

HEILT HITLER – HEAL HITLER by Herbert Achternbusch

SUBTITLES ENGLISH

THE MIRACLE OF STALINGRAD

Come on out, you only have to take a piss.

Nothing works in Stalingrad.

My beloved Fuehrer,

I would never dare to write you

if I wasn't wearing your uniform,

Ergo, that's why I'm writing to you on behalf of my uniform.

Never, did I think that I could ever freeze in this uniform.

Since I have been wearing this uniform, I have become a real human being.

I've been able to make thousands of comrades

laugh at my daily front theatricals.

My comrades slapped their thighs and roared with laughter,
that's how I rose up the ranks to become a General Adjutant but I was allowed to serve

with my troops in the uniform of a simple front clown.

That is why I, my beloved Fuehrer as you lead
the consciousness of the World, could remain a trustworthy human being of the people.

Why don't you write him,

that we don't have any tobacco left.

I can't, I don't smoke,

I need Schnapps!

But don't interrupt me; I want to tell my Fuehrer how we are doing.

We don't have anything, Nothing, just plaster of paris,

no ammunition, just plaster, no medicine, just plaster,

nothing to eat, just plaster, nothing to drink, just plaster.

An entire army is made up of plaster of paris

and it's turning hard into a cast, my friend.

An army grows stiff.

You can say what you want about the 6th army but plaster must be mentioned first!

It's ordered by plaster-headed officers and we plaster-heads follow them, and you,

idiotic plaster-head, you write a letter to the biggest plaster-head of all time.

Yes! because no one laughs at my jokes anymore,

I'm going to complain to my Fuehrer because I can't perform here anymore.

Everyone laughed at my Swastika flag joke.

When I kissed the red flag, everyone screamed with laughter.

Yeah, that was a good one,

the way you puckered up your lips, as if a woman stood before you, that was pretty erotic.

You were like a love-sick bull with that flag,

so affectionate like a camel on ice.

And you took my partner away, you disgusting, hideous cripple.

Hmm, I bandaged up a lad who had both hands blown off,

a piano player.

He was happy.

"My arms aren't bleeding, My arms aren't bleeding," He was happy.

"I don't have blood in my veins, I have music in my veins. only piano music," he said.

He didn't see all the blood on the red flag

as it reached the white part he was already dead.

And my flag was torn apart; that's why I write to my Fuehrer, so that he will send us a flag.

Dear Fuehrer, give me back my flag.

Even if he forgets about us, and doesn't send us any supplies, he has to give me my flag back!

I didn't give my oath to bread or cognac, but to the red flag!

I have the right as a soldier of the Greater German Reich to my red flag.

She's my bride, my life and my success.

Think about the good times you've had with the red flag,

how many women it's replaced, how much trouble with women it's spared you from,

marriage and children.
Hey, cripple don't be so rude to me.
If you couldn't pity the piano player, then at least pity me!
Is there anything more beautiful than our red flag?
I looked up to her in the labour youth and now she hangs all over the war front.
Give her back to me!
I'd rather be with shredded, bloody stumps and ripped apart than live unhappily without a flag. No FLAG!
What are you doing Cripple?
I'm eating plaster of paris, I can't take it anymore,
because we're still here in the head while the lower part of our body has reached the realm of the dead.
Stop talking like that.
Oh, I don't want to be buried in Russian soil either.
Can I have some of your plaster?
Ok, I hereby write you war-weary because I have to treat your lower appendages with plaster.
And broken limbs have to be treated. I'm sending you home to the Russian soil.
There, where a German soldier stands, is German soil!
That's right, that's what I like to hear.
When the hunger subsides, then thoughts of women return.
I'm thinking of five women right now.
How they all cheated on me... willingly.
Even you, frontgoon, could have had a chance with my women.
They took anyone and everyone that looked like a shag.
There's no comparison between the German woman and the German flag.
But you know what? I prefer stuff that satisfies the throat such as laughter or Schnapps.
I always got pretty hammered after my shows and the very next day I always managed to fight with the
flag again.
I'm glad we're going to die before the war is over.
Without the war I would be pretty alone.
You know there's a big difference if your comrades are smiling at you
or if it's an anonymous mass of people laughing at you when you are drunk and falling out of the tram.
Say something.
Fine, if you don't want to talk, then I will continue with my letter to my Fuehrer
so that the flag is here when death catches up with me and I die my heroic death.
My beloved Fuehrer,
I don't give a sausage about the Russian soil if I'm wrapped up in my red flag.
Even when the fields above me are swaying with stupid sunflowers,
I'll still be gnawing the cloth of German soil.
Ach, how I'd rather have found my last resting place under a German autobahn.
I just love the sound of speeding German cars.
Verily, the sound of Russian sunflowers mean nothing to me, the way they sway so weakly in the wind.
Pardon, but I also have some last words to say.
Here, take my letters to my women. Read them to your Fuehrer.
My dearest beloved Annytta,
I'm framing your image in a 1,000 kisses
so that I see nothing but your blossoming blue eyes my darling.
You're so near. Do you feel that too?
There's not much happening here and we're not doing too bad either.
I remember fondly and clearly the last time we were together.
The wood anemones had all perished
because the day before I left the weather was unusually warm.
I threw my crutch at your feet and embraced you;
it wasn't much, just one kiss in two weeks,
but what a kiss it was, the kiss of my life.
You whistled the sweetest song 'All of Paris dreams of love'.
Those were the days,
too bad there's not a song like that for Stalingrad.
You sat one particular Sunday in front of your farmstead playing with two calves.
Your mother Annamirl sat in front of the barn.

I once loved her too but now I love you,
that's how life goes.
But your mother also whistled for you.
I hobbled over to the old church that was closed and guarded by a little Pimpf in a Hitler youth uniform.
"Why don't you go and pick your nose" I said to him.
"Whose nose?" he replied.
"Yours!" I said, you could have ordered him to do anything.
I'm so eternally thankful that the Nazi party closed all the churches though,
those sons of bitches can do their business elsewhere but not in our Reich.
Probably, that religion is forbidden is the most comforting thing about Russia.
We still have a lot to win, and when I know more, I'll write you more.
If he doesn't come back soon, then I'm alone and the war is over for me.
Come here, you cripple, come here so that I can shoot you!
I'm going to shoot you and then the war will finally be over for me.
You cripple, you dragged me into this Godless war.
I'm going to kill you!
You always praised the friendship of our comrades,
but all I saw were piles of dead bodies.
I'd even strangle you with my own bare hands,
smother you with a pillow...
...or maybe kiss you to death. Just please come back, you dear old cripple,
or I'll fall into the barbarians dust,
they don't care about a thing other than their damn red flag...
and they deny me that as well at the bitter end.
Come on, you cripple. I want you to kill me.
I want to be murdered by German hands.
And if there's no morning then I want the night...
...oh! I'll write this too. Dear Annytta,
I'm your boyfriend's friend
and when you read this then don't forget about me.
I stood by your boyfriend through many battles.
And I think you should get to know me.
When I eat the swastika flag, at least 10 come out the other end.
I'm a great comedian, but the Russians don't have any humour
They also live off dead bodies.
And every day so many of us must die.
I have to stop now, but the following lines are also from me...
Do you remember when I almost forgot my helmet?
You had just picked up your salmon-pink underwear out of the wood anemones.
And you asked me "Don't you need your helmet anymore?"
"of course" I said and put my loyal comrade back on;
it's the roof over my head out here.
Then I was shocked because in my view of life there are only white wood anemones,
but there were also yellow ones too. Oh while I'm at it,
go to the old cherry tree and tell it that I'm thinking about it
and it shouldn't wither away too soon, that old scoundrel
saw me with so many different women.
Annytta don't be upset with me but it's snowing plaster here.
and I'm just happy, if I can move a portion of my body to be able to write you.
Then, not even a blade of grass sways here on the Russian Steppes;
So terrible is the behaviour of the Russian hordes that their soil claws to the soles of our boots.
It would be horrible for Russia if the Bolsheviks would get Russia back.
Does the Fuehrer not like Russia anymore?
We are as loyal to the Russian soil as we are to a faithful mistress back home.
Where one isn't so eager to sleep on it, because you wish to prolong the experience and wait for the right
moment.
The moments before are just so stimulating, so exciting, so inspiring.
Dear Annytta, as a child you stood on a branch of the old tree

