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## FÜHRER-III

**A**S ruler of a great European power, Herr Hitler is the oddest figure on the Continent today, but even as a humble individual, he would still be a curious character. With a limited mind, slight formal education, a remarkable memory for print, uncanny powers as an orator, and a face inappropriate to fame, in fifteen years he planned, maneuvered, and achieved an incredible career, which was personal to him and has now become intimate in the lives of sixty-five million German people. His brain is instinctive, not logical, and has a feminine quota which, as a man of action, he has mobilized. Lacking the cerebral faculty of creating new public ideologies, as a fanatic he has developed his unusual capacity for adapting those of others. Being self-taught, his mental processes are mysterious; he is missionary-minded; his thinking is emotional, his conclusions material. He has been studious with strange results: he says he regards liberalism as a form of tyranny, hatred and attack as part of man's civic virtues, and equality of men as immoral and against nature. Since he is a concentrated, introspective dogmatist, he is uninformed by exterior criticism. On the other hand, he is a natural and masterly advertiser, a phenomenal propagandist within his limits, the greatest mob orator in German annals, and one of the most inventive organizers in European history. He believes in intolerance as a pragmatic principle. He accepts violence as a detail of state, he says mercy is not his affair with men, yet he is kind to dumb animals. He becomes sick if he sees blood, yet he is unafraid of being killed or killing. He has mystical tendencies, no common sense, and a Wagnerian taste for heroics and death. He was born loaded with vanities and has developed megalomania as his final decoration. He is an unstereotyped statesman, a specialist in the unexpected; as a politician, he nullifies opposition by letting friends oppose each other and by suppressing enemies. As a bureaucrat, he dawdles for months over minor decisions, and overnight forces large issues; he dislikes paper reports and loves oral information. He is garrulous; in interviews, the interviewer often fails to get in a word edgewise. Momentarily in-

fluenced by colder, harder minds, he is ultimately convinced only by himself. His moods change often, his opinions never. Since the age of twenty, they have been mainly anti-Semitic, anti-Communist, anti-suffrage, and Pan-German. He has a fine library of six thousand volumes, yet he never reads; books would do him no good—his mind is made up. Alternately polarized by indolence and furious energy, he can outwork his colleagues in a crisis. He has the mediumistic time sense of the imminent which is special to dictators. His disordered nervous system gives him a psychic superiority over the healthy and plodding. By his intimates, his fits of weeping are undenied and unexplained, and give none of them an advantage over him. At such moments, the neurasthenia of the Führer, with tears on his cheeks, but life and death in his hands, is too serious to be trifled with.

**T**ODAY, music is the only medicine for Hitler's frayed nerves; it gives them their sole relaxation and gives him his greatest aesthetic pleasure. He has a passion for the piano, used to be inclined to beat time with his head at concerts, loves Schubert in song, Beethoven in symphonies, Wagner in opera. He also likes manly marches. For safety's sake, he is now accompanied everywhere he goes by his officers or secret-service men. Since he prefers to go alone to concerts, he therefore goes out increasingly rarely to good music. At the Munich Opera, the program, at his request, begs the audience to pay no attention to him if he is present. He has also had to give up his long, solitary walks, which were his only sport. (A dictator on foot is easily assassinated. It is now a penal offence to toss flowers in the Führer's path, for fear the bouquets may explode.) Like most Germans, Hitler loves the theatre. Since he came into power, his favorite plays have been the Lessing Theatre's long-run peasant comedy "Krach um Jolanthe" (Jolanthe being a sow), which he saw twice. His other favorite was "Tovaritch," which the censor had first forbidden, because it was by a Frenchman. When it finally was produced, Hitler went to see it, but asked the management to warn him five minutes before the final curtain so that



he and his row of secret police could sneak out privately in the dark. However, he became so enthusiastic over the plot, which concerned the superiority of White over Red Russians, that he finally stayed on to the end to applaud heartily.

