud commanders they once and whatever might seek to redeem their souls, were; biased at home against ~~these~~ "quisling teachers", these youngsters would not be easily converted even by the most inspired body of educators. ferocious ~~these~~ peacable sons

Evidently the task of turning Hitler's children into sons and daughters of mother Democracy could never be solved separately. ~~Figuring~~
~~ignoring Wolfgang's ignominious death as a tragedy~~ As long as Germany remained the she
hopelessly confused, savagely unhappy and determinedly sinister place that ~~it was~~
was, her youth had ~~no~~ ^{little} chance to recover.

In the midst of these and related deliberations for the sake of which friend Mildred had yielded her seat to me, the bell rang and Herr Zauner concluded his lesson.

"Let's rise" he suggested smoothly " and bid farewell to our guest. We'll all say 'good by and thanks for the visit'."

They rose. Well trained in the art of community speaking they

repeated the sentence as if in one boyishly brittle voice.

Only the living poster, a strand of ~~handsome~~ blond hair falling into his darkened browe, failed to comply. Pressing his lips together like one guarding a sacred secret, he carried his fine head very high - ~~an angry~~ ^{a confounded} angel, inalienably dedicated to his false gods.

.-.-.-.-.-

Chapter XIII -1-

The great Bavarian comedian Karl Valentin, ^{529640-jail} was ~~an~~ ^{ardent} anti nazi ~~to~~ ^{who} knew the inside of many a prison and concentration camp and might have staged a ~~win~~ ^{triumphant} comeback in de-nazified Munich, stayed away. ~~He~~ ^{Among the} ~~had~~ ^{daring} that caused him to spend hundreds of cracks ~~on~~ ^{so much time behind} prison bars there was one for the sake of which he ought to be celebrated for which alone he deserves ~~to~~ ^{France} is the world over and for decades to come. ~~He~~ ^{"Fuehrer"} will globe. Valentin, master of Europe and soon her ~~master~~ ^{rule the} ~~world~~ ^{globe}. Valentin, ~~is~~ ^{lean as a rake}, appears on the tiny stage of his cabaret, a sad looking giant, and duly raises his right arm for the "German salute". ^(Para) "Heil...." he ~~says~~ ^{hem,} says confidently, but does not get any further. ^(Para) "Heil...." ^(Para) Mopping his brow he drops the arm and rallies for a fresh start. ^(Para) Up goes the arm, ^(Para) "Heil...." says Valentin, snapping his fingers. ^(Para) "Jesus" he finally admits, "I've forgotten the name."

~~Of~~ ^{Of} all insults that an ingenious hater might have devised, this was the most annihilating and had it not been for his tremendous popularity he would surely have been ~~hanged~~ ^{hanged} for it. ^(Para) Actually, he was not even ~~hanged~~ ^{instincted} ~~But~~ ^{But} ~~although~~ ^{although} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~Bavarian~~ ^{Bavarian} ~~shrunk~~ ^{shrunk} from mistreating the ~~valiant~~ ^{valiant} clown, his health ~~significantly~~ ^{significantly} deteriorated, ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~he~~ ^{he} ~~grew~~ ^{grew} frighteningly thin and ~~gradually~~ ^{gradually} after his release, ^{quickly} withdrew to the country without applying for permission to be funny.

The time for joking had past and apparently Valentin did not think that the allies had brought it back. Having declined innumerable offers to return to the stage, he was asked by a friend if he was not glad that those "thousand years" were over.

"Well, -", Valentin said sadly - "nothing much has changed - except that now the others are the others."

It was a typical Valentin remark and one which in the course of time I found much reason to remember.

The Germany that we occupied was infested with Hitler-souvenirs. You rarely traveled for more than an hour on any ordinary highway (Auto bahns excluded) without coming across a concentration camp. But for their massive ^{former} ~~their~~ gun turrets and fortifications, ~~their~~ barbed wire ~~enclosures~~ ^{enclosures} these ~~establishments~~ ^{workers' settlements or} eerie ~~might have passed for~~ military training centers. In fact, since ~~their~~ original inmates had been liberated, ^{seemed little} ~~there was~~ reason why so impressive an ^{array} ~~accumulation~~ of largely undamaged buildings ^{existing} should not be utilized to lessen the housing shortage.