and I was scared that you'd fall off so I told you that I had six nipples.
Then you fell into my arms and toyed with my American shirt
and you wanted to see the tattoo of a rose on my chest, the one from New Orleans.
Back then, I wasn't anything more than an uncle to you
and you couldn't care less about my nipples.
Then slowly came the war and although you now know everything about my nipples.
I was able to keep them hidden for such a long time.
They don't send any new soldiers to Stalingrad anymore
and a lot of them that have seen my six nipples, aren't alive anymore.
I think that might have been the most extraordinary thing many of them had ever seen.
That's too bad.
I am normal and not handicapped.
Six nipples must mean that he has three willies,
what can you do with three willies, if I may ask?
If one is already one too many here in Stalingrad.
When I was with Gabi at your old cherry tree, dear Annytta
She only talked about her breasts, and I almost hear her speak "I think I have nice breasts".
"Not too big, not too small"
"I like them" she said.
But I didn't want to see her breasts because she wasn't interested in mine.
I think she just wanted what was down below, you know, my cock.
She soon left with someone else, you know who
and I was happy looking up at the cherry blossoms.
Or did it happen under the apple tree?
That bastard always gave me his cast-offs.
It wouldn't surprise me if he wrote about Traudy as well...
There you go!
My beloved Annytta, because I'm so sad, and I long to bathe in your beautiful eyes again,
I have to confess my sins with Traudy as well.
That slut never took me seriously,
but as we stood there at your blossoming cherry tree she said to me:
"Come on, what's the problem? How long are you going to keep me here waiting for it?
Or do you think I'm just standing here under this stupid cherry tree waiting to take root, I want to take
something else inside me".
So just as I tried to put my hand on her shoulder to nip all eventualities in the bud
my old friend Gunter jumped out of nowhere
and took the bloody nuisance away.
That rascal, I have to call him that because I don't have so many women in this world.
Even I couldn't do it with Traudy, but that's all in the past.
But truthfully, I suffer for my innocence
Annytta, you good-natured being,
I hear you muttering and see you furiously tearing out violets
smell the flower twice then throw it away.
Do you think that makes me happy?
You know that my whole world revolves around your crumbling pear tree?
My dearest darling Annytta,
was it a pear tree?
What I wouldn't give to walk over there and see it for myself.
Even in the darkness I would be able to tell the trees from the feel of their bark.
The cracked bark of the pear tree, the silky bast bark of the cherry tree
and the primeval bark of the apple tree.
Another thing that was primeval was long-legged Traudy's get-your-trousers-off attitude
and her tearful gaze.
Tenderly your fingers stroked the firm trunk
as you gazed off into the distance.
It pierced so easily through all those neverending blossoms.
Your stare saw straight through me into the endless distance even when I raised my steel helmet with my
crutch.

Perhaps you were looking over here, to unseen Stalingrad
where we might die alone but a 100 percent for sure we will all perish 900000 times together
I don't know if there are even that many cherry blossoms, as there are mortals?
Not to forget our victims to justify their enormous amount we must turn all of Germany into a huge cherry
plantation

So that the deathly pale cadavers merge in a snow white sea of cherry blossoms
their stench thoroughly concealed under the scent of the petals
and not one can be seen from our race, neither fool nor victim
from beneath the blanket covered sea of blossoms over Germany.
Dearest Annytta, there's neither a tree nor a house that stands here on the banks of the Volga.

We stand here so vulnerable under the universe
at last and forever God has left us once and for all,
only his mother has laid out her star-studded coat over us
and we've all retreated under it.

But let me tell you something, the mother of God is wearing some very dirty underwear
and for everyone of us, she has a pair of underpants on and every single pair has been shat in.

I would so much rather be together with you Annytta, or some other fair maiden
than here with Gods mother who is slowly stamping us down.

Yet now, She prefers the Russians to us, those sons of bitches.
She's had all of us and now she's on the side of those sons of bitches,
the sons of bitches...

Those sons of bitches shot passed me
and the slower I walked, the more determined they were to shoot right past me.
Now they have us and they're saving their ammunition.

And even you are not dead yet?

Hey posterity, I'm not accountable to you!

Because you're 100% the same kind of assholes as we are, if not more.

I imagine you are covered all over and over in assholes!

But I have one thing left to say to you, precisely why I want to die giving the Hitler salute,
those Ivan sons of bitches are going to kill me
with or without me giving the Hitler salute. Then, the Russkies are murderers.

My lads will be very happy when they see me with this familiar gesture perhaps this, my gesture will help
them,

overcome a few moments longer while they're waiting for a miracle
because we're the heart of the Fuehrer and without us, Adolf Hitler can not live!

Without us he's sick and dead

and only the heart of a German soldier can heal him, comrades!

HEAL HITLER!

Gentlemen, THAT, right there, is the miracle of Stalingrad.

Let's hope that that happens to us as well.

As there's no other way out.

THE UNDERWEAR FROM LAKE STARNBERG

I might have known.

What?

That you'd bring your baby along. What else? What should I think?

Annytta has her two calves here with her, and her two children as well.

Yeah well, Annytta lives here. And so do I. Where do you live Gabi?

I also live here. Where else am I supposed to go with my child, Gabylein?

And do you think I have it any different with my Traudylein?

At least I don't take my Traudylein to the cherry tree.

Then once again, you'll be all alone under the apple tree, with your Traudylein,
looking stupid, because you still don't know who the father is.

Her father fell in Stalingrad. No! he's only missing.

Ok, so maybe yours is missing, but the father of my child died.

I'm not that stupid to think of a missing person and at the end he will actually appear.

Here, hold my child, this is getting to be too much.

You surely have a cute baby but it looks nothing like my Traudylein.

Traudylein, Traudylein. You deceitful frump! Your baby isn't even a girl, it's a boy.

Ok you said it and everyone knows that I don't want a boy,
my boy is a Traudylein and Traudylein will never have to go to war.
I agree. You know I'm just upset because you've chosen Gunter to be the father,
only because he is proven dead. Missing Herbert could also come into question.
You should be happy, that I choose Gunter, because if he returns you can have Herbert all to yourself.
All alone? A man? I don't want Herbert all to myself.
Wasn't it nice when we didn't know who was doing what with whom?
Why don't you take your child with you the next time you go to the blossoming trees?
He's going to cry himself to death all alone in his dark room.
Anything is better than the war.
A crazy kid would carry on fighting this crazy war for its entire life.
There has to be an end to all this.
Another reason why I don't want Herbert as the father was he normal? The pervert!
A little perverted perhaps, but you can't tell that by looking at my child.
Give me back my Gabylein. Here's your cat.
I wonder if it was his own doing? Or was it in his blood?
Was he as German as he should be?
No, no, no doubt about it you're my Gabylein.
Because it is certain I'm your mother and the men ' they're as arguable as the war.
Life is simply unfair and we are standing in the middle of it
because none of us have a husband that could make us a bench to sit on.
It would be nice to relax under the blossoms on a bench made of white birch.
I'd be happy with Gunter as well, if he would still be alive.
Annytta, do you think Herbert is the father?
At least I know who my child is, that's more important than knowing who the father is.
Like the poor women in Dresden hospital, when the big air-raid came
the hospital was destroyed and all exits were blocked.
The women were in one room and the newborn babies in another
and after 2 or 3 days they made an emergency exit.
The mothers raced to the babies, grabbed themselves a newborn and fled out of the burning city.
There were some pretty horrible scenes, because some children were already dead.
The mothers just reached for any child that was still alive. My sister from Breslau wrote me that,
Selma hasn't been in touch for a while.
She's my half'sister and has breast cancer,
she's in an unhappy relationship with a teacher who's already married and has three children of his own
and I don't know if he's the father of her child.
But at least she's sure she is the mother. That's what I mean.
Annimierl is coming and with my baby.
She's mad. The sun doesn't agree with Traudylein.
The boy can't always be left alone to cry the entire time.
But to tell you the truth, I'm not responsible.
I'll take the responsibility and I'll carry him too.
I only wish I knew what to call him, Gunter or Herbert?
As long as there is war the child's name is Traudylein, for now and forever.
I can't take it anymore. There's nothing like children and nothing like war
and no good news and what happens today I can't remember tomorrow.
So my boy is my little girl today and if I die tomorrow...
Bombers! Americans!
Let's get away from the children, so that they drop their bombs on us.
I hope the Americans conquer us. Come on down!
Stop screaming child, open your eyes.
Such a war is worse than anything else.
Now you have two children and they're probably from your own father.
But as long as I don't really know if Herbert is your father,
you don't have to worry if your father is the father of your children.
I'll tell you something,
the people that send these aeroplanes up against us, would rather destroy the whole world,
than leave us alone with our problems

