

# THE EARLY

His personal record of the beginnings

# GOEBBELS

of the Nazi movement 1925-1926 with

# DIARIES

an Introduction by ALAN BULLOCK



## THE EARLY GOEBBELS DIARIES

Edited by Helmut Heiber  
Translated by Oliver Watson

The diaries kept by Joseph Goebbels during 1925 and 1926, now published for the first time in English, are—in the words of Alan Bullock, who has written the Preface—a fortunate windfall for the historian. Apart from Hitler himself, no leader of the Third Reich has aroused as much interest during his life and after his death as Goebbels. Several factors have contributed to this—the controversies and scandals connected with his person, the paradox of the man's appearance and the doctrine he proclaimed, and the macabre end which engulfed his whole family. In these diaries we can read the inmost thoughts of the one clever man among the Nazi leaders at a crucial period of the history of the party; the period during which National Socialism in Germany grew from an insignificant, divided group of uncertain men to a highly-organized machine which could rally a procession of fifteen thousand goose-stepping, *Heil*-shouting fanatics in one city.

In these pages the twenty-eight-year-old Goebbels, too, grows in importance; the book's climax is his appointment to the key post of Gauleiter of Berlin. There is a vivid picture of the impact Hitler made on his followers; bounding with health, his blue eyes like stars, he embraces the puny Goebbels, who is bowled over by his magnetic charm.

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THE EARLY GOEBBELS DIARIES



# THE EARLY GOEBBELS DIARIES

1925-1926

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with a Preface by  
ALAN BULLOCK

Edited by  
HELMUT HEIBER

*Translated from the German by*  
OLIVER WATSON



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# BOOKS THAT MATTER

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## PREFACE

GOEBBELS HAS ALWAYS SEEMED to me to be the most interesting of the men around Hitler. The more one learns about most of them—Himmler, Ribbentrop, Hess, Bormann—the more insignificant and unimpressive they appear. (But for Hitler, the sun around whom they circled like so many moons, they would never have emerged from their original obscurity. Goering, it is true, in the *Kampfzeit* and the earlier years of the Third Reich, displayed an energy and power of decision which gave him an independent position as the second man in the Nazi hierarchy and Hitler's designated successor. But long before the end of the war Goering had succumbed to the self-indulgence of success, a discredited figure who kept out of the way at Karinhall and let events take their course. Only his blustering defence at Nuremberg momentarily recalled the power he had once been in Germany.

Goebbels' career, however, follows a different pattern and displays different qualities.

At the conclusion of these early diaries, Goebbels is seen trying to make up his mind whether to accept Hitler's invitation to take over the Nazi party organization in Berlin. It was a tough proposition: and the letters printed at the end of the volume show something of the petty intrigue and quarrelling which Goebbels found when he decided to go to Berlin. The party had barely a thousand members in the capital, no funds, and a heritage of personal feuds. (It took Goebbels some years to master his troubles, but Hitler never chose a better man for any job.) By 1932 he had built the Nazi party in Berlin up to the point where it could challenge the communists in their stronghold, break up their meetings and fight it out in the streets on equal terms. Goebbels made Berlin the focus of the campaign of propaganda plus terrorism with which the Nazis captured power, and he did this despite the fact that he was an undersized, puny figure with a club foot who had been turned down for military service in the war.

G. in  
Berlin

⑦ Hitler's relations  
w/ cohorts



In the series of electoral and presidential contests between 1930 and 1933 in which the Nazis stormed their way into power, Goebbels was the campaign manager. Apart from his personal contribution as a speaker and writer—and Goebbels was second only to Hitler as a mob-orator, and the best journalist in the party—he set a new style in political campaigning which still makes these contests classic cases for anyone who wants to understand the character of twentieth-century mass politics. And he did this, without the help of radio or television, at a time when it was still a novelty (which Goebbels fully exploited) for a political leader like Hitler to get from one meeting to the next by aeroplane.

Once in power, Goebbels developed an aggressive use of radio, press and film on a scale and with a boldness and total lack of scruple which made propaganda a major instrument of political control at home and of foreign policy abroad. As a propagandist Goebbels was a master who has had few if any equals, a dubious claim to fame indeed but one not to be ignored in the history of this turbulent century.

*Hitler & Goels.*

Goebbels would have liked to have had a hand in policy as well as propaganda. We know from his wartime diaries and from the invaluable journal of one of his aides, Rudolf Semmler, that he was highly critical of the organization of the German war effort, especially on the home front. He put forward numerous suggestions to Hitler, some embodied in lengthy memoranda on a variety of subjects, from occupation policy in Russia (of which he was a trenchant critic) to more drastic mobilization of the civilian population and even, very tentatively, peace negotiations. To his frustration, he failed to win Hitler's consent, partly because the Führer was absorbed by the war and bent upon an outright military decision; partly because Hitler was too distrustful ever to commit himself to one man's advice and partly because of the success with which Bormann, the Party Secretary, isolated the Führer from anyone who might disturb either Hitler's illusions or Bormann's influence.

This frustration did not shake Goebbels' loyalty to Hitler nor did it lead him to retire into his own private enclave and shut his eyes to what was happening outside. Unlike the majority of the Nazi leaders, as the war turned against Germany, Goebbels



showed the capacity to rise to events. (While Hitler refused to broadcast or appear in public except on the rarest occasions, Goebbels regularly spoke on the radio. He refused to leave his post as Gauleiter of Berlin during the heavy bombing of the city, personally directed the civil-defence operations and alone of Germany's wartime leaders visited the most bombed areas not only in Berlin but in the Rhineland. After Stalingrad he did his best to shock the German people into fighting for their lives—not without effect—and as the war news grew worse became steadily more radical in his proposals. Finally, after the attempt on Hitler's life on 20th July 1944, Goebbels was at last given the powers he wanted as Reich Trustee for Total War.

By then it was too late for Goebbels or anyone else to alter the course of events. But Goebbels' determination to resist matched Hitler's own. It was he who proposed the repudiation of the Geneva convention in retaliation for the air raids, and when the staff of every other ministry was getting out of Berlin as fast as it could, he scornfully refused to consider evacuation. In the final period he moved into the Bunker with Hitler, bringing his wife and six children with him. (When Goering and Himmler faltered and were denounced as traitors, Goebbels alone of the original group who had come to power with Hitler in 1933 retained his confidence; he was named as Reich Chancellor in Hitler's final act of state and when Hitler committed suicide, Goebbels first helped his wife to kill their children, then shot her and himself in the ruins of the Chancellery.

A formidable indictment can be drawn up against Goebbels. He was a brazen liar, a man without scruple in what he said or did provided it secured his object. Obsessed with the desire for power, he preached violence and hatred and was merciless towards his political and personal opponents. He could be cruel as well as mocking and was particularly virulent against the Jews whose brutal treatment he applauded. As one of the leading figures of the Third Reich, unrepentant in his defence of every Nazi lie and crime, he bears his share of the responsibility for all the evil and suffering caused by Hitler and by Germany under his leadership.

But the same can be said of Hitler's other lieutenants, of Goering, Himmler and the rest. What distinguished Goebbels



from the others (although it strengthens rather than mitigates the indictment) were three qualities: his intelligence, his professionalism and his passion for self-dramatization.

Although there is little evidence of it in the diaries which follow, Goebbels was the one clever man among the Nazi leaders. (Hitler had political genius, but that is a different matter.) Goebbels' intelligence did not decide the things he wanted or the ends he served. Those were dictated by emotion, by prejudice, by passion, by hatred: they were exempt from analysis or criticism. His intellectual powers were confined to the means of securing what he wanted. Thus he could be a ruthless critic of Nazi propaganda or particular decisions of Hitler's without questioning either the cause or the leader with which he identified himself.

The possession of a critical mind, even when kept in blinkers, was a doubtful recommendation in the Nazi hierarchy. Goebbels had a malicious darting wit for which the stupidities and vanity of his fellow bosses provided all too many targets. It is no wonder that he was unpopular. Hitler too, although he knew how to use his gifts and although Goebbels' loyalty to him was unswerving, was distrustful of his Propaganda Minister's restless intelligence and held him at arm's length.

In a party that swarmed with strong-arm bullies and veterans of a war from which he had been excluded, Goebbels had only his brains and his tongue with which to make his way. Capitalizing his physical insignificance and his lameness, he always appeared in public during the years of political struggle with a private bodyguard and took particular delight in rousing the crowded ranks of storm troopers to enthusiasm with the violence and sarcasm of his attacks on 'the System'. Goebbels in fact was quite as tough and very much more quick-witted than the men he had to lead: he could not have survived as Gauleiter of Berlin, the toughest city in Germany, if he had not been. And he devoted all his ability and energy to mastering his job, to making himself a first-class performer as a mob-orator, a broadcaster and journalist as well as a political organizer.

He showed the same intense professionalism when he became Minister of Propaganda. Everything must be in proper order: his desk laid out, his timetable arranged, his staff ready. He was a devastating critic of the material produced for him and took the

same immense trouble in preparing his own articles as he had once in rehearsing his own speeches. He ran his ministry like a despot and attempted to force the same totalitarian mould upon the once rich cultural and intellectual life of Germany.

In everything he did—and this is already evident in his early diaries—Goebbels dramatized himself and played a part—with himself as audience. Whatever he undertook—as agitator, demagogue, lover, Minister, or in the last scene of all, as the faithful lieutenant—he displays the same over-intensity, the same self-conscious playing for effect. But at least he played it out to the bitter end.

In the middle of April 1945, Goebbels inspected a new colour film which had just been released:

‘Gentlemen,’ he said to his Ministry Staff, ‘in a hundred years’ time they will be showing another fine colour film describing the terrible days we are living through. Don’t you want to play a part in this film, to be brought back to life in a hundred years’ time? Everybody now has the chance to choose the part which he will play in the film a hundred years hence. I can assure you that it will be a fine and elevating picture. And for the sake of this project it is worth standing fast. Hold out now, so that a hundred years hence the audience does not hoot and whistle when you appear on the screen.’\*

As Goebbels walked out after saying this, Semmler noted, his face was pale and his eyes burning. Exactly a fortnight later, the last Nazi leader left in Berlin, he put his words into effect and took his own life, rather than seek flight or surrender.

All this lay in the future when these early diaries were compiled. They run from 12th August 1925 to the end of October 1926, but their interest largely depends on knowing what was still to happen to their author before his death at the age of no more than forty-seven.

The circumstances in which the diaries have come to light and the reasons for believing in their authenticity are set out by Dr Heiber in the introduction to the German edition which follows. As soon as one turns to the text, the first thing to strike the

\* Rudolf Semmler: *Goebbels—the Man next to Hitler* (London, 1947), p. 192.



reader is the self-conscious, emotionally high-flown style in which Goebbels writes. At times it reads like a caricature of an adolescent's diary, although Goebbels was actually twenty-eight at the time he wrote it. Equally obvious are the exaggerations and exhibitionism. It is highly unlikely that anything like the numbers Goebbels says ever attended his meetings, that his speeches aroused such enthusiasm, or that his political activity was so exhausting and his interventions so bold as he describes them. Goebbels was writing to impress, with an eye to an audience; but the audience was himself, he was the reader whom he needed to impress. These diaries are, in fact, part of that process of self-dramatization which Goebbels continued long after he had become famous and which he played out not only on paper but in real life.

The ups and downs of Goebbels' love affair with Else, his strained relations with his family, his frequent moods of depression and banal complaints of the vileness of humanity do not rise above the level of Sunday newspaper 'human interest'. The real psychological interest of the diaries lies not in these, but in Goebbels' self-portrait, a portrait of himself as he would have liked to appear, none the less revealing because it is often unconvincing. Read it with this in mind, not as a record of Goebbels' actual life at that time, but of the part he wanted to see himself playing, and the crudity of style, the exaggerated emotions fall into place as part of the pattern.

Goebbels was not a typical Nazi, but he could well pass as a representative of the restless, radical intellectuals, power-loving, cynical and amoral, who have played a considerable role in the politics of the twentieth century, and not only in Nazi Germany. It is this that gives his self-portrait a more than individual validity.

Goebbels' diaries have also an historical interest. After the unsuccessful Munich putsch of 1923 and the year which he spent in Landsberg prison, Hitler had to rebuild his party almost from the beginning. It was essential to his success to establish his authority, not only in Bavaria and the South, but in North Germany and the Rhineland where the Strasser brothers threatened to provide an alternative leadership. The Nazis were still a back-streets party, playing an insignificant role in German politics, but the tussle

between Hitler and his rivals over the party leadership and programme in 1925-26 marks a decisive step in their history.

Goebbels, although a newcomer to the Nazi movement and not even a district leader, was unusually well-placed to report this struggle for power inside the party. He was close to the Strassers, for whom he worked; he belonged to the Rhineland, not Bavaria, and his political views put him on the radical wing of the party which was highly critical of the leadership in Munich. He attended both the Hanover and Bamberg conferences, therefore, as a protégé of the Strassers and a member of the opposition.

But Goebbels was an astute as well as an ambitious politician. Once he met Hitler, he was impressed by him personally and, no less, by the greater resources of which he disposed. No third-class carriages on all-night trains for the Munich leaders: they travelled everywhere by Mercedes! Hitler, on his side, soon recognized Goebbels' ability and set out to win him over. There are no more interesting pages in the diary than those in which Goebbels describes, in enthusiastic terms, Hitler's successful bidding for his allegiance. By the time the entries in his diary end, Goebbels had in effect made up his mind to switch sides and ten days later accepted Hitler's offer to go to Berlin.

It is a fortunate windfall for the historian that these early diaries of Goebbels should coincide with so critical a period in the history of the party. The account which they provide is certainly partisan and cannot be accepted uncritically. But the fact that Goebbels began on one side and changed to the other gives it particular interest and on one point at least the diaries provide a corrective to the version which Goebbels himself later put into circulation and which has been repeated in all subsequent accounts. This is the date of the breach between Goebbels and the Strassers, which was supposed to have followed the Bamberg conference in February 1926, but can now be seen to have been neither so early nor so abrupt as Goebbels later described it.

Whatever the dangers to be guarded against in using it, the historian has only to turn to Goebbels' account of his period in Berlin, *Kampf um Berlin*, written several years later, to see how much more valuable is his contemporary account of events recorded in the present diary.

What follows is not history. But the same is true of any other diary or volume of memoirs. What Goebbels' diary provides, like



every other historical source of this kind, is something without which history would be immeasurably poorer, the passions and partisanship—noble or base—of men who themselves take part in the events they describe.

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February 1962

## INTRODUCTION

Throughout his life—it is said, from the time he was twelve—Joseph Goebbels kept a diary.<sup>1</sup> Later, when in power, he probably even kept two diaries<sup>2</sup>—his private notes and also voluminous daily records, dictated to a stenographer and containing descriptions of events and comments; these, for all their candour, were clearly addressed to posterity that would judge his actions. Shortcomings in general and colleagues in particular he criticized acidly; he found little wrong with matters of principle and nothing wrong with Hitler, let alone with himself. These moderate disclosures were intended as raw material for a history of the Third Reich, the writing of which was to give content to Goebbels' years of retirement; when completed the history was to provide financial security for his family.

Probably only very few people, and these are in the East, know what happened to these private and semi-official diaries, for most of what escaped destruction during the fighting in Berlin was presumably captured by the Soviets. Under-Secretary of State Naumann believes that this is certainly true of the microfilms of the semi-official diary,<sup>3</sup> which were made before the collapse, and Hans Fritzsche<sup>4</sup> has testified to having seen in Moscow, at any rate, part of the private notes written in Goebbels' own hand.

Disregarding such inaccessible fragments those portions of the diary are of course known which were published by Goebbels himself under the title *From the Kaiserhof to the Reich Chancellery*. They cover the period from 1st January 1932 to 1st May 1933 and though of course heavily edited they preserve the original diary form. Another portion appears in his *Michael*, a novel written in the form of a diary, in which Goebbels draws on his diary covering the years 1919 and 1920 when he went to the Universities of Freiburg, Munich and Heidelberg. Written in 1921, Goebbels was able to publish this book only in 1929 when Eher, the party publisher, accepted it; it contains his own adventures mixed with those of his friend Richard Flisges. Finally we have a book, *The Struggle for Berlin*, published in 1932, for which the diaries



probably provided the source; it begins with 9th November 1926, the day on which the new Gauleiter enters the capital, and describes the first year of his work there.

Far more important than these edited publications are the few available original manuscripts. One of these contains fragments of a typescript taken from dictation and covering the period from 21st January 1942 to 9th November 1943. A heavily cut edition was published by Louis P. Lochner several years ago; it is an important source for the history of that period and for some internal developments in the Third Reich.

But these are meditations of a man written not so much for the sake of recording as for the impression they would make on posterity. Far more important to judge Goebbels, the man, are the 192 diary pages written in his own hand, the only part of the private diaries which fell into western hands after the war. They run from 12th August 1925 to the end of October 1926 without a gap. Apart from the last few pages and a portion in the middle the manuscript is in good condition, although Goebbels' hand makes reading somewhat difficult.

These pages had the same fate as the 1942-43 diary published by Lochner.<sup>5</sup> When the Propaganda Ministry was cleared in 1945 the Russians intended to burn this manuscript, but someone picked it up in the courtyard. It passed through several hands as waste paper until it reached an American well versed in German affairs who, in 1946, passed it on to Herbert Hoover, the former US President. Since then the manuscript has been in the custody of the Hoover Institution on War, Revolution and Peace, Stanford University, California.

These notes have accordingly been known for some time, and they have several times been quoted at length—by Lochner, in his preface, down to the recent Goebbels biography by Manvell and Fraenkel. Transcribing difficulties have probably been responsible for the failure so far to publish these notes which, when seen *in toto*, fully reveal the personality of the author. This book (first published in Germany by the *Institut fuer Zeitgeschichte*) is thus the first full version of the diary.

As we have already mentioned, a small party of the original is in poor condition. Several pages and corners are burnt—particularly entries beginning on 9th September 1926; other pages have been pierced by nails; and a third group—particularly the

entries from 12th to 20th July 1926—have been smudged by water. Fire damage has badly affected the part beginning on 16th October 1926, and only tatters remain of the last pages for that month. The transcriber had thus to contend not only with the handwriting, but also with these defects of the material.

The diary has been transcribed from the original word for word; style, spelling and punctuation follow the original. All mistakes due to carelessness have been reproduced to give the flavour of these hastily made notes and to be fair to the author. Doubtful passages have been placed between square brackets, especially names of insignificant persons (many of these were identified by references to reports of meetings in the *Völkischer Beobachter*). Undecipherable passages have been indicated by dots. But to save space the paragraphing in the original has been disregarded, for Goebbels usually started a new paragraph for every or every second sentence or exclamation.

The documents in the Appendix are, with the exception of the letter from Holtz (No 10) and Heinemann's notes (No 11), original typescripts or typed copies. A few typing errors in the documents have been corrected.

Many biographers publishing or using personal diaries have inevitably laid bare events of the diarist's private life which can normally claim exclusion from public discussion. But the case of a man like Joseph Goebbels is different. He belongs to history, and he has influenced and moulded the fate of millions. The personality of such men is a matter of public interest and therefore a proper object of historical research. To answer the question—what manner of man was such a person behind the façade which he erected when in power?—it is exceedingly important to know something about his relations with other people.

What, then, had been the career of that young man at the time when he wrote these pages in his diary, before his twenty years of malignant political power? Biographies make it possible to sketch his life briefly as follows.<sup>6</sup>

Paul Joseph Goebbels was born on 29th October 1897 at Rheydt which, like its twin city of Muenchen-Gladbach (now Moenchen-G.), was dominated by the textile industry. In common with the majority of the population, his parents were Roman Catholics, and not only as a matter of form. It seems difficult to



establish the occupation of Friedrich Goebbels, Joseph's father. Older biographies describe him as foreman or charge hand, but according to the most recent biography—which also relies on statements by members of the family—he was an office worker in an incandescent mantle factory, in which he eventually rose to a managerial position. Perhaps all statements are correct, and Goebbels' father started as a manual worker and, by his own efforts, bettered his position. This, at any rate, is how his son once described the situation<sup>7</sup> when he spoke of the sacrifices and stubborn efforts of his parents to help their sons to get on in life and to lift them out of their narrow lower middle-class surroundings into which the parents had emerged from the working class. Not that the Goebbels family can have lived in any luxury—in 1917, when applying for a scholarship, Goebbels said that his father's salary was between 315 and 355 marks. Paul Joseph was one of several children. He had two older brothers, Hans and Konrad, and a sister, Elisabeth, older than himself, but she died in 1915. In later years Goebbels was more attached to his sister Maria, who was twelve years younger, than to his brothers.

Just as the family is uncertain about the occupation of the father, who died in 1929, it is uncertain about the cause of Paul Joseph's club-foot. In this respect, too, the two biographies which are based on detailed interrogation of members of the family differ slightly. According to one version the child, at the age of seven, contracted osteomyelitis and the left thigh had to be operated on; this weakened the left leg and retarded development so that the left leg was in the end three inches shorter than the right one. The second version attributes the affliction expressly to poliomyelitis at the age of four. What both explanations have in common is that they describe the deformity as not congenital, which it was commonly understood to be in the Third Reich.

Whatever the origin of the deformity its effect on the mind of the crippled boy, with his weak and underdeveloped body and huge head, and on his relations with playmates and school-fellows of his own age can be well imagined. No wonder that Joseph Goebbels concentrated all his energy on intellectual work. At play and in physical contacts he was necessarily always beaten, but with his mind he was determined to surpass all others. His good intellectual equipment made success certain. The parents



sent Joseph to the grammar school, although this entailed heavy sacrifices; the other children had a secondary school education.

Joseph Goebbels was among the best in his form, although he did not surpass everyone. One of his last reports shows three firsts—in scripture, Latin and German. He was not a popular boy, being considered a careerist and a tell-tale, who wanted to get into the good books of the masters and did not hesitate to inform against the other boys. He was also thought to be arrogant and conceited, but this was no doubt the bastion built by the young weakling, who was always on the defensive.

From his school-leaving examination Goebbels emerged with practically top marks. His German essay was the best and he was allowed to deliver the farewell oration. When it was over the headmaster was said to have clasped his hand, saying: 'Good, Goebbels, very good. Content excellent, but believe me, you will never be a good speaker.'

Not many of those who left school that Easter in 1917 have survived, for many volunteered for military service. Even the cripple presented himself at the recruiting depot—evidence that even then he inclined to the grand and meaningless gesture, or that he deceived himself. The medical officer would hardly look at him: he was quite useless for service at the front, but was accepted for non-combatant duties and served for a while as a clerk. Then the war was over as far as he was concerned.

At Bonn University Goebbels began reading German, history and Latin. His father wanted one of his sons to graduate and Joseph was best qualified to do so. He was given an allowance of fifty marks a month, but even so had to interrupt his very first semester. Later, he supported himself by coaching, and he received a loan from the Roman Catholic Albertus Magnus Society, to which he had applied for help. Not that he received any extravagant funds from that source, barely a thousand marks all told between 1917 and 1920, but the society had to wait ten years for repayment, and recovered the money in 1930 only by taking Goebbels, then the Gauleiter of Berlin, to court.

Despite his financial straits Joseph Goebbels went freely from one university to another. In the summer of 1918 he went from Bonn to Freiburg, where he spent one semester, and he was at Würzburg when Germany collapsed in the winter of that year. He went back to Freiburg for the summer semester of 1919, and



on to Munich in the following winter—a long-standing ambition hitherto unattainable because he had been unable to find digs. In 1920 Goebbels settled down in Heidelberg, where, in November 1921, he took the PhD with a thesis, *Wilhelm Schuetz; A Contribution to the History of the Romantic Theatre*.<sup>8</sup>

During those years at the university several events occurred which significantly influenced Goebbels' life. He became estranged from the Church; this developed during his second semester at Freiburg and at Munich, and coincided with the termination of his Albertus Magnus grant. This estrangement led to differences with his devout Catholic parents, especially with his father, who was seriously perturbed and full of reproaches. This cooling of relations between father and son becomes apparent in the diary; the rift had probably not quite closed when the father died.

Simultaneously young Goebbels was acquiring literary ambitions. In a will made at the end of October 1920 he appointed his brother literary executor for his—unpublished—poems and stage-play drafts. Interest in the revolutionary political events seems to have hardly exceeded the degree of patriotism and disappointment felt by most young undergraduates in those years. On the other hand, while in Heidelberg, he probably received a mental wound that was to influence his mind. Vain as he was, and used to leading his fellows in the intellectual field, Goebbels failed to break into the exclusive circle of Friedrich Gundolf, the literary 'Pope' of Heidelberg. This representative of the Stefan George circle was repelled by the bearing of the ambitious young man. And Gundolf—whose original name was Gundelfinger—was a Jew.

Two people who made a deep impression on Goebbels, as can be seen from diary entries several years later, he also met in his student days. It was probably at Freiburg that Goebbels came under the influence of a young man who soon became his friend. Richard Flisges had returned from the war seriously wounded and with high decorations. He wanted to go to the university but failed his entrance examination. This, as he believed, unmerited disqualification, probably made the young man, who may have leaned in the direction before, a rebel against the existing social order—a pacifist, a communist, even a nihilist.

Thus Goebbels, hitherto more or less untroubled by a philosophy



of life, was drawn into the whirlpool of opinions passionately expressed and joined together higgledy-piggledy. Flisges introduced Goebbels to the philosophy of Dostoevsky, of Marx and Engels and of Rathenau. The altars built to this dominating friend were probably not destroyed altogether when after a few months Goebbels began to free himself from intellectual shackles; his pride presumably drove him to support an antithesis—nationalism and war. Soon the two young men were completely estranged, but the nimbus of friendship remained, especially when Flisges, who had become a miner, was killed in a mine in Upper Bavaria in July 1923. Goebbels also retained the anti-bourgeois concept of class warfare, latent to the very end though concealed for opportunist reasons. Years later his diary recorded regret at the senseless fight with erring communist class-brothers, and in 1944 and 1945 Goebbels was one of the few National Socialist leaders who dreamed of an 'eastern solution' rather than a 'western solution'.

Finally, there was Anka, Joseph Goebbels' first great love, the first of a long line of women in the life of this man for whom love had become a mania. Goebbels the lover was always active, compensating for his inhibitions by passion. No doubt his physical handicaps contributed to this. In this field at least he wanted to demonstrate his manhood.

Diary entries indicate that Anka came from Itzehoe and later lived in Recklinghausen. Biographers have said nothing about her occupation. In Goebbels' *Michael* she was a student. Her second name has been given as Hellhorn or Stahlhern, but neither tallies with Goebbels' own records. At any rate she was described as beautiful and coming from a good family, and later, during the Third Reich, she was said to have remembered her former lover. The romance, probably begun in Freiburg in the summer of 1918, lasted a fairly long time, until 1922.<sup>9</sup> According to later diary entries, the semester at Würzburg seems to have been closely connected with this girl.

Anka was followed by Else—a 'half-Jew', according to the Nuremberg Laws. The diary that follows prominently records the climax and end of this love affair. Having taken his degree Joseph Goebbels went back to Rheydt. He did not sit for the teaching diploma, for he considered the career of a schoolmaster out of the question, although his subjects would have made this a



likely choice. His ambitions were connected with writing, possibly the stage. This was the time when he wrote *Michael*, dedicated to Richard Flisges, on whose life he drew for the 'fateful German character'. The novel's other main character was Anka, portrayed in Hertha Holk, and there was also a Russian, to whom years later Goebbels addressed an open letter on politics. Goebbels offered the novel to Ullstein and Mosse, but these two 'Jewish' publishers returned the manuscript, just as Theodor Wolff, the 'Jewish' editor of *Berliner Tageblatt*, returned a series of articles which Goebbels had written.

The young man lived with his parents. He wrote poems, plays, essays and articles, and earned some money by coaching and book-keeping. Fritz Prang, a friend from his schooldays, had a girlfriend, Alma, who was a teacher; subsequently Goebbels did not hesitate to make advances to her. Alma introduced Goebbels to one of her colleagues, Else, who has already been mentioned. Her home was at Duisburg, but she taught at a school in Rheydt. Goebbels' sister, Maria, went to that school, and so Else came to see the Goebbels family, the two young people fell in love, and the two couples became an inseparable group.

Through Else, Goebbels obtained an appointment with the Cologne branch of the Dresdner Bank, where he worked with distaste for nine months. Then Fritz Prang got him another job, that of price-teller at the Cologne stock exchange. It seems to be well established that Goebbels took no great interest in politics during those years; possibly even the struggle for the Ruhr district and the French occupation affected him little. While Prang joined Hitler's party in 1922, Goebbels, though full of nationalist gestures, would not commit himself. The story that a speech by Hitler in 1922 converted him and that he joined the Munich branch of the party in that year is most probably a later invention of Goebbels himself, like the story that he had written to Hitler while the latter was detained at Landsberg. Goebbels' party membership number, No. 22, was of course subsequently 'acquired'.<sup>10</sup>

In fact, Joseph Goebbels went in for politics as late as 1924. At that time he was going through a period of inner conflict, gaiety and sociable conduct alternating with depression leading to freely advertised suicide threats. The main cause of despair was probably his failure to get on in life, which angered his family.



Had they made all those heavy financial sacrifices for a boy who now spent his days doing nothing or, at any rate, doing little more than casual work? Goebbels himself looked at his life in a different way. He considered himself excluded from work to which his ability entitled him, excluded by the Jews who dominated cultural life and would only allow 'their own people' to advance.

In January 1924 Goebbels made a final attempt; he applied for a job on the *Berliner Tageblatt*, but was turned down. He fared similarly with the stage. Meanwhile, Prang had introduced him to nationalist and National Socialist circles, and he had taken part in the discussions at some of their meetings. At last, Franz von Wieggershaus, the Elberfeld nationalist politician and Prussian diet deputy, appointed Goebbels his private secretary at a monthly salary of a hundred marks. His duties included speaking at party meetings and helping with the editing of *Völkische Freiheit*, a small weekly magazine published by von Wieggershaus. At the end of 1924 this work brought him into contact with prominent National Socialists in West Germany.

Early in 1925, when after Hitler's release from Landsberg the NSDAP was re-formed, there was a chance of new work. Goebbels was appointed manager of the Gau Rheinland-Nord, Karl Kaufmann's Gau, with his office at Elberfeld; as such he drew two hundred marks a month. This post was coupled with a kind of secretaryship to Gregor Strasser, the North and West German party leader, who had transferred to Berlin and left his secretary, one Heinrich Himmler, behind in Landshut. Finally, Goebbels was to help with the editing of a magazine which Strasser wanted to bring out and which was intended as the 'intellectual mouthpiece' of the party.

The surviving part of the diary opens at this stage of Goebbels' career; it pictures the events of the following months. What is the broad impression that these pages convey of Goebbels' political conduct and development? First, they show clearly his transition from a mere party member to an unconditional follower of Hitler. Originally Goebbels had had certain fixed political ideas; at any rate, that was what he pretended. Strongly attached to his West German friends, he had even joined the anti-Munich junta and indulged in the most acid criticism of the party leader. Then he suddenly changed course and became an uncritically admiring follower. It is difficult to be sure whether this change of heart



was caused by Hitler's magic or by an opportunist assessment of the forces ranged on either side.

Clearly both factors contributed, but it can be assumed that the second factor prevailed. For though easily roused to enthusiasm, Goebbels was essentially a man who, when his personal interests were at stake, kept a cool head. At the same time, it remains doubtful whether at that juncture Goebbels knew that his choice was prompted by a political philosophy which determined his actions to the end. Throughout his life Goebbels was actuated by an anti-capitalist resentment, typical of the *petit bourgeois* intellectual, the intensity of which probably dated from his disappointments as a young writer. It was essentially fortuitous that Goebbels plumped for National Socialism rather than for Marxism or Bolshevism. Moreover, he had no scruples, being quite prepared to turn traitor when it paid. And Hitler paid—that much this shrewd cripple grasped in a flash. This period is covered by the diary which reveals how the mind of Goebbels worked.

The last notes of the diary, written at the end of October 1926, mention the decision just arrived at that Goebbels was to go to Berlin as Gauleiter. Of course, that sounds far grander than it was, for no one could say that the NSDAP was then a particularly imposing force in the city. In his *Struggle for Berlin*<sup>11</sup> Goebbels wrote, not unfairly, that 'what went as the party in Berlin in those days in no way deserved that description. It was a wildly mixed collection of a few hundred people with National Socialist ideas.' Such hostility had developed between the political organization, led by the Strasser brothers, and the SA under Kurt Daluege, later to become chief of police, that their leaders slapped each other's faces at meetings. In this situation Hitler sent Goebbels to Berlin as a kind of umpire. Berlin thus became the scene of a struggle between the Strassers and their erstwhile young man who suddenly appeared as Hitler's *stadholder* in the centre of 'left-wing deviationists'; earlier there had been a crisis caused by the extreme anti-capitalism, federalism and anti-Munich conduct of the North and West Germans. From this crisis Hitler emerged as victor, and his opponents, gritting their teeth, surrendered unconditionally.

