

WORLD REVOLUTION—RED OR BROWN?

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AFTER months of untold bloodshed, the two world revolutionary movements are still locked in murderous battle. This, at least, is the way most people in the distant Western Hemisphere look at the fratricidal fight between Nazism and Communism. It is the popular, but perhaps the wrong, way of appraising the duel. Red and brown world revolutions are no longer similar. We do not like the paint of either. But in substance, Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia have developed in exactly opposite directions. Bolshevism began as an international revolution, and finally led to the re-establishment of Russian Imperialism, whereas Nazism started in the guise of a purely national German "reformation", but is now engulfing the entire world, enslaving all nations it can get hold of, poisoning every human being within its reach. Nazism, indeed, developed from its nationalistic German start into inciting an international civil war, and total revolution.

Lenin initiated Bolshevik rule as a world revolutionary plot. To him, Russia was only the dark room in which he, or his generation, could conduct the first experiments. But after Stalin had taken over, Communism narrowed its aim more and more to the final goal of building a powerful State. Stalin aimed at becoming the Red Tsar, not the redeemer of the proletariat on earth. Of course he kept the Comintern, the Communist International, going as a side line. But the Comintern were nothing more than a group of traitors to their own countries, agents of a foreign dictator, with the sole obligation of promoting the interests of the U.S.S.R. in their native or adopted lands. In the Moscow councils they gradually lost all influence. Especially their English and American branches were ridiculed and abused in the Kremlin as having made fools of themselves.

Trotsky cried out that Stalin was betraying the world revolution in order to protect his personal régime at home. Naturally Trotsky was right from his revolutionary point of view which Stalin, too, had professed throughout the years. But with truly Stalinist logic the red die-hard Trotsky was

exterminated as a "counter-revolutionary". So were almost all the old Bolsheviks.

The civilized world was horror-stricken by the ruthlessness and cruelty of those exterminations. It took most of us some time to understand that there was more behind Stalin's blood terror than his animal hatred against personal competitors. This personal motive can certainly not be excluded. Dictators, whatever so-called ideology they profess, and with whatever color they are tinged, have only one genuine ideology: to ensure their own jobs. Stalin's business was to entrench himself in the Kremlin. Hence the Kremlin had to be made impregnable. The whole force of some 180 million co-ordinated people was directed to this goal. Russia was allowed—nay, compelled—to go "patriotic" again. Patriotism was no longer dope for the masses, as Saint Karl Marx had proclaimed. Patriotism became a proletarian virtue. The people's imagination was kindled no longer by social reforms, but by Soviet-tanks, Soviet-bombers, Soviet-U-boats. Stalin's Russia went all the way back, to become once more an empire. Devotion to its defence, its armament, its military power soon overrode all social ambitions. The Comintern, I repeat, retained some of their old nuisance value. But the world revolution was shelved. Not for good, Stalin protested. Simply for a few generations. But it is doubtful whether the Red Tsar, or any dictator, cares very much about what may happen after him.

As a big and, in many ways, great State, the U.S.S.R. soon entered the playing field of power politics. It was Stalin's own field. Trotzky could never have led the way in this direction. To him, the entire capitalistic world was a hostile world, whereas Stalin made subtle differences, depending on the necessities of rapidly changing situations. His sudden switch to the Nazi-Fascist camp, expressed by the *Moscow Pact*, came as a mighty surprise to those who did not realize that a dictator cannot cling to any programme whatsoever. He is a prisoner of his own power, which he must retain at any price. Of course Stalin had his mental reservations, when he shook hands with Ribbentrop, enigmatically grinning into the cameras. Very likely he considered the German alliance as still-born from the first. But he had no proletarian scruples about allying himself with the devil, or, for that matter, with the champagne agent and the paper-hanger, as long as it served his purpose in power politics. Stalin wanted a breathing spell for Russia. Hitler wanted the same breathing spell on his eastern border for

Germany, to avoid a two-front-war, which had already haunted Bismarck's sleepless nights. Germany's Iron Chancellor called it the *cauchemar des coalitions*. The *Moscow Pact* was a marriage of convenience, and no love lost.