If those Americans were down here, then we`d finish them off down there then all we`d need is a kiss and
a bush
and the conquest would be perfect.
Yes, you`d do that, I`d do it too, At best I`d have one in front and one from behind.
Then we`d have two Americans who would disappear from the theatre of war.
I think they`d be satisfied with coffee and a cake.
The blacks are anyway so peaceful. I`ll let them teach me English.
I think I just saw one, I think he`s waving. I almost recognised him. He`s waving, or...?
You`re waving! God bless them wherever they`re flying to...
The poor lads are going to get shot down by us stupid Germans.
Hey that`s us that you`re talking about, but you`re right. I won`t shoot at them.
Yeah, we`re waving and waving and no one is throwing down any chocolate.
Chocolate! Who knows how much they are shitting themselves.
There`s also someone sitting behind them with a pistol pointing at their head
so that they do what they`re ordered to do. Just like us.
If I could fly with them, I bet I could pacify any bomb aimer.
The most sensible thing to do, would be to leave the enemy soldiers with us.
The women in the enemy country, for all I care, can have our starved scrawny men.
But men are always stupidly competing with one another
and we`re supposed to admire those numskulls?
Not me! Me neither, Mama.
It has nothing to do with admiration, more so with contempt.
Oh! I found a cigarette.
Look there`s Louise, the Louiserl.
You have it nice here at Lake Starnberg, but you should see the state of Munich.
Not one stone upon the other, I tell you, and there`s nothing else upon each other either,
only corpses piled on top of each other. Mountains upon mountains of bodies.
It`s all true, everything is the way we imagined and thought.
You don`t need count on my brother,
that he smuggled himself into the Army came to nothing for sure.
I tell you, we`re damned forever. But that won`t help us. We have to live on.
The cigarettes will help us, for starters.
Can I stay with you? These just fell from heaven.
That you`re still alive, you gypsy. Are you Herberts sister? Then Herbert is also a gypsy?
Give me one of your cigarettes.
Herbert, I don`t believe that he will return.
My only hope...
Mine too...
And me?
Look who`s coming, an American.
They must have shot him down.
Doo yuu speek Englisch? Doo yuu vant a zigarette?
He must have lost his voice.
We have to get him undressed immediately or our men will murder him.
Here`s my red sweater and a skirt as well.
Jesus! You`re a man.
And I have such a swimming cap for you too.
That was probably the smartest rule the Nazi regime ever came up with,
that women should wear swimming caps because
when the allies bomb us from above it would be so much more safer than dangerously open hair.
Let`s take a look at you. Wow, you`re a good-looking woman.
It`ll help you to make it over the next few days, or what do you say?
My man kaputt, my man communist, understand?
Don`t speak such nonsense. As a woman he has a much different problem.
What? Don`t you see it? No, he looks just like us, like a woman.
Yes, and? Nothing.
She`s a black woman!
I can`t believe I didn`t see that.

We could say that she's a refugee that's lost her voice.
So what are we going to do now?
Hide her!
At my place No at mine!
Damn! here comes the neighbour with an axe.
I'll take care of this, I'll murder him! I've lost two sons in this war!
Are you mad? We must disarm him. Help me!
You can hang there until you turn black.
We'll untie you when the war is over.
We're helping you only because you can't help yourself.
You can't just murder a black person.
You'll all be shot! Peng! Peng! Peng! Peng!
You're plem, plem, plem in the head.
It's Peng! Peng! Peng!
For someone like him, who's never been in the Army now he wants to kill somebody.
You're going to thank us. He might not thank us now.
Maybe he'll just wisen up. That would be enough.
It would be enough for me if he shaved so that I can see what he looks like.
Do you want to marry him?
I do, you can forget about anyone who comes back from the front, really.
I'll take you with your beard.
Really? - Don't be daft. I'm just saying that because I need something to eat.
Peng! Peng! Peng! Plem! Plem! Plem! Peng! Peng! Peng! You're Plem! Plem! Plem!
Heal Hitler. Heal Hitler!
It's Heil Hitler! You idiot!
I'm going to get you and I don't need Hitler to do it either.
Papa, Mama, Baby, cute, My girl. You know my baby, you know.
I don't have anything against the Jews and I see that your people are black, I believe that too
it's painted all over your face.
Untie me!
Good thing I don't have any children or boys. That's why I don't have anything against you,
that's the only reason, remember that!
But let me tell you something,
you should give these women, these godforsaken women,
some children so that we can all tell their kids apart. If one of them has a little of your colour.
Then these women have looked alike for generations
and they always have the same names, so no one can tell them apart. Not even the authorities.
There's got to be some form of order, or?
You, go now to your field and do the work that your people have done for generations,
and remember to always follow the authorities rules
and if you think that you're smarter than us, with our illegitimate children
then you are stupid and will remain so.
If someone works like you and cares about nothing else, just pays his taxes and complains a bit in the
tavern
you know what I think of such people?
They are just waiting for the next war. With all their work, they are only working for the next war.
Rubbish! Because I heard that you're supposed to be Herbert's sister
so let me tell you a little story, it might be interesting for you,
and perhaps you will have a different impression of your gender after it. What I don't wish.
Now let me tell you my story about Herbert. I saw this with my own eyes, so listen closely,
there he stood and in there sat his girlfriend at that time, Annamirl,
she had already had his daughter Anita,
he didn't marry her because he said the times were too bleak,
he regretted that the child was already there.
We often sat together to one another in our local tavern. He always paid for me.
Gunter was also there. He always spoke in such a prudent way
that you could never understand him and then he was always slogged.
But let me continue. Herbert told me if they would ever find out what kind of a man he is, then it's all over.

