

# Hitler's "Hate-Syndrome" Proves That All Hatred Is Hollow

Bob Johnson

HITLER'S HATRED KNEW NO LIMITS—this was because he couldn't stop believing that he was living in a type of purgatorial, make-believe world in which his childhood nightmares continually tortured him, unrelentingly. This is the "Hate-Syndrome". He demonstrates for all to see, just how difficult it is to take revenge on someone who no longer exists. Thus he spewed out his pent-up venom on whatever, or whoever, came his way. Every time his attempts to escape this personal hell failed, as they inevitably did, he increased his atrocities, with results from which we still suffer today. Had he had a nuclear button in his final bunker, much of Europe would still be incurably radioactive, and remain so, for many thousands of years. When this happens to farmland, crops can't grow, while famines do. Until we understand hate better, where it comes from, and how to cope with it—our future's dead.

When Hitler was 14, his father died. So the torture he had suffered at his father's hand should have ceased with his death. But it didn't. Why didn't it? That is the real challenge of "hate". Alice Miller, in 1981, was the first to see that though torture had disappeared from his everyday reality, it nevertheless continued to afflict his mind. George Orwell too, writing in 1940, comments that Hitler had "the face of a man suffering under intolerable wrongs"—a precise description of the injuries his father had inflicted on him, a long time before, and from which he could, perhaps should, have recovered, but never did.

This is our most vital health challenge, made more so by our headlong pursuit of ever deadlier weapons of war. Why didn't Hitler bring himself up to date? Why didn't he realize that once his father was dead, he had nothing further to fear from that quarter? Neither Miller nor Orwell could resolve this anomaly, though Miller came close.

The paper has 7 parts: 1. Introduction; 2. Hate Is in the eye of the Beholder; 3. George Orwell's Diagnosis of Hitler, in March 1940, Was Almost Perfect; 4. Hitler's Hate-Syndrome, in His Own Words; 5. "BUT You Just Promised Not to Invade Russia—Is Nothing Sacred?"; 6. Healthier Planetary Prognoses; 7. Conclusion.

This paper illuminates a rational way through, by building on its immediate predecessor. No progress is in the least possible, until the crucial role played by **blindspots** is acknowledged. Sceptical readers are invited to review the practical experiment offered in the preceding paper, which proves beyond doubt, that the human eye has a retinal

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blindspot. Those who focus on the cross, find the circle disappears. This is a phenomenon which needs to be experienced personally—it comes as a shock. Normally we believe our eyes—they are our chief way of seeing our way through our endless problems. But here, in broad daylight, the mind fills in the gap—you cannot tell you have “made up” the “empty” space. In a significant way, your mind has deceived you into thinking there are no gaps in your visual field. Most of the time, the other eye can compensate. But the single vision test shows a deeper reality to the one you normally assume. This usually troubles us little—but when emotions inflict an equally opaque blindspot, as they did with Hitler, and invariably do with the Hate-Syndrome—then the outcome is calamitous, as he, and too many others, show.

Once his father had died, his *real* enemy was dead—which means that all his “enemies” thereafter were *unreal*. Killing them didn’t help. It couldn’t. However, if you can once introduce a more realistic perspective, by demonstrating to the afflicted individual that the battle is over, that the hatred is unreal, because obsolete—then reality can cease to be threatening. Only then does peace-of-mind, and security of society, have a chance. Hate suffocates, because it has no boundaries—or rather the boundaries it did have, are no longer operational. The challenge this paper presents is not a dry academic exercise—the Hate-Syndrome may or may not prove a useful way forwards—but if doesn’t, something else needs urgently to be put in its place, and soon—the next Hitler will be our last.

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## 1. Introduction

STALIN REFUSED TO BELIEVE THAT HIS ALLY, ADOLF HITLER, WAS ABOUT TO INVADE HIM. After all, he’d just gone to all that trouble to sign an international treaty, the Nazi-Soviet pact—so if you couldn’t rely on such heavy weight agreements, where could you turn? The historical details as to which event followed the one, or which preceded the other, can be discussed at length, but not in this paper. Here we explore motivations, even emotions—and ask what the protagonists in this conflict were thinking. Historians look backwards, whereas a doctor’s task is to sort out what comes next. Patients would bring me their symptoms to find out if they were serious—would this chest pain, for example, prove fatal? My task, as for all doctors, was to take a careful history, enquire just when and how things had happened, thereby collecting as much evidence as possible—and from this data, fashion some sort of prediction as to what was likely to happen next—medically known as a prognosis. Predicting future events is never 100% reliable—however, unless you get the diagnosis right, then no prognosis is worth even the paper it is written on, as Stalin found, to his cost.

Diagnoses might not feature frequently in philosophic discussions, and prognoses even less. But they form such an integral part of everyday life, that it is worth putting them centre stage, as here. Diagnosis, in common terms, means finding out what is really going on. Lots of things seem to be happening at once—that’s the norm—but a select few are critical. They may well be hidden, harder to find than the rest, obscured among all the other palaver, especially when emotions run high—but the important ones make all the difference. And if you miss them, then you are lost—and so are any who rely on you and on your judgement. Diagnoses—or finding out what is really going on, are vital, and not only in medical contexts.

Prognoses too are everyday occurrences. We predict where our next meal is coming from, where we will

sleep the night—generally these pass without comment, as they should—but every now and again something crops up that wasn't anticipated, that we hadn't included in the original script—and then we scratch our heads. What did we miss? How could we have overlooked something so obvious? Well, you don't have to be an overworked doctor to experience a sinking feeling like this. But you do have to hold the thrashing emotions at bay, you do have to concentrate on adding two plus two and ensuring that the answer really is four, or equivalent, because if your logic goes awry, what chance is there for the rest of you?

Stalin's disbelief came from a mixture of just such easy factors and hard. He would know, for example, from observing his own behaviour, that dictators bend the truth in whichever direction suits them at the time—so relying on their word is problematic, even when written into an international treaty. But other facts are buried deeper—these are the hard variety, and they can turn the situation on its head. The fact that he couldn't see them, doesn't mean they didn't exist, or that they didn't carry the ultimate weight—they did, and they do, but a certain level of expertise, or insight, is needed to bring them into play.

These are weighty matters, so let's take the simplest illustration possible. As an enthusiastic family doctor, I was called to see a sick child, who had broken out in spots. Her parents were not at home, but her grandmother, who was looking after her, confidently assured me that the diagnosis I would assuredly find, was chickenpox. Now by that time, I had seen more cases of chickenpox than grandma would in her entire life—people didn't bring such skin problems to her, but they did to me, it was my job. So unlike her, I had a whole bevy of earlier examples which I could easily bring to mind. Which I did, as follows.

Spots are the easy factors in chickenpox—you cannot get the one without the other. But the deeper factor is where they appear, what pattern they form on the skin. If you just say, as grandma did—here are the spots, we don't know where they come from, but we do know that chickenpox can cause them—ergo this is chickenpox. Which of course it could have been. However—and here the deeper factor came to my rescue—if your spots come from a virus, they tend to be randomly distributed, a fact which is obvious on simple inspection. But if they are in straight lines, following the track of a browsing insect or flea, nibbling as it went along—then that rules out any possibility of a virus being involved. This is the deeper fact, the hard factor which decided the issue—because there, in remarkable geometric formation, the child's spots trekked across her chest into her arm pit. Ergo it was flea bites, not chickenpox. Wider experience had equipped me with a more realistic diagnosis, and indeed prognosis. And if grandma trusted me, then I could enlighten her, first regarding a more accurate diagnosis, and then as regards the more benign future for her beloved grandchild—giving both a brighter prognosis.

