

chose Holocaust denial for his doctoral thesis. The following examples have been chosen from sources over a number of years, to reflect the scope and history of the phenomenon.

Zionists Participated in Holocaust for Political Gain

Introduction:

Palestinian Authority alternates between Holocaust denial and Holocaust memory abuse. This week the PA daily proposed the libel that Zionist leaders participated in the Holocaust for 2 purposes: to eliminate Jewish opposition and to force Jews to flee from Europe and go to British Mandate Palestine.

The following is from an article in the PA daily:

“... If coming back to the suffering and tribulations (caused) by the Nazis, we would read hair-raising things about the entanglement of the Zionist leaders in the “sacrifice” of many Jews in order to kill two birds with one stone: to be rid of those who disagreed with them (meaning Jews opposed to Zionism) on the one hand and, on the other, to push all the Jews to immigrate to Palestine, since Europe had become an unbearable Hell...”

“I would like to say that, based on the above, the Jewish - or more accurately Zionist - willingness to sacrifice Jews for the above mentioned cause is a known historical tradition.” [*Al-Hayat Al-Jadida*, June 24, 2003]

PA Holocaust History Abuse

Introduction:

PA TV this week taught the following about World War II:

1. The Nazis did not specifically plan the killing of Jews.
2. Jews, Germans, Gypsies, and Poles were all killed in World War II, as happens in war.
3. If Hitler planned any extermination, it was of disabled Germans.
4. The term “Holocaust” in its human sense refers to experiences of the Palestinians, the Gypsies....
5. The “Holocaust industry” is a financial scheme of the Zionist leadership that has generated billions of dollars in profits.

The following is the PA TV interview with Ismail Elbakawi, translator of the book: *The Fundamentalism of the Jews in Israel*. Elbakawi is discussing a book called *The Holocaust Industry*.

“[The Holocaust] was a real event that occurred from 1939 to 1945. However, it did not just affect the Jews in Europe, but also other nations including the Poles, the Hungarians, the Russians - as you remember, 20 million Russians were killed and Germans, and Gypsies. They were annihilated and killed as a result of the war, and not due to a prior plan... It is possibly true that Hitler planned the extermination of disabled Germans. It is likely that these things are true, I don't know... This is the historical truth: the true Nazi Holocaust. I apologize for using the word “Holocaust”. This is a word that they try to attach only to the Jews who were killed, but I use this expression in the human sense. It can also be used to refer to the Palestinians and the suffering that the Israelis [have caused] them. The Palestinians also have their own private Holocaust, and this is also true of the Gypsies, etc.

What the Zionist leadership in general and the American in particular have tried [to do] is to turn this truly tragic historical event into an industrial enterprise, an enterprise that will bring them a lot of capital, a fortune of wealth. For example, they started in Germany in the 1950s with what they called “reparations” and suddenly, in the second half of the 1990s they turned, after Germany to Austria, they turned to Switzerland and began to invent their lies, according to which, the Swiss bought the gold fillings of the Jewish victims that the Nazis had taken from the teeth [of the Jews]... The Holocaust enterprise forced the Swiss government to approve [the sum of] one billion and 250 million dollars... [Why do] so many of the Swiss support Palestinian rights....? Because Swiss society is very hurt by having discovered the robbery [of the Jews.]...” [PA TV May 27, 2003]

PA Crossword Puzzle: *The Holocaust is a lie*

Clue: “The Jewish Center for eternalizing the Holocaust and the lies.”

Solution: “Yad Vashem” [Israel's national holocaust memorial].

[*Al-Hayat Al-Jadida*, Feb. 18, 1999]

"Marketing Ashes" - The Fable of the Holocaust

Introduction:

This article defining the Holocaust as a "fable" appeared just days before Holocaust Memorial Day in the official daily, and includes the following:

The Holocaust "history" is a "fable."

The Zionists use the Holocaust fable for political and financial profit.

The Jewish controlled media in the West perpetuate Holocaust myths.

The 6 million figure is a lie as "the vaults in the camp could not have held even one percent of that number".

The Jews brought the European anti-Semitism on themselves because Zionism needed a unifying factor against assimilation.

The Palestinians are the true Holocaust victims.

"MARKETING ASHES"

by Hiri Manzour, official Palestinian Authority daily:

"The issue of the holocaust ... defies disappearing over its half-century because the Zionist propaganda has converted it into a means to produce political and economic benefit... A recently published book by an American researcher, discusses the holocaust. Employing scientific and chemical evidence, it proves that the figure of six million Jews cremated in the Nazi Auschwitz camps is a lie for propaganda, as the most spacious of the vaults in the camp could not have held even one percent of that number..."

"By and large, the Zionist movement cannot tolerate inactivity in any facet of the holocaust profession, especially since intelligentsia from around the globe have begun addressing the corresponding holocaust, that is the one the Hebrew State is bringing upon the Palestinians. And so, the Jewish holocaust defenders themselves are on constant alert, apprehensive of the shift of attention from the fable of the holocaust to the specific, historic holocaust..."

"The question now discussed in the halls of the universities and the renowned publishing houses in the world's capitols, is: has this hen reached its expiration date, which lays golden eggs for the Jews everywhere?..

"When Zionism cannot find an enemy to separate and repel the Jews, it invents such an enemy; and so was the case with the holocausts. Its need for it [holocaust] is imperative, even organic, required to fill its message with the drama needed to get it across. What is happening now is not just an activation of the holocaust and its revival from ashes, but its reproduction and international marketing.

"Unfortunately for the Zionist circles, the West itself has awoken from its half-century coma. And so the time has come for the European intellectual to declare himself historically mature and to liberate himself from the Jewish guardianship that entangled him in existential difficulties, and in a memory filled with guilt, on top of the collective guilty verdict applied evenly by Zionism upon the nations of Europe.

"The Hebrew state is wary not only of scientific doubts being cast upon the holocaust, but also because they see this doubt as a portal to the denunciation of all the false Jewish claims..."

The components of this new holocaust are nearly all finalized, and the world has started following it closely while re-examining the whole story that has lived more than fifty years, due to the media which carried it and was its missionary, and not due to its being 'historical'."

[*Al-Hayat Al-Jadida*, April 13, 2001]

"All Lies... No Auschwitz, They were Disinfecting Sites"

Introduction:

The exploitation of the Holocaust for Palestinian political purposes is widespread in the Palestinian Authority. This exploitation includes Holocaust denial, equating Israel and Zionism to Nazism, claims that it was the Palestinians who suffered a holocaust, and others. In an educational program on PA TV, a senior Palestinian historian in a talk with Arafat's

Education Advisor [now Chairman of the PA Public Library] said the Holocaust was a lie and Auschwitz a place for disinfecting Jews.

Dr. Issam Sissalem, history lecturer, Islamic University Gaza, appears frequently on Palestinian TV as an expert lecturing on Jews and Judaism:

"...Lies surfaced about Jews being murdered here and there, and the Holocaust. And, of course, they are all lies and unfounded claims. No Dachau, no Auschwitz! [They] were disinfecting sites... They began to publicize in their propaganda that they were persecuted, murdered and exterminated... Committees acted here and there to establish this entity [Israel-Ed.], this foreign entity, implanted as a cancer in our country, where our fathers lived, where we live, and where our children after us will live. They always portrayed themselves as victims, and they made a Center for Heroism and Holocaust. Whose heroism? Whose Holocaust? Heroism is our nation's, the holocaust was against our people... We were the victims, but we shall not remain victims forever..." [*Palestinian Television*, November 29, 2000]

The Jews Transformed their "Burnt Bodies" into a "Hen Laying Golden Eggs".

"The Jews transformed what people think is the smoke of their burnt bodies into gold. The Nazi rooster, they already transformed it to a hen laying golden eggs. And all of Liberman's attempts and tens of letters of Europeans and Americans who tried to warn us of this extortion, Zionism succeeded in dispersing in the west a type of Nazi phobia..." [*Al-Hayat Al-Jadida* September 22, 2000]

Jews Fabricated Story of Gas Ovens and Holocaust to Arouse Admiration

"The winds blew in their [the Jews] favor, when the persecution against them by the Nazi Hitler started...then the show began. They began to distribute horrific pictures of mass shooting being committed against them and to fabricate the shocking story about gas ovens, which, according to them, Hitler would burn them [the Jews]. Newspaper columns began to fill up with pictures of Jews being cut down by Hitler's machine guns, and of Jews being led to the gas ovens. In these pictures they concentrated on women, children and the elderly. And they took advantage of this in order to arouse admiration for them, while they demand a monetary compensation, grants and contributions from all over the world. The truth is that the persecution of the Jews is a false fable that the Jews called the disaster of the "Holocaust"...and took advantage of it in order to arouse admiration... And although it is possible that Hitler's attack against the Jews hurt them slightly, it also serviced them to the point where still today they reap the benefits and it was the main door to her winning the American and European admiration and to realizing their dream and their plans..."

When we survey the news agencies, the newspapers, the journals and the world television stations, which the Jews control in the West, it becomes clear to us the extent of their media influence in the world [and their control] of a number of world news agencies, French and British newspapers..."

[*Al-Hayat Al-Jadida* July 2, 1998]

Jewish Holocaust Extortion

"Many of the enlightened and the politicians of Europe and America have already been disgusted by the extortion of the Jews and it is quite clear that they have a deep tendency to be free of the yoke of memory which is mixed with terror, especially after it has been known that the Jewish explanation exaggerating the Holocaust, has exceeded all limits and reached a level of imagination of things that could never happen."

[*Al-Hayat Al-Jadida* September 19, 2000]

The PA List of Great Europeans - Holocaust Deniers and Nazi Officer

Introduction:

This Palestinian daily described a paper of a research center, which gives prominence and support to "great" Europeans who withstood the lies of "world Zionism". This list of Europeans includes two prominent Holocaust deniers, a Nazi officer in World War 2, and leader of an extremist right wing political party.

"The Zaid center ...published a new research paper titled: "These are the people who challenged Israel in the last 50 years". This research surveys the honored... Europeans – leaders, politicians, and thinkers - against world Zionism and Israel....

Five of the most famous personalities who were known for their opposition to the Zionist pressure – the French leader Charles de Gaulle, past general secretary of the UN and the president of Austria, Kurt Waldheim [a Nazi officer] and the famous English historian **David Irving** [a Holocaust denier], the new Austrian leader Jörg Heider and the writer and thinker Frenchman **Roger Garaudy** [a Holocaust denier].

"The center points out at the beginning of the paper which was defined as an historical paper for the Arab reader, and in it a thanks, appreciation and recognition to these people and others, among those who defend the rights and justice in the world."

[*Al-Hayat Al-Jadida* February 6, 2001]

Selections from dissertation of Prime Minister Mahmoud Abbas [Now President of PA]

The Other Side: The Secret Relations Between Nazism and the Leadership of the Zionist Movement. 1983, translation by Wiesenthal Center.

On cooperation between the Zionist leaders and Nazi Germany

"A partnership was established between Hitler's Nazis and the leadership of the Zionist movement...[the Zionists gave] permission to every racist in the world, led by Hitler and the Nazis, to treat Jews as they wish, so long as it guarantees immigration to Palestine."

On the Jews raising the number of Holocaust victims

"Having more victims meant greater rights and stronger privilege to join the negotiation table for dividing the spoils of war once it was over. However, since Zionism was not a fighting partner -- suffering victims in a battle -- it had no escape but to offer up human beings, under any name, to raise the number of victims, which they could then boast of at the moment of accounting."

"It seems that the interest of the Zionist movement...is to inflate this figure so that their gains will be greater. This led them to emphasize this figure in order to gain the solidarity of international public opinion with Zionism. Many scholars have debated the figure of six million and reached stunning conclusions -- fixing the number of Jewish victims at only a few hundred thousand."

On doubts about the numbers Jews killed in Holocaust

"Following the war word was spread that six million Jews were amongst the victims and that a war of extermination was aimed primarily at the Jews...The truth is that no one can either confirm or deny this figure."

"In other words, it is possible that the number of Jewish victims reached six million, but at the same time it is possible that the figure is much smaller -- below one million".

<<http://www.pmw.org.il/holocaust.htm>>

CLOSE CO-OPERATION

Book review

51 Documents: Zionist Collaboration With the Nazis

By Lenni Brenner, ed. Barricade Books, 2002, 342 pp.

Reviewed by Sara Powell

It's no secret that Zionism embraced political expediency to advance the cause of carving Eretz-Israel from the land of its native inhabitants. In his 1983 book, *Zionism in the Age of the Dictators*, Lenni Brenner shows that 20th century Zionists observed shockingly few limits to that expediency. Not surprisingly, the book received little coverage in the American media. Now, in *51 Documents*, Brenner has compiled a wide variety of letters, statements, articles, and judgements—some of which appeared in his earlier book—by a

broad array of activists and authors, that documents Zionist cooperation with the Nazis. On the face of it, the notion seems absurd. However, Brenner presents the case—made in many Zionists' own words—that the Nazi agenda of expelling the Jews from Germany fit nicely with the Zionist plan for enticing those Jews into settling in Palestine and creating a new Jewish nation.

In addition to introductory and concluding chapters, the book is organized into five sections which lead the reader through early, pre-Zionist documents; pre-Holocaust ideological factions; the Holocaust era itself; and a chapter on the Stern Gang and the Nazis. Readers should note that a few documents are not indicative of collaboration in and of themselves, but provide the background to others written in response. These latter do indicate levels of collaboration between Zionists and fascists, both the Nazis in Germany, and those in Mussolini's Italy. Brenner's brief explanatory notes at the beginning of each document are helpful, as are the glossary and index.

51 Documents assumes a certain knowledge of Zionist history, and requires a close reading and some deconstructive efforts on the part of the reader. Those willing to commit the time and effort, however, are rewarded with some stunning revelations. The reason some Zionists eschewed the boycott against Hitler's Germany, for instance, is that they had a financial deal—*Ha'avara*—with Germany allowing Jews to exchange their wealth for goods to be exported to Palestine at less of a loss, as an incentive to emigrate. Those wondering why Zionists today are so organized and experienced in their public relations efforts discover that these battles have been fought before. Moreover, the section on Nazi and Zionist understandings of "nationality" versus citizenship reveals how German and Israeli practices are based on the same concept.

51 Documents also sheds a whole new light on the term "Holocaust guilt," frequently understood to mean Western, non-Jewish guilt for not acting against the Holocaust earlier. However, these documents make it clear that Holocaust guilt began with those Zionists who made the undoubtedly difficult, but politically expedient choice to place Eretz-Israel at the top of their priorities, above the lives of their threatened European brethren.

From a Zionist Executive Meeting speech by Yitzhak Gruenbaum on Feb. 18, 1943:

And when some asked me: "Can't you give money from Keren Ha Yesod (Palestine Foundation Fund) to save Jews in the Diaspora?" I said: "No!" And again I say no....And, because of these things, people called me an anti-Semite, and concluded that I'm guilty, for the fact that we don't give ourselves completely to rescue actions. (p. 211)

However difficult it may be, the reader must confront some rather disturbing conclusions. The most unsettling realization for this reviewer is that pre-Holocaust Zionists were able to politically align themselves with the Nazis because both groups fundamentally saw race as an important dividing line—and, moreover, were determined to keep it that way. From Vladimir Jabotinsky to Albert Einstein, "assimilation" of Jews into the societies in which they lived was not an acceptable option. Rather, Jewish nationalism required equality on a national level, not a personal one. As Jabotinsky explained, "It is impossible for a man to become assimilated with people whose blood is different from his own" (p. 10); in Einstein's words, "Palestine is first and foremost not a refuge for East European Jews, but the incarnation of a reawakening sense of national solidarity" (p. 29). Finally, David Yisraeli, a member of the Stern Gang, wrote the following in late 1940, as part of a proposal to Hitler. It was delivered in 1941 to two German diplomats in Lebanon.

3. The establishment of the historic Jewish state on a national and totalitarian basis, bound by a treaty with the German Reich, would be in the interest of a maintained and strengthened future German position of power in the Near East (p. 301).

Such beliefs, of course, were not limited to Nazis and Zionists. Scientific and philosophical constructs of the day considered such differentiation legitimate, and ideas of racial difference—and, therefore, racial supremacy—were practiced around the world.

Another disturbing conclusion a reader must inevitably face is that Zionists learned both tactical and political lessons from the Nazis and that, even today, these lessons are applied to further the Zionist cause. Although most likely known to potential readers of this book, another disturbing element is the cover-up of the less than savory roles of current Israeli leaders, including former prime ministers, in the terrorist Irgun and Stern Gang just before, during, and after the Holocaust. Likewise, the succumbing of various U.S. officials to Zionist pressure is a familiar, but distressing, story.