Probably because he failed to become either painter or architect professionally, Hitler has since compensated by regarding himself as Germany's governmental art arbiter, with some, though not enough, reason. Certainly he has talked nonsense about art history. "There is no such thing as Chinese or Egyptian art," he said in one speech. "I've told you already that there exists no art except Nordic-Grecian." Yet despite the Vienna Art Academy's contempt, Hitler's early pencil drawings of cottages and trees are definitely gifted in the English album manner. As an amateur architectural draftsman, he supervised the plans for the Munich *Braune Haus*, or national Nazi headquarters. He also had an important finger in designing the new museums and government buildings now making Munich's charming old Pinakotheker Platz unrecognizable. Hitler's knowledge of German eighteenth-century romantic art is considerable. He appreciates good canvases. He recently gave Göbbels a canvas by Spitzweg, a period painter now becoming the vogue. For a wedding present for General Göring and Frau Emmy Sonnemann, Hitler ordered a copy painted of the Berlin Correggio called "Leda with the Swan." (He had first, for propriety's sake, ordered the marriage.) While he is con-



stantly giving presents to his friends, he himself has no acquisitive hobbies or collections. His only two volitional possessions are a couple of police dogs, whom he adores. He always remembers the birthdays of his early Party comrades with gifts of fine books or minor objects of art. He himself constantly receives amazing and difficult donations from his people: a flock of black ducks which he passed on to the Munich Zoo; a streamlined locomotive (he hates trains); forty-one airplanes for his forty-sixth birthday; part of the Guelph Treasure, valued at two and a half million dollars. He has just been presented with a fabulous thirteenth-century monastic manuscript, illustrating early Germanic scroll writing. Such things as this he gives to his pet Munich museums.

In redecorating the Berlin chancellery palace for his use, Hitler's artistic ameliorations consisted mostly of a few fairly modernistic rooms, plus some Nordic mythological tapestries for the Great Hall which depict Wotan Creating the World. Last spring, with more enthusiasm, he redid his small Munich flat in his favorite baroque blue, white, and gold, according to plans he made and was proud of. This bourgeois flat in the unfashionable end of Prinzregentenstrasse is part of Hitler's odd passion for privacy and is probably also a symbol of his municipal loyalty to Munich, the city where he made his start, and which he considers the gem, for art and architecture, of all Germany. Being ethnologically a South German, and hence anti-Prussian, he has never thought highly of Berlin. The Munich flat, which he uses as a *pied-à-terre* in his frequent Bavarian trips, of late years harbored his half-sister, Frau Angela Raubal, a plump, simple widow who, until her recent marriage to Professor Doctor Martin Hammizsch, ran Hitler's Haus Wachenfeld mountain cottage for him. This once bucolic peasant chalet, now suburbanized by garage, sun parlor, rock garden, lawn parasols, is a few miles' climb above Berchtesgaden, situated next to the highest

peak in the frontier mountains. From his German windows, down a long, low vista of green mountain meadows, hemmed in by gray, towering crags, Hitler can look over to the distant roofs of Salzburg and into that Austria he left and never loved.

What was once the peaceful hamlet behind his cottage is now a busy Nazi pilgrimage centre, with hawkers selling souvenir medals, beer mugs, and colored photos of *der Führer*. Beer is vended from what were once peasants' front porches, and milk is sold like holy water from the dairy that the Führer patronized when he was a poor political recluse. To control the motor traffic on the narrow hill road to his village, private cars are forbidden, and only local taxis and buses are allowed to pass, in thirty-minute one-way shifts, all going up on the hour or coming down on the half-hour. Since Hitler refuses to accept any salary from the government, his nonofficial homes, the Wachenfeld chalet and Munich flat, plus the brotherly subsidy he accords Frau Angela, and another he is reported to give to a reported full sister, Frau Paula Wolff, now in Vienna and formerly a stenographer, come out of his author's royalties from his printed speeches and "Mein Kampf." Hitler is supposed also to have a half-brother, Alois, whom he apparently doesn't keep, since Alois is alternately reported dead in Hamburg or else run-

ning an inn in Berlin. Frau Angela is the only relative whom Nazi publicity features.