Were they inhabited? ^{But none} ~~of~~ the D.P.'s, or the ~~the~~ American soldiers, ^{possibly} ~~on these premises~~ "bombed out" German civilians who could ever be seen ^{lived} ~~here~~

They were not to be heard, either. ^{inaudible.} ~~signs of life~~ - smoke stacks ~~rising~~ ^{would rise} from some of the barracks, or ^{faint} ~~smell of cooking~~ would graze the passer-by - there was something stifled about this silence, something vicious and unnatural.

must
I ~~then~~ have passed dozens of these puzzling habitations, before ~~hahh~~
~~nonbaredhnonbaredh~~ their present function dawned up on me. I recall ^{having}
~~having stopped~~ ^{stopped} one of the sentries
~~stopping~~ at a heavily guarded gate to ask ~~hahh~~ if there was a motor-
G.I. outfits ~~hahh~~ a
pool in the place. Though wearing ~~hahh~~ the fellow spoke no
and beyond
English whatever. The gate was open, but behind it a forbidding wire
entanglement, a second gate barred the way into the interior. The sentries -
Yugoslaves, I decided, - shook their heads, muttering what I made out to
mean "Civilian ~~Detachment~~ Detainment Camp."

~~hahh~~ In a small town nearby I was told by the Military Governor that what
I had seen was indeed one of ^{unaccounted} ~~hahh~~ concentration camps ~~hahh~~ run by
the U.S. army. ~~hahh~~ a first Lieutenant,
was visibly embarrassed by my inquiry, the officer let it be known that
neither ^{himself} ~~hahh~~ nor the camp commander were ^{a position to} ~~hahh~~
to arrange for my visiting the place. I would have to apply with
far more likely than not
G 2 (Intelligence) and ~~hahh~~ my application would be turned down.

"We are not in favour", said the lieutenant of having these
installations of ours advertised in the press. They aren't ^{much} ~~hahh~~
to write home about, ~~hahh~~ though I ~~hahh~~ don't see how we could possibly
manage without them. What are we to do with these tens of thousands of
political
suspects, ~~hahh~~ There're neither enough courts ~~hahh~~
~~hahh~~, nor enough prisons to take care of them. And by and large they aren't
too badly off where ^{they're held.} ~~hahh~~ ^{are.}

"Will they ever be tried?"

~~hahh~~

He shrugged.

~~hahh~~ "Don't quote me" he said;
"but I seriously doubt it. The way I figure it, most of these people
will just have to stay in the clink for ~~hahh~~ the duration. They're too

"Do they know", I ^{inquired} ~~ventured~~ "what they are there for and do their families know where they are?"

"Some do" he said "and some don't. ~~Butt the hell with it~~ It's
nasty business no matter how you slice it and I'd rather not discuss
it ~~any~~ further. ~~Wagging wagging~~ Also, if I were you, I'd forget about the whole
thing. Take it from me: the folks back home don't want to read that
kind of a story. So why bother to tell them?"

He was a nice boy, ~~pleasant~~ bright, neat and friendly and amazingly young considering the responsibility of his office.

As the highest American authority in the "Kreis" (the town) the 27 year old Lieutenant (a stately mansion and its surroundings) had inhabited ~~the~~ ^{at which} ~~the~~ ^{we had put them} Nazi owners had been expropriated, ~~and possibly sent to the detention camp~~ ^{away} for the duration! ("Now the others are the others", I thought, not the first time ^{that} today). ~~The~~ ^(Para) ~~highly intelligent~~ ^{hour} ~~German~~ ^{Having found} ~~It was luncheon time~~ ^{at} ~~the~~ ^{the} office closed I had dropped in on M.G. ~~at~~ ^{at} their living quarters. An old German man-servant informed me in English that the Herr Lieutenant was upstairs eating, but had not dared to prevent me from disturbing his master. There he sat - all by himself - in ^{the} a spacious dining room ~~with its~~ ^{German} designed for a large and well-to-do family and their guests. ~~With its~~ ^{and painted} ~~its~~ ^{its} but windows, ~~with~~ ^{its} bull's-eye panes, carved wood ~~upholstering~~ ^{panelling} and its heavy luster over the center table, the room was typical of the ~~late 19th century~~ ^{Sham medieval} style favored by the Bourgeoisie in the late 19th century. Through the open door three G.I.'s could be seen eating in the adjoining room.

man

I, too, was offered some "chow" but, after a glance at the Lieutenant's plate, said that I had eaten. I actually had. The fried spam, the de-hydrated beans and the canned pinaples constituted a menu ~~which~~ which I had eaten only too frequently.

"Where is everybody?", I asked, viewing the vast expanse of the lined by what looked like scores of empty chairs. In his splendid isolation the Lieutenant made me think of Louis the Second and the Crazy, moved by his persecution, would ~~have~~ ^{mania} of Bavaria who ~~never~~ ^{never} eat in the ~~presence~~ ^{sick} of others, while his love of display ~~compelled~~ ^{take his} ~~him~~ ^{loose} ~~most~~ ^{meals} ~~state-halls~~ ^{only} only. Not as if the Lieutenant had ever heard of the romantic king but he laughed flatteringly at the comparison.