51 Documents seems to represent a renewed attempt by Brenner to bring information regarding Zionist collaboration with the Nazis to U.S. supporters of Israel, as well as to Jews and Muslims, in order to expand dialogue with knowledge, and save lives—both Palestinian and Israeli—in the process. Readers of *51 Documents* will find it difficult not to remove the rose colored glasses that so many seem to wear when examining Zionism.

Washington Report on Middle East Affairs Septembere 2004

<http://www.wrmea.com/archives/Sept_2004/0409086.html>

Zionism in the Age of the Dictators and *The Iron Wall*, two books by US Trotskyist writer Lenni Brenner, are available (pdf format) at:

<<http://aaargh-international.org/fran/livres/livres.html>>

ZIONISM WIDE OPEN

Douglas Reed and the Jews

By Knud Eriksen

In *Dronten no. 4* ("The Dodo" at the address Patriot.dk) I have dealt with the once world famous foreign correspondent and author, Douglas Reed, who went from being widely known and respected before, during and after the II.nd World War to becoming an expelled and completely forgotten person.

[See our January 2005 issue]

Why was he "forgotten"?

It was simply because he wrote about "The Jewish Question!"

International Jewry responded to his frank description of the problem with total censorship, so that his new books could no longer be printed and the old ones would disappear gradually from the bookstores and even from the library shelves.

After a short period of slandering he was no longer mentioned at all in the world's media.

As the author Ivor Benson (who has himself written a book on this subject: *The Zionist Factor*) says in the foreword to Douglas Reeds masterpiece *The Controversy of Zion*, which had to wait 22 years before it could be published, "the adversity, which Reed encountered, would have made a lesser personality give up. But not he".

After his expulsion from the zionist-controlled media-world, he found himself free to start this most outstanding work, which all the years as a foreign correspondent in Europe and his earlier books had only been a preparation and an education for. His vision expanded from year to year and from book to book. It was an education, which was not available in any university."

He spent more than three years away from his family in the early fifties in New York Central Library or in front of his typewriter in modest surroundings in New York and in Montreal. He rewrote the whole book with an epilogue in 1956, where the uprising in Hungary and the Suez-war were scrutinized as further examples of the talmudic co-operation between communism and zionism. Then, as mentioned, the book had to wait 22 years for a possibility of getting published !

It is instructive to observe how Douglas Reed gradually penetrates deeper and deeper into the Jewish problem from that time, when he had hardly even thought about it in 1935 (as he writes in *The controversy of Zion*) until he delivers his harsh judgement in the shape of *The controversy of Zion*.

The mood of gloom and doom is not his own, but due to the gloomy character of the subject, as he says in the epilogue to the book. In the cause of his work he has felt the evil as an almost physical presence in the plans, he reveals. As "forces from some dinosaur-lair projected into the twentieth century." But, he says, it is not for him to judge, what is evil. God must have had an intention, in his wisdom, to allow this evil to exist, possibly for the progress of the soul. But in that case he, himself, feels like being also a part of God's creation, who has the duty to reveal this evil, so that human beings can be set free from it.

Ivor Benson follows this line of thought in the epilogue to *his* own book on the subject (1986) *The Zionist Factor*, as follows: "There is no Jewish problem *per se*, only a gigantic 20th century problem, in which the fate and responsibility of Jews and Christians are inseparably intertwined". The irresponsible world power, built on money and dominated by Jews, is, in its outstretched cob-web something, that we have all allowed to grow big and strong through our irresponsibility.

But if this power has now grown so strong, that it cannot be stopped, but must be allowed to continue its predestined course, until, finally, it devours itself like a worldwide wolf, what use is it then to us to get to know and fully understand what goes on in the world?"

Ivor Benson answers this as follows: "a short answer is given in a christian concept with even older sources: "*Thou shalt know the truth and the truth shall set you free.*"

In 1938 Reed wrote his first major – and world famous – book, *Insanity Fair*, which was published in at least 35 editions in English and published in Danish, also in 1938, in 5 editions. In Danish the title was *Galskabens Kavalkade* (can still be ordered from the library). It is scarcely 400 pages and is a mixture of an autobiography and a political description of Europe up to- and during the Second World War.

His predictions of major political events were for many people surprisingly accurate at a time, when the "responsible politicians" of the West were acting in direct opposition to his advice and interpretations, and the unifying principle of the book is one long warning against the threat from Hitler-Germany.

But simultaneously he had, among other things, a few critical remarks about the Jews, which he had observed and come to know during his many travels as a reporter in Europe. In his second book he deals with the subject of the Jews a great deal more thoroughly. All of two chapters out of 37 are dedicated to his "becoming clear as crystal" on the subject, as he says. This book from 1939 had the english title *Disgrace Abounding* and in Danish (also 1939) *Grænseløs Skændsel*" (It can still be procured from deposit libraries). The book – almost 500 pages – was also a description of the prewar conditions, as he knew them in his capacity of being one of the leading foreign correspondents in Southeastern Europe, and through his close personal acquaintanceship with many of the leading politicians of the time. It was yet another long warning against Hitler-Germany and a reproach of the erroneous Western politics, in which he could not find the logic.

As far as the Jews are concerned, he is definitely far more crystally clear in this book than in the previous one, where there were actually just a few good-natured teasing remarks about them.

I have, in *Dronten no. 6*, (Danish) reproduced both of these two chapters and a couple of other interesting descriptions of the Jews in Europe, seen through his eyes, under the menu (in *Dronten*): *Grænseløs Skændsel* ("Disgrace Abounding").

By this time he no longer holds any doubt, that there is most certainly a serious Jewish problem. From the on he would get to study the problem thoroughly through the following ten years.

His well-intentioned advice, that the Jewish problem could only be solved by the Jews getting their own nation (but not by killing Arabs), was abandoned by him again, when his studies of talmudic zionism, and the eventual establishment of Israel, demonstrated to him, that the Jewish question implied much more than just that, and was now so much bigger.

Also, he discovered, it had in reality been laid down in an ancient plan for world-conquest.

He wrote a few more books which he managed to get published somehow (see the list in *Dronten no. 4*, under the menu "*Bibliography*"- and now (in English) the homepage *Douglas Reed Books*, red.).

After the books *Somewhere South of Suez* (1949) and *Far and Wide* (1951), which are not translated into Danish, Reed was practically banned by the most important publishers and bookstore chains because of his ever more clear description of the Jewish problem. He does not end up by being optimistic concerning the solution to the problem, as he actually thinks that only God can solve it – in time. Nevertheless, it is also his opinion, that the suffering of mankind, including the Jews, which will result in the meantime, until this solution will appear, may be reduced and shortened by people learning the truth about "**The Controversy of Zion**". In this issue of *Dronten* (no. 6), I have translated, into Danish, two more chapters of this – in my opinion – vital work. With the knowledge, which the book gives the reader, he understands the real background of the invasion of foreigners in the West, the globalisation and the break-down of nations, culture and morals. Here, finally, I will relay Douglas Reeds own description of the problems of the banning of *Disgrace Abounding* -

"*Aftertale*" in the book), and in this way introduce this, his encyclopaedic masterpiece, *The Controversy of Zion*":

"Chance, and possibly my own sense of timing, enabled me to write additional chapters for *Insanity Fair* immediately after publication, and this time the same thing has happened again. But on this occasion chance has enabled me, in the additional chapter, to give you the best possible example of the way organized world-Jewry works and of the immense power it wields in goading world-opinion against Germany. I imagine anybody who has read these two books will realize that I hold Germany to be a menace to England, but that I do not identify the cause of England with that of the foreign Jews.

"After I wrote *Insanity Fair* I was swamped by offers from American publishers for my next book. I signed a contract with one firm. When I began *Disgrace Abounding* I did not know that it would be an anti-Semitic book. The anti-Semitic part is the result of my observation of the Jews in the last year and of my conviction that the mass influx of Jews to England is a political mistake and a national misfortune.

"The American publisher, after reading *Disgrace Abounding*, declined to publish on the ground that the Semitic part was 'slanderous and libellous'. Read the Jewish part for yourself and see if this is true. I, for my part, declined to have the book published anywhere without the Jewish chapters. The real meaning of that decision is that, in America, you may 'slander and libel' Germany as much as you like, and be paid for it, but you must not discuss the Jewish problem, you must not assert that there is a Jewish problem. Other American publishers declined the book on the grounds that they could not publish the Jewish chapters. One of them, not a Jew, said that an American publisher would court misfortune by publishing it, because 90 per cent of the American newspapers are Jewish, and the Jewish influence extends in similar proportion throughout the whole ring of trades connected with publishing.

"I see very little difference between the Jewish and the Hitlerist method, in this matter of free speech and free discussion. The Jews are for free attacks on Germany, nothing else. The same thing happened in some of the Scandinavian countries, where *Insanity Fair* had great success and where publishers were clamouring for the next book - until they saw the Jewish chapters. They asked to be allowed to publish the book without them. I refused. The same thing happened in France even with *Insanity Fair*, where a publisher contracted for the book who apparently could not read English and only realized when he saw the French translation that there was a few passages in it which he did not consider sufficiently favourable to the Jews. He demanded their excision, I refused, and he sold the contract to another firm.

"So only in England, as yet, and possibly in France -- although I do not yet know whether this book will appear in France -- may a non-Jew openly discuss the for and against of the Jewish question.

"The importance of this, for you, is that you should realize that what is presented to you as 'American approval' or 'American disapproval' of this or that action of British policy is not American but Jewish opinion, and that this puts quite another face on the matter. If you are to fight Germany again, you must do it for England's sake. You must not allow yourselves to be egged on by Jews masquerading to-day as 'German public opinion', tomorrow as 'Czechoslovak public opinion', the day after as 'English public opinion', and the next day as 'American public opinion'. If England suffers disaster in coming years, the Jews who have come to England in these latter years will not suffer that misfortune in like measure; they will not feel it as Englishmen will feel it, they will prosper in chaos, and when they feel that a lean time is coming for them they will make up their minds to sail away.

"As I came up the Thames I wondered what my own future would be. I had promised myself to decide within a very few days whether I would continue to write about the daily European scene or whether I would cut loose [ed: altogether?] together, go to Polynesia, Patagonia or Peking, write about other things than Hitler's eternal invasions.

"I wondered whether, the next time I left England, I should go in one of those steamers white and gold to some far distant foreign clime. The decision lay before me. I had a few days' time. While I was locked up in the Legation at Prague, *Disgrace Abounding* was published - the most curious things happen to my books. After my departure from Prague I read the first reviews of it. Somebody spoke compassionately of my inferiority complex. I never knew, until I wrote *Insanity Fair*, what an inferiority complex was, or that I had one. To understand these things you have to sit at the feet of some venerable Jewish professor in Vienna, who soothes you by telling you that your faults are not your own but the products of your ancestors' hereditary alcoholism, or something of that sort, and this wise counsel gives you new strength. The gins of the fathers. - Kraft durch Freud.

"I have no inferiority complex, but only the most normal longings for England to be better. I have a heavy foreboding for England, whose rulers have made every mistake they could. I want to see England safe at home and abroad. Safe at home for the British Derelict Aryans, not for the Foreign Non-Aryans. Safe abroad from Germany.

"Neither of these things is being done. The danger of a German ultimatum has been drawing daily nearer. What shall it profit Britain if she lose her whole Empire and gain only the Jews? Now, at the last moment, a faint hope offers that a stand will be made - over Poland. Then why not for Czecho-Slovakia? Why have we handed over the Czech Army, the Czech Air Force, the Skoda Works, the Czech gold, to Germany? If we were from the beginning prepared to make this stand, we should have made it years ago. Then you would have had none of this trouble. You could have satisfied Germany's just grievances - but you could have compelled her to keep the peace....."

Knud Eriksen, feb. 1998

(A translation from a danish article in my internet-site **Dronten, no. 6 ("The Dodo") – a sub-site on Patriot.dk**
<<http://knud.eriksen.adr.dk/reedandthejews.htm>>

LETTER

Rassinier to 'The Nation'*

Paul Rassinier

Dear Editor: 1 October 1962

I would like to make a few comments about the book review by Ernest Zaugg (*The Nation*, 14 July 1962) dealing with my three books about the German concentration camps, the responsibility for World War II and the Eichmann trial (*The Lie of Ulysses*, *Ulysses Betrayed by his Fellows*, and *The Real Eichmann Trial*). **

Genocide

Until Eichmann's arrest it was a sacred dogma of journalists to believe there were orders to exterminate the Jews issued by the top Nazis of the Third Reich. Nobody has ever produced such an order, but this has not prevented the theory that such orders were given from being stubbornly maintained. Then came the Eichmann trial. It was deemed necessary to prove that he was responsible for the exterminations and had acted without orders. Hence, finally, the lack of evidence of such orders from the top Nazis was admitted. Dr. Kubovy, Director of the Tel Aviv Center for Contemporary Jewish Documentation, wrote (*La Terre Retrouvée*, 15 December 1960):

No document signed by Hitler, Himmler or Heydrich exists which speaks of the extermination of the Jews. The word "Extermination" does not appear in Goering's letter to Heydrich about the final solution of the Jewish problem.

This is what I have been saying since 1948. It disposes of the theory of "deliberate genocide" in which Mr. Zaugg seems to believe.

Methods of Genocide

The official thesis is that 6 million Jews were exterminated, without orders naturally, as is now admitted. To exterminate such a number an extraordinary method was needed—to wit, gas chambers.

In this matter European public opinion has changed greatly since the first Nurnberg trials (1945-6). After a lecture tour I made in Germany covering a dozen cities, the Institute for Contemporary History (Institut für Zeitgeschichte) of München, a democratic institute, of course was obliged on 19 August 1962 to state officially that "there were no gas chambers in any of the concentration camps in the territory called by the Nazis 'Greater Germany,'"—none in Dachau, none in Bergen Belsen, Mauthausen, Ravensbrück, etc. One concludes that the witnesses in the 13 Nurnberg trials and in the Eichmann trial who stated under oath that there were gas chambers in these camps were no more than vulgar false witnesses.

Mr. Zaugg accuses me of whitewashing the Nazis and giving aid and comfort to the neo-Nazis. My answer to this charge is that the best way to give aid and comfort to the neo-Nazis, if such there be, is to accuse the Germans of crimes which were never committed. It is astonishing that after 17 years of false accusations more damage has not been done in this respect.

Auschwitz

The question of the Auschwitz gas chambers has not been fully cleared up. They are the only ones which are still a problem. Thanks, in part, to my research we know that

a) On 8 April 1942 the economic section of the RSHA (Reichs-sicherheitshauptamt) ordered from Topf and Sons, Erfurt crematoriums (not gas chambers) equipped with showers (Badeanstalten) and morgues (Leichenkeller). These showerbaths and morgues have been presented to the world as gas chambers. The official version is that these gas chambers were destroyed by the Germans on 17 October 1944 and rebuilt by the Russians after the war—just as the "gas chambers" of Dachau were built after the war by the Americans. Now scholars are wondering whether the Russian-built gas chambers of Auschwitz are not perhaps "Potemkin villages," as are those built by the Americans in Dachau.

b) All witnesses at Nurnberg were agreed that these installations at Auschwitz which became "gas chambers" were constructed "in the heart of winter 1942-3," which means at the earliest the end of January or the beginning of February.

c) If these installations were gas chambers, they were at least not used as such "from autumn 1943 to May 1944" (*Kastner Report*, which, when printed by Kindler in Germany, **was edited to suppress this passage**). The only question that now remains is whether they were used as gas chambers from February until autumn, 1943, and after May, 1944.

We hope this will be cleared up in the trial of Richard Baer, camp commander at Auschwitz from 10 November 1943 to 25 January 1944. It is very doubtful that the gas chambers were used in the Baer period, which is perhaps the reason that since his arrest in October, 1960, his trial has been postponed five times. He was to be tried last November, but now the trial has again been postponed until spring! When and if this trial takes place the matter of the Auschwitz "gas chambers" will, we hope, be definitely cleared up.

There are only eleven doubtful months in which perhaps people were gassed in Auschwitz. How many people could have been gassed in these eleven months, if any were gassed?

The Six Million

It has been accepted as gospel truth that the Nazis murdered six million Jews. First question: where did they find these six million Jews, since the prewar Jewish statistics (Arthur Ruppin) prove without doubt that in the territories occupied by Hitler there never were six million Jews.

Furthermore, **a booklet published July, 1961, by the Institute for Jewish Affairs of the World Jewish Congress, page 18, states that 900,000 of the six million "perished" in Auschwitz.** Second question: where did the other 5.1 million "perish"? Not in the gas chambers of "Greater Germany," since the official Institute for Contemporary History of München has stated that they never existed.

