

DEMOCRACY, oh dear!

by Ally Hauptmann-Gurski

**My journey,
how I lost faith in democracy
through experiencing
its German variant**

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My journey (3600 words)

A victim statement by Ally Hauptmann-Gurski

When I first learned about democracy, I was taught concept and word stem from the Greek, demos = the people, and krates = to rule. Democracy was therefore the rule of the people. Where I grew up, these things had a meaning from a very early age, because I come from West Berlin. We had democracy and where my Aunt Martha lived, in East Berlin, there was no democracy.

Over there, they were ruled by the communist party. This was, of course, evil, but the evil did not really become apparent to me when I was a child. The evil expressed itself through things like no butter in the shops - but we could not really buy much butter either, because my father did not like paying for his offspring. We ate the cheapest margarine, which was, admittedly, marginally better than the margarine they had over there in the East.

For a child, the reasons why you miss out on something do not matter a lot. You just do not have what others have, and feel left behind, which will surely change when you've grown up. Beyond the contrast to the other side of our divided town, democracy and the state of state had no practical meaning to me. We were said to have freedom, but it was very apparent that some had more freedom than others, going on holiday to Italy or Spain which was as far away as Vladivostok to me, because a bus trip to the Baltic Sea through a charitable church organisation was my summer holiday from the city ghetto of West Berlin.

First crack in my belief in democracy

My consciousness started to develop through the radio news. One item, most likely from 1957, remains vividly in my mind, because it baffled me. In the lead up to German general elections, the newsreader said something like 'the Catholic Bishops have spoken in favour of Konrad Adenauer, so it can be regarded as certain that the CDU party will again have the majority in the federal parliament, the Bundestag'.

Learning years

Working in the newsroom of Associated Press in Frankfurt/Main confronted me with political issues every day. I was told to read Spiegel Magazine, which I did not like at first. But then again, when had it mattered what I liked? It is not so easy to find a job that sustains you when you are a university dropout and this was what I had been after when I applied for that job - although I had to keep it to myself at the time.

I learned a lot at Associated Press but something was rammed down my throat that made me move away from journalism. When the wife of a politician refused to bring her husband to the

Do they still have a follower mind like under the Nazis, I wondered. Do they need the bishops and the church to make up their minds how to vote? Are there so many people devoid of independent thinking that the bishops determine the next government? Is it democracy when the bishops determine who will reign? I was confused; my belief in democracy had a crack.

Struggling free

As the years went on, the challenges of daily life ruled my days. There was no time or interest in matters state of state. Graduating from High School was a time consuming undertaking and took up all available brain space. I also had to look out constantly where to make a buck, or Deutschmark of course, because my father had still not developed a liking to pay for his offspring, and my mother declared 'you do not send a mother to work'.

In later decades, I saw mothers going to work so their children could have an education and some relief from the poverty cycle, or at least provide support in kind i.e. free their children from some chores to provide space for studying and make a dime. My mother was not like that; she did not contribute, not with money, not with work; quite the contrary. Her demands for general housework and cooking in addition to my own washing and cleaning became louder week by week. Two years into university, there was only one way to escape the pressure: I had to become a university dropout. Education is for those whose parents care.

phone for an interview, my editor reprimanded me. If I intended to be a proper journalist, I needed to learn climbing into toilet windows when I was thrown out the front door. That day, I did not want to be a journalist any longer. Such ruffian behaviour was not what I was about, and I would have never believed, that an editor-in-chief could demand to break the law. No, he was not joking.

Editing political news by the bucketload, I was baffled to discover that federal parliamentarians in the Bundestag did not vote according to their conscience, as the constitution prescribed, but voted as the party told them. Our elected representatives chose not to abide by the constitution.

At the time, it did not bother me, my life was filled with music and business, nest building, touring and travelling. Democracy or not, which shade of democracy – I could not have cared less. Democracy still meant to be in a non-communist country and only now, through the democracy debate hooked on the Iraq war, do I look at democracy issues with more critical eyes.

The will of the majority

I had long left the Associated Press when Germany became overrun by Third World people. The vast majority of Germans I spoke to between 1980 and 1983 regarded them as intruders who brought mindsets and lifestyles of their unsuccessful societies with them.