The Berlin Documents Centre papers from the files of the Supreme Party Tribunal, which are published in the Appendix, and fragments from Goebbels' personal file are good illustrations

of the hard but successful struggle of the new Gauleiter. Read in conjunction with the diary for the preceding year they round off the picture of Goebbels' early years in politics and provide a very revealing contribution to the history of the deteriorating relations between Goebbels and the Strasser brothers—a development indicative of the shifting balance of forces in, and the political trend and whole character of, the NSDAP.<sup>12</sup>

HELMUT HEIBER

### NOTES TO THE INTRODUCTION

- (1) Curt Riess, *Joseph Goebbels*, Baden-Baden, 1950, p. 33. According to Wilfried von Oven, *Mit Goebbels bis zum Ende*, Buenos Aires, 1949 and 1950, vol. I, p. 52, Goebbels told von Oven, his aide-de-camp, that he had kept the diary since 1920.
- (2) Rudolf Semmler, *Goebbels, the Man next to Hitler*, London, 1947, p. 14; Riess, *l.c.*, p. 275.
- (3) Roger Manvell and Heinrich Fraenkel, *Doctor Goebbels, His Life and Death*, London, 1960, p. 264 *et seq.*
- (4) Riess, *l.c.*, p. 275.
- (5) Louis P. Lochner, editor, *Goebbels Tagebücher aus den Jahren 1942–1943*, Zurich, 1948, pp. 7 *et seq.*, 15 *et seq.*
- (6) *Dr Goebbels, Nach Aufzeichnungen aus seiner Umgebung*, editor Boris von Borresholm, Berlin, 1949; Riess, *l.c.*; Manvell and Fraenkel, *l.c.*; Lochner, *l.c.* Less instructive for the early years: Werner Stephan, *Joseph Goebbels, Dämon einer Diktatur*, Stuttgart, 1949; Semmler, *l.c.* Two formerly official biographies: Wilfried Bade, *Joseph Goebbels*, Lübeck, 1933; Willi Krause, *Reichsminister Joseph Goebbels*, Berlin-Schöneberg, year of publication unknown.
- (7) Von Oven, *l.c.*, vol. I, p. 239.
- (8) Thus according to the latest and most reliable biography by Manvell and Fraenkel. Krause gives the following order: Bonn, Freiburg, Würzburg, Munich, Heidelberg, Cologne, Frankfurt, Munich. According to Lochner: Bonn, Freiburg, Würzburg, Munich, Cologne, Frankfurt, Berlin, Heidelberg. According to



Riess: Bonn, Freiburg, Heidelberg, Würzburg, Cologne, Frankfurt, Berlin, Heidelberg, Munich, Heidelberg. It can be seen that by changing so frequently from one university to another young Goebbels has made things a little difficult for his biographers.

- (9) According to Manvell and Fraenkel. According to the diary entry of 16.4.26, the affair may have ended earlier, in the winter semester 1919-20 in Munich.
- (10) According to the personal file in the Berlin Documents Centre; his biographers mention a party card No 8762.
- (11) *Kampf um Berlin*, p. 23; see also Martin Broszat, *Die Anfänge der Berliner NSDAP, Vierteljahrshefte für Zeitgeschichte*, 1960, no 1.
- (12) After the German edition of this book had been printed the German edition of Manvell's and Fraenkel's Goebbels biography was published, which contains many quotations from the 1925-26 diary. The reader who compares those quotations with the text that follows might consider several points strange. The editor would therefore like to say this: apart from the gaps which indicate the length of illegible or destroyed passages nothing has been changed in the following text. No sentence, no word has been altered or left out. The 'quotations' in Manvell and Fraenkel, on the other hand, contain numerous deciphering errors and, probably as a result of the re-translation from the English translation, equally numerous transpositions of words. Several clauses and sentences have been so mutilated or changed that they have become unrecognizable.

# THE DIARY FROM 1925-26

*Elberfeld, 12th August 1925*

Spoke last night at a big mass meeting at Bochum with thumping success. Smart storm troop units, much enthusiasm and even more honourable intentions. If only more of this found expression in practical work. I have no end of trouble and worries with the Elberfeld people. In a moment I shall give Kaufmann a piece of my mind. Elbrechter<sup>1</sup> is coming back from Bavaria, bringing a lot of news from Strasser. Strasser sized up Ripke correctly from the start. So this development is no surprise to him. My limbs are tired as never before. Of course, another night lost. Here I am now as though I had been spat upon. Fräulein Hein is still here; is bored and bores me. A horrible bluestocking. The whole wench nothing but a snout. How is that possible. I am on tenterhooks for a sign of life from little Else. Why does the child not write? And she knows how anxiously I am waiting. I look forward to the end of the holidays when I shall be allowed to fetch her from some rubbishy place on the Rhine and to spend a few pleasant summer days with her. How horrible: no sooner do I spend three whole days with someone than I no longer like him, and if it is a whole week I loathe him like the plague. Tonight off to Velbert to see father [Hohagen]: makes me retch! Stop it. I am dead and have long been buried! Sleep, sleep! When at last will I find peace and quiet?!

*14th August 1925*

Alma sends a postcard from Bad Harzburg. The first sign of life since that night. Alma, the teaser and charmer. I quite like this girl; she is so natural. First letter from Else from Switzerland. Only little Else can write in this way. Fräulein Hein has buzzed off. Thank God! In the end I was in a healthy rage. That nauseating bluestocking. With that silly pretentiousness. Ugh. The devil. Money, money, money! I am again badly broke. Enough to vomit! Herr Hess,<sup>2</sup> from Düsseldorf, is a good worker. Good chap. Has not found his feet yet. In the middle of next week I



shall take a fortnight off. How I look forward to it. Then off into the world and to freedom. At last time to read and write. For a few days I shall go home. To play with Elsbeth and Benno. And then to the Rhine, alone for one week, then Else comes to meet me. How I look forward to those days. I am tired through and through and so broken. I need quiet and solitude as my daily bread. Worry and pessimism lurk around me. I must maintain the faith. When shall we be redeemed? Will redemption redeem us? Or shall we then just see how puny and limited we are! Thoughts pass to and fro in heart and brain! How sore is my soul!

*15th August 1925*

Fought heavy battle in Friemersheim yesterday. Between Freedom Party<sup>3</sup> and National Socialists. Now we have almost got those gentry where we want them. I had to wire home for money. Will they be able to help? Tons of work. Herr Hess fights heavy battle—ideas versus parents. The terrible old question: whom do I love more: neighbour or family! I am thinking a great deal of Anka these days. Why just now? Is it because it's the holiday season? What a wonderful travelling companion she was! That magnificent wench! I long for little Else! When shall I hold you in my arms again? This morning, coming from Düsseldorf, I find myself in the same carriage with Hess's mother without our knowing each other. I feel very run down and ill. It's high time for me to have a break. It cannot go on like this. I must not ruin myself deliberately! The typewriter rattles outside. Master König, the office chief, is at work. He is useful. He is industrious, quiet and reliable. Little Else, when do I see you again? Alma, you lithe lovely flower! Anka, I shall never forget you! And yet I am now all alone!

*16th August 1925*

A quiet Sunday afternoon. I am alone in the office and have time and leisure to think. Yesterday I got a hundred and fifty marks wired from home. Those good people. Always helping when there is need. So for the time being at any rate I am without debts. I don't know whether I really deserved this help from home. All day I think of the child Else and look forward to seeing her. Will I be able to start my holiday this week? Next Saturday the E.G.\*

\* Presumably the court of honour.

is due to come off in the Ripke case. If so I shall again be unable to get away. In September the big job begins. Before then I must have had my rest. Tonight Kaufmann wants to give me important information. I am curious. Oh, this happy, quiet and boring afternoon. For once alone. Herr Hess is still here. Frightened of the French.<sup>4</sup> And a bit of cowardice! Else! When shall I see you again! I can no longer afford to be idle as in the past. How much quieter and more serious I have become since I came here. I see too many human shortcomings. Man is and remains a little animal. Wild beast or domesticated! With lower and higher instincts! With love and hate! But always an animal.

17th August 1925

A letter from Else, yards long. She raves about the beauty of Switzerland like a schoolgirl. It gladdens my heart to see her so happy. She is still so good and without guile. An unknown man from Bochum writes a panegyric about my speech on Schlageter Day. I seem to have pulled it off there. Last night at the Millowitsch People's Theatre with Kaufmann. We nearly died with laughing. How touching and good and how to the point popular creations can be. Kaufmann is a good chap. I want to be his friend! When shall I see little Else again? I long for her.

19th August 1925

Tomorrow Strasser comes to Elberfeld. I hope that that will clear up this confused situation in one fell swoop. Ripke is finished. So we can start afresh. No more news from Else. I look forward to the end of the holidays when I shall be with her. Then we shall find each other again as old friends and comrades. The *Beobachter* has many praiseworthy things to say about my lectures. Otherwise this is the silly season politically and intellectually. We are waiting for autumn and winter full of anticipation. Then we shall again see the beginning of a new stage of the final struggle.

21st August 1925

Strasser was here for the whole of yesterday afternoon. A splendid fellow. A massive Bavarian. With a wonderful sense of humour. Brought much sad news from Munich. About that abominable and wretched management of the central office. Hitler is surrounded with the wrong people. I believe Hermann Esser<sup>5</sup> is his



undoing. With Strasser we shall now organize the entire West. Early in September the basic negotiations are to begin. We reach as far North as Hanover and Göttingen. The 'Westblock' will bring out the *National Socialist Letters*, with Strasser as publisher and myself as editor. That will give us a weapon against those sclerotic bosses in Munich. I am sure we shall convince Hitler. Strasser is full of initiative. You can work with him. And what a splendid character. He said a great deal about Anka etc. that is better not put in writing. In the evening at Hattingen with Lutze<sup>6</sup> and Bruch. Met the old, dear friends: Stürz [Etterich], etc. As always at Hattingen my speech was according to form. It was shattering to see that Director Arnold, a big industrialist, had to agree with everything I said. A really good evening. Then the obligatory follow-up. With wine and noise. I do not care for that particularly. But you have to take part from time to time, to see the people in their cups. I go on my holiday today. I am off home right now. Sunday once again (to the Rhine) to Essen, Elberfeld on Monday, to the Rhine in the afternoon. Oberdollendorf. Where I went with Else. I shall stay there for about a week. And towards the end Else will be there. I am as happy as a boy. Like a happy child.

24th August 1925

At home. Much moving care. I feel at home there. Father is a good fellow. My mother is the world's best mother. Elsbeth has become a darling child. Benno has grown. A wonderful animal. Sunday morning to Essen. The great day for our storm troop units. In the morning a march through the streets. At the Bismarck monument speech by Bauschen.<sup>7</sup> Good. A lot of populace. Burning enthusiasm. And then they beat out the old marching tune. Lutze is a gentleman. Pea soup for lunch! Good and a lot of fun. Then by lorry to the great hall. Packed. Some three thousand people. Great *élan* and energy. Dr Dinter<sup>8</sup> did not turn up. So I had to step in. I am received with raging applause. Then I speak. For half an hour. And addressing those people listening in hushed silence I become inspired and I inspire. Raging applause marks the end. They surround me. Home by lorry with the Falken<sup>9</sup> detachment. These Falken are good fellows. I like them a lot. Passing through towns in the dark night full of jubilation. Elberfeld. Once again to bed dead tired. It's Monday now. But

this is really the start of the holiday. To Cologne at noon. From there to Oberdollendorf. There I shall wait for Else. I greatly look forward to her coming. At last there will be *otium cum dignitate*. Thank God.

27th August 1925

Three days on the Rhine. I laze, go for walks, and sleep. I only notice now how run down I am. Horrible. I have burnt the candle at both ends. That must stop. At meals we talk politics a lot, and I always emerge the victor. Man is strong if he knows what he wants. Not a word from Else. Did my card not reach her, or is she angry. And I so long for her. I have the same room that I had with her that Whitsun. What thoughts, what sentiments! Why does she not come? I stand on the bank of the Rhine and wait for you. Come, oh come, you kind woman and give me your benediction!

29th August 1925

Nearly a whole week at Oberdollendorf. The peace does me good. I feel re-born. Sleep, sleep, sleep. In the evenings I sometimes do some reading. Hitler's book<sup>10</sup> is wonderful. What a political instinct. I am quite enthusiastic. Else writes and sends wires: cannot come, coming Tuesday to Elberfeld. What a disappointment. So I shall have to leave without her. Tomorrow, Sunday, the bell will toll the hour of farewell. Half pleased, half sorrowful. The work beckons again. I also look forward to being with Kaufmann again. But it is also pleasant to mooch around without a care on the banks of the Rhine. I read *The Life of St Wonnebald Pücker*, by Ricarda Huch. A delicious book. You would hardly believe that it was written by a woman. So much grace, wit and irony. Really male sarcasm. I read it one evening in one go. A schoolmaster, a so-called intellectual, shares my table. Passionately and eagerly I try to explain to him what a miserable slimy philistine he is. Apart from this I do not talk politics. Keep away from everything. But look forward nevertheless to the early resumption of work. Work in the service of an idea grips us like a blessing or a curse. I can no longer change my ways. I can now see clearly: I must serve and sacrifice. On Tuesday Else comes to Elberfeld. Joy at the reunion is not unmixed. Why has she kept me here waiting full of yearning and in distress? Else's love lacks



readiness for sacrifice. She loves as long as her health won't suffer. A great love: for that I could and would give my life. Distressingly poor and miserable world. Man is a coward and lukewarm. And yet life is great. Even today it is a pleasure to be alive.

*30th August 1925*

Back in Elberfeld. I almost said, back home. Elberfeld has become so dear to me. Mountains of work. It is Sunday. I should like to start forthwith. I have been invited to speak at Recklinghausen. What an odd feeling that gives me. I would like to speak knowing Anka [is] in the audience. I must find Kaufmann. I look forward to seeing him. And tomorrow at last to work. Else comes Tuesday. Blissful expectation!

*31st August 1925*

Heaps and mountains of work. But much pleasure. Things are moving. Lutze, our storm troop leader, has become my friend. A splendid fellow. Not a word yet from Else. I am waiting for her full of yearning and pain. My landlord has given me notice. A damned mess. Back to work. When will Else be here?!

*3rd August [should be September] 1925*

Else has come. She arrives jubilantly from Switzerland on Tuesday, fat, plump, healthy, happy, tanned. Is full of joy and happy. She is good to me and makes me happy. She is around the whole day and revels in stories from Switzerland. And I look at her, and I become painfully aware that we have drifted miles part. Why? Why all this? Why must I perish, and why cannot Else share my sacrifice? What a terrible tragedy! All this weighs me down terribly these days. Yesterday we went to the first evening meeting in Düsseldorf. Else also came. Big attendance, three hundred and sixty. I spoke well. Towards the end I polished off a German National gloriously. Fifty new members. A successful evening all round. Only Hess was absent. Got cold feet. A mess at home. That poor son of a middle class father. What inner cowardice. Terrible! All day the office is full of people, and I cannot get down to work. Off to Hamborn tonight, to Essen tomorrow. I have no time to write a promised article. The same every day! No quiet, no rest! While I am writing these lines people stand all

around me. Else has no money. More worries and embarrassment. It pours from the skies. Everything is grey. Oh, this terrible world! Let's be off to Hamborn. I am driving myself like a hack! When will I, poor devil, be redeemed?

4th August [should be September] 1925

Else has left. Rain and grey. Inconsolable and lonely. I am nearly desperate. I am submerged in work. I no longer know where to begin. I have taken on too much. Also fresh money worries. How can I get out of those. Many plans. No one will help. I must do everything myself. Terrible loneliness! Mother, help! I am finished!

5th August [should be September] 1925

At Essen yesterday. Back today tired. Whole day tons of work. Tonight by car to Hammerthal. Fresh waffle. The tax people have sent a demand for a hundred and fifty marks, payable in a week. Oh, *sancta simplicitas*. Some letter I sent in reply. I am ill. Wounded in the soul. Weary. I ought to live in the mountains for a year! Would they give me peace? I want to sleep. If need be without an awakening!

7th September 1925

As usual slept the whole of Sunday. Icy grey days. It rains and begins to get cold. The early autumn. Greyness and no consolation. Saturday by car to Hammerthal. Up all night again. I must take greater care of my health. I shall see Else again on Wednesday. Then I go to Rheydt. On Thursday big meeting at Hagen to form a West German working party. The *Beobachter* is to publish another propaganda number. I am to write an article on 'newspaper rabble right and left'. I must start forthwith. Kaufmann and I are friends now, first names. I love him dearly. Looking for new rooms. Will be difficult. Damned philistine work! The movement is beginning to take short steps towards success. We shall have to fight heavy battles in the winter. But also successes. Sometimes I want to vomit. Then I want to be rid of the whole business. But then conscience calls, and then back to hard work. Tonight at Dr Elbrechter's. Consultation on the Hagen meeting next Thursday. I look forward to seeing Else, mother and Maria,<sup>11</sup> to being home, with father, Elsbeth and—Benno.



I must bring the animal back with me. So that I should always have a friend around!

9th September 1925

Mad haste and excitement. Hitler will not come. Urgent letters. Off to Hagen tomorrow. Formation of the Westblock. Very important. Off to Rheydt this afternoon. Little Else is waiting. Stayed indoors yesterday. Read and played music. Very soothing such an evening. I was newly born. I yearn for a home. 'Soon it will snow, woe betide those without a home!'

11th September 1925

Wednesday in Rheydt. Else a darling and full of kindness. She gives me pleasure wherever she can. Mother and Maria look after me touchingly. Father is serious and reserved. This oppresses me greatly. In the evening so-called meeting. Horrible philistines! The last I will see of those cowards. Yesterday at Hagen. Strasser not there. Mother seriously ill. We got all we wanted. The North-Gau and West-Gau will be merged. United leadership (Strasser). United office (Elberfeld). United management (*moi*). Publication of a fortnightly news sheet (*National Socialist Letters*, publisher Strasser, editor *moi*). In other words, as we wanted it. Everyone agreed. Only Dr Ley, Cologne,<sup>12</sup> felt called upon to make mischief. Was very meek later. Prof. Vahlen,<sup>13</sup> Lohse Altona,<sup>14</sup> and Captain von Pfeffer<sup>15</sup> were quite enthusiastic. Haase,<sup>16</sup> Göttingen, and Fobke,<sup>17</sup> Göttingen, are decent fellows. I shall speak in Göttingen next week. Also in Hanover. Prof. Vahlen came back to Elberfeld; in the evening we were invited to Elbrechter and had a sharp dispute. National and socialist! What comes first and what second? For us in the West there can be no doubt. First the socialist redemption, then, like a hurricane, national liberation. Prof. Vahlen disagrees. First, make the workers national-minded. But how? Please talk to our people. Hitler stands half-way in between. But he is about to come over to our side. For he is young and knows about sacrifice. It is all a matter of generations. Old or young! Evolution or revolution! Social or socialist! To us the choice is not difficult. Kaufmann thinks as I do. But he is preoccupied with economics. Therefore overlooks much that he ought to see. Now to work on the *National Socialist Letters*. That will again be a monstrous load for me. But that

load too must be borne, for the sake of the cause. Then I shall have to withdraw a bit from the organization. But that will be impossible in the first few weeks. I am turning philistine: time will tell.

12th September 1925

Yesterday at Moers. Hot battle of words. Won. We have got a new local branch there. Stayed with the Perrets. What a pleasant good boy that Alfred is. Yarns half through the night. This is Saturday seven o'clock. Up to now full speed. Enough. Shave, wash and then to Karl Kaufmann. I shall be glad of the relaxation. I am again almost shattered. Hitler comes! What a pleasure that will be!

14th September 1925

Slept half of Sunday. In the evening with Kaufmann at the Bavaria. *The Golden Cock*, Russian Ballet. Wonderful dances and folk songs. Volga song. Melancholy and scent and passion. Mad rush today. Mountains of work. And I am disturbed all the time. Ten men surround me. And with all that I am to write an article. Damned shit! Goetz von Berlichingen! On Sunday I speak at Recklinghausen. Anka, sweet!

16th September 1925

Yesterday Muehlheim. Today Elberfeld. Tomorrow off to Hanover and the day after tomorrow to Göttingen. Yesterday excited dispute with Kaufmann about Lenin and Hitler. A great deal remains to be cleared up. Our *Letters* will help a great deal. The first is practically ready. I am fully occupied with it. Captain von Pfeffer wants to take us over. That wise guy, too clever by half. Long discussion on Monday night with Elbrechter and Kaufmann. They will all come round to my method of working. Wonderful sunny autumn day. My landlady has gone away. I am all alone. On Monday I expect Else, the sweet darling. Today was full of unpleasantness. Everything seems to fail. To and fro with Ripke about two of my articles. That fellow does not want to return them. And I need them so badly. Worry, nothing but worry! Damned filthy way to act! Toni Kessler has arrived and is in the way. Dirty trick! Dirty trick! Send a message to Ripke again! That old bag must be made to relent. I am looking forward



to my new rooms. Just had a call from Frau Dr Ripke. That rabble!

*20th September 1925*

Thursday Hanover. Frau Ebeling met me at the station. Very pleasant afternoon at her house. She is a dear and beautiful woman. I have become very fond of her. Hanover was a thundering meeting. Long discussion. Fought splendidly. People transported, so full of enthusiasm. Next morning ambled through Hanover. A genuine, lovely garden city. Middle class, Guelf. Long negotiations with Major Dincklage.<sup>18</sup> I am to return often. First time on 31st October. Then Göttingen. Haase, Göttingen: a consistent, radical intellectual. Cold, sober, without sparkle. A man not to love but to respect. All the others rather insignificant. The audience foul and philistine. Horrible! I prefer our workers. Could not leave afterwards. Together with Haase and Wolf, Essen, until late into the night. Wolf, Essen, is a dear boy. Discussed the Hustert<sup>19</sup> case with him. I shall now take up the amnesty. Yesterday (Saturday) Cassel. Mooched around in Cassel for two hours. Have a miserable cold. Into the train. Dozed all the way to Elberfeld. The usual heap of work. Got through the whole of it. With Elbrechter in the evening. Lutze there and the whole gang. This holy Sunday I am to go to Recklinghausen. I am totally run down. 'Flu. Brenger is to telephone in a moment to say whether he can send his car. Just happened. Can't do it. So I shall call it off and go to bed. I am so boundlessly tired. Long sleep and dreams!

*21st September 1925*

Yesterday whole day in bed. High temperature. 'Flu. Back to the bunk. Perhaps little Else will come. Perhaps, perhaps. . . . Then I would be well right away.

*23rd September 1925*

Monday Else, little fluffy ping, ping. Oh, your dear hand. Sweet! Feast of love, tension relaxed after long yearning. I am absolutely content. Else is so dear and good. Butters bread with the nail-file. You glorious Bohemian. Farewell! Grey, grey farewell! How trying that is! Good-bye, you sweet child! Yesterday Duisburg. The FB<sup>20</sup> re-formed. Unconditional following! I have

got over my 'flu. Moral depression! The business makes me vomit! Sunday meeting in Düsseldorf! Kaufmann has to work. Strasser will be coming on Tuesday. Then the *National Socialist Letters* will be finally fixed. The first comes out on 1st October. I shall enjoy the editing. That will help me to get out of this troublesome organizing a bit. Donkey-work is not my line. I prefer working on the big scale. My nerves have been very bad for the last few days. My new rooms will work wonders, giving me quiet and concentration. I long to be home. To enjoy the peace of family and relatives. I also want Else. Oh you sweet, sweet woman!

26th September 1925

Lecture at Dortmund day before yesterday. Shooting and serious casualties. But I did grip the audience. We again have a real movement. Else writes like a sweet blossom. This good woman! Work progresses mightily. Much worry and dirty tricks. Tomorrow big meeting of FB and Gau. In Düsseldorf. I shall leave today. On Monday the first number of *National Socialist Letters* is coming out. On 1st October I shall be moving next door, and then I shall again be able to read and write. Last night with Schmitz.<sup>21</sup> Long discussion about the future. Sometimes I am heartily sick of everything, but then the helplessness of those people moves me. Man is a hero and a worm. In our own eyes we are most puny! What matters is to be honest with oneself. The movement in Munich is a bear-garden. I am sick of those people in Munich. It is raining, grey rain. Off to Düsseldorf in a moment. Else will also be there. How I look forward to it!

28th September 1925

Yesterday big Gau and FB meeting in Düsseldorf. Kaufmann is Gau leader. I shall have the needed relief. We shall collaborate like comrades. Morale good. They trust us. Spirit of unity. The moving affection pleased me. I was carried through the hall. Else was kind and good. I shall see her again on Sunday. Alma, too, was there. Prussia has now also banned Hitler speeches. Severing be cursed. Strasser comes tomorrow. Working party North and West Germany. Still a great deal to do. FB working again. Big jobs to do next month. They wanted to make me the Gau leader. I cannot combine that. I am a little sore about



Kaufmann. I do the work and he 'leads'. But that will stop. What matters is the cause, and nothing but the cause.

30th September 1925

Strasser has come. With him by car to Hattingen yesterday. Thundering meeting at Hattingen. Strasser made a smart and robust speech. Strasser is a dear fellow. He still has a lot to learn, and he will learn. But he will accept anything that adds radical content to the idea. He is to be our battering-ram against the Munich bosses. Perhaps the battle will flare up very soon. The working community protects our rear. Von Pfeffer will have to do more work. Dr Ley is a blockhead and perhaps an intriguer. He will have to get out of the working community. Strasser will be here any moment. Just telephoned. Thoroughly hoarse. What is to happen at Oberhausen tomorrow? And at Elberfeld today? My move is to take place immediately. Pitching a new tent: gipsy life! But I love this kind of life. I have no thought for love or family. Only occasionally a bitter sentiment crops up. They want to draft me to Munich to work on the *Beobachter*. I have not reached that stage yet. First I must do my job here on the Rhine and the Ruhr. The movement is on the march; there is no holding it. The *National Socialist Letters* will help the idea on its march. We need not despair. Things are going forward. And I must perish in the process. No matter: if only I can obey the daemon in me.

2nd October 1925

Long-drawn-out negotiations with Strasser. We have reached complete agreement. I have also come very close to him as a man. He talked a lot of his home, his wife and his two boys. One of his twins asks Ludendorff when he called: 'are you nationalist!' What a wonderful question of fate! Strasser is not nearly such a bourgeois as I thought at first. Certainly he is a little ambitious however often he may assert the contrary. Hence his hate of Esser and Munich who bar his way to Hitler. But I think he takes too pessimistic a view. Though Munich seems really to be a big pigsty. Once the working community has become sufficiently big we shall launch a general offensive. National Socialism is at stake, nothing else! Strasser is witty and has a sense of humour. A dyed-in-the-wool Bavarian! It is easy to work with him. How different



from Ripke! Last night I went to Oberhausen with him. A sparkling meeting. In the discussion I struck powerful blows. Wiped the floor with a Reich banana.\* That was bliss! Today Crefeld, tomorrow Arnsberg, Sunday home, to see mother, Else, father, Maria, Elsbeth and Benno. My heart goes out to them. I am working on an article 'National Socialism or Bolshevism?' My second subject for the *Letters* is 'Why have we parted from the nationalists?' and the third 'Our attitude to the nationalist leagues'. Kaufmann has written an article. Miserable style. Good ideas. He is more effective when you see him. Stresemann goes to the Locarno Conference. To sell Germany to the capitalists of the Western Powers. That fat and sated pig! On the 25th Hitler will speak at Hamm to a restricted circle. Severing has banned his meetings in Prussia. They threaten expulsion. And they call him a 'foreigner'. That cowardly Social Democrat cad! And that they call the freedom of conscience of the Republic! Thoroughbred ideological trumpery! It won't be long and we shall all be behind bars. Never mind! 'Give up yourself, but not the flag!'

3rd October 1925

Yesterday Crefeld. Back this morning. It is Saturday. Tonight I shall speak at Herford, Lord, no, at Arnsberg. (All the same.) And at noon tomorrow I shall be home. With little Else. Hurray! A letter from Hanover from Else Ebeling. Sweet, dear woman! I shall be there with Else at the end of October. I look forward to tomorrow as a schoolboy looks to the holidays.

6th October 1925

Saturday at Arnsberg. Good and proper. Dr Teipel's<sup>22</sup> wife is a smart woman. Yarn with both of them until late into the night. Everything far too middle class. Home on Sunday. Whole morning in the train. At noon arrival at M.-Gladbach. Little Else there to meet me. She was such a darling. Whole afternoon at home with all the dear ones. After a long time I again feel the sweet magic: home. All of them were in—mother, Maria, Elsbeth, Alma, father. Home. Hans<sup>23</sup> and Hertha will no longer be bothered with home. Mother suffers as a result. Father always

\* Derogatory description of a member of the Reichsbanner, the democratic organization.



remains the same. A good philistine who means well. Proper and middle class. Little Elsbeth is a dear brat. I always look forward to seeing this child. Slept till noon yesterday. Then to M.-Gladbach with Else, thence to Elberfeld. Arrival at seven o'clock. Straight to the Hergt meeting. Hergt, leader of the German Nationals. A terrible blend of cad, coward, gentleman and waffler. Our people were there in exemplary order. Hergt spoke like Rathenau. Then the discussion. Kaufmann and I settled our account with His Excellency. One great indictment. And the audience was mad with enthusiasm. Poor Hergt. He sat there like the incarnation of bad conscience. Kaufmann ended with a *Heil Hitler*. Everyone raved, so enthusiastic were they. A complete success. His Excellency beat it. Now the tide is again in our favour also in Elberfeld. We must follow this up. Won't the pack of pressmen abuse us today! For once we were not muted in middle class style, national with moderation, but German full of hot, consuming fervour!

7th October 1925

The papers heap abuse on us, swearing like old troopers. That Monday was very unpleasant for those middle class sclerotics. They only refer to me as the 'young man' who predicts the revolution. Never mind. Today we are sending our counter-report to the *Beobachter*. This evening off to Düsseldorf. A great show again. We shall see things happening. Protest demonstration against Severing's speaking ban. On the 24th and 25th Hitler is coming to Dortmund and Hamm. I shall have to work. My room is nice and comfortable. Wonderful peace!

9th October 1925

Düsseldorf; big red posters up. Lenin or Hitler! Thundering attendance. All of them communists. They want to stage a disturbance. I grip them in no time and do not let go for two hours. We are making progress. Perseverance! Went to the comic opera last night. Then home early. I feel leaden. I am in the throes of a terrible fit of wretchedness. In despair I write to all those who were once dear to me and still are: to Else, Elisabeth [Gensicke] and—Anka [Stahlhern]. What will she think of me? Just a few lines: will she understand what I mean? 'No matter whether or not they understand.' I have to go to Herford today. Off any

moment now. Not back till tomorrow about noon. Kaufmann's birthday tomorrow. And Else is coming. Joy over joy! Life is so beautiful! Harlequin, laugh!!!

10th October 1925

Just back from Herford. A big and creative meeting. Else will be here any minute. I am happy. Today is Kaufmann's birthday. We shall celebrate. The communists in all towns where I have spoken abuse me. So I must have been just right!

12th October 1925

Little Else was here the last two days. We spent beautiful and painful hours together. The inner conflict between the two of us is becoming sharper. We shall soon have to part. My heart bleeds! Soon I shall be quite alone. 'Live a full life, fight with courage, and meet death for the cause with a laugh on your face!' Life is horribly difficult. Telegram from Mannheim! Election speech. Kiss my a . . . Letter from Strasser. Hitler does not trust me. He has abused me. How that hurts. If on the 25th at Hamm he should reproach me I shall leave. I cannot bear that as well. To sacrifice all and then reproaches from Hitler himself. In Munich cadts are at work. Blockheads who will not tolerate a head. Compared with him they would too easily be recognized as blockheads. Hence the struggle against Strasser and myself. Rosenberg, too, is in despair. I shall have to go to Munich some day. Strasser writes full of despair. I stake everything on Hamm. If only I could be alone with Hitler for two hours. Then everything would come right. But he is surrounded like ancient Majesty. But at Hamm I shall get through to him. Now is the time to achieve final clarity. I want to know for what cause I am ruining myself. Kaufmann's birthday went off well. Soon mine will be coming round. How old I am! *Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume Labuntur anni!*

14th October 1925

Just now Captain von Pfeffer was here for a few hours. We have settled everything with him. So Hitler comes to Dortmund and Hamm on 24th and 25th. I am sure we shall be able to approach him and tell him what we want. Then we shall see. Once we are strong enough it will be time to fight Esser and his gang. Yester-



day lecture here in Elberfeld. Long discussion with the communist leader from Barmen. Our people were very happy at the way things went. Today off to Hamborn. Red-hot territory. Day of a great battle! And I am in fighting trim. [Gensicke] writes from Lugau. Between the lines a silent indictment. Why did all this have to happen? Why must I cause Else so much pain? Why did Anka have to leave me alone for so long. Was that a breach of faith? Hers or mine? I must not think of those things. Work alone is my saviour. And will let me die young. I can feel it. Perhaps that is best! I am finishing Hitler's book. Thrilled to bits! Who is this man? Half plebeian, half God! Really Christ, or only John? Longing for peace and quiet. For home. I think of Anka! She certainly not of me. It hardly hurts! I have learned how to renounce. And also to have a boundless contempt for man, the beast. Makes me sick! To hell!