Reverting now to Stalin—he knew about deceit and dishonesty—he didn't want to see it, but this didn't mean he didn't know it was there. That was the easy fact. What he didn't know, because he hadn't had wide enough personal experience or training, was the deeper factor in the case—why did Hitler want to smash him to pieces in the first place? What benefit would destroying Stalin's homeland bring to Adolf personally, or emotionally? I.e. why do it? Because until you untangle that, then your diagnosis would be awry, and your prognosis ramshackle. The easy factor, the deceit, is one thing—the hard fact, what the motivation was in the first place—now that is more difficult, it's something which entails a wider perspective, it involves adding two factors together which don't normally mix, it requires drawing a conclusion that is only obvious once you pay attention to points you weren't initially aware of—just as with grandma above.

## **2. Hate Is in the Eye of the Beholder**

Now medical practice is a skill. It can be acquired, though not without time and effort. And even then, what appears in the text books doesn't always faithfully reflect what you find in real life. So experience tempers data. My favourite clinician, William Osler, put the matter most succinctly—"to see patients without reading books is to go to sea without charts—but to read books without seeing patients is never to go to sea at all." Nowhere in my entire lengthy medical training had I read that chickenpox spots did not travel in straight lines—the point had never raised sufficient medical interest to be deemed worthy of record—yet, in the case just cited, it made all the difference. Chickenpox cases are infective—flea bites call for different remedies—all turned on a point that had never struck grandma, nor expert medical authors. Reality has a way of exceeding what we theorise about it.

At this point in the paper, I would invite the reader to pause, and ask themselves the following question. How would you react if William Osler's maxim was the very best we could any of us ever do, with respect not only to health, but to life itself, both what it is, and how to live it?

Suppose that our constant search for better charts, for ever more precise and applicable human knowledge could only ever take us so far, and never 100%. What if, like real sea charts, all the guidance we were given, and indeed which we can read about in books, is never pristine, can never apply with perfect precision, and especially never Absolutely 100%, to the case in front of us, to the challenges and problems we endlessly face? Suppose, like I was with that chickenpox case, we have to do-what-you-can-with-what-you've-got? Not just now and again, while waiting for a Universal Scientific Theory to waft itself along—but permanently superseding any and all such epistemological fantasies.

It sounds so second-rate. It appears we have to put up with second best. Where are our human ideals? Surely we must raise our eyes to the distant horizon, and not settle for half-baked concepts and unfinished notions? Of course these are highly emotive points, and when emotions run high, careful thinking-things-through tends to take second place. But what Osler said about medical studies, applies, unrelentingly, to all human studies, all research—whether scientific, religious, political or economic. Your charts will only take you so far—you can insist they are more important than life itself, an opinion you are welcome to—but theories are one thing, living is something else besides (See Johnson, 2011, and later).

"I've made up my mind—don't confuse me with facts." Charts can be so wonderful—every little detail means something—sand banks here, reefs there, tidal races pulling you off course. But they are only a *representation* of reality. They are symbols of an infinitely complex world. And they are invariably fallible. Without exception, they need interpretation. They need vetting, else they grow too big for their boots, and risk displacing the real world, with one you might prefer to inhabit.

Now if you're a doctor, and you stick to what you think you know, rather than focussing on what is real, then the health of the people in your care will suffer. Not because I say so, nor because I think the medical profession has all the answers. It's just that—that's life.

Life doesn't go by the book. Don't throw the books away, but don't idolise them either. They're flawed. And life (and health) are to be lived. Read them as much and as widely as you can, by all means—but if that's all you do, you are missing out—equivalent to never going to sea at all.

So how does medical practice cope with this fundamental knowledge flaw? Well, it does so cautiously. For the present topic, it is helpful to look at how it uses the concept of the "syndrome". When knowledge of a particular symptom pattern, or disease, is scant—various obvious aspects of it are collected together, loosely at first, to see if a deeper pattern might emerge later. And since we are endeavouring in this paper, to advance

knowledge of hate, and how it percolates ever more widely, we need to equip ourselves here, with a "Hate-Syndrome".

The other maxim from Osler that stood me in such good stead was "Listen to the patient, s/he's telling you the diagnosis". This complements the first in that it emphasizes that what matters more than what you think you know, is what is really going on. Take a careful history—i.e., gather as much data, from as many sources as practical, before trying to piece it all together in an understandable pattern. And always keep in mind that without the most accurate diagnosis that you can acquire, in a given case, then your prognosis is likely to be dead in the water, even before you begin.

How would this apply to a Hate-Syndrome? Well, when I started work as a family doctor in the early 1970s, I began to notice people were behaving as if there were a third person in the room. They would talk confidently about what ailed them in the present, but when I ventured into their past, especially their childhoods, they would become cagey, as if someone else was listening in, someone they didn't want to hear what their thoughts were.

So here was something that however hard I listened, they would not disclose. Something hidden from view. Something akin to the "hard" fact already mentioned. Something that Stalin didn't know about Hitler—i.e. why did he want to reduce Russia to rubble, in the first place?

The answer proposed here turns on emotional blindspots as induced by trauma, a point explored more fully in an earlier paper (Johnson, 2022). The afflicted individual is not only prevented from talking about certain topics, but cannot think, or even see them either. Those unfamiliar with quite how opaque blindspots can be, whether retinal or emotional, are invited to review the fuller description included there.

And the most damaging item that is blocked off by these blindspots, turns out to be the most elementary—your height. How tall are you actually? The sufferer starts off, as we all do, dramatically shorter than the adults who keep us alive. Nutritious emotions are needed to ensure that your mind grows up, commensurate with your bodily size. The upshot is that too many grow up still reacting, believing and emoting as if they never really achieve full adult size, but are condemned to remain (emotionally) only ever 60 cm (2 feet) tall.

So here we find the root of the Hate-Syndrome. Suppose for the sake of argument, that hate had nothing to do with its target, at least not initially, but everything to do with what went on in the mind of the hater—what then? All you would then need to do is to suppose that the person you seemed to hate was bigger than you—say 20 feet (6 meters) tall—then no wonder you would not wish to put yourself at their mercy. No wonder you would fear them, especially when distrust was commonplace. Anger, aggression, destruction—in a word, hate—would be the order of the day, and invading Russia merely one step in a troublesome journey, without end. It may seem odd, but if we are ever to unpack the tribulations behind the Hate-Syndrome, then we need to reverse the conventional wisdom—remove the blame from the hated target, and conclude that at least to start with, hate is in the eye of the beholder. Let's review Hitler again, to see if this fits.

### **3. George Orwell's Diagnosis of Hitler, in March 1940, Was Almost Perfect**

Taking Osler's second maxim to heart, we need to gather as much data as we can about Hitler, from as many sources as are currently available. In this way, we may hope to increase the accuracy of our diagnoses, and thereby have a better chance of a more reliable prognosis. Blood-thirsty tyranny may seem some distance from diagnosing chickenpox in a small child—but medical reasoning needs to be followed as conscientiously

and as rigorously as possible, in either case.

In March 1940, a few months before the Battle of Britain finally ended Hitler's determined effort to conquer the British Isles, George Orwell wrote a review of *Mein Kampf*. Among Hitler's post-invasion plans was an explicit strategy of murdering its more eloquent citizens, prominent among whom would undoubtedly be Orwell himself, though you would find no hint of this in his review. It is a remarkable document, so though I excerpt three paragraphs here, I append the whole in Appendix 1, below (emphases added).

Orwell starts by comparing how *Mein Kampf* was published before the war began, and how the outbreak of war then caused its publication to be amended. He also looks at how much Hitler's thought had changed since the writing, or rather, how little. Thus he writes (Orwell, 1940)—

§2. When one compares his utterances of a year or so ago with those made fifteen years earlier, a thing that strikes **one is the rigidity of his mind, the way in which his world-view doesn't develop.** It is the fixed vision of a monomaniac and not likely to be much affected by the temporary manoeuvres of power politics. Probably, in Hitler's own mind, the Russo-German Pact represents no more than an alteration of time-table. The plan laid down in *Mein Kampf* was to smash Russia first, with the implied intention of smashing England afterwards. Now, as it has turned out, England has got to be dealt with first, because Russia was the more easily bribed of the two. But Russia's turn will come when England is out of the picture—that, no doubt, is how Hitler sees it. Whether it will turn out that way is of course a different question.