"George isn't in", he said, "and he's all there is."

George, it turned out, was a warrant officer. And M.G. consisted of him, the Lieutenant and the three enlisted men next door. The five of them were here to govern some 43 000 Germans.

"It's quite a job", said the Lieutenant in one of the most radical understatements I had ever come across.

His task, it appeared, was not made any easier by the fact that the local occupation army was composed of negroes,

"It's a good fighting outfit", he explained; "but mighty touchy when it comes to dealing with my German officials. Why only yesterday I had to get up and dress in the middle of the night and go down to the jail to release my mayor. The guy had been out after curfew and two of our coloured M.P.'s had thrown him in. He was authorized, of course, and he'd shown ~~me~~ ^{them} his pass. But for our Joes here it takes more than a pass signed by the Military Governor to protect a Mayor. Ever since the German police started to interfere with 'Fraeuleinisation', our guys want to arrest ever German dignitary in town. The Germans claim -

- and I believe them - that it is only ^{unhealthy} professional ladies whom they are after and that ~~they~~ though they don't particularly like it, they wouldn't ^{decent} punish a girl for ^{associating} with a coloured boy. But the negroes insist that they are being discriminated against, that their Frauleins are being taken away from them for sheer racial spite and ^{that} they're going to show them Krauts where to get off."

He sighed.

"As ^{the} ~~he~~, he concluded, "the mess ^{wasn't} big enough, even without the coloured problem being dragged in."

Here as everywhere people kept forging their Fragebogens, ^{breaking curfew regulations, and assaulting lone G.I.'s regardless of colour.} And here as everywhere MG "in the field" was not only pathetically understaffed, but also handicapped by its ^{dependence} on "Frankfurt."

"What do you know" ^{he} the Lieutenant ^{wanted to learn,} "eleven weeks ago I sent in a report on our pastor. The guy's a nazi if ever there was one and, what's more, ^{every one of his sermons is a goddamned propaganda speech.} Our own German authorities say so, but I am not permitted to fire the skunk without the Frankfurt Okay. Sure, ^{they're busy up there} . What with the millions of okays needed before any of us is allowed to say 'booh', I don't blame them for being a bit slow. It's the system that does it and I don't know that a better one couldn't be cooked up."

"Why ^{don't} you go home?" ^{asked} I ^{pointed} at the impressive display of over seas' stripes on his sleeve.

He shrugged. "I like it here " he said; "it's interesting work

and don't feel much like starting from scratch."

It was easily understood. Despite the spam and the dehydrated beans; despite ~~the~~ "Frankfurt" and the negroes; and notwithstanding the deeply discouraging ~~reality~~ ^{boundlessness} of his task, this youngster from the American provinces was ^{happy here} a prince ~~here~~, a mighty sovereign and the most powerful man in the "Kreis". ^{He would have to muster an} almost super-human amount of reason, discipline, energy and courage ~~was~~ if he was to re-adapt himself to his former position as a lowly bank clerk. And how many thousands of his youthful compatriots shared his precarious lot?

Before leaving the Lieutenant to his duties (he had to conduct a number of trials early this afternoon), I returned to the subject that had brought me here.

"As for those camps" ^{they are} I ventured, "is there any way for the press to locate anyone there, - I mean a person ~~who~~ interested in, - or, rather, not interested, just sort of....."

~~Under~~ His astonished ^{d gaze} glance ^{the sentence} cut ~~me~~ short.

"Never mind", I said, hastily, "I guess it's not my type of story anyway."

X ^{I felt of} X
though I always ^{felt of} those among my colleagues, ^{gleefully}
Nor was it. Slightly envious though ~~a~~ ^{who} employed specialized in ^{digging up} sensational improprieties, I never quite saw the value of non-constructive criticism. ~~As~~ ^{How easy it was} ~~to~~ ^{certain} ~~denounce~~ ^{to} ~~dramatize~~ ^{with the best of intentions} calamitous conditions ~~prevailing~~ ^{prevailing} under M.G.. But as long as such ^{conditions} ~~things~~ could not be ~~remedied~~, indeed, as long as no corrective could even be suggested, ~~their~~ ^{their} journalistic exploitation seemed wholly unserviceable.

