



To whom else could Noctifer press the badge of power in their hands, a cudgel and a whip, than to the green murderers who for decades had been outcast from society, to professional criminals, to gamblers and idiots, sadists and pederasts, to fallen angels? The Prussian "Befehl ist Befehl" has been gone for so long. Without order, without hearing, without sight, without smell, without understanding the depth of their scars, devouring rivulets of tears and the eternal hollow tone of rattling bones were intruding into Slav and Jewish bodies. They have stuck deeply and protrude from them for eternal memory like shame issuing from the muddiest slops of German life. In our hearts they turned to statues to become the statues of servitude.