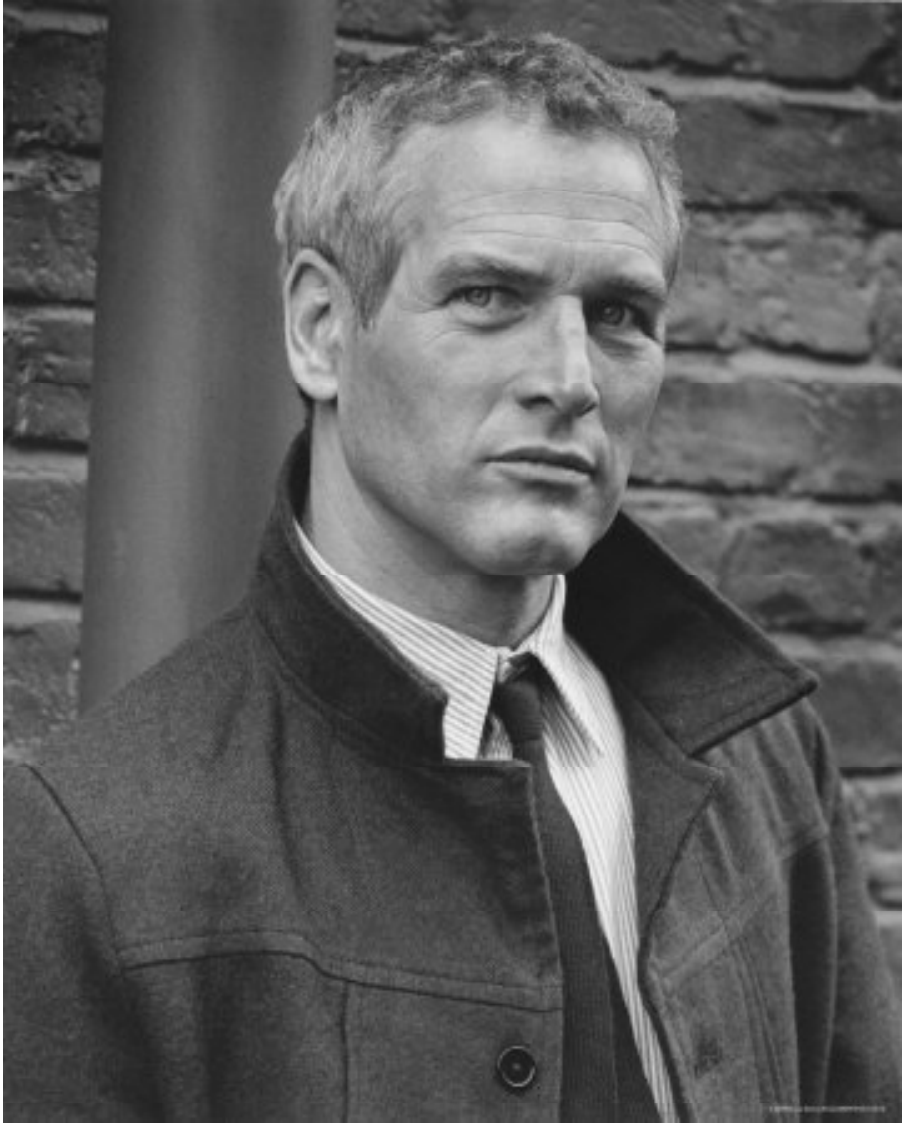
