

JUDGE ORDERS HITLER TO UNDERGO THERAPY

After Crazy Führer Goes Berserk in Court!!!

Adolf Hitler is in trouble again. The infamous ex-dictator is no stranger to controversy, and last month in Multnomah County District Court, Hitler found himself under harsh media spotlights yet again when a judge ordered him to undergo anger-management counseling.

The shocking judicial decision came amid a routine probation-violation hearing that occurred after Hitler was found walking within 150 feet of a synagogue, a clear violation of his probation. Right before the judge issued his decree, Mr. Hitler, the Portland resident whom critics call The Most Evil Man in World History, erupted with a loud volley of invectives that had Judge Ernest K. Jeske threatening to cite him for contempt of court.

"THIS IS BULLSHIT!" Hitler had jumped up and screamed after the judge recommended he spend forty hours of community service cleaning racist graffiti off of synagogues and mosques in the greater Portland area, graffiti which many experts believe was left by Mr. Hitler himself. "I'm tired of you motherfuckers treating me like a goddamned STEPCHILD!" Hitler continued. "It's been more than fifty years since I killed a Jew, and STILL you're gonna sweat me? FUCK that shit, man! Adolf Hitler ain't goin' out like that!"

"One more peep out of you, Mr. Hitler," Judge Jeske threatened, "and I'll have you taken out of here in handcuffs. Do you understand me, Mr. Hitler? In this courtroom, I'M *der Führer*."

Hitler smirked defiantly but remained silent as Judge Jeske continued. "Mr. Hitler, I've just about lost patience with you," the judge said. "Our community's traditional method of correcting someone's behavior has been social disapproval and ostracism, but these things don't seem to work with you. Over the years, I've watched you float in and out of this courtroom over and over again, and I've never seen you exhibit the tiniest sliver of remorse for all the hurt you've caused others. You are one of the most selfish, self-absorbed characters I've ever run across. It's always Adolf, Adolf, Adolf. Therefore, you have left me no other choice but to recommend that you attend *Cage Your Rage*, which is a six-week anger-management class sponsored by the Oregon Department of Corrections.

You'll attend six one-hour classes in a group setting where you'll hopefully get to the bottom of some of your anger issues and resentments. After you're done with the class, I want you to bring in your certificate, and we'll talk about dismissing this probation violation, OK? Now, do you have anything to say for yourself?"

"Your Honor," Hitler said, clearing his throat, "this really hurts my feelings. That's all. I feel very confused, and this really hurts my feelings."

"Mr. Hitler," the judge countered, "sometimes I wonder whether you *have* any feelings."

The judge also said that the name "Adolf" was perhaps a bit too harsh and was inextricably associated with Hitler's shameful past.

"How about 'Todd' for a first name?" the judge suggested. "I would trust someone named Todd Hitler."

Regarding Hitler's being evil, the judge said, "Cut it out!" And on the topic of Hitler's legendary anti-Semitism, the judge warned, "Let me make this clear—if you kill any more Jews, it's straight back to jail with you."

OUTSIDE THE COURTROOM, Hitler appears shaken by the decision. "I've done some bad things, no doubt about it," he says, "but I think the judge is clearly overstepping the boundaries of fairness in this case. To me, this smacks of a personal vendetta. Just because of who I am—you know, I'm *Hitler*—people try to take advantage of me. It might have been fair if the judge asked for a public apology from me or something, but a *six-week* anger-management class? Ouch! How am I going to explain this at work?" Hitler

"Let me make this clear—if you kill any more Jews, it's straight back to jail with you."

says he'll attend the anger-management classes "only because I don't want to go back to jail."

Adolf Hitler became a Portland resident about ten years ago after a more than forty-year stint in Argentina following WWII, a war that Hitler now wistfully calls "The One That Got Away." After moving here, he attracted immediate local attention when a *Willamette Week* reporter quoted him as saying, "The Jews run everything." The city's Jewish mayor, the Jewish head of the Chamber of Commerce, and the Jewish police chief all demanded that Mr. Hitler retract his statement. Instead of doing so, Hitler said that his detractors "need to chill."