Looking for medical pointers that might substantiate the proposed syndrome of hate, it is striking that Orwell notes no change in Hitler's mind. This reinforces the notion that he was still stuck in childhood, he was still "blind" to the fact that though in body, he was no longer 2 feet (60 cm) tall—mentally and emotionally, he felt, believed and so behaved and thought, as if he was. The next excerpt is even more helpful, in gathering data to show that the Hate-Syndrome is a result of delayed emotional maturation.

§5. But Hitler could not have succeeded against his many rivals if it had not been for the attraction of his own personality, which one can feel even in the clumsy writing of *Mein Kampf*, and which is no doubt overwhelming when one hears his speeches .... The fact is that there is something deeply appealing about him. One feels it again when one sees his photographs—and I recommend especially the photograph at the beginning of Hurst and Blackett's edition, which shows Hitler in his early Brownshirt days. It is a pathetic, dog-like face, **the face of a man suffering under intolerable wrongs.** In a rather more manly way it reproduces the expression of innumerable pictures of Christ crucified, and there is little doubt that that is how Hitler sees himself. **The initial, personal cause of his grievance against the universe can only be guessed at; but at any rate the grievance is here.** He is the martyr, the victim, Prometheus chained to the rock, the self-sacrificing hero who fights single-handed against impossible odds. If he were killing a mouse he would know how to make it seem like a dragon. One feels, as with Napoleon, that he is fighting against destiny, that he can't win, and yet that he somehow deserves to. The attraction of such a pose is of course enormous; **half the films that one sees turn upon some such theme.**

Of course the "intolerable wrongs" are now much more widely known than they were to Orwell—but it is gratifying to see them placed so prominently in his assessment of Hitler, at so early a date. So first, we have a rigidity on Hitler's part, a failure to keep pace with changes—as I would emphasise changes in bodily size. And now we have the damage, the "wrongs" that his father inflicted on him when he was small, and which Hitler continues to experience "currently", indicating he is still small, emotionally.

Orwell cannot guess as to where the "personal grievance" comes from, but he is in no doubt that there is one. Happily nowadays, we can conclude it came from his father, and is therefore fully understandable. In particular, it simply cannot be some mysterious devilry in his genes. It is manifestly "reactive" in origin—which has the welcome advantage that, ipso facto, it points unmistakably to a remedy, a permanent

remedy—i.e. wake up, your hitherto unspeakable childhood is over.

§9. Hitler, because **in his own joyless mind** he feels it with exceptional strength, knows that human beings don't only want comfort, safety, short working-hours, hygiene, birth-control and, in general, common sense; they also, at least intermittently, want struggle and self-sacrifice, not to mention drums, flags and loyalty-parades. However they may be as economic theories, Fascism and Nazism are psychologically far sounder than any hedonistic conception of life. The same is probably true of Stalin's militarised version of Socialism. All three of the great dictators have enhanced their power by imposing intolerable burdens on their peoples. Whereas Socialism, and even capitalism in a more grudging way, have said to people "I offer you a good time," Hitler has said to them "I offer you struggle, danger and death," and as a result a whole nation flings itself at his feet.

**Joyless** because he was hypervigilant against a destructive father, just as he had been in infancy—something he never found the answer to. Nor is it easy. "Grow up emotionally" is not easy to hear, and since it touches on life or death issues in the recipient's mind, it might well put yours at stake, as it did mine, on three occasions working with 50 murderers in a maximum security prison wing (See the Health Warning, below).

Orwell's further comments on a "hedonistic conception of life" cut rather nearer the bone. Could it be that the mob emotions that Hitler exploited so successfully actually implicate a more widespread distribution of the Hate-Syndrome than it is comfortable to contemplate? Look around, and there are other examples of autocracy, demagoguery and "I'm the greatest"—well appropriate to dominating the kindergarten, but less so when tackling the multi-faceted chaos of our real world, which is as unlike our nursery scenarios as could be.

**"Half the films that one sees turn upon some such theme"**. What a remarkable insight Orwell had—confirmed by the staple Hollywood fare has served up since. Whereas the 1930s and then the 1950s had films featuring comparatively effeminate semi-heroes, such as the Marx Brothers and Danny Kaye—later we guzzle down James Bond, who was licenced to kill, or Star Wars which did so at a distance. It is tempting to follow Orwell, and attribute this pugilism to factors operating within Hitler himself, traced here unerringly, back to distorted obsolete childhood battles.

#### 4. Hitler's Hate-Syndrome, in His Own Words

"Listen to the patient, s/he's telling you the diagnosis"—so said Osler. Imagine my surprise on reprising Alice Miller (Miller, 1981) to find she cites a page or two of Mein Kampf. A surprise I shared with her—she did not expect to find it so clearly described—nor did I. But there it is. In black and white. If you had read this in a social report on an infant within your purview, you would shudder, and move every muscle to correct. Unhappily for the world, there was no such intervention, and Hitler displayed to the world the contempt for humanity he had been so successfully taught as a youngster.

I make no apology for repeating here what appears in my preceding paper—unless and until we take to heart the lessons in these brief paragraphs, then we are at serious risk of repetition. The Hate-Syndrome is not merely a medical concept, nor only a healthcare problem—it is global in extent, and quite capable of killing many more than die from "ordinary" diseases, and entirely unnecessarily at that. Nor is it something the medical profession, or other healthcare staff, can resolve on their own. No, this is a social-health-disease—and as such requires a socially activated response—only then have we any chance of avoiding a second, and terminal, Hitler.

Here's what Hitler had to say about his very own infancy. He starts (in the third person) aged 3. This is an

unusually frank account given by a man of 26 looking back at his appalling upbringing. The points in bold, are discussed more below. The numbering is added for convenience.

§1. ... in a basement consisting of two stuffy rooms lives a laborer's family of seven. Among the five children is a boy of three years. This is the age when a child first becomes conscious of things around him. **Gifted people carry memories of that period far into old age.**

Two points—unlike earlier in his autobiography, he reverts here to the third person. Instead of “I was three at the time”, we have “a boy of three”. There may be several reasons to account for this—but personal modesty is not one of them. Earlier in the book, when describing his travails as a young man in Vienna, he uses the first person singular throughout. Not here. This is such a strong echo of the reticence I noted among my medical practice patients, when discussing *their* childhoods, that it confirms that he too, did not wish his (deceased) father to hear his thoughts. How do you explain this? Again the reader is free to speculate—here I have every confidence that fear of retribution from his father's ghost still kept him in thrall. The case for the Hate-Syndrome gets stronger all the time.

Hitler is only 26 when he wrote this, but he has not the least doubt that he will carry memories of the terror “far into old age”. Indeed, these memories will never go, not until he can see himself, in emotional terms, as rather larger than 60 cm (2 feet) tall, which sadly for us all, he never did.

§2. The small, overcrowded space produces an unfortunate situation. The conditions often generate quarrels and bickering. The people are not living with one another; they are merely living in the same place, squeezed together. Every small argument leads to a sickening quarrel. In a larger dwelling, the argument would be easily smoothed out simply by separation. The children may tolerate these conditions because children can quarrel constantly and forget the argument quickly. However, a daily battle between parents slowly teaches the children a lesson. The dispute may take the form of a father's brutality to a mother, of drunken maltreatment. Any person who does not know of this life can hardly imagine it. **By the time the boy goes from three to six, he has developed a working idea of the world which must horrify even an adult. Now, he is morally infected and physically undernourished,** and the young “citizen” is sent to primary school with vermin living in his poor little scalp.

Here Hitler describes how he himself became “morally infected”. What better description could there be for his later (rigid) actions? Where else do you need to turn?

§3. Now, with great difficulty, he must learn reading and writing, and that is about all he can manage.

