

Verbundkatalog Kalliope

Citizen Werwolf.

Mann, Erika

Jahresangabe ist fraglich

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Erika Mann;

HEADQUARTERS
CITIZEN WERWOLF.

Civil Affairs Detachment DSC
Co. 8, 1st ECA Regiment
US ARMY

How much trouble are we having in Germany one year after VE Day? Are the Nazis running an effective resistance movement? Just how strong is the "Werwolf"?

Army intelligence personnel call him - and related beasts - a nuisance rather than a menace. They say that as a nation- or ~~hkh~~ zone-wide organisation the "Werwolf" may not even exist. What does exist, however and what is far more significant and disturbing than any possible "underground", is the Werwolf as a national state of mind. Each for him- or herself and without having to conspire with each other, today's Germans seek to achieve (1) a minimum of effort and hardship to themselves; (2) a maximum of annoyance and harm to ~~kh~~ ^{more frequent} their conquerors. Acts of sabotage, though ~~less frequent~~ ^{more frequent} than generally assumed, are a dangerous and hence unpopular means of damaging the foe. Citizen Werwolf prefers less conspicuous weapons, such as: passive resistance against our reconstruction - and de-nazification efforts; the spreading of vicious rumors and hostile propaganda; and black market activities on an unheard of scale; (Hitler's war-boom brought a lot of money, even to the little man. Now that people ~~bhkhkh~~ believe the complete devaluation of the Mark to be imminent, even the little man spends money like hay).

Among the propaganda devices which the average German rightly considers both useful to himself and costly to the "invader", is the notion of a starving Germany, of people collapsing in the streets from sheer malnutrition. But, whereas the rest of Europe, including England, has gone hungry for the past six years, the Germans begin only now to feel the pinch of severe food shortages. Quite logically their state of health is comparatively good. How, then, do they succeed in producing the desired effect? They talk; they beg; they bewail their

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scanty rations. They do more than that. The following scene, enacted recently at Usfet Press Headquarters in Frankfurt, is a typical example.

A lady high in her seventies staggers into the lobby of the Park Hotel. She feels ill, she says, and she looks it. Although the "Park" is a military installation and as such off limits to German civilians, she is, of course, permitted to stay. A doctor is sent for - be the non-German speaking Sergeant on duty who also puts a servant-Fraeulein at the patient's disposal, and tells the German staff to take whatever additional steps may prove necessary. Evidently suffering from a heart attack, the old lady moans and chokes alarmingly. "I wish that doctor would turn up", says the sergeant. We all agree. We wished, too, the Germans would move the lady out of the lobby; the dining room is empty at this hour (it is 4 pm); so are several adjoining rooms. But the Germans just stand there, looking at us reproachfully. Finally the doctor arrives - / car, bag, instruments and all. Limiting himself to chatting with the maid and shrugging his shoulders, he does not even try to find out who the lady is and where her family live. At this point I have to leave the hotel. When I return, one and a half hours later, the lady is still there. Her uncovered corpse lies where she has died, on the sofa near the main entrance. Correspondents come and go, met by the black glances of the German staff. The manager in particular, who's been with this hotel for the past 18 years, looks at us, as if we'd just strangled the poor old woman. While I marvel at the man - a professional hotelier - who tolerates the presence of death in his lobby, the coffin is brought in through the center door - a gathic looking box, somewhat too large for the lady. Presently she is thrown into the casket, with the manager watching.

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"Will they", one of us muttered despondently, "insist on burrying her in the motor-pool?"

"A tragic occurence", the manager tells two eager correspondents, recently arrived in this theater. "But nothing out of the ordinary. The food situation...."

(Remember, the lady was high in her seventies; she died from a heart attack; and it was the Germans who let her die in public, for the benefit of the press.)

"The food situation", concludes the manager, "is all too murderous."

As the coffin is being carried away, the two reporters are seen rushing towards the elevator and up to their typewriters.

END ARTICLE.

PM 11

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END VBLICTE*

ENDING towards the elevator and up to their apartments*

As the coffin is being carried away* the two reporters are seen

"The good situation" concludes the manager* "is all too unfortunate"
of the press")

attack! and it was the *Citizen* who let the *World* know the details

(Remember* the lady was with in her apartment* she died from a heart
good situation****

essentially played in this respect* "But now out of the original line

"A tragic occurrence" the manager tells two other correspondents*

the motor-boat

"All right" one of the *World* reporters* "I am on my way to the
Civil Affairs Detachment D5C1
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US ARMY

HEADQUARTERS

FROM NAME

May 10/48