After the *Moscow Pact* the U.S.S.R. was no longer the fatherland of the proletariat, but a powerful single factor in world affairs, all the more powerful because no one could be quite sure in which direction this power would ultimately be brought into play. Soviet-Russia was the great X on the international scene. Thus she commanded an immense bargaining capacity. Both Hitler and Stalin, however, were aware that the Soviet still had many holes in her armor. To patch up these holes became not only Stalin's, but the Soviet people's overwhelming obsession. They remained non-belligerent allies of Nazism until a direct attack on the part of their allies forced them to hit back. They did not know the moment this attack would come, but they had good reasons to expect it at any moment. Every moment of their non-belligerency, their mock neutrality, was spent in feverish preparations for war.

History will decide whether or not the U.S.S.R. hit back too late. It is well known that the breathing spell was not wasted by Stalin. Even the sharing of the Polish spoils by Russia, her intrusion into Finland and Rumania, her annexation of the Baltic States, much as these acts disgusted the democratic world, seem vindicated under present conditions. Russia had to secure her border with buffer States, just as much as America must inevitably have her outlying bases across the seas, if we are not patiently to await the Nazi attack right in the harbors of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and the first aerial all-out-assault outright on America's life-line, the Panama Canal.

On the other hand it may be argued that the time Russia gained for preparation was more than offset by her loss of the opportunity of a two-front war against Germany. Stalin now knows better than any other man on earth what this loss means. If he had established the second front in September, 1939, as the world, until Stalin's precipitated *volte-face*, was led by Moscow to expect, he would not be in the tragic position in which he finds himself at present. If he had not "double-crossed" democracy in her crucial hour, he would not have to appeal for her help now; he would not have to ask for the bare impossibility of dispatching a British Expeditionary Force to the continent as long as Britain is manifestly not ready to do so. He would

this country, magnanimously letting bygones be bygones, grants Russia ungrudgingly at this moment at which fate has made our countries meet again. Philosophically-minded observers will recognize the inevitable justice of Greek tragedy in Stalin-Russia's peril, caused by her own deceit, caused by her own guilt.

But more important than philosophic observation at this moment, at which America faces a danger unprecedented in her entire history, is the object-lesson we have to learn from Stalin's shilly-shallying, wavering, speculating. He permitted Nazism to muster and control the resources, the productive capacity, the man power of almost the entire European continent. If we shilly-shally*, if we waver, if we continue speculating instead of acting, until the whole world is subjugated, we shall have the resources, the productive capacity, the man power not of the European continent alone, but of the whole non-American world, perhaps even including the enormous potential resources of Latin-America, against us. Let us not believe that time works for us. Time is a neutral, offering its advantages to him who makes the best use of time.

For two fatal years Stalin permitted the Nazi avalanche to roll on and on. In direct consequence, and in spite of the palliatives he could apply in the meantime, he is now out-produced, outgunned, and even outnumbered by the Germans and their satellites—outnumbered, since he can scarcely mobilize, train and equip Russia's inexhaustible man power anywhere nearly as fast as the German advance, cutting the most precious slices, the richest industrial and agricultural areas, out of Russia's system. If halfheartedness and indecision in America should allow, nay, court and invite a repetition of the Russian tragedy on a world-wide scale, the consequences would be unthinkable. The Kulis would be the cannon fodder in Hitler's war against us, the raw materials of four continents would feed his insatiable military machine, the shipyards at the seven seas would dwarf even America's splendid naval regeneration. One thing, however, remains true. Cannon fodder, raw material, the capacity to build mighty air and naval fleets are not all that counts, nor all that decides. We Christian people believe that the world is ruled by spirit. Unfortunately, I cannot well consider Mr. Stalin a convert to spiritual Christianity. Yet, as we review the splendid resistance the Russian people are putting up against overwhelming odds, we are forced, without over-optimism, to

The Russian resistance is not the resistance of the proletariat alone, and still less the resistance of the Communist party. It is the will to survive that unites countless millions, most of whom have grievously suffered under the Communistic system. Watch the Russian peasants whose land was socialised. They defend every village, armed or not, they burn their own houses and huts, they annihilate their own crops if and where the dire necessities of the scorched earth policy make it necessary. Watch, and admire, the attitude of the Russian Orthodox Church, or what is left of it. Not long ago subject to the most inhuman persecution, now she raises her hands in prayer for the one-time persecutors, who became, after all, Russian brothers.

The national feeling awoke in Russia. What is this national feeling? Not the greedy rapaciousness into which Hitler desecrates it, but the national consciousness of being indestructibly tied to one's own kind, to one's own soil, to one's own way in life. Mr. Stalin respects this national feeling among his people. At present you hear little about Communist theories in the Moscow broadcast. You hear the epic story of Russia's will to survive in such freedom as she can shape for herself.

