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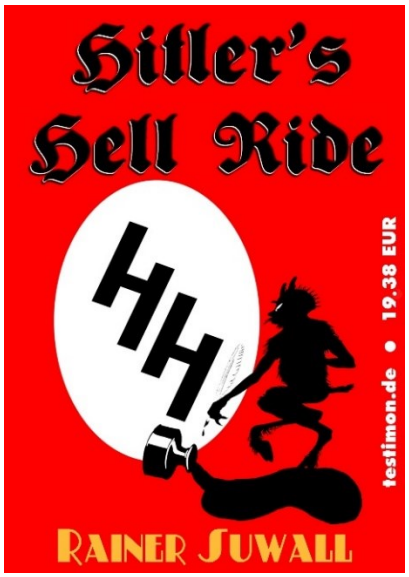
Hitler's Hell Ride



A Six-Course Dinner by Rainer Suwall

● testimon publishers ● PDF with an interactive table of contents and internet links ● 373 pages ● DIN A 5 format ● 23 illustrations ● 2 maps ● single-use license fee EUR 19.38 ● library license fee EUR 58.14 ● Order at: info[at]testimon.de ● Please provide your postal address for the header of the invoice form ● Delivery after advance payment ● Regular money transfer (no PayPal etc.) ● No return, no refund ● No delivery to countries / states with sales taxes

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In the summer of 1938, a New York City ex-bootlegger has a personal score to settle with the Führer and wants to do so at the Nuremberg Reich Nazi Party Rally – mobster versus mobster. Accompanied by two of his former lieutenants and the widow of his brother, a Czech countess, on-side his attempt gains the support of a war-invalid lawyer, a fence, an odd prophet and underground communists, the last dissenters in the madness of the *New Germany*.

Their foes, led by *Gauleiter* Tullius Striegler and police chief Bruno Martens, are consumed by vanity, ambition and callousness – and immensely dull. They fight with words, fists, tricks and bullets until the showdown beneath the Imperial Castle.

Hitler's Hell Ride, based on real events, is an informed and atmospherically dense key novel about the Nazi era and the feverishly charged late 1930s in the USA, Germany, Austria and Czechoslovakia. With a grim laugh and irony, the story breaks the dreary horror of the Third Reich and contrasts it with passion, love, humanity, style and music.

If there had been more people like Izzy, Szlama, Maurice, Jana or Jack, the world would have been spared a lot – but they are just sparkling fictional characters with guns and the dream of justice and freedom.

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Excerpts from the Book

Preliminary Epilogue (before it's too late)

Highly esteemed buyers (and you miserable schmucks who grifted a copy of the file without a license),

Welcome to this idiosyncratic book, in which a serious attempt is undertaken to satirize something that was definitely no laughing stock, Nazi Germany, hence it shares a problem with Lubitsch's *To be or not to be* and Tarantino's *Inglourious Basterds* – good company.

However, anyone who has spent over 30 years professionally studying, researching, and writing about this collective madness, centered on its substrate Nuremberg, develops an itching need to understand its essence. The sad result is that back then, an entire nation – the handful of active dissenters was insignificant, and those who looked the other way were complicit – was completely out of its wits and, for whatever reason, allowed itself to be ruled by a gang of psychopaths, criminals and cretins. By and large they were incredibly stupid and therefore dangerous – because stupidity is evil! – so the use of force against them would have been justified at any time, had anyone possessed the courage and determination to do so. Instead, a one-armed, one-eyed aristocratic officer placed a ticking briefcase next to the Führer and covered one of his ears… – that was just as much real-life satire as Neville Chamberlain's paper airplane of peace in 1938!

When in fiction this menagerie is confronted with a group of intelligent, sensitive and headstrong individuals who want to put an end to this nightmare, comedy inevitably arises, because their clash exposes the vicious goofiness of the regime and its followers. Humor has to be biting, because subtlety simply won't cut it.