*16th October 1925*

Big communist row at Hamborn two nights ago. But we won. I was in good form. Our people were satisfied. Last night taking things easy with Alfred Kaufmann. Went to a concert. How rarely I can manage that! Off to Cologne this afternoon. I shall see Gerhard Beyer again and look forward to it. In the evening I shall address a big meeting. A great deal of unpleasantness at the office. My assistant will not work. It is terrible when one always has to turn on the heat. That makes one bad-tempered. Locarno<sup>24</sup>: the same old fraud. Germany gives in and sells out to the capitalist West. A horrible prospect: Germany's sons will bleed to death on the battlefields of Europe as the mercenaries of capitalism. Perhaps, probably in a 'holy war against Moscow!' Can there be anything political more infamous? Are our rulers blockheads or rogues! I shall soon lose my faith in man! Why were those nations converted to Christianity. Just so that they could squander it! Where is the man with a whip who will chase these mercenary souls from the nation's temple! Is the whole world destined to perish! Without us despair . . .

*17th October 1925*

Yesterday Cologne. Afternoon together with Gerhard Beyer. He has not changed a bit. Enthusiastic, romantic, spiritually unstable. I should like to make a man of him. In the evening I spoke



in the Elisabeth Hall. Gerhard was quite captivated. He wanted to do something for the cause. How naïve! Elisabeth [Lurke] is really too big a personality for him. Gerhard writes, makes music and sells liver sausage. Horrible! And yet he is such a loyal good chap! Not a word from Else. I am tired. Saturday afternoon! Siesta!

19th October 1925

Major Dincklage spoke in Barmen on Saturday. Shallow waffle. But popular. Good enough for Barmen. Spent yesterday, Sunday, with Kaufmann. In the café in the afternoon. First time for ages. In the evening much unpleasantness with those people. Alfred Kaufmann is a dear boy. The *Beobachter* is publishing my article 'The Concept of Liberty'. Hitler will be in Hamm and Dortmund on Saturday and Sunday, and Streicher<sup>25</sup> will be there to protect him. That damned idiot Hermann Esser. I shall not be a party to this Byzantinism for long. We must get close to Hitler. More is at stake than Hermann Esser. The programme, the spiritual and economic fundamentals, all of that is vague; in my own mind and certainly in the minds of the others. That is not the way to start a revolution. Most of our people lack that kick that you get from sparkling wine!

21st October 1925

Locarno agreements published. Horrible. How can a modern German statesman accept these shameful agreements! Stresemann is a perfect rogue! It must be accepted! Because the capitalists want it. Today only the capitalists have a say in things. Rathenau once described the world as a private consortium. Now it has happened. Stresemann is one of the members of the consortium. Long talk last night. [Brenger], Kaufmann and Elbrechter came to see me. Fruitful hours. Long palaver about Bolshevism. My article in the next number of *National Socialist Letters* makes things a little clearer. I should like to go to Russia for a few weeks to see for myself. I wonder whether that could be wangled somehow. Not a word from Else. She is probably angry. Monday together with Kaufmann and Dr Robert Schiffer. I gave Robert a piece of my mind. The intellectuals are the end. Immoderate conceit coupled with stupidity, lack of interest, dense-ness and lack of enthusiasm. Whenever I meet an old 'friend'



from university days it makes me angry and gives me the shivers. Today Herr Wulle<sup>26</sup> is due for a drubbing from me. I look forward to it like a child. Tomorrow speech at Bottrop. I spoke 189 times between 1st October 1924 and 1st October 1925. Enough to kill oneself. *Ad laborem!* I look forward to Hitler on Saturday/Sunday.

23rd October 1925

Yesterday in Bottrop. Lukewarm, middle class meeting. Next month travelling is due to begin. First week Hanover, second week Schleswig-Holstein, third week Saxony, fourth week Berlin, fifth week Mecklenburg. I look forward to seeing the German land and German towns. *National Socialist Letters* cause a great deal of worry. They are my dearest woe-begotten child. Perhaps they are destined to play an enormous part in our movement some day. Bit of a row with Kaufmann today. We are both very irritable. And on top of that the shocking news: Hitler is not coming to Dortmund and not to Hamm. I get the news from Munich. Not a word yet from Captain von Pfeffer. I have not yet given up all hope. Hence I have not yet countermanded orders. That damned Severing! What a disappointment that would be for our people. But I do not yet believe in it. It will be decided in a few hours. Locarno and the security pact: a horrible blend of deceit, meanness, infamy and hypocrisy. Now this much is true: money rules the world. At times one tends to think that our struggle is hopeless. Seeing that of all people the so-called 'national' elements in Germany are such catastrophic failures. We shall be the mercenaries against Russia on the battlefields of capitalism. Turn and twist as much as you will. We have been sold. And in the last analysis better go down with Bolshevism than live in eternal capitalist servitude. Isn't politics a cold, brutal and mean business. Decent people can hardly stay on in it. He whose eyes have been opened must despair. Strike it out, forward! Captain [Edgar's] old wisdom! Strike it out! Forward!!!

24th October 1925

In Essen with Kaufmann last night. Julius Streicher was there, the 'hero' of Nuremberg. A typical Bavarian bum-brusher. 'You must have a meetings bell in every local branch.' That was all Julius had to tell us. Poor Hitler! Woe betide National Socialism!



Will Hitler be here today and tomorrow? No final news. I am just about to leave with the storm troop. By lorry. That is fun. The *National Socialist Letters* are making a good start. Orders coming in from all parts of the Reich. That is going to give us an indispensable weapon. And if need be we shall use it without scruple. To serve not a person but a cause. It is raining. I am tired and run down. Soon I shall have to sleep for a change. Not a word from Else. Angry? I have no time to think of it.

26th October 1925

Two eventful days. Saturday and Sunday. By lorry to Dortmund. Street battle. With all that roused red rabble. We have forty-nine wounded! Mad business. Hitler not there. Is to be arrested. The hall full to bursting-point. Streicher speaks. Like a sow. Even so: splendid atmosphere. Back in the street, fresh mad clashes. Blood flows. Never mind. I spend the night with a party comrade. Talked far into the night with a few miners. Next morning off to Hamm. Hitler not there. Turned back at the Prussian border. Severing, the pig, wants to have him arrested. Strasser speaks. Splendid. I never heard him speak like that. Robust, witty, acid, sarcastic and with irony. All the passions let loose. A current of fury and indignation sweeps the hall. One storm trooper rises: 'We vow bloody revenge!' Clashes with the police. Bauschen, Duisburg, is arrested. Mad disorder. In between Strasser reports from Munich. We have cleared up matters with Hitler. Hitler also wants to employ me more. I am offered the editorship of the *Beobachter*. Shall I accept? But what is to happen here in the West? I am very doubtful. To Elberfeld with Strasser. We spend a pleasant evening with him. He is a loyal good fellow. I am dead tired. Almost dropping. The *ABC*<sup>27</sup> is finished. Good. I like it. I am to tour the world. Speeches everywhere. Else is coming tomorrow. Hurray!! I am happy.

28th October 1925

Saw *Die Fledermaus* with Kaufmann two nights ago. A little to cheer you. We greatly enjoyed ourselves. These sparkling waltz tunes! Beautiful Vienna of yore! Yesterday Hagen together with Else. Celebrated birthday together. She gives me a nice coloured cardigan. A sweet night. She is a good darling. Sometimes I hurt her bitterly. What a budding, bursting night of love. I am loved!



Why complain! Back this morning. She goes to Hanover. To Else Ebeling. I am off to Elberfeld. Find a letter from Kaufmann waiting for me. Birthday greetings. What a dear good friend. It gave me great pleasure. Else, my good, beautiful loved one. Kaufmann, my loyal comrade. Who will call me poor?

29th October 1925

Birthday! Twenty-eight! Long letter from Else from Kreiensen. Herr Paul Schmitz presents me on behalf of the party with a flower arrangement and an address of thanks. All this makes me very happy. I am surrounded by good people. Not a word from home. How that hurts! Yesterday advance celebrations with Kaufmann and [Hüttemann]. We have drawn closer. I have now been in Elberfeld for a year. We have accomplished something. Full of courage and with some scepticism into the new year. We must succeed. Next 29th October we must be a strong party that commands respect. I am getting old. I notice it and it makes me shudder. I am losing hair. A pate in the offing. But at heart I want to be eternally young!

31st October 1925

A postcard from Else: written while flying to Berlin. I would have liked to be with her a thousand times. Yesterday Düsseldorf; with Kaufmann. Heard horrible things about Herr Hess. Adultery, pimp, etc. We shall have to expel him. Greifswald causes a lot of trouble. Our second number of *National Socialist Letters* has not yet arrived. Written them another rude letter. The thick skin of those Pomeranians makes you sick. This is Saturday. Thank God. A restful afternoon. Next week I shall have to go out into the world again. First week Peine and Braunschweig. In Braunschweig Hitler will speak, and I am to address an overflow meeting. Not a word from home on my birthday or otherwise. It pains me a little. Gradually I am losing contact. And yet I think of home often and full of love. Why must I lose absolutely everything?

1st November 1925

All Saints! I am thinking of Elisabeth, of Richard Flisges and of home. A Sunday afternoon all to myself. How good that feels! Excited meeting this morning. Now I am all alone and can think.

You need a rest after that miserable wild chase, consciously doing just nothing. I mooch about a bit. But it is better to do nothing.

2nd November 1925

Else writes. She cannot pass through Elberfeld *en route* for Moers. What a pity! I should have so liked to have her here for my departure. So we shall meet at Rheydt on Saturday. Off on the tour tomorrow. Hanover in the afternoon. Peine in the evening. On Wednesday, when Hitler speaks at Braunschweig, I am to address an overflow meeting. I look forward to this. Perhaps I shall succeed in collaring Hitler for a while. I shall go straight to the point. I shall tell him everything that troubles my soul. Everything depends on it. My new article, 'The Problem of Russia', will cause a great stir. The problem of Russian Bolshevism will be defined. Kaufmann is in trouble with bills of exchange and his brother Alfred. Alfred is a drunkard. Horrible. Very, very much work. I can hardly cope!

6th November 1925

To Hanover on Tuesday morning; arrival in the afternoon. Long negotiation with Rust,<sup>28</sup> the new Gau leader. We have made contact. Something of the bum-brusher still remains. Otherwise all right. Dincklage a splendid soldier. Stupid but strong. In the evening to Peine. I speak to a hundred people. Horrible. Am staying with a Herr Kerrl.<sup>29</sup> Waffles about Kant's philosophy. I have coffee until late at night. In the morning to Braunschweig. Together with Rust and Dincklage. Gau meeting. The old traditional level. (I meet Esser. A dandy. A little Hitler. 'How he hawks and spits, indeed, I may say you've copied and caught in the cleverest way'.\* A good-looking rascal. Horrible! Ahlemann:<sup>30</sup> a decent man blowing the national trumpet. Colonel Ahlemann. He will learn nothing though trying hard. In the afternoon I go to bed for a few hours. Outside there is a row paid for by the Jews. Half past seven. (We drive to Hitler. He is having his meal. He jumps to his feet, there he is. Shakes my hand. Like an old friend. And those big blue eyes. Like stars. He is glad to see me. I am in heaven. He retires for ten minutes. Then his speech is broadly finished. Meanwhile I drive to the meeting. And speak

\* Works of Frederick Schiller; *Camp of Wallenstein*, translated by James Churchill.

Hitler  
goes.



for two hours. Punctuated by applause. And then *Heils* and clapping. There he is. He shakes my hand. His big speech has quite finished him. Then he makes another half-hour speech here. Full of wit, irony, humour, sarcasm, seriousness and glowing with passion. That man has got everything to be a king. A born tribune. The coming dictator. Late at night I wait for him in front of his house. A handshake. Drive back to Rust and Dincklage. Long discussion. Then on to the train. Departure 2.12. Through the night. I wake up. Our people from Hameln. They thank me. In Elberfeld at nine in the morning. Heaps of mail and work. Racing through it. And then sleep, sleep . . . I am so very, very tired.

7th November 1925

Long reports about my Braunschweig speech. Very good on the whole. The Marxists abuse me. No end of work. Home in a moment. I shall stay until Monday evening. Hurray!!!

10th November 1925

Saturday home. With mother, Else, Elsbeth and all the others. Two days of peace. I was so happy. With Else happiness and annoyance. Elsbeth was a darling. And Maria. It was father's name day. How modest and kind those two are, father and mother! And I am causing them so much grief. Monday Düsseldorf: 9th November. Remembrance. We remembered the dead. Discussion with Hess until late at night. He is sorry for his mean stupidity. We shall give him work again after all. Long letter from him this morning, basically this young man is all right. A surprise: Herr König, my pupil, has publicly attacked me in the meanest fashion. Instant dismissal! Big public meeting at Hattingen tonight. Tomorrow, day after tomorrow and Friday to Osnabrück, Itzehoe and Altona. My open letter to Wulle in the *National Socialist Letters* has caused a stir. Good! I am terribly pessimistic. My faith in the moral strength of the German nation sometimes seems to falter. Then I live through the most horrible hours of my life. Especially when I return home at night alone in a stopping train. Sometimes I long for family and peace. Never in my life shall I be able to call that mine. Heart, be silent!

11th November 1925

Thundering meeting at Hattingen yesterday. Crowds even in front of the hall. I battered my way through courageously. Success all along the line. Hattingen was enthusiastic without reserve. All were full of joy. Back by car late at night. Arrival half past one. Today some work here and there. The first part of the big tour begins in a moment. Today Osnabrück, tomorrow Itzehoe, day after tomorrow Altona. It is a wondrously beautiful autumn day. I would much rather enjoy nature as God made it!

14th November 1925

On the train. In tearing hurry to Osnabrück. Dead tired. Long disputations. Speech in the evening. To bourgeois. About two thousand. Raging applause. Yarns until late into the night. Then on. To Hamburg. Through this giant city. To the port. Out there in fog and smoke lie the ships. There is a feeling of the sea and of America. Opposite giant shipyards. The air full of sirens and whistling. On to Schleswig. Itzehoe. Herr Schneider meets me. I addressed two hundred. How primitive, I would almost say, how stupid. Later long discussions with party comrade Schneider<sup>31</sup> and with Klagges.<sup>32</sup> Two Frisian seekers of a saviour. I learned a great deal. Klagges is writing a book on Christ. I am so tired. Next day more talk with Schneider. He is a dear fellow. A Klagges product. On to Altona. Lohse at the station. And also a few other good people. There are letters, one from Heinrich Dolle. Very pleased. Speech in the evening. Almost exclusively port workers. One proper communist. I am almost at one with him. Then suddenly a devastating battle with chairs. A cracking and tearing noise. Police clear hall. Interval. Well deserved rest. Early departure this morning. Arrival in the afternoon. No change here. Work proceeded without me. Can I be spared? Letter from Strasser. Full of news. Hanover working community next Sunday. No doubt a lot of things will be aired. I am tired. Wrote the whole day. Rosenberg will publish my article 'National Socialism and Bolshevism' in the *Beobachter*. And he will himself comment on it at length. Partly *pro*, partly *contra*. I reply. Tomorrow to Buer. Knickmann's body transferred.<sup>33</sup> Tomorrow evening to Plauen via Essen. Saxony for a week. What a dog's life we lead. Lord, make us free! I could vomit!!!



23rd November 1925

Sunday Buer! Knickmann memorial ceremony. Row. There you are. On to the night train. Hellermann with me as far as Dortmund. Then on to Saxony. Arrival Monday at noon. Plauen! Big meeting. Complete success. On to Chemnitz. Speech to two thousand communists. Meeting quiet and factual. At the end devastating free-for-all fight. A thousand beer glasses smashed. Hundred and fifty wounded, thirty seriously, two dead. My people, woe betide who love you! I am staying with engineer Hallig. An amiable, hospitable ass. They look after me. Women's talk! Saxon home life. Wednesday Day of Penance. I am tired and shattered. Thursday Zwickau! Near blows. Werdau meeting on Friday banned. The Jewish press incites against me. Mutschmann, the land leader from Saxony (a decent, brutal leader), asks me to come to Plauen. I arrive. Hitler is there. Great joy. He greets me like an old friend. And looks after me. How I love him! What a fellow! And he tells stories the whole evening. I could go on listening for ever. A small meeting. He asks me to speak first. Then he speaks. How small I am! He gives me his photograph. With greetings from the Rhineland. *Heil Hitler!* Saturday! On to the express train. To Hanover. Shopping. Strasser arrives from Berlin. At night also Kaufmann and Elbrechter. Sunday. Working community. We go for it. Programme to be ready in January. Back late in the evening. I have a frank talk with Kaufmann. There were a few small differences between us. Now everything is settled. Worked all day today. Angry letter from Else. Tomorrow Bielefeld. Wednesday Rheydt. Mother's name day! And to console Else! Thursday to Berlin for speeches on two days. Also to Strasser. Back Saturday. Dresden on Sunday. I am so awfully tired. I look forward to Christmas! Then there will be peace, peace! I want Hitler to be my friend. His photograph is on my desk. I could not bear it if I had to despair of this man. Good night! Sleeping sickness in reverse!

28th November 1925

Bielefeld. Thundering meeting. Home at night. In the morning with mother. Happy reception. To bed. Else arrives at noon. Mother's name day. Thursday morning to Berlin. Mother sees me off. She is so kind. Travelled all day. Slept fine. Berlin, city of sin. I address thousands. Strasser, his brother, Feder,<sup>34</sup> Frick,<sup>35</sup>



all of them are there. Thundering success. We stay together for a while. Dr Schlange<sup>36</sup> is a good fellow. Strasser's brother<sup>37</sup> is as decent as he is himself. We shall be friends. I am staying with a party comrade, Rehm.<sup>38</sup> Very nice. Friday! At noon to the Reichstag. Soon I get hold of Strasser. Into the restaurant. There Locarno the subject of palaver. All the great Excellencies stalk about. Horrible! Jews and their villains! I sit at the table of the parliamentary group. Strasser makes sarcastic remarks. Reventlow.<sup>39</sup> His speech is factual and cool. Probably my letter to Wulle still sticks in his gullet. Ludendorff arrives. Shattering! We have a long talk. He knows about everything. I can only gaze at him. Into the chamber. Speech by Klara Zetkin. Trenchant, acute, clear, full of hate, a pioneer of Bolshevism full of hate. Graefe!<sup>40</sup> Dashing, sparkling, thoughtful. All the rest is shit. They walk about in the corridors. Political corpses. Parliamentary morass. I am sick. Out. To the Bechstein family. Hitler's salon.<sup>41</sup> I am received like an old friend. Meeting in the evening. Locarno approved. I make a good speech. Dashing finale. Long get-together. Then to bed. Up in the early morning, to the station. It snows. I am full of misery. What a gipsy I have become. I sleep throughout the journey. Elberfeld. Toni Kessler, Kaufmann, Schmitz. They are full of reproaches. Thanks. They cannot do without me. I gladly take notice. As Assmann says, grief is not new to me. Work finished. Thank God! Else comes tomorrow. How I look forward to her! What would I do without you in my misery! Full of fame and success I move towards destruction. What a horrible life! Tomorrow night I travel to Dresden. Thence to Lübeck and Schwerin. Once again without a home for a whole week. Oh, you horrible world without sympathy. White snow-flakes drop from heaven! Woe to him without a home!

*5th December 1925*

A day with Else in Elberfeld. Last Sunday she and Kaufmann spent a pleasant afternoon with me. We were kind to each other. To the station in the evening. Travelled all night. To Dresden. Arrival Monday afternoon. Kind reception. I am dead beat. Slept all afternoon. In the evening one of my greatest successes. I have rarely spoken as I did. To two thousand. Like the preacher of a new future. Back to the station at crack of dawn on Tuesday. Travelled all day. At noon Berlin. A bit of shopping. Then



ablutions. To Lübeck. Short stop at Hamburg. Hall in Lübeck half full. I am tired. Moderate speech compared with Dresden. But the people like it. Lübeck the old Hanse city in the snow. What a thrilling picture. I am free the whole of Wednesday and Thursday. Party comrade Koop, he reminds me of Thomas Mann's Christian, takes me on a tour of the town. I sense the old Hanse spirit, and think of *Buddenbrooks*. St Mary's, the old Schifferhaus, Holstentor, Town Hall. A splendid walk through snowy Lübeck. St Mary's: full of medieval wealth. Apostle clock. The little mouse—a thing one must see.<sup>42</sup> Dance of Death. I feel newly born. Quiet, relaxation. My first visit to a café for months. Town Hall: War Chamber, Senate Chamber. Those carvings! Work that took a lifetime! I always think of Thomas Mann. Stagnating spirit of the bourgeoisie, full of ancient culture. The Market Square! The old gates, the wall, the harbour! Thursday evening I make a speech in Schwerin in front of the Residence and the Ministry. I say all the things a revolutionary has to say. Session with Gau leader Hildebrand till late into the night. Friday departure. The stupidity of a companion makes me miss the train and I get on to the wrong train. Day a total loss. Stopping at Hamburg. Harbour cruise. Giant ships, giant shipyards. German industry and German spirit of enterprise, exploited by the Jews. Missed all connexions on way home because of blizzard. Swearing and abuse. The train dawdles. Detour through the Ruhr district. Stop! A station? Recklinghausen! I think of Anka. Düsseldorf! Tired as a horse. Two o'clock at night! Elberfeld! Home through deep, soft snow. Stacks of work on the desk. I slave until half past three. I cannot sleep. Thoughts press in on me. A great deal of annoyance and difficulty! Up this morning at half past seven. To work. Toni Kessler helps. Got through most of it. Nearly time to leave for Düsseldorf. Big Schlageter ceremony tomorrow. A rush for the cause. I feel like a shot buck! Next week there will be a rest at last. Then comes the quiet Christmastide! *Gloria in excelsis Deo!*

7th December 1925

Last two days in Düsseldorf. Sunday big Schlageter<sup>43</sup> ceremony. Zoo in the morning. Beethoven and Grieg. Then my memorial oration to two thousand people. I spoke from the bottom of my heart. And they all thanked me from the bottom of their hearts.



Later long negotiation with Kaufmann and Captain von Pfeffer. Then out into the deep white snow. Twelve hundred SA men walk to Schlageter's grave. A depression in the ground. In the centre a wreath and greenery and a steel helmet on top. Our people did wonderful work. I had a comrade . . . Speech by Kaufmann. Moving. 'There passes the sound of muffled drums . . .' Return march. In the Königsallee smart marching. These are the guardsmen. Their marching rhythm is music for the cause. Community. Socialism! Home! Beautiful day! Much work today. Letters and reading. An article for the *National Socialist Letters*. 'Radical Socialism' or 'Socialist Radicalism'. I don't know yet. The press beasts abuse us. The day will come! Else did not come. Mocks. Coming tomorrow. I must read, write and travel. I cannot find time for myself. What a mad rush and work. I look forward to Christmas. To work!

9th December 1925

Else did not come again yesterday. Not a word from her. I cannot understand it. I work under full pressure. My last article for the *National Socialist Letters*: 'The Radicalization of Socialism'. A splendid subject. Haase, Göttingen, and Strasser made fundamental contributions concerning the foreign political situation, which I supplemented with a discussion of principles. Highly interesting argument leading up to principles. That is fun. Last night meeting. Here in Elberfeld. Very interesting. Off to court in a moment. Trial of shady businessmen. Jewish waffle. Helps to study the question of anti-Semitism. [Atta] Schmerfeld is coming for me. Cheerio!

10th December 1925

Trial of Jews! A Jewish leader of the proletariat is counsel for super-rich capitalist tricksters from Eastern Galicia. Enough to teach one hate! New girl typist. Ugly but industrious! Much work, much unpleasantness, little joy! While I was on tour everything here was in a turmoil. I must now first clear the muck out of the stable. Then work can start again. Plenty of work today. But I shall get through it. Home tomorrow. I look forward to seeing Else, mother, Maria and Elsbeth. Our *National Socialist Letters* are good. They are fun. The rest after all that travelling does me good. I can feel how I am getting stronger. Soon I shall



be my usual self. And then I can do twice the work in the new year.

12th December 1925

Yesterday company evening.<sup>44</sup> I told the people of my tour; rarely have I had such a devoted audience! Home today. To mother and Else. I am happy!

14th December 1925

Two days in Rheydt. Much joy, but also much unpleasantness and annoyance. One always senses the disguised philistine. Even with Else however hard she tries. Left this morning at eight. Else had slept at our house and was still in bed. Why did she not get up to see me off at the station? Snow falling gaily. Nothing new in Elberfeld. I go to the theatre with Kaufmann tonight. *Peer Gynt*. Letter from Ludendorff. Greetings and thanks for programme draft. Complaints about Heinrich Bauschen. Money matters. Horrible. That's where the best will stumble. Radio! Radio! Radio in the house! The German with his radio will forget about his occupation and his fatherland! Radio! The modern instrument to create philistines! Everything at home! The philistine's ideal!

15th December 1925

Yesterday *Peer Gynt* with Karl Kaufmann. Aase's death out of this world. I thought of my mother and could have wept. How soon life passes, and we have gladdened hearts so rarely. Solveig's lullaby. I can't get Grieg's tune out of my head. On the whole the performance was a little too virile. In Ibsen's mind soul and reason dwell closely together. Hence he often appears to be brutal and boorish—perhaps also trite. The words are sometimes shameless and common. But the music is chaste like nature's youngest child.

16th December 1925

Else sends a desperate farewell letter. She now feels quite deserted. What am I to do? Last night I had a long talk with Karl Kaufmann about it. First time we were so intimate. Why can woman not go along with us without reserve? Can she be trained? Or is she just inferior? It is an exception for women to

be heroines! Else thinks of herself a lot. She is so reasonable. How it hurts to know that she is now quite alone. I have written that I would like to meet her in Düsseldorf on Sunday. If she does not turn up it is all over. Then we shall have the break which had to come some day. The alternative? Patching? Terrible! But without it desperation is near! Letter from Gerhard Beyer. Like double-quick lightning! Stage on the road to the philistine, flabby aesthete. Willi Hess writes. More trouble. Written to Captain von Pfeffer. We want to forge the Rhineland and Westphalia together. The great plan for next year. Will be done. That will be a significant power factor. My heart is silent! Life is muck! Terrible recognition!

18th December 1925

I again found time to read a book: Moeller van den Bruck's *The Third Reich*. This prophet died young. He wrote so lucidly and calmly and yet in the grip of passion about the things which we young ones felt and knew instinctively. Why did Moeller van den Bruck, why do *Ring* and *Das Gewissen* not draw the final conclusion and go to war with us? Spiritual redemption? No, war to the end. Let us not spiritualize what is most vital in life, politics and history. We are heartily sick of political aestheticism even before we know it. The book is quite enlightening. I shall learn a great deal in rushing through it. Everyone is getting ready for Christmas! A postcard from Else to say that she will be in Düsseldorf on Saturday. Well, then, tomorrow Essen, Sunday Düsseldorf. My soul is tormented by wretchedness! Death has called next door. I hate death. And yet, when in despair, I hope he might come. My Christmas article for the *Beobachter*, 'Christmas 1925', is addressed to Hans Hustert. I am working on a new programme draft, and daily I dictate ten pages direct to a typist. Strasser's draft has flaws. I want to get to the bottom of it. Weather too bad to send a dog out. My room already breathes the peace of Christmas. I look forward to Christmas and hope Else will be with me again.

19th December 1925

Today Essen. Tomorrow with Else in Düsseldorf. What a rush. Hardly time to eat. Tomorrow evening Christmas party in Elberfeld. Christmas is near. The feast of grace. It shows me no light.



21st December 1925

Saturday Essen. Solstice. Through the night. Speech. They carried me shoulder high. Most embarrassing! Sunday Düsseldorf. Grey and rainy! Else arrives, mourning. We want to part. She weeps and implores. Most painful hours. Until we find each other again. Same old misery! What am I to do? I must have somebody. She is perfectly happy. But myself? I won't talk about myself! I suppose it has got to be. There is a curse on my relations with women. Woe to those who love you! What a tormenting thought. Enough to make one despair. Else comes with me to Elberfeld. Skies full of rain! Christmas party of the local branch. Beautiful and moving. I have rarely been to such a marvellous party. Else goes home! We shall meet again after Christmas!

23rd December 1925

Every day at work on a comprehensive programme for National Socialism. I am beginning to see how difficult it all is. It is to be ready on 24th January. Monday evening with Karl Kaufmann. Wolf, Essen, was there and slandered me in the meanest fashion. I left immediately. Haven't seen Kaufmann since then. I feel ill. The weather makes me quite mad. Rain every day. What a Christmas. Home tomorrow. I have got presents for all of them. For Else a small pretty alarm clock. She will like it. Saturday (day after Christmas Day) I shall go to Moers to see her. This Christmas I want to forget all misery and worry. Much unpleasantness and bother these last days. Not a moment passes without a caller who prevents me from working. Still have to read proofs. I am so tired. I am afraid I am ill. Everything hurts. My irritability is boundless. Terboven,<sup>45</sup> Essen, is due this afternoon. And tomorrow Christmas Eve. *Pax hominibus bonae voluntatis!*

24th December 1925

Christmas Eve afternoon! I am going home in a minute! Work on my lecture, 'Lenin or Hitler', until late last night. That gives me no end of pleasure. Today to Rheydt, day after tomorrow to Moers to Else. Back here on Sunday evening. No work—and I am almost content!



29th December 1925

No more Christmas. Back to the daily grind. Home on Christmas Eve. Many presents all round. Elsbeth and [Männe] came by car. Elsbeth is a little darling. Hans came without Hertha. He was close to tears. I greatly missed Else. At home the whole of Christmas Day. In the afternoon a little walk with Benno through the rain. Benno is a clever beast. Dogs often shame man by their loyalty and kindness. In the evening gambolled with Konrad's<sup>46</sup> children. I can't think of anything more beautiful than to celebrate Christmas with children. A mad business! Next day. Row with father. About trifles. To Moers. Rain all the way. Grey, grey! Happier with Else. She awaits me with burning joy. Why so late? We exchange well-thought-out presents. She gives me two books by Werner Jansen.<sup>47</sup> Lotte and Lumpsack are also there. Good talk. Lumpsack is entering politics and makes a fool of himself as much as he can. Stayed at a hotel! At Christmas! Chased wretch I am. Sunday. Nothing but rain! Alfred Perret comes for us. Another brief hour in this dear house. Then off to Elberfeld! Else waves and weeps. Heaps of letters and newspapers on the desk. Terrible mess. Dealt with everything. *Beobachter* and *Wochenschau* carry my letter to Hustert. Went out in the evening. Everyone is there. Lukas is there. Orgies of joy. Yesterday. Called early. Schmitz gives me a parcel. Christmas greeting from Hitler. His book bound in leather and inscribed. 'Your struggle is exemplary'. I am pleased! In the afternoon von Pfeffer. Everything perfect. The Gau merger in the bag. He is coming here. Office in Elberfeld. To work. With Hess to Crefeld last night. Christmas party. A refined, dark girl from Franconia. She would do me. Took her home in rain and gale. Goodbye! Just arrived. A great deal to arrange. This afternoon to Oberhausen. Funeral. A party comrade killed in mine accident. I am to speak. Nothing but rain! It is sad enough to despair. To work! Grit your teeth! Let's have done with it!

30th December 1925

Much end of the year work. Tomorrow passing of the old year. Then we shall enter the new year full of courage. I am working on my lecture 'Lenin or Hitler'. It is to be ready for the printer in a fortnight. Hence much haste and work. Reading: *The Third Reich* by Moeller van den Bruck. Shatteringly true. Why was he



not one of us. Yesterday funeral at Oberhausen. Storm troop with flag. One of our best men killed in mining accident. I spoke when dusk was falling. Worked at home in the evening. Lecture. Whole day today enough leisure for peaceful work. Letter to Else. New year greetings. May it bring her luck and happiness.

*31st December 1925*

I close the old year. It brought me much joy, much consolation, much misery and much despair. Now I am in the midst of everything. And enter the new stage with courage! We have progressed! We must progress infinitely further! The struggle continues!