He used to be a sailor, on the Panama Canal and so,
that's why Traudy didn't want him because she said when he came home so unexpectedly from his sea
voyages,
she would always be frightened that Herbert would catch her with Gunter
because Gunter always had to perform for Traudy while Herbert was away at sea. Gunter did it willingly,
he was happy to get it, because he never had to take any responsibility.
They had a good time lying together. And when Herbert returned then Gunter fell out of the bed
because the bed was too small to fit all three of them in it, then Traudy's bed was not so big, as I know.
While those two were in the tavern celebrating his return,
then I crept over to Traudy. That was fine with them too, eh? And me as well,
but I always had a thing for Gabi and kept her on the boil.
That Traudy. That Traudy's banging around with two men made her, well let's just say lop-sided.
Gaby always used to come over to my farm because there it wasn't so obvious,
but I always had to throw her out because with her, I was never the man of my own house.
Yet lying about in the hay with her or elsewhere, that was really nice we both liked that, but when Herbert
was there
then I was always invisible. I wasn't bothered.
Gaby had a big ass and Traudy, you know with her long contra bass form
and we don't have to mention Annamirl, I mean, she had a disadvantage
and the Annytta, she even brought her own daughter into the picture.
Annamirl had a Grandmother who's name was also Annytta. In turn, I really liked her, I liked her very
much.
So long this has been going on here and believe me, I still don't know even today
if I'm the father of all of those people or perhaps none of them.
We were talking about Herbert. One day Herbert came home from the front, that was before the last time,
when he was there with his crutch.
That he found sanctuary in the Army, is a story in itself.
He once told me a story which he'd promised to tell me, over a beer. But then he couldn't, it was too
secret, much too secret.
The women were all there, sitting together
and Gunter was creeping about in the undergrowth, because he wanted one of them,
but in his drunken state he had lost all orientation
because we could say, he might also be the father of all of them as he also slept around with all of them,
like me.
Herbert had a handbag with him, it was a lovely handbag, really lovely.
The leather looked like vellum it was light, skin-coloured.
It had a rose drawn on it, a beautiful rose. He brought it back from the front. And Annamirl said
"you don't have to give me a handbag. I'll give it to Traudy."
And Traudy said that it's a really nice handbag, but it would be a shame if she had it
because she's forgotten so many handbags in church and they all got stolen.
Then Gaby kissed the rose and said the rose looks very familiar,
but that she doesn't want just the handbag alone but with him, Herbert as well.
"Give me the handbag," she said to him, like he said to me, "when you come back from Russia."
He must have known that he wouldn't return
because he wanted to give the handbag to someone who would think of him when he's long gone.
But then everyone who had liked him refused to accept his handbag.
"Me too," I said, "What do I, a farmer, want with a handbag? I'm always in the fields or in the tavern."
"Ah," he said "give it to the next girl that smiles at you"
But I thought, I couldn't give my future wife a handbag that I got off Herbert. They all know him anyway.
Wouldn't come into question. Not with me. I'm not going to change and at least one child I probably have
already.
You're right. There remains only one possibility and he offered the purse to Annytta.
And she took the handbag. She cried and pressed the rose against her heart.
And I'll tell you something else, the handbag
had nipples on it! And none of the women realized how many,
namely six. SIX! And in between was a sailor's rose tattoo.
ESCAPE TO THE COURTYARD
...Please wait, Please wait... 'You will be resurrected'. Easter has already passed.

If they all came back...
Then we'd all get less pension.
...it can't get any less, that's impossible - For sure.
Please wait, please wait, please wait.
Please wait, please wait...
They will all be resurrected
and just imagine, if they all rose up at once.
One's enough.
So that they didn't write that inscription for nothing.
Written that for nothing, they even died for nothing.
And we live for nothing, on our small pension.
Yes, yes.
Do you have a cigarette?
Go away! A Russkie.
Non-smoker.
Comrade, do you speak German? Are we in Stalingrad?
I can't find my way home I don't think he's a Russian, I think he's mad.
No, in my opinion he's not mad, he's just a poor devil. He's wearing German army boots.
We're just as poor.
Your coat. And your hat. You have taken my coat by mistake.
You can speak German?
Yes why?
Who speaks German in Stalingrad?
I do. Why do you say Stalingrad?
This is Munich. Here, your things.
Just a moment. I didn't get out of Stalingrad. So, I must still be in Stalingrad.
For sure, it does have some similarities to Munich
but I never realized that during the fighting.
It isn't destroyed as much as we imagined it to be.
Of course. From what I learnt in school Munich was very badly damaged.
I have to sit.
I've never seen such a uniform. Are you a Russian?
You don't say anything anymore... Your coat, please take off my coat!
That's a German Army uniform.
40 years after the end of the war and they always say we don't have any poverty.
I want that rose that's lying on the pathway.
I can't see a rose!
There.
That's dog dirt.
No, next to it.
I only see dog dirt.
Have you ever seen anything else other than dog dirt?
Yes. What?
You!
Ah. Now he's just given her the rose.
What rose?
The one next to the dog dirt.
I think she'd rather have gone off with that strange soldier than with the black man.
What black man?
The one next to the dog shit. Ah...
Where's the soldier now?
He's sitting right next to you.
Are you waiting for your film team?
I'd like to know how come, that there are so many German civilians here in Stalingrad.
Do you have anything to eat on you?
No, and we have to leave.
Go faster! Stalingrad... Stalingrad saved my life.
If the Russians hadn't have shot my eyes out in Stalingrad, then I would have perished like the others.

Yet, I made it on the last flight out.
Do you live here in Stalingrad?
Can you at least tell me where the Volga flows? Maybe I can then find my orientation.
Listen mister, here we have the River Isar and if you want to go to the loony bin,
then you have to keep to the right.
Right next to the dog shit, there's the Stalingrad mental Institution.
That is the mental institution called Haar, not Stalingrad. Must the idiot bring up Stalingrad.
Must the idiot bring up Stalingrad?
Or were you also in Stalingrad?
I AM in Stalingrad!
I'm in Stalingrad too comrade.
Whoever was in Stalingrad doesn't know anything else.
Well yes, when the war is over, then we can talk about it.
When the war is over?
The war has been over for 40 years.
The war IS over? Who won it?
Do you hear that? He was in Stalingrad, always the same questions, always the same questions.
And we're blind so that we don't see the truth!
But you're lying, all lying day and night, We didn't lose the war. The war is not over yet.
We fight on!
Right next to the dog shit!
We'll hang on!
Take cover, take cover!
Take cover, take cover!
Can I help you? Thank you. Thank you.
Maybe you could guide me through this so-called Munich?
I'd like to go to Lake Starnberg.
Why do you say so-called Munich? This IS Munich.
This is Stalingrad! We Germans have rebuilt Stalingrad to look just like Munich.
I accept that Stalingrad is no longer called Stalingrad because we won the war!
Stalingrad is probably now called Hitlerheim or Hitlerdorf.
Our maybe Hitlertown?
We are in Munich!
Ok. If Stalingrad is now called Munich then what is Munich called? Do they now call Munich Hitlerdorf?
Or Hitlerwang, or Hitlerhut, or Hitling?
If you've ever been to Munich then you must recognize Munich.
Perhaps we conceded with the Russians and they renamed Stalingrad Hitlergrad?
Or did they choose Hiterburg, or Hitlerhausen, or only Hitlerau?
Both Germans and Russians could understand that.
I personally would like Hitlerhalle.
Where are the Nazi's at the Feldherrnhalle?
Is everyone such a good Nazi that we don't need to show any signs of National Socialism anymore?
The Russians certainly couldn't have just become German, Muncunian or catholic?
Is there a Kotzi left?
We called the communists Kotzis because it means vomit and it rhymed with Nazis.
But also because they made you sick.
Yes, What should I think now? Everything seems to be perfect, I just don't understand why.
So many cars, just like the Fuehrer promised us.
Except the people here look more depressed than the people in the real Munich.
Maybe the people in this Russian Munich still haven't found anything to be happy about?
Well, I guess whoever once fell under the heel of the Kotzis can't laugh so easy anymore,
understand, understand.
We don't have any Kozis or any Nazis here. Can't you see that?
Well, what do you have here then?
We only have money; too much money or not enough money.
But that sounds boring.
Boring? It's unfair!
What do you think, how boring injustice is?