trustadon gættinn

~~Mugosäntschshchlyhhssenty~~ I wanted to find Schorschl,the missing

and had been arrested, ~~but~~ who - according to the Lieutenant - wabbbbbbhhhhh

of sight of that heavily guarded gate and I had thought of his wife

grave, innocent and austere like a gothic madonna. #gnghgnghgnghgnghgnghgn

[illegible]

agatninhhhh myseifn of naanthe senhhddnsh of nwnkispnathlensand nswen the arks

anyone could ~~ab~~ ^{on a sudden} about Schorsch's plight. But I longed to know

what had become of him and ^{to tell} his wife that ~~this man was not his brother~~

I never found out.

n n e r e b h o u t s h n g n e n f i h a l d y n h a c e s e f n m p h n w g a g u g a b h g n g a t h g n g h g n f n l i d e d n k

and ~~whether~~ ^{has} who, if anyone, might be in a position to ~~grant~~ permit me to

As I drove to Moosburg, I knew full well that the longuish trip would yield no result. The camp commander, a tough but ~~friendly~~ *social* ~~friendly~~ *able*

trip would yield no result. The camp commander, a tough but ~~friendly~~ ^{Sociable} ~~friendly~~.

~~good~~ Captain, presently recalled Schorschl's name, but said that the legal end of ^{the Moosburg} ~~this~~ show was none of his business; that he had no idea why anyone was here and for what length of time; and that all he knew was that visitors were strictly "verboten". No ~~any~~ messages couldn't be delivered either. ~~There must be no contact~~ ^{whatever} between the prisoners and the outside world. Incidentally and as long as I promised not to get him into a mess by divulging ^{the following bit} ~~any~~ of intelligence, ~~the~~ ^{that} doctor ^{of mine} was about to be transferred. Tomorrow he'd be sent to Dachau, possibly, but not necessarily, in connection with the war crimes trials there. In his, the captain's opinion, Schorschl was not too bad an egg. At least he had never attempted to commit suicide. ^{done so} Lots of people had and some had actually succeeded.

^{we got} "The amount of trouble" said disgustedly the commandant to put up with, ~~just to~~ ^{just to} "that we have ~~to~~ keep those jerks from killing themselves, isn't even funny."

It seemed that for the rest the prisoners were fairly well behaved. "After ~~all~~, ^{they} ~~they~~ said the captain, ^{they} ~~they~~ ^{They do} know what's good for them."

~~Two~~ Two days later at Dachau, Schorschl's name was not yet on file. And four months later at Nuernberg, I vainly perused the scant accounts that the press gave of the Dachau atrocity trial. While Dr. Georg Wetz ^{failed to be} ~~was~~ mentioned among those sentenced to death, he might well have been condemned to some lesser castigation. If he had appeared as a ~~witness~~ ^e witness the papers did not say so; nor was there any indication as to whether or not ~~any~~ ^{any} person or persons ^{thus} ~~previously~~ held in connection with the trial had been released.

For weeks to come I kept planning to go to Munich, ^{or at least} to call up G 2, Third
Army, or to get in touch with one of the officers who had conducted
Also, I kept blaming my ^{else}
the trial. ~~But I was not alone in this. The failure to do anything of~~
the prevailing shortage of gasoline and
the kind on an over-abundance of work, ~~the sorry state~~
realise
of the telephone system. Today I ~~know~~ that I was simply afraid. If Schorschl
~~had been found~~ guilty I did not care to know. If, ~~after nine months of~~ severe ~~pronounced~~
after nine months of imprisonment, he had been ~~innocent~~,
not to know.
I much preferred ~~to know~~. And if ~~his case had never been brought to trial, indeed, there was no~~
and the man continued to be detained merely because he was vaguely
"case" in the legal meaning of the term, ~~had no desire whatever to~~
suspected, I ~~could not have faced~~ the news. ~~These were~~
were wild and unprecedented times which called for vigorous measures.
Perhaps we could not ~~afford to be oversensitive~~ in our dealings with
afford to be oversensitive ~~to~~ people like Schorschl whom we
had every right to consider potentially dangerous. But ~~this sort of reasoning~~ was not
this sort of reasoning painfully familiar? ~~"If I were you", the Lieutenant had said, "I'd~~
forget about the whole thing." ^{T (Para)} I am sorry to report that I tried to follow
his advice. Yet whenever I passed ^{those} one of the barbed wire enclosures
I ~~thought~~ thought, if not of Schorschl, at least
Karl "Now the others are the others", I ~~mutter~~ ^{utter} while
of Valentin, ~~while listening to the~~ vicious
silence about me. ~~the disillusioned clamor,~~

✓ the disillusioned clamor,

Chapter XIV.

