

Selections from
OTTO STRASSER'S
"Hitler and I"

Shofar FTP Archive File: people/h/hitler.adolf/oss-papers/text/oss-sb-otto-strasser

00010732.GIF

Otto Strasser: Hitler and I, 1940

\$155⁰⁰ (Canadian)

1923: 'Herr Hitler is a teetotaler', Gregor explained with a host's smile, 'He is also a vegetarian,' he added, with a glance almost of apprehension at his wife.

The roast had just been brought in.

'Herr Hitler will not offend me by refusing my cooking', my little sister in law said calmly, but at the same time challengingly.

An instinctive dislike of the guest who had been thrust on her was perceptible in her eyes and her whole attitude.

Else never approved of her husband's intimacy with Adolf Hitler. She tolerated him during the years that followed without ever daring to express her revulsion aloud. But her hostility to Herr Hitler never changed.

That day Adolf Hitler ate meat. I do not think he has ever done so since.

O.Strasser: Hitler and I. pp. 5,6.

I described the incident to General Luddendorff, while Adolf Hitler, suddenly embarrassed at having been no more than a corporal and having no military achievements of his own to boast about, enclosed himself in a hostile silence.

On several occasions when Luddendorff spoke to him he answered with a 'Yes, your Excellency', or 'Exactly, your Excellency.' His manner was both obsequious and sullen.

O.Strasser: Hitler and I. p. 6.

We went into the sitting room, a dark room with heavy oak furniture.

The General, reclining in a leather armchair, pondered, a cigar between his lips. Hitler could not keep still, but kept pacing up and down with lowered head, no doubt meditating his revenge.

He suddenly turned and made a frontal attack upon me.

'Herr Strasser', he said 'I do not understand how it is possible for a loyal ex-officer like you to have been a Red leader during the Kapp putsch in March.'

O.Strasser: Hitler and I, p.7

Ever since I have got to know them, ever since I have come to understand them, I have been unable to meet a man in the street without wondering whether he was a Jew or not. ||

O.Strasser: Hitler and I, p.10

00010733.GIF Page 2

Otto Strasser: Hitler and I, 1940

On the fatal day Adolf wore a frock coat, on which he pinned his Iron Cross. He proposed bursting into the hall at the head of his men while paramilitary detachments surrounded the building, whereupon von Kahr, before even beginning his speech, would be forced to surrender to the insistence of the heavily armed putschists.

'He can not help joining us', Hitler said to Scheubner-Richter, whose mission it was to fetch General Luddendorf to Munich. 'Once Kahr is persuaded, the others will follow'.

Strong in his conviction, Adolf gravely got into the car that took him to the Buergerbrau.

At the entrance the young fanatic with the Iron Cross kept asking to speak to Governor Kahr, but the dense crowd refused to let him pass. He was pale and trembling and looked like a madman. Inside the hall the meeting had already begun and von Kahr had started his speech.

'Clear the vestibule!' he ordered the policeman on duty at the entrance. Impressed by the Iron Cross, the policeman obeyed. A few minutes later the Storm Troopers marched in. Adolf waited for them with his eyes closed and his hands in his pockets, where there was a revolver. He felt the eyes of his young men upon him, but he had not yet decided what to do if his coup failed and the triumvirate refused to march with him.

Like a maniac he burst into the hall, where three thousand Bavarians, seated before their beer mugs, were listening to the unctuous oratory of von Kahr. Adolf jumped onto a chair, fired his revolver at the ceiling and shouted his hoarse voice half-quenched with excitement:

'The National Revolution has begun!'

Meanwhile the Storm-troopers had followed him into the hall, where the beer-drinkers, dumb with astonishment, found themselves face to face with Hitler's revolution.

O,Strasser: Hitler and I, pp. 39, 40.