*2nd January 1926*

A sad transition into the new year. Just before the end of the old one Kaufmann had one of his most appalling mental breakdowns. We stood on the dark stairs wrestling with the raving man; he screamed frantically and wanted to jump into the Wupper, just when the clock struck midnight. Happy new year! We took him by car to Schmerfeldt where he stayed the night. Yesterday evening he was home in bed. I went to see him and tried to cheer him a bit, with some success. I am going there again soon. I feel very sad. As though something was going to happen. Happy New Year! The things we have to bear. I could weep, but not a tear will come. We are getting old and obdurate. To think how little we are understood. Poor, poor world! So the new year begins with misery and work. And takes its prescribed unrelenting course. Fate turns us into men. 'Landgrave, harden your heart.' For days it has been pouring with rain. Everywhere disastrous floods. The German people are spared nothing. At every corner one can see the effect of the 'peace'. Economic collapse, unemployment, horror of the future, a race cursed by fate. Happy new year! My heart is heavy in this hour. A mess inside and around me. The rain is beating against the leaded windows. In my room I sit as in a chapel. Nothing but gruesome, uncanny silence surrounds me. We are heading for the collapse. Happy new year 1926.

*4th January 1926*

Who is going to visit Hans Hustert in the penitentiary? Who can



raise enough money to do so? What miserable creatures we human beings are! To hell! Whole Saturday evening with Kaufmann. He was still in bed. Again with him yesterday evening. Pleasant evening with music and talk. Karl has pulled himself together. Spent yesterday whole morning and early afternoon correcting my *Letters* so far published. They are to come out in book form in a few days. Their title: *The Second Revolution, Letters to a Contemporary*. Today again dictation of programme and Lenin lecture. I feel a little ill. I must look after myself a little better. More sleep and less smoking. Smoking is my only pleasure. That's why I cannot stop it easily. Letter from Strasser. He, too, is ill. All of us are ill. We are being eaten up from inside. By a daemon! It is terrible. And we are inescapably committed to it. That is even more horrible. One works to drug oneself! To think about oneself brings despair. Such is our life! Marching all the while. To the end! To the blissful or damned end.

6th January 1926

My programme draft is finished. After much labour and work. In the end I grouped everything in twenty-four basic demands. But I shall have to fight a sharp battle with the working community. Though they won't be able to find any serious argument against what I have said. I have given thought to all objections. Today I shall again resume the dictation of my lecture 'Lenin or Hitler?' This morning Kaufmann came here with Lukas. I don't like it. Lukas is a stupid ass. Likes to give himself airs. But nothing happens. Olgi writes from Switzerland. After a long interval. Last night a short earth tremor. I could not sleep. Lay awake until four in the morning and read part of van den Bruck's *Third Reich*. Wrote long letter to Else. I have suggested a meeting in Cologne on Saturday-Sunday. I look forward to the hours of love. I shall then also go to see Gerhard Beyer. I feel ill. Can't sleep or eat. I am worried about my friend Karl Kaufmann. He is too restless. Not matured and without discipline. A typical semi-genius without inner support or goal. Is there anything I can do to help him?!

8th January 1926

A new literary plan: *Political Sketches*. *Stresemann*, *Wirth*, *Scheidemann*, *Ruth Fischer*, *Hergt*, etc. A gallery of manly beauties. One



at a time. Later in book form.<sup>48</sup> Mammon again gives me a lot of worry. Money is not coming in well. Economic crises. Repulsive, makes me vomit. All kinds of worries about one thing and another. Tomorrow to Duisburg. From there to Cologne. With Else. How I look forward to it! Relaxation! After the burden of the day. A little friction, without being mentioned, with Kaufmann on account of Lukas. Kaufmann is too kind-hearted and soft. He likes to give in at the last moment. He is exhausted. Nervous overstrain. Lukas is a supreme ass. Silly, strong and honest. The shell of his bourgeois egg still sticks to him. Long talk about finance with Schmitz last night. Where can one raise money? Our situation is becoming catastrophic in the long run. The economic crisis is daily becoming worse, with no end in sight. Reading: Gorch Fock, *Seefahrt ist Not*. A splendidly written book with splendid characters. It is a relief. Full of practical patriotism. A book for Germans. For old and young.

11th January 1926

Friday evening frank talk with Lukas. We have cleared matters up. He retracted everything and said the opposite. *Habeat sibi!* Von Pfeffer here on Saturday morning. Agreement is complete. We already deal with the most important business at this end. This week Strasser is also coming. My first book will be published in February. *The Second Revolution*. Collected letters. We shall get it up lavishly. Saturday afternoon in Duisburg. Bauschen a serious case. Finished! One more disappointment! Same evening to Cologne. Else waiting. Wondrously beautiful hours . . . Sunday morning! Sunshine! Arm in arm along the Rhine. No money for lunch. And yet so perfectly happy and content. You kind darling! Thank you! In the afternoon to Gerhard Beyer. Stayed with him until the evening. He sees things but lacks courage to draw the conclusion. A mess of sentiments. Horrible! I would so like to take him with me. Else waves. Farewell, sweet woman! Elberfeld. Work and worries! I can barely cope. Stacks of letters. With good and bad news. Today back to the daily grind. Life, life! No end of work. All I need. To write, to read, to decide. But little money! *Seefahrt ist Not!* Thank you, Gorch Fock, you who have passed away. Hours of recreation. Thank you! Darling, kind Else! I am fond of you!

13th January 1926

An article to Pfeffer, 'The Radicalization of Socialism'. Bled to death. Proofs of the *ABC*. Second edition to be published. Eleven to twelve thousand copies. Big business. Tomorrow I go to Hattingen, for money. Director Arnold will have to make an advance for the printing. Next week I am to go to Thuringia. We shall see! I have published an appeal for Hustert in the *Beobachter*. Two hundred and fifty marks in a week. Truly a relief. People do make sacrifices! Not a word from Else. Why does she not write after such a day? I am reading Ernst Jünger, *In Stahlgewittern*. The gospel of war. Cruel and great! Much administration. I am glad that travelling starts again tomorrow. More of it next week, then working community Hanover, then the whole hog, Osnabrück, Schleswig-Holstein, Hamburg. The bird flies into the world!

15th January 1926

Yesterday Hattingen. Signed and sealed. We shall perhaps get money. I hope to God we shall! This morning Strasser turns up. Had a few hours of serious discussion. To be continued anon. I am rushed and have a thousand worries!

16th January 1926

Strasser here. Complete agreement. Also regarding the press. He left happily. Von Pfeffer too here. Agreement. Pfeffer is a dear fellow. But he has a lot to learn. Met Dr Oldag last night, editor of *BMZ*,<sup>49</sup> Eastern affairs. He shares our view. Remains a dreamer, for he will not base his foreign policy on a consistent policy in home affairs. Tired, tired. Hardly slept the last few nights. Tomorrow Sunday. God be praised. Time for work and sleep. So many thoughts and desires go through my head. I cannot write about them now. Tired. Disgusted!

18th January 1926

Slept on Sunday. Oh, these worries and cares! I am sick through and through. Not a word from Else. What can have happened there? Some slight friction with Kaufmann. Decision about the programme in Hanover next Sunday. Much work, little joy. A debt presses on me. God knows which! I think of mother! I want to set a thousand sails to set course for the home port!



20th January 1926  
 Yesterday Hagen. Muck and slime. A few decent people. Sunday Hanover, big programme discussion. Nothing will happen. Friday speech here in Elberfeld. A very great deal depends on it. Finished Ernst Jünger's *In Stahlgewittern* last night. A splendid and great book. Its realistic greatness makes one shudder. Racy, patriotic passion, *élan*, the German war book. A man of the young generation speaks about the war's deep impact on the soul and describes the mind miraculously. A great book. Behind it a real man. I am thinking a lot about foreign affairs. You cannot get away from Russia. Russia is the beginning and the end of any foreign policy that wants to achieve something. I am sick of organizing. I shall be glad when Captain von Pfeffer takes over all that junk. A kind letter from Else. I long for the dear hands of a kind woman. No news from home for a long time. They are angry with me. I am an apostate. Karl Kaufmann worries me greatly. He is torn and confused. Letter from Hitler. Gave me great joy. Physically very poor. I have many pains and worries. Evening again. Heavy heart!

22nd January 1926

This evening speech in Elberfeld. Very important. I am ready. Party with cup at my rooms day before yesterday. Upper Silesian reminiscences. Kaufmann is a decent chap.<sup>50</sup> I look forward to Hanover tomorrow. Much work. Next week travelling begins again. Hamburg, Schleswig-Holstein. I am reading: Hans Schwarz: *Europe on the March*.

23rd January 1926

Yesterday Elberfeld. All went well. Off to Hanover. Into battle!

25th January 1926

Arrival Hanover. Elbrechter, Kaufmann. To the Land League. Ludendorff there. Also Ahlemann. Then with all the Gau leaders in the Hubertus. Long talk with Vahlen, Lohse, Hildebrand and Strasser. Dr Schlange is a decent fellow. Arm lost, hand lost, face smashed. They call him a pacifist. Late at night with Schlange and von Pfeffer in the hotel. Suddenly Gottfried Feder turns up, the servant of capital and interest, the revaluation shit<sup>51</sup> and principal programme drafter of the movement. God, the business



we shall have tomorrow. Begins at eight o'clock. Small resolutions, press (a heated debate arises even on the question whether one should call oneself 'National Socialist' or 'Nationalsocialist'), compensation for princes, etc. Then the programme. Feder speaks. Intelligent but obstinately dogmatic. And then a confused debate without end. Lord what a to-do. What is social distress? asks Ley. I have become a nobody! What do you mean by 'become', says von Pfeffer. Then Russia. I am attacked without restraint. While I smoke a cigarette outside the room. Then I go for it. Russia, Germany, Western capital, Bolshevism, I speak for half an hour, an hour. Everyone listens in hushed silence. Then stormy agreement. We have won. One or the other lets off a revaluation or Race Nordification fart. But with zest. End of meeting: Strasser shakes my hand. Feder very small and self-effacing. Full stop. Home. Elberfeld. Tired, tired. Same old business today. It pours with rain. Tomorrow off to the North. I am so sick of travelling. I look forward to Sunday. Else will be here!

31st January 1926

Back from the journey. Much trouble and annoyance awaits me. Else was to have come; won't come. Slight friction with Kaufmann on account of Elbrechter. Elbrechter is a mason. I oppose that. It is my right and duty to do so. Kaufmann has too much truck with the decadents. He is a compromiser. Too soft for a leader! On Tuesday I was in Osnabrück. Middle class muck. Using my radicalism as a foot-warmer. Disgusting. Wednesday Altona. Consultation with a few friends. Eastern affairs. Russia. Who can understand it all. I think it is horrible that we and the communists bash in each other's heads. On to Neumünster. Good, well-attended meeting. Much opposition. Smashed it to pieces. Then talk with decent people until late into the night. They came from the whole neighbourhood. On to Mölln. Car to take me there, photographed, gazed at. Crowded meeting. Slimy opposition. Until late at night. To Hamburg. Slept in the afternoon. Then to the meeting in pouring rain. Overcrowded. A wonderful huge hall. Splendid acoustics. I am fresh, having slept enough. Then I preach for two hours. To a hushed audience. When I end they all wave and cheer. I am tired and content. Then I sit together with father Klant<sup>52</sup> (a splendid chap!) and two friends



from Altona. And am quite content. Missed the train yesterday morning. Hell and damnation. Charming chambermaid from Munich. Travelled all day. Reading: *Europe on the March*. Arrival after six. Speakers' training course. End. Home. Schmitz. Mail. Newspapers. Letter from and to Strasser. Where can we meet leading communists? At two o'clock I am still at it. Then to bed dead tired. An angry letter to Else. A kind letter to Hans Hustert. I rather like him. He is so brave. God willing we shall soon see him again. Today is Sunday. I shall sleep and then go for a short walk. I am afraid I shall lose Karl Kaufmann eventually. Elbrechter will be to blame. Unholy decay. Kaufmann's loss would be the worst blow. Who would remain to be trusted? The regime must collapse. Blessed are those who can hold out to the last decisive moment. But what if by then we are spent? Then we shall have lost! Lost all along the line. What are we to do then? To set up once and for all a nation about to perish. As for myself I believe to have found the shape it is to be given. And now I must live through the horror of waiting.

1st February 1926

Kaufmann is not treating me like a friend. Elbrechter is the moving spirit. I can feel it, but my hands are tied. Decisive meeting with Karl Kaufmann this afternoon. Will it end with a loss?!

3rd February 1926

Long talk with Kaufmann. He suffers very much, going to pieces in the process. I have sorted things out with him so-so. Only just touched on the Elbrechter subject. He was very kind. Telephone call this minute. Karl is ill. He must get out. It can't go on like that. I shall have to take a hand. Monday afternoon with Herr vom Bruck, a leading Rhenish industrialist. A prominent businessman at last. He gave us a political-economic lecture of astounding breadth. That is a man with whom one can collaborate. Knew Chicherin very well. Confirmed the last tittle of our views about Bolshevism. We are following the right trail. In the evening discussion meeting in Elberfeld. A follower of the Communist Workers' Party. Interesting debate. Yesterday speech at Mühlheim-on-Ruhr. Ended with a free fight, police, batons, etc. Then to Essen. Slept in Essen. This morning heated altercation with Fräulein Breuer. She is to leave and will not do so. I

am so tired. This afternoon by car to Essen. Am to speak. Back by car. Tomorrow to Berlin. Speeches on Thursday and Friday. Back on Saturday. Not a word from Else. Suits me! Two obstinate people! Now to bed! 'For the struggle and turmoil of this last day or two was great.'\*

6th February 1926

Essen. Gale. Complete success. Back by car. Express to Berlin. Kaufmann discussion. Slept as far as Berlin. Sea of lights. Rush. Berlin! Meeting. Good. Stayed night with Rehm. Next morning to the brother Strasser. Much news. Gregor away. Hitler is in a rage about the programme. In the afternoon Schlange at the office. Many complaints. Then the Bechsteins. Old lady. Dangerous Sommer. The old *Kommerzienrat*! Property must be preserved. Hear, hear! Meeting! Splendid. Cheers! Berliner Café. Mad night life. Home! Saturday. Today. Raced through the day. Elberfeld. Thank God. A few lines from Else! A big mail and much news. Next Sunday Bamberg. Invitation from Hitler. Stand up and fight! That will decide. I have a number of new photographs of him on my desk. Charming! Tomorrow Hattingen. Storm troop. I am dead tired. Brinkmann went to see Hustert. Had a lot to tell. I yearn for a sweet woman! Oh, that cruel misery! Is that life? I hate Berlin!

8th February 1926

Yesterday Storm Troop Day at Hattingen. In the evening big fight between our people and the communists. Horrible! Today brief talk with Kaufmann. He is desperately ill. It will kill him in the end. Confused and shattered. Has to blame himself a great deal for it. But what can one do?! This evening I shall spend a few hours with him. Tomorrow Hanover, next day Brunswick. In between meeting with Strasser. Because of Bamberg. We shall see some fun and games there! 'To the Song and Chariot-Fight.' † Feder, you nightingale, sing!

11th February 1926

Travelled through the night. Just returned from Brunswick.

\* Coleridge translation of Schiller's *Death of Wallenstein*, London, 1872.

† From *The Cranes of Ibycus*, by Friedrich von Schiller, translated by Edgar A. Bowring (*Poems of Friedrich von Schiller*, Bell (London), 1864).



Preached in Hanover's concert hall. To two thousand. They had threatened to kill me. But then they cheered me. Brunswick. Middle class meeting. Not looking forward to the speech. I telephoned Strasser. He had met Wolf<sup>53</sup> on Saturday. Wolf has moved a little nearer to us. So I too shall have to go to Bamberg. Leaving Saturday morning. In Bamberg we shall have to act the part of the prudish beauty and lure Hitler on to our territory. I am glad to notice that our, ie the socialist, spirit is on the march in all towns. Not a soul has faith in Munich. Elberfeld must become the Mecca of German socialism. Shifted stacks of work all day. Shortly before leaving I had a long talk with Kaufmann. I told him everything. He admitted everything without reserve. I shall meet him again tonight. Paul Brinkmann is a loyal comrade. He would make a good secretary to me. Toni Kessler works like a little horse. Generally I can now rely on my people. That reassures me somewhat. Blood is being shed in all towns for our idea. We cannot founder. I want to be an apostle and preacher. My faith is returning!

*12th February 1926*

Willi Hess was here. To settle the court of honour affair. Some people are awful! I expect Else this afternoon; it will be lovely. Tomorrow Bamberg. Hitler is to address the Gau leaders. I shall see Strasser a few hours earlier. We shall decide on the plan for action. Just now I am writing an article: 'Dogma or Development'. I suppose it will cause some stir. But we of course want to incite and have a putsch. Hitler expressed it to perfection: 'We incite for the sake of truth.' Later, in the evening: Else was here this afternoon. Loving and kind. A welcome relaxation. She left with tears in her eyes. Her worries are so small and touching! It is pouring with rain. I am up late and work. I shall have to get up early tomorrow. And then out! To Bamberg! Let's hope a new stage!

*15th February 1926*

To Bamberg. Haake, member of the Prussian Diet, travels with me from Cologne. Ass. Würzburg! Tour of the old town for an hour. Heine street, New Church. Old memories. Anka!!! Three more hours. Bamberg. Straight to a meeting. They receive me with cheers. I have to speak. They all listen as in a church. Those present: Lohse, Vahlen, Rust, Klant, Ernst,<sup>54</sup> Dr Ziegler,<sup>55</sup> etc.

Sunday morning. Strasser comes to fetch me in the morning. He is hopeful. Plan for action ready. With Rust and Vahlen. Then tour of Bamberg. Charming town. Old, Jesuit. Hitler's car tears past us. A handshake. Well, well. Schlange, Berlin, Streicher, Esser, Feder. Then to work. Hitler speaks for two hours. I am almost beaten. What kind of Hitler? A reactionary? Amazingly clumsy and uncertain. Russian question: altogether beside the point. Italy and Britain the natural allies. Horrible! It is our job to smash Bolshevism. Bolshevism is a Jewish creation! We must become Russia's heirs! Hundred and eighty millions!!! Compensation for princes! Law is law. Also for the princes. Question of not weakening private property (*sic*). \* Horrible! Programme will do! Happy with it. Feder nods. Ley nods. Streicher nods. Esser nods. It hurts me in my soul to see you in that company!!! Short discussion. Strasser speaks. Hesitant, trembling, clumsy, good honest Strasser; Lord, what a poor match we are for those pigs down there! Half an hour's discussion after a four-hour speech! Nonsense, you will win! I cannot say a word! I am stunned. By car to the station. Strasser is quite beside himself! Waving and *heil*. My heart aches! Farewell from Strasser. We meet again in Berlin the day after tomorrow. I want to cry! Journey home. Sad journey home. With Haake and Dr Ley. I say hardly a word. A horrible night! Probably one of my greatest disappointments. I can no longer believe in Hitler absolutely. That is terrible: I have lost my inner support. I am only half myself. Grey dawn appears. Elberfeld. A few hours' sleep. Kaufmann. I want to embrace him. We say all there is to be said. Schmitz and Toni join us. The result: We are socialists. We don't want to have been it in vain! Telegram from Lohse, Strasser, Vahlen. Do nothing hasty. Tomorrow discussion in Göttingen. Then Wednesday to Strasser. Proposal: Kaufmann Strasser and I go to Hitler to impress on him: he must not allow those rogues down there to tie him hand and foot. Well, then, train again tomorrow. Into battle. I despair! Sleep! Sleep! Sleep!!!

22nd February 1926

Monday! Back in Elberfeld after a week of travelling and portentous events. Last Tuesday to Göttingen. Fobke told me more hair-raising stories from Bamberg. Streicher waffled. Called me

\* *Sic* in original.



literally dangerous. That swine. Rust comes in the evening. He, too, is indignant. I speak well, Rust with me all the way. Return to Hanover. Rust with me until noon. Plan for Strasser. Then to Berlin. Strasser meets me at Friedrichstrasse station. Pouring rain. To his flat. His brother is also there. Rested. Strasser is again composed. Good man! Buttman<sup>56</sup> has abused me. I was a Jew and a Jesuit. *Habeat sibi!* Sunday to Hanover for working community. Express letter to Rust. Schlange is coming. Loyal Bernardin dog! To the station! With Otto Strasser! Gerdauen! Through the night. Polish Corridor! Polish madness! What a shit of a nation we are! On the train I meet the Gau leader of East Prussia, Scherwitz. Decent. Travels as far as Gerdauen. Letter to Hitler! Complaint against Streicher. Letter to Streicher. Rude and insolent. Evening meeting. Middle class! Undersized! To Königsberg! Beautiful town. Old harbour! Cathedral! Kant's room. Kant means nothing to me. Anaemic! Except one thing! The categorical imperative! Cathedral old and full of history! One senses history at every step and turn. In the evening monster meeting! In the opera house! I speak for three hours. Bated breath. Then jubilation and applause. Next day! A veritable posse sees me off at the station! Scherwitz travels with me. Marienburg! Castle of German Knights! It is dusk. I walk through the high halls. Deeply moved. The greatness of those people. The greatness of their thoughts. This is the High Master's bedroom. A hall! The refectory. The Poles besieged this. One column carries the roof of the hall. A gale is blowing. History crowds in on me. We are so puny! In the evening no one at the meeting. I don't speak. Someone else waffles. A few hours with Scherwitz. He turns out a pleasant man. And also a buccaneer. Typical East Prussian. But manly that's best!!! Splendid fellows! On through the night. I sleep! On and off semi-awakening. Corridor, corridor! With my inner eye I see the Marienburg, German Knights, a great and proper race. Hard to believe. Berlin. Two hours with Fräulein von Behr. A child, dear, kind, unspoilt! Gives me chocolate as a farewell present. With Professor Vahlen to Hanover. Working community. All there. Long conference. Result: be strong. Let the men of Munich enjoy their Pyrrhic victory. Work, get strong, then fight for socialism. Good. Departure. Farewell from Strasser. Elberfeld. Tired, tired. And stacks of work. In to the treadmill!

24th February 1926

Work continues. Get strong, Strasser said on parting. That is our password for victory. Much to do. Two articles: 'League of Nations' and the 'Oranges War'. The second against the shameless campaign of German democrats against Mussolini, the destroyer of freemasons. Nothing new from Munich. Hitler has not yet replied to my letter against Streicher. That clique down there is sure to be busy making mischief. A great deal of work for the party congress in Essen on 6th and 7th March. Today police interrogation. They want to catch me again. Steady! Day after tomorrow big speech at Essen. That will decide many things. They want to kill me. Steady! I hope Else will come on Saturday. I look forward to it. I am so tired and sick. Will I ever find rest!!

26th February 1926

Essen today for a lecture. Subject: *In Theory Social Democracy, in Practice Capitalist Democracy*. Reckoning with those who betrayed socialism. Letter from Rudolf Hess.<sup>57</sup> They are trying to white-wash Julius Streicher. I shall not let go until this matter is settled. Reading: *Minister Stresemann as Statesman and Advocate of World Conscience*. So that is what Gustav Stresemann looks like! Herwig Harther: *Eroticism and Race*. A shattering book. Every quotation from Jews speaks volumes. That far we have sunk! No reply yet from Else. Let's hope she comes tomorrow! Tomorrow evening company dance of the Elberfeld storm troop. Mad business! Yesterday evening long talk with Kaufmann and Elbrechter in the Café. Elbrechter is Kaufmann's evil genius. 'Part of that power which, willing good, works evil every hour.'\* I fear the future. In Essen on 6th and 7th March big party congress of Rhineland and Westphalia. That is our next important stage in the battle for power. Off to Essen in a moment!

27th February 1926

Yesterday Essen. Firing, fighting, two hundred police, four seriously wounded. I am dead tired. Else will be here any moment!

\* Reverse of the words spoken by Mephistopheles, in Goethe's *Faust*: 'Part of that power which, willing Evil, works the Good each hour'. (Translation by W. H. van Smissen, Dent (London), 1926.)



*1st March 1926*

Else was here yesterday and Saturday. Saturday night at the storm troop dance. Then home late. Silent, my heart! Today Gregor Strasser came. He belongs to Dr. Elbrechter's cultural salon. Tonight I am going to have a serious talk with Kaufmann. On account of his attitude to Elbrechter. I must fight this out. I am so tired. Tomorrow to Saxony. Not back till Saturday. I don't want to at all. My heart is so torn! I want to have peace and quiet!!!

*6th March 1926*

Yesterday back from Saxony. Tuesday Strasser was here. Subject: Elbrechter, situation. He opened his heart to me. Strasser is a real man. Afternoon together with vom Bruck. He wants to provide the dough. To Saxony in the evening. Through the night. Tired. Quiet land of Thuringia! Weimar. Leipzig Fair! Then Chemnitz. One disappointment after another. I speak twice. In Limbach; good. Two decent fellows: Reichenbach and Juckeland. I am richly treated to gloves and underwear. Annaberg. By car through the Ore Mountains in the snow. Sad-tired drive. Middle class meeting! Back. Please, Elberfeld! Home! In the morning off at five o'clock. Leipzig. I sleep. Elberfeld. Kaufmann at the station. I want to be happy. Nothing doing. Off to Langenberg. Speaker dropped out. Oh, pain, recede. In God's name let's go. I speak without being there. Today much mucky mail. An insolent letter from Gottfried Feder, the revaluation shit. Will deal with him tonight. Off to Essen. Party congress. Oh Lord! Lord! Tomorrow big fight with the communists. Feder wants to break the red terror. Very well, do it! God's peace be with you! What a featherweight you are alone. Are you able to? Oh Lord!

*7th March 1926*

Just back from Essen. Big day. Some four thousand men marched for the cause. Feder was mean and good. Strasser as usual. Jung,<sup>58</sup> Czechoslovakia, has a good head. You can work with him. All went splendidly. No friction whatever. Home. Bliss! Thursday to Rheydt. How I look forward to it! Letter from Else. Kind and good! 'Tired I am, having a rest'!

*8th March 1926*

Miserable money worries. Makes you vomit! Don't want to work. Consequence of yesterday. My weight is down to one hundred-weight. A tailor! I am being exploited, have to do all the hardest jobs. Burning the candle at both ends! The world is sickeningly mean!

*10th March 1926*

The Elbrechter-Goebbels conflict is maturing. Decision probable today. After all, no. News this minute that Strasser has had a motoring accident. Apparently not serious. Waiting for news. Kaufmann and Elbrechter are on the march to Essen. I hope they will bring back nothing but good. Von Pfeffer is due any minute. I go to Bielefeld this afternoon. To a lecture. And tonight home. Ought I to be happy? I don't know how or whether! This mad rush of work and attrition. End the torment! And on top the conflict! The great conflict! World, let me be!

*12th March 1926*

I am just back from home. They smothered me in blessed love and kindness. Else, mother, Maria, Elsbeth. How well I am when I am there! And somewhat shamefaced! In Bielefeld a charged atmosphere. Almost nothing but communists. My presence of mind carried the day. Strasser not insignificantly hurt. I hope to hear details soon. Else gave me a beautiful inkwell. Elsbeth brought flowers and hearty congratulations. For I celebrated my name day. Kaufmann causes me worry. I shall be away for a week beginning day after tomorrow. Itinerary: Stuttgart, Mannheim, Bamberg, Nuremberg. The stronghold of Julius, the bum-brusher.<sup>59</sup> Julius is not the worst of the lot. Sergeant-major who chases women. Captain von Pfeffer was here two days ago. In a stinking rage about Hermann Esser. Hermann Esser sucks the blood out of the movement. To Hitler: 'It hurts my soul to see you in this company.'

*13th March 1926*

The Elbrechter plot thickens. Today Lutze is going to see Strasser in Essen for a straight talk. I go to Essen tomorrow. We might find a nice pigsty there! God help you. I admonished and warned in good time. Kaufmann is out of town. I want to settle the



matter with him personally. Tomorrow at noon to Essen and in the evening to Stuttgart. Clearly this will be a heavy week. And I am so much needed here in Elberfeld. Today I ought to write an article for the *National Socialist Letters*. I ought to . . . And yet I shall go to sleep in a minute . . . Reading: Adolf Hitler, *The South Tyrol Question and the Problem of German Alliances*. An amazingly lucid pamphlet with a grand perspective. What a man he is . . . the chief! Once again he has removed many a doubt from my mind! Strasser's new newspaper is out. Good, good! Letter from Berlin. Josefine von Behr. Dear child! Still a child! It is two pm. Well then good-night!

21st March 1926

A week ago today with Strasser. Was in bed. More serious than I thought. Bauschen there. Strasser retains his sense of humour. Indestructible Bavarian. I like him very much. Then to Hoffmann.<sup>60</sup> He is less seriously hurt. Kind family. Kind, plucky woman. A proper wench. Back to Elberfeld. Packed. For an hour with the comrades. Then off to Stuttgart. Arrival Monday morning. Munder<sup>61</sup> and Gundlach<sup>62</sup> at the station. Shaved, breakfast. With Herr Weidle to Degerloch. Down there is Stuttgart bathed in sunshine. Wonderfully and charmingly nestling. Off in the afternoon. Through the charming Neckar valley. To Schweningen. Dr Gmelin. Charming wife. And three charming fair-haired and blue-eyed urchins. How appealing. Lousy meeting. A paid union secretary. Muck! To Stuttgart. An hour's sleep. I meet the composer Hans Gansser,<sup>63</sup> who plays his Lieder to me at his house. Quite outstanding. 'Freedom has not yet been lost!' Lecture to our storm troop. I speak for three hours. Frightening silence and bated breath. They thank me with tears in their eyes. Hardly ever such a good speech. Munder shakes my hand. For once I am satisfied with myself. Next day to Mannheim. I am sick and tired. Afternoon tour of Mannheim. I speak well in the evening. The people came from up-country in the Palatinate. Another day together with a bore, one Herr Schneider, in Mannheim. Neulussheim. A National Socialist village. But otherwise muck at the meeting. Via Würzburg—oh, the bitter-sweet memories—to Nuremberg. There by car to the café. Julius Streicher expects me. Long talk. Conciliation. At least Julius is honest. He reminisces about 9th November 1923. Meeting with three thou-

sand people, screaming *heil*. Hard to interest them in thoughts. I manage it for two hours. Departure at one-thirty. Quite a few friends stay with me until I leave. Through the night. Along the Rhine on a wonderful spring morning. Spring is in the air! How wonderful this time of growth. Spring is with us! Elberfeld! Toni at the station! Captain von Pfeffer just arriving. Work with him the whole afternoon. Kaufmann also comes. Very ill. Elbrechter that damned leech. This afternoon with Kaufmann in the spring weather. Perhaps I can then tell him everything. Hitler had a magnificent reckoning with von Graefe in an open letter. Cheers! Letter from Else. For my name day! Thanks, you kind woman! Kind note from Maria. Otherwise many good letters! We are to get money tomorrow. Fifteen thousand marks from Arnold. I have to go to Hattingen on that account. From there to Essen for a lecture. Will there be fighting again? Tuesday Zeitz, Wednesday Halle, Thursday Weimar (a holiday to which I look forward!) Friday Erfurt, and then home, for Easter! Arms stretched. I am free. Holidays! Holidays! What a joy! I am completely run down! It will be wonderful! Nothing to do, rest, enough sleep, be lazy! No meetings, no more waffle! Rest, sleep, be silent! How happy I shall be!

*22nd March 1926*

Yesterday walked whole afternoon with Kaufmann through the brilliant spring. It was a great pleasure. We did not mention the deeper disagreements. In the evening with the others. Din and noise. Some work today. Off to Hattingen in a moment. Getting the money. Then to Essen. Lecture. From there to Zeitz, Halle, Weimar, Erfurt. And then the holiday!

*27th March 1926*

Monday off to Essen. Good meeting. *Pacifist or Revolutionary!* I talked about foreign policy. Before that in the afternoon in Hattingen. Stürtz is a good man. A gave me eight hundred marks. One of the best. I come to appreciate him more and more. Later coffee with the ladies. Woke me up. In the evening with the Hoffmanns in Essen. Kind family. Off in the morning. Slept all day. Zeitz. Hall full to breaking-point. Spoke well. Next day Halle. Gau leader Ernst. What he lacks in insight he makes up for with a kind and cultured manner. I like him. In the afternoon



with Kloppe. Werewolf League leader.<sup>64</sup> Probed for each other's views. Kloppe's views are sound. I dominated. In the evening full house. Complete success. Next morning. With Ernst tour of Halle. To the Saale. Beautiful, beautiful. I did not imagine Halle thus. Spring is with us! Brilliant sunshine! In the afternoon Weimar. Arrival early evening. And he searched someone whom he could devour. Weimar! Through the homely alleys! Goethe! Weimar! Politics? There too there is a solution! And after all Goethe is not everything. A cad the man who these days writes poetry and forgets his perishing nation. Next morning. For a moment at the office. That ass, Dr Ziegler. They were angry with me. Traduced. I can see it in that cad's face. That slimy shit!! How can one be Dinter's young man! I am writing an article, 'There is Something Wrong with Me'. Look out, you curs. When the devil in me is let loose you can't tame him. Out. To the Land Library. Many beautiful and new things. I see magnificent sculptures. A wonderful Goethe bust at the entrance. Napoleon, too, is great. Noon. I wallow in the Weimar atmosphere, Dr Ziegler would say. Brilliant sunshine. Oh wonderful Weimar! Has politics made me lose something? . . . Get on, old grumbler! To Erfurt! Again a thundering audience. I elegantly unhorse two communists. On to the express. A hundred men at the station. On to the cushions. I cannot sleep! Two hours of painful slumber. The eyes smart. Elberfeld! Toni at the station! Thank God! Beginning of holidays! This evening to Crefeld. Dedication of colours! Else meets me there tomorrow! Now sleep and rest! Holidays! Beginning of spring! I am tired and happy! Holidays! Rest! I shall breathe!