So far, no Russian Quisling has raised his ugly head. Hitler keeps a large collection of them on the waiting list. They are still cooling their heels in Berlin. None dared to come back, not even in the wake of the conquering German army. The Russian people would tear them to pieces. Following, probably unconsciously, the glorious example England has set to all free nations in the world, the Russians, too, forget about differences of doctrine. Slowly, but surely, it seems, the obsolescent Communist doctrines are fading. It is surprising how rapidly these dogmata of internal strife and class warfare disappear in air raid shelters, along battle fronts, in houses whose cellars are loaded with dynamite to give the invader a hot reception.

Stalin, I repeat, does nothing, at least nothing visible or audible from the outside, to make the ideologic ghosts of his and Bolshevism's past come alive. He appears to his people as the defender of Russia, no longer as the rabble-rouser of the world. Is this attitude he assumes a blind? No one can pierce Stalin's forehead. Moreover, he has to atone for so many crimes committed against his own nation, and for so much double-crossing of foreign nations, that, great realist as he is, he should himself not expect to be exculpated or entirely trusted by the civilized world. But just because he is a great realist, an oppor-

of these times. Under the impact of a clash of unprecedented ferocity, the true, the eternal values have come to life again. It is a patriotic far more than a Communist resistance that Russia so valorously displays.

Stalin's long pursued policy of putting the might of Russia above the sinister dreams of world revolution has undoubtedly made this great Russian awakening easier, perhaps possible. If he stands for Russia now, he stands for a tortured land, desperately fighting for its survival, but a land which is a dam against the slime flood of Nazism, and which might again become, no longer blinded by Communism and partisan terror, a hope for the world of to-morrow. There is a good chance, if so far no certainty, to assume that, after victory in common, Russia will drop the world revolutionary pretences, and concentrate her labor on the gigantic task of her own reconstruction. We shall assiduously and anxiously keep Communism away from our doors. But if the Russian people mind their own business, and let us mind ours, they will be highly welcome members of the family of nations that is to be built after the war. We have reason to hope that the red world revolution has run its nefarious course.

In startling contrast to this decaying red world revolution, the brown revolution started disguised as a national movement, and became the most cunning, tricky assault not only on the organization of civilized mankind, but on the human organism itself, both spiritual and physical. If ever in history total revolution was attempted, it was the Nazi attempt to turn the children of God into cogs in the Führer's infernal machine.

The phenomenon of Nazism has been subject to so much talk, discussion and guess work that the average American should be heartily sick of hearing words like *master-race*, *living space*, *new order*. Let me point out that none of these expressions expresses Nazism or its aims. They are just Hitler's own slogans, and we are fooling ourselves, exactly as he wishes us to, in taking them seriously. Hitler has no programme, whatsoever. He has no philosophy, no convictions; he has nothing but foul, diseased instincts, and an abysmal hatred of a world in which he had to content himself with being a house-painter instead of being recognised as a painter. But he has a trick. Like all world shaking discoveries also, his is extremely simple. Hitler discovered that human nature is both (and both at once) good and bad.

The impulse to be bad is every fighting animal's biological

You need not even take the example of ever recurring wars, from the caveman's "free-for-all" to the new Nazi mechanized warfare. Just consider the cut-throat competition that permeates civilian and civilized life everywhere. Consider the unending battle of generations, of classes, of sex, of business and personal competition, of vanities, and the instinctive aversion the dog feels when he barks at the moon. Life is a ruthless struggle. We would fight it out with much more devious means, were we not controlled by the law, and imbued with the spirit of religion. Religion is nothing external to the human kind. It grows out of our deep yearning to be good, which so amazingly contrasts with our fighting instincts. It grows out of the soul. The conflict between soul and instinct is the essential human conflict. All churches, all laws, all accepted doctrines everywhere have taken part in this conflict, ever on the side of the good. They have all decreed: Thou shalt be good!