That the saviors can only come from America is no coincidence: On the one hand, this corresponds to the real conditions of the time; on the other, it reflects the fact that the author, from childhood on, was lured by the occupiers' infamous brainwashing by means of books and films into loving their culture and way of life, something that, to this day, neither wacky presidents nor German anti-Americanism have been able to change: Even after a hundred generations, we will never forgive the Yankees for their treacherous invasion!

So, it's about the eternal struggle between good and evil, truth and lies, right and wrong, life and death, honor and brownnosing, coolness and uncoolness, love and hate, beauty and ugliness, scent and stench, ironic detachment and blind fanatism, as well as good and bad cuisine or music. All stylistic devices are allowed, from contemporary quotations (all statements with source citations are authentic and have only been adapted to the text with regard to the names they contain) to tear-jerking sentimentality, flagrant romance and erotic entanglements, all the way to utter silliness and crude slapstick (warning: there's plenty of swearing).

Although the German version of this novel was first published exactly ten years ago, its English translation seems particularly important right now, because despite the steady availability of all earthly goods – thank you, People's Republic of China and Amazon! – and emotions – thank you, Johnson & Johnson! – we live in joy- and loveless, anxious times without knowledge of the past and therefore without orientation in the present. It tells a story from another world and different times. Perhaps people can be reached to whose sense of humor the book appeals more than in the country that always thinks it knows better but, after 1945, hasn't managed to accomplish much beyond monster cars and autobahns. Besides, a decidedly unfunny Hitler reincarnation, supported by a permanently pissed, brainless zombie followership, is currently making another attempt to conquer Europe, this time from the opposite direction (see page 371).

I wish – no, I guarantee – readers an entertaining and instructive read, if only they are a little as exceptional as the book's characters (and its author). Peculiar wordings and grammatical constructions are no blunder, but rather integral parts of the highly sophisticated, AI-generated concept intended to confuse the readership and keep it awake for over 370 pages.

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The same applies to the illustrations, especially the spectacular, previously unpublished, almost-original historical photographs of the events.

Finally, please note the job offer on page 373.

Yokohama, in the Year of the Seven-legged Ant
Rainer Suwall

PS: Stinky Miller – your mother wants you!

[…]

Columbus' Eggs

There are hundreds of thousands of Columbus' eggs lying around, but the Columbuses are harder to find.

(from Adolf Hitler: Mein Kampf. 851st - 855th unabridged edition, Munich 1943, Volume 1, p. 311)

Art means Suffering

The shocking experience on Hans-Sachs-Platz made Izzy withdrawn and aloof. For hours he would walk unresponsively around on the circular path through the park behind the villa, the smoke signals from his Havana marking his current position between the oaks, lindens and thujas for the other Fighting Rats, who watched him anxiously from the windows. He regularly asked for extra hard-boiled eggs for breakfast.

As soon as he had done enough thinking, he would retreat to the study, where the main telephone of the house was located. Most of the time, no one heard him, but sometimes laughter and incomprehensible cascades of words would come through the door. Theo, the only living being he tolerated near him, steadfastly refused to give away anything about the content of these mysterious conversations.

One evening, the six-legged secret commando entered the garden salon where Jana and Slam were listening to Ace casually improvising on the Steinway. The Boss clapped his hands like a dancing master.

My dears, go to bed early today, because tomorrow morning at six we're going with Striegler to his estate, Plattnershof. We need all the film equipment. And good Gunda is bringing us a few costumes and a makeup case. – Sweet dreams!

To keep up the suspense, no one asked about the reason for the unexpected excursion. Besides, they weren't sure if they really wanted to know.

The next day, Striegler's open limousine honked in front of the house, Herbert Kaiser at the wheel, the fat man next to him, and behind them the constipated Hitler lookalike Klotz. While sound engineer Metzger [aka Szlama Goldfish, one of Izzy Perlman's lieutenants] and screen star Leona Wray [aka Jana Countess Navratilova, Izzy's widowed sister-in-law] were getting into one Mercedes in the driveway and cameraman Lagarde [aka Maurice Dupree, the other lieutenant] was waiting in front of the other, director Swartzfeld [aka Izzy Perlman] rushed through the open gate onto the street to enthusiastically shake the Gauleiter's hand. When he returned, he growled at the Canadian:

Follow those zombies, they will guide us.

