

Walking around it are many people who perhaps have never gazed up at its towers. There is the snobby flaneur in a fur coat and patent leather; the worldly lady, *garçon* from head to toe with a monocle and smoking cigarette, taps on high heels across its walk ways and disappears into one of the thousands of abodes of delirium and drugs that cast their screaming lights seductively into the evening air.

That is Berlin West: The heart turned to stone in this city. Here in the niches and corners of cafés, in the cabarets and bars, in the Soviet theaters and mezzanines, the spirit of the asphalt democracy is piled high. Here the politics of sixty-million diligent Germans is conducted. Here one gives and receives the latest market and theater tips. Here one trades in politics, pictures, stocks, love, film, theater, government, and the general welfare. The Gedächtniskirche is never lonely. Day plunges suddenly into night and night becomes day without there having been a moment of silence around it.

The eternal repetition of corruption and decay, of failing ingenuity and genuine creative power, of inner emptiness and despair, with the patina of a *Zeitgeist* sunk to the level of the most repulsive pseudoculture: that is what parades its essence, what does its mischief all around the Gedächtniskirche. One would so gladly believe that it is the national elite stealing day and night from the dear Lord on Tauentzien Avenue. It is only the Israelites.

The German people is alien and superfluous here. To speak in the national language is to be nearly conspicuous. Pan-Europe, the *Internationale*, jazz, France and Piscator—those are the watchwords.

“The *Girlfriend*, back issues only ten cents!” cries a resourceful hawker. It does not occur to a single passer-by that this is out of place. It is not out of place at all. The man knows the milieu.

Berlin West is the abscess on this gigantic city of diligence and industry. What they earn in the North they squander in the West. Four million make their daily bread in this stone desert, and over them sit a hundred-thousand drones who squander their diligence, turning it into sin, vice, and corruption.

The Kurfürstendamm raises a howl if anyone ever steps on the toes of these blood-suckers; then humanity is in danger. The only one not seen suffering there is the professional. And a whole people is borne to the grave with a smile.

This is not the true Berlin. It is elsewhere waiting, hoping, struggling. It is beginning to recognize the Judas who is selling our people for thirty pieces of silver.

The other Berlin is lurking, ready to pounce. A few thousand are working days and nights on end so that sometime the day will arrive. And this day will demolish the abodes of corruption all around the Gedächtniskirche; it will transform them and give them over to a risen people.