As Orwell notes, he is not unintelligent, but conditions at home prevent him fulfilling his promise, educationally. Again this is all too familiar to primary school teachers—yet here is the monster of the Twentieth Century, spelling out chapter and verse as to where all his venom came from.

§4. Studying at home is out of the question. Father and mother argue and use language that would not be socially appropriate right in front of their own children, making studying impossible. But when the parents talk to teachers and school officials, they are more inclined to talk roughly to them than to **turn their young child over their knee and introduce him to reason. Nothing the little fellow hears at home strengthens his respect for his fellow human beings.**

I suspect that the reference to “over their knee” entails a thrashing. But look at the next phrase. If you wonder where Hitler's inhumanly came from—here he is explaining that that was what he was taught. Respect is a crucial ingredient. It means valuing another—and, like hate itself, it turns on being valued yourself—which again, is desperately hard to acquire without nutritious emotions.

§5. **They never utter a good word about humanity.** No institution is safe from their profane attacks, from the



school teacher to the head of the state. No matter whether it is religion or morals, state or society, everything is defamed and dragged in the muck. When the boy leaves school at the age of fourteen, it is hard to tell which is greater—his incredible stupidity where common knowledge and basic skills are concerned, or his biting disrespect and bad manners.

Again, the point is hammered home—the language you learn at your parent's knee is known as your mother tongue. You expect to speak this fluently. Hitler certainly did. But going in, at the same time, is a “good word about humanity”—or it should. Because if it doesn't go in, then in adult life, it simply isn't there, as it painfully wasn't with Hitler. Human beings can be outrageous—especially if you expect them to be, or have always been taught they were, as here. The more you read, the clearer the childhood influence becomes.

§6. The immoral displays, even at that age, make one's hair stand on end.

Here you have one of the most immoral people in the world, showing horror at his initial exposure to “morals”. One may dispute what morals or ethics really are, what, in essence, is the good life. But here is a display of revulsion at immorality—not what you might have expected, but there it is in black and white, obvious enough to all who are prepared to see.

§7. **He holds almost nothing sacred. He has never met true greatness, but he has experienced the abyss of everyday life.** What position can he possibly occupy in the world which he is about to enter? The three-year-old child has become a fifteen-year-old who despises all authority. Aside from filth and uncleanness, he has yet to find anything which might stir him to any high enthusiasm.

What a tragedy. You and I can dispute what we consider “sacred”, but it is important that we each have something we value more than anything else, something we would work long and hard to preserve, to keep from damage or corruption. Here Hitler regrets he wasn't given anything of this order. He likes the sound of “true greatness”—but all he has been offered is an abyss. Surely life, everyday life at that, offers more? It didn't in Hitler's case, so he inflicted abysses on everyone else—something that should not really come as a surprise. Regrettable yes, but if you're looking for a diagnosis, that is to say at where these dreadful symptoms come from—here you have the answer from his own mouth.

§8. As he begins the more demanding parts of his life, **he falls into the ruts he has learned from his father.** He wanders about, comes home Heaven knows when, beats the tattered creature who was once his mother, curses God and the world, and finally he is sentenced to a prison for juvenile delinquents.

Sadly for us all, he stayed in that “rut” all his life. His father was mindlessly violent to him, and he repeated the same behaviour to everyone else he ever met—people could be allies at first, but then be crushed without a second thought, just as soon as his mood changed, or his endeavours in this difficult world, failed him.

§9. **Here, he gets his final polish.** (Hitler, 1926: *Mein Kampf*, chapter 2, p. 24, paragraph numbers added. Also featured in Alice Miller p. 160—in her chapter on Adolf Hitler's Childhood: From Hidden To Manifest Horror, and reproduced in the original German in Appendix 2)

Prison is an expensive way of making things worse—even Hitler agreed with that.

So what can we conclude from this harrowing trip into Hitler's horrific childhood world? We know how he entered Russia—tanks, bombs, explosives. What we need to find out is why? If he liked Russia, even “wanted” it in some ill-defined way, why reduce much of it, and its people, to rubble? Why couldn't he have driven through Russia like an ordinary tourist, or bought up desirable properties there, just like Muscovites, in

London? The reader is invited to think up a satisfactory answer to this problem. Because if we don't, if we meander along in the way we are currently set, then the disease we are facing carries a worse prognosis than it need. The answer suggested in this paper is that Hitler was afflicted by the Hate-Syndrome—he was stuck in the past—simple, tragic, but eminently understandable. And once understood, once the diagnosis rings true, then that mercifully raises the chief delight of medical skill—cure.

### 5. "BUT You Just Promised *NOT* to Invade Russia—Is Nothing Sacred?"

At this point, we need to clarify the wider context—is there a Science of Human Behaviour? If so, what is it? And if not, what are we left with? In terms of Osler's first maxim, what sort of charts are more reliable than others? And where can we turn, if there is no One Absolute Truth for all time, in effect no Kantian Moral Law? For unless we learn how to stop all future Hitlers, and soon—we're fossils.

This dilemma of whether there is a Science of Human Behaviour, or not, afflicts all thinking people. It hit me hardest in July 1960, when my attempt at an intimate emotional relationship fell apart. I had tried to reconcile the arid quasi-scientific approach of a Cambridge University psychology degree with the way emotions actually worked in practice. By that time, I had had a remarkably universal exposure to current philosophies, from existentialism to logical positivism, including also a smattering of Kant. So naturally, in my emotional distress, I turned to a book entitled "Groundwork for a Metaphysic of Ethics" (*Grundlegung zur Metaphysik der Sitten*). In other words, a Moral Law. It sounded promising. Especially as it had been written by the greatest philosopher since the Greeks, Immanuel Kant.

Kant strained every sinew to perfect a Law that would govern human behaviour. He was looking for something as binding on what humans could or should do, as he assumed Newton's laws of gravity applied to (and controlled) weight or mass. He couldn't bring himself to doubt that since the "Laws of Physics" entirely determined our material world, Science and mathematics, would reign supreme—once we found out how they applied. So when Hume planted his potent seed of doubt, he was devastated. Kant knew how terminal Hume's Scepticism was, and he spent the rest of his life trying to disprove such a drastic scientific hiatus. Among his ideals was a hope that he could find not only a Science of Knowledge, but also, along the way, the Science of "Good" for one and all—and for all time. If it worked for planetary orbits, why not for human beings?

So what this boils down to, in everyday terms, is the old philosophical chestnut—do we have Free Will, or not? Does our "intent" matter? Can we decide things and act in a way that makes a difference? Or is it all a Clock Work Universe, in which we are merely cogs, waiting our turn to click, and be clicked, forward?

And why is this so vital? Well, if we do have a capacity to choose, some sort of Free Will, then any Science of Human Behaviour that comes along, we can thumb our nose at. We can do all the fancy foot-work, and then say "No". It's called pig-headedness. It's called being obstreperous. And it knocks any scientific compulsion on the head. "Just because you tell me I can't do such and such, I'm going to do it anyway". That's to say, if we once concede that we human beings do have a choice, that we can decide matters off our own bat—then we have to kiss goodbye to any scientific compulsion, any moral and mandatory "Law"—because, if we have a measure of "intent", then we can use this to do precisely the opposite—just because we "choose" to.

Hume warned Kant that there could be no Absolute Science—because the way we reason, i.e. cause and effect, was flawed, and couldn't be repaired. Couple this with the notion of Free Will, or "intent", and you have a double-strength dilemma—"Scepticism" compounded by "choice". Thus, whatever you come up with by way of "scientific compulsion", I can arbitrarily disagree with, because I can always withhold my consent, as many

do.

No wonder these two ideas have difficulty getting through. And not much surprise that too many medical editors and other colleagues don't even bother to return my calls. It involves a double treachery of the status quo—and what possible authority do I have to do that? Firstly Science is sunk—we cannot know everything, nor indeed, know any one thing for Certain—it's all probabilistic, the Uncertainty Principle prevails. Hume was right, all along. And secondly, even if we could, we'd be able to contradict it, whenever we felt like it—having a measure of “intent” or Free Will, which enables us to stand any theorising on its head, whenever we want.