Just imagine how boring it is in a concentration camp?
Dead boring. But I didn't say a word, I didn't say a word.
What did you say?
Nothing, nothing. You can trust me.
Here is the Underground.
Underground? The Underground train,
it goes from Marienplatz directly to Starnberg.
What? From Marienplatz to Starnberg?
Not from the railway station to Starnberg?
That's right.
And here you have the Munich Town Hall,
as you can see, it's Gothic and not Russian.
Any town hall can be Gothic, a real Gothic town hall is around 700 years old.
But the town hall in Munich was only 100 years old.
So that means the town hall here, in Stalingrad can also only be a few years old,
or maybe only a few days old. Gothic Town Halls are always as old as they want to be.
As old as when they were built.
Here you see the Peters Church, The Old Peter as we Muncunians call it.
Ahh, you're from Munich? Did you fly here?
I walked here.
We are in Munich! Yes, but in what a Munich?
In your Munich. In the Munich with the Old Peter.
No, No, it's not that simple.
You can call a new Peter the Old Peter.
So if they completely rebuilt Munich here in Stalingrad,
then we finally erased the entire city of Stalingrad,
so it's understandable that we built an Old Peter here as well.
That's logical. No! It's more, it's a matter of course.
With all the clocks, and all their clock faces?
Of course.
If they built the whole of Munich here in Stalingrad, what is it called in Russian? This, whole Munich.
Aha! Now we have the proof that we are not in Munich.
There aren't any tram tracks. They forgot them. The trams.
There. In the real Munich I always used to travel with the tram,
in fact for years. For years with the line 21 to Rammersdorf. What do you have to say to that?
Nothing. Don't you see that you are attracting attention?
Yes, why? A victorious soldier should attract attention. That's what you call triumph.
And now let's go to Lake Starnberg.
I'm curious to see if they put a Lake Starnberg 30 kilometres on the outskirts of Stalingrad as well,
if they are so perfect at building New Munich...
Excuse me. Do you speak Russian?
No why?
Well, I wanted to know what this new Munich is called in Russian.
New Munich? That's right. For the elderly this must be a whole New Munich.
Why don't you take a taxi?
I'm not begging, I'm not begging.
You are begging!
I also don't have any money.
Close your eyes, take off your helmet and hold it in front of you.
A small donation for a blind soldier that lost his eyesight in Stalingrad?
A small donation Donations for incurred injustice?
A small donation For a hero in enemy territory?
Gunter, what's wrong with you?
Why don't you say anything?
He was betrayed during the Stalingrad conflict, a small donation?
What am I supposed to think about you fooling about like this?
What do you mean by fooling about?
I'm in Munich and I haven't got a clue.

Well, what do you think you'll find in Munich?
What? - Walking sticks made from pretzel dough and white-sausages in the form of swastikas.
Don't make such stupid jokes!
I'm not joking, you can't stand stupid jokes because you're alive,
but I am dead and that's the only stupid joke.
Great, then explain more.
Ok, I'm alive? Where?
In Munich, and someone just stole something from you.
In which Munich?
There is only one Munich.
Only ONE Munich? How disappointing, how unfair, how boring.
But somewhere there must be Russians?
There were so many in the concentration camp.
Murdered.
All those millions?
Murdered.
...and the other million?
Murdered.
All murdered?
Yes, all those millions, were murdered.
And I'm alive. I'm so ashamed.
You shouldn't be ashamed, you should open your eyes.
Ok, then can we now go to Lake Starnberg?
We have enough money. If you weren't wearing your silly uniform we could dodge the fare
and travel without a ticket. Otherwise you will receive disciplinary action.
Open your eyes, you have to blindly believe in yourself then you'll stop being blind and start seeing with
your own eyes.
Gather all your strength together.
More! More!
Come on, more.
Good, that's enough.
Now what do you see?
I see a girl that is waving and waving at me and then she leaves.
You'll be able to relax on the train. You are cured.
You have done it yourself, you can see again.
Is he fishing again?
I guess I'll have to investigate that.
I bet there's nothing on the line.
I have to find out.
Ok, so I'll go and tug on the fishing line.
Only when I give the order!
Comrade, don't get your hopes up too soon, If the fish is less than 35 cm, then there'll be nothing to scoff.
It has to be longer than 40 cm. Then yes.
Then the fish will belong to him, to Traudylein.
Heeh, how often do I have to tell you It's me that gives the orders.
He, Mr Heeh wants to give the orders
like when his daughter stole those silk stockings in the department store.
How often do I have to tell you Heeh, that the crime has long been solved.
What do you mean? Solved? Stolen silk stockings, do you understand?
The police inspector's daughter has to steal because he drinks his entire salary away. That Police
Inspector Heeh.
Chief Commissioner Heeh, do your duty, lift the fishing pole and I'll get my measure ready.
I'm going to put in a complaint to our superiors,
because it's not my duty to pull fish out of the lake, especially not when you, Mr Heeh, just stand there
measuring the objects.
The measuring of all found objects is expressly reserved for lower ranking officers only, That's me!
Mr Heeh, if I were you, before I would get too excited
and commit such an act I would first zip up the pissing slit in my uniform trousers

and how was the war, dear comrade?
 With two like you we would have lost the war.
 That's a good one. Really good.
 Heeh, hoist the catch.
 And what are we going to do now?
 Measure it.
 He can keep the dog,
 it's longer than 40 cm.
 Yeah, he can keep the Spitz.
 But if it were a St. Bernard then it would have to be 95 cm, if the angler wanted to keep him.
 What, are you trying to give me instructions?
 Comrade, do you want to eat the dog?
 Or should we catch you a trout?
 Or a whitefish?
 I'll do that myself.
 That's how they did it in Russia. So that they were able to survive.
 No, that's how they did it in France.
 And what a wonderful life they had. Hopefully he catches a trout
 Why a trout? Because a trout has to be longer than 35 cm.
 I'll turn a blind eye for an old front comrade.
 Me too.
 I will turn the blind eye.
 Then I will turn a blind eye if he catches a whitefish under 40cm.
 I'll also turn a blind eye if he catches a whitefish.
 Then, in the police force, the commanding officer always turns a blind eye.
 Yeah, you would have willingly turned a blind eye for your daughter!
 That was impossible because I'm not my own commanding officer.
 I could box your ears. You idiot.
 Do it! But I'll slap you back, in 3 seconds.
 Help me.
 A small formality. Give me your fish so that I can see what kind of ...
 THE ANDECHS CONCENTRATION CAMP
 Where's your master?
 He's going to have to pay for this.
 He doesn't want to surface. He's refusing to do his duty.
 Oh yes, my Traudylein, are you still sleeping on the pier?
 Hope he hasn't got a sunburn?
 My boy is getting married tomorrow.
 Sunburn.
 You know, tomorrow he's getting married and with that face...
 My goodness! Herbert! Where have you been all these years?
 Did they forget you in the war?
 No, can't be or you would be much older. As old as me.
 Gunter!
 Frontgoon!
 Oh God! He called my boy Gunter.
 Gunter, was my boy's father.
 You know, this wedding is a bad idea.
 Just a moment! why aren't any of them coming up to the surface?
 Traudylein come, come on up.
 I'm sure, that he is as much against the marriage as I am.
 Then who would want to work in agriculture today?
 Old boy, you left me sitting alone in Stalingrad to lead a nice life at home.
 But you were right, and I'm here now too.
 What does this idiot want?
 A comrade from the eastern front is not an idiot!
 The idiot from the eastern front did his duty, and don't forget that! Unlike you.
 I tell you, my Traudylein will shirk off.

He's not going to be at his wedding. He'll stay away.
I also wouldn't have married Gunter. I only wanted him for my bed.
Over there, he is getting out of the water. He's climbing on land.
Gunter is always clearing off.
"The fish turns, the birds roll...
The sweet smell of May from deathly cold heights,
I descry myself as a guest, rigid and find it enviable".
Madam is also here. She's laid a lovely egg in my nest with her wedding tomorrow.
Who is supposed to cook for me now?
The Lord. I'll continue to be your trainer,
the flood of trophies won't stop.
Good! Oh, let us romanticise about our great victory in the Loewenbraeukeller.
After all the years of always coming second I was destined for the Crown this time around.
But My Lord, although the Crown may have been destined for you,
and the force is surely with you, To ensure that his last centimetres withered away.
It was I who yelled, I yelled
"Asshole! Asshole!"
Then a nerve tore in his back and he couldn't lift the last centimetres.
His triumph was thwarted and you My Lord, upon God's honour lifted the stone the highest.
Don't emphasize yourself! Emphasize me!
You would rather watch the legs, the skirts,
the thighs and all the twirling around and so on...
You had your nose stuffed in all those trinkets.
Lord, what was I supposed to do with all this meat on my body?
I can't keep my lusty flesh continuously drunk.
I can't drink all my lust from my potbelly.
The flesh isn't a planet in it's own orbit.
The flesh hangs on my flesh Truthfully said!
Flesh is flesh, me more so.
Kneel down my son, you're going to receive the Sacrament of Confession.
Begin! What should I say?
You already know all of my sins. I committed them with you. I regret openly, as you know me.
Traudylein. You're confessing again.
With all that confessing you don't have time to sin.
Let that be our problem.
I'm so pleased that Traudylein is getting rid of your devilish claws. There must be a God out there.
I'm happy to part from your badly brought up son, he cooked far too much food for me,
he wanted me to be fat. Many positions were much too exhausting for me.
Now Gunter wants to leave again... Let me give you a hug.
Mother, do you know this man?
Yes indeed, I know this man. He could be your father,
but he's your the friend of your father.
I first became reassured, when you, my darling started to look more and more like Gunter.
Yes, good. I understand.
I understand it too. But Traudy is that you?
You've become noticeably old.
Forty years would make you old too. Don't you think?
No, actually you're not that old. Where exactly have you been all this time?
You shouldn't give a shit about where he's been, it's more important that he doesn't leave.
Can he cook?
And you must be Gunter. You kissed the Swastika flag.
Mammy, please help me! Take this war bandit away from me!
Don't talk like that, Herbert has honestly fought his own battle.
Yes, in Stalingrad. He was there at least five years. See, you remember Stalingrad?
There must be someone who is still interested in us?
Remember!
The Russians were already there. We were retreating.
We had escaped from the concentration camp.