At Landsberg.: If he offered his resignation as leader of the Party, it was because he did not wish to be accused of conspiring against the State while still serving his ||

term. He was still haunted by the fear of expulsion. His need for 'legality' increased

O.Strasser: Hitler and I, p. 56

00010734.GIF Page 3

Otto Strasser: Hitler and I, 1940

Mein Kampf: Only a single chapter, if I am to believe Father Staempfle, who twice revised the entire manuscript, was really original. This was the chapter on propaganda.

Good Father Staempfle, a priest of great learning, editor of a paper at Miesbach, spent months rewriting and editing Mein Kampf. He eliminated the more flagrant inaccuracies and the excessively childish platitudes. Hitler never forgave Father Staempfle for getting to know his weakness so well. He had him murdered by a 'special death squad' on the night of June 30, 1934.

O.Strasser:Hitler and I, p. 57

Hitler responds to the vibrations of the human heart with the delicacy of a seismograph, or perhaps with a wireless receiving set, enabling him, with a certainty with which no conscious gift could endow him, to act as a loudspeaker proclaiming the most secret desires, the least admissible instincts, the sufferings and personal revolts of a whole nation. But his very principle is negative. He only knows what he wants to destroy: he pulls down the walls without any idea of what he will build in their place. He is anti-Semitic. anti-Bolshevik, anti-capitalist. He denounces enemies, but knows no friends. He is devoid of any creative principle.

I remember one of my first conversations with him. It was nearly our first quarrel.

'Power!' screamed Adolf. 'We must have power!'

'Before we gain it', I replied firmly, 'let us decide what we propose to do with it. Our programme is too vague; we must construct something solid and enduring'.

Hitler, who even then could hardly bear contradiction, thumped the table and barked:

'Power first. Afterwards we can act as circumstances dictate.'

O.Strasser: Hitler and I, p. 62, 63

00010735.GIF Page 4

Otto Strasser: Hitler and I, 1940

that I desired then and there to be nothing more than a drummer. That for me is the highest achievement; the rest is vanity.'

O.Strasser: Hitler and I, p. 63

The other self-revelatory phrase was pronounced twelve years later, when the 'drummer' of the Revolution had become Chancellor and President of the Reich. It is even more significant than the other.

'I shall go on my way,' he said, 'with the precision of a sleep-walker'.

O.Strasser: Hitler and I, p. 64

Adolf Hitler enters a hall. He snuffs the air. For a minute he gropes, feels his way, senses the atmosphere....

...Next day addressing this time an audience, not of ruined shopkeepers, but of important industrialists, there is the same initial uncertainty. But a flash comes into his eyes, suddenly he has the feel of his audience, he has tuned in.

O.Strasser: Hitler and I, p.65

A clairvoyant, face-to-face with his public, goes into a trance. That is his moment of real greatness, the moment when he is most genuinely himself. He believes what he says; carried away by a mystic force, he cannot doubt the genuineness of his mission.

O.Strasser: Hitler and I. p.66

He began by being the Unknown Soldier who had survived the Great War. A moving and obscure hero, he shed real tears for his countries misfortune. Soon he discovered that his lachrymatory glands were obliging and could be turned at will. After that he wept to the point of excess. Next he was Saint John the Baptist, preparing for the coming of the Messiah then the Messiah himself, pending his appearance in the role of Caesar. One day he realized the shattering effect of his rages; henceforward rage and abuse were the favourite weapons in his armoury.

O.Strasser Hitler and I, pp. 66, 67.

00010736.GIF Page 5

Otto Strasser: Hitler and I. 1940

Argument about Der Nationalsozialist: For half an hour the Fuehrer advances an untenable argument.

'But you are mistaken, Herr Hitler,' is said to him.

He fixes me with a stare and exclaimed in a fury:

'I cannot be mistaken. What I do and say is historical'. Then he lapsed into a profound silence. His head sank and his shoulders slumped. He looked [unreadable] exhausted by the part he had been playing.

He left without a word being said.