The German ‘system’, however, mollycoddled them as asylum seekers and refused poorly paid policemen wage rises, while an un-

limited honeypot was available for the intruders. I could not reconcile what I knew to be the majority opinion of the West German people with the reality of tolerating this Third World invasion. Democracy, the will of the people, did not seem to be on the radar of those steering the country.

There had to be an explanation; I thought. This population influx must serve someone’s purpose who used the bleeding heart brigade as footsoldiers. It became apparent, that the attraction of this Third World invasion was that it provided an ever increasing pool of unskilled labour, pushing wages downward. Suddenly, it became clear, that some groups enforce policies and costs which are against the majority will and interest, soon proven by constantly rising unemployment figures in those years when asylum seekers were overrunning West Germany.

In our touring days, I had rubbed shoulders with the benefactors. These could afford to wriggle out of funding the intruders by having Swiss bank accounts. How do you identify with a country that is on such a path of self-destruction?

Democracy in West Berlin, oh dear

A few years before, my father had experienced government corruption in Berlin, degrading democracy to a farce. My late father was forced to sell the apartment building where he had grown up to the trade union owned housing company. In the Berlin State parliament, the trade union backed social democrat party had a majority and used it to decree that this building, plus others in the neighbourhood, had to be modernised in a specific way. If this was beyond the private owner’s means, Berlin State law prescribed that the property must be sold to the trade union owned housing company. My father sold out to the one and only customer he was allowed to sell to.

More than ten years later, I had a look at that building and no modernisation of any kind had occurred. The conditions that my father had to abide by, were set aside for the parliamentarians’ cronies in the trade union owned housing company. The modernisation drive was about laying hand on land, forcing small owners to sell their property to that one company, the union owned housing company with its cronies in the State parliament of West Berlin. A tool of democracy, a State parliament, had been

bought by trade union cronies to wangle assets towards them.

The pivotal tool of representative democracy, a parliament, had been abused. It became more difficult for me, to believe in democracy. Was West Berlin any better than East Berlin?

Germany could no longer be ‘home’

We prepared to leave for Australia, an idea which we had nurtured in the back of our minds for four years, unsure if we should take such a drastic step. But my husband was a dis-

placed person anyway, and had experienced many setbacks through the broken marriage of his parents, as well as in his endeavours to get an education. In our hearts Germany could no longer be 'home'.

In Australia, I no longer thought of democracy or not; I did not care. I kept observing Germany from a distance.

Completely unashamed, I admit to a big grin in about 1990, when the Neo-Nazis made headlines again. It was exactly what I had predicted ten years before. Working as a reporter

again during the 1980 election campaign, I had suggested to a federal shadow minister, that they needed to delete the asylum clause from the constitution, because, if the influx did not stop, the Neo-Nazis would have a field day. Noble silence, and, of course, inaction were the future ministers's reply.

Even when the events are not a pretty picture, there is fat satisfaction in saying with a grin: 'I warned you, but you refused to take me, and the majority, seriously and now you deserve to rake up the shit.'

D-Day – Democracy Day

Then came the 9th November 1989. A man with an ice pick on the Berlin Wall chipped away the iron curtain and ended the Red Revolution which had begun more than 70 years before in Saint Petersburg. Millions stared at their television sets in disbelief. Democracy was now set to conquer hearts, minds, and lands from the river Elbe to Vladivostok – what a dream come true!

Democracy in Bonn, oh dear

Living in far away Australia, it did not appear to make any difference to my life, until I came to realise that I owned a 5/9 share in a property in East Berlin. The assumption was, of course, that the communist theft/take over of this and other properties on the grounds of Marx's ideology would be rectified. The now all-German democratic government would be the honest broker who would re-establish land department records and return the property, minus a broker fee, to the rightful owners. I am still ashamed that I lived in such a cloudcoookooland, imagining German authorities could be honest brokers.

At some stage, my attorney wrote, that someone was going to redevelop the land with elf Aquitaine money, although the property's fence sported a sign for a telecommunications facility. When we investigated the latter, it turned out to be propaganda. The government wanted to create an impression in the neighbourhood that things were on the move. The talk about elf Aquitaine's involvement made no sense either, and I did not draw the connection to the bureaucrats' delay of returning the property. Whatever game they were playing, I

regarded it as shadowboxing because – after all – we were the rightful owners and the constitution sported a clause 'right to property' which the German government would surely honor.