The term was coined - I do not recall just when - by the German novelist ~~Frank Thiess~~ ^{FRANK THIESS}. It presently spread like wild-fire and even the eventual unmasking of its very inventor as a political ~~quack~~ ^{quack} never harmed its popularity. There it was, that fine and novel something: "The ^{THE} ~~INNER~~ ^{INNER} ~~EMIGRATION~~ ^{MIGRATION}". It embraced writers mainly and admitted anyone who had abstained from glorifying the Nazi Regime.

In order to belong to this proud fraternity an author did not have to prove that he ever uttered an anti-nazi sound; his books might have appeared all along and he did not need to have been driven from his house or robbed of his possessions. In fact, he might even have been ^{part} ~~member~~ of the "Reichsschrifttumskammer" ("Reich's Literary Guild") and yet claim the honorable title of a spiritual exile.

Nevertheless, membership was hard to come by and easy to loose; to this, the club's fallen founder would readily testify. No sooner had an article of his, written early in the regime and praising the "National Revolution" as a great, wonderful and epoch-making event - ~~hphhhr~~ ^{hphhhr} been reprinted in a number of dailies, than ~~Thiess~~ ^{Thiess} stood bereft of his halo and the "Inner one" was rid of one of its most prominent members.

Many such mishaps might be recorded. At some time or other, the vast majority of all inner-German writers engaged in pro-nazi activities which, when unearthed, belied their self-styled exile.

As usual, there were exceptions. And among them none was more famously exceptional than ERNST WIECHERT, the martyr.

Here, in a nutshell, is that inner emigrant's remarkable story.

Increasingly popular even in the late years of the republic, ^{Poet} Wiechert was never considered a first-rate artist or thinker. Yet, what damaged him in the eyes of initiated critics was precisely what an ever expanding number of Germans found most comforting: his lack of clarity; the pretentious cloudiness of his verse and prose; his "depth"; the vexing obliqueness of his images and his sentimental pre-dilection for what was untranslatably called "Gemuet" and what for some decades past had rarely been praised in Germany except at the expense of sobriety and reason.

Most recipes in Wiechert's literary cookery book called for large quantities of incense, pathos, twilight and oil, whereas such vulgar ingredients as explicitness and humor were barred. ^{enough} Naturally, the sweet and swarthy dishes proved much to the taste of Hitler's Germans who gratefully swallowed ~~anything~~ whatever caused them to feel rather than to think.

Politically speaking, ^eWiechert was no Nazi. ~~huhhhhh~~ But his books were devoured by hundreds of thousands of party members who rightly considered ^ehis style indicative of his character.

~~All went smoothly for the poet up to the year 1938 although, disappointed in a with the reality of the "Reich" ~~huhhh~~ the concept of which he had never opposed, once Wiechert slightly endangered himself by a restraining speech to the young. That was in 1934. In 1937, however, Pastor Niemöller was accused and convicted~~

All went smoothly for the poet up to the year 1938, although as early as in 1934 Wiechert had slightly endangered himself by a restraining speech to the young. In 1937, however, Pastor Niemöller was accused and convicted of

having repeatedly attempted to damage the regime in the eyes of his parishioners. As the sentence condemning the clergyman to imprisonment was pronounced, Niemoeller had already served the prescribed number of months and should rightly have been released. His subsequent transfer to Oranienburg Concentration Camp was devoid even of the Nazi brand of "legality" and caused Herr Wiechert to protest. He would not, he said, contribute another Pfennig to the "Winterhilfe" ("Winter-Aid", a collection made annually by the party), as long as Niemoeller was denied his right. Curiously, the original indictment and sentence had left the crusader cool. It was only when the Nazis had ^{broken} ~~violated~~ their own preposterous law that Wiechert got angry.

In his auto-biographical novel "FOREST OF THE DEAD", published after the collapse, he explains his reaction.

^{Sensed} ~~declared~~ ^{five years after the Reichstag Fire} ~~violated~~
"Here", he ~~shaves~~, "right and law had been broken. No matter whether or not the unfortunate (Niemoeller) had abused the pulpit, here, nobody meant to punish, to reform or to amend."

He then relates how he dreamed of the pastor whose head he saw suspended over a silver plate like that of John the Baptist; whereupon he knew that he, Wiechert, was foreordained to suffer on behalf of that head.

In discussing his consequent decision to snub the "Winterhilfe", he ~~states~~ recalls how "at times" he ~~dis~~believed that where his person was concerned " one would ^{NOT} dare to proceed with the customary force and lawlessness. The sensation which such a course was bound to create had better be shunned."