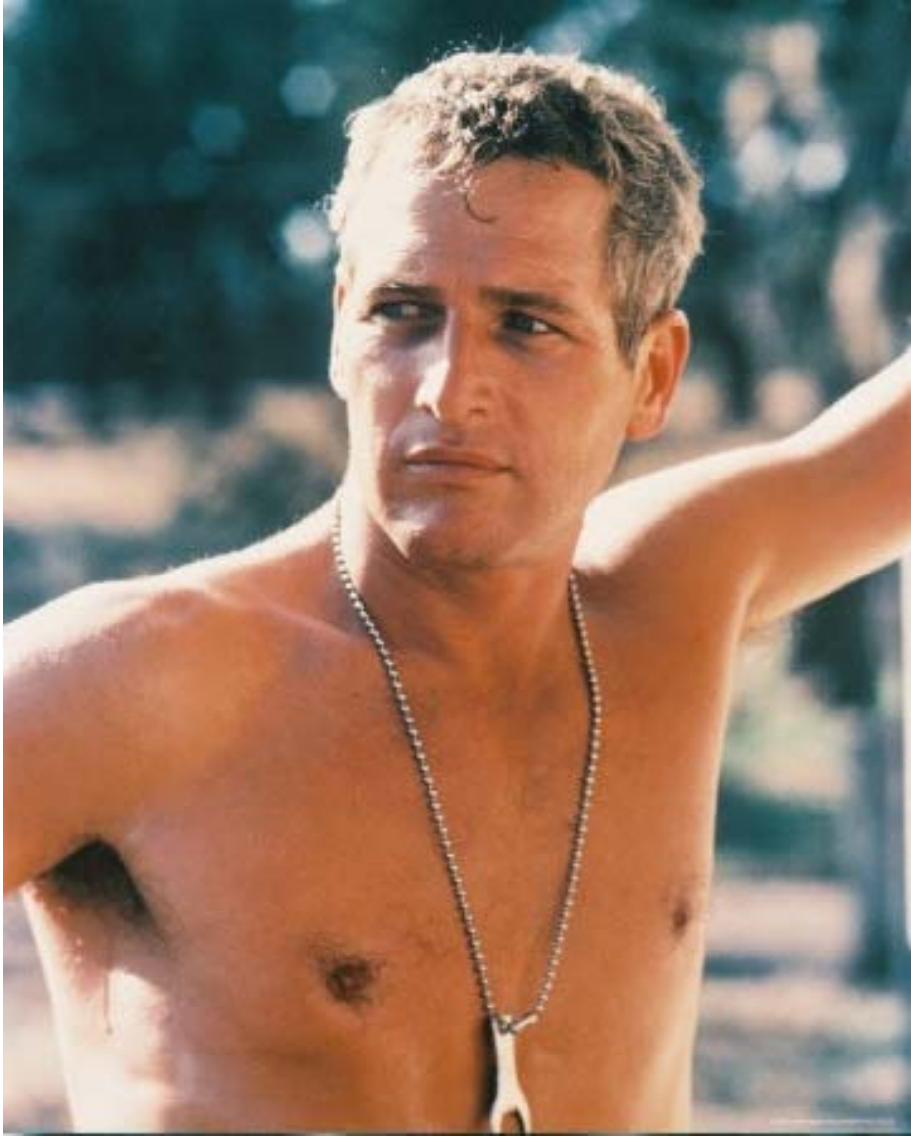