Perhaps at Chelmno, Belzec, Maidanek, Sobibor or Treblinka, all situated in Poland? The only document which speaks of gas chambers in these camps is the Gerstein document. It states there were "gas chambers of 25 square meters in which 750 to 800 persons were exterminated at one time." Gerstein, however, according to the official version, hanged himself in his prison in Paris on 4 July 1945. The document he allegedly wrote was so obviously phony that it was rejected as evidence at Nurnberg on 30 January 1946, and not permitted to be read before the court.

Jewish statistics of the prewar period, compared with those of after the war, show that the number of Jews who died during the war in the camps or elsewhere was about 1 million, a large enough figure. To explain it, it is not necessary to resort either to "deliberate genocide" or to "gas chambers," since anyone who has experienced the concentration camps knows that conditions there were bad enough to account for a large number of deaths. Many were killed in the guerrilla warfare on the Eastern front and in the saturation bombings.

Everything else which Mr. Zaugg says against my books shows that his imagination is without limits and that he has great talents, not for historical investigations, but for "Wild West" tales. This is a general weakness of American journalists. They do not realize that

public opinion in Europe has evolved since 1945 as more and more light has been cast on wartime events. Most of the exaggerations about the concentration camps, the neo-Nazis and the revival of German militarism are fabrications invented by the manipulators of Bolshevism to isolate Germany from its neighbors and prevent the birth of the great nation, Europe.

By believing these legends the American press played the game of the Reds and helped lead the Slavs to the gates of Hamburg—the Slavs whom Charlemagne threw back to the banks of the Vistula 1,100 years ago. Do these irresponsible publicists want the Cossack horses drinking from the Rhine and the Russian tanks parading in the Sahara? If so, they have but to continue to support the "historical verities" of the Communists.

Sincerely yours,

Dr. Paul Rassinier
Professor Emeritus

* This letter was never published by *The Nation*.

** The bulk of the two former works is contained in the author's *Debunking the Genocide Myth*, IHR, 1979, 441pp, pb. \$8.00 / hc. \$15.50. *The Real Eichmann Trial* is also an IHR publication of 1979, 170pp, \$4.00.

The two books, and all of Rassinier's original books in French are available in PDF format at:
<<http://aaargh-international.org/fran/livres/livres.html> >

Extracted from *The Journal of Historical Review*, Vol.2, nr 4, Winter 1981, p. 305-309.

NOISY

Daniel Barenboïm as Pharisee

Robert Faurisson

Have our ears had enough hammering with noise about "pro-Palestinian" or "pacifist" Jews in the style of Daniel Barenboïm?

Le Monde, on its front page of 21-22 November 2004 (continued on page 12), carries an article by D. Barenboïm entitled "The Autocrat is dead, long live the Palestinian people!" In it, the conductor writes particularly:

I know that within the Palestinian population there is a broad current aspiring to a third way: the democratic Mubadara Party of Mustapha Barghuti. — This current seeks a solution that will acknowledge the right of the Jews to return to their country [!!!] and respect the suffering of the Jewish people after the Holocaust, whilst at the same time it defends the rights of the Palestinians by means of a non-violent resistance. However, these people were no longer represented by Yassir Arafat. [...] There cannot be peace if the Palestinians deny the Holocaust. But there cannot be peace either if the Israelis do not assume a share of responsibility in the conflict with the Palestinians.

D. Barenboïm and his like are against a Palestine on its feet (albeit reeling) as was the Palestine of Arafat. They are in favour of a disarmed Palestine facing an excessively armed Jewish state. They especially want a Palestine which, subdued and on its knees, would avow its faith in "the Holocaust".

Since the alleged "Holocaust" is the sword and shield of the State of Israel, this would amount to the Palestinians' declaring: "Above all, we do not want to strip the State that oppresses us of its sword and shield".

That would be absurd; but it is possible that some day Palestinian or Arabo-Moslem officials will be driven to such extremes. The religion of "the Holocaust" is going from strength to strength. No country today can join the great military, political or economic entities like, for example, the European Union or NATO, without swearing allegiance to this religion and, consequently, paying homage to the Jews. What is true of the states of Europe, including the Vatican, and of a good number of other Western countries may soon

extend to the Arabo-Moslem countries whose people rebel but whose rulers, à la Qadhafi, bow in obedience.

Arafat's successors are disoriented. D. Barenboim has sensed that now is the time to tell them: "Acknowledge the truth of the Holocaust of the Jews!"

"The friend of the Palestinians" has thus unmasked himself. Aware of his "friends'" precarious situation he has, like Shylock, seen an opportunity to benefit and demands still more of them. Neither "peaceful" or "pacifist", nor a true friend of the Palestinians, it is confirmed that D. Barenboim has all along just been fully Jewish and a Zionist.

[D. Barenboim is an orchestral conductor (Staatskapelle of Berlin and Chicago Symphony Orchestra). With the late Edward Saïd (1935-2003) he created the foundation that bears the two men's names. The article in *Le Monde* is the fruit of a conversation in German with Axel Brüggemann and had appeared in the *Welt am Sonntag* of 14 November ("Der Autokrat ist tot! Es lebe das Volk!")]

22 November 2004.

IN 1993, ALREADY 13 YEARS AGO

Books Seek to Discredit 'Growing Threat' of 'Holocaust Denial'

Denying the Holocaust: The Growing Assault on Truth and Memory, by Deborah Lipstadt. New York: Free Press, 1993. Hardcover. 278 pages. Notes. Index. \$22.95. ISBN: 0-02-919235-8.

Holocaust Denial by Kenneth S. Stern. New York: American Jewish Committee, 1993. Softcover. 193 pages. Notes. Index. \$12.95. ISBN: 0-87495-102-X.

Hitler's Apologists: The Anti-Semitic Propaganda of Holocaust "Revisionism" edited by Alan M. Schwartz. New York: The Anti-Defamation League, 1993. Softcover. 86 pages. Notes.

Reviewed by Theodore J. O'Keefe

The earlier method of opposing Holocaust Revisionism was to ignore it entirely as a scholarly, historiographical phenomenon (except for a few dismissive phrases about "flat earthers") in favor of attacking it as a political threat, branding it as "neo-Nazi," "anti-Semitic," etc. With the exception of Bradley Smith's radio talk show appearances and college newspaper advertisements, Revisionism's opponents have been able to impose an effective blackout on Revisionist challenges to the Holocaust. The result? In the United States, some 16 years after the title of Professor Arthur Butz's Hoax of the Twentieth Century was mistakenly reported by *The New York Times* in its first notice of Holocaust Revisionism, there are scores of millions who know that there is a determined movement that challenges the factuality of the alleged World-War-II genocide of the Jews, and tens of millions of Americans who, according to the latest polls, question it themselves.

Whether the growth of this opposition occurred so much in spite of the blackout of what the Holocaust Revisionists say and have written, or rather because of an increasing aversion to the spread of what one Jewish writer has called "Holocaustomania" is unclear, but obviously the blackout hasn't worked to its proponents' satisfaction. Thus, the powerful lobby which propagates (obligatory) reverence for the "Holocaust" has decided to mount an elaborate propaganda campaign against the Revisionists. This time, as the Holocausters march into the fray, some of them are proclaiming a new theme: confronting and defeating Revisionist scholarship.

Generous Help

Two of the three books here under review advertise themselves as setting off on this new demarche; the third, ADL's *Hitler's Apologists*, sticks unabashedly to the tried and true tactics of what might be called "McCarthyism."

Chief among these three intellectually slight works is Deborah Lipstadt's *Denying the Holocaust*, a labored expose that has been years in the gestation (the *New York Times*

devoted a major fanfare to Lipstadt's lucubrations on the Revisionists as far back as June 20, 1988), yet manages to give off telltale signs of desperate, last-minute suturing and low-voltage jolts of stylistic electricity, by a crew of editorial Igors in New York City.

The book that shambles forth from the Free Press (a division of Macmillan in Manhattan) is, as author Lipstadt herself acknowledges, heavily dependent on the assistance of professional character assassins from Jewish so-called "defense organizations": operatives of the Anti-Defamation League, the Canadian Jewish Congress, the American Jewish Committee, the World Jewish Congress' Institute for Jewish Affairs in London, and the Simon Wiesenthal Center all receive thanks in the preface.

Denying the Holocaust is copyrighted by something called the Vidal Sassoon International Center for the Study of Anti-Semitism of The Hebrew University of Jerusalem (as a perquisite of which the author may have received the stylish haircut pictured on the dust jacket).

What's actually new about Lipstadt's approach? Not much, despite the author's all-but breathless intimations that she's the first researcher who has dared to look Holocaust Revisionism in the face, and despite the hosannas which have poured forth from the book review sections of the *New York Times*, *Washington Post*, and other newspapers. Although the author, proudly enthroned on something called the "Dorot Chair in Modern Jewish and Holocaust Studies" at Emory University, makes much of the need to analyze the Revisionist case against the Holocaust, in sum her promised "exposure" of the Revisionists has little to do with confronting Revisionist scholarship.

Ineptitude and Deceit

While Professor Lipstadt is less than honest elsewhere in her book, she is disarmingly frank about her dogmas and purposes at the outset: "The existence of the Holocaust [is] not a matter of debate" (p. 1); Revisionists are "extremist antisemites" who "camouflage their hateful ideology" "under the guise of scholarship ..." (p. 3).

But how to expose them, other than by proclaiming that the Holocaust is beyond question (which comes perilously close to relegating it to the realm of religion) and calling the Revisionists names, particularly when she has haughtily announced her refusal to be "sucked into a debate that is no debate and an argument that is no argument"?

In fact, her promised "analysis" and "exposure" is in large measure derived from the tried-and-true methods of the ADL and its junior partners at the Wiesenthal Center and elsewhere. Lipstadt parades the same labeling and smear techniques as the slick dossiers churned out by the "watchdog groups": antisemite-neoNazi-fascist-professional-hatemonger-bigot-Hitlerian-Holocaust-denier. As you flip through the pages of *Denying the Holocaust*, the epithets all seem to run together into a single quivering wail.

Where Professor Lipstadt can't believably pin one of her slanderous labels on her subjects, or has perhaps temporarily tired of impugning their supposed motives, she is forced to attempt, as best she can, historical analysis and scholarly argument. However, she gives scant evidence of any grasp of historical knowledge or method, and more than a little indication of scholarly indolence and a timidity about confronting the masters of Holocaust Revisionism in their areas of expertise. Her analytic efforts are further vitiated by errors, big and small; omissions, deliberate or in ignorance; and distortions and misstatements, that, coming from any real scholar, can only be called deceitful. Lipstadt's ineptitude, after years of ballyhooed toil amid Revisionist writings, is only underscored by her pitiful efforts to take refuge in her own academic credentials (by the way, all the evidence indicates that is unable to read Revisionist works in the original French or German) and those of the numerous professional historian-hacks whose authority she invokes. These she brandishes, like Medusa shaking her snaky locks, at the Revisionists in hopes of petrifying these alleged amateurs. But this tactic will impress only other amateurs.

To catalogue the slanders and mistakes of *Denying the Holocaust*, let alone refute them, would require almost a book itself, and despite all the media trumpet blasts, this book isn't worth the effort. Still, a look at some of the more important techniques that serve Lipstadt, as well as the rest of the now sweating wardens of Holocaust orthodoxy, is perhaps of some merit.

Word Wizards

Chief among these is one surprisingly simple: a reliance on the emotive and minatory power of the Word. For Lipstadt and her fellows, words such as "antisemite" (her spelling), "neo-Nazi," "denier," "Holocaust," "memory" and the like aren't so much (if they are at all) labels for independent realities as they are weapons, first for controlling discourse, then for anathematizing opponents, and finally for striking directly at the central nervous systems of

the population at large. Thanks to the Holocaust lobby's ready access to the international media, efforts by Revisionists to reverse the process by labeling the other side "Exterminationists" and the like tend to strike even sympathizers as odd, labored, and reeking of reactive, *tu quoque* ("you too").

Nevertheless, it is indispensable for Revisionists untiringly to confront and mercilessly to dissect the shibboleths of the word wizards: as in this book, deceptive labels are 90 percent of their case. "What is the Holocaust?" Revisionists must ask, and why does "denying" it sound so direr and more unreasonable than merely questioning whether the Germans had a policy to exterminate the Jews, resulting in the deaths of around six million of them, largely in gas chambers?

What is an "antisemite"? If the word denotes merely someone who opposes the Jews, what's wrong with using a term that says so? [note 2] (And why don't we hear more of "anti-Hamitism" and "anti-Japhetism"?)

Was Robert Faurisson correct when he suggested, in a 1989 article, that the Jewish "memory" that professional Holocausters so often invoke might more accurately be defined as the "beliefs" and "legends" of the Jews?

Historical Revisionism

For those who doubt that Lipstadt's long tussle with Holocaust revisionism is based largely on her manipulation of a handful of empty words, a more specific analysis of her use of the terms "Holocaust" and "Holocaust denial" is in order.

After decreeing that the "Holocaust" is not subject to debate, it is the author's ploy to equate the word with the facts supposed to underlie it. She approvingly quotes (p. 198) the following pontification emanating from the Duke University history department shortly after the appearance of Bradley Smith's full-page advertisement challenging several well-known tales of the Holocaust:

That historians are constantly engaged in historical revision is certainly correct; however, what historians do is very different from this advertisement. Historical revision of major events is not concerned with the actuality of these events; rather it concerns their historical interpretation -- their causes and consequences generally.

Sorry, profs, but that sophomoric stance wouldn't fool many college freshmen -- at least not in the days when a demonstrated ability to think critically was a prerequisite for college admission, let alone this or that professorship. In this reviewer's freshman days, students learned quickly that many alleged "major events" -- such as "the fall of the Roman Empire," "the Middle Ages," and "the Renaissance" -- are in large measure names and interpretations coined by historians based on their evaluation of a large, but still painfully limited, amount of evidence. Although perhaps various proponents of this or that historical interpretation might have welcomed anathemas aimed at their opponents, this reviewer doesn't recall any of them attempting to turn logic on its head by invoking the "reality" of the "Dorian invasion" or the "Ottonian renaissance" to validate each component of the theory, as Lipstadt and her colleagues have tried to do to save the lampshades, shrunken heads, Jewish soap bars, and spectral gas chambers attacked by Smith in his campus ads. Nor, outside of the flacks from the Holocaust lobby, has he ever encountered the cheap trick of representing a historian who doubted the applicability of the name "Dark Ages" for a period in European as arguing that the centuries in question "never happened."

Exercise in Evasion

Having conjured the "Holocaust" into existence without worrying about such inconsequential matters as the documents ordering, planning, and budgeting it, or the forensic tests establishing the murder weapons, or the autopsies showing deaths by gassing, Lipstadt performs her next sleight-of-hand trick. This is to impose her own name for Revisionism, "denial" -- with all its shopworn Freudian implications -- on her targets. Focusing on "denial" and "deniers" as on some pathological syndrome allows her to "analyze" them without reference to the full body of Revisionist scholarship, of which she seems woefully uninformed, even after more than half a decade's study.

In fact, most of her book is an exercise in evasion of precisely that body of Revisionist findings that would seem to have made her work necessary. Conversely, an inordinate amount of *Denying the Holocaust* is devoted to tracing the antecedents of contemporary Holocaust Revisionist scholarship.

Her book is front-loaded with Revisionists and Revisionist arguments which have been long since been incorporated, superseded, and in some cases corrected by later Revisionists. Indeed, Lipstadt devotes five chapters, spanning 91 pages, to the predecessors of Arthur Butz, whereas Butz and his contemporaries and successors,

including Robert Faurisson, Fred Leuchter, and the Institute for Historical Review, get a measly three chapters and an appendix comprising a comparatively modest 64 pages. (It should be noted that much of this text, particularly that concerning the IHR, is rife with the sort of irrelevancies that fill the pages of ADL's "exposé": the life and times of Willis Carto and David McCalden, headlines from *The Spotlight*, and the like.) Other chapters virtually devoid of analysis of Revisionist argument include her Chapter One, largely devoted to lamenting an alleged tolerance for Holocaust Revisionism in the mass media (that is, agonizing that a good number of radio and television talk shows have not blacklisted revisionists), and a speedy, superficial tour of "denial" abroad. In Chapters Ten she marshals such arguments as she can to support the banning of Revisionist advertisements and articles from college newspapers in the wake of Bradley Smith's remarkably successful campaign of two years ago. Chapter Eleven, called "Watchers on the Rhine," is her attempt to chart "the future course of Holocaust denial," and to prescribe what must be done to thwart the Revisionism and an evidently looming rise of the Fourth Reich.