Even on his way to the camp he felt "as though the eyes of all his readers rested upon him and he nodded at them re-assuringly: it was not for him that the cock would crow."

And verily, the cock did nothing of the sort. After nine months ^{where, according to his own confession, he had enjoyed preferential treatment} ~~where~~ at Buchenwald, Wiechert understandably signed a voucher promising to be good from now on, a promise which he faithfully kept. He was duly released and permitted to return to his home, an enchanting country house in the Isar Valley which, as Wiechert surely knew, had been taken away from the Jewish philosopher and historian Erich von Kahler (now and American citizen). There the ex-martyr spent the remaining years of his spiritual exile ^{preparing} ~~in writing~~ an anthology of ^{and folk's} fairy tales.

Despite - or because of, - his prolonged silence, his fame grew continually, a phenomenon of which the poet was thoroughly aware. Perhaps he ~~did~~ ^{was rather inclined} to over-estimate at least his international reputation. ^{Para}

"The author", he states in a post-scriptum to "FOREST OF THE DEAD",

"knows his name to be cherished throughout the occidental world as the name of a ^{mild} ~~poet~~ and truthful being of good will." ^{Para} But while the

occidental world was possibly ~~rather~~ ^{less} Wiechert-conscious than ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~being~~ ^{being} assumed, there was no denying the outstanding position ^{that} he

occupied in Germany. ~~Both his name and his work were known to the broad masses in~~

~~difficulties as well as in times of peace and prosperity. This position was seemed all the~~

~~more remarkable since Wiechert was one of a very few who concerned themselves, however~~ ^{cautiously}

~~himself~~ with the highly unpopular concept of Germany's "collective

guilt". ~~From the very beginning he had been aware of the general inclination to~~

~~dismiss the German guilt as a mere historical accident, and to dissolve~~

~~even~~ ~~the German guilt in the ocean of human~~

~~sinfulness. Thus the atrocities committed in German concentration camps~~ ^{even} ~~which~~ I doing so, however, he

~~rarely escaped the generally prevalent inclination to dissolve~~ ~~whatever~~ ~~German~~ ~~guilt~~ ~~might~~ ~~concedely~~ ~~exist~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~ocean~~ ~~of~~ ~~human~~

~~sinfulness. Thus the atrocities committed in German concentration camps~~

~~Although, although his work was virtually unobtainable~~ ^{Para} ^{any} Like other comodi-

~~ties, books were virtually unobtainable except in the zones of their~~

~~origin, Wiechert's work was safely established to weather all temporary~~ ^{yet} ^{name had} ^{enough} ^{have} ^{in the Russian zone} ^{it enjoyed no}

~~restrictions. I've heard his work discussed even in the Russian zone where~~ ^{official support} ^{For all I gathered,}

~~books were not available. By the people's comments ran from~~

the vaguely ~~Honored~~ ^{Honored} ^{impressed} to the gratefully enthused.

According to Mildred, however, Wiechert was not without foes. Nobody was who dared to

Cambridge 4 a! "concerns himself" etc.

2000 Not as if he
Wastel
Even so he was not without foes. ~~Nobody~~ ^{hateful} ~~was~~ ^{concern himself, however} ~~we dared to~~ ^{cagily, with the} ~~concept of~~ ^{collective} ~~guilt.~~ ^{guilt.} *T Para*

~~had~~ ^{was hardly the man to} ~~Wiechert, to be sure,~~ ^{ended} ~~with a clear-cut indictment~~ ^{but preferred} ~~but~~ ^{to dissolve whatever} ~~German guilt~~ ^{might} ~~admittedly existed~~ ^{in the ocean of generally human sin-} ~~fulness.~~ ^{Thus he condemned the atrocities committed in German concentra-} ~~tion camps as follows:~~

"What a disgrace it is for the human species to believe that ideas may be taken revenge for, or driven out by physical torture. And how crushing a blow is this notion to the culture of many a people ~~of~~ ^{have} of the present. Yet only 150 ~~years~~ ^{years} past since Mozart in his 'Magig Flute' wrote the air of pure humanity."

The paragraph deals with what happened ^{at} ~~in~~ Buchwald in 1938 - long before the war had done away with some of the civilized inhibitions nurtured by the rest of the world. Yet, according to Wiechert, it ^{was} ~~is~~ first of all the human species - not the Germans - who ought to be ashamed ^{in the face of} ~~for~~ "Buchenwald", even if "many a people of the present" ~~had~~ ^{has} to consider itself especially disgraced. Only when it comes to remind us of a great human achievement, that "air of pure humanity", created by a German, Mozart, does the poet descend from the clouds and becomes specific.