*29th March 1926*

Saturday Crefeld. Bärbel Kerling is some girl. Fanatic and enthusiastic. Else came on Sunday morning. Lunched with Fritz Prang and the [Theyssens]. Then with Else into the spring. This spring is miraculous! Else was kind and we had a great deal to tell each other. Home in the evening. Bed, bed! This morning letter from Hitler. I am to speak in Munich on 8th April. Good! Just come along to me. So I shall probably spend my holidays in the Bavarian mountains. Long talk with Karl Kaufmann. About Elbrechter. Am I really alone to blame for everything? Am I biased against Elbrechter? I meant well for everyone. Rest!

Holiday! I am beginning to live again. Everything around me is clean and homely! I am a human being again! I wallow in this peace! Beautiful holiday! No work on Monday!

31st March 1926

It has been decided: on Wednesday after Easter Kaufmann and I leave. Thursday speech in Munich. One day with Hitler. And then for two weeks into the Bavarian mountains. I am happy! Two articles ready: 'Something is Wrong with Me' and 'The New Battle Song'. Speech, *Lenin or Hitler?* will be ready in manuscript this week. At the end of April my two pamphlets will be on sale. High time. My beloved books arrived this morning from home. I welcomed them as old friends. What am I to do at Easter? Go home? Or stay here with Kaufmann? He will not say one more word about the Elbrechter case. I shall cure him! New office. Five rooms. I get my own telephone and room. And it will not be just next door to where I live. I shall get fresh air. This rest is doing me good. I would almost say *dolce far niente*, although I work all day. But this work is good for me! Gradually I am getting on! Letter from Strasser. He is none too well. Poor fellow! We miss him greatly! Back to work. Day after tomorrow it will be Good Friday! Then Rest! Holidays!

1st April 1926

Tomorrow it will be Good Friday. It is late and I am busily at work. I have to catch up a lot on my literary work. But I am clearing it up. Yesterday a meeting of ours was broken up at Munich. Pleasant prospect for next Thursday. Well, can't be helped! I don't care a damn! What we want is struggle! Munich will learn. Today had to deal with a stable full of mail. Rented new office. Wonderful situation, five rooms. Work will be possible there. Von Pfeffer comes tomorrow. Good Friday of all days. Perhaps I shall go home on Saturday after all. For two days. Mother would be pleased! Yesterday I discovered that Kaufmann was a little less than honest. That hurts! Waiting for letter from Else, to hear what she is doing over Easter! Maundy Thursday! The people went to church this morning. School boys wearing new caps. I thought of years gone by. Struggle indeed makes you age!



3rd April 1926

Long talk with Kaufmann yesterday. We have semi-settled. Letter from Else today. I am to come to Duisburg at Easter. Can't manage. About to go home. Goodbye! Back second Easter Day. I am happy to see mother. And Maria. And father! And little Elsbeth!

6th April 1926

Saturday after Good Friday Rheydt. All well. Mother, father, Maria. Saw Konrad. Dear little Elsbeth! And little Friedrich Wilhelm! Willy [Kärnerbeck]. Mother is so kind. To Konrad for lunch on Sunday. Football match for want of anything better to do. Thirty thousand spectators. *Panem et circenses*. The dole and football. Who should stand behind me? Little Else! How good you are! Hastened from Moers, to my house, to the stadium and finds me among thirty thousand. Home! A lovely hour! Rest before the daily grind! Spent the evening with Fritz Prang. Else entertains and chats. Kind child! Monday after Easter! Herbert [Beiner], like a fattened sow! Else leaves in the afternoon. It aches. Poor little Else! Chin up, child! All of us must share the burden of our fathers' sins! Bear it without lament! Another hour at home. Then departure. Father comes to the station! Elberfeld! Alfred Kaufmann and [Hüttemann] at the station. Stacks of work today. Money worries! Shall we get by? Visit from Terboven, Essen. Preparations for tomorrow. Saturday seeing Strasser at Landshut. I shall also speak at Landshut. Well, then, on to Munich!

13th April 1926

Wednesday departure for Munich. The night before an article, 'Thinker and Preacher'. Departure with Karl. On the train Karl tells me that Bauschen was in Munich to talk scandal. We may have some fun and games. Well, then, a criminal trial. Long journey. Von Pfeffer joined us at Cologne. He tells about the Free Corps. What a fellow. I like him a lot. In the evening arrival at Munich. Hitler's car to meet us. To the hotel. What a grand reception! An hour's tour of the town. Old woeful memories. Anka! Giant posters on the billboards. I speak in the historic Bürgerbräu. Thursday morning. Tour of Munich. Kaufinger Street, Frauenkirche: moving gothic. Pfeffer is a clever, insolent



fellow! In the Bratwurstglöckle. Sausages and beer. Munich life! Philistine pleasant! A delicious city. The sun shines. Back to the hotel. Hitler had telephoned. Wants to welcome us. We telephone from the café. In fifteen minutes he is there. Tall, healthy and full of life. I like him. He shames us with his kindness. Despite Bauschen. He lends us his car for the afternoon. To Starnberg. Tearing along at sixty miles per hour. Brilliant sunshine. The lake. Like a mirror. We stay for an hour. A letter has arrived from Duisburg. Bauschen has intrigued. Well done! Tearing drive. Back to Munich. Werner Lukas comes. At eight pm by car to the Bürgerbräu. Hitler is there already. My heart beats to breaking-point. Into the hall. Roaring welcome. Packed. Streicher opens. And then I speak for two and a half hours. I go all out. Roaring and tumult. Hitler embraces me at the end. He has tears in his eyes. I feel something like happy. Through the pressing crowd to the car. *Heil* calls and we are off. Hitler by himself waits for me at the hotel. Then we dine together. He is host. And what a great host! Hess comes. Outside we wait for the car. Kaufmann, Pfeffer and Lukas arrive. To the Reichsadler. Concert! Hitler is with me all the time. Streicher, May<sup>65</sup>, Hess, Gengler,<sup>66</sup> all of them there. Kaufmann is very quiet. Back to sleep. I cannot sleep for a long time. Friday morning. Pfeffer and Kaufmann reproach me. My speech had not been good. Should Kaufmann be jealous? Shame, what a thought! Irritation. To the office. Clean organization. Hess: the most decent, quiet, friendly, clever, reserved: the private secretary. Schwarz, redundant civil servant.<sup>67</sup> Small idealist, careful in money matters, Munich trap, friendly face: the treasurer. His Excellency, Heinemann:<sup>68</sup> retired general, correct, asks stupid questions, wholly unencumbered by weighty thoughts. Imbued with code of honour: the judge of honour. Bouhler:<sup>69</sup> small, industrious, peaceable: the manager. May: Berlin trap. Unpleasant: the propaganda chief. The master comes. To his room. Kaufmann gets a dressing-down. Because of a rude letter to Bouhler. He says nothing. Death, where is your sting. Why then scold me? And then a veritable hodgepodge of accusations. Preferred worthily and pleasantly. In this too Hitler is all right. Dr Ley and Bauschen have intrigued. Strasser and I come off badly. Every unconsidered word is warmed up. Lord, those swine! Working community Gau Ruhr, everything is brought up. In the end unity. Hitler is great. He gives us all a warm hand-



shake. Let's have done with it! In the afternoon follow-up. Brief visit to the *Beobachter*. Rosenberg had left. Gengler is a slimy customer. Report of my meeting. Brilliant. I am very happy. Office. Alone with Hess. Talk. He is a kind fellow. Hitler comes. Matters of principle: Eastern Affairs. The Social Question. The Bamberg evidence. He speaks for three hours. Brilliant. Could make one uncertain. Italy and Britain our allies. Russia wants to devour us. All that is in his pamphlet<sup>70</sup> and in the second volume of *My Struggle* due out shortly. We are moving closer. We ask. He gives brilliant replies. I love him. Social question. Quite new perspectives. He has thought it all out. His ideal: Blend of collectivism and individualism. The land: all that is on it and below it for the people. Production, individualistic for those who create. Combines, trusts, production of finished articles, transport, etc. to be socialized. You can discuss that. He has thought it all out. I am reassured all round. Taken all round he is a man. With this sparkling mind he can be my leader. I bow to his greatness, his political genius! Warm farewell. The three of us will get a written confirmation. And now there is to be peace among us. We have a meal and are so enthusiastic that we get a bit oiled. Saturday! Saying goodbye to Pfeffer and Karl. Something has come between us. They go to Essen to pull the Gau together. Off to Landshut. Himmler at the station. Strasser and wife arrive by car. Gets out on sticks. Poor, dear fellow! Off to Deggendorf. His wife a beautiful woman of the world. It makes him suffer. In the afternoon with Himmler in Landshut. Himmler: a good fellow and very intelligent. I like him. In the evening I speak in Landshut. Enthusiasm all round. A few young women quite excited. They like me. With Himmler to Deggendorf. Strasser at the station. His brother Toni. Leaving grammar school. Moulting. At parents' house. Rare hospitality. His father: big red nose; typical Bavarian *Kanzleirat*. No fool. Archetype of a Bavarian. Sense of humour. His mother: full of life, alert, quiet, clever, knowledgeable. Gregor has inherited nearly all of it. In the afternoon I report to Gregor. He is very satisfied. In the evening tour of Strasser's home town with a balmy spring breeze blowing. What peace! Dear Gregor, how hard must it be for you to see a revolution. His in-laws: big business but pleasant. Monday morning. Strasser calls on us. His mother gives us a meal, cream cake. Wonderful. Afternoon: on deck chairs in the sun. His two lads:

Burschi and Burli. Two splendid scamps. With Himmler to Dingolfing. There I speak. To real fellows. This is Bavaria. Loyalty and beer. This morning, left with Himmler. At Landshut goodbye. In Munich. Slept, cleaned up. Letter from Karl. All went well at Essen. Good. And now Munich. Three days rest. Thank God. Tonight Platzl. Munich weeping and laughing. Tomorrow morning to Alfred Rosenberg. And now I want to be a human being for three days! Good luck!

15th April 1926

Yesterday morning Alfred Rosenberg. Talked about this and that. In the afternoon Dr Boepple, the publisher, also National Socialist. Evening in the Nationaltheater. *Madame Butterfly*. Wonderful performance. Music captivatingly beautiful. Action sentimental and hackneyed. Two nights ago at the Dachauer cabaret. Popular Munich humour. I can stand that for only half an hour. Today met a party comrade from Dingolfing [Grunke]. Decent. Tomorrow Stuttgart. This wonderful Munich. Such beautiful women! And the sun!

16th April 1926

Still in Munich. I met Hitler last night. He immediately asked me to dinner. A charming young woman was with him. A pleasant evening. I had to go back alone by car. I was fetched this morning at ten. I took flowers, which greatly pleased him. Then we discussed Eastern and Western affairs for two hours. His argument is compelling. But I believe that he has not yet quite appreciated the Russian problem. I too will have to rethink a few points. Tomorrow by car to Stuttgart. I look forward to that. This evening I spent an hour in the café Stadt Wien. Long ago I spent a whole evening there with Richard Flisges, when I had lost Anka. Quiet! *Inserviendo patriae consumor!* Farewell Munich! I love you very much!

19th April 1926

Saturday! It pours. Farewell Munich! Real leave-taking weather! There is the car. Hitler comes to fetch me. He wears a motoring outfit. With us: Hess, Schreck, the driver.<sup>71</sup> Off. Pouring rain. Augsburg. Breakdown. Hitler like a boy. Riotous, singing, laughing, whistling. Ulm! Lunch at a small pub. They recognize



*11. Württemberg 1926*

him. Rejoicing. One of the philistines holds up Hitler's photograph. Lunch! Hungry as a wolf! The weather has cleared up. Hood down. Off. Ulm Cathedral! One gigantic tower reaching up. The rising line of passionate medieval creation. On! Sun shines. Gale blowing! Württemberg! Until six in the evening. Stuttgart. Munder comes. Decent fellow. He liked my article 'Poets and Thinkers' very much. Deposited Hitler. I to my hotel. Visitor follows visitor. Changed. Had a bite. Then by car to the Wulle hall. I speak for two hours to many thousands and there is silence as in church. At the end they all rage. Off! To another hall. Hitler is still speaking. Ecstatic. Thunderous acclamation. Then I speak for another half-hour. How difficult that is. A meal. Hitler sees and embraces me. He gives me much praise. I believe he has taken me to his heart like no one else. Back to the hotel. Munder and I sit up philosophizing until far into the night. Munder, the thinker, and I, the preacher. Sunday: he addresses the Gau. Good. I speak on 'Our Job in the Ruhr District' for half an hour. The people are spellbound. Then he returns. Closes the meeting. Like the crack of machine-gun fire. 'Freedom our goal!' Coffee with Frau Dr Nölter in the afternoon. We celebrate Hitler's birthday. He is thirty-seven. Flowers surrounded by thirty-seven candles. And he talks about 9th November 1923. Adolf Hitler, I love you, because you are both great and simple. A genius. Leave-taking from him. Farewell! He waves. I grant audiences. People come and go. Supper with the Weidle family. Kind and honest. I feel happy. Leave-taking! Stuttgart, farewell. Our people come to the train and wave. *Heil! Au revoir.* Friend Munder clasps my hand! Through the night. Together with Peppmüller, of Oberhausen. Cologne, Elberfeld. Toni, von Pfeffer. Much to report. Schmitz comes. Much work. Sleep. Right through the afternoon. And now for the new jobs. Tomorrow Hildesheim, next day Holzminden. A heavy week. God protect me!

*22nd April 1926*

Hildesheim. Arrival in the evening. Lecture immediately. So-so, middle class. Next morning tour of the town. One of the most beautiful towns I have seen. Splendid old half-timbered houses. In the old town one next to the other. Splendid town hall, though paintings unhappily a little hackneyed. Market square with

Roland fountain. One feels transported to the Middle Ages, its bishops and burghers. Off again in the afternoon. Holzminden. Shit. Today six hours in a stopping train. Horrible journey. Straight to the office. Then lecture in Bochum. Militant meeting! Tomorrow Herne! Militant meeting! Then, next day, Else! Calm after the storm! I am full of yearning. Sometimes I am near despair. They march over my body! Another corpse on the century's battlefield!

*23rd April 1926*

Yesterday in Bochum. Good monster meeting. Many proletarians. I spoke well. Thundering success. The Bochum people were quite enthusiastic. Off to Herne today. Much work! Hope Else will come tomorrow.

*24th April 1926*

Yesterday Herne. Meeting of workers. Good. [Hurlbrink] and disciples causing trouble in the Gau. Must be fired. Much muck and intrigue! Man the beast! Else comes tonight! Hurray! Tomorrow evening Dresden, Hamburg, Schleswig-Holstein, Schwerin. I shall see Hitler! I am happy. Yesterday long talk with Kaufmann. Got closer again. Reading: Nashivin's *Rasputin*. A modern Russian novel. The Russians never change. The intellectuals: sick and the original strength broken. A mysterious people.

*25th April 1926*

Else is here. Sweet hours. She is kind. Off in a minute into the sunny Sunday afternoon! Tonight off to Dresden!

*30th April 1926*

Sunday afternoon! Out of doors. Leave-taking from Else! Home tired! Packed! Under the yoke! To Dresden! Dreadful night. Change at Leipzig. Dresden. Goss<sup>72</sup> at the station. Much gossip there and then. To bed. Tour of Dresden in the afternoon. What a wonderful city. Almost as good as Munich. From the town hall splendid view as far as Saxon Switzerland. The Zwinger with its imposing courtyard. Residence. Brühlsche Terrasse, the 'terrace of the world'. The Elbe flows almost charmingly. In the evening speech to three thousand; I make them shudder. Off on Tuesday



morning. Berlin. Two hours' natter with Schlange. Decent fellow! On to Hamburg. Dr Schranz at the station. Lohse and Klant come. They all mean well. In the evening as in Dresden. The audience raves. Will that carry us forward. After the meeting long get-together with Klant, Lohse and Allwörden. Wednesday morning. To the harbour with Dr Schranz. Gigantic show! Visit to the *Deutschland*. A huge floating hotel. If one could only sail in her! In the evening with Lohse to Elmshorn. I talk muck to a hundred people. Party comrade Schneider, from Itzehoe—like Anka—drives us back to Altona. With Lohse through the seamen's quarter. The cheerless alley.<sup>73</sup> Tarts beckon from doorways. Half naked. Terrible indictment! Business in bodies! I want to weep! Can a man do that? For money? Mating becomes shamelessness. Society. That's what it is! It chirps and lures. Abuse follows us! Shame! Whose guilt! Cordoned off in the ghetto of lust. In the street fair-haired girls embrace grinning Chinese! And the police look on laughing. That is the middle class state! Nothing but mating and business. Let's get out of here, back! I cannot find sleep. I feel like the bearer of guilt that cannot be purged! Wednesday. Lunch at Dr Schranz's. Mediocre *Hausfrau*. In the evening to Rendsburg. A glorious woman in the compartment. You beautiful woman! I speak before communists, better than I wanted to. Schneider is again there with the car. To his house at Itzehoe! Good *Hausfrau*! An hour's sleep, then again into the car. The stork clappers on the roof. Fog swirls. The sun rises over Schleswig-Holstein. The smell of the sea! I feel reborn. Elmshorn! Farewell, Schneider. Farewell, friend! Altona! I am already asleep. To Elberfeld! And now to work. This Friday is going to be no free day! Under the yoke. Why do my eyelids feel so heavy!

1st May 1926

First May. In the streets the Reds demonstrate. For those with gold. And the black-frocked pray to God for fair weather. What a mad world. Reading: Ivan Nashivin's *Rasputin*. Excellent description of Russia. May has arrived! I have almost stopped noticing this kind of thing!

3rd May 1926

Great deal of work. Von Pfeffer is here. Silent struggle with

Kaufmann. Off to Essen and Hattingen in a moment. Tomorrow evening Bavaria, Bamberg, Bayreuth, Nuremberg. Written two new articles: 'The General Staff' and 'The Street'. They will stir up dust. As it should be! A quick dictation and then off!

*4th May 1926*

Yesterday Essen. Terboven good. Spoke in Hattingen. To the local branch. All were decent. Through the night. Arrived with Lutze this morning. To the office. Clashes with von Pfeffer. To bed. This evening I speak in Essen. And then off to Bavaria!

*8th May 1926*

A nasty surprise before leaving. I get a pretty insolent letter from Kaufmann. 'You lack the necessary toughness.' Well, well! I can hear who is behind that! Dr Elbrechter and that whole gang of freemasons! Well, well. Left in a cheerless and depressed mood. Something is going to break inside me. Poor Kaufmann! In the evening with the Essen boys. I tell them of my trips. They enjoy it. Then out into the night. Thoughts go round and round. How the head aches! Karl Kaufmann. Opposite me a splendid wench sleeps on the cushions. Longing for the woman! How full of horror is such a night journey. Würzburg! Change! Bamberg! To bed! Sleep! Sleep! In the evening I speak to packed crowds. Three hours. Like in church. I meet splendid people. Especially Zahneisen.<sup>74</sup> Good race. Next day Bayreuth. Wagner's town. I feel elevated. Through the rain! To Houston Stewart Chamberlain. His wife, a daughter of Wagner, asks me in. Shattering scene: Chamberlain on a couch. Broken, mumbling, with tears in his eyes. He holds my hand and will not let it go. His big eyes burn like fire. Greetings to you, spiritual father. Trail blazer, pioneer! I am deeply upset. Leave-taking. He mumbles, wants to speak, can't—and then he weeps like a child! Long, long handshake! Farewell! You stand by us when we are near despair. Outside the rain drums on the pavement! I want to cry out, to weep. My heart aches. Through the palace gardens. A little grove. Richard Wagner's resting place. A massive stone without a name. Trees. 'To be German means doing something for its own sake!' In the evening I speak and my soul sheds its torment. Long evening with good friends. Schoolmaster Schlemm,<sup>75</sup> a splendid fellow! On the following day drive through Bayreuth. Called at Wahn-



fried. Frau Wagner (Siegfried's wife) asks me for a meal. A thoroughbred woman. They all ought to be like that. And a fanatical partisan of ours. Charming children. We are friends in no time. She tells me of her worries. Siegfried is so feeble. Shame! Ought to be ashamed when thinking of the master. Siegfried is there too. Feminine. Kind-hearted. A little decadent. Looks like a cowardly artist. Is there such a thing? Must an artist not at least have moral courage?! I like his wife. I would like her to be my friend. She takes me to the master's room. There is his grand piano, his likeness, his desk. Everything as it used to be. Odd emotion. Wagner's *Tannhäuser* kindled the light of youth in me. I was thirteen then. I think of it now. The children romp through the rooms. Children's laughter where once music was born. It is the same: both are God's gifts. We stop in the hall, chatting a long time. Through the wonderful park. A few quiet minutes at the master's grave. A young woman weeps because the son is not what the master was. Leave-taking. Laughter! Handshake! I feel affection for this young sweet woman! To the Hermitage! Young Friedrich and his charming sister. The sound of flutes, war is far away. The Prussians in Bayreuth! What a giant the King of Prussia became when he vanquished this and became the lonely Old Man. Back to the car. Festival Theatre. Deserted and empty. I stumble through the orchestra and past backdrops. To the station. Off to Nuremberg. Streicher not there. I speak. And am presented with a huge bunch of carnations. [Kaumanns] and [Wefers] from Rheydt are there. Quite enthusiastic. Through the night waking and sleeping. Cruel torture! I think of a plucky woman! Cologne. I am still asleep! Elberfeld! Work! Work! Pouring rain! To the new office. Cold and deserted. Captain von Pfeffer touches me for my last money. Letter to Kaufmann. Tomorrow talk. Perhaps with serious consequences. Hitler has broken with Esser. *Deo gratias!* One cad less in the ranks. That will lead to new groupings! Elberfeld will win! Tomorrow to Unna! District conference. That too must be! Awful! Beautiful quiet Saturday evening with my best friend, the book. I can tell you all my troubles. Letter from Else. Very good! I shall answer. 'My dear Else!' Life is a great comedy with apes as actors and oneself one of them. Must it be like that! Why don't we tell the truth! Man! Beast!



10th May 1926

Yesterday and today long talks with Kaufmann and Schmitz. There was a great deal of inflammable material about. That has now been removed. To work again, then! I shall not travel so much, but devote myself more to the Gau. That will also be better for my work and my health. Three more weeks of travel and then no more! Tonight off to Breslau! Not back until Friday. The dung-heap will now be swept away. I shall smooth things out with Kaufmann. I thank fate. Pfeffer's finances worry me greatly. Put a stop to it! Yesterday in Unna. Dr [Hurlbrink] fired. One troublemaker less. Work whole afternoon.

13th May 1926

To Breslau. On the train for seventeen hours. Sleeping, reading, writing, gazing. Through the land of the Silesians. Arrival four pm. Brückner<sup>76</sup> and Dr Rosikat<sup>77</sup> at the station. And a posse of storm troopers. All are happy. By car to Dr. Rosikat's. *Gnädige Frau*. Young and grey. And he: a splendid quiet person. A revolutionary fired by cold heat. Consuming fire burning inward. His face: fanatic. That's the sort of man I like. Speech in the evening, and there is wild jubilation. At night I sit with mercenaries from Rossbach. *Jeunesse dorée*. Staying at a sisters' home. Until noon. To Rosikat for lunch. Lively discussion. About interest rates. His thinking is still a bit liberal. Stops halfway. Why? Ludendorff—Hitler. Embarrassing question. There will be a break eventually. It is not true: Ludendorff is no statesman. In the evening off with [Semler]. To Gleiwitz in Upper Silesia. Row at the meeting. I finish my speech accompanied by wild jubilation. Storm troopers see me off. Through the night together with one Herr [Semler], from Breslau. All day by myself. Twenty-four hours on the train. Just arrived. It is midnight! What an Ascension Day! Good night!

15th May 1926

Much work preparing Hitler meetings. Great joy all round that Hitler is coming for a whole week. Everything is smooth again with Kaufmann. Severing proceedings against von Pfeffer for Vehme murder. We are making a flaming row in our press. Reading: *Rasputin*. It grips me more and more as I go on. This afternoon, saw the Bolshevik film *Battleship Potemkin*. Kaufmann



thought it excellent. Let's see. Else writes. Coming tomorrow. I am happy. Monday evening Württemberg: Stuttgart, Esslingen, Feuerbach, Ulm. Immediately following, next Sunday, general meeting in Munich. Whitsun I shall perhaps spend in Munich and the neighbourhood. Work is beginning to be enjoyable again. No more troublemaking. One meets human beings. This sort of thing is sometimes necessary in this brutal struggle. The soul is sometimes one great wound. We must conquer to become unconquerable!

17th May 1926

Pouring rain for three days. I work. Long meeting with Kaufmann on Saturday evening. Then with Lutze and Günther. Else came yesterday. Beautiful hours chatting. She was soaked to the skin. She can be so kind. In the afternoon consultation about the Hitler week. Room full. In the evening Else leaves. Waving. 'Bye, 'bye!!! Evening invitation to Lutze. Sharp discussion with August [Wetter] and wife, Young German Order. The wife has learned something. It is pouring. Miserable weather. This afternoon much work. Off again this evening. Esslingen, Ulm, Feuerbach, Stuttgart. Whit Saturday general meeting in Munich. I look forward to Munich. To seeing Hitler and all the rest. I shall return on Whit Monday. To work! Horrible night!

24th May 1926

Arrival Stuttgart. Munder, Gundlach. I sleep after a gruesome night. Evening, speech in Esslingen. Good. Ulm. The Minster. Shattering. I speak for three hours to middle class people and workers. Frighteningly crowded. Victory all along the line. Shouts and jubilation. One *Heil* after the other. Return by car. Brilliant spring day. Back to Stuttgart. Embarrassing talk with Hans Gansser, the composer. In the end reconciliation. I had hurt him. I am so irritable. In the evening fighting in Feuerbach. From eight to midnight. Finally the *Internationale*. Lousy proletarians who don't want to be converted. Must have happiness forced on them. After that an hour in the café with Munder. Munder is a clever and kind man. He sees the problems. You can talk to him. These days, whenever two men who see the problems discuss Germany, a great sadness comes over them. At night I wake up. In the palace grounds a nightingale sings. Friday.



Deputy Schlumpberger drags me to the diet. Retching. Waffle, twaddle, palaver, potbellies. Out. For an hour with Munder in a quiet cemetery. Stopping at Hauff's grave. Birds sing. Lunch at the Weidles'. Worked in the afternoon. The evening draws near. I address a thousand people. And I discover the final form for the idea. I am carried away. At the end a young woman approaches Munder and asks to be allowed to shake my hand. Far into the night with Munder. With a bottle of claret. Worries and pleasures. In the morning to Munich. At the station I see General von Seeckt. Germany's master. Old, frail, stooping. The second Reich ready for the breaker. Through sunshine and rain. Munich. Pouring rain. Change! To the general meeting. In the Bürgerbräu. I am received with a storm of joy and enthusiasm. Recognition of a year full of sacrifices. Strasser is there. The good, decent chap. So are all the others, Frick, bumptious Feder, courageous Streicher. Hermann Esser is missing. Praise be to God. Hitler reports. For two hours. Not quite up to form. He can't find enough words of praise for me in front of all the others. He drives me back. He cares for me. Spent the evening with many people enjoying music and having coffee. Then back with Munder. We chat and laugh until late at night. Next day is Whitsun. Quietly out of the room so as not to disturb Munder. A note on his bed. Sunshine. Whitsun, the lovely feast. I am in a dirty compartment. Rattling along. I want to cry. My conscience. The wheels turn. What a life! Late in the evening Elberfeld. And today work. Whit Monday . . . to do our duty. Rain!

*25th May 1926*

A delicious Tuesday after Whitsun. Golden sunshine. I sit indoors and work. How I love such a quiet sunny day. Yesterday again much noise and intrigue. Man is a beast. Tomorrow off to Karlsruhe. I shall see my Heidelberg again. Anka, Anka! Through the window I see Whitsun sunshine.

*29th May 1926*

Just returned from Heidelberg by the night train. I spoke in Karlsruhe, Heidelberg and Weinheim. Thundering success in Weinheim last night. I saw my Heidelberg again. I walked through the streets and alleys as of old. What a distance I have covered in three years! Become a man. A madman [Sand], writes



me threatening letters. Wait and see! Off to the office. Letter from Else. Home on Corpus Christi day. How tired I am! Reading: Klagges, *Original Gospel of Jesus*, perhaps an epoch-making book. More later.

*30th May 1926*

A grey, rainy Sunday. I shall write and read all day. Praise to the Lord for this rare free day. Reading: Klagges. A fabulous book. Writing: two articles. Many discussions with Kaufmann. About the Gau leader. It can't go on like this. One man must be King!

*31st May 1926*

Pfeffer has again been up to his tomfooleries. So we have another row in Munich. Swept muck away the whole morning. It will soon be as high as the house. This evening to Crefeld. Will Hitler be there? After Pfeffer's mad letters? I shall keep this afternoon free for reading. This is May. With wonderfully golden sunshine. Off to Rheydt in two days. Bless you, Else!

*2nd June 1926*

Pfeffer back from Berlin. Serious discussions with him. In the long run he will have to draw in his horns a bit. Kaufmann in Mecklenburg electioneering. Very, very much work in preparation for the Hitler week. I hope there will be no muddle. Money worries. But no more of this! Today and tomorrow I shall be home! My heart goes out to them. To mother, father, Maria, Elsbeth and dear little Else!

*4th June 1926*

Two days at home. Talked and gossiped a lot. I saw those who are dear to me and found a moment of peace before the storm. Else made me happy and angered me. She will not face facts. In Elberfeld much work. I can hardly cope. In addition rush and intrigue. I am staying at home working. Outside sunshine and rain! Same as indoors!

*5th June 1926*

Saturday! Day of rest! For reading and sleep. For several reasons Toni Kessler has given up his post as manager. His place is taken by Fritz Hastedt. We shall bring some order into this joint

from now on. Tomorrow meeting of district leaders. The question of the Gau leader is to be finally settled. I am sick of a number of things. One's fund of joy sometimes gives out. I really ought to spend a month at the seaside. To rediscover the human being in myself.

*7th June 1926*

Debates all yesterday afternoon. About the new Gau leader. Pfeffer is more or less out. I was not even mentioned. As though I had never done a stroke of work. Imperial Austria's gratitude! Lutze thinks that it is political trickery set in motion by Koch, Kaufmann, Elbrechter, Terboven and Günther. An evil spirit is haunting our Gau. And Kaufmann is in his grip. He will be here any moment to settle matters between us. I cannot believe that he is intriguing. But one comes to despair of everyone. Say what you will: politics spoils a man's character. Or rather: politics show how basically rotten man's character is. Next two days in Berlin. And then Hitler will soon be here! Should I talk over everything with him? It depends how I get on with Kaufmann today. I must know where I stand! Only then can I do useful work!

*10th June 1926*

Still don't know where I am. Now Hitler is to decide next week. Day before yesterday in Berlin. Schlange is in despair. That good man can no longer manage those recalcitrant people. They all want me in Berlin to rescue them. Thank you for that stony desert. Another version: I am to go to Munich as general secretary of the movement. That sounds better. But it depends on the terms. Only if I can remain absolutely independent. On the first evening I speak at Spandau. To two thousand people. Tremendous success! Berlin a huge desert. Next morning to Strasser. He suspects that I am compromising with Munich. I tell him to forget such stupid fancy. Together with Dr Strasser and Haake. Dr Strasser is an agile pleasant man. Still semi-Marxist. But a fanatic. That is something. Strasser: big, repetitive, kindly, in need of support. If all is said and done he probably lacks intelligence. But his heart is wide. Sometimes I am very fond of him. In the evening I speak in Neukölln. There is not a dry stitch on my body. At the end a huge demonstration for our cause. Back with Haake. He wants to know a lot of things. That kind stupid chap. Reading:



*Rasputin*, second volume. Fabulous description. That is Russia, and it makes one understand what followed. Elberfeld. Kaufmann at the office. Friends again. I cannot be angry with him for long. I love kind-hearted people. Mountains of work. Whole evening and night at it. Politics lousy. Crises and struggles. On to the more important matters!