Paul Rassinier

Characteristic of her technique is the way she handles the work of two courageous pioneers of Revisionism, Paul Rassinier and Austin App. Each of these is accorded considerable space in *Denying the Holocaust*, largely to focus on flaws and errors, many of them minor, in their work.

Most readers won't know that where both men genuinely erred, Revisionists have long since corrected them. Rassinier's mistakes on Jewish population statistics, avidly cited by the author (pp. 58-62) were set right by Journal editor Mark Weber in testimony at the second (1988) trial of Ernst Zündel, a trial with which Lipstadt should be familiar since she dwells on it at some length and has had access to the transcript. If that weren't enough, however, Weber summarized his corrective testimony in the *Journal* ("My Role in the Zündel Trial," Winter 1989-90, pp. 391, 415-416), and included three pages of specific corrections in an "afterword" to the IHR's most recent edition of Rassinier's key Revisionist writings, *The Holocaust Story and the Lies of Ulysses* (pp. 414-416).

Although Lipstadt states rather murkily that what she calls Rassinier's "use of the numbers game ... established a pattern followed by all deniers who try to prove that the death tolls are not valid" (p. 5, the knowledgeable reader searches in vain for evidence of this: she has omitted any and all mention of Walter Sanning's key book *The Dissolution of Eastern European Jewry*; the posthumous article "How Many Jews Were Eliminated by the Nazis?" in the Spring 1983 *Journal* (pp. 61-81) by Professor Frank Hankins, a longtime demographer and former president of the American Sociological Society; and Swedish demographer Carl Nordling's two *Journal* studies, "The Jewish Establishment under Nazi Threat and Domination" Summer 1990 (pp. 195-209) and "How Many Jews Died in the German Concentration Camps," Fall 1991 (pp. 335-344).

Austin App

Similarly, Lipstadt has chosen to give Austin App an entire chapter, eighteen pages long, subtitled "The World of Immoral Equivalency," by which she means to say that App dared to compare such genuine, but comparatively unpublicized and certainly unpunished Allied atrocities as the mass expulsion of millions of Germans from their ancestral homelands, or the mass rapes carried out especially by conquering Soviet troops, to those alleged German atrocities of which we never cease to hear and for which the United States and other governments still dog innocent men, such as John Demjanjuk, to the present day.

While Dr. App, a member of the Editorial Advisory Committee of this *Journal* from its founding until his death in 1984, deserves the highest praise for his indomitable courage, his unflagging loyalty to his German roots, and his dedication to propagating the case for the German nation and people during and after the Second World War, only a writer less than familiar with the progress of revisionist research could claim that App "played a central role in the development of Holocaust denial" (p. 85), or that "his major contribution was to formulate eight axioms that have come to serve as the founding principles of the California-based Institute for Historical Review and as the basic postulates of Holocaust denial" (p. 86). In fact, a survey of the more than 50 issues of *The Journal of Historical Review* published to date reveals only a single article by Dr. App ("The Holocaust Put in Perspective," Vol. 1, no. 1 [Spring 1980]), an obituary tribute to him (Winter 1984, pp. 446-450), and a handful of mentions of his incisive but not always meticulous pamphlets.

It should not be necessary, by the way, to point out that Dr. App, a life-long Catholic who never wrote a word against the republican form of government its founding fathers

bequeathed his native America, was by no stretch of the imagination a "fascist," as Lipstadt terms him (p. 87).

Arthur Butz

Bad as is her work on Rassinier, App, and other precursors of contemporary Holocaust Revisionism such as David Hoggan or "Richard Harwood" (Richard Verrall), Lipstadt's real inadequacies as a scholar begin to shine when at length she attempts to analyze and expose the work of Dr. Arthur R. Butz and the Revisionist scholars who have followed him.

Her tack on Professor Butz and his epoch-making *Hoax of the Twentieth-Century* represent Butz as a master of trompe-l'oeil, assuming "a veneer of scholarship and the impression of seriousness and objectivity" (p. 123) to fool the unwary. To that end, she claims, he provided *The Hoax* with what Lipstadt calls "the hallmarks of scholarly works," that is, "the requisite myriad notes and large bibliography" (p. 124), and criticized the work of earlier Revisionists as well as "German wartime behavior" -- a ploy "that was clearly designed to disarm innocent readers and enhance Butz's aura of scholarly objectivity" (p. 124).

Lipstadt's efforts to unmask Butz's pseudo-scholarly trumpery and hidden "agenda" are vitiated by both her ineptitude and her dishonesty. She bypasses both the central issues of *The Hoax* and Butz's often complex argumentation to reduce its theses to caricatures. Thus, her chapter makes no reference either to Butz's key (and as yet unanswered) question as to how the mass gassings at the huge, comparatively open, and closely monitored Auschwitz complex could go unnoticed and unreported for more than two years, or to the dual interpretations of German public-health measures at Auschwitz (brilliantly summarized on page 131 of *The Hoax*). Instead, Lipstadt would rather dog Butz for his appearance at a meeting sponsored by Minister Louis Farrakhan, or for the fact that "his books [sic] are promoted and distributed by the Ku Klux Klan and other [sic] neo-Nazi organizations" (p. 126).

Where Lipstadt does lay hands on what Butz actually writes, she almost invariably misrepresents, misstates, or otherwise garbles his positions. Butz does not argue that "the key to perpetrating the hoax was the forging of massive numbers of documents" (p. 127). As the discerning reader will discover by checking the citation from *The Hoax* that Lipstadt cites here, Butz in fact wrote of "a fabrication constructed of perjury, forgery, distortion of fact and misrepresentation of documents" (*Hoax*, p. 173).

Lipstadt similarly badly misconstrues (or misstates) Butz's thesis on why so many postwar German defendants refused to challenge the extermination allegations. The vast majority of them did not "plead guilty" to the Holocaust, as she clearly implies (p. 130). Rather than argue (to their extreme peril in the context of the show-trial hysteria) that it hadn't taken place, the defendants usually argued that they had had nothing to do with it.

Lipstadt is either unable or unwilling to follow Butz when he argues closely. For example, she badly misrepresents his argument regarding Oswald Pohl's testimony at Nuremberg. Butz's point is that it is absurd to imagine that Pohl, the head of the SS agency (the WVHA) that supervised the construction and operation of all the concentration camps, including Auschwitz, would only have learned of the alleged exterminations through a speech of Heinrich Himmler at Posen in October 1943, as Pohl claimed (*Hoax*, p. 195). Lipstadt is silent regarding this claim, stating only that Pohl testified "that he had heard Himmler deliver his famous 1943 speech to the SS leaders at Posen" (p. 131). Elsewhere she cites the word "ludicrous," with which Butz characterizes Pohl's claim about his first knowledge of the supposed genocide, as evidence of Butz's dismissal of "anything that disagreed with [his] foregone conclusion and the thesis of his book" (p. 124).

This reviewer defies anyone to compare Lipstadt's criticisms of *The Hoax of the Twentieth Century* with what its author actually writes, both in those passages Lipstadt cites as well as the far more numerous aspects of Butz's book she has chosen to ignore, and come away convinced that the would-be confounder of the deniers has made so much as a dent in his thesis, even where it is perhaps most vulnerable.

Mistakes and Irrelevancies

Aside from the intellectual dishonesty that members of the professional Holocaust orthodoxy share (which can only grow as Revisionist researchers gain access to more evidence), Lipstadt seems to suffer from an intellectual incapacity crippling in a scholar bent upon penetrating veneers and veils of supposedly false scholarship through rigorous criticism. She excels at mistaking a point or fixing on an irrelevancy, then dwelling on it for half a page or more, as when, for example, she taxes Richard Verrall ("Harwood"), author of

Did Six Million Really Die?, for quoting Hitler biographer Colin Cross to the effect that "murdering [the Jews] in a time of desperate war emergency was useless from any rational point of view" (pp. 113-114). She reproaches Verrall for the better part of a page for having tried to represent Cross as challenging the "Holocaust." Checking the passage in question (*Did Six Million Really Die?*, p. 20), reveals no such intent to co-opt Cross.

Then again, the fact that Revisionists have paid close attention to Exterminationist writers, and cited such authors as Raul Hilberg, Gerald Reitlinger, and J.-C. Pressac to bolster their case either by referencing otherwise unobtainable evidence or by employing the valid controversial tactic of admission against interest, brings forth an anguished yelp from our author: "They [the "deniers"] rely on books that directly contradict their arguments, quoting in a manner that completely distorts the authors' objectives (p. 111)." Well, what's sauce for the Gentile goose... but we understand perfectly, Debbie, that you and your colleagues would much prefer that we ignore your works -- and we understand why.

Omissions

Another tactic (or failing) of *Denying the Holocaust*, is in the matter, already adverted to, of omission -- omission of all sorts of pertinent facts, arguments, writings, personages, and attainments of Revisionist scholars. Lipstadt seems only half aware of the compass of revisionist research and publication. Her book contains no mention of such key Revisionist authors as Wilhelm Stäglich, Fritz Berg, Carlo Mattogno and Enrique Aynat. And, despite the fact that she makes use of the English translation of Pierre Vidal-Naquet's *Assassins of Memory*, she omits all reference to world-class Jewish historian Arno Mayer's *Why Did the Heavens Not Darken*, with its two crushing observations: "Sources for the study of the gas chambers are at once rare and unreliable" and "There is no denying the many contradictions, ambiguities, and errors in the existing sources."

Lipstadt's understating of the achievements and credentials of Revisionists, despite their availability from the sources she cites, is too frequent to be anything but willful. James Martin, gets mention in a single footnote, which fails to mention his doctorate in history from the University of Michigan, his 25-year academic career, and his authorship of five well-received books and numerous articles: Lipstadt does credit him (p. 44) for being listed as "a contributor to the 1970 *Encyclopaedia Britannica*." Mark Weber, who studied history at four different universities, including Munich and Indiana University, obtaining a master's degree from the latter, is said (p. 186) only to have been "educated in a Jesuit high school in Portland, Oregon."

When Lipstadt refers (p. 67) to Stephen Pinter's famous letter published in the Catholic newspaper *Our Sunday Visitor* (June 14, 1959), which challenged the gas chamber and extermination claims, she leaves out all reference to the fact that Pinter served as an attorney for the U.S. War Department during the postwar Dachau trials, and that he based his knowledge of the wartime treatment of the Jews on having "interviewed thousands of Jews, former inmates of concentration camps in Germany and Austria."

Fred Leuchter

Lipstadt's noisiest evocation of the "credentials" issue comes in her assault on the findings of Fred Leuchter regarding the purported gas chambers at Auschwitz. She takes considerable pains to show that: 1) Leuchter has only a B.A. in history; 2) he is not a certified engineer; 3) a Canadian judge deemed him unqualified to "serve as an expert witness on the construction and functioning of the gas chambers" (p. 164); and he is not America's leading authority on execution gas chambers.

Lipstadt presents a melange of truth and fiction to make her case that Leuchter's analysis of the feasibility of execution gassings at Auschwitz, Majdanek and elsewhere may mislead the uninformed or the unwary, but the essential facts and elementary common sense refute her.

Leuchter's formal educational credentials easily exceed those of Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Edison, or the Wright brothers; he holds numerous patents for inventions ranging from the first electronic sextant to a color stereo helicopter mapping system to various types of execution hardware (Lipstadt omits all mention of these). Even worse, she flagrantly misstates the truth by writing that Leuchter was not allowed to testify during the Second trial of Ernst Zündel as an expert on execution gas chambers: he certainly was, as the transcript makes perfectly clear.

As to Leuchter's pre-eminence as the American expert on gas chamber design, operation and maintenance, a recent book by journalist Stephen Trombly, *The Execution Protocol*, makes abundantly clear that Leuchter was all that in abundance, before his career was wrecked thanks to his steadfastness in standing by the conclusions he reached in his

widely-circulated 1988 *Report*. Lipstadt is aware of *The Execution Protocol*, since she reproaches it for having "resurrected" Leuchter's reputation, but she has no specific criticisms to make of its massive confirmation, coming from an author unsympathetic to capital punishment, of Leuchter's expertise and authority. (Trombley's book also throws light on how Leuchter's ambiguous position as an inventor and technician dedicated to humane execution methods, and an ambitious businessman, made him vulnerable to unfair charges from state officials that his testimony against defective and inhumane equipment and procedures was prompted merely by venality.)

In any case, Lipstadt is unable to shake the most important aspect of the Leuchter affair: that, thanks to the enterprise of Ernst Zündel and the dedication of Robert Faurisson, the first-ever expert forensic examination of whether mass homicidal gassing was feasible in the Auschwitz crematoria, and the first quantitative investigation of the physico-chemical evidence of such gassings, was conducted by a leading, professional, court-certified expert in homicidal gas chambers. Needless to say, she fails to report the existence of three subsequent reports on the alleged homicidal gas chambers of Auschwitz -- carried out by a Polish forensic institute, a German chemist, and an Austrian engineer -- each of which corroborates Leuchter's 1988 report.

Jean-Claude Pressac

Aside from attempting to impugn Leuchter's credentials, Lipstadt makes a feeble effort to uphold the gas chamber myth by invoking the supposed findings and authority of Jean-Claude Pressac, the French pharmacist whose book *Auschwitz: Technique and Operation of the Gas Chambers* was published in 1989 by Beate and Serge Klarsfeld. Despite its labored attempts to substantiate the "gas chambers" of Auschwitz by revealing and discussing an unprecedented wealth of documents from Auschwitz, Pressac's book has to date received **scant public notice from orthodox Holocaust scholars**. It has, rather, been the Revisionists, above all in this journal, who have analyzed this and other of Pressac's writings -- to the embarrassment of the Exterminationists and to the great profit of historical truth.

Suffice it to say that Lipstadt (pp. 226-228) has merely listed (not always accurately) a few of the 39 allegedly criminal traces which Pressac claims to have discovered from documents relating to the Auschwitz crematoria: a gas-tight door here, a request for gas detectors there, an inventory listing shower heads, and so forth. Readers interested in ascertaining the perfectly banal usages of all these items are advised to turn to the *Journal* articles by Robert Faurisson (Spring 1991), Paul Grubach (Winter 1992-93), and Arthur Butz (May/June 1993). As for Lipstadt's own gross ignorance of the Auschwitz gas-chamber question, this reviewer is content to cite this sentence from *Denying the Holocaust*: "The delousing chambers were constructed in the same fashion as the homicidal gas chambers," and refer the reader to *The Leuchter Report*, Pressac, or any other source for blueprints and photographs he or she may choose.

Dread Portent?

Dr. Lipstadt seems to have begun unraveling in the course of her work on this book. In her preface (pp. vii-viii) she makes less than cryptic references to the growing stress she felt as she strove to confront and expose the increasingly powerful arguments of the Revisionists:

I had constantly to avoid being sucked into a debate that is no debate and an argument that is no argument. It has been a disconcerting and, at times, painful task that would have been impossible without the aid and support of a variety of people. Without them I would never have emerged from this morass.

In her final chapter, entitled "Watching on the Rhine: The Future Course of Holocaust Denial," Debbie becomes completely unglued. After sniffing suspiciously at the work of such orthodox, but dismayingly skeptical, modern German historians as Ernst Nolte, who has recently called for open debate on the gas chambers, and Michael Sturmer, who seems to think that the interpretation of his country's recent past should serve purposes other than a source for Hollywood horror scripts and fundraising gimmicks for the United Jewish Appeal, Lipstadt conjures up the looming horror of a Fourth, Revisionist Reich.

The "deniers," she tells her readers, are really no different from the Ku Klux Klan, the skinheads, the Neo-Nazis: "They hate the same things -- Jews, racial minorities, and democracy -- and have the same objectives, the destruction of truth and memory." And the deniers are cleverer: they don't run around in sheets or Nazi paraphernalia, but "...attempt to project the appearance of being committed to the very values that they in truth

adamantly oppose: reason, critical, rules of evidence, and historical distinction. It is this that makes Holocaust denial such a threat."

And just what does this dire threat portend? What final horror threatens Jews, racial minorities, and democracy? Here's how Lipstadt evokes (p. 218) the coming tribulation:

A strategic change will also mark the activities of the racist, neo-Nazi, ultranationalist groups. So easily identifiable by their outer trappings, they will adopt the deniers' tactics, cast off the external attributes that mark them as extremists, and eschew whatever pigeonholes them as neofascists. They will cloak themselves and their arguments in a veneer of reason and in arguments [sic] that sound rational to the American people. The physical terror they perpetrate may cease, but the number of people beguiled by their arguments will grow.