O.Strasser: Hitler and I, p. 57

This man who had plunged [unreadable] into war without blinking an eyelid, hesitates in agony over minor decisions. Once Gregor had to see him in connection with some minor detail concerning the [unreadable] storm troopers. For weeks Hitler excused himself on the grounds of urgent pressure of work. Eventually he arranged to meet my brother at a restaurant. The meal began well enough, but as soon as Gregor brought the conversation round to the point at issue, Hitler showed signs of discomfort and made an excuse to get out. He left by the side door which led from the cloakroom to the street, and sent his chauffeur back later in the evening to fetch his hat and coat.

He has fits of courage as well as of rage, but ordinarily he is weak, impatient, irascible, unstable, and terrified at the thought of endangering his health or losing control of his ideas. He is termed an ascetic, but the description fits his way of living far better than his mentality. Your true ascetic sacrifices the pleasure of the flesh for the sake of an ideal, from which he derives his strength. Adolf's renunciations are purely materialistic, he believes that meat is unhealthy, that smoking is poisonous, and that drink lulls one's vigilance.

O.Strasser: Hitler and I. p. 68

'A good German dictator', I suggested one day, 'should teach the German people to appreciate subtlety in cooking and in love.'

Hitler stared at me wide-eyed, for once at a loss for words. I added:

'A university ought to be founded for the purpose. Germans can't be past masters of any art without a diploma.'

For a moment I thought that Adolf was about to break into a torrent of words. But he stopped short. Instead, dryly, with the most profound contempt, he hissed through clenched teeth:
'You cynic! You Sybarite!'

00010737.GIF Page 6

Otto Strasser. Hitler and I., 1940

He liked to think of himself as an incarnation of the heroic conception of life, and he called my own attitude Bacchic. It was useless to explain to him that the gods of antiquity loved women and wine none the less for being heroes. This kind of reflection appalled Hitler, who always fought shy of the slightest allusion to or hint of suggestiveness.

O.Strasser: Hitler and I, p.69

I have known three women who played a part in the life of this ascetic with the perverse imagination. I was taken into the confidence of one of them, and it was edifying.

The first was the wife of the Berlin piano-maker, the famous Bechstein. Frau Bechstein was twenty

years older than Adolf, and lavished on him an ecstatic and faintly maternal devotion. When he went to Berlin he generally stayed with her, and it was at her house that he met the politicians whose acquaintance he desired to make.

When they were alone, or occasionally in front of friends he would sit at his hostess' feet, lay his head on her opulent bosom and close his eyes, while her beautiful white hand caressed her big baby's hair, disturbing the historic forelock on the future dictator's brow. 'Wolfchen,' she murmured tenderly, 'mein Wolfchen'. (My little wolf, my little wolf)

This purely platonic affair eventually ceased to satisfy Adolf Hitler, who made the acquaintance of a younger and unquestionably more attractive female. This was the daughter of Hofmann, the photographer, an exceedingly attractive young blonde, with frank and boyish ways.

Adolescent girls are rarely discreet. Fraulein Hofmann chattered so freely and to such effect that one day her father went to demand an explanation from the seducer of Munich.

Hitler was not yet Chancellor of the Reich, but his fame was growing, and Europe was beginning to talk about him. The matter was soon settled. Hofmann left holding the exclusive world rights for Adolf Hitler's photographs. The complaisant father has become one of the richest and most respected men in Germany. In 1933, his daughter was married to Baldur von Schirach, a young effeminate whom the Fuehrer loaded with favours and created Reich Youth leaders.

O.Strasser: Hitler and I, pp. 70,71

00010738.GIF Page 7

Otto Strasser: Hitler and I. 1940

One day I arranged to take her to one of the famous Munich masked balls. While I was dressing, Gregor burst into my room.

'Adolf doesn't want you to go out with Gely,' he said.

Before I had time to recover from my astonishment, the telephone rang. it was Hitler.

'I learn', he roared, 'that you are going out with young Gely this evening. I won't allow her to go out with a married man. I'm not going to have any of your filthy Berlin tricks in Munich.'

I had no choice but to submit.

Next day Gely came to see me. She was red-eyed, her round little face was [unreadable]. and she had the terrified look of a hunted beast.