12th June 1926

Thanks to Kaufmann's flabbiness the Gau has become one big pigsty. Meanness follows meanness and intrigue follows intrigue. The district leaders are becoming too big for their boots. Kaufmann is at his wits' end, although he only has to defend what is his right. I am sick of the administration. And with such men we want to liberate Germany. This morning nothing but torment and angry words. On top of it all Else writes a brief matter-of-fact farewell letter. What am I to do? She is completely right. We can no longer even be comrades. A whole world divides us. We have refused to see this for too long. Is this the right moment? I am always sorry for this poor creature in need of love. Torment in and out. I would like Hitler to draft me to Munich. Then I would be away from all the muck. Now all depends on his decision. Does he want me? Down there I would act according to the principle: work and keep your distance. They are all beasts, myself included. Now I shall race through my work. And then sleep, sleep! Oh, not to have to wake up again!

14th June 1926

Yesterday long altercation with Karl Kaufmann. Elbrechter is his evil spirit. He himself is a poor, unhappy and torn man who means well. 'He did not know how to tame his mind and so his life and poetry crumbled.' I must take more care of him. After all, he is my friend, and deep down in my heart I am fond of him. I am impatiently waiting for the chief. Kaufmann, Pfeffer, Lutze and Schmitz are due any moment. Just telephoned Munich. Hitler left yesterday at noon. Everything has been arranged to the last detail. The office is wildly busy. I so look forward to Hitler's visit. I venerate and love him.

16th June 1926

Hitler here the last two days. Horrible wait on Monday. He did

not arrive until eight pm. Received with jubilation. Spoke to enthusiastic meetings day before yesterday at Elberfeld and yesterday at Bochum. Today by car to Cologne. Tonight he will speak at Essen. Dr Rosikat, of Breslau, was also here yesterday. Decent. Yesterday afternoon at Director Arnold's and then with the Hattingen branch. What a joy that was! The Pfeffer-Feder case settled in Hitler's presence. Good. Strasser comes on Friday. I shall first have to consult with Kaufmann. Hitler is the same dear comrade. You cannot help liking him as a man. And on top of it that overriding mind. You always discover something new in that self-willed head. As a speaker he has developed a wonderful harmony of gesture, histrionics and spoken word. The born whipper-up! Together with him you can conquer the world. Give him his head and he will shake the corrupt Republic to its foundations. His best epigram yesterday: 'For our struggle God gave us His abundant blessing. His most beautiful gift was the hate of our enemies whom we too hate with all our heart.'

*17th June 1926*

Yesterday with Hitler in Cologne. Cathedral, Rhine, exhibition. He knows everything, a genius. Wonderful drive via Düsseldorf to Essen. In Essen he spoke to two thousand members. And defined the essence of German socialism. Such a fellow can turn the world inside out. That evening was a very great event. 'The day will come when Hitler will lead us out of our misery!'

*19th June 1926*

Last two days great internal struggle. Always the same. Elbrechter, the Gau leader problem. You can't see through it any more. Strasser is here. Kaufmann, Lutze, Strasser, Pfeffer, Schmitz were just here to chew over this problem. Yesterday Hitler addressed industrialists in Essen. Fabulous! Those bosses probably did not understand most of what he said. Hitler can ride every steed. Gerhard Beyer was there. Hitler's speech moved him to the core. Drive back late at night. Arrival two am, and off again at seven this morning. I look like death warmed up. Horrible! And this is the day when the battle of names is to begin. Kaufmann, Pfeffer or myself. I hate this rubbishy business. Would much rather have done with it. Makes me vomit! Now the



gentlemen are here for a palaver. This and that. Nonsense! Intrigue! Retching!

21st June 1926

Hitler just left. And now my long period of rest is due to begin. Yesterday we appointed Kaufmann Gau leader. A good thing too. It will ease my burden enormously. And I am heartily grateful for it. There is something like a break between me and Kaufmann. He is not honest. Yesterday Hitler talked about organization. Brilliant as always. On Saturday he and I went to see the Gesolei Exhibition<sup>78</sup> in Düsseldorf. I again saw something new in that fabulous man and his profound mind. Then he told stories all day. Yesterday and the day before. Witty, humorous and spirited. Fiery nature. We talked about Wagner. He loves Wagner. And now these difficult days are over. I am tired, tired! Beginning of the holidays. How happy I am. In two days I shall be going home for a few days. My first book, *The Second Revolution*, has been published. Work, work! And then to bed!

23rd June 1926

Work finished. Ready to go home. How happy I am! Four days all to myself. Forget, forget! To laze and sleep! But how long can you bear that, restless fellow!

26th June 1926

I was at home for three days. Full of bliss and happiness. A few days of absolute peace are like paradise. Played with Elsbeth, romped with Benno, made fun with Maria, talked to mother, cuddled with Else. The life of a pasha. Father was there in all his quiet and serious matter-of-factness. In between I read some of Ivan Nashivin's *Rasputin*, which moved me greatly. The grandiose painting of Russian Bolshevism. Perhaps seen a little too much from the White Russian angle. But the satanic cruelty is depressing. That's how the devil would rage if he ruled the world. The Jew is probably the anti-Christ. One can hardly find one's bearings surrounded by all that mess of lies, dirt, blood and bestial cruelty. If we can spare Germany that we shall truly be *patres patriae*! Worked today to relax. This evening summer solstice at Langenberg. Speech.

28th June 1926

Saturday solstice at Langenberg. A car meets us at Neviges. Rain had stopped and we had a wonderful drive through the valley. Langenberg! Hundreds are already assembled in the market place. To the Bismarck tower! A huge pyre of wood all ready. While the flames shoot up I address thousands. Faith in the future! Dedication of the Hattingen and Langenberg colours. The Hattingen banner I dedicate quietly sad. Maidens dance the fire dance. A splendid picture! The white night! Let Germany see it on the new day! Below in the hall all night. The boys carry me shoulder high. Workers from close by and far away! How happy that makes me: you have created it. Back with Paula Lutze. I like to see Frau Lutze. Perhaps I am slightly in love with her. Kaufmann, the Gau leader, was not there. It was too rainy for him. Slept all yesterday, Sunday. Today working on the *National Socialist Letters*. Shopping and preparations for the journey. Wednesday speech at Hamborn. Friday Weimar; party congress. That I look forward to. Next Wednesday hearing of a case against a stinking Jew in Essen. Then another speech at Augsburg. And then: three weeks to Upper Bavaria! For a blissful *dolce far niente*.

30th June 1926

My dog Benno is to join me here. On Friday it is due to sniff the air of this room. I am glad to have this friend around. Perhaps it will be my only friend. Saturday and Sunday party congress in Weimar. Leaving Friday evening with Kaufmann and Lutze. I am to speak four times. Some grind that will be. Yesterday article: 'Student and Worker'. A complex problem, which I discussed as thoroughly as Richard Flisges taught me through his life and death. Reading: finished *Rasputin*. Russia, the eternal enigma. Shall we Europeans ever understand and adopt the right attitude to it? Who knows! I hardly think so. Occupied with the 'new nationalism' of Jünger, Schauwecker, Franke,<sup>79</sup> etc. They miss the problems. And they won't see the essence: the tasks of the proletariat. Friction and settlement with Kaufmann. He is often a riddle to me. Could it be that he is full of envy of me? This evening to Hamborn. I shall address workers, which I like doing.



2nd July 1926  
 Spoke well in Hamborn. Our people love me. Work all day yesterday and today. Off to Weimar tonight. Kaufmann, Elbrechter, Koch and Lutze are coming with me. I am very much looking forward to it. Splendid summer weather. Benno did not arrive today. I don't know yet why. Yesterday I read in one go until late at night Prosper Merimée's *Colombe*. A brilliant book, well constructed, matter-of-fact and passionate. The description of blood feud in Corsica shows the true master story-teller. This afternoon still a great deal of work. Preparations for a whole month of *National Socialist Letters*. I want to have nothing to do for the whole holiday. Off, then, to Weimar. Yesterday I read my diary for the Weimar visit two years ago. What a road to the heights! In two years! My star was lucky.

6th July 1926

Weimar! One of the most important stages on our road. And an experience of indelible power. Saturday morning arrival. After long and jolly journey. In Weimar mad activity. To the Hotel Chemnitius. I sleep until noon! Lunch! Strasser is there! Rust and Dincklage come. Drove of our people in the streets. I must shake a thousand hands. Coffee! Palaver! In the Market Square! The Berliners are coming! They all like me. They wave and laugh. Fräulein von Behr: industrious, neat, modest. I am a little in love with her! Car! Hitler is coming. Tumult. The Berliners draw up in front of his hotel and sing. Moving: 'The day will come when Hitler will lead us from our misery!' Ride on the motor bike with Himmler. Back. In the Market Square natter with Bechstein. Toni [Sendler], the singer, with us. A charming woman. Kiss your hand. Suddenly Hitler crosses the square. Immediately I am being dragged along. He is very pleased that things are shaping so well. Out there with all the gentlemen. Snapshots taken from every direction. To the propaganda and organization committee. Hitler and Kerrl, of Peine, have a serious clash over the concept of property. Hitler is right in substance but wrong in his manner. Munder and I go out. He blames me. I was committed. What an ass. Good old daddy Gundlach sits there and does not know what it is all about. To the Berliners. Hitler speaks. Good as always. Out. To the Bavaria Hall. Pressing crowds. Adolf addresses his Bavarians. A wonderful people. Dinter and



Streicher waffle. Half an hour with Rust. Kerrl is wrong. Will be settled. To the hotel. Great activity there. Gau Ruhr having drinks. [Löb] speaks. Spitzkühler. At two am the lorries from Essen arrive. Two hundred men after a thirty-five-hour drive. Who would despair of the future! To bed! To bed! Next morning at nine! To the theatre. Our people everywhere. Man to man. Feder speaks. Two hours. The old yarn. To the trade union meeting. Mediocre. To the theatre. Committee reports. Rosenberg brilliant. Also Strasser. My report on propaganda. I am received with jubilation. My satire, *A Speaker is Coming*, creates no end of amusement. Hitler doubles up with laughter. Hitler speaks. On politics, the cause, organization. Deep and mystical. Almost like the Gospels. Shuddering we pass together with him along the edge of life's abyss. Everything is being said. I thank providence for having given us this man! Procession! Meeting it by car with Strasser. Unending rejoicing of packed crowds. The procession draws near. Joining its head. The entire leader corps, Hitler right in front. Right through Weimar. To the Market Square. Fifteen thousand storm troopers march past. The Third Reich is appearing. Full of faith. Germany is awakening! The Bavarians! The people from Upper Bavaria! Bavarian March. Strasser speaks: 'National Socialism is Dead!' Streicher speaks. And Dinter like a clown! A moving scene of fifteen thousand men, a forest of flags. Oath of loyalty to the Third Reich! Gradually the crowds disperse. To the students. I make a short speech about *Student and Worker*. Out! The Berliners get hold of me. Make no end of a fuss with me. In the evening to the hall. Strasser speaks. Somehow someone lifts me shoulder high and I am carried into the hall. Very embarrassing. Then I speak. I say everything in half an hour. Drive to the hotel. Long night of talk. Monday Strasser, Rust, etc. Talking all day. Shall I go to Berlin? In the afternoon at the billet of the Berliners and the people from Barmen. What splendid boys! Heated discussion in the evening with Rust and Kerrl. About the ultimate goal. Then homeward! In Elberfeld sleep, sleep! Tomorrow I am off to Augsburg. Friday speech in Augsburg. Saturday Munich. Students' League. Then holidays. Three weeks at Marquartstein. Perhaps Kaufmann, too, will be coming. Farewell, worries. *Dolce far niente*.



8th July 1926

This afternoon sleep in preparation. Night journey to Augsburg. Saturday Munich. Then to the mountains! Perhaps Kaufmann comes with me. How happy I am!

12th July 1926

As I write I am looking out of the window of a wonderful guest-house in Berchtesgaden. Looking to my right the giant Watzmann mountain threatens. As dusk falls white mist drops enchantingly on mountain and valley. I am finding myself again. Friday I was in Augsburg. After a few hours' sleep I toured the town with a splendid Bavarian. Superb old cathedral. Fugger House. Then speech. The hall full to bursting-point. I am rested and speak well. With a thundering success. Spent the evening with . . . On Saturday morning an old gentleman, Dr [Achenbach], calls; he is quite enthusiastic. On to Munich. . . . it so happens also in mountaineering outfit. Looks droll. He is delighted with . . . In the evening I address students. I try to say everything in an hour and a half. I succeed. They are electrified. The evening with Hess, Hoffmann<sup>80</sup> and Frau Dr Scheubner-Richter.<sup>81</sup> Serious discussion. Hess is quite enthusiastic. Hitler and he want to follow me to Berchtesgaden. Off on Sunday afternoon. Rain turns to sunshine. Grandiose mountain views; carriage packed. I look forward to the mountains. Reichenhall! On! Berchtesgaden! I stay at the Hotel Krone. In the evening I sit on the balcony and gaze full of wonder at the grey-green giants. It is so soothing. I sleep blissfully like a god. The Ache river murmurs in my dreams. Is it possible that for a change I can rest! Without worries! It is almost miraculous! Monday morning! I amble towards the mountains. The wonderful valley lies below me. Like a painting. Splendid mountain types . . . I . . . they ought to be National Socialists. Lunch and afternoon . . . play. Opposite me sits a very beautiful woman. I should like . . . Back for supper. Now I am waiting for a telegram saying that Karl Kaufmann is coming. Then we shall spend some wonderful, blissfully leisurely days together. And if the chief should come at the end of the week! I browse in books: Gmelin's *Temudchin, the Lord of the Earth*. A mild, sweet July evening beckons. Now I look for you, you beautiful dark lady!



15th July 1926

Kaufmann is not coming. He suddenly writes that he wants to go to Marquartstein. I can't quite understand that. So I shall now have to go to Marquartstein for a few days at the end of next week. What am I doing here?! Laze! Walk in the bright sunshine. In the public gardens. . . . Sleep, sleep! In a word: *dolce far niente*. Last night the farm boys danced the *Schuhplattler*. Splendid types. Tanned, bold, happy, erect; some signs of Italian-Roman blood. And how they dance! A pleasure to watch them. One can't see enough of it. One's heart goes out to them! The beautiful dark lady remains coy, and I am a stupid, obstinate ass. Running after her like a schoolboy. Eros knocks at the door as soon as I . . . stop. My usual life is really unnatural. Work, rush, hectic, no rest. I can now feel all that. My foot troubles me badly. I am conscious of it all the time, and that spoils my pleasure when I meet people. Strasser writes: he wants to come here for a few days. I always look forward to the concerts in the mornings and afternoons. The Watzmann mountain looks brilliant, clear and pure. Every morning it greets me radiantly through the window. Oh, you giant mountains! I feel thoroughly refreshed. Nature is so great! And we are so small! It is evening and I am tired from doing nothing! The Ache river murmurs. Eternally the same tune. My heart is heavy. I am in a sad way: when a new guest arrives I rejoice as though he were my closest friend; when he leaves it hurts as though he were my mother. And yet I have not spoken a word the whole day to anybody. I cannot talk to those philistines on holiday. Those old commonplaces are so revolting. And there is no time for anything else. One wants recreation. Well, then, find recreation you old, stupid goat. Go to bed! Eat a lot! Brr! Oh, you giant mountains! I am reading Gmelin's *Temudchin*. For the last two days I managed one page. Every woman rouses my blood. I run hither and thither like a hungry wolf. And yet I am shy like a child. Often I can hardly understand myself. I ought to get married and become a philistine! And then hang myself after a week!

18th July 1926

A radiant Sunday is drawing to a close. It's always Sunday here. Happiness turns one's head. How beautiful is this blessed corner of the globe. Every day is the same. I can't remember anything.



Blissfully forgetting and forgotten. Last night country dancing again. Then I went to bed early. At midnight a knock on the door: Maurice.<sup>82</sup> Jumped into my clothes. The chief has arrived! He has gone to bed, but I can see him next morning. A bottle of Malaga with Maurice and Hoffmann, the noble Bohemian. . . . Another knock at my door at seven-thirty this morning: Maurice. The chief wants me to drive with him to the Königssee. I am ready in no time. The car is waiting: Hitler, Hess, Maurice, Hoffmann, Fräulein [Proelss]. Aboard, and into this radiant Sunday morning. Brilliantly clear the Watzmann comes closer. Hitler talks and romanticizes. He is a dear and pure—a child. Then the car turns a corner and in front of us . . . is the brilliantly blue Königssee. The most beautiful corner of Germany I have yet seen. This is our Germany, our beautiful, beautiful Germany. The mist is still rising. We breakfast, and in half an hour the lake is clear. Out, out! Beautiful world, I want to embrace you. We sit for a long time in the painters' corner. Like a mirror the lake is there, blue and still, as though nature had breathed it there tenderly! I am happy indeed! Hoffmann murders the poetic mood, but you can't be angry with him. Back to Berchtesgaden. Hitler and the others go up to the Obersalzberg. They may look in again this evening. On Wednesday Hitler comes for a whole week, and then we shall spend a week together on the Obersalzberg. I look forward to it. This afternoon I hear a lovely Schubert and Strauss concert in the public gardens. . . . Like poetry. Schubert is really one of the best. The beautiful dark lady is angry with me. A pretty little woman from Saxony . . . quite in a trance, and beats the rhythm. Such is life: many blossoms, many thorns and—a dark grave. I feel well and melancholy at the same time. The July heat is oppressive. The birds sing in the trees and on the meadows. And Schubert's . . . weeps. . . . Poor little Saxon woman! Next to the cemetery is the Franciscan church. The gardens are in between. Schubert's sobbing melodies still fill the late afternoon. I stand at the grave of Dietrich Eckart.<sup>83</sup> A mound covered by geraniums and forget-me-nots. Below it a brave upright man rests . . . Eckart! Above, in the trees, the birds sing. At night the nightingale sings. And during the days the violins sob and people pass by laughing. And Dietrich Eckart sleeps!



20th July 1926

Going to bed last night I had a brilliant idea: on 16th August I shall go to Baltrum with Else. Alma and Willi Hess are also going. Today I immediately wrote the necessary letters. I hope all concerned will be as enthusiastic as I am. Pouring rain all day today. In such weather it is horrible being alone in such a god-forsaken place. No company, nowhere to sit and work, and out of doors nothing but rain. What can one do? One goes to bed and sleeps. But you cannot sleep for ever! I find loneliness hard to bear after having met so many people in the last few months. The transition was too sudden and abrupt. Now I have got used to it a little. In the course of time one develops a healthy contempt for the human race. After all, when all is said and done one is always alone. And it is perhaps for the best. Tomorrow the chief is coming. I am greatly looking forward to it. That will bring fresh life to the place. Then off to the mountains. And another week of *dolce far niente*.

21st July 1926

I am still waiting for the chief. Is he or is he not coming? The weather is horrible. Pouring with rain. I have given up hope. I am now thinking of leaving. Provisionally I write all the letters about arrival. Saturday I shall be off! Damned rain! The Watzmann is in mourning!

23rd July 1926

Last night a knock at my door. Maurice. Hurray! The chief has arrived. By car with Strasser. Rust is already on the Obersalzberg. The two others have left. Up. I spend the whole evening and much of the night with Maurice who tells stories of 9th November 1923. He is decent and disciplined. Next morning he teaches me to drive. I can soon do it, and with Maurice, my instructor, I race nearly as far as Salzburg. At noon farewell to Berchtesgaden. Martha, the kind waitress, is quite sad. Once again I pass the beautiful dark lady and in my heart bid her farewell. Love that did not reach her. Breath of a burning soul. Then we drive up to the Salzberg. Half-way there is a schemozzle, the horses shy. Axles and shaft break. A beautiful fair-haired woman cannot pass. I stand in front of the horses. How beautiful you are! She laughs and waves a long time. We write a note saying she should



give us a sign tomorrow. The coachman's boy runs after her to take it. Up there is the Hochlenzer restaurant. Up. Delicious view! As far as the Königssee. And everything bathed in sunshine. You beautiful, beautiful mountains! We lie in the burning sun in front of the Hochlenzer. I hear a deep, resonant voice: the chief. With Strasser and Rust. We meet like friends. Then he begins to talk. The social question: thoughts which he developed in Munich some time ago. But always new and compelling, illustrated with telling examples. Yes, you can serve under this man. The creator of the Third Reich. Slowly we go back. Late in the evening we arrive. It is good to be with friends and comrades. Rust talks until late at night. Still a bit like the bum-brusher of old, but otherwise a kind and clever man. He likes me! And now to bed! Surrounded by friends and pleasures! Bliss!

*24th July 1926*

In the morning to the Hochlenzer. The chief talks about race questions. It is impossible to reproduce what he said. It must be experienced. He is a genius. The natural, creative instrument of a fate determined by God. I am deeply moved. He is like a child: kind, good, merciful. Like a cat: cunning, clever, agile. Like a lion: roaring and great and gigantic. A fellow, a man. He talks about the state. In the afternoon about winning over the state and the political revolution. Thoughts which I may well have had, but never yet put into words. After supper we go on sitting in the garden of the naval hostel, and he goes on for a long time preaching about the new state and how we are going to fight for it. It sounds like prophecy. Up in the skies a white cloud takes on the shape of the swastika. There is a blinking light that cannot be a star. A sign of fate?! We go back late! The lights of Salzburg shine in the distance. I am indeed happy. This life is worth living. 'My head will not roll in the sand until I have completed my mission.' Those were his last words. That's what he is like! Indeed! I cannot go to sleep for a long time! The fair woman gave no sign!

*25th July 1926*

Sunday! We amble a short distance down the path, sit on a bench, and then he tells about 9th November. The Germanic tragedy. Ludendorff acted like a child. The chief is a cunning dog! What

followed must not be written about yet. The afternoon we spend in his room and have a natter. He spoils me like a child. The kind friend and master! Outside it is pouring. And Hitler talks! In the evening: he speaks about the country's future architecture and is nothing but an architect. And he fills in the picture by describing the new German constitution: and then he is the master of statecraft! Farewell, my Obersalzberg! These days have signposted my road! A star shines leading me from deep misery! I am his to the end. My last doubts have disappeared. Germany will live! *Heil Hitler!*

26th July 1926

We walk downhill. He walks with me alone. And he talks to me as a father talks to his son. About his war service at the front. And always sketching life with bold strokes. Life's master. Driving to the Königssee. Aboard a boat. Round trip. Quietly and silently through the mountains' spate of tears. We can see two, three, four chamois feeding up there. The report of a gun, a quadrupled echo. Drive back to Berchtesgaden. Packing the bags. Off! To Munich! Rust-Trotzky! Strasser and I double up with laughter. Arrival at Munich at seven. We all go to the Platzl and enjoy genuine unadulterated Bavarian popular humour. Weiss-Ferdl and Eringer are real artistes. Farewell from the chief. Thank you! Thank you!

28th July 1926

Strasser left for home yesterday. Letter from Else. Trip to the seaside no good. That's Else! Sometimes I cannot understand why she loves me. She is a little philistine! Tour of Munich with Rust. One morning with Dr Buchner,<sup>84</sup> of the *Beobachter*. A lucid and cultured mind. I am always glad to know that we have such men in our ranks. I stand in front of the Last Judgment in the Ludwig Church and am completely unmoved. In the Glyptothek museum one emotional experience follows the other.

29th July 1926

Rust left this afternoon. I am glad to be alone. I cannot be together with one person for any length of time. Marriage would be torment. Eros raises his voice!



*30th July 1926*  
 Kaufmann arrives from Marquartstein. In leather shorts like a Tyrolese lad. At noon to the chief. Serious conference. Pfeffer is to be Reich leader of storm troops. With Kaufmann to the Fürstenhof. We discuss the most important questions. He is a kind, poor fellow, a tool in the hands of those who surround him. Saying farewell to him makes me sad. He waves. Steinbinder conducts me round Munich. On my return Strasser has arrived. Supper at Fräulein [Proels's] with Hess and Strasser. Talk about women. I am the most radical. About the new type. Man as revolutionary. Ludendorff is no revolutionary. The new form of discipline and asceticism. Strasser can't follow. But he is a Bavarian. Fräulein [Proels] and Hess cotton on to everything. Back in pouring rain.

*31st July 1926, 1st August 1926*  
 By car to Augsburg. Hess, Maurice and Berthold<sup>85</sup> accompany the chief. In Augsburg as always enthusiasm. Three thousand hearken to my words. Hitler and I are smothered in flowers. Maurice drives me to the station. Hitler gives me a bunch of flowers to take away with me, red, red roses. Farewell from him. My heart aches. Through the night. Frankfurt. Höchst! A beautiful lady in the compartment. Soon talking to her. She is very chic and jolly. In Cologne we make a date for tomorrow morning. In Duisburg Else boards the train. What a joy! Am I a cannibal?! Else is blissful! Herne! Viktor at the station! By car to the square! Monster procession! Strasser and I lead. Two hours through the town in mad heat. Then march past. Dashing, with the band. The town is under the sign of the swastika. Big meeting in the evening. I speak and whip up. Return! Accompanied by unending jubilation. I cannot sleep. I look forward to you, beautiful. Tomorrow morning, God willing!

*3rd August 1926*  
 God did not will. I did not find the beautiful one. For two hours I combed Düsseldorf. No good. Missed? Forgotten? Back to Elberfeld. Hedwig gives me a great welcome. Mountains of mail. Worked until late in the evening. Then meeting. Three hundred communists. I speak for three hours. And win all along the line. That was a real victory. But I am tired as a beast of burden. This

morning with Schmitz. This afternoon negotiation with Terboven and Lutze. Tomorrow to Essen with Viktor and Paula Lutze. At the end of the week I shall be going home. It is midnight. Go to bed! Where are you, you beautiful, beautiful woman?!

*4th August 1926*

Letter from and to Strasser. Serious discussion of our relations. We shall settle matters in the end. This evening to Essen with Paula and Viktor Lutze. But first an article for the *National Socialist Letters*. Worked the whole afternoon.

*6th August 1926*

Two days in Essen with Paula and Viktor. Day before yesterday general meeting. The Essen storm troopers are decent chaps. Yesterday morning walk through the wonderful municipal park, in the afternoon drive through the beautiful Ruhr valley, then inspection of Hoffmann's exemplary business.<sup>86</sup> Josef Terboven is a clear-headed and energetic boy. You can work with him. I should like to have his like in all towns. Then I would have no fear for the future. I sometimes am a little in love with Paula Lutze. She can be so kind. Back early this morning. Desk piled with work. And off again immediately to Bochum.

*7th August 1926*

Big meeting in Bochum. I spoke well and there was far-reaching agreement. In the evening I was invited to the Leipert family, where I spent a few really restful and beautiful hours. Yesterday summer outing Elberfeld. Much noise and muddle. Beautiful women. Today, Sunday, I work so that I can have an undisturbed week at home beginning the day after tomorrow. I look forward especially to seeing little Elsbeth. Dear, sweet little children!

*9th August 1926*

Yesterday sent letter on basic principles to the New Nationalism people for the *Standarte*. We shall settle with them too. Today another article for Strasser's newspaper. Then home tomorrow. My happiness is not quite complete because Else will not be there. But even so it will be a wonderful rest. With Elsbeth and Benno! In the last analysis the dog is one's only friend!



11th August 1926

In Rheydt since yesterday evening. I get right into the biggest muck at home so that I would much rather leave again immediately. But I am sorry for mother. Not a word from Else. Reading: A. Dinter, *197 Theses*. More about that later. Strong contradictions between him and Klagges. Neither is a Luther. Many talks already with mother and Maria. And played with Elsbeth and Benno. I so like being at home. Nowhere else do I fall asleep so blissfully. Working on a comprehensive memorandum, *New Propaganda Methods*.

13th August 1926

Else invites me to her sister Lotte's wedding at Duisburg tomorrow. *Pecuniae causa* I shall probably not be able to go much as I would like to. Yesterday long talk with Fritz Prang. He is always the same. My memorandum, *New Propaganda Methods*, I dashed off in a jiffy. I believe I have said a few new things. Weather good. All day I romp with Benno and Elsbeth. This gives me no end of pleasure. The dog is kind and attached, and I shall probably take it back with me to Elberfeld next week. So that I should have a sympathizing soul around me. Elsbeth will be here any moment, and then Benno, Elsbeth and uncle Jojo will go for a walk in the park. Love of a child is one aspect of wanting to go on living. Children are our best friends. With them alone can one talk without constantly feeling that one is being deceived. Children are God's happy ideas.

14th August 1926

Romped and frolicked with Elsbeth and Benno all yesterday afternoon. Returning home we all looked like blacks. Little Elsbeth is a very dear child. I can't go to the wedding in Duisburg today. I am sorry for Else. I must get through quite a lot of letters today. Strasser wants more articles. I live like a lord: lazy and without worries. I miss a sweet woman. With her I would be short of nothing!

16th August 1926

All Saturday evening with Willy [Kärnerbeck] in the summer-house. A great deal to tell. Mother, father and Maria are very kind to me. I had a very bitter letter from Else in Duisburg yesterday;

she was very hurt that I stayed away from Lotte's wedding. I immediately went to the post office, sent a telegram and boarded the train for Duisburg. Else was at the station. The whole afternoon we sat in her parents'—now Lotte's—house, and Else was very good to me. In the afternoon Frau Perret came from Moers. A kind, plucky woman. Else had much to tell and chattered. She is a dear, poor little thing. Home late in the evening. Mother, Maria and Benno at the station. Today Else, Lotte, Lumpsack and Alma go off to Switzerland. For two weeks. It would be good if we could both go to Baltrum. I am sitting in the pleasant green summer-house working. I am all alone in the house. How well that makes you feel. Benno is my good friend. I have stopped smoking. Very good for me. Holidays! How beautiful!

17th August 1926

Johann [Schemmen] buried at Rheindahlen. His sisters are dissolved in tears at the graveside. In the afternoon they all go to the country fair at M.-Gladbach. *Requiescat in pace*. The owner of a big milk business, Pachnicke, lives in Rheydt. One of his employees leaves and asks for his papers. They are refused. His seventy-four-year-old father calls in person to collect them. Instead of giving him the papers Pachnicke pours a bottle of hydrochloric acid over his face. The man is taken to hospital seriously injured. P's reward for his heroic deed is five months and probation. The firm name of his business is *Caritas*, Christian love of your neighbour. The more I see of man the more I like my Benno.

18th August 1926

Lovely summer days in the green summer-house. I read, write and am idle. A real *dolce far niente*. Hans Odenhausen, of Rheindahlen, is here. A decent fellow. I suppose at heart he is a genuine National Socialist. Typical German worker. As I would have him.

19th August 1926

Went to Rheindahlen with Hans and Benno yesterday. Walk to the Broich wood. Called on Jakob Tönissen, Hans's colleague. What a fellow. Revolutionary to the core. I encouraged him. He is mine! We shall see him again at the barricades. A true saying: 'You are not National Socialists, you are national idealists!' It is



worth living to be able to build a new Germany with such men. Hans Odenhausen was also quite enthusiastic. We went to see a house—a cave—in the wood. There a man, his wife and ten children 'live'. The cave is dirty, stinking, full of muck and refuse. The council has more or less forbidden the family to mix with anyone. The clergyman takes no notice. Their misery is mute, borne patiently, and hopeless. Even Benno could not be calmed. He pressed, barked, beat about wildly and wanted to get out. The children, all in a row, stood on a bench, and their emaciated, putrifying faces laughed. I had nothing on me to give them. I left in deep sorrow. Outside woods, wide green woods. A manor. I take a deep breath. The birds sing. And above a very blue sky. Such is the world! We parted late! Tomorrow I am going back to Elberfeld. With Benno!

*20th August 1926*

Yesterday speech at M.-Gladbach. Good. Afterwards in Rheydt clash with a few Jew-boys. Tonight I speak at Düsseldorf. Then on to Elberfeld. Thank God!

*21st August 1926*

Back in Elberfeld. With Benno. Caused a lot of trouble on the journey. Last night I spoke in Düsseldorf, and the dog stood at the window pricking its ears. Today it is in the room lying on the carpet and is homesick. What good company such an animal can be! Lohse, of Altona, was here this morning. He reported all sorts of gossip, which was almost more than I could stand. I have a feeling that friend Gregor Strasser is very envious. That would be the limit. If we should fall out that would be the end. I am so depressed. It is pouring with rain. Now the people at home also mourn Benno's loss. After all, the family cares for me most. What have I lost—and what did I get in exchange?!

*23rd August 1926*

Nothing but rain all Saturday. I worked. Yesterday, Sunday, out with Benno. In the afternoon pleasant walk across the hills with the Schmitz family. Sunshine and gale. Today a great deal of work. Articles, *National Socialist Letters*, mountains of letters, etc. And I am not feeling at all well. Headache, nausea, etc. Regular work is starting soon again. Thank God.

25th August 1926

The latest story: in the eyes of the movement I have met my Damascus. I bowed to Hitler and Munich. The hawker of this story: the two Strassers. The originators: Elbrechter and Kaufmann. I have already called them to account. The first two in personal letters and the second group in an open letter. I shall teach that gang how to behave. Worked all day yesterday. Else writes asking for money. Wonderful summer weather today. Benno is under the bed sleeping. I too want to be lazy for a while. Hectic life begins again next month. Actually I look forward to it. I need struggle as a fish needs water.