We were walking side by side and we were starving.
Starving!
The sun was shining and the birch trees seemed to be endlessly long.
We had only one wish. We wanted to be as small as our lice.
But we were much smaller than lice.
Somehow we were the small components of soap bubbles.
When one soap bubble popped, we became the component of the next soap bubble.
Don't you remember, you fool?
You held your pistol continuously to my neck.
And repeatedly said "I'm going to shoot, I'm going to shoot!"
"Pull the trigger," I said, "pull the trigger!" But then you finally fell asleep.
But I didn't kill you.
Didn't the Russians kill you?
No, I killed you!
You weren't with the SS, you were also a prisoner.
I was the one that killed you. I beat you with a stone.
And I threw your bleeding head in the bushes. Don't you remember?
We collapsed. We were walking through a turnip field.
We each carried a hoe over our shoulder.
I dreamt of being a black chief.
And you dreamt of swimming across the Volga in a shoe.
Those were our soap dreams, we clung on to.
And did you come to Stalingrad?
Did you take part in the battle?
Of course!
There was no other choice for us.
We prisoners fought voluntarily in this battle, voluntarily in our fantasies,
while the rest of the Germans fought involuntarily, but in reality they painfully perished.
While we didn't feel a thing. We were the holy ones and the Germans were the devils.
That, they'll never forgive us.
I killed you!
and I killed you because of a German uniform.
This German army uniform saved my life.
We took it off of a dead soldier. We were two concentration camp prisoners with one German uniform.
You kneeled down and kissed the uniform and I punched you in the neck
and you passed out.
I put the jacket over my chest.
And you must remember my chest, Gunter?
I put the jacket on, over my chest and you must remember my chest Gunter?
No, not him, he was much too young.
But I remember your chest, show me! Then I'll tell you if you're really Herbert.
It is not appropriate to show your chest here in my parsonage.
If another opportunity arose, you might let loose your desires.
My old Traudylein,
you were a good clerical cook and I thank you!
and you my dear comrade, who has courageously and staunchly defended me until today,
so that unbelief has almost devoured your brain, stay steadfast!
Whether you're standing on the unfamiliar banks of the Volga or at home in your bed.
Honour God with fire and a sword or with a root and branch.
Whatever you will do in your life, I'll take you on anytime to be my clerical cook.
Well, if I don't have to part with my uniform, I'll do anything,
because I've already done everything.
My beloved Traudylein, you know I've always adored you
and now that your entering into marriage and I'm going to be losing you. There is no God in my church
anymore.
What am I supposed to do with that hanging crucifix?
You always laid so passionately beside me and I've even enjoyed you while sitting,
my sitting God!

That you're my true God is now only apparent to me in this moment of my loss.
Once my loss is accomplished, the heavens will be filled with your Godliness.
Oh you, who comforted me while I wasted my foolish days on this, the most foolish of all religions.
Would The Church have endured me for so long, if it wasn't already so rotten?
I kiss you, my God. Oh...
Your mother is coming.
Traudylein, it's time to go home now?
Your bride is gazing irritated because you're taking too much time with the Pastor.
Very well then, so I, just like my hideous Pope,
will have to be satisfied with kissing the ground.
Good-bye my monumental mountain of lust.
Now tuck your feet in
the entire congregation doesn't have to know that he's kissed your feet as well,
as if your lips weren't satisfying enough?
My cupboard, my home, and my refuge,
how often have you taken me in, how often have you protected me from the hostility of the Lord.
I thank you. Forgive me for all the tears that I have cried in you.
Forgive me for my poor thoughts that may have possibly worried you.
My former lover, once your body and doors wrapped around me,
I even emptied my bowels in you.
Because my Lord moved back & forth with his drawn sword and I was frightened of him.
Excuse my fear, excuse me that I have to go now to the Herald Angel.
But he didn't protect me, as you did.
Herald Angel, forgive this sin. To see protection as the highest value.
This wonderful cupboard has kept me safe throughout the night and it enveloped me in its colourful doors,
so I could sleep, so through you Herald Angel
you have given me back my courage.
I don't just want to be a love victim of the Lord but the one who pulls his own trousers down.
Come on! the bride is waiting and you're clinging to that false-ass God.
But first I have to go the cakes.
They all do the same thing to me.
If I were with you in the war, maybe I would know how to help myself.
Then, getting married was also only the wish of my mother.
One could take the flesh of a dog and eat it, which is disgusting, but understandable,
but to be near a woman and to taste her flesh, is that not inhuman?
Ok that's enough, you foolish men.
If you're Herbert then remember your own daughter,
with whom you made two children. One died. She had something wrong with her head.
Yes, yes, back then things like that were possible,
because it was thought the world was coming to an end
but today where everything is in order you can't do things like that.
It was a wonderful time. That reminds me about the rose on your chest.
Will you show it to me again some night?
Gaby is also dead but you'd hardly notice,
because her daughter, Gabylein is exactly like her mother.
You don't understand me? Ah Anita.
My mother wants to know if...
Annytta?
No that's not Annytta, that's Anita.
It also wasn't Stalingrad, it was Starnberg.
The concentration camp in Starnberg, Special Section Andechs.
Andechs. Andechs was the only concentration camp near here.
Just stop all of this nonsense and go and put something decent on!
You appear to me as if you were drunk, always the same thing.
Eternal things are better left to me, Traudy!
I'd better take care of the cakes for my wedding or else there won't be any left.
How many do you have?
One for every guest.

I'll be happy once you've gone Traudylein.
A good cook like yourself is like torture. Get lost!
I finally want to be thin.
Comrade, why are you so rigid?
I'm going to take your helmet off and replace it with a cake.
I can't see you, but you see me.
It's like it's reversed all those years, when I saw you, but no one recognized me.
You can't be Herbert, you're mad.
Hmm, a fine lad!
My beloved people, my population,
I'm so happy I wasn't blinded because it was you that were blind.
I don't think I like your tone.
You can only speak like that in my profession.
You're an idiot, but I'm sent from God.
You hellish fart, you don't know people, you only have compassion for whipped cream,
but I must admit it was someone like you that saved my life, all those years ago.
After Gunter left me I worked alone at the Andechs Special Section of the Starnberg concentration camp.
I often escaped,
but I always went back because I didn't have any other place to stay.
While all the other monkeys were stuffing themselves I searched about unsuccessfully, for a real roast.
I don't know if it was the other prisoners or someone else,
but someone liked to pull a roasted goose and a fried carp across the pathway.
As soon as I reached out to grab them, they were gone.
So during all this period of starvation I learned to step over the food that was laid in my way.
I was sick of being teased.
Every now and then a portion of shit lay between the deliciously prepared animal bodies.
I don't know if it was human shit or maybe from a dog.
As I was used to passing the things on the path, I was also able to pass by the shit.
A clergyman from the Penistiner Order appeared and he reprimanded me:
"if you avoid all of the good things
then you have to force yourself to do some of the bad things"
I asked him what he meant, "My friend, you might be a concentration camp inmate but you're really not
suffering enough."
I replied, "bad off or even less worse off, there's no difference to me,
since they took the rose off of my chest
and what I've experienced ever since appears to me as shit."
"Ohh," he said and put his arm around me.
"During this atomic age everything is possible
and that is why we have to limit ourselves to the most simple and natural standards", then he left me.
I knew that Andechs belonged to the order of the Penistiner, but this Penister I had never seen before in
Andechs.
Maybe because he served the almighty? Where it was closed to all concentration camp inmates.
But once when I was dog tired and incredibly dog-hungry I slipped on the path and fell into a pile of shit
and by chance I happened to taste a piece of it and it tasted good, so that I ate it all up.
Then the Penistiner clergyman appeared again and gave me a piece of a bread roll.
"Here you can wipe your mouth off with this" he said.
"I've already wiped my behind with it."
I was disgusted.
"My friend, why cringe? You just ate, what I've discharged."
Then everything was clear to me.
He smiled graciously and I kissed his sandals.
But I would never be able to kiss his penis.
"Since you're either a Jew or a gypsy don't come too close.
I don't know if you'll be able to work your way up from my toes,
only the merciful heaven above knows the answer."
He hopped back into his hideout
prepared to delight another miserable prisoner that was coming his way.
I don't know if he was as malnourished as I was,