Hitler was the first to base his law, nay, his religion, on one single command: Thou shalt be bad—for a greater good, for the good of the deity, the only deity that exists, the race. No one knows what "the race" is, and Hitler himself has different interpretations for his totem, dependent on his very worldly necessities. To the man without God, however, the natural Nazi race is the next best substitute for God—a myth. In all its sinister darkness it is a most comfortable substitute. It allows you, it even commands you, to kill, murder, steal, loot, lie, deceive, which is all a lot of fun, but it gives you, by the same token, the moral satisfaction of serving a great cause. It is an outlet for all the bad instincts, comfortably equipped with a safety valve for a twisted moral. Hitler's appeal to be bad for a good, if indiscernible, aim, is the psychological application of the old joke: "Cucumber salad tastes good, and chocolate ice cream tastes good: How good must cucumber salad with chocolate ice cream taste!"

In millions of starving people, all over the world, Hitler's dish of cucumber salad with chocolate ice cream raises carnivorous, or shall I say cannibal appetites? It has general appeal. Nazism was never only a German national movement. It used the guise of German nationalism, just as it now uses the guise of new Europeanism, and as it will use the guise of a new world order as soon as the countries outside Europe are conquered. Fundamentally, Nazism is neither a national nor even a political movement. Nazism is the common denominator, uniting the dissatisfied, the misfits, the underdogs, the spiteful,

How helplessly does the Communist appeal, directed solely to the poor in worldly goods, fade into nothingness in comparison with the Nazi clarion call that promises revenge and satisfaction to all those with a grievance, with an axe to grind, with a bias, to all the poor in spirit and soul, all the jealous, the have-beens, the dispossessed and those who, by their own strength, can never come into possession of anything worth having! Nazism, indeed, finds its raw material everywhere. One thing, however, is true: only through the peculiarities of the German nation could it become dominant in the Reich. It had to be super-imposed by treason and terror on all the other people who at present are ridden by Nazi rule in its various forms. Those peoples hate their temporary masters. The Germans alone, or a great majority of them, worship the whip.

Thus Hitler could rise to power only in Germany. But to him, as we shall presently see, his Germanism is an accident. It is a rather unimportant accident, as he is about, or believes himself about, to conquer the world. To the German nation, on the other hand, Hitler is the fulfilment of their fate. The question is frequently asked, whether it is "that man Hitler" or the German nation that has brought about untold misery and unprecedented evil. Asking this question means answering it. How could a single man drag the entire world to the brink of the abyss, were he not supported by more than seventy million of the most industrious, the most efficient, and the most perverted people? How could Hitler even have established his one-man-rule over Germany, did he not reflect the craving of his people, or at least of the active and vocal among them?

Do not fancy Hitler as the mysterious hypnotist who casts his spell on a streamlined big nation. There are no such supermen; they cannot be in this ever shrinking, highly technical world of ours. True, the size of man is not shrinking. Take Winston Churchill. Only history will do justice to this visionary, truly illuminated personality. Yet Winston Churchill could not have saved mankind in the gravest crisis of recorded history, after Dunkirk, when England stood alone and was almost unarmed, if he did not express the soul, and the determination, of a nation which may sometimes stumble, but can never fall, and will never fail. Churchill, a popular if rather cheap saying insists, is British like beef.

Hitler is not German like sauerkraut. He hails from a mixed race that lives on the three-border-corner between Bavaria, Austria, and Bohemia. His clan still lives there incidentally.

in utter penury. Hitler has countless aunts, uncles, first, second and distant cousins in the poor villages in the Böhmerwald, the Bohemian forests. Of course he does not know them. Contrariwise, not all his relatives care to know him. Miss Amalie Hitler, his spinster sister, who made a modest living as a stenographer in a Viennese life insurance company, the "Phoenix", while her brother was already Führer and Chancellor of the Reich, left Vienna when Austria was invaded by her brother's hordes. She did not want to live under Hitlerism, she declared.

There are many other Hitlers who find living under Hitlerism rather difficult. This refers to the poor Bohemian Jews, the Führer's namesakes, many of whom are living in the district, and in the neighborhood, whence Adolf comes. This, of course, casts no doubt on the Führer's personal aryanism. He was born Adolf Schicklgruber. Only a few years after his birth his father took Miss Hitler, a wealthy elderly spinster, for his second wife, and adopted her name for himself and his breed. The worst suspicion aryan purists can cast on their idol is, consequently, that he had a stepmother whose name might well indicate her Jewish descent. But applied to Adolf this Jewish name is an overstatement. Personally, he is a fellow without breed and race.