IT is impossible to estimate what Hitler's German "Mein Kampf" royalties might be; in Germany, the book's first two-volume edition was reported as two million copies, a publishing record. By 1933, only seven hundred and fifty thousand copies had been sold. Thousands have been given away as propaganda to young bridal couples; two thousand copies alone are now on the German cruiser Karlsruhe to be presented to natives of the Canary Isles, China, and the U. S. A. during a round-the-world run. The English translation of "Mein Kampf," also reprinted in America, was made by Captain E. T. S. Dugdale, who is a great-nephew of Macaulay, the historian, and a cousin of Lord Balfour. This translation, with the German publisher's permission, condensed Hitler's rambling work so the book might be sold at a moderate price. On the American edition, Hitler gets the customary author's fifteen per cent; about seven thousand copies have been sold here, which is a respectable sale but no landslide. The English and American editions contain the major anti-Semitic and anti-French remarks. In the official French translation, the troubling comments anent "destroying the French hydra," and "We want to wipe out



"And this is Tom Weatherby, an old beau of your mother's. He never got to first base."





*"They're tied up some way with the coming revolution."*

France," have been deleted. They are, however, contained in an unauthorized verbatim translation, instigated by the late Maréchal Lyautey, who said it was "a book all Frenchmen ought to read." Not many Germans have read through "Mein Kampf" either; it runs to nearly a half-million words in its full form, and is a curious, earnest jumble of Danubian politics, dadaist art, racial theories, Germanic patriotism, Nazi ideals, random thoughts on the beauties of motherhood and autocracy, the shames of social diseases, suffrage, silly movies, Semitism, Bolshevism, selfish capitalism, and equally selfish proletarianism, all superimposed on some remarkably interesting politico-philosophical formulae. (Since Hitler became a god in 1934, and since hurried, official Party books about him agree in praise rather than in dates or detail, his "Mein

Kampf" is still the soundest pro-Hitler work to be found in Germany. The soundest anti-Hitler works, not to be found in Germany, are Konrad Heiden's remarkable "Geschichte des Nationalsozialismus" and "Geburt des dritten Reiches.")

Though Hitler takes the worst photographs in the world, there are seventy thousand of them, all different poses, in the Berlin files of *Reichsbild-berichterstatte* Heinrich Hoffmann, who is the official Nazi photographer. He and Hitler first met sixteen years ago, when Hoffmann was still anti-Nazi and—what was worse for a photographer—when Hitler still wisely refused to be photographed. It was Hoffmann's persuading Hitler of the propaganda value of the camera which led to Nazi Germany's using the lens more concentratedly and professionally than any other region on earth except

Hollywood. Weekly news photos over the years show that Hitler's face has changed, and from month to month is still changing. The first official portrait (1921) shows a lean, serious, intent visage with nothing funny, fat, or fatuous about it. It shows a portentous, determined mouth; a mustache, brief but without humor; hair without a forelock and neatly roached back in a straight browline. In the last year alone, Hitler has gained fifteen pounds, less publicly visible in the waist (since his uniforms now include a compassing jacket instead of the former revealing Nazi Brown Shirt) than in the face, where weight shows in ounces of pouches beneath eyes and mouth, caricaturing the facial construction. His receding hair he has, like many mistaken middle-aging men, brought forward in a wiglike wad which nearly conceals the left eye. In photographs, his gold tooth fortunately does not show. Because of the nervous lines now drawing down his upper lip, his mustache has lately taken on a Kaiserlike tilt. In real life, what is physically most noticeable

about Hitler, especially at a distance, is his hurried dogtrot and, close to, his quick, forced smile; both have that disjointed, rather comic quality seen in a film which is being run too fast. In repose, Hitler locks his hands low over his abdomen. His best likenesses are the unofficial snapshots taken by his Berchtesgaden mountaineer neighbors of him and their offspring. When he is alone and at ease with children, Hitler's face has the avuncular tenderness of the man who has not had babies of his own. After five minutes, little girls especially show a disposition, which petrifies their parents, to romp with the Führer.