As a portent of the terrors to come, and as a tactic analogous to those of the deniers, Professor Lipstadt cites an attempt by one of the many Klan groupuscules to erect a cross on city property in Cincinnati during Christmas. Horrors!

She's not done yet, however. After considering (p. 219) "the most efficacious strategies for countering these attacks" (she lukewarmly opposes legal censorship because it may turn revisionists into martyrs, and advocates that the population at large be stuffed, like so many Strasbourg geese, with more Holocaust education, museums, etc.), Lipstadt ends (pp. 221-222) with a final, quavering, self-pitying wail (a wail that begs for annotation):

Though we cannot directly engage them [in debate -- as to why not, the reader may decide], there is something we can do. Those who care not just about Jewish history or the history of the Holocaust but about truth in all its forms [comment supererogatory], must function as canaries in the mine [not cuckoos in the clock or bats in the belfry?], to guard against the spread of noxious fumes. ["Gas masks for sale! O-o-o-ld gas masks!"] We must vigilantly stand watch against an increasingly nimble enemy. [Tough work for increasingly sclerotic Holocaustomaniacs!] But unlike the canary, we must not sit silently by waiting to expire so that others will be warned of the danger. ["Good, heavens, Martha, it's raining canaries! What can it mean?"] When we witness assaults on the truth, our response must be strong, though neither polemical or emotional [like your book?] We must educate the broader public and academe about this threat and its historical and ideological roots [Oh, boy! More lavishly funded Chairs of Holocaust Studies!]. We must expose these people for what they are. [Is the ADL about to fold up?]

The effort will not be pleasant. [You can count on that one, Debbie!] Those who take on this task will sometimes feel -- as I often did in the course of writing [Does she mean typing?] this work -- as if they are being forced to prove what they know to be a fact. [What an awful imposition!] Those of us who make scholarship our vocation and avocation dream of spending our time charting new paths, opening new vistas, and offering new perspectives on some aspect of the truth. [Us Revisionists have things so easy! But you're not getting tired of the Holocaust, are you, Debbie? What are you -- some kind of anti-Semite?] We seek to discover, not to defend. [Aww...] We did not train in our respective fields in order to stand like watchmen and watchwomen on the Rhine [100-1 she got this image only second-hand from prune-faced, lying old Stalinist Lillian Hellman, not from hearing the patriotic German song]. Yet this is what we must do. [What dedication!] We do so in order to expose falsehood and hate. ["But we don't l-i-i-ke mirrors!"] We will remain ever vigilant so that the most precious tools of our trade and our society -- truth and reason -- can prevail. The still, small voices of millions cry out to us from the ground demanding that we do no less. [Ugh!]

And with that last emetic cry, the Wicked Witch of the West (or is it the East?) dissolves into an oozing putrescence. Unwilling to confront the Revisionists, unable of answering their arguments, at best a second-rate mistress of the dossier and the exposé, she can only bequeath her formulas and her broom to the smear mongers at the defense agency.

As for Denying the Holocaust, to recall the German philologist Wilamowitz-Möllendorff's famous dismissal of a study of socialism in antiquity, "Dieses Buch existiert nicht für die Wissenschaft" ("This book doesn't exist for scholarship.") In a sane world, it would merit not a review, but an epitaph: "Here lies Deborah Lipstadt."

Stern's Effort

Kenneth Stern, author of the American Jewish Committee's Holocaust Denial, is described therein as "Program Specialist, Anti-Semitism and Extremism" for that organization. Despite these ominous credentials, and endorsements from Deborah Lipstadt, Shelly Z. Shapiro (who tried to frame Fred Leuchter on orders from Beate Klarsfeld), and the irrepressible Mel Mermelstein, Stern's book is fairer than might be expected.

Why so? After all, his book contains many of the standard slurs and slanders: the IHR is "Carto's lie-tank" (p. , "Holocaust denial" is an "enterprise of professional anti-Semites" (p. 9) and "a dogma that provides ideological incentives to feel good about Jew-hatred" (p. 84). Stern relies heavily on slanted information provided by Gerry Gable, editor of the pro-Communist periodical *Searchlight*, Leonard Zeskind, research director of the Center for Democratic Renewal, and other Marxist flacks, and opines that "even if we do not agree with the complete agenda of the current Europe [sic] organizations that have a mission to fight fascism -- such as some of the mainstream left-wing 'antifascist' groups -- we should be more active in helping them." (p. 97)

Nevertheless, Stern takes Holocaust Revisionism seriously enough to provide nearly fifty pages of appendices with evidence -- from their own mouths and pens -- of Revisionist scholarly and polemical activity, including the full text of Brad Smith's first campus advertisement, "The Holocaust Controversy: The Case for Open Debate"; a complete transcript of Montel Williams's April 30, 1992, television show devoted to Holocaust Revisionism, during which *Journal* editor Weber and Revisionist filmmaker David Cole easily bested a gaggle of Holocausters, including a couple of survivors; and an 18-page listing of "Holocaust-denying" books, booklets, and pamphlets, and of articles from *The Journal of Historical Review* that should make even the hardest true believer shiver at the evident industry and sophistication of the Revisionists.

Like Lipstadt (in her first chapter), Stern offers a world tour of Holocaust Revisionism. His Baedeker is rather more informative than hers, for all his errors, and even this reviewer, inundated as all IHR's editors are by Revisionist news from around the globe, read it with some profit.

Stern takes a stab at refuting selected Revisionist arguments, not very successfully, since he has either dodged major questions in favor of trivial ones ("[Revisionist] Claim: That neither Churchill nor Eisenhower, in their memoirs, mention either gas chambers or a genocide program" [p. 71]), or relied on empty pronouncements from Exterminationist authority figures, such as Professor Yehuda Bauer, who confutes the laws of physics by informing us that "the incinerators at Auschwitz were built to cremate nine corpses per hour" (p. 65), or put his faith, like Lipstadt, in J.-C. Pressac.

All in all, Revisionists will likely experience a warm feeling of satisfaction when they put down Holocaust Denial: we are on the march, and Stern makes clear that he and his fellow professional anti-anti-Semites don't know how to stop us.

ADL Hatchet Job

The second offering from the Jewish "defense agencies" under review is a rather less attractive effort. *Hitler's Apologists* lumbers along after Lipstadt's and Stern's books, its knuckles grazing already well-worn grooves of innuendo, smear, and what used to be called "guilt by association." Compiled by a cast of professional snoops, this 86-page booklet was edited by Alan Schwartz, who was dropped from the plaintiff's list of expert witnesses after he was mercilessly grilled by Mark Lane in deposition during the second Mermelstein case.

Although the booklet's subtitle, *The Anti-Semitic Propaganda of Holocaust 'Revisionism'* would seem to indicate a programmatic confrontation with the Revisionist case, the way *Hitler's Apologists* is organized belies that. Most sections are titled with the names of individual Revisionists, who are pilloried for all manner of associations and linkages, motives and agendas, positions and statements, some of them dating back decades, while their formal arguments are passed over or dismissed with ritualistic slurs.

For example, Mark Weber is falsely described as "a long-time neo-Nazi" (p. 10). (Question: How long does one have to be a "neo-Nazi" before he qualifies as a "paleo-Nazi"?) Bradley Smith, who has been earlier accused of falsifying credentials -- credentials he never claimed! -- by Harvard law professor Alan Dershowitz, is taxed for being the co-director of a "pseudo-academic enterprise, the Committee for Open Debate of the Holocaust" (p. 12), although Smith has never represented CODOH as being in any way academic.

Once the ADL's smear apparatus has been turned on and has sputtered to life, it takes on a demonic existence of its own, like some odd carnival amusement, ultimately repellent whatever its attraction. Amid stomach-turning odors, to the manic burbling of a cranky calliope, the centrifugal pump that is *Hitler's Apologists* whirls faster and faster, spewing filth and falsehood about Revisionists, great and small, into the faces of the American public. Fred Leuchter! David McCalden! Jack Wikoff! Hans Schmidt! Ernst Zündel! Pat Buchanan! Arno Mayer! Keegstra! Faurisson! Roques! Le Pen! The Germans! Faster and faster! Eastern Europe! Lithuania! The Muslims! Saddam Hussein! The Intifada!

And on and on it spins and stinks, this latest ADL hatchet job, shooting half-truths and lies, irrelevancies and mistakes, to the point where it becomes idle to track down and refute them one by one. A production like this is of a piece -- either one great truth or one great lie. The big lie of *Hitler's Apologists* -- that all revisionists are simply Nazis -- is wearing ever thinner. Thus the insane energy of the liars and sneaks who basted it together.

Repression and Monopoly

Each of the books under examination here calls for or tolerates continued censorship of Revisionists -- if not through judicial or police measures, then by systematically refusing Revisionists the right of the effective public forum -- media, academia, advertising, and commercial distribution. Only grudgingly conceded is the right to assail the Holocaust hoax from a soapbox in a public park.

This intolerance of debate, this relish for repression, is the reverse of the counterfeit coin whose obverse is the gas chamber lie and the six million myth. Whatever the responsibilities of the wartime propagandists and the postwar survivors, the minters of the false currency of Holocaust history cannot be excused for temporary opportunity, hot-blooded vengeance, or passing confusion. Through their jealously guarded monopoly of historical discussion of the "Holocaust," the Second World War, and ultimately the entire modern era of the West, they mean to silence all dissent, from the rantings of the most repulsive race-baiter to the researches of the most meticulous scholar. And they aim, through their hypostatized Holocaust, to raise their own filthy calumnies -- of the Nazis, the Germans, the Axis, Europe, and ultimately America and the entire West throughout its history -- to an obligatory state cult.

That is why the work of Holocaust Revisionism -- including its sometimes peckish-seeming preoccupation with the innards of what Professor James J. Martin has called "Polish potato cellars," with the efficacy of insecticides, and the meaning of half-century old invoices for light bulbs or showerheads -- must continue. To use a military analogy, it is not enough that our scouts and our reconnaissance troops have won some skirmishes, not enough that General Rassinier's airborne troops have seized a bridgehead, not enough that Field Marshal Butz's panzer army has knifed deep into enemy territory. These victories must be confirmed and consolidated through further research and new findings, while the smallest and meanest of the Holocaust lies must be rooted out of the isolated intellectual bunkers in which they lurk, then destroyed.

Today, no matter how badly beleaguered by state censorship, by physical attacks, by economic pressure, Holocaust Revisionists are on the intellectual offensive. If the books reviewed above can't be much bettered by the Holocaust Lobby, both the lie and the lobby are in danger of definitive refutation and exposure before the decade is out.

Note

This reviewer recalls reading a "scholarly" article -- author, title and source long forgotten -- on the elaborate punctilio that governs the orthography of this term so dear to anti-defamatory bigdomes. "Anti-Semite was eschewed as seeming to indicate a (possibly rational) opposition to "Semitism" and "Semites," whereas the unhyphenated, uncapitalized form points to the unconscious miasmas of unreasoned bigotry that lead "antisemites" to oppose US handouts to Israel, a Holocaust museum on every block, etc. There remain simpler Jewish souls, however, who favor the term "Jew-hater" for such creatures.

<<http://www.phorum.gr/viewtopic.php?t=3612>>

Execution Protocol, The-P356744/2

by **STEPHEN TROMBLEY** 342 pages

Anchor; 1st Anchor Books ed edition (October 1, 1993) ISBN: 0385471785

From *Library Journal* :

The debate on capital punishment continues, although 37 states have legalized it. Trombley visited Missouri's Potosi Correctional Center, where executions are routinely carried out. **Here he interviewed Fred Leuchter, who invented the lethal injection machine;** the chaplain; the psychologist; correctional officers; and men on death row. He skillfully follows an inmate from his sentencing to his execution and to the reaction afterward. The details are chilling and macabre. Although Trombley does not openly argue for or against the death penalty, the material he includes makes one wonder whether it is a defensible means of punishment for a civilized society. The book is not for everyone, but it

is highly recommended where there is an interest. See also Michael Radelet and others' In Spite of Innocence: Erroneous Convictions in Capital Cases, reviewed above.--Ed.
- *Frances Sandiford, Green Haven Correctional Facility Lib., Stormville, N.Y.*
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http://www.amazon.com/exec/obidos/tg/detail/-/0385471785/qid=1106501391/sr=1-6/ref=sr_1_6/102-0256743-4338567?v=glance&s=books

MAIL

An Open Letter to Nat Hentoff

Bradley Smith

The Village Voice
842 Broadway, New York NY 10003
June 1991

Dear Nat Hentoff:

Well, Nat, I see you've taken another run at the Jewish-soap story (*Village Voice*, 7 May 91). There you are in Jerusalem in those "eccentrically furnished" rooms that are the Chamber of the Holocaust. You stand there staring at "some bars of soap on a shelf." You turn to an "ancient attendant." He nods. He says: "Jews. They used to be Jews." I'm worried about you, Nat. Something in your brain is turning the Holocaust story into an Addams Family cartoon. The last time you ran this sado-masochistic survivor fantasy past your readers I took time out from my busy schedule to write you a note and pass on to you the words of Holocaust historian Deborah Lipstadt: "The Nazis never used the bodies of Jews, or for that matter anyone else, for the production of soap" (*L.A. Times*, 16 May 81). Remember? She wrote that the Jewish-soap rumor had been "thoroughly investigated after the war and proved to be untrue."

I suggested you get in touch with Deborah and ask her about the "thorough investigation" she mentioned. I thought another good idea would be for you to ask the people who run the Chamber of the Holocaust in Jerusalem where they got their Jewish soap in the first place, how its history is documented and how they know it's "Jewish." These were simple questions, Nat, any kid in Journalism 101 would understand why they should be asked. It didn't occur to me that you liked the Jewish-soap fantasy just the way it is. It has now.

Why? So that you can exploit it yet again in yet another whiney article on anti-Semitism headed "God Must Have Loved Anti-Semites, He Made So Many Of Them." You never get tired of it, do you? It's never too much trouble to feed the trough of anti-German bigotry, is it? If God does love the anti-Semites, Nat, it might have something to do with the way He feels about how some of you guys behave.

In April 1990 Yehuda Bauer, who you probably know directs Holocaust studies at Hebrew University in Jerusalem, stated that the Jewish-soap story was only a rumor. The Bauer statement was carried all over the world by the Jewish Telegraphic Agency. I find it difficult to believe you aren't aware of it. Bauer said that during WW II the Germans didn't have the "technical possibilities" for making soap from Jews, or from anyone else I suppose. Raul Hilberg (*The Destruction of the European Jews*) was quoted as confirming Bauer.

Maybe you don't trust individuals like Lipstadt, Bauer and Hilberg to give you the real skinny on the Holocaust story. I wouldn't blame you. I haven't trusted them myself for the last ten years. But you have another alternative. You can make a little effort to put your finger on one single proof that the Jewish-soap story is true. When you have found that one proof you can pass it on to key people at the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith and the World Jewish Congress and other like organizations that have been promoting the story for half a century now. They will be very grateful to you. Very grateful. Forget the historians, Nat. The historians are working at cross-purposes with the ADL, the WJC and the rest of that herd.

In your article "God Must Have Loved Anti-Semites, He Made So Many Of Them," you appear to be adrift somehow about why there is so much anti-Jewish feeling around the world when in real numbers there are so few Jews and they own such a tiny fraction of real estate. Holocaust deniers. Anger and contempt for Jews in the Black community. Even "blood libel" against Jews. While I can't explain everything to you in one letter, Nat, I do have something for you on the "blood libel" business.

You relate the story about Mustafa Tlas, the Syrian minister of defense, who in 1986 published a book titled *The Matzoh of Zion*. The book claims to demonstrate that Jews murder gentile children and use their blood as an ingredient for matzoh at certain rituals. This sort of allegation is what you and other extremist Jews refer to as a "blood libel."

When the Mustafa Tlas story broke I followed it for a couple months. I was pretty impressed, believe me, when about ten days after the story appeared Secretary of State George P. Shultz and then Vice President of the United States George Bush both protested the book to the United Nations and the Syrian Government. That's clout. That's influence. That's an example of what Organized Jewry can do about bigots and bigoted books. It was the Simon Wiesenthal Center and the WJC and probably others who got the ball to Shultz and Bush. No one makes a case against Jews for fighting bigotry. It's the double standards about bigotry so prevalent among some Jews that is so frustrating.

Now here's what I have for you, Nat. Try and get a handle on this simple, wholesome concept. There never have been any proofs that Jews murder Gentile children to use their blood for matzoh. There have never been any proofs that Germans murdered Jews and used their fat to manufacture hand soap. It's the same shitty story, Nat. Don't you understand? IT'S THE SAME STORY!