"I was quoted out of context by that asshole from *Willamette Week*," Hitler now says. "I never technically said, 'The Jews run everything.' If you listen to the tape, you can *clearly* hear me saying something like, 'Boy, those Jews, they sure run a lot of stuff, y'know?' It was more like that. It was more innocent than it sounded."

"I'm not a Nazi anymore," Hitler tells me with a shrug. "The whole thing was just a big misunderstanding. I already apologized for the Holocaust. I mean, I felt really, *really* bad about it. What else do they want from me? I think I've learned from my mistakes, and I think I've grown as a person. Mostly, I really want to be left alone. And I think the Jews need to just *let it go*."

Friends say Hitler has been "acting crazy" lately and "needs a girlfriend."

"THIS IS BULLSHIT!!!"
An angry Adolf Hitler reacts to judge's decision.



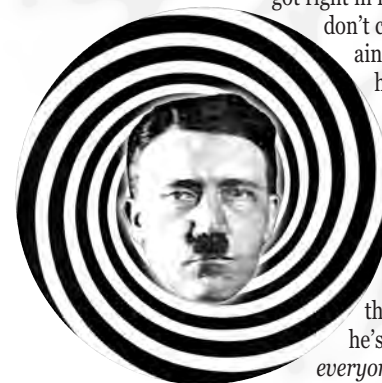
Hitler cried and ranted during his court appearance, but to no avail. "Mr. Hitler, you need anger counseling," the judge said, "and it's anger counseling you'll get."

THE COFFEE POT ISN'T WORKING again this week—for the third week in a row—causing some of the men to grumble when they enter the room for the meeting. The old wooden chairs squeak when you sit down in them. The linoleum floors

are scuffed and dull. The big wooden table in the middle of the room is covered in crude engravings, some of them unprintable, scratched in the wood by bored students.

This is where the angry men come to deal with their anger. This is where Adolf Hitler is just another angry man among many. "Adolf needs to stop hiding his feelings behind lofty notions about his race or his nation," says Cesar Sanchez, Hitler's anger-management facilitator. "He needs to think on a much smaller scale. He needs to stop worrying about Jews and Germans and start thinking about what's right for Adolf." Sanchez is an amiable, barrel-chested Chicano who served prison time after an armed robbery which left a Catholic nun permanently brain-damaged.

Hitler has been attending his anger-management classes for two weeks and "seems to be making progress," according to Sanchez. "He had a bit of an attitude when he first came in here," Sanchez remembers, "thinking he was all better than everybody and more famous than everybody and more supreme than everybody, but I took care of that quick. I got right in his face and yelled, 'Look, Hitler! I don't care if you're Mr. Big Bad Hitler! I ain't afraid of you, Hitler!' and I haven't had any problems with him since. Unlike a lot of these guys they send me, at least Hitler shows up for the meetings *on-time* every week, and he's always very neatly dressed. Except for the fact that he single-handedly started a World War which led to the deaths of fifty million people, he's really a model student. I wish everyone had his manners."



At this week's meeting, a fat, walle-eyed black man named Kelvis is talking about how his first love left him standing at the altar and how his life unraveled afterward. Kelvis begins crying as he recalls all the years wasted on crack cocaine, all the ruined friendships, and all the times police were summoned to his apartment to quell domestic disturbances with all the women he was using to try and fill his first love's place.

The room is silent except for Kelvis's sobs. Finally, Hitler reaches across the table and gently nudges a tissue box in front of Kelvis, who grabs a tissue and looks appreciatively at the former evil despot.

"Thanks, Hitler," Kelvis says in between the tears. "Man, I don't care what they say—you *all right!*"

After the meeting, Sanchez seems pleased with his client's progress. "Giving Kelvis the tissue box was the sort of thing you'd never expect from Adolf Hitler. But put him in a group filled with other angry men and tell him, 'Hey, Hitler, it's OK—we hurt, too,' and Hitler can finally relax, blow off some steam, and just be 'one of the guys.'"

