**The Good German**By: David Wiltse *Seimi
A German man, age twenty to thirty, is talking to some other German about the appeal of Hitler.*
You’ve known a few, I suppose? Personally, I mean? Pleasant enough, weren’t they? That’s part of the danger; some of them are quite charming. Getting to know them individually is not a good idea. Like having a pet snake. One can grow fond of anything on an individual basis. It’s hard to truly hate anyone you actually know in person…. Why are we so afraid to admit to it? It’s the most natural emotion of all. Because that’s not what good little Christians feel? Because our mothers tell us to be nice? Then why do we have it in us? Why is it always so close to the surface, waiting to explode? The Russians were our friends a matter of months ago, now they’re subhuman beasts and we hate them and we are happy to hate them. We enjoy hating them. We revel in it. We love to hate. It is so liberating to be given permission, to be encouraged to indulge the most intense of our passions. That’s Hitler’s genius, that’s what that egomaniacal little runt understood instinctively, it feels good to hate. What other emotion makes you feel so alive? Can one feel one’s blood bubbling and skin prickling whenever the Turks are mentioned because one loves the whole swarthy bunch of them? No. But can just the mention of their name set your heart pounding if you hate them? How long can you feel joy? A minute, two? Happiness, whatever that is? Once a month, once a year? Even lust goes away, but you can hate all day, all year, you can hate for a lifetime. It’s the one reliable, lasting passion in the human makeup. You can feel the same intense arousal, the pressure in your head, the racing of your heart, the churning in your stomach any time, every time, all the time…. It’s genius, Karl. How else could such a man become the leader of the most intelligent nation in the world? We were adrift, we weren’t certain who we were anymore, our history alone was not enough so he told us who we were by telling us who we were not. We are Those who are not Them! He circumvented our intelligence, he ignored our minds and went straight for the heart. Are you immune? Or is it just the word *hatred* that you object to? Would it sound better with a different name? What if we call it something more acceptable, oh, *patriotism*, for instance? Don’t you believe it’s wonderful! Try it! Join a few thousand of us, come to a rally, listen to the music, march with your heart in your throat and your guts in your head and your lungs bellowing “Heil Hate! Heil Hate! Heil Hate!”