The tour lasted a good hour and mostly led through a wide river valley, on the slopes of which forests, meadows and fields alternated. Towards the end, the landscape widened to a plain. They came to a large, three-sided farm, the architectural style of which imitated Franconian half-timbering, but was of much more recent date.

The cars stopped in the middle of the yard. Striegler got out, stretched, walked over to Izzy – and put his arm in his!

Surely you don't mind a second breakfast? We can discuss everything else there.

The Boss also showered him with kindness.

With pleasure, Mr. Gauleiter, an excellent idea! Boys, unload the equipment and then come along. Leona, accompany us to the cozy home of the Striegler family.

Jana, Ace and Slam looked at each other helplessly, but finally did as they were told. The Nazi leader also mobilized his entourage.

Kaiser, help the gentlemen! – Klotz, follow me!

On the way into the house, Izzy looked around searchingly.

Dear Mr. Gauleiter, I miss your dog, although I deliberately did not bring mine with me this time so that there would be no foolish friction that could lead to further resentment between us.

Striegler's features froze, but a devilish grin played around his mouth.

I shot Wotan – he was a despicable weakling.

If you buy a new one, you could call him "Schmeling". On the other hand, after the fight in June, "Louis" would be more promising.

Striegler foamed.

The nigger punched Max in the kidney! The referee was bribed by the Jews!

Izzy consolingly patted him on his shoulder.

Of course, we all know that – just the same as in the World War.

In the living room, an indescribable nightmare from kitsch Tyrol, a haggard woman of inestimable age was waiting for them in front of a monstrous, roughly made pinewood table. Everything about her seemed joyless: her turnip nose above her mouth (too big) under her eyes (too small) and her blunt brownish hair. She hardly dared to look at those who entered and continued to set the table for the meal. Striegler ordered her to come over with a commanding gesture and played the proud husband.

This is my Kathy, the mother of my sons. Where are the boys?

Her timid answer was barely audible.

With the horses, they will be here soon.

Jana felt sorry for her. She could easily imagine how she was treated by her jailer when they were alone. She was obviously sick, both physically and mentally.

By and by, everyone gathered around the table, laden with bread, sausages, cheese, eggs, cakes and fruit. *The boys,* Edwin, the older one, and Erwin, both around twenty, could not hide their origins, for they had inherited the huge nose from their mother and the total lack of intelligence from their father. Jana spontaneously thought of a passage from a story by Kafka:

Such an empty look leaves you defenseless. It could tempt you to say more than you want, just to fill that vacuum with reason.

One day, these dorks perhaps would be able to chew gum and walk – if they tried hard.

Being forced into physical contact with half a dozen splendid specimens of the master race, the Fighting Rats felt increasingly uncomfortable – except for their chairman, who began a magnificent speech:

Dear Mr. Gauleiter, finally it's time to begin our joint creative work, here and now, as befits your energetic and thick, I mean big stature! We have already laid down the general outlines in our telephone conversations, but my imagination, inspired by the meetings and events of the last few days, has long since developed further, which is why I would now like to present my ideas for our opus to you and the other participants.

Crackling tension was in the air, albeit for different reasons. For example, Jana, confronted with this gathering of troglodytes, would have preferred to run away naked and screaming through the surrounding fields, Slam was toying with the idea of splitting the skulls of the party officials present with one of the heavy chair legs. Striegler was relishing the eulogy and his sons were still trying hard to understand what an *opus* was.

Hubert Swartzfeld, whom his admirers in Hollywood called *The Hubster,* let the tomcat out of the bag.