Dispossessed by a 'democratic' government

But unbeknown to me, a new law was in the making, coming into effect on 8th December 1994. It decreed the loss of all rights unless the rightful owner had the money to redevelop for which plans must be submitted. How can a person pay for architects to prepare a building proposal when he/she is not a registered owner of the property?

The registration process had been delayed on purpose. It was to give the CDU party ruled Bundestag time to enact a law which gave preference to the rich. So my asset went to the frontman who the attorney had said was going to build with elf Aquitaine funds.

Correspondence flew backwards and forwards between Australia and Berlin, but however many words they used, Berlin only ever said: **YOU HAVE NO RIGHTS, NONE WHATSOEVER.** The communists in East Berlin had been more honest in about 1981, when they wrote about the property questions as 'open questions'.

My faith, the German government would be an honest broker and return the property which the communists had taken into use, can only be described as Hollywood syndrome, hardwired to expect good triumphing over evil. It felt like living in a B-movie, dispossessed by a 'democratic' government. Democratically elected Helmut Kohl might have been, but who cares about how the ruler comes into power? What counts is HOW he rules, and Kohl facilitated the 'theft' of our property by elf Aquitaine and took kickbacks for his party.

I had been at the mercy of an all powerful government, who had no sense of justice. They knew, court cases would be out of reach for the little people, so they could do as they pleased, just as the Duke of Palatinate in the olden days. Being the weaker party, who did not have a fat bank account for a court case, my assett went to elf Aquitaine, because the Kohl government chose to behave like Sicilian mafiosi.

What and how it all happened, became clearer after about 2000, when news regarding illegal funds of Kohl's CDU party hit the internet. This champion of French-German friendship and democracy later admitted to presiding over illegal Swiss accounts since 1976. His endearing code word for illegal funds was 'Bimbés'.

Collusion to dispossess – step by step

- ♦ France's F. Mitterrand wants to lay hands on 2.550 allotments in best locations all over East Germany (closed Minol gas stations) for elf Aquitaine oil company – without payment.
- ♦ The reunified 'democratic' German government delays rectifying communist land grab by delaying transferrals of properties to their rightful owners
- ♦ To divert attention from the scheme, the Minol allotments are packaged with the derelict Leuna refinery as 'Chancellor Matter'. Large scale discussion about the refinery is generated, so the issue of Minol allotments fades into the less obvious.
- ♦ German parliament, Bundestag passes a law that decrees investment on these allotment is a condition of returning these properties.

The result of the pudding is in the eating

What purpose democracy if it produces rulers like Helmut Kohl? Why should I, or anyone else, support democracy if she cannot deliver justice? I no longer wonder, why the people of Libanon, Egypt, Afghanistan, Iran, and Iraq are not in love with Western democracy. They are told, the old nepotism based on their ancient tribal customs should be abandoned in favour of a democratic meritocracy. But when you scratch the veneer of our 'democracy', out comes a nepotism that is much worse, because it is not in the open and not as predictable as the nepotism in communism.

The communists were at least honest enough to declare, they'd take it all off you. The wonderful democratic German constitution guarantees the right to property, but in practice, rulers like Kohleone are above the law and above the constitution.

There was a time, when I believed, being dispossessed by German government corruption would warrant government intervention from my democratically elected Australian government. They, however, refused to intervene in Berlin, saying it was a private matter!