Outside the meeting room, Hitler reflects on his compassionate act. "I saw that poor black man cry because he lost the woman he loved, and I felt compelled to help him. Why? Because I, too, once loved a woman and lost her. That woman's name was Deutschland."

"ADOLF'S AN ABSOLUTE SWEETHEART, and I think that what the judge is making him do with these anger-management classes is *way* out of line." The girl making this statement is undoubtedly beautiful: platinum-blond hair, a dolled-up face, full lips, fruitfully large breasts, and a look in her mascara-framed eyes that says she's ready for fun and mischief. But what's suspect is this twenty-one-year-old's romantic involvement not only with a man roughly ninety years her senior, but a man who would have most fathers loading a shotgun in order to keep their daughters away from him. She says her name is Spring and that she and Hitler have had a romantic relationship "for a full seven weeks now."

Spring claims she met Hitler at the Matador, a local bar said to be so filled with young, eager females that some have jokingly called it the Automatic Whore. "He walked into the bar with this buddy of his," Spring recalls, "and I don't know if you've ever seen Hitler enter a room, but it was *totally* impressive. I was like, 'Whoa—who's the hot old dude in the black suit?' Somebody told me it was Hitler and that a long time ago he almost ruled the world. It made me *totally wet!* I went over and introduced myself, and before you knew it, we were having sex out in back of the Fred Meyer's."

Spring says that Hitler is a "fabulous lover" who is "wonderfully endowed" and shows "amazing stamina for a man his age." She also says she doesn't listen to all the friends who have become concerned for her safety since she hooked up with Hitler. "They say he's done a lot of bad things in the past, but so far Addy has been nothing but sweet to me. I love him madly, and after he finishes up with the final three weeks of that goddamned anger-management class, we plan to be wed."

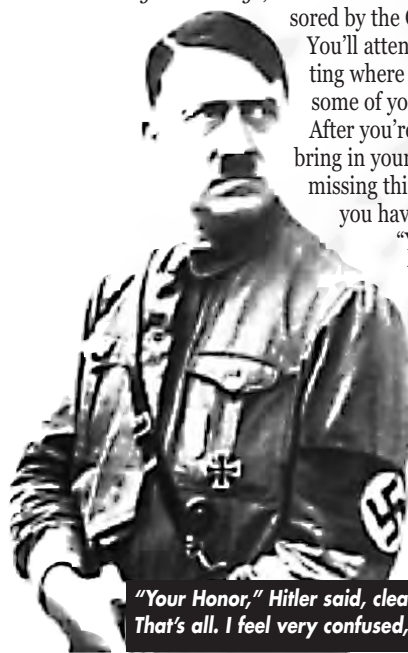
WHAT DOES THE FUTURE hold for Adolf Hitler? Will the admittedly draconian measure of forcing him to take a six-week anger-management class yield the desired results of a healthier, happier Hitler? We know that Mussolini responded well to Paxil and that one-on-one Jungian therapy is working wonders for Saddam Hussein. Will six grueling encounter sessions with other angry males be the ticket that pries open his heart like a clamshell and forces him to accept once and for all that he is a member of the master race—the *human* race?

Hitler seems to think so.

"I wake up in the morning," Hitler says, "and I throw open my bedroom shutters to see the birds all flutter and the golden sun gently dusting the leaves on the trees, and I feel happy to be alive. I look back soberly on the mistakes of my past and say, 'Wow, dude, I *fucked up royally*.' But you know what? It's OK! God isn't done with me yet. Sure, people are probably always gonna give me a hard time for being Hitler, but I can accept that. Hitler's the one who has to live with Hitler, y'know? These days, especially after my three sessions of Mr. Sanchez's class, I can look at myself in the mirror while I'm shaving around that little mustache of mine and say, 'You're all right, kiddo. You're only human.' Imagine that! *Hitler's* only human. That was really hard for me to say, but it feels really good saying it."



An elated Hitler after his third anger-management class. "You know, I think this stuff really works," the ex-Nazi dictator confessed. "It hasn't been easy, but I'm starting to take responsibility for all the people I've hurt."



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