that he would relish the shit of a Penistiner as Manna.
In any case, I who may be here with a cream cake upon my head.
find the benevolence of this clergyman a disgrace.
But the news spread that his excrement was edible and he was canonised.
Now lick me free!
Anita come on lick with them. Lick!
Anita is sitting on the Lords lap and a gay Lord isn't a threat to little young girls.
As God is my witness!
My Lord, doesn't the concentration camp prisoner's story move you?
I serve my Lord, how can I get excited if even the Lord himself remains silent.
But it's not fair.
Not fair? What is that?
In the Lord's house, The Church is used to it. She is the master of all evil doing.
No one has ever committed worse.
The rest of the world tries to be the same with smaller blemishes.
We remain the greatest disgrace of God, and I recognize this through humility.
Do you understand the programme?
Whoever understands that has to be more brutal than the church
and The Church would never allow that.
You have stained yourself with whipped cream. Let me clean you up!
Will you just leave!
What are you doing with my generous alms?
My mother wants to know... Ach!, Daughter...
Herbert, if you really want to know, that is Anita, the daughter of Annamirl
that you conceived with Annytta and that was over 40 years ago.
Look at Traudylein, he's as old as Annimirl, your child,
and that`s why they're getting married tomorrow, because you are the father of Annimirl
and not the father of Traudylein, because my Traudylein
doesn't look anything like you, but he is the spitting image of Gunter. Do you understand?
THE ROSE OF NEW ORLEANS
Look at him, the show-off!
My mum's old bathing cap doesn't fit me
but I wanted to wear it, after all, it`s her wedding day.
That our missing Herbert should now return home so late from the war. My father.
I didn`t find my old cap straight away, the yellow one.
You probably don't remember but it had a tear in it, anyway.
You're all so odd. Right?
Since my father doesn't interfere, nothing works anymore, not even old bathing caps can rest in peace.
Look! There's the bride!
The daughter of my father still has her grandmother's green bathing cap.
Interesting, interesting, she's only your half sister.
I almost said half monkey.
Oh be quiet! But see here, my family even kept Annytta's bathing cap for Anita.
At ours, nothing gets lost.
Come on, should I now believe that my Traudylein is Herbert's son?
Then this wedding certainly wouldn't be taking place now.
Incest, that`s not possible these days.
You've dressed your father in nice clean clothes, half uniform and half civilian.
Ach yeah, they`re from pre-war stock.
What do you mean?
That we couldn't find the trousers that went with the jacket.
Ha, ha, I think I can help you.
Look at my Traudylein. He's wearing Herbert's trousers.
Herbert once forgot them at my place.
That must have been ages ago.
If only there were more of those small ages. It's pure coincidence,
that Gunter is my Traudylein's father.
Herbert could have been the father as well.

Alone, the fact that Traudylein looks just like Gunter is enough to rule out Herbert as the father.
Or, don't you think?
Ach, isn't my father good looking? Too bad, that my children don't yet understand.
How intimate the pastor is with Anita.
Yes Gaby, if you can hardly remember who the father of your children is
then at least you should know what's going on with the others.
The pastor is the father of Anita.
Na, na, na, that's what happens when the men are off at war.
Then the Priests can screw around.
Don't choke!
When I look at all of you children and children's children.
Then I have to admit I don't see a single face that looks myself.
Now, I have a massive farm yard and it's too late to drink it all away.
And I didn't go to war on purpose so that my possessions wouldn't deteriorate.
Am I blind?
That's Herbert isn't it?!
Ageless.
Bring me to the Lord. My final hour has come!
Don't think about it. No one's going to die anytime soon.
There are some strange stories about Herbert.
All the things that I heard about him yesterday at the Parsonage, despicable.
Whoever talks like that deserves to be locked away.
Such a fanatic, just like Hitler himself.
And then when I asked more precisely everything sounded completely different.
He made up all of his concentration camp stories.
Someone who imagines things like that deserves to be cut down a head shorter.
Yes, some people imagine the strangest things.
They deserve to be several heads shorter.
Sir, You're right.
That's why I'd rather not say anything.
He might have painted on himself a Hitler moustache.
You wouldn't do that if you really had been in a concentration camp.
I agree.
Those who wear such a moustache know much more about it than that one who claims to have been in a
concentration camp.
He probably wasn't aware what was going on around him due to all that hunger and cruelty.
What should he know, if he really survived all that bad treatment.
You said it, but no one can bear the truth, because it is true.
Stop it! Mother wants to say something.
Today, all the circumstances that have worried us for the past forty years
have now come to such a worrying end with my wedding.
I would like to remember my late mother.
Wasn't she the one who yearned for this day, more than I?
Yet surely for another reason other than my marriage to Traudylein.
Namely, because of my father's homecoming, which she, she didn't live to see.
My mother Annytta, died in the arms of my grandmother Annamirl,
after whom I was named.
When they found the two of them, days later they were both dead.
Even my twin sister lay dead next to them.
I also would have laid there beside their human remains, if I would have had the time,
but days before I had snuck into our attic
to read a book that I found in this strange looking handbag.
The reason why I'm speaking to you right now, despite my shyness, has a reason.
It is because the things that I read in this book should never have happened.
Please excuse me for not being able to name the horrible things.
Oh my Traudylein, I can never ever tell even you.
Everyone already knows, you don't have to make a big secret out of it.
They should lock those people up who write books like that.

Far too few authors are locked away.
God in his meekness isn't always right.
You don't have to excuse God for anything.
I have a better reason to complain, because The Lord doesn't give a devil about my fields.
It's a shame that you're not my daughter.
Why?
Because you are my daughter!
No, no, no. The Lord is my father. An angel told me that.
She isn't! She isn't!
You're doing it again, are you trying to seduce your own daughter?
She already has two children off you.
Traudy, you're going bonkers.
My mother told me that my father disappeared in 1943. Missing.
And we haven't heard anything to the contrary since from the Red Cross tracing service.
I'm feeling sick from the beer, give me a mouthful.
Well then, at least tell us the name of the book.
"Extermination." Extermination!?
Does it have anything to do with Nation?
No, it's about God exterminating his people.
He exterminated the Jews from the Christians. Just like he exterminates the flowers from the grass,
as well as the song birds from the other birds and now we only have voiceless birds flying around.
Just like he exterminates the poets and now we only hear the chatter of computer nerds.
I know it already but my church won't allow me to speak about it,
because all those The Lord loves in his Church, he plans to exterminate them, together with their Church.
The tendency to greatness is that which the people love to call common-sense.
But everything that is seen as great, is not always common-sense, it's only for the sake of God.
Just like Hitler's Third Reich.
Now they're all drunk again and talking politics.
You're good. When are they going to do it otherwise?
I feel sick. Get Herbert over here!
Do you know Herbert, that I'm able to look at you with my old bug-eyes, is too much for my heart.
I think I'm going to croak.
Well Traudy, it's about time. I've thought about of you so often,
with your oppressive thighs, you nearly killed me.
Now sit down and be decent.
But I always really liked to be indecent.
Mother, you put me to shame.
You don't need to be ashamed of yourself because of me.
Look at yourself and be ashamed of your horrible sunburn!
You look like an red-indians ass.
Oh God, oh God, this woman pursues me even beyond the threshold of marriage.
Annamirl we're going to emigrate!
Where to my bridegroom?
Now stop all this nonsense!
I would like to hear more about the book. "Exterminate" or whatever it's called...
Do you know Herbert, what I liked about you the most Herbert? Eh?
That you were always such a foreign foreigner.
With all that hair on your chest.
And that rose lying in between your chest hair, that looks just like the one on the handbag that Annamirl
has.
Say something!
Go Herbert, take my kids with you! They also want to have something of their grandfather.
Can I call you Papa? Then take them... Papa!
I mean, If this repatriate accepts the illegitimate children of Gablein, then he can also look after our two
children as well,
after all, they are now finally legitimate.
He's my father, therefore he's also the grandfather of our children.
What should he do all day?