27th August 1926

My new pamphlet, *The Right Answer*, is almost finished. It will be very good and even now gives me unbounded pleasure. Approach from party leadership: I am to be acting leader of the Gau Berlin for four months. I am thinking it over from every angle. This afternoon to Hattingen. In between visit Bochum to see Wagner, who has had a car accident. Much work and rush. Letter from Else. Otherwise nothing to report from the Paris front.

28th August 1926

Yesterday Hattingen. Spoke on a new subject. [Löbbert] took notes. Lecture will be published, entitled: *Germany—Colony or State!* Sent a semi-refusal to Munich regarding Berlin. I do not want to kneel in muck. The Hattingen people are good fellows. New local branch leader at work. Duty personified. Worked today on the new pamphlet. If the weather is fine tomorrow I shall again go to Hattingen and take a canoe with Stürtz. He is the best of the lot. The new type.

30th August 1926

Yesterday, Sunday, I was in Hattingen. Red Front Day in the town. Stürtz and I walked away from the town to the Ruhr. Then we took a canoe for two hours. I did not know that the Ruhr was so beautiful. Bright sunshine on the river, and the canoe glided gently through the water. The evening we spent on Blankenstein Castle. Back this morning. Today again bright sunshine, a God-made day. And I have so much work. Else writes. Perhaps she



will be here on Wednesday. Saturday-Sunday Bayreuth. I look forward to it.

*1st September 1926*

The dog days. I am drowsy and idle. Wrote to Else. She is to come today. But no reply yet. I wish she came! Bad pain in the back! I hope I shall not be ill? T.B. That would be horrible. I do a bit of work now and then. Last night I again enjoyed reading Raabe's *Horn of Wanza*! What a splendid fellow that Wilhelm Raabe is. You feel really at home with him. Otherwise sunshine, heat, Benno, *dolce far niente*.

*3rd September 1926*

At noon yesterday Else suddenly comes toddling along. I was very happy indeed. Rosy and tanned, she looked fresh and healthy. We spent a few hours together, beautiful but also full of sorrow. One has to bear one's cross. She left in the evening. I found parting hard. She is such a dear, gay child. Late last night meeting of the conspirators. A big thing is to be wangled. This morning a bit of work now and then. This afternoon I shall sleep. This evening leaving for Bayreuth. I shall be there until Tuesday. Tuesday evening I speak at Frankfurt-on-Main. Back again on Wednesday. I love travelling!

*8th September 1926*

Saturday at noon arrival Bayreuth. I am received with jubilation. A wonderful summer's day. The town is richly decorated. In the afternoon drive through the town. Then sleep. In the evening drive to the Tannenberg ceremony. Until late at night in the Eule with Beer, an opera singer (new party comrade), and Captain Ziegler. Then to bed. Sunday morning! The German Nationalists also meet at Bayreuth. . . . Class, the lawyer, speaks at Richard Wagner's grave. He is surrounded by twenty Teutons with long beards. It is shattering: so much understanding and so little being done. I then address our people at the dedication of colours. A little boy presents me with a huge bunch of roses. In the morning at Wahnfried with Beer. Then brief visit to the Festival Theatre. I like playing with the Wagner children. The eldest is the clever one. The elder girl is the alert one. And the two little ones are charming and sweet. One could fall in love with little Nuckel. In



the afternoon march past. Flowers are scattered and there are shouts of *Heil*. Then I frolic with the Wagner brats in the hay for an hour. Such dear gangsters. Then I feel embarrassed with the people. Then I drive out of the town with Beer. Over coffee we come to know each other properly. He is charming and flighty; I should be able to manage him. I speak in the evening. Overcrowded hall. They rave. Landrat von Hertzberg, of the Nationalist League, is enthusiastic. Another hour at the Eule. Then back to bed. At the Eule I made the acquaintance of Benedikt Lochmüller, the 'great' poet. Is anyone laughing! Monday! Dietrich and Schlemm. Dietrich is the limit. In the afternoon I go out with little Nuckel to give her an ice cream. Then to Nuremberg. Drive through Franconian Switzerland. Beer driving, then Ziegler . . . a garden of God. And . . . the sunshine. Joy and gaiety make us sing. Beautiful Switzerland. How lovely and soothing. Erlangen. Coffee at the best café that I have so far come across. Nuremberg! Popular festival! Usual kind of thing. Yesterday, Tuesday! Beer and Ziegler at the station. Race to Frankfurt. Bad news: the police has banned my meeting. The rogues. I speak only to members. Good! They understand me. The Frankfurt people are all right. Haselmeier not yet matured. But basically useful. Left at night. This morning back tired. Mountains of letters, newspapers and work. Much sleep and distaste. The sun beckons. The world is so glorious. I often miss a darling little German woman. I am a little in love with the Wagner baggage. Tonight theatre. *The Happy Vineyard*, a cultural play. With the most honourable intentions. I look forward to it!

10th September 1926

Stink-bombs were thrown. There was a panic. I was thrown out because of trespass. But it was no real success. Five women fainted. The play was lousy. And that sort of thing is honoured with the Kleist prize in Germany. 'Germany's Renewal'. Worked all day yesterday. I am reading Viktor Blüthgen's *Of the Ferment of Time*. Scene set in Elberfeld in 1848. Hence very interesting. Today article, etc. Much work. Tomorrow evening to Dresden. Freiberg, Meissen, Zwickau. Then for a few days to Saxonian Switzerland. The sun is as warm as in midsummer. I yearn for a little darling!



11th September 1926  
 Schemed with Viktor Lutze yesterday. I can manage him. Karl Kaufmann is not giving tongue. Queer bird! Changed plans today: instead of Saxonian Switzerland two days to Berlin and Potsdam. I have written to the Rehms and Fräulein von Behr. I look forward to it. Fräulein von Behr is a dear lass. Off, then, tonight.

17th September 1926  
 Off Saturday evening. Through the night. Arrival Freiberg Sunday noon. Sports competitions. A beautiful girl is there. Speech in the evening. Good. Then to Dresden. Long sleep. Tour of Dresden with Goss. Much gossip. Then to Zittau. Terrible journey. But at least decent fellows and a thundering meeting. I am in good form. The Sudeten Germans are there. Good. I spend much of the night with them. Tuesday Zittau and Meissen. Speech in Meissen. Difficult meeting. But I pound my way through. All finished. Wednesday morning to Berlin. On the journey I read Baron von Manteuffel's *Germany and the East*. Excellently written. Berlin. Reception by a body of the discontented. Stier also there. Miserable waffler. In the afternoon alone in a café. I cannot bear those querulous people. In the evening I receive Schlange and Schmiedecke.<sup>87</sup> Both want me to come. Shall I or shall I not? Sat a long time with friends in the Wilhelma café. Then we amble through the streets. Berlin at night. A cesspool of sin! And into that I am to throw myself? Yesterday to Strasser! No one in. Office. Gathering information. Afternoon Potsdam. Herr Rehm and Fräulein von Behr . . . such a charming creature. Potsdam! Frederick the Great, known as the Old Fritz. The town of soldiers. The palace. The canal. Barracks! Barracks! Barrack squares! 'Be always loyal and honest!' We amble along a wide avenue. I want to hold this graceful child's hand. We turn a corner. A jet of water. And behind steps and steps. Sanssouci. Thirty-eight summers the great king spent here. His dogs are buried here. That is his audience room, his bedroom, the round dining-room, the chair in which he died, the library, the music room, his flute, Voltaire's room. One is moved over and over again. Frederick, the Unique! We spend a long time in the park. The old mill beckons. 'Once upon a time there were still judges in Berlin!' This afternoon I



stood in front of his coffin. The colours of glorious guards regiments. Frederick is asleep. One of the greatest moments in my life. His greatest achievement: an artist by nature, he so disciplined himself that he became the servant of the state and fought a war for seven years. Frederick, the Unique. The King! At dusk we walk through Potsdam. Shopping. Back to the Rehms. This charming creature prepares supper. The sweet little darling! We talk until three am. Then she leaves. A very good night! Seven am. Into the train. Rehm comes with me as far as Hanover. Then on and on! Elberfeld. Fritz with letters. Wanted to go to Rheydt tomorrow. No good, Else away. What then? The clock strikes one. Go to bed, my lad! Letter from Karl Kaufmann. I can no longer understand this world!

*18th September 1926*

Tomorrow I am meeting Else in Cologne. We shall stay until Monday. Then I go to Stuttgart, Ulm and Tübingen. Back again on Thursday. Mountains of work today. Kaufmann is going to marry Dr Elbrechter's sister-in-law. Oh Karl! That will give the last push to your ideals. This mean world is really hard to bear. I am getting lonely!

*23rd September 1926*

Sunday. With Else in Cologne. Parted with a row. I am very angry. In the waiting room I meet a young fanatic from Remscheid. Germany will never perish! Journey to Stuttgart. Gundlach at the station. Diet deputy Schlumperger tells tales of woe. I go to bed early. At noon discussion with Munder. We have made it up again. There were unexpressed contradictions between us since Weimar. He enlightens me about Strasser. Strasser envies me beyond bounds. That explains his clumsy ill-considered action against me. I shall remain decent to the end even if it should kill me. Speech in Stuttgart on Monday evening. Good. Munder absolutely enchanted. On Tuesday in the café with Munder and Dr Geiger and then through Stuttgart in bright sunshine. Munder is becoming more and more explicit about Strasser. Now I know Gregor thoroughly. This cunning peasant. 'In the loud rush of our blood . . .' Good old Gregor! On Tuesday I speak in Ulm. Brilliant! Everyone swoons. Yesterday morning through Ulm with two young storm troop comrades.



Climbed the Minster tower. Marvellous view. What a splendid church. Far more refined than the Cathedral at Cologne! The German soul hewn in stone! Round the old city wall! Little Venice. Lovely vistas! Dull journey. Tübingen. Speech. Left this morning. Just arrived. Work again tomorrow! The treadmill of life!

*24th September 1926*

Maurice arrives from Munich. He tells me about his unhappy love. Decent fellow! Today police interrogation. Charge of breach of the peace. They will be astonished when I start talking. So far I have refused to make any statement. Tonight I speak in Elberfeld. That will be a resounding success! Home tomorrow. How happy I am!

*25th September 1926*

Yesterday evening Elberfeld. I spoke well and successfully. Off to Rheydt in a moment. Else wrote farewell letter. In God's name! Home!

*27th September 1926*

Home on Saturday. Elsbeth and Maria came to meet me. I am as happy as a child. Else comes in the evening. Curt and clipped. How that hurts. She leaves and will not return. Yesterday morning walk with Elsbeth. Run across Else. Curt and clipped. In the afternoon she puts in no appearance. I go home and sleep off my sorrow. Good! In the evening I am listless. Monday today! I sleep all day. I am stunned by pain. Finally Maria goes to fetch Else. And she comes. Her face swollen with tears. Then she comes to see me off. There is a gentle drizzle. We have to wait long for the train, which won't come. Autumn is upon us. The train roars in. A merciless voice calls: 'Is the luggage van ready?' A signal! The train moves out. Else turns round and weeps. Then I close the window. The rain drums on the carriage roof! I have taken leave of life! Heartbreak!

*28th September 1926*

I am dead and have long been buried. My heart is heavy. Tomorrow I go to Hanover and Brunswick. I am sick of it. So let's do some work. Work is the last consolation!

2nd October 1926

Left early on Wednesday. Rust at Hanover. At noon we sit together at the Land League. And have soon reached agreement again. Rust is a decent fellow! Elbrechter made mischief against me in the meanest fashion at Weimar. In the afternoon to Wolfenbüttel. Zuckelmann meets me at the station. A good lad. Gifted. Still learning. I speak well in the evening. Splendid storm troop. Thursday tour of Wolfenbüttel. Magnificent old palace. Lessing's town. Here he lived and wrote for three years. Big library. Wonderful hall. In the afternoon to Gebhard, the former leader of the Independent Socialists. Then Brunswick. I stay with Herr von Wedel-Parlow. Genuine old nobility. Seventy members of the family killed in the seven years' war. Von Wedel an old aristocrat. With a young heart. His wife full of spirit. Comes from Saxony. On Friday tour of the town with von Wedel. Henry the Lionhearted. Speech in the evening. Good. Everyone raving. Spent the evening with Rust, von Wedel and his wife. Back at night. Karl Kaufmann comes on Monday. This afternoon one Frau [Ahrmeier] came to see me. Damning evidence against Elbrechter. This cad must be rendered harmless. Tomorrow to Bochum with Victor Lutze. I am reading Hellmuth Franke, *We Blaze the Trail*.

4th October 1926

Yesterday at Bochum with Viktor. Good district meeting. I sadly said farewell to these splendid people. In the afternoon Blankenstein. In the evening Hattingen. Then back, very tired. This morning Karl Kaufmann returned. Tonight I shall have the decisive talk with him about Elbrechter. Have received damning evidence about Elbrechter. That is the end of the world. A criminal in the guise of an honest citizen. And good old Gregor Strasser has once again made a hell of a fool of himself. Benno was here. Dr [Bausch] brought papers. Off to Kaufmann in a moment. I can't do any work today.

5th October 1926

Decisive talk with Kaufmann yesterday. He despairs of Elbrechter. That is a good thing. He is quite broken. I do not like going away tomorrow. On a fortnight's tour. Leipzig, Dresden, Limbach, Berlin, Potsdam, Breslau, etc. I shall see many friends.



I look forward to seeing Strasser and Rosikat. More work today.  
Then on the way!

16th October 1926

Leipzig on Wednesday 6th. In the evening I speak to a full house. And make the acquaintance of a decent man: Studentkowski.<sup>88</sup> Dresden on Thursday 7th. Goss lectures me, enough to make me retch. I stay with Captain von Mücke.<sup>89</sup> The naval hero. A splendid fellow. We spend a pleasant afternoon together. I speak to a packed house. Enormous success. Next day to Limbach. Good old Reichenbach. Honest Juckeland. Saturday full of expectation to Berlin. Dr Strasser at the station. Elbrechter has lost the game. Drive to Potsdam along the Avus. Great day. Torchlight procession, welcome. I am being spoilt. A cad, name of Hauenstein,<sup>90</sup> lives in Berlin. I meet Josefine von Behr and am very happy. I think I like her. Next day (Sunday) big demonstration in real splendour. Gregor Strasser, Otto, Schweitzer<sup>91</sup> the cartoonist (a nice lad), Steiger,<sup>92</sup> who writes satires (a real Viennese). March past at the Brandenburg Gate. In the evening I speak at the Zeppelin Port. Huge hall full. And I speak. Then I spend the rest of the evening with friends. Monday afternoon I spend alone with Fräulein von Behr in garden and park of Sanssouci. It is autumn. The giant trees are tossed about by the high wind. Quiet my heart! . . . has intrigued. Stier makes me furious. Now . . . and to rule. Finished! In the afternoon . . . likes me. And I hear a lot there! With Elsbeth. . . . Supper together. With Schweitzer. . . . We sit up all night. My lady!? Two more hours, then . . . Otto Strasser and I become friends in these two hours! I sleep as far as Breslau. . . . Immediately sharp debates! Storm troopers at the station! I sleep for two hours. Then difficult . . . meeting. Until nearly one o'clock. But we win! I sleep until two o'clock next day. Rosikat is a real man. Look out for him! Off to Freiburg. I speak for three hours. Then to bed. Next day, yesterday (Friday), back to Berlin. Whole afternoon with Strasser. Good old Steiger there as well. He believes in me. In the evening at the Rehms. The von Behrs are there too. This picture of a pure maiden makes me very happy. This morning into the dismal train. For eight hours. Kaufmann at the station. It has all been confirmed. Elbrechter is a cad. Out! Piles of work. Schmitz and Hastedt have already given help.

My new *Naxisozi* is . . . And now to bed. Tomorrow country walk with Kaufmann and Benno! That is to be a . . . day full of music!

*18th October 1926*

Worked until late at night on Saturday. Yesterday, Sunday afternoon, with Paula Lutze . . . a charming woman. In the evening with Viktor Lutze. Settled nearly everything with Karl Kaufmann. On 1st November I really go to Berlin. . . . After all, Berlin is the centre. For us, too. A cosmopolitan town. In court this morning. Interrogation in the Salamander case. A farce! A great deal of work today. This evening to Hattingen . . . slaughter the Social Democrats!

*20th October 1926*

Routed the bosses in Hattingen on Monday. The pleasure of the chase.<sup>93</sup> Hard at work all day yesterday. Article: 'Middle Class and the Proletariat'. Just about to go to Hanover. Off in a moment. Today Hanover, free tomorrow, Brunswick day after tomorrow. A great deal of work. I sometimes think of Else!

*23rd October 1926*

Enormous meeting in Hanover on Wednesday. I said all there is to say. Rust was enchanted. I stayed . . . at Rust's house. A very kind family. His wife is quite charming. One could fall in love with her. And a charming little daughter called Mechtild. Compared with myself these people (Rosikat, Rust) are happy, having a house where they can flee when things get too mad outside. Said goodbye to Rust yesterday. During our nights many things have become clearer to us. He showed me beautiful Hanover, with the Leine, the old town and the high banks. Yesterday evening Brunswick. Big meeting, much applause. Spent the evening with the von Wedels. Kind people! Major . . ., two types. Back at night. The old story, sleep, and now a pile of work faces me.

*25th October 1926*

Yesterday Gau meeting in Bochum. I said goodbye. Now set sail for Berlin. This evening speech in Bochum. Probably a big battle. Tomorrow to Saxony, Zwickau, Plauen, Chemnitz. Things are



catastrophic there. Diet consists of a gang of cads. . . . Pouring with rain. Grey in grey! . . .

*26th October 1926*

Yesterday Bochum. I spoke to two thousand. Good. The end was . . . I stayed with the Leiperts. Very nice family. Daughter ugly, but a . . . In Director Arnold's car to Elberfeld. Back this morning. . . . Much work today. Off this evening. Tomorrow Zwickau, Thursday Plauen, Friday Chemnitz. And then home again. I shall be twenty-nine on Friday. 'Look out, be alert and gay!'

*30th October 1926*

. . . Zwickau. Himmler, gossip, slept. In the evening to a hall that was half full mediocre . . . Plauen. Letter from Hitler there, Berlin signed and sealed. Hurray! In a week from now to the Reich capital. Farewell Elberfeld! Yesterday Chemnitz! My birthday! Horrible! Be quiet! Remembering that past horrible evening in Chemnitz. This time all the more brilliant. Wierheim: gossip about the diet! Return journey today! Studentkowski at the station in Leipzig. Good lad! . . . full of flowers for the birthday. Not a word from Else . . . one day home. To say good-bye before Berlin. Life is so grey!

### NOTES TO THE DIARY

- (1) Dr Helmuth Elbrechter, dentist, a friend of Kaufmann's, who was active in the leadership of the Gau Rhineland-North.
- (2) Willi Hess, a Düsseldorf party member, an official in the Elberfeld Gau office.
- (3) The German Nationalist Freedom Party, which broke away from the German Nationals in 1922. From 1924, when, following the ban of the NSDAP, it sheltered some National Socialists, it was for a time known as the National Socialist Freedom Party. After Hitler's return from Landsberg in February 1925 Nationalists and National Socialists had again separated.

- (4) The French evacuated Düsseldorf only eleven days later, on 25th August 1925.
- (5) Hermann Esser, party card no 2. While Hitler was detained at Landsberg, Esser did not, like Gregor Strasser and others, link up with the Nationalists, but formed his own party, the Greater German People's Community, together with Julius Streicher and Artur Dinter. During the Third Reich Esser served, hardly noticed, as Under-Secretary for Tourism in Goebbels' Propaganda Ministry.
- (6) Viktor Lutze, Gau SA leader in the Ruhr District, subsequently Chief of Staff of the SA.
- (7) Heinrich Bauschen, leader of the party's Duisburg branch; he was murdered by political opponents in October 1928.
- (8) Dr Artur Dinter, anti-Semitic author who published *The Sin Against Blood*; Gau leader of Thuringia until 1927.
- (9) Probably the young hikers' league Adler und Falken, the latter comprising the 18 to 27 age group.
- (10) The first volume of *Mein Kampf* was published in July 1925.
- (11) Goebbels' sister, twelve years younger than himself, who later married Axel Kimmich, a film producer.
- (12) Dr Robert Ley, Gau leader of Rhineland South, subsequently head of the party organization and chief of the German Labour Front.
- (13) Dr Theodor Vahlen, Gau leader of Pomerania and professor at Greifswald University; dismissed from his Chair in 1927 because, when Rector of the University, he had removed the Reich flag from the university building. During the Third Reich head of the science department in the Ministry of Science, Education and Popular Culture and subsequently president of the Prussian Academy of Science.
- (14) Heinrich Lohse, Gau leader of Schleswig-Holstein, became Reich Commissar for Ostland in 1941.



- (15) Franz von Pfeffer, retired regular officer and one-time Free Corps commander, Gau leader of Westphalia. From 1926 to 1930 Supreme SA Leader.
- (16) Ludolf Haase, Gau leader of Hanover South.
- (17) Hermann Fobke, Haase's deputy.
- (18) Karl Dincklage, retired major, deputy Gau leader, died 1930.
- (19) Hans Hustert, one of the two men sentenced in 1922 by the State Court in Leipzig to ten years penal servitude for the attempted murder of Scheidemann.
- (20) Frontbann, substitute unit of the SA during the prohibition period.
- (21) Paul Schmitz, on the staff of Gau headquarters, Rhineland North.
- (22) Dr Heinrich Teipel, director of the Arnsberg abattoir and party district leader of Sauerland. Later member of the Reichstag and commissar for the Ukraine.
- (23) Goebbels' eldest brother; Hertha was probably his wife. In 1933 Hans Goebbels became managing director of the Fire and Life Insurance Institution of the Rhineland.
- (24) The Locarno agreements were initialled on that day.
- (25) Julius Streicher, Gau leader of Nuremberg, editor of *Der Stürmer*.
- (26) Reinhold Wulle, journalist, one of the founders of the German National Freedom Party, which some National Socialists had joined during Hitler's detention at Landsberg.
- (27) A pamphlet, *The Small National Socialist ABC*, then published by a Pomeranian publisher.
- (28) Bernhard Rust, schoolmaster in Hanover. Later Minister of Science, Education and Popular Culture.
- (29) Hans Kerrl, party district leader of Peine, later first Prussian Minister of Justice and subsequently Deputy President of the Reichstag and Reich Minister of Church Affairs.

- (30) Georg Ahlemann, retired lieutenant-colonel, joined National Socialists in 1925.
- (31) Leader of the Itzehoe branch.
- (32) Dietrich Klagges, schoolmaster, subsequently Premier of Brunswick.
- (33) Ludwig Knickmann, a Ruhr resistance fighter, shot by the Belgians at Sterkrade; on 15th November 1925 his body was brought to Buer, his home town.
- (34) Gottfried Feder, engineer, party dogmatist, left-wing. Author of *Brechung der Zinsknechtschaft* (abolition of capitalist servitude). During the Third Reich he was for a while Under-Secretary in the Ministry of Economics, then Professor at the Berlin Technical University. Died 1941.
- (35) Dr Wilhelm Frick. In 1923, while an officer in the Munich Police Presidium, helped the Hitler putsch. Thuringian Minister of the Interior 1930; Reich Minister of the Interior 1933 to 1943. Then Reich Protector in Prague.
- (36) Dr Ernst Schlange, civil servant; Goebbels' predecessor as Gau leader of Berlin.
- (37) Dr Otto Strasser, formerly Social Democrat. Worked with his brother from 1925 onwards for National Socialism in North Germany. Broke with Hitler in 1930 and formed extremist right-wing Black Front.
- (38) Rudolf Rehm, in the Third Reich head of the village community office of the Party Propaganda Head Office.
- (39) Count Ernst zu Reventlow, retired naval officer. Joined NSDAP in February 1927.
- (40) Albrecht von Graefe, farmer. Founder of German Nationalist Freedom Party.
- (41) The Bechsteins were the Berlin piano manufacturers. Frau Helene Bechstein was one of Hitler's earliest supporters.



- (42) A black mouse gnawing the roots of an oak was part of a Last Supper relief in St Mary's Church.
- (43) Albert Leo Schlageter. Sentenced to death for espionage and sabotage by French court martial in Ruhr District in 1923 and executed.
- (44) The SA was for a time organized in regiments and companies.
- (45) Josef Terboven, local branch and SA leader. Gau leader of Essen 1928. President of Rhine Province 1936, Reich Commissar for Occupied Norway 1940.
- (46) Goebbels' second brother.
- (47) Author of novels based on Germanic sagas.
- (48) Published under the title, *That's What He Looks Like! Thirty Republican Portraits*, part of a publication, *The Book of Isidore. Topics for Laughter and Hate*, jointly with Mjoelnir, the cartoonist.
- (49) *Bergisch-Märkische Zeitung*, Elberfeld.
- (50) In 1920 Kaufmann had fought in the Upper Silesian Self-Defence Corps.
- (51) Feder, then the economic expert of the movement, inveighed in lectures against the 'revaluation fraud'—in the previous summer the Revaluation Bills (following the inflation) had become law. But Goebbels spoke for those who had nothing that could be revalued (because they were penniless before all capital was destroyed in the inflation).
- (52) Josef Klant, cigar dealer, Gau leader of Hamburg, was superseded as such in the following autumn, and died a few months later.
- (53) Probably Hitler, 'Wolf' having been Hitler's pseudonym during the period of struggle. Hence Wolfsschanze and Werwolf, Hitler's headquarters during the second world war.
- (54) Walter Ernst, first Gau leader of Halle-Merseburg; expelled from the party in July 1926.

- (55) Dr Hans Severus Ziegler, editor of National Socialist publications. Deputy Gau leader of Thuringia since 1925.
- (56) Rudolf Buttman, librarian, from 1925 leader of the National Socialist Parliamentary Party in the Bavarian Diet.
- (57) Hitler's private secretary since the days of Landsberg.
- (58) Rudolf Jung, National Socialist deputy in the Czechoslovak Parliament.
- (59) Streicher had been a schoolmaster; he was dismissed for participation in the Hitler putsch.
- (60) Paul Hoffmann, a manufacturer in Essen, who later became economic adviser to the Gau.
- (61) Eugen Munder, Gau leader, of Württemberg.
- (62) Friedrich Gundlach, Gau treasurer.
- (63) Wrote the music for Dietrich Eckart's militant song, *Germany Awake*.
- (64) Fritz Kloppe, schoolmaster. On 11th January 1926, the day of the Ruhr District occupation, he founded *Der Werwolf*, a patriotic league which was incorporated in the SA in 1933.
- (65) Otto May, then party propaganda chief.
- (66) Ludwig Franz Gengler, editor of party news in *Völkische Beobachter*.
- (67) Franz Xaver Schwarz, party treasurer since 1925.
- (68) Bruno Heinemann, retired lieutenant-general, first chairman of the party's investigation and conciliation committee.
- (69) Philipp Bouhler, party manager; during the Third Reich chief of party chancellery.
- (70) *South Tyrol and the Problem of Germany's Allies*.



- (71) No 1 ss man, and Hitler's permanent driver; died as officer commanding an ss brigade in 1938.
- (72) Anton Goss, party leader of Dresden—East Saxony.
- (73) Title of a film made in 1925.
- (74) Lorenz Zahneisen, Bamberg district leader.
- (75) Hans Schlemm, founder of National Socialist Teachers' League. Bavarian Minister of Culture, 1933.
- (76) Helmuth Brückner, Gau leader of Silesia.
- (77) Leader of Breslau party branch.
- (78) *Gesundheitspflege, Soziale Fürsorge und Leibesübungen*: health, social work and physical training.
- (79) Ernst and Friedrich Georg Jünger, Franz Schauwecker, Helmut Franke, authors influenced by their wartime experiences.
- (80) Heinrich Hoffmann, subsequently Hitler's photographer.
- (81) Widow of Dr Max Erwin von Scheubner-Richter, who was killed during the putsch at Munich.
- (82) Emil Maurice, watchmaker, co-founder of SA, at the time a member of Hitler's bodyguard and his driver.
- (83) Nationalist poet, died in 1923, and venerated as one of the trail-blazers of the Third Reich.
- (84) *Völkische Beobachter* economic and social editor.
- (85) Reich leader of the ss. During the Third Reich deputy editor of *Völkische Beobachter*.
- (86) Paul Hoffmann's Essen factory which made rubber and asbestos products.
- (87) Erich Schmiedecke, acting Gau leader of Berlin after Schlange had been sent on leave.

- (88) Leipzig University student and founder of the local branch of the National Socialist Students' League. During the Third Reich head of the universities department in the Saxony Education Ministry and manager of the party propaganda headquarters.
- (89) Helmuth von Mücke, retired naval lieutenant-commander, first officer of the cruiser *Emden*. Emigrated during the Third Reich.
- (90) Heinz Oskar Hauenstein, Goebbels' rival for the post of Berlin Gau leader.
- (91) Hans Schweitzer, pseudonym Mjoelnir, see note 48.
- (92) Hans Steiger, an editor on the *Berliner Lokalanzeiger*.
- (93) A meeting of the Social Democrats was broken up after the SA, led by Kaufmann and Goebbels, had occupied two-thirds of the seats long before the meeting began.





# APPENDIX

## Document No 1

Department I A  
External Service  
VII Office

Berlin, 26th August 1926

### POSTSCRIPT TO SITUATION REPORT OF THE NSDAP CONCERNING Spezialia 248

As mentioned in the last situation report of the NSDAP, Gau Greater Berlin, a crisis has broken out in this Gau concerning the Gau leader post; to settle the crisis a confidential meeting of officers was convened in the Haberlandt Hall for 8 pm on 25th August. All political district leaders, speakers, SA and local branch leaders—a hundred and twenty in all—were invited. The following is a confidential report of the meeting:

Opening the meeting, Schmiedecke stated that the party leadership in Munich had authorized him to take whatever action he considered necessary to restore orderly conditions. Even at this stage the Gau leader was interrupted by noise and interruptions coming from the majority of those present. Wild disorder broke out when the leader of the Sports Association Berlin (Daluege) informed the meeting that three proceedings before the court of honour had been initiated against Schmiedecke and Schlange. They are charged with having received instructions from a group of persons not belonging to the movement with a view to breaking up the party in Berlin. Both men are also charged with other dishonourable conduct in the Gau leadership—Schlange, for example, with 'attempted false declarations in lieu of statements under oath'. Daluege called on Schmiedecke to resign forthwith. Schmiedecke resisted and tried, despite constant noisy interruptions, to make himself heard. He asked those who were unwilling to obey his orders to leave the hall. Thereupon Hagemann, the president of the court of honour, informed the meeting that he knew of the charges against Schlange and Schmiedecke,



mentioned by Daluege, and that the investigation was in progress. Hagemann moved that Schmiedecke should resign of his own accord, and that while proceedings were pending a committee should be appointed to conduct the business of the Gau. Schmiedecke did not accept this either, whereupon Wolter, the leader of the Berlin *Schutzstaffel*, informed the meeting amidst strong applause that he had telephoned the central office in Munich (Hitler and General Heinemann), and had been authorized to take whatever action he considered necessary to settle the conflict in Berlin. Thereupon Wolter took the chair, removed Schmiedecke from his post and asked Knodn to take charge of the Gau leadership. Wolter also asked those present who disagreed with this arrangement to leave the meeting. Schmiedecke, without saying a word, was the only one to leave.

Knodn accepted the acting Gau leadership and briefly reported about his and Gayer's talk with Hitler in Munich. He and Gayer had for several hours described the conditions in Berlin to Hitler, Heinemann and Strasser and asked Hitler urgently to help. Hitler had said that he could not judge the situation in Berlin from his office in Munich, and that it was for the Berlin leaders to remedy the situation. Once a settlement had been reached Hitler would himself come to Berlin or ask someone to report to him in Munich. Following contact with the proposed new Gau leader he would confirm the appointment. Knodn then requested all political, SA and district leaders to support him for the sake of the movement. Finally, the meeting appointed a committee to conduct the work in the Gau, on which Knodn, Daluege, Wolter and Korbe will serve. The next leadership meeting is to be held at the Haberlandt Hall at 8 pm on 1st September.

In view of his appointment to the committee Daluege resigned his office of leader of the Sports Association. Gayer is appointed his successor.

Yesterday's meeting ended at 10.30 pm.

A carbon copy of this report is added to the File Hitler (1451 I A. 7. 26).

RÜHL, *Assistant*

## Document No 2

NATIONAL SOCIALIST GERMAN WORKERS' PARTY  
GAU GREATER BERLIN

Office:

Potsdamer Strasse 109

Yard, right, ground floor

Telephone: Nollendorf 5588

Daybook No G. 140

Berlin, 16th October 1926

To Dr J. Goebbels,  
Elberfeld

Dear Dr Goebbels,

I should like to record the result of various talks we have had regarding the leadership of the Gau Berlin:

Early in June Party Comrade Dr Schlange placed his office as Gau leader at the disposal of our Führer, Adolf Hitler. Thereupon a meeting of the district leaders and speakers of the Gau Greater Berlin, with myself in the chair and in the presence of Party Comrade Gregor Strasser, unanimously expressed the desire that our Führer, Adolf Hitler, be requested to appoint you Gau leader for Greater Berlin.