Bringing the discussion down to earth with a bump, and back to the main topic of this paper—Hitler demonstrated a full capacity to change his mind, to initiate a contrary course of action—he went ahead and invaded Russia anyway, having just fulsomely promised not to. Philosophers may debate whether people can change their mind, whether they can do the opposite of what had just been decided—while all the time Hitler provides a cast iron answer—they can. He had an “Intent”—and he implemented it, whether Stalin liked it, or not.

So what's the answer? What's the way out? There is no longer any possibility of an Absolute, Universal, Single Science—and there hasn't been, since before Hume. Nor is there any chance that a Single Scientific Law of Human Behaviour will even get over the starting line. And that is entirely because people like Hitler, can just take it into their heads to do precisely the opposite. Free Will enables him (and us) to oppose any Law—scientific, moral, economic or otherwise.

So today, we are all faced with these two intransigents, neither of which is going to go away. Both of which go somewhat against the grain—it's painful to accept, firstly that there are profound limits to knowledge, there will never, ever be a time when we can know everything, or even most things, with Certainty. Then on top of that people can just make it up as they go along—they can choose, they can intend, they can decide—they really do have an element of Free Will—never 100% either, but enough to make a difference.

Once you grasp these two philosophical “nettles”, then, at last, it becomes possible to “solve” both of them—not 100%, but enough to make a difference, a radical difference as it happens, the difference between life and death, or at least between health and otherwise. Separately they mock us—merge them together, put them into the same logical space, and they can outline a sensible, rational way through, which does honour both.

Watch what happens, if we stand the orthodox controversy on its head. What if we use the collapse of the Clock Work Universe to enable “intent” to blossom—and then use “intent” to repair Hume's damage?

It's actually what we all do anyway. We decide what to do next—we look at the menu, and then we choose. We have an “intent”—we like some foods more than others, and we make our choice. We don't debate whether we can or not. We just do it. To put this in the widest possible context, all we need to do is introduce the notion of “health”. If I don't eat, my health suffers. If I eat the wrong things, my health is in jeopardy. I like to preserve my health, because that's what life is all about. Except people like Hitler take a different line. They disagree. My idea of health differs from Hitler's. So, which of us is “right”? And who is “wrong”.

If you put this apparently “moral” question into the health context, then the answer is obvious—which approach is healthier? Which improves our prognosis? Which line of “intents” leads to longer life, better fulfilment, to clearer ideas of what is sacred? The list is endless, it's illdefined—but it's also delightful, or can be.

So where does “intent” go wrong? Why does Hitler disagree so violently with my more benign view? And

here we come back to the Hate-Syndrome. He did so, because that's what he'd been taught. His parents told him that nothing was sacred, so don't bother looking for it. He was, as a result, and as Orwell makes abundantly clear, joyless.

Now I happen to believe that joylessness is unhealthy. You may agree, or not—that's your choice, your "intent". But if you want to join me in my pursuit of delight, then make sure you have a happy childhood—because that's where your future outlook is decided, as it is for us all. Later we may be able to find enough trustworthy emotional support to change to a healthier line, as happily I did. Without this, a brighter prognosis is problematic, as we review in the next section.

## 6. Healthier Planetary Prognoses

"THERE IS A SPIRIT WHICH I FEEL THAT DELIGHTS TO DO NO EVIL". This is my favourite phrase from my favourite Early Quaker, representing my favourite remedy for our troubled planet. So many favourites in so few words. A small bunch of simple, easy to understand words—except for "spirit" which is a verbal nightmare—a word with so many meanings, it can easily lose all of them. Which brings to mind that old joke from early mechanical translation days, when the redolent phrase—"the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak" was "translated" back as—"the vodka's fine, but the beef is poor"—another unhappy failure to capture the intended splendour.

The Early Quaker was James Nayler. These words come from his deathbed, he had been attacked by thieves, as he walked north to rejoin his family. But before we take his inspiring insight further, let's recap. What is the problem here, and where are the possible solutions? Hitler commanded his troops to kill as many Russians as they could. This is fact. And they did. Those they couldn't kill, they starved to death. The question is why? What was going through Hitler's mind that drove him to order such wholesale destruction? We normally assume that human beings act to their own advantage, they do something which pays them, or they benefit in some way from their activities, else why bother? But what did Hitler gain? What possible purpose did reducing Russia and Russians to rubble, serve? Well, none that we can see. So let's look below the surface. Because if we don't understand where he was coming from, then we can do nothing sensible to stop a whole series of Hitler-look-alikes behaving in remarkably similar, but ever deadlier ways, today.

The conventional remedy for this self-perpetuating disease is to talk softly and carry a big stick, or, alternatively, "politics is the barrel of a gun". In other words, make sure you are better weaponised than your adversary—he or she is going to hurt you—so make sure you have enough weaponry to out-match them. Sounds elementary. It echoes what happens every day in the "natural" world—bigger fish keep swallowing smaller fry, as if their life depended on it, which it does. So are we just to sit on our hands, and wait to be outwitted (or outspent) by modern-day Hitlers?

As before, there are clear facts here, but also "deeper" factors at play, just as there were in the chickenpox case earlier. You can bumble on with the obvious, but unless you delve that bit deeper, your diagnoses and with them, your prognoses will stink. So the deeper factor here is "blockage". Hitler didn't "know" that his father had stopped hitting him—in this obscure sense, he never accepted that his father was dead. There was a disconnect in his mind between these two facts—his father's abuse, and his father's death. The two never met.

So if the Hate-Syndrome holds true, why not tell him? Why not march up to Hitler and confront him with this obvious mismatch, this manifest truth, this glaring failure on his part to add two plus two? Look him in the eye and say, out loud—"Now listen to me Adolf, your father is dead, here's his death certificate, there's no way

he can ever hurt you again, so stop killing people in lieu”.

The logic behind this is impeccable—Hitler is blocked, so tell him to unblock. What could possibly go wrong? Well, please be well warned—whatever you do, do not try this at home (see Health Warning below). And the reason for this warning? It's that blockage again. It may be hard to believe that someone who could organise so much and so fluently, could simply not bring two elementary, and to us obvious, facts together. But if you ever got close enough to Hitler to even hint at the role his father was continuing to play in his mind, I can assure you with the utmost confidence, you would not live to tell the tale. Hitler not only blocked off all mention of his father's ill-treatment, he would immediately block you off too, to where there is no return. As he frequently did.

Mindless slaughter of you, or a host of other supposed “enemies” was no different in Hitler's mind, to what his father had already done to him. He couldn't see where either came from. So he continued to react as if his father was still 6 meters (20 feet) tall (though only indistinctly visualised, if at all), and fully intent on doing him immediate (and terminal) injury. And if you try to go through the front door, and confront the Hate-Syndrome directly, you and they will suffer. You are talking to someone who has an emotional blindspot—they simply cannot see what you are talking about—any more than they can see the circle when they focus on the cross—it's blind.

So talk to Hitler by all means, gently nudge the conversation here and there, but if you go too close to dad, then you are entering a minefield, and you have been warned. Orwell clearly saw that Hitler had a monomania—he is obviously dedicated to one thing at the expense of everything else. Well, to curb this devastating global pandemic, we need to identify precisely what that one thing was, so as to avert it. But, and here's the hurdle, Hitler could never tell you—in fact he would go to enormous lengths not to think or know about it—even if it meant trying to destroy a country the size of Russia. So if he can't tell you—who can?

Since Hitler is no longer available to discuss his childhood in person, let's take a look at other “monomaniacs”, other violent men who dedicate their lives to one thing, one destructive thing, which they pursue single-mindedly, but can neither articulate nor think clearly about. In earlier papers I've discussed a serial killer I've called Alec. Verbatim dialogues with him are included elsewhere (Johnson, 2018). But to give an idea of the depth, of the emotional pain which can inflict such emotional “blindness” let's consider two other childhoods in more (gruesome) detail.