'He locked me up' she sobbed. 'He locks me up every time I say no!'

She did not need much questioning. With anger, horror, and disgust she told me of the strange propositions with which her uncle pestered her.

I knew all about Hitler's abnormality. Like all others in the know, I had heard all about the eccentric practices to which Fraulein Hofmann was alleged to have lent herself, but I had genuinely believed that the photographer's daughter was a little hysteric who told lies for the sheer fun of it. But Gely, who was completely ignorant of this other affair of her uncle's, confirmed point by point a story scarcely credible to a healthy-minded man.

What could I say? What advice could I give?

Her confidences, once set flowing, were inexhaustible. Her uncle kept her literally isolated. She was not allowed to see a man. One evening, driven crazy by this treatment, she had yielded to the importunities of Emile Maurice, Hitler's chauffeur. Hitler had surprised them.

Her ear to the door, she had heard the words that passed between these two men, both of whom she dreaded equally.

'You'll never set foot in this house again!'

'Sack me, and I'll take the whole story to the Frankfurter Zeitung!'

The blackmail succeeded. Emile Maurice, richer by twenty thousand marks, set himself up in a watchmaker's shop in Munich.

O.Strasser: Hitler and I. pp. 71,72,73.

The privilege of addressing Hitler in the second person singular is reserved to this small group of intimates. They and a few friends call Hitler 'Adi', slap him on the back, and even dare to tell smutty stories in front of him. Hitler enjoys her company, for they confirm his profound conviction that man is essentially vile.

00010739.GIF Page 8

Otto Strasser: Hitler and I. 1940_

From this conviction he will never depart. It is typical of him that, though reading tires and bores him, he is thoroughly familiar with Machiavelli and with the anti-Machiavelli of Frederick the Great. He is a fervent admirer of the Florentine, whom he uses to defend and justify his own crimes and treachery.

O. Strasser: Hitler and I. p.75

We have already seen that Hitler is afraid of logic. Like a woman, he evades the issue, and ends by throwing

in your face an argument entirely remote from what you were talking about. On the other hand, give him a vague and nebulous generality and he is in his element. But he is incapable of thinking anything to its logical conclusion.

O.Strasser. Hitler and I. p.76

It was in 1928, at his home, that I made the acquaintance of Gely Raubal, but this young woman played no part in the rooted antagonism between us.

O.Strasser. Hitler and .I.p.92

Our propaganda was admirably organized. The speeches of Kaufmann, Koch, Stohr, Schapke, Franzen and Groh were warmly applauded throughout northern Germany and vigorously reported in our Press.

O.Strasser. Hitler and I. p.92

During Political Discussion Over Discontinuation Of Strasser's Newspaper:

"On this point we disagree" barked Hitler. He sat down and began rubbing his knees with a circular motion that grew quicker and quicker.

O. Strasser. Hitler and I. p.104

He seized my hands, as he had done two years before. His voice was choked with sobs, and tears flowed down his cheeks.

O.Strasser. Hitler and I. p.105

00010740.GIF Page 9

Otto Strasser: Hitler and I. 1940.

Two years passed, however, before my brother Paul and I met in Austria in the spring of 1936, and spent a few days together.

"And to think", Paul murmured one evening, "that Gregor once stopped Hitler from commuting suicide!"

"When was that?" I asked, not very attentively.

Paul hesitated, then continued in a low voice: "After the murder of his niece Gely."

At this I started.

"Did Gregor tell you that?"

Paul nodded.

"I swore to keep it a secret. Gregor spent three days and nights with Adolf, who was like a madman. Gregor told me he shot her during a quarrel, that perhaps he did not realize what he was doing. As soon as he had done it, he wanted to commit suicide but Gregor prevented him.

*D. T.'s relation
in great
trouble w the
Maeastro.*

I wanted further details.

"Do you know who was there at the time of the murder, and how it happened?"

"I know nothing more. Gregor did not tell me any more. He told me this during a fit of profound depression, and I kept the secret as long as he lived."