Because of his passion for his chalet and for South German touring by automobile, a superb motor speedway, connecting Berchtesgaden with Munich, was constructed through the Alps to shorten by several hours the last lap of



the Führer's run from Berlin. Time is precious to Hitler; he travels by air and road, far and fast, and with fantastic endurance. For example, after a midnight torchlight parade in his honor, he once left a Westphalian *Arbeitsdienst* camp by motor at 2 A.M. en route for a flying field near Bonn, where he took plane for Munich, arriving at 4; by dawn he was setting out again by motor for Wiessee, close to the Austrian frontier, which he reached by breakfast. After an hour he motored back to Munich for lunch (which he couldn't eat), made a private speech, dictated a national broadcast statement, and flew to Berlin, arriving at 10 P.M. This, it is true, was not a usual but a special twenty-hour routine, being that of June 30th, 1934, or the day Captain Ernst Röhm, and seventy-odd other official traitors, were shot at Wiessee, Munich, or Berlin. Hitler's interest in flying has greatly encouraged German aeronautics. His favorite machines are a tri-motor Junker and a silver-and-black steel Immelmann, both monoplanes. He is as conversational about motors in general as an American boy, will explain how free-wheeling is wrong for small, and sensible for big, cars. Franconia is his favorite motoring province; he likes to stop at noon by the roadside, spread a robe on the meadow grass beneath trees, and have a picnic lunch.

ALMOST two years after having come to supreme power, the Führer is still the most protected man in Europe. His latest special Life Guard, or black-uniformed *Leibstandarte*, even wear his name embroidered in full in silver script on their cuffs. These guards, patterned on Frederick William's gigantic *lange Kerle*, are supposed to be six feet tall, and, as members of the aristocratic S. S. militia, must observe special oaths and conduct. Chosen socially and physically among the élite, they are to

found Germany's new racial, eugenic Nazi nobility; they cannot marry without permission or until both they and their fiancées, back to the fourth generation, are proved, on examination, to be both Nordic and fit for matrimony. All S. S. men are supposed "never to meddle," to "preserve an aristocratic silence" in public argument, to hold monthly meetings (in full uniform), when they may not smoke or leave the hall during speeches, and at closing they must sing their corps song, "Though All Should Prove Unfaithful," standing at attention during the last verse. They are also supposed to carry in their pocket, for propaganda distribution, three copies of the day's *Völkischer Beobachter* Party newspaper. They are to act as "the most model Nazi Party members that can be imagined." It isn't known how many of these models form Hitler's Life Guard, its strength never having been given out.

Since Hitler's coming to power, the phrase "*Heil Hitler!*," with the Rom-

an arm salute (originally a password among his militia), is now the social greeting *de rigueur* among Germany's civilians. It is officially called "the German greeting," in distinction to the old *Bürgerliche Gruss*, or bourgeois *Guten Tag*. In Bavaria, where the greeting used to be "*Grüss' Gott*," Hitler's name has been substituted for that of God. As most German aristocrats still click their heels, kiss the ladies' hands, and, if in uniform, add the old-fashioned military salute, these, plus the Nazi arm-flinging, make modern German salutations fairly acrobatic affairs. The latest civilian rulings are as follows: "Between people of the same station, it is correct to bend the right arm at the elbow to an upward angle so that the palm shows. Then say '*Heil Hitler!*' (or at least '*Heil!*'). To people distant in the street, lifting the hand is enough, though for personal greetings in a room, '*Heil Hitler!*' should definitely be added. Should you meet someone who through social or other circumstances



"Here's a natural, Manny! 'I Hope the Postman Always Rings Twice, If He Brings Me a Letter from You.'"



is not of your rank, then don't bend the right arm but stretch it out straight on a level with your eyes, at the same time saying 'Heil Hitler!' Always *heil* with the left arm if you are leading a lady with your right."

