

Taking a Stand

From Facing History and Ourselves:

Holocaust and Human Behavior, Chapter 6

German Jews saw *Kristallnacht* as a turning point. So did many "Aryan" Germans. They also made important choices that night and in the days that followed. Dan Bar-On, an Israeli psychologist, describes the decision one family made:

It was the autumn of 1938. Andre was twelve years old and lived with his parents in a small town in northern Germany. One evening he came home from his youth movement meeting.

"Daddy," he said to his father, "we were told at the meeting that tomorrow we are supposed to throw stones at the Jewish shops in town. Should I take part?"

His father looked at him. "What do you think?"

"I don't know. I have nothing against the Jews - I hardly know them - but everyone is going to throw stones. So what should I do?"

Their conversation proceeded, the son presenting questions to his father, the father turning the questions back to his son.

"I understand," said Andre. "You want me to make up my own mind. I'm going for a walk. I'll let you know what I've decided when I come back."

When Andre returned a short while later, he approached his parents, who were sitting at the table.

"I've made up my mind, but my decision involves you too."

"What is it?"

"I've decided not to throw stones at the Jewish shops. But tomorrow everyone will say, 'Andre, the son of X, did not take part, he refused to throw stones!' They will turn against you. What are you going to do?"

His father's sigh was one of relief tinged with pride. "While you were out, your mother and I discussed this question. We decided that if you made up your mind to throw stones, we would have to live with your decision, since we had let you decide, after all. But if you decided not to throw stones, we would leave Germany immediately."

And that is what they did. The following day, Andre's family left Germany.¹

Other Germans made other choices. Some protested by resigning their membership in the Nazi party - though many made it clear that they were not objecting to anti-Semitism but to mob violence. Others sent anonymous letters of protest to foreign embassies. Still others quietly brought Jewish families food and other necessities to replace items that had been destroyed. Neighbors told one Jewish woman that helping her was a way to "show the Jews that the German people had no part in this - it is only Goebbels and his gang."

Most Germans, however, responded much the way Melita Maschmann did. She lived in a small suburb of Berlin and knew nothing of *Kristallnacht* until the next morning. As she picked her way through the broken glass on her way to work, she asked a policeman what had happened. After he explained, she recalls:

I went on my way shaking my head. For the space of a second I was clearly aware that something terrible had happened there.

Something frighteningly brutal. But almost at once I switched over to accepting what had happened as over and done with, and avoiding critical reflection. I said to myself: the Jews are the enemies of the New Germany. Last night they had a taste of what this means... With these or similar thoughts, I constructed for myself a justification of the pogrom. But in any case, I forced the memory of it out of my consciousness as quickly as possible. As the years went by, I grew better and better at switching off quickly in this manner on similar occasions.²

Maschmann was not alone in placing the night in perspective. Dietrich Goldschmidt, a minister in the Confessing Church, explains that for most Germans "the persecution of the Jews, this escalating persecution of the Jews, and the 9th of November – in a sense, that was only one event, next to very many gratifying ones. Here the famous stories of all the things Hitler did come in: 'He got rid of unemployment, he built the Autobahn, the people started doing well again, he restored our national pride again. One has to weigh that against the other things.'"³

Notes:

1 Dan Bar-On, *Legacy of Silence*, 1.

2 Melita Maschmann, *Account Rendered*, 56-57.

3 Quoted in Victoria Barnett, *For the Soul of the People*, 142.