Der Deutsche ist
 ein Pulverbarren
 der verbrannt
 im Kämpferkamm
 weil er sich nicht
 in der Welt bewegt,
 für die Juden
 gegen den Jüden!

Das ist der Jüde, der nicht mangelt
 der größte Reichtum im jungen Reich!
 Er meint, dass er der Führer sei
 Und ist so geblieben dort dabei!





Heft 24 Jahrgang 1935

Vierzehntäglich ein Heft

Preis 70 Pfg. 4000019
1 2/3 1/2

Verde Buchhandlung
Verlag, Berlin SW 68

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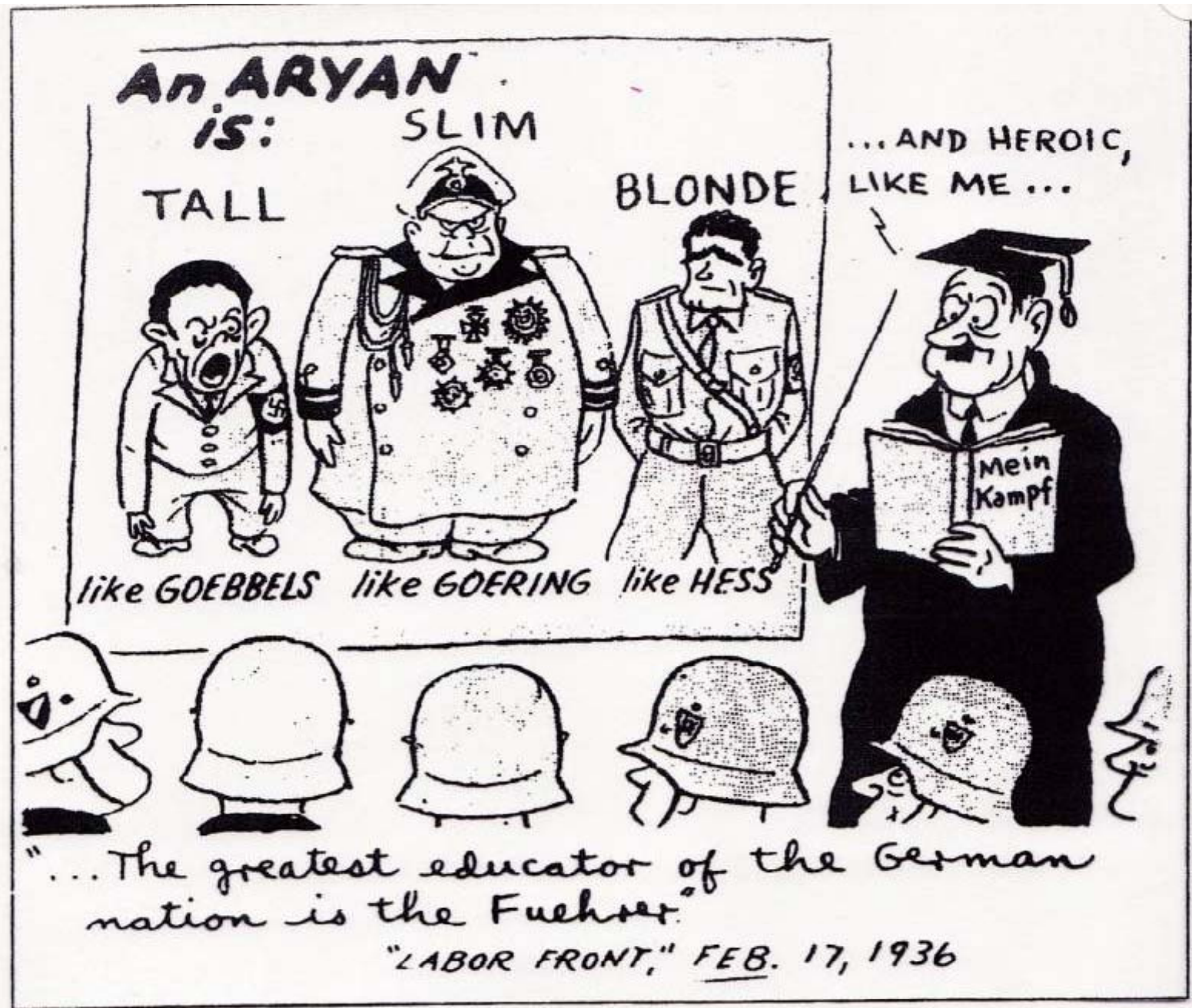
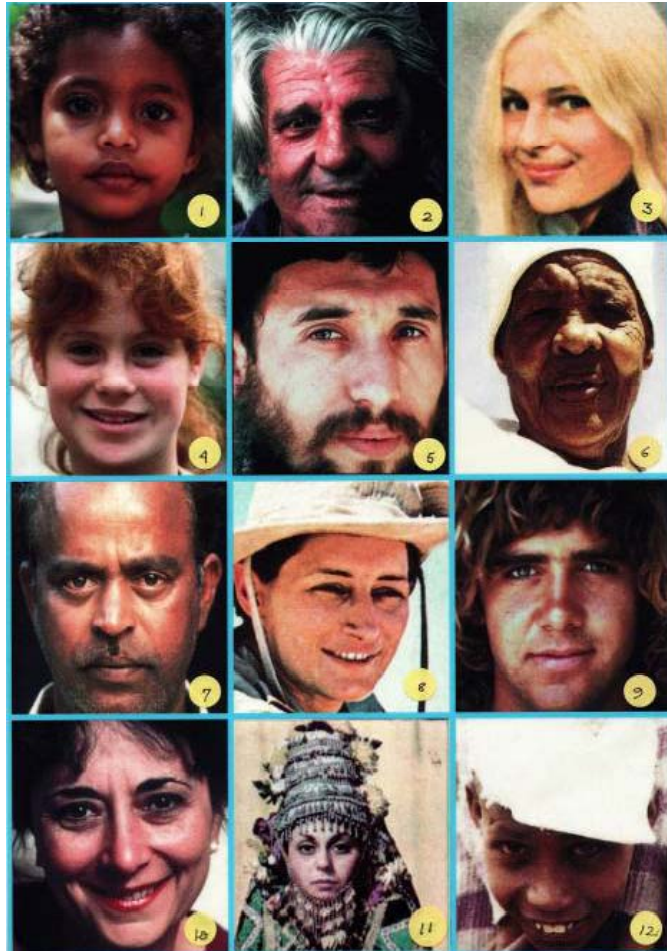