Even then all Berlin Party comrades most urgently desired to have you as Gau leader.

Following the Reich Party Congress at Weimar this desire has become even more concrete, and during the fairly serious convulsions which the Gau experienced during the last few months, the cry to have you as Gau leader was repeated on all sides.

You yourself, during your few visits to Berlin, and especially during the Brandenburg Freedom Days in Potsdam, must have sensed the longing of all Berlin party comrades to have you here as their Gau leader.

This desire of all Berlin party comrades is founded on the firm belief that you alone could make the Berlin organization more secure and give the impetus for the movement's progress.

You can be absolutely certain that all party comrades are ready to make the strongest possible effort of cooperation and sacrifice.

Here in Berlin we have to fight the concentrated forces of all enemies of National Socialism, and our struggle is no easy one; for this very reason the Berlin party comrades feel that the movement's leader and representative here must be a commanding



personality, and all party comrades regard you as such a personality.

Since the party comrades here have the greatest confidence in you, you will be able to make demands on them in the struggle against elements which have infiltrated into our ranks, and which, for the sake of the whole movement, must be removed.

Personally, knowing the psychology of Berlin party comrades, I would add that in the event of your not taking over the leadership of the Gau on 1st November, disappointment would be so great and the faith in the NSDAP of most party comrades would be so shaken that Berlin would probably be lost to the movement in the foreseeable future.

As we have said, the financial basis required for your work in the Gau Greater Berlin from 1st November 1926 has been secured. It now depends entirely on your agreement whether Berlin is to become the strongest and best fighting unit of National Socialism. There can be no doubt that Berlin, with its five million inhabitants concentrated within comparatively narrow limits, offers the most favourable soil for the growth of our movement, and I personally am thoroughly convinced that you are the chosen leader for Berlin. I am telling you all this only because I am solely concerned for the growth of the movement, and for no other reason.

I would request you to let me have your final binding decision as soon as possible, and remain with best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

ERICH SCHMIEDECKE,  
*acting Gau leader*

### Document No 3

## NATIONAL SOCIALIST GERMAN WORKERS' PARTY GAU GREATER BERLIN

Office:

Potsdamer Strasse 109  
Yard, right, ground floor  
Telephone: Nollendorf 5588

Berlin, 28th October 1926

Dr Goebbels,  
Elberfeld

Dear Dr Goebbels,

Here is a brief report:

- (1) The campaign against you, which began during your last visit and which concerned your salary, had strengthened appreciably for a while, so that, after consulting with Dr. Strasser, party comrade Rehm and other reliable party comrades, I decided to announce at the last meeting of local group leaders that you would be paid not from Berlin, but from the Reich head office. Accordingly, out of the fund which you have demanded and which will certainly be provided, the Gau Greater Berlin would transfer the sum required for your salary first to Munich, from where the treasurer's department would re-transfer the salary to you.
- (2) I have expelled Herr Hauenstein from the party, following an assault on Dr Strasser. He has probably sent a complaint to Munich. Likewise expelled have been Rossteutscher and König because they assaulted party comrade Wehrmann.
- (3) I have dismissed Hagemann from the chairmanship of the investigation and arbitration committee. Instead Rehm, Wehrmann and Kern.
- (4) Dr Strasser has challenged Hagemann to a duel with pistols, but Hagemann has drawn back. Accordingly, proceedings for cowardice have been instituted against Hagemann.
- (5) The row in the Gau is growing, apparently set in motion by the other side to save what can be saved.

With best wishes, yours sincerely,

*Enc:* Cutting from *BAZ*.

ERICH SCHMIEDECKE

Document No 4

Berlin, 9th November 1926

CIRCULAR No 1  
OF THE  
GAU HEADQUARTERS BERLIN-BRANDENBURG  
OF THE NSDAP

*To all leaders of local groups and sections*



(1) *Taking over the Gau*

On this day I am taking over the leadership of the Gau Berlin-Brandenburg. The Gau Potsdam is hereby dissolved. The Gau Berlin-Brandenburg consists of Greater Berlin and the Brandenburg March except Anhalt-Dessau. The office of the Gau Berlin-Brandenburg is at Berlin W 35, Potsdamer Strasse 109, yard, on the right, ground floor. Telephone: Nollendorf 5588.

(2) *The office*

It will be our first task to obtain a new Gau office. The new office will cost money. Punctual payment of subscriptions is accordingly necessary.

The Gau office is a place of work of the Gau Berlin-Brandenburg; it must not be confused with a place to get warm or a waiting-room. Party comrades are admitted to the office only on party business.

The Gau leader is available by appointment during office hours. Appointments to spread gossip or for similar reasons are useless. The Gau leader is as a matter of principle available only on genuine business. Appointments with the Gau leader can be made on weekdays between 12 and 2 and also on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays from 5 to 6.30 pm. The office hours of the Sport Association Leader are on Tuesdays and Fridays from 6 to 7 pm.

The responsible manager of the Gau Berlin-Brandenburg is Party Comrade Franz Gutschmiedl.

Mail for the Gau is to be sent to the manager, Party Comrade Gutschmiedl, Berlin W 35, Potsdamer Strasse 109, yard on the right, ground floor; all the mail for the Sport Association to the Sport Association leader, Party Comrade Kurt Daluege, Berlin-Reinickendorf, Scharnweberstrasse 45.

(3) *Local groups, sections and districts*

The local groups and districts of the former Gau Greater Berlin are hereby dissolved as from today. The former Gau Greater Berlin shall in future be known as Local Group Greater Berlin. The former local groups and districts shall in future be known as Sections of the Local Group Greater Berlin.

Party Comrade Dr Goebbels becomes leader of the Local Group Greater Berlin. Section leaders will be appointed by Party Comrade Dr Goebbels. Local group leaders will for the time being continue in office as section leaders. Sections hitherto existing are

hereby dissolved; leaders of dissolved sections shall offer their services to the new section leaders.

(4) *SA and SS*

Party Comrade Daluege continues in office as SA leader. SA and SS are the power instruments with which political power is to be achieved. SA and SS may appear in public only with the Gau leader's agreement. Party Comrade Kurt Daluege is deputy Gau leader.

(5) *Meetings and debating evenings*

Meetings and debating evenings of the sections will continue, but at least once a fortnight. Speakers are to be requested at the Gau office. The debating evenings of former sections will be discontinued; accordingly, only the debating evenings of the former local groups, in future known as sections, will be held. As far as possible Party Comrade Dr Goebbels will visit each section in the course of this or next month.

(6) *School for speakers*

I have arranged a school for speakers for the Gau Berlin-Brandenburg on 16th November. All party comrades are entitled to attend. The school is intended for the training of party comrades in matters concerned with the programme and with speaking, and for discussions at this stage and for big meetings at a later stage.

Details will be announced in the next circular. Party comrades desirous of attending must apply in writing to the Gau office. They will then receive a special invitation for the first evening. I expressly draw attention to the need of applying forthwith.

(7) *The press*

For us in the Gau Berlin-Brandenburg the only newspapers allowed are: weekly, the *BAZ* or the *National Socialist*; daily, the *Völkische Beobachter*; bi-monthly, the *National Socialist Letters*; monthly, *Der Weltkampf*. I assume that subscription terms are known. Inquiries will be dealt with by the Gau office in writing.

(8) *Announcements in the press*

Notices of meetings and reports of meetings, intended for the press, are to be sent exclusively to the Gau office. From there they will be passed on to the press.



## Document No 5

Reichstag  
Member

Berlin, NW 7, 15th June 1927  
Telephone: Zentrum 9592-9600

Dear Herr Hess,

First, I would ask you to thank Herr Hitler very much for having kindly lent me his car. Thanks to the beautiful day the drive, quite apart from the practical transport aspect, was an exceptional delight.

Following a talk in the Osteria, where Herr Hitler insisted on the neutral character of the new newspaper [*Angriff*], I enclose two documents which are being sent to all groups throughout the Reich and which destroy the neutral character of the publication from the outset. In Berlin Dr Goebbels is regarded as Adolf Hitler's representative, and can hardly be the editor of a 'neutral' newspaper even though he describes himself as such.

So that worries should never end I have today received a report of a meeting of Berlin officials on Friday, 10th of this month; it sounds almost incredible, but is substantiated by two witnesses. At the meeting Dr Goebbels made unheard-of statements in an attack on me, charges including 'Jewish descent', 'dependence on big capitalists', etc. I shall see myself compelled to appeal to Herr Hitler either in a talk in the presence of the Berlin witnesses or by passing on the matter to the investigation and arbitration committee. Meanwhile, as appears from the enclosed copy, I have asked Dr Goebbels to accede to the request of several of those who were present, and to give me the opportunity to reply to the charges in the presence of the same audience which heard them. I shall report progress. It is of primary importance and as regards myself *suprema lex* that the movement must suffer no harm.

Greetings and handshake,

Yours sincerely,

GREGOR STRASSER

## Document No 6

Munich, 17th June 1927

On 17th June 1927 Herr Erich Koch, of 1 d, Diemelbecker Strasse, Elberfeld, assured Hitler solemnly and on his word of honour, in the presence of His Excellency Heinemann and Hess, as follows:

- (1) The article, entitled 'Consequences of Race Mixture', published in all newspapers of the Kampfverlag publishing house, was written by myself. In publishing this article I have not acted as a man of straw for anyone.
- (2) I got the idea for the article during a talk over a glass of beer with Party Comrade Kaufmann and Dr Otto Strasser, when matters discussed included the race question.
- (3) No one instructed me to write the article. Nor was the writing of the article discussed.
- (4) As long ago as 26th April 1927 I wrote to Dr Goebbels explaining in detail that the article was not directed against him.

Munich, 17th June 1927

ERICH KOCH

R. HESS

HEINEMANN,

*Chairman of the Investigation and Arbitration Committee*

## Document No 7

Reichstag  
MemberBerlin NW 7, 18th June 1927  
Telephone: Zentrum 9592-9600Herr Rudolf Hess,  
50, Schelling Strasse,  
Munich.

Dear Herr Hess,

I am sorry to have to make claims on your time and especially on the time of the chief.



I can no longer tolerate the worsening of relations between Dr Goebbels and myself, about which I reported in my last letter to you. On the other hand, the conflict must be settled, in other words, Dr Goebbels must be induced to desist from making statements to third parties, which are calculated to damage the honour of a party comrade. Yesterday I experienced a result of this incitement.

To serve the cause I held a meeting at Hasenheide, which was exceptionally well attended; my report was received with more than usual applause! No sooner had the chairman, Dr Frick, opened the discussion, than a young party comrade, whose name sounded something like Thiede, jumped on to the platform and handed to Dr Frick the following question:

'We know that Herr Strasser owns a prosperous chemist's shop in Landshut and also draws a salary as a Member of the Reichstag. We ask what he has so far done for the movement.' The reverse of the question note contained several similar questions. I was, however, unable to read them because Dürr, the Gau manager, snatched the note from Dr Frick's hand and tore it to pieces.—I am telling you this to illustrate the consequences of the incitement.

I have now summarized the charges made at the meeting on Friday, 10th June, which were reported to me by a member of the audience. When Holtz, the deputy Gau leader of Brandenburg, whom I had seen only once before, and Party Comrade Petrich called on me, prompted by the desire to be enlightened about the charges, some of them serious, I read the summary to them and asked them to confirm that it contained no more than what in fact had been said. Both confirmed by signing the summary that its contents, which I had obtained from a third party, were true throughout. I have meanwhile drafted a reply to the charges for Herr Hitler, and I have added one or two more points which I have to make against Dr Goebbels.

I suggest that the matter should be dealt with by either Herr Hitler or the investigation and arbitration committee in Munich hearing the witnesses concerned.

Another, possibly better, approach might be to instruct Dr Frick, an unbiased lawyer, to settle the matter. I have not the slightest desire for revenge against Dr Goebbels, but I must

demand that the untrue statements made to sixteen prominent Party comrades are somehow buried.

I would repeat that I am sorry to bother you with this beastly business, but it may well be best for Herr Hitler to find at the very outset a way that makes it impossible for this unsavoury affair to go any further.

With a *Hitler Heil*,

Yours sincerely,

GREGOR STRASSER

## Document No 8

### *Summary*

On Friday, 10th June, at 8 pm, a meeting of several Berlin NSDAP officials was held at the premises of the German Women's Order, Berlin, Steinmetz Strasse, to which Dr Goebbels had sent out urgent invitations on 9th June 1927.

The following were invited and present: (1) Dr Goebbels, Gau leader of Berlin; (2) Daluege, deputy Gau leader and SA Leader; (3) Holtz, deputy Gau leader and SA leader and chairman of the investigation and arbitration committee; (4) Rehm, treasurer of the Freedom League; (5) Schweitzer, no office; (6) Steiger, no office; (7) Dr Steintel, no office; (8) Körner, no office; (9) Wilke, Gau treasurer; (10) Dürr, Gau manager; (11) Assmann, SA manager; (12) Petrich, speaker; (13) Dr Lippert, no office; (14) Fräulein Zander, Chairman of the Women's Order; (15) Franke, SA sub-leader; (16) Schenker, no office.

Dr Goebbels opened the meeting with the announcement that its purpose was very unpleasant but very important, and that the matter was decisive for his remaining in Berlin. Although it was a personal matter, it also affected the Gau; he therefore demanded from those present a unanimous vote of confidence, just as he expected a declaration of confidence from Adolf Hitler. Otherwise he could not remain in Berlin for another hour.

He thereupon read out the article, 'Consequences of Race Mixture', in the *BAZ*, No 17, and remarked: Its author—Koch, of Elberfeld—was a minor railway official in his former Gau; Koch was not endowed with sufficient intellect to compose such an article. He (Dr G.) had therefore suspected from the very



beginning that the article had been inspired by the Kampfverlag. During a meeting in Essen at Hitler's initiative he had mentioned this suspicion to Hitler, who had made no bones about his sharp condemnation of the article. Having made the acquaintance of Herr Koch in Essen, Hitler, too, had said that he did not believe Koch could have written the article. Hitler had, however, said that no steps could be taken against the author, since he and the men behind him would plead the scholarly nature of the article. When subsequently the suspicion became known that Dr Strasser (together with Karl Kern and Captain Wehrmann) had written the article, Herr Koch, of Elberfeld, in a letter to him (Dr G.), and also Dr Strasser and Karl Kern and Captain Wehrmann, gave their word of honour that Koch was the author. The Kampfverlag had promised that it would officially repeat the assurance on its word of honour to Dr Goebbels, but no such letter had arrived to date. He (Dr G.) had attributed no further importance to the matter, but a new event, part two of the tragedy, had happened. He (Dr G.) had returned on Monday after Whitsun and had met Dr Steintel at the Bayernhof Hotel. Steintel had asked him about his relations with Party Comrade Kern, and he had replied: 'I don't trust him and have no close relations with him.' Thereupon Dr Steintel had given the following information: 'Some time ago he had been together with Kern and Wehrmann. On that occasion both had said that they intended to push Dr Goebbels out of Berlin. To this end an article had been planned which was to deal with the mixing of races and to attack Dr Goebbels on account of his club-foot. Of course, no such article could be written by anyone in Berlin, and so a prominent person in the Ruhr District had been found over whose name the article could be published.' He (Dr Steintel) had been horrified at this plan and not thought that sort of thing possible. But soon afterwards the article had in fact appeared in the *BAZ*.

That was Dr Steintel's report. Dr Goebbels continued: Imagine: at a time when the party here was banned and engaged in a very hard struggle, the Kampfverlag engaged in such a shocking campaign against him. The article in question was all the more monstrous as his club-foot was not congenital, but the result of an accident in his youth. Dr Goebbels said repeatedly that he was convinced that the Kampfverlag had inspired the article. Subsequently he used extremely virulent language



against Dr Strasser, who had formerly been editor of *Vorwärts* and was now using Marxist methods of combat in our movement. Articles, for example, in *Welt am Abend* and other Jewish newspapers about a discord between Hitler and Goebbels concerning the editorship of the new Gau newspaper contained so much detail that the material could have originated only from the Kampfverlag. Finally, Dr Goebbels declared that in this battle he required a unanimous vote of confidence, but that he did not want to influence the discussion by his presence and would leave the room, which he did. Then Dr Steintel spoke, and described in detail his meeting with Party Comrades Kern and Wehrmann, which Dr Goebbels had referred to. His indignation at the article was all the stronger as Dr Goebbels, when asked at the Bayernhof, had told him in so many words that his club-foot had resulted from an accident when he was a schoolboy of thirteen or fourteen, so that no adverse conclusion as regards the race could be drawn, which otherwise would be justified. A lengthy discussion followed. In its course Herr Daluege argued that this was a matter of greatest importance, for the Goebbels-Strasser conflict was in fact a Goebbels-Gregor Strasser conflict. Some time ago, during a talk which he then considered of no importance but which now made him think, Dr Strasser had spoken of the need for a reform of the party organization; Dr Goebbels was suitable for the post of propaganda chief, and his (Strasser's) brother for that of the Reich leader of the SA. He (Daluege) thought it regrettable that already posts were being distributed with a view to the time when Adolf Hitler would no longer be with us. Herr Daluege then proposed the following solution: Gregor Strasser should be induced to take his brother (Dr Strasser) away from here and to get him to resign from the party of his own accord. It was impossible to expel Dr Strasser, since in that event the entire Jewish press would have huge headlines about a row between Hitler and Strasser without distinguishing between Gregor Strasser and Dr Strasser. Incidentally, during the Hauenstein case some time ago he had not liked Gregor Strasser's conduct a bit because he had published such sharp statements against Hauenstein. At the same time, it could not be denied that anyone had the right to criticize the Gau leader.

During the discussion Party Comrade Holtz repeatedly demanded, though every time confronted by the protest of all the



others, that before a vote Gregor Strasser should be given the opportunity to answer the various accusations. Every time the meeting expressed disagreement, Fräulein Zander, in particular, declaring that acceptance of that proposal amounted to a retreat and would be offensive to Dr Goebbels. Party Comrade Daluege declared on this point that what was in issue at this stage was confidence in Dr Goebbels and not taking sides in the conflict between Strasser and Goebbels.

Subsequently Herr Schweitzer and Herr Steiger spoke. The first said that he had come to know Dr Strasser. From the beginning he had disliked Dr Strasser's sugary and excessively friendly manner, and he had been unable to get used to it for a long time. He then criticized Dr Strasser, and, quoting another party comrade, said that Dr Strasser had a shot of 'Jewish blood in his veins'. Visible evidence was his red crinkly hair, the hooked nose and his obese, fleshy face. He, too, expressed the opinion that Dr Strasser was the author of the article in question and condemned the conduct of the Kampfverlag.

Herr Steiger also spoke in the strongest terms about the Kampfverlag. He said in particular that in the early stages of his collaboration Herr Gregor Strasser had said that the newspaper was not a business conducted for gain but a business requiring subsidies. Once it could stand on its own feet he would give it to the party. When the newspaper had eight thousand five hundred subscribers his wife had calculated that it was breaking even, but the promised transfer to the party had not been effected. Now, with fifteen thousand subscribers, there was undoubtedly a big surplus. He was making this point especially because he was an unpaid contributor. It was also significant that Dr Strasser had once told him that Dr Goebbels received a salary for editing the *National Socialist Letters*, while Dr Goebbels had told him expressly that he had received not a penny for that work. But this newspaper business had another background as well: there are connexions between Dr Strasser, via the *Ring* people (Gleichen Circle), to one vom Bruck, a Rhenish industrialist who had given four thousand marks to the paper. In this way there was a direct connexion between the Kampfverlag and the Scherl publishing house and the German National Party.

The tenor of the discussions was that the Kampfverlag was dependent on industry, that Dr Strasser was the representative of



the German Nationals and that he wanted to steer the newspaper into their waters. Herr Steiger then reported that the Kampfverlag campaign against Dr Goebbels was of long standing. Even when Dr Goebbels had come to Berlin Dr Strasser had told him (Steiger) always to keep an eye on Goebbels. He did not substantiate these charges.

After yet another move by Holtz to give Strasser a hearing had been rejected without a vote, Herr Wilke declared that confidence in Goebbels (without a vote being taken) was a fact; he requested that this discussion should be kept strictly confidential.

The meeting then dissolved into a number of dialogues, whereby Herr Daluege, in answer to a question what the attitude of party comrades should be to the new newspaper, *Der Angriff*, declared that party newspapers were in the first place the *Völkische Beobachter* as the central organ and *Der Angriff* as the organ of the Gau. Those who could afford to do so might also take in the *BAZ*.

I confirm that the above report is correct in every respect.

E. HOLTZ

G. W. PETRICH

Charlottenburg, 16th June 1927

## Document No 9

### SUMMARY OF CHARGES MADE AT THE MEETING OF OFFICIALS ON FRIDAY, 10TH JUNE 1927 AND REPLIES

*I Charges made by  
Dr Goebbels*

*Replies*

(1) The article, 'Consequences of Race Mixture', was inspired by the Kampfverlag and written not by Koch, Elberfeld, but by Party Comrades Dr Strasser, Kern and Wehrmann.

(1) This allegation has been proved untrue. The author is Koch, Elberfeld. See: (a) Koch's statement to Dr Goebbels of 26th April 1927; (b) Koch's letter to Dr Goebbels of 13th June 1927; (c) Koch's letter to the Kampfverlag of 13th June



1927; (d) Kern's letter to Dr Steintel of 11th June 1927. Not even Dr Goebbels has produced a shred of evidence that the article was inspired.

(2) Party Comrades Kern and Wehrmann had given Dr Goebbels their word of honour that they had not written the article, so that they were guilty of breaking their word of honour.

(2) The three gentlemen are ready to give their word of honour to Herr Hitler. Apart from this it is a fact that Dr Goebbels' statement can be proved untrue: (a) Dr Strasser never spoke to Dr Goebbels about the article, so that he was never in a position to give his word of honour. Dr Strasser has spoken about the article only with Herr Hitler in Berlin, and Gregor Strasser also only with Herr Hitler in Essen; (b) it is true that Party Comrade Kern did speak about the article to Dr Goebbels, but the question whether he had written the article was never discussed, so that no word of honour could be alleged; (c) as under (a).

(3) Dr Strasser was at one time an editor of *Vorwärts* and now uses the Marxist fighting methods in our movement.

(3) This statement is a lie from beginning to end. Dr Strasser never was an editor of *Vorwärts* or of any other socialist paper, or indeed on a Centre Party newspaper, but while a student he earned his living as a parliamentary reporter for a private news agency, which, it is true, included Marxist newspapers among its subscribers.

(4) The Kampfverlag has for a long time waged a campaign against Dr Goebbels.

(4) This charge is untrue. See the express grateful recognition by the Gau Berlin of the Kampfverlag and of Dr Strasser himself, contained in a letter from Dr. Goebbels dated 8th February 1927.

(5) The reports in *Welt am Abend* and other Jewish newspapers about the alleged discord between Goebbels and Hitler concerning the editorship of the new Gau newspaper had given so much detail that they could only have originated from the Kampfverlag.

(5) This allegation, for which Dr Goebbels was unable to produce a shred of evidence, is so insolent that it must be rejected with contempt. Moreover, this report was the first the Kampfverlag heard of the name and the details of Goebbels' newspaper.

## II Charges made by Daluege

(6) This conflict was in reality a battle for power between Gregor Strasser and Goebbels concerning leader posts in the event of Herr Hitler's demise.

(6) That this charge is nonsense is apparent even from Daluege's report about his talk with Dr Strasser, which shows that what was discussed was only a change in the appointments to the propaganda department and the SA leadership. This very conversation is the best proof of Dr Strasser's loyalty to Dr Goebbels, whom Dr Strasser considered able and therefore suitable for the propaganda department. Possibly Daluege's mistake derives from a meeting of Daluege, Gregor Strasser and Dr Strasser, when, recalling several hours on 1st May and 9th November 1923, Gregor Strasser said half-jokingly: 'I



have always wanted to be storm troop leader of the movement; I am not as suited for the propaganda department as, for example, Dr Goebbels.'

III *Charges made by Schweitzer*

(7) Dr Strasser has Jewish blood in his veins.

(7) This is simply nonsense. Family documents show that the Strasser family is of purely Aryan origin. Moreover, both Strasser brothers fought at the front and in the Free Corps from 1914 to 1919, which was not the case either with Dr Goebbels or with Herr Schweitzer. Incidentally, the charge of Jewish origin is a cheap and mean defamation of men in the nationalist movement.

IV *Charges made by Steiger*

(8) Gregor Strasser has broken his promise to present to the Party the Kampfverlag newspapers as soon as it could stand on its own feet.

(8) Quite apart from the fact that to this day the Kampfverlag produces no surplus, this statement is quite incomprehensible since no such promise was made even in the course of an informal conversation.

(9) There can be no doubt that with its fifteen thousand readers the Kampfverlag now has a big surplus.

(9) This charge is a lie made for a transparent purpose. The readers of all Kampfverlag newspapers together have never yet reached the eight thousand mark. The present total, as certified by the Post Office, is 7,826. Herr Steiger himself has said that in these circumstances he just breaks even.

(10) Kampfverlag and Scherl Publishing House, ie the German National Party, are directly connected, the Kampfverlag being dependent on the latter.

(10) This is a stupid and untrue statement. There exists not the slightest connexion between the Kampfverlag and Scherl or the German National Party. Nor is it financially in the slightest dependent on any individual outside the party; Herr vom Bruck's loan when the Kampfverlag was founded was given to Gregor Strasser personally, who mortgaged his Landshut business as security and who personally pays the interest. Herr vom Bruck's name became known to Herr Steiger when the latter once asked Herr Gregor Strasser to intervene with Herr vom Bruck on behalf of Herr Steiger, who feared that he would be dismissed from the *Berliner Lokalanzeiger* because of his membership of the NSDAP and his contributions to the *BAZ*.

(11) Dr Strasser is the representative of the German nationals and is to steer the Kampfverlag newspapers into German Nationalist waters.

(11) This lie is so insolent that it must be rejected with contempt. But what is interesting is that while Dr Goebbels describes Dr Strasser as a crypto-Marxist, Herr Steiger describes him as a crypto-German National. Moreover, the attitude should be observed which corresponds with that of newspapers recognized by the party head office.

(12) Dr Strasser asked Herr Steiger to keep a constant watch on Dr Goebbels.

(12) This is a malicious distortion. When Dr Goebbels came to Berlin, Dr Strasser,



complying with repeated urgent requests, found accommodation for him; he did so with Frau Steiger, adding that in this way Dr Goebbels, a stranger to Berlin, would immediately be surrounded by a circle of intelligent and reliable political friends, and would enjoy a degree of care specially welcome in view of his physical weakness. It was the result of Dr Strasser's personal recommendation to Frau Steiger that the accommodation was let to Dr Goebbels on specially favourable terms.

(Signed) GREGOR STRASSER

### Document No 10

Charlottenburg, 17th June 1927  
21, Fritsche Strasse

Dear Herr Hitler,

The situation in Berlin has lately become such that I consider your immediate presence urgently necessary. Otherwise there is the danger of the movement in Berlin being destroyed. What has happened is the Strasser-Goebbels conflict. A decision must be made very soon.

Dr Goebbels has the merit of having got the very best out of the Berlin people; he has put the movement on the map; what is lacking, however, is consolidation and instruction on how to perform the intensive detailed work which is required especially at this juncture.

In the *BAZ* Strasser has given the movement in Berlin an effective organ. But the continued publication of the *BAZ* is jeopardized by the new weekly, *Der Angriff*. If this newspaper

could be published as a Sunday paper and remain wholly non-party it might well survive without endangering the *BAZ*. But since Dr Goebbels is the responsible editor, *Der Angriff* is clearly recognizable as a party paper. Moreover, since all party comrades in Berlin and Brandenburg, and indeed throughout the Reich, are being asked to buy *Der Angriff*, this paper competes with the *BAZ*. Probably many party comrades will take in the new paper and give up the *BAZ*. Presumably this will lead to the disappearance of the *BAZ*, a paper that has made its mark. And no one can be certain that the new paper will sell and establish itself.

But that is only one worry. There is a great deal besides on which I can only report orally. I would, therefore, request you, revered Herr Hitler, urgently to look into and settle the situation in Berlin.

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

E. HOLTZ

## Document No 11

### REPORT

(1) On 23rd April 1927 the newspapers of the Kampfverlag carried an article, entitled 'Consequences of Race Mixture', by Erich Koch.

Dr Goebbels has taken the view that the article referred to him and was inspired by the Kampfverlag. On the day of publication Dr Goebbels informed Herr Hitler, who promised to talk to the Strasser brothers. Nothing further happened, except that Party Comrade Erich Koch, of Elberfeld, in a letter to Dr Goebbels, dated 26th April 1927, gave the assurance that he had been the sole author of the article and that he had had no intention of referring to Dr Goebbels. The matter remained in abeyance until 4th June 1927, when Party Comrade Dr med. Steintel, of 37, Oranienburger Strasse, Berlin, N4, told Dr Goebbels that before the publication of the article he had heard from Dr med. Kern, of 61, Wex Strasse, Berlin-Schöneberg, and F. J. Wehrmann, of 31, Grossgörschen Strasse, Berlin, W57, that they had written the article with Dr Otto Strasser's approval, that it was pointedly directed against Dr Goebbels, and that they had found a man of straw, Party Comrade Erich Koch.



Dr. Steintel was ready to repeat his statement under oath.

On the other hand, Party Comrade Erich Koch declared, in his letter to Dr Goebbels of 26th April 1927 and in a minuted interrogation by Herr Hitler on 17th June 1927, that he was the sole author of the article, that he had not been influenced by any third party, and that he had not had Dr Goebbels in mind. Again, in a letter to Dr Steintel of 11th June 1927, Dr Kern protested against Dr Steintel's distortion of their conversation and demanded a correction.

Before a final attitude can be adopted it would be necessary:

- (a) to have Dr Steintel's statement in writing, and
- (b) to have a written statement by Party Comrade Wehrmann.

Then the declaration desired by Dr Goebbels would have to be immediately published in the *Völkische Beobachter*, denying in an unmistakable manner the lies published in the opposition press.

It is to be condemned that the conflict was publicly discussed by Dr Steintel at a meeting on the premises of the Women's Order.

(2) On 13th June 1927, Dr Kern complained to the investigation and arbitration committee about the reply of the Gau office Berlin of 11th June 1927 to his letter of 10th June 1927; he regards the reply as defamatory.

The complaint appears to be well founded, since no attempt was made to get to the bottom of the matter, but an opinion formed merely on the basis of Dr Steintel's statement.

Dr Goebbels is responsible for the defamatory reply which was made by Dürr on instructions from Dr Goebbels. No final judgment is possible until the steps indicated under (1), *supra*, have been taken.

(3) On 15th June 1927 Gregor Strasser complained that at a meeting of officials on 10th June 1927, Dr Goebbels had made infamous statements about him: Jewish origin, dependent on big capitalists, etc. Two witnesses would confirm this.

Meanwhile, on 12th June 1927, Strasser wrote to Dr Goebbels requesting that the meeting be re-convened so that he and his brother could be given a hearing.

In his letter to Strasser of 15th June 1927, Dr Goebbels denied the alleged attacks.

On 20th and 21st June 1927, talk Dr Goebbels, Chief, Hess, Heinemann.

- (1) Hitler closes the matter;
- (2) Publication in *Völkische Beobachter* denying the allegations in Marxist papers.

On 20th and 21st June 1927 lengthy talks were held between Herr Hitler and Dr Goebbels. Heinemann and Hess were present.

Result on 21st June 1927:

- (1) Herr Hitler will personally settle the matter in Berlin in as wide as possible a circle of those concerned, so that all claims for satisfaction by individuals shall be disposed of.
- (2) Early statement by Hitler in the *Völkische Beobachter* denying the lies published in Marxist papers of a break between Hitler and Dr Goebbels.
- (3) The new newspaper, *Der Angriff*, will be taken over by the Eher Publishing House.

Munich, 21st June 1927  
HEINEMANN.

## Document No 12

(From *Völkische Beobachter*, of 25th June 1927)

### THE WISH IS FATHER TO THE THOUGHT

Recently *Berliner Tageblatt*, *Vossische Zeitung*, *Welt am Abend* and other 'German' papers saw fit to report a 'Fratricidal Strife in Hitler's House' and to speak of 'Enmity among Brothers'. They reported a 'Hitler-Goebbels rift' in the NSDAP, that I had given Dr Goebbels 'a thorough dressing-down', and that I had told a well-known leader of the national movement about 'my disagreement with Dr Goebbels' propaganda methods'.

I declare: All these allegations are inventions of the Jewish gutter press made for a readily recognizable purpose. Not the slightest change has occurred in my relations to Dr Goebbels. As always I have complete confidence in him.

ADOLF HITLER

*Adolf*





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