The Gentile-blood-for-matzoh version of the story is bad for Jews so Jews like you do what you can do discredit it. The Jewish-fat-for-soap version of the story, however, is perceived by poops like you as being useful to Jews so you promote that version. You put what you see as the good-for-Jews version of this blood libel into your museums. You put it into magazines, newspapers, books, television scripts and movies where it corrupts public discourse and contributes to the bigotry and hatred you like to say you are struggling against.

This is only one example of the double standards that many of us understand to be a way for some in your circle to win unearned sympathy for Jews at the expense of others. Do you really believe that Blacks and others do not see what you do and don't understand why you do it? Maybe you should step back and ask yourself: Is it really possible that "anti-Semitism" is "everywhere" while everywhere Jews are innocent of all wrongdoing?

Nat, I have a simple suggestion for you. Stop exploiting the Jewish-soap fantasy until you have turned up a couple proofs for it. If -- G-d forbid -- your investigation leads you to doubt the story, start working up your apology to the German people for having repeated this blood libel against them in your writings. Contrary to what many of those in your circle may tell you, my sense of things is that in the long run your repentance would be an act of faith in the good sense and good will of all Jews everywhere.

Yours truly,
Bradley R. Smith

LET'S REMEMBER

His Right to Say It

Noam Chomsky

An article in the *New York Times* concerning my involvement in the "Faurisson affair" was headlined "French Storm in a Demitasse." If the intent was to imply that these events do not even merit being called "a tempest in a teapot," I am inclined to agree. Nevertheless, torrents of ink have been spilled in Europe, and some here. Perhaps, given the obfuscatory nature of the coverage, it would be useful for me to state the basic facts as I understand them and to say a few words about the principles that arise.

In the fall of 1979, I was asked by Serge Thion, a libertarian socialist scholar with a record of opposition to all forms of totalitarianism, to sign a petition calling on authorities to insure Robert Faurisson's "safety and the free exercise of his legal rights." [*Chomski's memory is mistaken. The petition was circulated by Mark Weber.*] The petition said nothing about his "holocaust studies" (he denies the existence of gas chambers or of a

systematic plan to massacre the Jews and questions the authenticity of the Anne Frank diary, among other things), apart from noting that they were the cause of "efforts to deprive Professor Faurisson of his freedom of speech and expression." It did not specify the steps taken against him, which include suspension from his teaching position at the University of Lyons after the threat of violence, and a forthcoming court trial for falsification of history and damages to victims of Nazism.

The petition aroused considerable protest. In *Nouvel Observateur*, Claude Roy wrote that "the appeal launched by Chomsky" supported Faurisson's views. Roy explained my alleged stand as an attempt to show that the United States is indistinguishable from Nazi Germany. In *Esprit*, Pierre Vidal-Naquet found the petition "scandalous" on the ground that it "presented his 'conclusions' as if they were actually discoveries." Vidal-Naquet misunderstood a sentence in the petition that ran, "Since he began making his findings public, Professor Faurisson has been subject to...." The term "findings" is quite neutral. One can say, without contradiction: "He made his findings public and they were judged worthless, irrelevant, falsified...." The petition implied nothing about quality of Faurisson's work, which was irrelevant to the issues raised.

Thion then asked me to write a brief statement on the purely civil libertarian aspects of this affair. I did so, telling him to use it as he wished. In this statement, I made it explicit that I would not discuss Faurisson's work, having only limited familiarity with it (and, frankly, little interest in it). Rather, I restricted myself to the civil-liberties issues and the implications of the fact that it was even necessary to recall Voltaire's famous words in a letter to M. le Riche: "I detest what you write, but I would give my life to make it possible for you to continue to write."

Faurisson's conclusions are diametrically opposed to views I hold and have frequently expressed in print (for example, in my book *Peace in the Middle East?*, where I describe the holocaust as "the most fantastic outburst of collective insanity in human history"). But it is elementary that freedom of expression (including academic freedom) is not to be restricted to views of which one approves, and that it is precisely in the case of views that are almost universally despised and condemned that this right must be most vigorously defended. It is easy enough to defend those who need no defense or to join in unanimous (and often justified) condemnation of a violation of civil rights by some official enemy.

I later learned that my statement was to appear in a book in which Faurisson defends himself against the charges soon to be brought against him in court. While this was not my intention, it was not contrary to my instructions. I received a letter from Jean-Pierre Faye, a well-known anti-Fascist writer and militant, who agreed with my position but urged me to withhold my statement because the climate of opinion in France was such that my defense of Faurisson's right to express his views would be interpreted as support for them. I wrote to him that I accepted his judgment, and requested that my statement not appear, but by then it was too late to stop publication.

Parts of my letter to Faye appeared in the French press and have been widely quoted and misquoted and subjected to fantastic interpretations. It was reported, for example, that I repudiated my comments after having learned that there is anti-Semitism in France, and that I was changing my views on the basis of clippings from the French press (in the same letter, I had asked Faye to send me clippings on another matter). My personal letter to Faye was incomprehensible to anyone who had not read Faye's original letter to me; a telephone call would quickly have clarified the facts.

The uproar that ensued is of some interest. In *Le Matin* (socialist), Jacques Baynac wrote that my fundamental error was to "defend, in the name of freedom of expression, the right to mock the facts" -- "facts" determined, presumably, by some board of commissars or a reconstituted Inquisition. My lengthy discussion on the implications of this doctrine was from the occasionally recognizable version of the interview with me published in *Le Matin*. In *Le Monde*, the editor of *Esprit*, Paul Thibaud, wrote that I had condemned "the entire French intelligentsia," launching a "general accusation" against "les Francais" without qualifications. Alberto Cavallari, Paris correspondent for the *Corriere della Sera* went further still, claiming that I had condemned all of "French culture." The article is notable for a series of fabricated quotes designed to establish this and other allegations. What I had written was that though I would make some harsh comments about "certain segments of the French intelligentsia... certainly, what I say does not apply to many others, who maintain a firm commitment to intellectual integrity...I would not want these comments to be misunderstood as applying beyond their specific scope." Similar qualifications are removed from the doctored "interview" in *Le Matin*, enabling the editors to allege that I describe France as "totalitarian."

Cavallari went on to explain that my rage against "French culture" derives from its refusal to accept the theory that linguistics proves that "the Gulag descends directly from Rousseau" and other imbecile ideas he chooses to attribute to me for reasons best known to himself. In *Nouvel Observateur*, Jean-Paul Enthoven offers a different explanation: I support Faurisson because my "instrumentalist theory of language, the 'generative grammar'...does not allow the means to think of the unimaginable, that is the holocaust." He and Cavallari, among others, explain further that my defense of Faurisson is a case of the extreme left joining the extreme right, a phenomenon to which they devote many sage words. In *Le Matin*, Catherine Clement explains my odd behavior on the ground that I am a "perfect Bostonian," "a cold and distant man, without real social contacts, incapable of understanding Jewish-American humor, which relies heavily on Yiddish." Pierre Daix explains in *Le Quotidien de Paris* that I took up left-wing causes to "clear myself" of the reactionary implications of my "innatism." And so on, at about the same level.

To illustrate the caliber of discussion, after I had noted that Vidal-Naquet's comment cited above was based on a misunderstanding, he reprinted his article in a book (*Les Juifs*, F. Maspero), eliminating the passage I quoted and adding an appendix in which he claims falsely that "the error in question had appeared only in an earlier draft," which I am accused of having illegitimately quoted. The example is, unfortunately, quite typical.

A number of critics (for example Abraham Forman of the Anti-Defamation League in *Le Matin*) contend that the only issue is Faurisson's right to publish and that this has not been denied. The issue, however, is his suspension from the university because of threats of violence against him, and his court trial. It is of interest that his attorney, Yvon Chotard, who is defending him on grounds of freedom of expression and the right to an attorney of one's choice, has been threatened with expulsion from the anti-Fascist organization that is bringing Faurisson to trial.

As Faye predicted, many showed themselves incapable of distinguishing between defense of the right of free expression and defense of the views expressed -- and not only in France. In *The New Republic*, Martin Peretz concluded from my expressed lack of interest in Faurisson's work that I am an "agnostic" about the holocaust and "a fool" about genocide. He claims further that I deny freedom of expression to my opponents, referring to my comment that one degrades oneself by entering into debate over certain issues. In short, if I refuse to debate you, I constrain your freedom. He is careful to conceal the example I cited: the holocaust.

Many writers find it scandalous that I should support the right of free expression for Faurisson without carefully analyzing his work, a strange doctrine which, if adopted, would effectively block defense of civil rights for unpopular views. Faurisson does not control the French press or scholarship. There is surely no lack of means or opportunity to refute or condemn his writings. My own views in sharp opposition to his are clearly on record, as I have said. No rational person will condemn a book, however outlandish its conclusions may seem, without at least reading it carefully; in this case, checking the documentation offered, and so on. One of the most bizarre criticisms has been that by refusing to undertake this task, I reveal that I have no interest in six million murdered Jews, a criticism which, if valid, applies to everyone who shares my lack of interest in examining Faurisson's work. One who defends the right of free expression incurs no special responsibility to study or even be acquainted with the views expressed. I have, for example, frequently gone well beyond signing petitions in support of East European dissidents subjected to repression or threats, often knowing little and caring less about their views (which in some cases I find obnoxious, a matter of complete irrelevance that I never mention in this connection). I recall no criticism of this stand.

The latter point merits further comment. I have taken far more controversial stands than this in support of civil liberties and academic freedom. At the height of the Vietnam War, I publicly took the stand that people I regard as authentic war criminals should not be denied the right to teach on political or ideological grounds, and I have always taken the same stand with regard to scientists who "prove" that blacks are genetically inferior, in a country where their history is hardly pleasant, and where such views will be used by racists and neo-Nazis. Whatever one thinks of Faurisson, no one has accused him of being the architect of major war crimes or claiming that Jews are genetically inferior (though it is irrelevant to the civil-liberties issue, he writes of the "heroic insurrection of the Warsaw ghetto" and praises those who "fought courageously against Nazism" in "the right cause"). I even wrote in 1969 that it would be wrong to bar counterinsurgency research in the universities, though it was being used to murder and destroy, a position that I am not sure I could defend. What is interesting is that these far more controversial stands never aroused

a peep of protest, which shows that the refusal to accept the right of free expression without retaliation, and the horror when others defend this right, is rather selective.

The reaction of the PEN Club in Paris is also interesting. PEN denounces my statements on the ground that they have given publicity to Faurisson's writing at a time when there is a resurgence of anti-Semitism. It is odd that an organization devoted to freedom of expression for authors should be exercised solely because Faurisson's defense against the charges brought against him is publicly heard. Furthermore, if publicity is being accorded to Faurisson, it is because he is being brought to trial (presumably, with the purpose of airing the issues) and because the press has chosen to create a scandal about my defense of his civil rights. On many occasions, I have written actual prefaces and endorsements for books in France -- books that are unread and unknown, as indeed is the case generally with my own writings. The latter fact is illustrated, for example, by Thibaud, who claims that I advocated "confiding Vietnamese freedom to the supposed good will of the leaders of the North." In fact, my writings on the war were overwhelmingly devoted to the U.S. attack on the peasant society of the South (and later Laos and Cambodia as well), which aimed to undermine the neutralization proposals of the National Liberation Front and others and to destroy the rural society in which the NLF was based, and I precisely warned that success in this effort "will create a situation in which, indeed, North Vietnam will necessarily dominate Indochina, for no other viable society will remain."

Thibaud's ignorant falsifications point to one of the real factors that lie behind this affair. A number of these critics are ex-Stalinists, or people like Thibaud, who is capable of writing that prior to Solzhenitsyn, "every previous account" of "Sovietism" was within the Trotskyite framework (*Esprit*). Intellectuals who have recently awakened to the possibility of an anti-Leninist critique often systematically misunderstand a discussion of revolutionary movements and efforts to crush them that has never employed the assumptions they associate with the left. Thibaud, for example, cannot understand why I do not share his belief that Lenin, Stalin and Pol Pot demonstrate "the failure of socialism." Many left or ex-left intellectuals seem unaware that I never have regarded Leninist movements as having anything to do with "socialism" in any meaningful sense of the term; or that, having grown up in the libertarian anti-Leninist left, familiar since childhood with works that Thibaud has still never heard of, I am unimpressed with their recent conversions and unwilling to join in their new crusades, which often strike me as morally dubious and intellectually shallow. All of this has led to a great deal of bitterness on their part and not a little outright deceit.

As for the resurgence of anti-Semitism to which the PEN Club refers, or of racist atrocities, one may ask if the proper response to publication of material that may be used to enhance racist violence and oppression is to deny civil rights. Or is it, rather, to seek the causes of these vicious developments and work to eliminate them? To a person who upholds the basic ideas professed in the Western democracies, or who is seriously concerned with the real evils that confront us, the answer seems clear.

There are, in fact, far more dangerous manifestations of "revisionism" than Faurisson's. Consider the effort to show that the United States engaged in no crimes in Vietnam, that it was guilty only of "intellectual error." This "revisionism," in contrast to that of Faurisson, is supported by the major institutions and has always been the position of most of the intelligentsia, and has very direct and ugly policy consequences. Should we then argue that people advocating this position be suspended from teaching and brought to trial? The issue is, of course, academic. If the version of the Zhdanov doctrine now being put forth in the Faurisson affair were adopted by people with real power, it would not be the "Vietnam revisionists" who would be punished.

I do not want to leave the impression that the whole of the French press has been a theater of the absurd or committed to such views as those reviewed. There has been accurate commentary in *Le Monde* and *Liberation*, for example, and a few people have taken a clear and honorable stand. Thus Alfred Grosser, who is critical of what he believes to be my position, writes in *Le Quotidien de Paris*: "I consider it shocking that Mr. Faurisson should be prevented from teaching French literature at the University of Lyons on the pretext that his security cannot be guaranteed."

In the Italian left-liberal journal *Repubblica*, Barbara Spinelli writes that the real scandal in this affair is the fact that even a few people publicly affirm their support of the right to express ideas that are almost universally reviled -- and that happen to be diametrically opposed to their own. My own observation is different. It seems to me something of a scandal that it is even necessary to debate these issues two centuries after Voltaire defended the right of free expression for views he detested. It is a poor service to the memory of the victims of the holocaust to adopt a central doctrine of their murderers.

The Nation, February 28, 1981

PSYCHO

Remembering the Unknown

by Nadine Fresco

It was some time ago. What had struck me was that all eight of them, without exception, had understood at once what it was about. I had simply said to each of them that I was undertaking a piece of research and that I wanted to interview him (her) because he was Jewish and had been born just after the war. I added, when they did not already know, that I myself belonged to that category. I could have been more explicit. I could have explained that I wanted to study what impact an event of the nature and scope of genocide had had on the generation following the event. I would probably have done so if they had asked me. But, in an astonishingly identical way, they were content with what I told them. They asked no questions. Only one refused, rather abruptly, but without seeming, any more than the others, to need an explanation. I interviewed each of them only once, which seemed quite normal to them. In any case, no one, on either side, made any comment about it. The interviews took place where it suited them best, either at their home or at mine. They all spoke at length, for three, four, sometimes five hours, some in reply to my questions, others almost without pausing for breath. Maybe the meetings should have been broken down into shorter periods. Instead, in just over a week, I had recorded eight interviews. I did not go on. I could probably not have clone [done ?] otherwise. No one showed the slightest reticence before the tape recorder -- perhaps, too, I was particularly careful not to perceive any reticence. I knew very well that I would forget everything that had been said and that, without a recording, none of it would have stayed with me -- nothing at any rate that I could use. I had each interview carefully typed out in full. I put everything into a grey file -- it amounted to a lot of paper -- and put the file on a shelf, without reading a single line. That was some time ago. About that time, Robert Faurisson began this noble and difficult undertaking of converting the dupes, revealing to the world the non-existence of the gas chambers and of the so-called genocide perpetrated against the Jews by the Nazis.[1]

What struck me when it was suggested that I write an article for the *Nouvelle Revue de Psychanalyse* on the general theme of 'L'Emprise'[2] was that I didn't ask any questions either. Normally -- I mean, on any other subject -- I would have asked for further comment, elucidation as to what was expected of me, etc. I then remembered the grey file. I had certainly done well to record those eight interviews. Meanwhile I had forgotten everything about them. Why I had recorded them, why I had stuck them up on a shelf without reading them, the self-evident way we had all realized what was expected of us: that, too, no doubt, had to do with the emprise.