When you've explored as many childhoods as I have, you tend to form a picture, a scene in your mind of the “base” trauma—the one they cannot tell you about directly, or at least not to start with. Hitler comes close in the passages from *Mein Kampf*, though even here he goes by a pseudonym, a much needed, but rather thin disguise—a “boy of three”—he adamantly believes that too much clarity of diction could finish him, or so he imagines. The opposite of course, is the truth—clarity is cure. The truth is—he is no longer too small to fend off his father's semi-lethal assaults—being now adult, he could just hold his hand, or tell him to back off—and since his father was already dead, this alone would finally bring his horrendous nightmare to an undisputable end.

So what was the crucial scene for a man I'll call “Jim”? Aged 4 he wakes in his bedroom, and looks across to where his younger sister is still sleeping. He recalls, as if yesterday, the colour of the curtains, the shade of the wall paper. He gets up, dresses himself and her, and then looks throughout all the other rooms to find his mother. She isn't there. So, undeterred, he goes to his friendly neighbour, taking his little sister with him, and knocks on the door. “Have you seen my mum?”. Then (brace yourself), he hears his mother's voice behind the

door—"Tell him I'm not here".

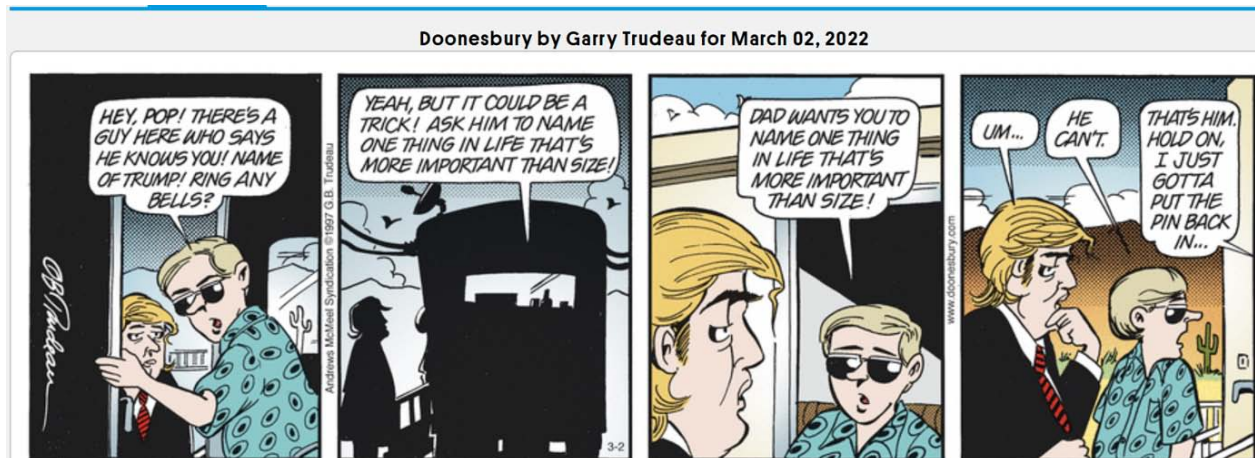
Bang. We may not know much about how we form our picture of the world as it is—but it is not difficult to see what impact such parental betrayal would have on a growing mind (all infants are gender neutral). Note too, the very pain of this scenario will guarantee you never approach it willingly—this is the logic behind emotional blockage—think further along this line, and you're dead. Quite a convincing argument to a small child, and also to an adult who still sees themselves emotionally as a small child. Weaning them requires both insight, plus nutritious emotions to spare.

Childhood scene number two involves "Stan"—a very dangerous "knife" man, who my prisoner network warned me against, most strenuously—watch out when you're with him, they told me. So with Stan, I picture not so much a particular scene as a hurricane. What emerged over a period of time getting to know each other, was that his mother's verbal stream was ceaseless—a torrent against which Stan had no defence. To his credit, he came to my office every week, without fail. He would sit down. I'd ask him how he was. He'd say OK. Then I'd mention his mother. He would cringe. "Oh, not her again". Over and over we went. With so little change, I upped the pressure.

We had established that it was question of size. And after a while he became quite adamant—"My mother will always be bigger than me". Bang again. So being a practical sort of man, and not wishing to endorse this obvious misperception, I proposed to him that we bring his mother into the room, stand them back to back, to demonstrate that she was 12 inches (30 cm) smaller than he was. What could be simpler, you might ask. So listen carefully to his reply—it demonstrates the implacable self-perpetuating root of the Hate-Syndrome most succinctly. "If she's in this room", he said, "I'm out of the building". Again, bringing two fairly obvious facts together in the same mind, takes more than simple logic. And note too, that until these two "items" meet in the fully conscious mind—they continue to distort, to damage and to block.

Which is why human hatred is self-perpetuating. Victims of Hitler's Warsaw ghetto think only a dead Hitler is a good Hitler. Which is understandable, but unthinking. It risks us all heading for extinction, at great economic expense. However, if we could once understand that this is an inevitable aftermath of the Hate-Syndrome, then we might manage a better prognosis. Again, it's the precision of diagnosis that entirely determines the likelihood of the prognosis or outcome. Get the first wrong, especially by overlooking the deeper factor, and longevity vanishes.

"Listen to the patient, s/he's telling you the diagnosis"—so let's "listen" a bit more widely. Is there other evidence that size matters? That people who hate, and spread hatred, are over-concerned with height? Well in writing this paper, I was delighted to come across an earlier illustration which hits the spot precisely. Now I don't expect many philosophy papers to include a comic strip, but this one has such uncanny relevance, that I cannot resist including it here. Gary Trudeau (Trudeau, 2022) the strip's creator, has an unerring eye for human foibles and emotions—so when this was recycled recently from perhaps 20 years ago, I couldn't let it pass. Bear in mind that height, or "perceived emotional size" is pathognomonic of the Hate-Syndrome—at least it is in my book, or in my version of Osler's best charts.



Trump, in this view, regards “size” as vital—is he desperately hoping to be taller than 60 cm (2 feet)? Why pick out this one feature? And look at the stringent question “Name one thing **in life** that’s more important than size”. And Trump can’t. At least not on this occasion. Readers are entitled to interpret this in any way they wish. But if you are writing a paper whose crucial factor is the emotional size of speaker, then this is spot on—Trudeau at least has noted that perceived size is valued more highly than anything else, for some. As with any syndrome, it pays to collect data from as wide a variety of sources as possible—though I have to admit, I don’t often call on the services of a strip cartoon.

So returning to James Nayler and his prescription. There he was, the obvious victim of mindless, and in his case lethal, violence, yet he still manages a broader vision, a more creative ideal—the way I see it, this is nothing other than an *adult* view. Humans, he is telling us, are born non-violent. If we could all grow up emotionally—perhaps we could come to agree with him.

## 7. Conclusion

IS NOTHING SACRED? Are there no tenets which every single human being holds? Or is it just that people “grow” different views? Your idea of the most precious things in life may not overlap with mine, or with Hitler’s for that matter. What would you or he work night and day to procure or sanctify? If you look at this broader picture, Hitler clearly held the conquering of Russia to be more important than anything else, at that particular time. Why? You could point out that smashing what you say you want, especially by blitzkrieg, damages the desired object—a pile of rubble is surely worth less than an intact nation, in anybody’s assessment or valuation?

There are other “ideals”, or ideologies which also disintegrate into confused and muddled thinking. If you sat down and asked Hitler what he really wanted, you’d get a series of loudly trumpeted, but decidedly incoherent notions. “Nationalism”, “Sovereignty”, “The Will of the People”—all very emotive, and all relatively meaningless.