Probably this very fact explains his craving for "race." It is a genuinely human trait to long most avidly for what you cannot get. This is the only genuinely human trace I observed in Adolf Hitler during the eighteen years I was closely watching his development. It is difficult to analyse his person. The one thing about him one can definitely state is this: Adolf Hitler is not a man, he is a mirror. Although a stranger, he reflects with mysterious accuracy the German face. He is the image of seventy million. He is charged with their perverted emotions, their tastes, their long smouldering vices, their desires, their appetites, their instincts. He is the image of seventy millions. Hence his accumulated overwhelming power. It took two thousand years to form the perfect German type. A half-foreigner had to come to embody it.

The fundamental elements of Hitler and of Nazism were ever present in German history. One remembers how the Teutons entered recorded history. They sallied out of their backwoods, and broke up the Empire of those times, the Roman Empire. They did not accomplish their feat by great battles, although they were professional warriors having learned nothing

but the use of the sword and the poisoned arrow. There was a great deal of plotting and conspiracy, fifth-column stuff and trickery, in their victories. Their first Führer, Hermann the Cherusker, who probably came from the same Bavarian-Bohemian-Austrian triangle that presented the world with his worthy successor, went so far as to change his skin entirely. He accepted Roman nobility, adopted the name of Arminius—as if Hermann stood for Schicklgruber, and Arminius for Hitler—outwitted and outsmarted the Roman city “slickers,” and was finally outwitted and outsmarted by his own Gauleiters, the dukes of the Teuton clans, who butchered him in true Gestapo fashion. Tacitus, recording the strange appearance of the barbarians with the somewhat amused detachment which, two thousand years afterward, our appeasers are displaying toward the same phenomenon, shrugged his shoulders, and stated that the Teutons do all *propter invidiam*. They are driven by envy.

The Teuton domination of the entire then known world lasted for those centuries which are remembered as the dark ages. They looted, robbed and pillaged their victims with the same methodic determination with which the conquering Germans now loot, rob, and pillage subjugated Europe. They did not develop anything like a culture of their own. They had no written language, and, of course, no literature. A few chapters translated from the Bible by the Ostrogothic Bishop Wulfila provide the only monument of their spiritual activities that remains of long centuries. But the Ostrogoths, it seems, were allergic toward the Bible. Their Bishop Wulfila disappeared without a trace.

This is not the place to enlarge upon the development of German history. It was, like the history of many nations, largely a story of wars. But the German wars were all a little more cruel, more bloody, more perverted than wars must necessarily be. Two fundamental elements permeate German history: relentless fight against the Christian Church, and the motive of envy against such peoples as had earlier matured into nationhood and developed a culture of their own.

Hitler embodies both these elements to a surprising degree. One recalls Roosevelt's statement, not long ago. The President came into possession of a German master-plan to annihilate all religions, Christian, Jewish, Mohammedan, pagan, and to put in their place the Nazi creed. As a proof of the other fundamental German characteristic, envv. no documents are needed.

It suffices to recall their expression of venomous hatred against all progress, against the material and spiritual culture that is embodied in the free countries, above all in the Commonwealth of British Nations. If Hitler's supreme aim is the destruction of great realms more fortunate, more harmonious, more decent than his own restless, or, as he puts it, "dynamic" Germany, he is only true to type. He follows and fulfils the destructive impulse of two thousand years of German history.

But it would be a grave, a tragic fallacy to see in Hitler only, or even primarily, the man, and in Nazism the movement that fulfils the German destiny. The Germans are the natural raw material—indeed, a very raw raw material—for a world-embracing campaign of hatred and destruction. They are certainly not quite disinterested regarding the successful outcome of this campaign. They fancy a world in which they will be the bosses, whereas all other nations—with the exception of those whose fate, according to the Nazi blue-print, is complete annihilation—will be their carriers of water and hewers of wood. Millions of German soldiers are at present ransacking the invaded countries. Other millions of German locusts are following in the wake of the conquering army, and practically every Gretchen at home receives the food parcels which their heroic husbands and sweethearts are stealing from the suppressed people's mouths. This easy life shall become a permanent status. This is the stake the German nation has in Hitler's success.