There were eight of them, all Jews, born between 1944 and 1948, mostly in France. Four men and four women. Almost the same story. But, quite obviously, they represented no one other than themselves. Once embarked on the subject that had brought us together, they told me what they could and wanted to tell me. Similarly I understood and retained what I could and wanted to understand and retain. In other words, we are far from being everything that is recounted here -- still less, no doubt, only what is recounted here (Vegh, 1979).

The first kind of emprise was that of **silence**. At home no one ever mentioned the war years. There was a deathly silence on the subject --and the revelation came very late, during adolescence. "You're old enough to know now. You had a brother -- he stayed in Poland, with your grandmother. And they didn't come back." A dead brother had just fallen on one's head, as it were, just when one most needed him alive. But from childhood, the silence had been too total for the information to come as a complete surprise. "Maman, tell me about when you were young." And, lifting her child on to her knees, the mother would begin. It was always the same story, always in the same order. Then what? "Then papa and I got married and then you were born." Before that "then" was the gaping, vertiginous black hole of the unmentionable years in which an impossible "family romance" had been swallowed up. The mother's account always stopped at the same point, just before the war. Then they came to live in France. In changing place, they had also changed time. The child grew up, but the stories did not change. And there wasn't much at home to feed or unmask

that silence. Not a word had been mentioned about that dead brother or that dead sister. No photograph, no object had been left around to remember them by. Sometimes, children had rummaged in their parents' papers, looking for what had been hidden from them, without actually knowing that anything had been hidden from them. "When I was 12, I took out the *livret de famille*[3] from my parents' cupboard. My name was in it, and that of my brother, who is five years older and then, before his name, I read "Judith, born 12 January 1936". I had never heard of her. I asked my brother: "Who's Judith?" He said: "Ask maman". I asked my father: "Who's Judith?" He said: "Ask maman". I don't know why, but I never asked my mother. And I never said anything more about it at home. But because nothing had been written opposite the words "died on..." in the *livret de famille*, I did not realize that Judith was dead, I assumed that she was mad, shut away in an asylum, and that my mother went to see her, but didn't want me to know." The search for information is limited. In place of the forbidden death, the child invents madness. The mother's silence, the madness of the mother, locked up in her own silence. And the child emerges from childhood carrying around in her head a living, mythical sister, locked away somewhere, who would have been a loving, understanding companion. "At that time I was not getting on very well with my parents. My brother and I were always rowing and fighting." About the same time, without knowing why, she began to read all she could lay her hands on about the deportation. There were always the same photographs, the fleshless bodies, the shaven heads, the huge staring eyes. At home there were no photographs, as if no one had died, as if no one had ever lived. And sometimes she woke up in terror, after nightmares in which mad people with huge, staring eyes, locked away in wooden huts, came back to haunt her. "Right up to the time when I wanted to go to Germany -- I was 17 - - my mother had never said anything against the Germans. But that day, she warned me: "You might find yourself in a Nazi family". Then she took out from a wallet a photograph of a small girl who looked somewhat like my elder brother. It was Judith. It was the first time I had seen my mother cry. She said hardly anything. It took me a very long time, but from that moment, the mad big sister gradually turned into a little girl who had died. Later I found other photographs of her. I reconstructed the six years of her life, photograph by photograph. They had been put away in the cellar. I never showed them to my parents. They never mentioned them to me. Maybe they had forgotten about them."

The **silence** formed like a heavy pall that weighed down on everyone. Parents explained nothing, children asked nothing. The forbidden memory of death manifested itself only in the form of incomprehensible attacks of pain. "My mother got terribly depressed at times. I didn't know why, but that's how it was. It was part of our life." For the parents, identity had been so intolerably synonymous with persecution that sometimes, to hide death from the children, they also hid from them the fact that they were Jews. "Until I was about 10, I didn't know that my mother was Jewish. Her whole family had been exterminated, all of them had disappeared, almost without trace. Since she had never told me, and since no one had ever spoken to me as a Jewess, it was something I lived through in silence. When I was 10, I put all my clues together. I had found a box of photographs of my mother's family at the back of a wardrobe behind three suitcases. And I realized she had a brother who looked very much like me. Then I went and told her that I knew she was Jewish, and that set off one of those terrible attacks she had all the time. My father said to me: "If you realized she was Jewish, you only had to come and tell me, you didn't have to go and upset her". I didn't do it again. I had done it to put a name on what had been happening every day for years without my understanding it." Putting a name on what the silence of others had made strictly unnameable generally remained impossible for the child -- and only a reconstruction of the past enabled him or her, years later, to regard that time as one of a world of silence, occasionally interrupted by clues to a drama that one was forbidden to witness.

It was a **silence** that swallowed up the past, all the past, the past before death, before destruction. To speak up and thus to realize the grip of death, which was that grip of silence, seems to have represented for these parents too grave a danger for such an action to seem possible. Later, in the memory of their children, this produced: "No one ever talked at home about being Jewish. In fact, no one ever talked about anything that might be a problem. As far as my parents were concerned, they had come out of it, and there was no point in talking about it. This did not stop my father from giving me the name of one of his brothers, the one who had been deported. It was there all the same, but there was no point in talking about it." Yet talking about it was something that would probably have been indispensable if the process of mourning was to be worked through. But, for those parents, **silence** seemed proportionate to the horror that had annihilated members of their families, while they themselves had escaped. It was a horror that prevented them from talking either

about the dead, or of anything but the dead -- as if life itself had been confiscated by those disappearances. It was an impossible mourning, "wounds of the memory" of parents frozen in silence, behind their dry eyes (Schneider, 1980). They transmitted only the wound to their children, to whom the memory had been refused and who grew up in the compact void of the unspeakable. 'If one had to convey such horror to a child, I don't know how one would do it, how one could bring oneself to do it, or what one would use. It's something one can't share with anyone, perhaps with one's child, but then only secretly, without actually saying it. The justification was credible enough: to spare the children an account of the sufferings they had not known, and from which at all costs the parents wanted to save them. And the children had been cast in the mould of that prohibition, struck dumb by silence, unable to transgress it, unable to ask for an answer to the question that they dared not ask their parents. 'At the end of the war, my mother began to expect that her brother would come back. She had managed to persuade herself of this or that, that he was in Argentina, that he had lost his memory, that everything would turn out for the best. Everything I'm saying now I worked out for myself. My mother never said anything about it. I felt that the only possible communication I had with her was through silence, that if I said anything, something would be lost. My mother's brother could be alive only if we waited for him in silence. But if we started to talk about him with other people, we would realize that he was dead, because ten years had gone by and he had still not come back, and people might say we were crazy. I said to myself: I've a crazy mother, but no one knows except me, it's my secret, I know why she's mad.' It was to take several years before this child, trapped in silence, would be able to 'say anything' without fearing that she would hurt her mother.

The silence was all the more implacable in that it was often concealed behind a screen of words, again, always the same words, an unchanging story, a tale repeated over and over again, made up of selections from the war. 'When my father talked about that time, he always said the same things, it was always the same things I heard. If I can't piece together a lot of things about that period, it's because of the fascination I felt in always hearing the same stories told over and over again. Whenever the subject cropped up, it was always the same things that were said, I always heard the same things.' Litanies of silence, which outline an invisible object enclosed in an impossible evocation. And the child let his thoughts play only within the narrow limits laid down by a complicity from which there was no escape. 'My uncle and aunt would come to the house and we always talked of the same thing. I always asked the same questions and they always answered in the same way. I don't know how I saw it then, it was so much part of myself. It was too close for me to be able to see it.' A blindness, inherited from silence, of children dazzled by the 'black mystery' of a time before they were born.[4] The destruction had been such that not a single image survived from pre-war Jewish life that was not now stained, marked by death. What the Nazis had annihilated over and above individuals, was the very substance of a world, a culture, a history, a way of life. The success of their enterprise of eradication lay ultimately in that colonization of life by death, in that anachronistic hold of the present on the past. The pre-war Jewish world had been retrospectively annihilated, made non-existent. Life was now the trace moulded by death.[5] The life before--and the pitiful attempts, constantly resumed, at commemoration, celebration and other museographical undertakings were merely an attempt to silence the silence that now weighed on everything that had one day existed. But the life after the choices adopted--Zionism, assimilation, religion, etc.--are also evidence today, among other things, of the various attempts, in the next generation, to unburden oneself of this weight and this bond. Some, trying to annihilate the genocide, are trying to revive what has disappeared. They learn Yiddish, they record what the old people have to say, an oral memory, ethnography--Yiddishkeit as a province. Others remain as if trapped in the fascination exerted on them by the mystery in which they played no part. The blindspot of some primal scene, the place of concentration where death took place is also, for them, the only way out in which they can find an access to the life that existed before their birth. It is a concentration of death, but it is also the ultimate concentration of life. It is an end to the dispersal of a people: Jews who have found one another again, who have come together, reunited, whose existence has been so annihilated that only by gazing at the annihilation itself would one be able to touch the abominably terminated reality of their presence on earth. 'I've got a very old "78" that crackles so much it's now almost inaudible. It's a song in Yiddish sung by Sarah Gorby. I don't understand Yiddish, I don't know what the words mean, in fact I don't want to know. But whenever I listen to that song, I start crying. It's always at one particular point in the refrain, the tone of her voice becomes so sweet, so heartrending that I seem to sink back into the memory of some old cradle song, which no one ever sang to me--or that I've forgotten. And at that precise point, the same thought always occurs to me: did someone sing it inside the camp, did some woman try to comfort

her child with that song as they were going into the gas chamber?' when the evocation becomes too unbearable, one turns oneself into a demiurge of a lost world, one goes back, one drowns the nightmare in some unchanging dream--and the song becomes a lullaby for all comforted children, who at last go to sleep, far from the shouts, the whips, the boots, and the barking dogs, wrapped in the warmth of a mother's breast and tongue, words of milk and honey murmured in the ear, stronger than death, cold, hunger and fear. To stop the intolerable evocation of the fear of those small children. 'The idea of their fear has always been much more painful to me than that of their death. And that's what I've inherited. I always feel that the fear with which I live almost permanently is the fear of what I have not myself had to face. It's because I haven't had to face it that I'm afraid of it. All the fear that could be lived through was lived through by that brother who is dead. And for a long time I've been under the illusion that because of his fear, because of the fear of all the others, Jews no longer owed anything to anybody, that the horror had been paid for, that the debt to terror and fear had been paid.'

Those Jews who have come late upon the scene, burdened with their posthumous life, infatuated by an irreparable nostalgia for a world from which they were excluded on being born, feel a vertigo when confronted by the 'time before', the lost object of a nameless desire, in which suffering takes the place of inheritance. The past has been utterly burnt away at the centre of privileged lives in which the distress of the present is no more than the televised spectacle of young children dying somewhere else, at the other end of the planet, together with the fear of losing a suffering to which one clings as to one's very identity. It is a danger of life--and not a danger of death, a fear of recovering from that lack and of losing, in losing nostalgia, what gave depth to life. 'Imaginary Jews', armed with 'the ability to dramatize their biography' and for whom 'Judaism acted . . . as a redemption of the everyday' (Finkielkraut, 1980). But the fascination heard in the interviews differs oddly from the delight reported by Finkielkraut when he writes: In a sense, I was fulfilled: the proximity of war at the same time magnified me and preserved me; it invited me to identify myself with the victims while feeling pretty sure that I would never be one of them'. Where he felt fulfilled, others expressed the intense frustration that stemmed for them both from the inability to identify with the victims and from the near certainty of never being one of them. Born after the war, because of the war, sometimes to replace a child who died in the war, the Jews I am speaking of here feel their existence as a sort of exile, not from a place in the present or future, but from a time, now gone forever, which would have been that of identity itself. 'Even now, when I see someone with a number engraved on his arm, what I feel more than anything else is an almost incommunicable feeling, made up for the most part of jealousy. I tell myself that there is nothing to be done about it and that it is not my fault if I have come too late. I shall never be one of them, still less one of those who did not come back. What they lived through was a drama that is not mine. They lived through it, they experienced it, and I have nothing but that absurd, desperate, almost obscene regret for a time in which I cannot have been.' It is as if the dead had carried off with them the sense of life and identity, as if those who were born afterwards could no longer do any more than wander about, prey to a nostalgia that has no legitimacy.

What, indeed, can be done with the fantasy of being only one of them, of overcoming that distance by merging with them, what can be done with the feeling that they have abandoned you as much as you have abandoned them and that, dispossessing you of them, they have dispossessed you of yourself? That by their death, they are all-powerful, while you are the inevitable betrayal, perpetrated every day of your life, of their suffering and their disappearance. What can be done with that frustration, that jealousy at being unable, like those dead children, to remain an unchanging object of love. The amputated are left only with phantom pains, but who can say that the pain felt in a hand that one no longer has is not pain. These latter-day Jews are like people who have had a hand amputated that they never had. It is a phantom pain, in which amnesia takes the place of memory. After so many years, one can still not manage to look steadily at genocide--not only because it may be, strictly speaking, unthinkable. The letters one does not read, the documents one leaves in a corner, the questions one still does not ask--with, at the same time, the acute awareness of the imminent disappearance of the last individuals who could answer one's questions, the books whose contents one forgets as soon as one shuts them, the information one does not retain, the names of people and places, dates, circumstances. One might ask the same question a thousand times, one would forget a thousand times an answer with which one can do nothing. One pretends to pursue unrelentingly the reason for one's parents' silence, while, on the contrary, everything shows how much one avoids tearing away the veil from the forbidden. Like another secret around another mystery, that sexual knowledge 'between enlightenment and fantasy' of children 'who know something

they did not know before, but who make no use of the new knowledge that has been presented to them' (Freud, 1937; Pontalis, 1977).

One remembers only that one remembers nothing. 'When another aunt spoke to me of the deportation of my father's sister, it made a quite terrible impression on me. But I forgot it. It's one of those things I left in the dark. There are a lot of them. There are things that I have always believed and thought on that subject, but I don't know when I picked them up. I must have learnt somewhere what happened to her after Drancy, but I don't know how, or when, or from whom. I must have found out about it, then forgotten. I buried it, I don't know where.' One doesn't remember, one wasn't there, one saw nothing, one cannot, one does not want to feed one's impossible quest with anything other than the phantom of a void that recalls that one is only dispersed, far from the death on which true life ran aground. To remember would be to remember their life and their death. But that memory is forbidden--and one is afraid of thinking that something exists that is worth remembering, when one does not manage to remember this. All memory seems to be, ought to be, memory of that, all forgetting, forgetting of that. Like an unchanging symptom, the repeated pain caused by the realization that one constantly forgets places, moments, people, is like the simple reflection of the pain that finds in them its true name. That, too, they carried off with them, with the disappearance: the sense of remembering and forgetting. As if one gave oneself the right to remember only with genocide as one's memory. As if the very faculty of remembering and forgetting derived from the genocide. As if the genocide alone had made you a being of memory and forgetting.

One relates to this disappearance any idea of disappearance--and the anguish that stems from it, even though one might be glad that something has disappeared. 'There's a whole series of words, which, immediately, almost automatically, make me think of that event. Even when they are quite ordinary words, like "wagon", "convoys", "gas", "star", and others. Or just the word "disappearance", which makes me think of their death in the camps. For example, some time ago, on the radio, a journalist was explaining that anti-smallpox vaccination wasn't obligatory anymore, because smallpox had disappeared. God knows that there was every reason to think that that particular disappearance was a very good thing. But when he said that, I felt a kind of distress at the idea that it no longer existed, that this thing would never exist again, and that one day one would no longer know what it had been--and perhaps even that it had disappeared.' Commemorations or amnesia: one doesn't know whether it is the memory or the forgetting of death that is the more intolerable. Or even the idea that one day one would have forgotten that one had forgotten. The images don't stay, the words don't stay, the dead don't stay.