- ♦ Privatisation obligations are discharged by wangling the Minol land package to the French **government** owned elf Aquitaine.
- ♦ Secret Swiss bank accounts of ruling CDU party burst with funds, at least 300 million Deutschmark, equivalent to customary 10 % kickback of Minol allotments' land value.
- ♦ Frontman use to blur tracks.
- ♦ The frontman of our land gets it 5 days after law comes into effect. He presented full paperwork, so was clearly expecting to get it.
- ♦ Investigation showed that the frontman was not wealthy enough for the project, so he must have had access to someone else's funds. This proves the land was allocated to him to build in 'cooperation' between the frontman and elf Aquitaine before the law came into effect, since neither his assetts nor the time slot were sufficient for these preparations.
- ♦ This victim of the land grab could not afford to go to court, as self-representation is not allowed in courts for these matters.
- ♦ French government privatises elf Aquitaine, thus profiteers from fraudulently acquired Minol allotments.
- ♦ When 'Chancellor Matter', the Leuna-Minol land grab, is investigated, all documentation has disappeared. In Kohl's Chancellor department everything was shredded and the overseeing government department was unable to find the copies prescribed by law.
- ♦ Kohl is clearly in breach of the law, having overseen the actions as 'Chancellor Matter', but he is not prosecuted.
- ♦ Merger to Totalfinaelf, and then renaming to TOTAL SA ensured that the victims would not know where to turn.

This was clearly a pretext to shirk their responsibility, so I wondered what reasons they could have to protect the Kohleone-CDU gang. These became apparent when it was reported, Prime-Minister John Howard called Helmut Kohl his friend, at a time when it was known that he really was a Kohleone. Hearing subsequently, that Howard's Liberals had once shared their funds with their British sister party Tories, it seemed realistic to assume that the German CDU party would have shared their ill-gotten gains with their Australian sister party, the Liberals, who were desperate to get into power at the time. This must have been the reason why they would not intervene on behalf of an Australian citizen who had been fleeced through government corruption, benefitting the German conservative CDU party.

Helmut Kohl was, of course, only the biggest villain of the German Ruling Class, but I will spare the English speaking reader the foreign names of his army of collaborators. They show up when looking up the French-German Axis of Evil Corruption on the internet.

Despite 'system elf', the veneer of German democracy is still intact. Helmut Kohl's obituary is unlikely to mention how he treated the constitution, the law, and other people's

Naturally, I feel ashamed to have been beaten. Inputs in time and effort were substantial, not to speak of the emotional cost to see my asset disappear to international fraudsters in Paris and Bonn masquerading as christian politicians, while creaming off. The initial stages, when I had an attorney, also cost money. But I am not ashamed of having lost to the biggest corruption network on planet earth. Elf Aquitaine and TOTAL SA corruption is present on all continents, and their German collaborators are never far. Anybody who searches the internet, starting with Kohleone and corruption listings will find that out for himself/herself. After 40 years, I start to understand what motivated Baader-Meinhof terrorists. After all, what is democracy, when it turns out to be a system which brings the most cunning to power who fleece people and then have the fattest bank accounts to grease palms?

The right to vote is supposed to be the supreme right of our democratic system.

After my experience, ticking a ballott paper is for the kindergarten.

I would trade my right to vote for justice any time.

How would justice look like?

- 1. Prosecute Kohl for the illegal CDU party funds that he has admitted to, plus those which were found in Geneva.**
- 2. Admit that elf Aquitaine's seizure of the Minol allotments in the former East Germany was unconstitutional and fraudulent, because the Kohl government had no right to give the land which they did not own to France, without paying the rightful owners.**
- 3. Find a way to compensate the victims. This should not be through public funds, but through allocating shares in the projects equivalent to the land value inputs, or simply repatriate fraudulently acquired assets (now in the hands of TOTAL SA) to the rightful owners.**

Until that happens, France and Germany seem to be exempt from good governance.

Without justice, democracy belongs to where the sun don't shine.

property with contempt. The German system does not investigate corruption, since it would mean admitting it exists.

It is indicative for the corrupt German mindset, that many people must have been involved, but noone has come forward to give honesty and justice a leg up.

In the dark hours of the night, I wonder, how a government can be so corrupt and abuse its privatisation obligations to pocket what's not theirs.

For my historical novel I studied pre-revolutionary Russia and was stunned to discover that the Russian Noblemen's Assembly had more sense of honesty and justice than Kohleone's CDU ruled Germany. Yes, Lenin and Stalin were spot on, when they said there exists a malicious Ruling Class who fleeces people to line their pockets.

There were some investigations exposing hair-raising results in French speaking regions, but through withholding funds for translations into German, investigations by the German authorities could be prevented.

Politicians release soundbytes like 'rule of law', democracy', and 'good governance' but they only move air molecules.