"But Paul, in 1931 Hitler was a nobody. How did he escape justice? Didn't Gregor tell you that?"

"An inquest was opened in Munich. The public prosecutor, who has lived abroad since Hitler's accession to power, wished to charge him with murder, but Gurtner, the Bavarian Minister of Justice, stopped the case. It was announced that Gely committed suicide."

"Gurtner again!" I exclaimed. "Always Gurtner. Did no one else know about it?"

Meanwhile Gurtner had become Reich Minister of Justice.

"Yes, there was someone else", Paul replied. "He was murdered on the same day as Gregor. You remember Gehrlich, the editor of the Right Way? He made a private investigation at the same time as the police, and collected overwhelming evidence against Hitler. Voss, Gregor's lawyer, no doubt knew all about it too. He had all our brother's secret papers at his house, but he was killed like Gehrlich."

Nine years have passed since Gely's death, six years have passed since a madman and a brute gave the signal for Germany's Saint Bartholomew.

In November, 1939, I was in Paris, where I wrote several articles for the Journal, mentioning Gely's death and Hitler's guilt.

Three days later, the editor of the Courier d'Austriche called on me.

"Do you know Father Pant?" he asked.

"No." I told him, "not personally; but I know that he lived in Munich, and that he was the brother of the prelate and Senator Pant, the former leader of the anti-Nazis in Poland."

00010741.GIF Page 10

Otto Strasser: Hitler and I. 1940

"Yes," he said. Father Pant is now in exile, but he asks me to send you the following message, which I repeat verbatim:

"It was I who buried Angela Raubel, the little Gely of whom Otto Strasser wrote. They pretended that she committed suicide; I should never have allowed a suicide to be buried in consecrated ground. From the fact that I gave her Christian burial you can draw conclusions which I cannot communicate to you."

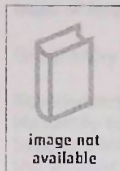
O. Strasser: Hitler and I. pp. 201, 202, 203.

'When I used to work with him, Hess used to stop me at the door and say, "For Heaven's sake, don't tell him this", or "For heaven's sake, don't tell him that". He can't bear disagreeable news.'

O. Strasser: Hitler and I. p. 222

[Home](#) > [Search Results](#) > Book Details

Book Details



Der Adjutant. Karl Wolff: Der Mann zwischen Hitler und Himmler.

Lang, Jochen von ;

Bookseller:
COTTAGE Antiquariat
(Wien, A, Austria)

Book Price:
US\$ 26.55
[[Convert Currency](#)]

Shipping:
[[Rates & Speeds](#)]

Quantity: 1

[Buy This Item](#)

[Add to Basket](#)

[[30 Day Returns Policy](#)]

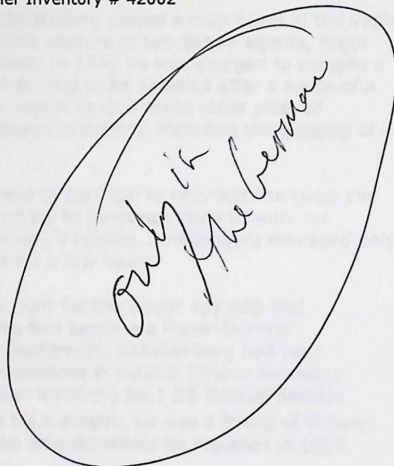
About the Book

Bookseller & Payment Information

Description: München- Berlin. Herbig Verlag 1985, 428 S. 8°, Original - Pappband mit Schutzumschlag Umschlag leicht berleben, ansonsten sauberes und solides Exemplar. In Antiqua. IS: 3776613688 ***An unsere Kunden in Deutschland: Wir versenden einmal in der Woche ab Freilassing mit der Deutschen Post. Nur so sind unsere günstigen Versandkosten möglich. Alle Bestellungen bis Donnerstag, 8.00 Uhr gehen am Donnerstag von Wien weg, Freitag Vormittag zur Deutschen Post. Falls Sie eine steuerfreie innergemeinschaftliche Lieferung wünschen, bitten wir Sie dringend Ihre gültige UID/VAT/TVA-Nummer bei der Bestellung anzugeben. Der Gesetzgeber schreibt bindend vor, dass die Voraussetzungen für die IGL vor Lieferung /Rechnungslegung zu prüfen sind. Eine nachträgliche Änderung der Rechnung ist nicht mehr möglich.***. Bookseller Inventory # 42002