'In the end I made up my mind to go to Poland. I had written on a paper the name of the villages where my parents were born. It seems absurd, but I was afraid of forgetting them on the way. There are no longer any Jews in Poland--or very few. I already knew that at the Yiddish theatre in Warsaw, they had to call on Polish actors, who were then taught the language, so that they could put on a play. I didn't want to see that. I walked up and down the paths of the Jewish cemeteries in Warsaw and Cracow. There are no Jews in Poland any more, there are only the places where they died or the places that go on living while they are dead. In Cracow, the synagogue doorman and the cemetery keeper aren't Jews. And it's the oldest synagogue in Europe, with the one at Worms. And only the cemetery was alive. In some villages near Lodz, nothing has changed, the market, the carts, the horses, the wooden houses. It's just that there are no longer any Jews and the synagogues are used as warehouses. I went to Auschwitz, Chelmno and Treblinka. At Chelmno, Jews were gassed in gas trucks which travelled between the village and the forest. In the clearing today all that remains is the outline of the ditches, marked by a border of stones, into which the contents of the trucks were emptied--those who hadn't been completely asphyxiated were finished off with bullets. Now the earth covers everything, grass and small flowers grow there, as if nothing ever happened. Then, in front of those ditches, which still hold so many of their bones, I felt the absurd, heart-rending desire to lie down on that impassive ground, to stretch out my arms over my dead brothers, to protect them, to preserve them from their completed deaths, to comfort their fear, their intolerable feeling of loneliness, their certainty of having been abandoned forever. And never as in that sunny clearing, where nothing remained but the trace of ditches, never as there, on the very place of their death, have I felt them to be so much alive.'

To protect them from their death would also be to turn oneself into a mad scribe, obsessively jotting down their lost thoughts, what passed through their heads during their last moments, their prayers, their despair. the images that came back to them, childhood memories. the words, their last words, the voices of those who have groaned, wept, howled, prayed, the silence of those who said nothing, their last looks, their last gestures, their sobs,

their trembling arms, their beating hearts and their already dying bodies. No one will ever be able to restore those words, those tears, those thoughts. And this obsession, this unspeakable, pitiful suffering is merely 'love's labours lost'. So there remains the litany of the names, unknown townships, already forgotten towns, to be found in the wretched little calendars of the Rue des Rosiers. And one does not even want to think what the association of former inhabitants of Kozielice, Czestochow or Minsk Mazowiecki would be like. A face swims into the memory: at Cracow, a very dignified old gentleman, president since 1946 of the Jüdische Gemeinde--an attendance of ten on big occasions--who said, quite simply: 'I'm too old to be nostalgic'. The very places are in exile, reduced to a listing of their names, a paper memorial, a toponymy of death, an imprescription of regret. So there are the photographs taken by the Nazis, those other obsessional archivists, the gaze resting again and again on the long lines of men, women and children, the arrival at Auschwitz of the Hungarian Jews in 1944, in their over-sized coats, clutching suitcases, the yellow star like a spider on their chests. Sometimes one can make out an expression, the fear that can be read on their faces. They don't know that the selection has taken place, they are going to die in a few moments, they don't shout out, they move forward almost peacefully, occasionally one of them is smiling and there are the two little girls sticking out their tongues, like little girls do, coquettish, embarrassed, when someone takes their photograph. Nothing speaks of their death as do these photographs showing them alive.

But how can one express the nostalgia, the feeling on leaving Treblinka? A small village with so gentle a name, like the diminutives of childhood, the children playing in the paths between the houses, the flocks of geese, the wheat stacked in sheaves in the fields, the bridge over the Bug, the setting sun. A small station among trees, the timetables of trains from Siedlce, Lublin or Bialystok. And, a little further on, the still visible trace of the branchline that led, through the forest, to the inside of the camp. That name, Treblinka, read and re-read, which evoked fear and death at the other end of the world, and which still stands, incredibly, in large letters over a small country railway station. The nostalgia that takes hold of you for that place where they came to die in whole convoys, where, apart from the memorial on the site of the camp, nothing remains of their presence, a village like any other village, which one is going to leave alive, to which one will never come back and which one is already beginning to forget. The face of the peasants when they tell you how they tried to get near the wagons packed tight with Jews shouting and moaning, begging for water, and the peasants went up and, closing their fists, passed their thumbs over their throats in a brief, unequivocal gesture to let the Jews know what awaited them. And confronted by their self-righteous, almost joky evocation of that nightmare in the midst of the countryside, in the midst of peasants, children and geese, the crazy, sick, unthinkable idea rose up of not going back, of staying there, a Jew among those Polish peasants, never leaving that place, annihilating oneself alive in that small village, dying there from life as they came in whole trainloads to die from death. 'I don't know whether I ought to say such a thing, but sometimes I feel that it's us who have been deported. Not because we are like them, but because on the contrary we came after them and our lives no longer have any meaning.'

Jews deported from meaning, their residence permits withdrawn, expelled from a lost paradise, abolished in a death in turn dissolved, dissipated, disappeared. Posthumous Jews dispersed with the ashes of those left alive. Latter-day Jews, deported from a self that ought to have been that of another. Death is merely a matter of substitution. 'I think that incident completely changed my mother, suddenly it was her sister, her little sister that they were looking for, and not her. After that, I think she lived with that idea practically always in her head, all her life, wherever she went, whatever she did. The idea that at one time, one of them was arrested and it wasn't her.' But who is left aside? The intolerable arbitrariness of fate condemned one to die and the other to live. Because one was not arrested, taken away, exterminated, because one missed death, one is then condemned, for years on end, to miss life, a survivor irremediably other than that other one who holds, holds back existence, transfigured and magnified by his very disappearance.

Measure for measure, the incompleteness of the working through of mourning seems to have been the yardstick of catastrophe. First because of time: the unthinkable nature of the 'final solution' lies not only, indeed, in the unthinkable nature of a place--that mythical territory 'further to the East', where the documents of the Nazi administration situated the ultimate deportation of the Jews. The metaphorical 'further' of a definitive beyond. It is also the inconceivable nature of a time, the extreme difficulty there is in perceiving as simultaneous, strictly contemporary, the unfolding of life, on the one hand in various parts of the world, the pursuit by each individual of all kinds of activity--and, on the other, the process of death as it was carried out in Poland (Steiner, 1969). At Treblinka, in order to

allay the suspicions of the deportees, to prevent them from panicking on realizing what awaited them, thus disturbing the smooth running of the process, the Nazis hit on the idea of putting up, at the place where the convoys stopped inside the camp, a false, trompe-l'oeil railway station. On the façade of the station was painted, exactly as it should be, a clock, with dial, figures and hands. Time had stood still.

The time that has passed since the end of the war remains, for whoever is affected by mourning, heavily in thrall to that time, unthinkable, unassimilable, immobilized in death. The paradox is that the undertaking or eradication was of such scope that the absence of those millions of dead is still being lived through, forty years later, whether one recognizes it or not, as a sometimes very burdensome presence. It is a present stemming from an inordinate event, which one does not wish or is not able to confine within one's past and which makes it difficult for time to fulfil its function as the privileged place of mourning.

Substitution is also the swallowing up of the particular by the collective, just as it is the obligation of the collective laid on the particular. 'I no longer knew whether in fact it was just a personal family drama, something quite ordinary --unfortunately people do lose young children--or whether it was part of the global death of millions of unknown people, people who were beginning to take up all the room, as if they had invaded the house. I felt as if I was constantly swinging between two kinds of death. But more and more for me now, that brother who died before I was born is one of them, a face among millions of annihilated faces. It's as if he just represented their identity. And the feeling of brotherhood I feel is for them all, who are not my brothers. He, after all, was never my brother, since I was never his. It's as if that unknown, omnipresent boy, who so burdened me with his absence, had gradually joined that immense body of those who disappeared. As a result he is no longer alone and is less of a burden to me. But I'm not at all sure that it could work in the same way for my parents.' The death of one taken over by the death of the others confers on him the meaning of a destiny, but at the same time conceals what is specific in the loss. The child inherits the incomplete mourning of the parents, decked out as a brother who has never been one--rather like those young women forced in France after 1918 into a posthumous marriage with a fiancé who had meanwhile died at Verdun or on some other field of so-called honour. Sometimes the only reference point in the silence is provided by a few words heard in adolescence, like an inadmissible birth certificate. 'When we realized that he wouldn't come back, it was just at the end of the war, we were determined to have another child. So we had you.' To add to the already long list of what one does to a child--beats it, kills it, etc.--one replaces a child. One burdens the next child with the impossible duty of making up for an irreparable loss. This despite the irony of the German language. To pay reparations, wiedergutmachen, means literally, 'to make good again'. So we had you--or how genocide became, literally, a raison d'être. If he had not died, I would not be here. If I were not here, he would not have died: it's difficult to say whether the sense of guilt or of imposture is uppermost. 'When I was 17, I was fairly bulimic. And my mother was so anxious to get me to eat. For her, eating was synonymous with security, with peace. She wanted me to be happy, she wanted to give me the happiness that she had not been able to give my brother because he was dead. And I told myself that precisely because of him I didn't deserve to be happy, I had no right to be happy--even if it was precisely that that would have pleased my mother. I was bulimic, but I would have preferred to have been anorexic, so as to look a bit more like the deportees in the photographs. But it was as if life urged me on despite myself. It made me sick, I made myself sick. And my mother returned to the attack with her broths and her pâtés, which she prepared with such loving care. It was appalling, because I told myself that I had to eat, to please her--and I wanted to eat all the time. And at the same time I had the intolerable feeling that I ran the risk of killing her, with each mouthful, as if she had to go without for me. And I imagined those mothers in the camps giving their child the last bit of bread they had left. It was constantly like the unbearable image of the pelican who lets her own young devour her belly. I should have been happy to see her so happy to see me eat, since she could give me all the food that my brother would never eat. But precisely the opposite happened. A few years ago, I saw a film by René Féret called Histoire de Paul. It's the story of a very pale young man, who never says anything and who is shut away in an asylum, and his mother comes to see him. She has made pancakes for him. It's clear that she understands nothing of what is happening. Her eyes are quite devoid of expression, like those of her son. She sits down beside him and, without a word, starts to stick big pieces of pancake in his mouth. And he swallows it all, without saying anything, without moving. Tears flow down his cheeks. And she goes on stuffing him, and he goes on eating, interminably--as if she was going to kill him with her pancakes, as if he was going to die from them. It all takes place in utter silence,

with totally inexpressive faces. I don't think I've ever seen anything so unbearable in the cinema.'

The war was not over because peace had returned. Many continued to die--all sorts of deaths. And the horror of what human beings had subjected other human beings to displaced in time the gangrene that until then had been propagated in one place: 'They turned us into dogs'. On arrival in Paris, the deportees who returned from the camps were sent to the Hôtel Lutétia. And each of them, merely by his return, emphasized the absence of someone else who had not come back. Returning alive from the place where others had died, he was subjected to the looks of those who had not been deported and who, sometimes, asked him how much his life had cost. Like a chain of remorse and reproach, in which each individual drew on the back of the one in front of him the mark of shame drawn at the same moment on his own back by the one behind him. And at the end of the chain was the child: 'Long after the war, people came to my parents' home in the evenings, when I was in bed, and they talked in Yiddish of what had happened. Even today, my parents don't know whether I understand Yiddish. Some of them had come back from a Polish camp whose name I forget. It's not as well known as some of the others, and I've forgotten its name again, I'm always forgetting that one. For nights on end, I listened to what had happened. They were in the kitchen, while I was in the room next door. The door was shut, but it was a very small apartment. They talked of those who had come back and what they had done to come back. And I found that very hard to bear. Even today it's one of the few subjects about which I can get quite violent. I can't bear it when people criticize those who tried, by whatever means, to stay alive, for doing whatever they did. The Jews who went into hiding, who were not deported, resented those who had come back alive from the camps. Those who got out were kapos. Personally, I have never really tried to find out. I haven't tried because I couldn't. It is intellectually and humanly impossible to differentiate between the one who got out by burying the others, the one who got out by striking the others, and the one who got out by not getting noticed. When people came to our home, my parents never asked them directly how they had got out, what they had done to stay alive. But the question was always there, even if they never asked it. The word 'kapo' comes from kaput--it's history's last word. That is to say, the losers are never the dead but the kapos, those who got out. At cards, when one is capot, it's when one hasn't taken a single trick. There were the very clever ones who escaped deportation--then there were the less clever ones, the kapos--and, lastly, the least clever of all, those who died. It's no use talking about them, they are dead. But among the living. I was rather in favour of those who were not the cleverest. And there's always a winner and a loser, the mother and the whore. The mother is the D system and the whore is the kapo. And those who belonged to the D system made themselves look virtuous after the war by not inviting those people into their homes, rather as one does not invite a woman of ill-repute. It's true that among those who came back, there were more women than men. The people who came to my parents' home had been kapos, since they were there. The women often came back alone from the camps. They came to our home two or three times. They told their stories and didn't come back. I felt that my mother had rejected them more than my father. The men didn't talk. They daydreamed.'

The mother for the whore, the sister for the brother, the mother for the child, the singular for the plural, the living for the dead. Endless substitutions with which one so easily feeds the sense of guilt and which makes it as difficult to oppose ambivalence, hostility, hate--and to disinvest death when the death of one is so much the reflection of the death of another.

So there were eight of them--and they spoke only for themselves. They talked of silence, nostalgia, substitution; of the movements in space of a diaspora whose sense has been lost; of those who went away, those who remained, those who came back; of those who, even today, cannot get over it; and of time, as the only true space, of words and silence, life and death. Jews wandering nowhere and who have never arrived. But, whether a clinical case or a human group, no one, as we know, has a monopoly on substitution, nostalgia and silence.

In the middle of one interview, one of them--I don't know why--began to tell a little story. By way of conclusion, I would like--I don't know why--to repeat that story. 'It was some years ago. It was about ten in the evening. We were at home, reading, chatting, watching television, I don't remember. Suddenly the doorbell rang. That was odd, at ten in the evening. I went to see who it was. A little old man stood there, wearing an overcoat and carrying a small suitcase. The coat was rather threadbare and the man looked tired. It was just like in a film. He said: "Good evening, Monsieur R". And I said: "Yes, what do you want?" "Well, I've been given your name. I've just crossed Paris on foot. I've no money. I

was given your name. Could I stay with you?" It's ten in the evening, you're sitting quietly at home, with the lights on, not bothering anybody. "Who gave you my name?" I asked. "I've forgotten, but someone did. I'm very tired, you know." I hesitated. Yes, it's true I did hesitate. but it didn't make any difference in the end. I said to him: "No, really, I can't help you, I'm terribly sorry". And I shut the door. Then I couldn't sleep. I kept turning it over in my mind. I spent the whole night sitting in a chair, smoking. I said to myself: "What have I done? I've done something quite terrible". And next day, I said to myself: "He'll telephone, something will happen". I asked the porter if he had heard anything: nothing. It took me weeks to get over it. And then--I know it sound too good to be true--some time later, perhaps three months later, the doorbell rang. There was a man, just like in a dream, with a long beard, wearing a hat and a long threadbare coat--and carrying a large briefcase. He never realized what had happened. No sooner had the bell rung than I asked him in, sat him down in the sitting-room, offered him a beer. He must have said to himself: "Just a minute, where exactly have I landed?" And I asked him: "What have you come for?" And he said: "I'm collecting money". And I said: "Why? What's it for?" It was for a Jewish school, at Annecy or Grenoble, I don't remember. "How much do you want?" I asked. "I don't know, give me, let's say, thirty or forty francs." Then I said to him: "All right, listen, come every month, and each time I'll give you eighty francs". He came for six or eight months. Then, I don't know what happened, but he didn't come any more. He must have thought I was completely mad. He couldn't understand. And the beggars in the street don't know either. If they did, they'd all be queuing up at my door.'

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NOTES

1. On the Faurisson affair, see Vidal-Naquet (1981) and Fresco (1981).
2. 'L'Emprise' was the general titre of no. XXIV of the *Nouvelle Revue de Psychanalyse*, autumn 1981. It is difficult in English to find a term that can bear the degree of generality and abstraction possessed by the French word. The sense in which *emprise* (from *prendre*, to take) is used here might be rendered by 'hold' or 'grip', as in such phrases as 'to take hold' or 'to be in the grip' of something (Tr.).
3. In France, a booklet delivered by the mayor's office to couples for the registration of births and deaths (Tr.).
4. 'The black mystery of what happened in Europe is to me indivisible from my own identity. Precisely because I was not there...' (Steiner, 1969).
5. 'Those whose civilization--whose breathing--was entirely defined by Yiddishkeit, those whose very lives depended on the Yiddish domain, were unable, when their culture disappeared, to alter or shift their fundamental allegiance to what no longer existed and which can now exist only in an obsessive, terrified memory' (Marienstras, 1975).

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<<http://www.anti-rev.org/textes/Fresco84a/>>

It is quite obvious that this paper is totally self-centered. Fresco provides here a clue to her own disease and the motivation of a 20-year long quest to defame Rassinier, painting him as an anti-semite, which he simply was not. The clue is the silence which, in her own family, has surrounded the disappearance of an elder sister in the war turmoil in Latvia. Guilt and silence are the twin sources of psychological oppression which she has tried to reject on those who break the silence and dissolve the guilt, i.e. the revisionists. Reread her paper at this light: it all makes sense.

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