For the rest, the Germans are nothing else but Hitler's first stepping-stone. He started his career as a confirmed nationalist, bent on uniting his nation within a strong Reich. This he professed. But as his goal was achieved—largely through the spinelessness of his opponents at home—he rapidly forgot about internal German unity, and decided to force the *Auslandsdeutschen*, the Germans abroad, into his enormous concentration camp, the Third Reich. This next step he took had both a comic and a tragic aspect. The comedy was supplied by our self-styled American bundists, bent on establishing German colonies all the way from New Jersey and Pennsylvania to Milwaukee and Cincinnati. The tragedy was suffered by Austria, and such States as Czechoslovakia and Poland, in which German minorities were living. These States were raped, and broken up. Again a goal was reached. Hitler commanded every man, woman and child in what he called the German living space. He could easily have got the partly German settled districts of Poland without resorting to war. But the Polish case proved even to

the slow thinkers in the appeaser-ridden countries the fallacy of the German living space theory. Was he satisfied with the greater German Union? Did he stop?

The German nation had nothing more to offer him. He had them all in the bag. When Hitler started the war, he admittedly no longer brought it about for national German aims—they were achieved beyond the wildest dreams of wish fulfilment—but exclusively for the aim of conquering and subduing foreign peoples. From the very start this was not a German war to Hitler and his Germans, but a war of rape.

Hitler's rapacity is thinly veiled with his synthetic philosophy. He could not speak about nation any longer, so he reverted to his bugaboo of race. To him, race is at once less and more than nation. It is less, because only the selected few, the Nazi bosses, represent the race, whereas he holds the masses, even the German masses, in abysmal contempt. It is more, because all Germanic or half-Germanic nations must be teutonized to increase the numbers and the living space of German people. The Scandinavians, the Swiss, the Dutch, the Flemish, the Alsations, Lorrainers, and Luxembourgers are singled out for the honor of becoming Nazi-Germans in Hitler's new order. But even this expansion of the race would carry Hitler just one step further, whereas he decided to go all the way to world domination. So race is endowed with its ultimate sense. Hitler proclaims himself the deity not of the German, not of the Germanic, but of the aryan race.

Of course Hitler has not the faintest notion what race means. He does not bother about the fact that the pure aryan race does not exist outside Hindustan, if, indeed, it survives there. For his aryan crusade against Bolshevism he had the bad luck to enlist the Finns and the Magyars, the two remnants of the Mongols in Europe. He is allied with the Japanese, obviously to insure aryan supremacy in the Far East—supremacy under his own overlordship, as our Nipponese friends would soon find out in the highly improbable case of an Axis victory.

So what does "aryan" mean to Hitler? Mere anti-Semitism? Not even that. We recently read in the papers that Haj Amin el Husseini, Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, was accorded royal honors on his arrival in Berlin. Haj Amin el Husseini is a formidable man. He is a famous author of Arab verse, a scholar, student of the Koran, revered by some Moslems as a saintly man, broad shouldered, with a patriarch's beard, impressive—and the most Jewish looking fellow I ever met. Not even the

Bronx or Broadway could furnish such an example of the perfect Semitic type. The fugitive ex-Mufti of Jerusalem, now residing in an old Hohenzollern palace, is Hitler's Quisling in the Arab world. The Arabs are the purest Semites left in this world. They far out-Jew the Jews in their racial purity. And perhaps it is their undiluted Semitic heritage that makes their great majority laugh about Hitler coveting them. It may be their Semitic wit and pride that ties their great majority to the side of freedom and culture. Countless Arabs are fighting in the British armies; all the Arab States in the Middle West profess their allegiance to the allied cause. Herr Hitler will have to find other than Semitic tools for his anti-Semitic world campaign.

In fact, the prophet of nationalism and racism has long outgrown his own teachings. To himself, Adolf Hitler is the living Buddha. He sits, he believes, on the top of the world. The Germans are his chosen people. What he has become, he owes to them. Among all nations the German masses alone have the cattle-like docility, united with the bestial ferocity, that made Nazi domination possible. There will be no peace on this earth before they are so beaten that it hurts. There is no other way but more tanks, more planes, more ships—more man-power to teach them that crime does not pay.

But the war against Germany is only the war on the surface. Nazism is a general problem, a disease, an affliction of human kind. It must be purged in all its ramifications. It must be nipped in the bud, wherever it shows up. And it shows up everywhere where people are mentally diseased, where personal envy and jealousy override civic duties, where the inhibited and the cripples yearn to be supermen, where the have-beens cannot forgive the world for forgetting them, where disturbed mental and moral balance hearkens to Hitler's voice, or just shrugs the shoulders in answer to his command: Thou shalt be evil!

This is the fundamental Nazism, and if it is not wiped out in good time, this much tried generation of ours will witness another revolution, compared with which the abortive effort of a red world revolution was just child's play.