So, bearing in mind that there are deeper factors in any diagnosis that may not immediately hit the eye—what could be the underlying pattern here? Well, the answer offered by the Hate-Syndrome is that there are two scenarios that every human being is called upon to adapt to. They are very different, and their requirements, and their sacred objects are essentially incompatible. And again, this is based on what everyone can see—it’s not dependent on one particular revelation, or unique dispensation—it happens to every one of

us—we all start small, and we grow. Sometimes we don't grow emotionally. And that's the hidden factor, the deeper fact which makes all the difference.

And "hidden" is an understatement. You might not understand why Hitler invaded Russia, but then, in this deeper sense, nor did he. As before, human behaviour is inexplicable, until you acknowledge that we all have blindspots—some are only retinal, others are also emotional—and they are impervious to any reason or argument, even force—though they do remain amenable to adequate supplies of nutritious emotions.

Your health as a child depends on being looked after—if you're not, you're dead. And you know this, and it matters. It matters more than anything else. So if nothing is sacred in general, when you're an infant, staying alive is your priority. It would be hard to argue the contrary. However, in the second phase of human existence, as an adult you are capable of keeping yourself alive—interactively—that's what life is all about.

However, if you have been unable to progress from scenario one to scenario two, then your views of sanctity will be out of sync. Being looked after was number one—but now it gets in the way—now, however hard you try, you cannot fill the void. The remedy is to discover that the void is obsolete—that hatred is in fact hollow. But emotions generally run too high for this to be a simple matter, and since infant manipulations no longer produce the desired ends in adulthood, the way is open for hate.

The point needs hammering home. James Nayler was referring to adulthood—that's how I see it. Nothing more, nothing less. Toddlers battle, adults cooperate. So let's take a look at what you expect when you first emerge into this difficult world, having been cossetted in the womb, with all needs met via a physical umbilicus. Well, I would prescribe three things. And, to cement the Hate-Syndrome in deeper, they are precisely what I found I needed most in Parkhurst Prison, when trying to grow up all those murderers, emotionally.

They sound simple enough—familiar, yet elusive, obvious, but too often so highly coloured that like the word "spirit" itself, they struggle to retain any of their meanings. Truth, Trust and Consent. And they mean just what they always mean. Truth is what is really out there, it's the measure of how closely our view of the world reflects reality—never 100%, but get it too wrong, and your health, even your life suffers. Trust is relying on another's Truth. We none of us have eyes in the back of our heads, nor is there ever one Truth for all time—that dastardly world keeps changing all the time—technically it's called Entropy—and we need all the help we can get, to keep abreast. Again if we don't, then longevity shrinks. Finally Consent, evaluating another's Truth, and then agreeing to rely on their Trust. Or not. Not because you have to, but because you use your unique, ineffable, but vital capacity to decide, to agree, or as here, to Consent. All beautifully simple and straight-forward—nothing "hidden" or sectarian—just three everyday values, which I happen to believe approach the sacred.

So there you are, yowling and pewking, about to have your first diaper (nappy) put on, and what do you most need? You might think it's mother's milk. And you could be forgiven for thinking so. But watch a video of a newborn, and even offered his mother's breast, he shows more interest in the two people who matter most in his life—his parents (Social Baby, 2013). So if it's not milk—what? What is most sacred to a newborn infant? Well, you can answer that whichever way you wish—it's your choice. Here I prescribe Truth, Trust and Consent, for the reasons just given. These three are the pillars of peace-of-mind—without them, you're lost—with them, you can relax and feel both confident and secure. And if peace-of-mind, why not peace-of-society, or just peace and not war? Why not indeed?

So what the infant needs, what we all need as infants, is reliability, consistency, being taken into account—we need to matter to the people in whose hands lies our very existence. Without this we are lost, and



we know it. What this paper proposes is that these three semi-sacred values apply not only to infants, but to adults, not only to kindergartens, but to global society. Covid taught us that medically speaking, no-one-is-safe-until-we're-all-safe—the same applies to Truth, Trust and Consent.

Yet for all their bid to be sacred, these three are less than abundant. Why? It's those emotional blindspots again. Given a free hand, and lots of nutritious emotions, then everyone without question would award the badge of "sacred" to them. Where they don't, as with all antisocial emotions—check out the childhoods, as Alice Miller so rightly recommends.

Take lying in politics—if you come across someone, or a politician, who routinely mangles Truth beyond recognition, who doesn't know the meaning of the word Trust, so never uses it—then you may be sure that Consent, which cements the other two together, will also be absent. To recap that earlier paper—if you're only 60 cm (2 feet) tall, then, since this is manifestly no longer True, it makes little difference to you what you say, since the battle for power, in your head, has already been lost. Worse, you daren't Trust anyone anyway, because it has never paid you to do so before. Something you learned deeply enough, when you were too small, to do anything about it. And since you were never asked your Consent, how can you possibly ever know just how vital it is? And here vital means healthy—the converse is unhealthy—which typifies all hate, and indeed all war.

Hate is a highly infectious disease. Once established, it is almost as hard to eradicate as thermonuclear radiation. Because emotional blindspots can be cumulative, it tends to straddle multiple generations. But whatever else it is, it is a disease. It has causes, and once these are accurately diagnosed, it has treatments, even cures.

One of its major components is of course, revenge. Revenge is the cement that holds the whole Hate-Syndrome together. Without revenge, the Syndrome disappears like a puff of stale air, which is all it is. But this cannot happen until all the overheated emotions have been rinsed away. James Nayler too, has important insights into revenge, but these would take us too far from the current paper—they require more room.

Nutritious emotions also call for a fuller exposition—in particular how they might apply on an international scale. There are splendid examples. There is much to aim for. Projects we can easily afford—again more detail anon. But whichever way we look at hatred and its international manifestation—war is a costly way of making things worse. Any peace, especially one built on the semi-sacred trio just outlined, would be cheap by comparison. With the added advantage that if enough of us do wake up in time, we can all, without exception blossom. Will we? Hope so.

### **Health Warning**

Unpacking the Hate-Syndrome can be straightforward and quick. But it can also be prolonged and unsuccessful. It should never be approached without full emotional support, understanding and consent all round—bear in mind that all killings in the entire globe come from it—so have a care, the next could be you. Advocate it by all means, but respect the utter opacity of the emotional blindspot, and insist you never operate without fully informed consent. Trust is not always easy to build, and along with life itself, is all too easily shattered. And as before, never stop psychiatric drugs abruptly—they are intended to alter your brain chemistry, which needs time to readjust—seek help.

## Appendix 1

### Review of Mein Kampf by Adolf Hitler

§1. It is a sign of the speed at which events are moving that Hurst and Blackett's unexpurgated edition of Mein Kampf, published only a year ago, is edited from a pro-Hitler angle. The obvious intention of the translator's preface and notes is to tone down the book's ferocity and present Hitler in as kindly a light as possible. For at that date Hitler was still respectable. He had crushed the German labour movement, and for that the property-owning classes were willing to forgive him almost anything. Both Left and Right concurred in the very shallow notion that National Socialism was merely a version of Conservatism.

§2. Then suddenly it turned out that Hitler was not respectable after all. As one result of this, Hurst and Blackett's edition was reissued in a new jacket explaining that all profits would be devoted to the Red Cross. Nevertheless, simply on the internal evidence of Mein Kampf, **it is difficult to believe that any real change has taken place in Hitler's aims and opinions.** When one compares his utterances of a year or so ago with those made fifteen years earlier, a thing that strikes one is the rigidity of his mind, the way in which **his world-view doesn't develop.**

§3. It is the fixed vision of a monomaniac and not likely to be much affected by the temporary manoeuvres of power politics. Probably, in Hitler's own mind, the Russo-German Pact represents no more than an alteration of time-table. The plan laid down in Mein Kampf was to smash Russia first, with the implied intention of smashing England afterwards. Now, as it has turned out, England has got to be dealt with first, because Russia was the more easily bribed of the two. But Russia's turn will come when England is out of the picture—that, no doubt, is how Hitler sees it. Whether it will turn out that way is of course a different question.