The title is (rhetorical pause): *THE TITAN!*

Dupree-Lagarde spat the sip of coffee in his mouth noisily back into the cup. When the company looked at him in annoyance, he apologized: *Too hot...* – Izzy remained undeterred by the faux pas and continued:

Leona is an American schoolgirl who is spending the summer break in Nuremberg at the invitation of the BDM, the League of German Girls. The connection was made by the kind-hearted, fatherly Fritz Kuhn [leader of the fascist German American Bund]*. We'll film the sequence with him after our return to the United States. She lives here in a BDM home with other girls – that's where the charming young ladies who were introduced to us by you at the party come in.*

Striegler's right hand had disappeared under the table.

One day, everyone is very excited because an important visitor has arrived in the harem, er, home: Tullius Striegler, the Cranky Führer – oops! – Frankenführer and friend of all German girls! When he appears, no one can resist him and his charisma. Devotedly, they do the gymnastics they have rehearsed for the occasion in front of him in their short panties and snug shirts...

Jana had told the *director* about Striegler's primitive approach. She slowly realized that he wanted to grab him at his weakest point in order to make him his willing tool – and to have some fun with him:

Malá žížala – tiny earthworms!

Perlman expanded on the plot of his grandiose epic in his increasingly passionate sermon:

Then sassy Leona, still heated and gleaming from the exercises, approaches the Gauleiter: "In America, people say the worst things about you, that you are a corrupt, horny whoremonger, perverse and stupid as shit, surrounded by a gang of moronic sycophants."

The listeners held their breath, their eyes darting between Izzy and Striegler, but he had no time to react to the barrage of abuse because it continued unabated.

Anyone else would react to such an embarrassment by a foreign brat by slapping her and having her thrown into a concentration camp as a spy, but not Tullius Striegler, ladies and gentlemen, not that visionary, that steadfast masturbist... – I mean moralist, not the man of whom the Führer once said: "If difficult times should ever come upon us, then I know that here in Nuremberg stands a bull that will not waver for a second."

The cattle quotation from Hitler's speech at Striegler's fiftieth birthday, which had been passed from mouth to mouth in Nuremberg three years ago and caused violent outbursts of laughter among non-Nazis, had been told to him by Jack [aka Fritz Jacobsberg the Nuremberg lawyer], in Prague; Izzy thought it was extremely appropriate.

No, a personality of such superhuman dimensions, coupled with untiring horniness… – gentleness, does not strike, but strokes the girl's sweaty head, puts his hand on her bare upper arm and says: "If you want to know what I'm really like, then come and visit me at my humble cottage outside the sinful city."

Striegler jumped up and, with his right fist having returned from work, hit the table so hard that the plates and cups danced. His family, Kaiser and Klotz instinctively ducked their necks.

Fabulous, Mr. Swartzfeld, absolutely fabulous! That has depth, that has greatness! You have recognized my core – finally a kindred spirit on my level!

The famous moviemaker gazed lovingly at the bellowing ox.

Thank you very much, Mr. Striegler, but it would be presumptuous of me to say that. I only want to bring an epochal figure to the screen as your artistic servant. At your sight the captivated viewer will inevitably turn his innermost outwards and with the outcome will fill the cinema hall up to the ceiling. That is why we are here today: we are filming Leona's visit to the Plattnershof, a central sequence in the film.

His cocky protagonist had to test how far the director wanted to take the farce:

Do you already have ideas about what will happen afterwards?

The Boss furrowed his brow and scratched his one-sided hairbrush.

Hmm… – it's all still a bit blurry. Of course, his appearance at the synagogue has to be included, it was historic, almost classic – Tullius Striegler in a row with Nero and Caligula. – The young American has completely fallen for him since this exciting day, but she has to accept that he remains unattainable for her as a loyal, caring husband and father – Izzy looked pityingly at the desperate woman and her brainless brood – *who otherwise only lives for his global mission. She chooses abstinence for herself and wants to found a National Socialist women's order in his name, but while mushrooming in the forest behind a bush he convinces her that it is the sacred duty of the Aryan brooder to bear children. At the party rally she meets a dashing SS officer – school superintendent Funk could play him, he has the right vibes for the role, something primal animalistic, like a hyena. The Gauleiter weds the couple on the huge grandstand under the golden swastika illuminated by the sun. – Happy ending, the raging audience rushes to the exits and cannot get rid of these devastating images even after electric shocks. – And always remember: only short, concise dialogues, that saves us money on the English subtitles. A breathtaking rhetorician like you should find that easy, Mr. Striegler.*

The ignoramus became embarrassed.