FIGURE 11.2 "An Aryan is ..." Cartoon. Labor Front, 1936.



Always a Suspect

I get up in the morning
and dress up like a gentleman –
A white shirt a tie and a suit.
I walk into the street
to be met by a man
who tells me ‘to produce’
I show him
the document of my existence
to be scrutinized and given the nod.
Then I enter the foyer of a building
to have my way barred by a commissionaire
“What do you want?”
I trudge the city pavements side by side with ‘madam’
Who shifts her handbag
From my side to the other, and looks at me with eyes that say
‘Ha! Ha! I know who you are;
beneath those fine clothes
ticks the heart of a thief.’?

Oswald Mbuyiseni Mtshali

IDENTITY

Always a Suspect

Oswald Mtshali

(E.R.M. Resource 2)

Questions

1. Why did the man go to so much trouble to tell us what he was wearing?
2. What assumptions did the man make about the woman?
3. What influenced the assumptions made by the man?
4. Under what circumstances would physical appearance create powerful social divisions?
5. How do we tend to respond to people who belong to “other groups”?

Masks

We wear the mask that grins and lies.
It shades our cheeks and hides our
eyes.

This debt we pay to human guile
With torn and bleeding hearts...

Seventy years in these folks' world
The child I works for calls me girl
I say 'HA! HA! HA! Yes ma'am!'
For workin's sake
I'm too proud to bend and
Too poor to break
So...I laugh! Until my stomach ache
When I think about myself.
My folks can make me split my side
I laugh so hard, HA! HA! I nearly died

My fathers sit on benches,
Their flesh count every plank,
The slats leave dents of darkness
Deep in their withered flank.
And they gnarled like broken candles,
All waxed and burned profound.
They say, but sugar, it was our submission
that made your world go round.

They laugh to conceal their crying,
They shuffle through their dreams
They stepped 'n fetched a country
And wrote the blues in screams.
I understand their meaning,
It could an did derive
From living on the edge of death
They kept my race alive
By wearing the mask! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!
Ha!

adapted by Maya Angelou
from Paul Lawrence Dunbar's *We Wear the Mask*