By Hitler's decree last summer, his swastika flag was declared to be Germany's sole official emblem (von Hindenburg had previously authorized its general use, except on barracks and boats). In "Mein Kampf," Hitler states that he chose the swastika as sign of Nazi's "struggle for the triumph of Aryanism." (Hitler doubtless copied his emblems from the *Hakenkreuz*, or swastika, on the coat-of-arms of Abbot von Hagen, which decorated the Lambach monastery, where, as a once good Catholic, young Hitler was a choir boy.) As for the design of his flag, Hitler states that "a dentist from Starnberg" suggested its white circle, to which Hitler, "after repeated experiments," added the background of red, "the color which most infuriates one's opponents." The proportions of Germany's flag today are based on Hitler's

measured designs of 1920. It was also as long ago as 1920 that he conceived the publicity value of those colorful decorations which have put Nazi Germany's mass meetings and parades into the front rank of European theatrical performances. Hitler's use of flags, banners, scarlet, gold, of music, of singing, and of marching, massed men, made last summer's Nürnberg Nazi Congress a week of unusual sights—especially to the two hundred foreigners he allowed, by special written invitation, to attend.

**B**ECAUSE of his incessant speech-making, last spring two nodules were cut from Hitler's vocal cords, an operation common to hard-worked opera singers. There is now talk that another operation is imminent. Ten years ago, when he was making eleven speeches nightly, when his goal was to talk in every German city, when he was orating daily for hours and without pause before hundreds of thousands, in wind, rain, or smoky beer halls, he was warned that his voice could not

last. It lasted long enough to talk his Party into power. Hitler is a born spellbinder of the emotional type, who produces in crowds the excitement he produces in himself. His oratorical powers were the bases of his career. From the first, Hitler was the kind of public speaker who, when heckled, could find an explanation quick as lightning and make it sound like thunder. He has always talked in prophecies and rhetorical numbers: "After fifteen years of filth and mire . . ." or "One thousand years from now, when the superior Nordic race . . ." He loves words like "destiny," "honor," "place in the sun," "pollution," "purity," "my comrades," "our enemies." Though he makes few gestures, his oratory used to wilt his collar, unglue his forelock, glaze his eyes; he was like a man hypnotized, repeating himself into a frenzy. Today, his goal gained, he is calmer on the speaker's tribune; his voice, restored by the operation from his former sinister screaming and croaking, is now a pleasant, barking baritone. His accent and vocabulary are still inelegant Austrian. Though his sentences are sometimes too involved to make grammatical sense, his meaning is always clear.

Public speaking is Hitler's real passion. As a little boy he made speeches to other little boys. The first time he addressed a crowd of two thousand, he says, he thought his heart would burst with joy. "I knew how to talk!" he later triumphantly wrote from prison, where, sure enough, his undeniable gifts for political oratory, plus other violences, had led him. Hitler has moved up to his present supreme power on words. Where most newcomer autocrats in history have rushed into rule by a *coup d'état*, Hitler rose slowly to Reichsführer by fifteen years of lecturing. "What I do and say are matters of history," he has stated. Actually, he and his Nazi Party mounted less on their actions, or even on the troubles of the country, than on his propaganda lungs. Success hasn't silenced him; he still addresses his millions. Anyone on the Continent with a radio can, if he chooses, often hear the bang of the Führer's favorite "Battle of Badenweiler March," which exclusively heralds his approach, hear the roaring "Heil Hitler!", and hear the master's voice. Adolf Hitler still talks more than any other man in Europe.

—JANET FLANNER

(This is the third of three articles on Adolf Hitler.)



"We had him just in time for the income-tax returns."