But I am not allowed to wed couples.

The Hubster dismissed his petty objection with a disdainful wave of his hand.

Nonsense! Nobody in America knows that. And we're still a long way from that scene. Now let's talk about the simple country life of the Strieglers. You have Bavarian lederhosen for yourself and the boys, don't you? And your esteemed wife definitely has a dirndl. We brought one for Leona and a few rags, floppy hats and long, shaggy beards for Messrs. Klotz and Kaiser, who are Jewish peddlers.

Klotz stammered, his eyes wide open in horror: *Wha-what?*

The Hollywood Svengali stayed cool.

I have already discussed the scene on the phone with the revered Gauleiter: While he is in… – after… – with Leona, two devious Jews try to sneak in to steal his eggs. He chases them away with a pitchfork – this shows the viewer that he can hit our enemies hard if he has to. The episode also contains a very subtle comic element: the Jews always have to shout "Ouch, ouch!" when he pokes them in the butt.

Kaiser stood up and took a stand.

I am a National Socialist, I do not play a Jew.

The Frankenführer had to set a few things straight here:

I decide what you do or don't, that's why I brought you along. – You'll be starring in an American film, you moron!

Izzy gave further instructions.

We'd better start right away – outside in twenty minutes. Miss Wray will help you glue the beards on.

[…]

The Three Musketeers

Of course, Lisl Seidler would have done the laundry on Saturday as usual if she hadn't met Mrs. Sammet in the stairwell yesterday past lunchtime. She hadn't seen her neighbor for long. Her husband was a member of the National Socialist Motorcycle Corps with an assignment to the courier service on the party rally grounds, he was fed by then, and the children were still having their vacation with relatives in rural Lower Franconia. So, she only weakly resisted the tempting offer to come to Sammet's for a chat and a coffee. A small cup of Java turned into a pot and then a couple of glasses of Silvaner wine, and she was able to calm herself down with the thought that tomorrow would be another day – if she got out of bed in time before the service at St. Sebald's Church.

Because of this changed schedule, the next morning she became witness, between her wet sheets, which she was hanging out to dry in the courtyard of the winding property at Burgstraße 24, of a strange scene: A SS cap appeared above the edge of the old well, followed by a dirty boxer's face and the matching athlete's body, with a heavy bag hanging from his shoulder.

Lisl hid behind the white fabric fluttering in the breeze, but of course her slippered legs were visible to the menacing figure. Her wish that the monster was just a nightmare and would simply vanish remained unfulfilled. Instead, it came towards her, panting.

Don't worry, ma'am! I'm doing security check – Führer is coming!

Mrs. Seidler peeked out from behind the sheet in disbelief, holding on to its edge with pointed fingers.

Szlama knew that his performance so far had not been very convincing. He had to improve his acting considerably in order to have peace of mind during the upcoming preparations. However, conveying his good intentions was made difficult by the fact that his active German did not get better in the excitement.

Przepraszam, I am German from Poland, that's why my speak is not so well. – Have to search everywhere because information is of a bomb here to blow up Führer. So, everyone hide in house, close window and don't use phone because electric spark can make terrible explosion – booooom!

His windmill arms described the wave of devastation in a wide sweeping movement, which frightened the Nuremberger even more. As she then hurried into the house with the laundry basket under her arm, the eastern European dynamite expert called after her:

Tell everyone: Stay in door and not come out until all-clear, otherwise big boom and Führer gone!

The woman responded to his instructions with a hectic *Yes, of course* and disappeared through the door under the rickety arcade.

[…]

"Guess who's the real lamp!" Hitler's bouts of humor were only bearable in a drunken state

9/11/38: Hitler speeding up to the Mount of Olives

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