Bibliographic Details

ISBN: 3776613688
Binding: Hardcover
Dust Jacket Condition: Dust Jacket Included



Walter (correctly **Walther**) **Friedrich Schellenberg** (January 161910 – March 311952) was a German Nazi who rose through the SS to become, following the abolition of the Abwehr in 1944, head of foreign intelligence.

Biography

Schellenberg was born in Saarbrücken, Germany, but moved with his family to Luxembourg when the French occupation of the Saarland after the First World War triggered an economic crisis in the Weimar Republic.

Schellenberg returned to Germany to attend university, first at the University of Marburg and then, in 1929, at the University of Bonn. He initially studied medicine, but soon switched to law. After graduating he joined the SS in May 1933 and worked in counter-intelligence. He met Reinhard Heydrich and from 1939 to 1942 was Heinrich Himmler's personal aide and a deputy leader of the Reich Central Security Office. In addition Himmler bestowed upon Schellenberg a unique position beyond that of a simple aide, making him his special-plenipotentiary (*Sonderbevollmächtigter*). Being as Himmler held the position of general plenipotentiary to the whole Reichs administration (*Generalbevollmächtigter für die Verwaltung*), this effectively gave Schellenberg a potential for nigh infinite avenues of influence within Nazi Germany.

In November 1939 Schellenberg played a major part in the Venlo Incident, which led to the capture of two British agents, Major Best and Captain Stefens. In 1940 he was charged to compile a list of 2300 prominent Britons to be arrested after a successful invasion of Britain. He also arranged many other plots of subterfuge and intelligence gathering, including the bugging of a Berlin brothel.

In 1940 he was also sent to Portugal to intercept the Duke and Duchess of Windsor and try to persuade them to work for Germany. The mission was a failure; Schellenberg managed only to delay their baggage for a few hours.

By the time he led the hunt for the Soviet spy ring Red Orchestra, Schellenberg had become a Major-General (*Brigadeführer*) in the Waffen-SS. Schellenberg had been involved in planning operations in neutral Ireland including Operation Osprey, a plan involving No.1 SS Special Service Troop.^[1] According to his memoirs, he was a friend of Wilhelm Canaris, the head of the Abwehr whom he replaced in 1944.

At the end of the war Schellenberg persuaded Himmler to try negotiating with the Western Allies through Count Folke Bernadotte and personally went to Stockholm in April 1945 to arrange their meeting. He was in Denmark attempting to arrange his own surrender when Allied troops arrested him in June 1945.

During the postwar Nuremberg Trials, Schellenberg testified against other Nazis. In the 1949 Ministries Trial he was sentenced to six years' imprisonment, during which time he wrote his

U

memoirs, *The Labyrinth*. He was released in 1951 on grounds of ill-health (a worsening liver condition) and moved to Switzerland before settling in Verbania Pallanza, Italy. The following year he died of cancer in Turin.

Schellenberg saw himself as one of the great spymasters of his era. He failed to realise, however, that by the end of the Second World War every German spy in Britain had been detected and either imprisoned, executed or turned to work for the British security services.

Footnotes

1. ^ Later becoming SS Parachute Battalion 500 (**SS-Fallschirmjäger-Bataillon 500**) an amalgamation of No.1 Troop and various penal battalions. Notably participating in Operation Rösselsprung, the raid against Tito's HQ. in 1944.

Bibliography

- Louis Hagen and Andre Deutsch, *The Schellenberg Memoirs* (André Deutsch, 1956)
 - Walter Schellenberg, translated Louis Hagen, *The Labyrinth* (Da Capo, 2000)
- 