T Para
continues page 5.

On his 4
etc.

Even now the Germans felt comforted and attracted by the pretentious
cloudiness of his verse and prose. Even now they longed for
rather than clarity . . . Even now they would not sober up.

Even now the Germans felt comforted and attracted by the pretentious
cloudiness of his verse and prose. Even now they longed for
rather than clarity . . . Even now they would not sober up.

On his, the highest available level, no effort was spared to instill in the Germans, not so much a clear understanding of what happened, why, as an aw^ed appreciation of the magnitude of their common unhappiness. Perhaps the nation was guilty; but doubtlessly it fell victim to a tragedy without parallel. Never since man's creation was there such icy loneliness; never such hatred fostered upon a people; unprecedented, the darkness; unheard of, the depth of Germany's fall.

Wiechert's first major political speech after the surrender was highly ty^pical of this generally favoured approach.

"The curtain fell;" wails the poet. "The light died out; the hand sank and above the dark auditorium lay the abandoned stage with its pits of death, illuminated by a ghostly glare, the glare of putrefaction, whilst in horrible silence the angle of the apocalypse dropped the red sickle. There we stand before the deserted house and see the eternal stars sparkle ~~ab~~ above the earthly wreckage and hear the rain roar down on the graves of the dead and on the grave of an era. So ~~alone~~ no people on earth has ever been. And none was ever so stigmatized. And we lean our ~~h~~ faces against the broken walls and our lips whisper the ancient human question: 'What shall we do?' "

227-COTTON FIBRE

This question, it would seem, ^{might} ~~should~~ have been most serviceably answered by a simple "Sober up!". But ^{no} ~~so~~ such level-headed rejoinder was to be ~~hoped~~ hoped for from either the speaker or his audience.

They were drunk with pathos and tragedy and determined to stay that way - handsomely illuminated by the glare of putrefaction and quite disinclined to go to work and clean up some of that "earthly wreckage".

If anyone present took exception to Herr Wiechert's ^{hymnic} speech, ~~hitherto~~ - and subsequent events proved that a number of people did - it was neither his embarrassing plaintiveness nor his woeful lack of palpability which proved objectionable. While he had done his hazy utmost to mitigate the shock, he had ^{ventured} ~~dared~~ to imply that the German nation was only getting what it asked for. There had been passages such as:

"We were looking on. We knew everything. We trembled with wrath and horror but we kept looking on. Guilt wandered through the dying country and it touched everybody - each and every one of us, except those who preferred death to guilt, death on the gallows, death in the camps. "

Although these and similar self-accusations had been most flatteringly wrapped in a web of self-pity and self-glorification, they remained intolerable to a gang of Munich students who consequently presented the poet/preacher with their particular answer to his question: "What shall we do?" ^{T. Fara} They ^{rushed} ~~hurried~~ to the Isar Valley and set his house on fire - Erich von Kahler's enchanting house.

At about the same time, another gang of students expressed their disgusted disapproval of another man's sermon.

At Erlangen, pastor Niemoeller had spoken of the disgrace which the German nation had brought upon itself and he had admonished his listeners to open their hearts to remorse. The students, however, ~~and~~ ^{and silence} merely opened their mouths to booh the pastor.

~~Both~~ ^{The} incidents caused a measure of concern in allied circles. It seemed sadly significant that even so venerable a couple of martyrs as Messrs Niemoeller and Wiechert could not as much as mutter the word "guilt" without provoking disorder and violence. If either of the two could have been accused of being a poor German, the demonstrations would have been more easily understood. But Niemoeller was probably the most ^{passionate} ~~militant~~ nationalist ever to mount a pulpit and Wiechert's every utterance bristled with ^{militant} patriotism.

The poet's repute, incidentally, did not in the long run suffer from his ill-advised exhortation. Since his subsequent pronouncements gave no cause for complaint, he remained Germany's most celebrated literary star and the declared king of the "Inner Emigration".

His competitor for the throne was WERNER BERGENGRUEN, an ~~author~~ ^{author} virtually unknown before 1933 whose young fame was the fruit mainly of a slender volume of poems, entitled "DIES IRAE". In it Bergengruen ^{found} ~~finds~~ many ^{strong and moving} ~~an exasperated~~ words for his people's "Crime and Punishment". However, by transposing the flat and ugly truth of Germany's deliberate relapse into barbarism onto a level where heavenly messengers arrive to test "this land so close to my (the Lord's) heart",

he flattered^{ed} the sinner, even while accusing her.