Other than to look after his grandchildren. As the war is finally over for him too.
He'll get an additional payment of forty years war pension.
You're a very clever girl, what?
But it seems the bathing caps have finally established themselves throughout my whole family.
You're wearing one too even though you're not even related to me.
You are also my grandfather if my mother is your daughter.
That's right Annytta, if we two start from the beginning
then this time next year, our child will be only one year younger than this one here.
No, two.
Err, Ok.
Ask me what it says in that "Exterminate" book.
I don't care less what's in that book,
there can't be that much.
But if it says that the Germans attacked the Russians,
and that they killed 50 million people, and a few million of them were Jews,
and that they made artificial fertilizer out of them, then THAT has to interest you.
Back then, the artificial fertilizer was never really that good.
The stuff today is much better.
But it's not about that. It's about the fact that something like that is allowed to be written in a book.
Oh my, someone who writes things like that must be locked up.
You said it.
Hitler wouldn't have allowed such things to be written.
Now you're talking.
No one would have dared to open their mouths or even write something in a book
that we Germans are not the best of all...
That's right.
What did you mean about the artificial fertilizer?
That it's also written in the "Exterminate" book,
that we Germans are the ones who burnt the Jews,
and that we spread their ashes over the fields,
over German fields, that is.
I don't care what I spread over my fields.
I mean, the artificial fertilizer today is so expensive
and it's in no way comparable to my income, it doesn't even come into question.
But back then it was different,
you practically got the artificial dung for free. Jews!
What, Jews?
Jews as artificial fertilizer. That's what is written in the book.
But you can't write stuff like that!
Didn't it contain any Russians?
Yes sure, half of it.
Na I see!
But there should've been more Russians in it, more communists and not so many Jews.
That's arguable.
But I'm not paying enough attention to the wedding
because you keep talking about a book that I don't even know.
Long live the happy couple!
I must take a look inside the handbag Annytta, you'll allow me to?
Ok, here are 5 Marks because I still believe that you are my daughter.
You look more like me, not Herbert.
But I can't do anything about it, if that old battle-axe... excuse me, your mother,
always keeps insisting that this gypsy is your father.
That half-jew!
Show me that leather chest!
There is no book inside, there's just a rose painted on it.
I think the priest has gone mad
and the rose is from New Orleans. Herbert once told me that himself.
It's very simple.

They cut this rose from his chest and the little handbag was finished.
I don't need the book.
Anyone could figure that out if they have a little bit of sense.
Cheers, daughter!
And you Traudylein, you're now a man!
Just call yourself Traudy, it sounds more manly.
It's a shame that I can't be your father. Ha!
Traudy she was something special, she was almost like a man.
If you were my son, then you'd inherit my farm,
too bad for you.
But your mother got lucky and this vagrant had the most luck.
He leaving with his granddaughter to make some great grandchildren.
But he's not afraid of such excesses after all he was in a concentration camp
and in there there's no room for such private hostilities.
The little handbag, the little handbag.
I'm going to put another 5 Marks in there,
...because it's true.
I've always especially liked these stones.
When I was a child I used to play here with your great grandmother. Her name was also Annytta.
But let's forget about that, today is just like any other day only the Autobahn wasn't built back then.
But I like to look at it.
Look here, when your great grandmother and I were grown up, we did it here.
But back then there weren't so many roses growing like there are now.
Look! This rose bush appeared after we conceived your grandmother.
Yes I know, I thought you were going to be funnier.
I'm not that funny.
I always find others funnier than me.
Stop looking at the Autobahn,
over there on that stone, there are two people jumping up and down, they want to see the rose bush.
Just to get a glimpse of this rose bush is their one and all
and you just look away.
Does it interest you to know where we conceived Traudylein?
Your stepfather?
That must be funny for you. Now, where do you think is his rose bush?
I'll tell you, Traudy spread her legs so wide you couldn't imagine.
I had to go to this stone with her because this stone was the only place
that I could hold on to her, if I pushed her up against the stone.
Look behind it, someone else is spreading her legs too.
So let's save these roses for another time.
The spot where we conceived Gabylein is also marked with a big rose bush.
Her mother Gaby, she always liked to talk a lot.
I really wondered how a rose bush could even grow here after the conception of Gabylein.
Roses prefer more quiet places.
What is so fascinating about those cars?
Oh just so, show me where you conceived my mother.
Aren't thistles growing there?
Nay, what do you think?
Look, red roses!
But there's someone moaning so loud nearby we can't stay here.
Let's go to the Autobahn, I think that'll be more fun.
Then we can guess in which car there is one person and in which car there are two.
Yes, and I know of one other stone where there still aren't any roses.
Ok. then go there some other time when you're alone and have more time.
I always go to the Autobahn alone and hope that someone recognizes me.
But if someone recognizes you then would you immediately run away?
Yeah, I think so.
Look, this is my favourite stone.
I've been thinking about it for 40 years now,

but I never knew which girl I would take out here, but now I've thought of one.
Yeah?
Yeah, she's standing right next to me.
Do I know her? Oh, you mean me, you're funny.
Then kiss me, just for fun.
I don't want any kids, or a stupid rose bush. Daft.
Do I have to kiss you now?
No, but let's stop talking about children.
Children are just a by-product of love and I haven't known love for forty years.
These years were like death.
Oh look who's coming.
What? Are you going to take off with the first person you meet off of the Autobahn?
Yes.
Do you know him?
Yes.
Is that your boyfriend? Yes!
I don't understand what you say.
And I don't understand what you say.
I didn't say anything. I'm letting the roses speak.
Ach, those thorny things.
I could tell you that I love you, all the time.
That may be, I look exactly like my grandmother.
My mother always told me that. but she's been dead a long time now.
You have to understand that!
I can't copy my grandmother.
I don't understand you. You're too old and too white.
White?
Roses, roses.
Oh, there's another rose bush.
Was I here before?
And let me tell you something, everyone would believe in a Hitler again, if we only had one.
That's the point.
I don't believe anyone who thinks so single-mindedly like that.
Namely, that he only believes in himself,
even if he's prepared to destroy the whole world.
But he was blind.
And because he was blind that's why he only saw his own madness as the truth
or the blind faith he had in himself.
He believed that he would be able to see again.
But no-one has the ability to cure his own blindness
because God doesn't help anyone who can't help themselves
because he doesn't actually help anyone.
I'm going to leave my farm to Annamirl,
because she's my little girl,
even if she's not my daughter I'll give it her.
I see how this life works, I don't need a Hitler.
Only the blind need a Hitler.
Hail! Heal Hitler you assholes, heal yourselves!
Where is that bloody concentration camper?
So that I can drain a liter of beer with him.
Oh! Kiss my ass! Now, I'm totally sloshed.
He comes home from the war and tells everyone that he was in a concentration camp.
He was probably blind drunk in Andechs for the past forty years.
But I wouldn't know, because I've never made it to the other side of the lake.
I'm not a crown witness.
But I know the truth.
Seriously.