

Sidelights on Nazi Germany

THE following interesting sidelights have been written by a German refugee who recently arrived in South Africa.

IN 1932 an appeal was issued in Germany calling for subscriptions for the erection of a monument to the great poet, Heinrich Heine, at his birthplace, Düsseldorf. The document was signed by the greatest living German poets and authors, and contained, moreover, the following sentence: "We Germans take our stand as he (Heine) did—against the powers which hounded him down and which persecuted him, even in exile."

A year later these poets and authors, these men of strong character, acknowledged the dictatorship of Hitler, a dictatorship which is directed against the Jews, the pernicious influence of Jewish poets, and so against the influence of Heinrich Heine.

To-day, therefore, these signatories have adopted an entirely new "stand." Their preference for business reality has enable them to change their convictions with admirable rapidity. They are, indeed, German "Poets of Their Day."

Among other things, Heine wrote the words of the song, "The Lorelei," one of the country's most cherished lieder. The Germans, though they find no difficulty in denouncing the Jewish poet, are extremely reluctant to relinquish "The Lorelei." But "Nordic cunning" has discovered the path of compromise. "The Lorelei" appears in a song book of the Nazis. Beneath it is written, "The author of the words is unknown."

This is a nice point. Which is the more certain—that Heine wrote "The Lorelei" or that the Nazis have strayed from the path of truth?

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TO speak bluntly, Germans not only lie; they steal. Thus: A well-known Jew, Loeb, of New York, bequeathed a sum of money to the Bavarian city, Nurnau. Naturally the City Council, good Aryans, refused this tainted Jewish legacy. Shortly after, however, it happened that the Brown Shirts of Nurnau, stern guardians of morality, confiscated this money which had "been earned by a Jew in dishonest manner!"

Incidentally, there is a well-known German song whose first line runs: "Practise faithfulness and honesty always."

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THE inhabitants of the city of Bremen have a reputation for great intelligence. After all, did they not found one of the greatest mercantile ports? Dare we say, however, that on occasion their acts appear to belie their reputation?

In Bremen there occurred a performance of Handel's great oratorio, the "Makkabaer" (The Maccabees). Immediately the local papers protested that the "Maccabees" were not Jews; they were a separate nation battling for their liberty, as were the Germans.

Naturally, such a statement requires proof. But however difficult may be the acquisition of such proof, we may safely trust the Nazis. They will, with small effort, discover eye-witnesses. Did they not overcome even more insuperable obstacles during the Reichstag fire trial?

These same Bremen people naturally do not like the Jews; at the same time they have a penchant for German heroes. A short time ago they consecrated a commemoration tablet to the deceased trans-ocean flyer, Von Hunefeld.

Strangely enough, Von Hunefeld's mother did not attend this touching ceremony. The reason for her absence is explicable—she is a Jewess.

The Bremenites are truly unfortunate in their choice of Aryan demi-gods!

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YET who could condemn these simple, trusting people when even the august Herr Hitler has permitted himself to be deceived.

It appears that, in all good faith, he sent a telegram to the famous Swedish explorer and author, Sven Hedin, calling him a champion of the German race. Hedin, however, is extremely proud of his grandfather, who came from Berlin, but who was a Jew.

On the other hand, no one could accuse Herr Goebbels of inadvertent self-deception. He married a wife whose stepfather was a Jew. Mrs. Goebbels is herself proudly Aryan; but can the same be said of the fortune that she inherited from her shabby stepfather?

It is anticipated that Herr Goebbels will, with all possible rapidity, convert the tainted money into foreign currencies. This might remove the infection and prevent discovery.

For the rest—*non olet!*

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THE peculiar light of Herr Hitler would seem to dazzle in a peculiar manner. Gerhard Hauptmann, a very famous German author, has produced a book, "After Sunset," from which it appears that he has not been impervious to the rays of the German Phoebus. He has been appointed a troop leader, and has chosen a brown shirt as most becoming to his complexion. Logically, he has, of course, become an ardent anti-Semite. Yet in the past he always admitted that he owed his success to three Jews—to Otto Brahm, the author and dramatist; to Samuel Fischer, the publisher, and to Max Reinhardt, the stage manager.

Undoubtedly it must be the effect of Hitler's "rays" which has induced the peculiar *volte face*; or it may be an attack of amnesia which has erased from his mind all remembrance of his friendship for the Jew, Rathenau, after whose funeral he delivered an oration against the murderers.

Now that he has gained experience he may be induced to don his fine brown shirt and to wax eloquent before the monuments which, in honour of those same murderers, have throughout Germany replaced those erected to their victim. Rathenau placed post-war Germany among the ranks of the nations; but he was, most mistakenly, a Jew. The criminals who took his life were Aryans. Their monuments are, after all, a proclamation of the German spirit to the world.

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IT is perhaps excessively harsh to demand that a Nazi should love Justice. In any case, the demand would be made in vain.

Michael Angelo's "Moses" once stood before the County Court of Dortmund (the original is in St. Peter's, Rome). Michael Angelo was the greatest sculptor of all time, and his statue of Moses is considered one of his finest works. At the same time, the original was very much a Jew, and his commandments—*Thou shalt not kill; thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour*—are strongly repugnant to the staunch Nazi heart.

As a result, the *Dortmunder Generalanzeiger* has been able to state, with complacent satisfaction, that the monument has been removed, and that the pedestal alone remains.

A stone pile on which originally stood justice! This is the new symbol of the German courts of justice and of the new Germany.