"I've come", he lets his deity cry, "in many disguises, yet never have I been recognized... I knocked at night, a pallid Hebrew, a fugitive with tattered shoes; But you called the beadle and by surrendering me you meant to do God a service... I came as an old one, a woman, trembling and delirious, inaudibly screaming with fear; But you talked of future generations and only my ashes would you release.... An orphaned boy ^{on} an eastern steppes, I threw myself at your feet, begging for bread; Yet, shunning eventual vengeance, you shrugged and gave me but death... I came as a prisoner, a labourer, displaced and sold, mangled by the whip; You turned your eyes from the scrubby slave.... Now I come as your judge, Do you know me now?"

Somehow, Bergengruen makes it appear as if the old and the infirm; the peoples of the East and the slave labourers of the West had been expressly *and thrown into misery* dispatched ^(the Paria) so as to provide Germany with a chance to be merciful. What or who caused that Hebrew to be so pallid; that old one to be turned into ashes; that orphan to be ~~known~~ and that slave to be so mangled - the reader may ~~not~~ ^{know} it but he is not told.

The poem - one of 18 contained in "DIES IRAE" and probably ~~the author's~~ ^{the author's best} ~~Bergengruen's~~ best - is nevertheless an indictment. While it refrains from

holding the German reader co-responsible for crimes the authors of which remain in the fog, ^{in the German reader's} it accuses him of having tolerated and abetted the ^{Nazi outrage, Bergengruen's}

^{the author's} If the rest of Bergengruen's work were equally "contrite", it would scarcely have conquered so many German hearts. What really endeared

"Dies Irae" to ^{the nation} ~~the nation~~ was the volume's crowning finale, a composition entitled "An die Voelker der Erde" ("To the Peoples of the Earth".)

"Peoples", ^{sings out} ~~sings out~~ Bergengruen; "We have suffered also for you and your transgressions, suffered on Europe's ancient stage of fate, repenting in

your place and for all of you... Peoples of the Earth, the treachery was yours as well.... Curiously you smelled the fire's exciting breath; yet, what was burning here was the occident's heart-shield. Seduced by the lethargy of your hearts each of you thought 'Fate will not touch me.'.... But fattened by our blood the demon broke out and into the world.... Peoples of the Earth who are sitting in judgment today, do not forget that we all are wanted before the bars of justice and listen with us to the divine Metanoete! (Repent!) "

Here, a theme which is only touched upon in the song of the heavenly messengers returns in full and heavy orchestration, the theme of Chosen Germany. But now we see her carrying the cross, suffering for the world's transgressions and repenting for man's sins. Even the ^{2nd final} ~~concluding~~ ^{statement} ~~assertion~~ that "we all are wanted" ^{- Germany included -} hardly mitigates the amazing contention that what really caused all this trouble was some unidentified demon who chanced to move into Germany and whom in the lethargy of their hearts not the Germans, but the peoples of the earth, failed to displace.

~~the many discouraging experiences~~
I the face of ~~had~~ that both Mildred and myself had prior to our discovery of made ~~before we came across Germany~~ the "Inner Emigration", our reaction to this weird phenomenon was perhaps ⁸ ~~highly~~ exaggerated. It ought to be remembered, though, that ~~this was our first encounter with~~ ^{this was our first encounter with} the "good Germany" ^{altered} ~~an aggregation of artistic and moral~~ spiritual elite.

To find that

and that it would have taken two hearts of stone not to be appalled by the artistic mediocrity and moral independability. ^{And while our expectations had been moderate, the artistic mediocrity and moral} ^{we could not be appalled,}

If, on the other side of the fence, a poet of French, British, American, or any other allied nationalities ~~had~~ y chose to point an accusing finger at humanity and insisted that had it not been for our own errors and sins the Second World War could surely have been avoided, such a poet would speak nothing but the truth. Yet, while ^{the} truth will remain ^{the} truth no matter who tells it, certain truths acquire ² a mendacious sound when professed by certain people. In coupling a truth the proclamation of which should have been left to others ("Peoples, the treachery was yours as well" etc.) with a downright falsehood ("Peoples,..... we repent in your place!" etc.) , Bergengruen produced something that ^{was} ~~is~~ not only partly false but wholly objectionable.

Nor would this characterisation seem to apply to his fabrications only. \Partly false and wholly objectionable- the entire "Inner Emigration" deserved ~~the same characterisation~~ to be thus depicted, beginning with its very name and ending with the bearings and claims of those who comprise it. It ought to be noted, though, that the full-mouthed pretenders to the title of "spiritual exile" were silently opposed within Germany by some whom taste, tact and discretion prevented from demanding ~~for~~ themselves and honour that was rightly theirs.

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