§4. Suppose that Hitler's programme could be put into effect. What he envisages, a hundred years hence, is a continuous state of 250 million Germans with plenty of "living room" (i.e. stretching to Afghanistan or thereabouts), a **horrible brainless empire** in which, essentially, nothing ever happens except the training of young men for war and the endless breeding of fresh cannon-fodder.

§5. How was it that he was able to put this monstrous vision across? It is easy to say that at one stage of his career he was financed by the heavy industrialists, who saw in him the man who would smash the Socialists and Communists. They would not have backed him, however, if he had not talked a great movement into existence already. Again, the situation in Germany, with its seven million unemployed, was obviously favourable for demagogues. But Hitler could not have succeeded against his many rivals if it had not been for **the attraction of his own personality**, which one can feel even in the clumsy writing of Mein Kampf, and which is no doubt overwhelming when one hears his speeches ....

§6. The fact is that there is something deeply appealing about him. One feels it again when one sees his photographs—and I recommend especially the photograph at the beginning of Hurst and Blackett's edition, which shows Hitler in his early Brownshirt days. It is a pathetic, dog-like face, the face of **a man suffering under intolerable wrongs.** In a rather more manly way it reproduces the expression of innumerable pictures of Christ crucified, and there is little doubt that that is how Hitler sees himself.

§7. **The initial, personal cause of his grievance against the universe can only be guessed at;** but at any rate the grievance is here. He is the martyr, the victim, Prometheus chained to the rock, the self-sacrificing hero who fights single-handed against impossible odds. If he were killing a mouse he would know how to make it seem like a dragon. One feels, as with Napoleon, that he is fighting against destiny, that he can't win, and yet that he somehow deserves to. The attraction of such a pose is of course enormous; **half the films that one sees turn upon some such theme.**

§8. Also he has grasped the falsity of the hedonistic attitude to life. Nearly all western thought since the last war, certainly all "progressive" thought, has assumed tacitly that human beings desire nothing beyond **ease, security and avoidance of pain.** In such a view of life there is no room, for instance, for patriotism and the military virtues. The Socialist who finds his children playing with soldiers is usually upset, but he is never able to think of a substitute for the tin soldiers; tin pacifists somehow won't do.

§9. Hitler, **because in his own joyless mind he feels it with exceptional strength**, knows that human beings don't only want comfort, safety, short working-hours, hygiene, birth-control and, in general, common sense; they also, at least intermittently, want struggle and self-sacrifice, not to mention drums, flags and loyalty-parades. However they may be as economic theories, Fascism and Nazism are psychologically far sounder than any hedonistic conception of life. The same is probably true of Stalin's militarised version of Socialism. All three of the great dictators have enhanced their power by imposing intolerable burdens on their peoples. Whereas Socialism, and even capitalism in a more grudging way, have said to people "I offer you a good time", Hitler has said to them "I offer you struggle, danger and death", and as a result a whole nation flings itself at his feet. Perhaps later on they will get sick of it and change their minds, as at the end of the last war.

§10. After a few years of slaughter and starvation "Greatest happiness of the greatest number" is a good slogan, but at this moment "Better an end with horror than a horror without end" is a winner. Now that we are fighting against the man who coined it, we ought not to underrate its emotional appeal. George Orwell (March 1940).

## Appendix 2

§1. Man stelle sich doch einmal folgendes vor:

In einer Kellerwohnung, aus zwei dumpfen Zimmern bestehend, haust eine siebenköpfige Arbeiterfamilie. Unter den fünf Kindern auch ein Junge von, nehmen wir an, drei Jahren. Es ist dies das Alter, in dem die ersten Eindrücke einem Kinde zum Bewußtsein kommen. Bei Begabten finden sich noch bis in das hohe Alter Spuren der Erinnerung aus dieser Zeit.

§2. Schon die Enge und Überfüllung des Raumes führt nicht zu günstigen Verhältnissen. Streit und Hader werden sehr häufig schon auf diese Weise entstehen. Die Menschen leben ja so nicht miteinander, sondern drücken aufeinander. Jede, wenn auch kleinste Auseinandersetzung, die in geräumiger Wohnung schon durch ein leichtes Absondern ausgeglichen werden kann, sich so von selbst wieder löst, führt hier zu einem nicht mehr ausgehenden widerlichen Streit. Bei den Kindern ist dies natürlich noch erträglich; sie streiten in solchen Verhältnissen ja immer und vergessen es untereinander wieder schnell und gründlich. Wenn dieser Kampf unter den Eltern selber ausgefochten wird, und zwar fast jeden Tag, in Formen, die an innerer Rohheit oft wirklich nichts zu wünschen übriglassen, dann müssen sich, wenn auch noch so langsam, endlich die Resultate eines solchen Anschauungsunterrichtes bei den Kleinen zeigen. Welcher Art sie sein müssen, wenn dieser gegenseitige Zwist die Form roher Ausschreitungen des Vaters gegen die Mutter annimmt, zu Mißhandlungen in betrunkenem Zustande führt, kann sich der ein solches Milieu eben nicht Kennende nur schwer vorstellen. Mit sechs Jahren ahnt der kleine, zu bedauernde Junge Dinge, vor denen auch ein Erwachsener nur Grauen empfinden kann. Moralisch angegiftet, körperlich unterernährt, das arme Köpfchen verlaust, so wandert der junge "Staatsbürger" in die Volksschule.

§3. Dass es mit Ach und Krach bis zum Lesen und Schreiben kommt, ist auch so ziemlich alles.

§4. Von einem Lernen zu Hause kann keine Rede sein. Im Gegenteil. Mutter und Vater reden ja selbst, und zwar den Kindern gegenüber, in nicht wiederzugebender Weise über Lehrer und Schule, sind viel eher bereit, jenen Grobheiten zu sagen, als etwa ihren kleinen Sprößling über das Knie zu legen und zur Vernunft zu bringen. Was der kleine Kerl sonst noch alles zu Hause hört, führt auch nicht zu einer Stärkung der Achtung vor der lieben Mitwelt.

§5. Nichts Gutes wird hier an der Menschheit gelassen, keine Institution bleibt unangefochten; vom Lehrer angefangen bis hinauf zur Spitze des Staates. Mag es sich um Religion handeln oder um Moral an sich, um den Staat oder die Gesellschaft, einerlei, es wird alles beschimpft, in der unflätigsten Weise in den Schmutz einer niedrigsten Gesinnung gezerrt. Wenn der junge Mensch nun mit vierzehn Jahren aus der Schule entlassen wird, ist es schon schwer mehr zu entscheiden, was größer ist an ihm: die unglaubliche Dummheit, insofern es sich um wirkliches Wissen und Können handelt, oder die ätzende Lechtheit seines Auftretens,...

§6. ...verbunden mit einer Unmoral schon in diesem Alter, daß einem die Haare zu Berge stehen könnten.

§7. Welche Stellung aber kann dieser Mensch, dem jetzt schon kaum mehr etwas heilig ist, der ebenso sehr nichts

Großes kennen gelernt hat, wie er umgekehrt jede Niederung des Lebens ahnt und weiß, im Leben einnehmen, in das er ja nun hinauszutreten sich anschickt? Aus dem dreijährigen Kinde ist ein fünfzehnjähriger Verächter jeder Autorität geworden. Der junge Mensch ist nur mit Schmutz und Unrat in Berührung gekommen und hat noch nichts kennengelernt, das ihn zu irgendeiner höheren Begeisterung anzuregen vermochte.

§8. Nun setzt das gleiche Leben ein, daß er vom Vater die Jahre der Kindheit entlang in sich aufgenommen hatte. Er streunt herum und kommt weiß Gott wann nach Hause, prügelt zur Abwechslung auch noch selber das zusammengerissene Wesen, das einst seine Mutter war, flucht über Gott und die Welt und wird endlich aus irgendeinem besonderen Anlaß verurteilt und in ein Jugendgefängnis verbracht.

§9. Dort erhält er den letzten Schliff.

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