

UNSUBDUED, AND PURE OF HEART

A schoolboy born during the war is considered highly gifted both in the sciences and in letters, and sees a very promising future opening up before him.

Fate is to decide otherwise.

He enters adolescence learning that his father was shot to death in obscure circumstances one day in April 1944. And the First World War had already killed his father's father.



Georges M. Theil

Then other deaths in the family weigh on the boy.

The time comes for painful, piercing questions. What is the meaning of these deaths, these wars and, in particular, these Franco-German carnages?

Why in 1870, 1914, 1939, were so many Frenchmen sent to their deaths in order to kill Germans?

Why had there been that trial at Nuremberg? By what right had the butchers of the winning side sat in judgement of the defeated and condemned them to death?

Are we in the presence of a curse? Of a taboo? And does there no longer exist the right to ask questions about certain things? To re-examine history? Why have we needed a law for the repression of sceptics? Who wanted this to happen?

Questions. Answers. Encounters. A mind that searches. A heart that is stirred. A life turned upside down.

A man unsubdued and pure of heart wants to believe that, at the dawn of the third millennium, a free and open debate on the most tragic page of the twentieth century will at last be joined.

Original Title: *Un Cas d'insoumission: Comment on devient révisionniste*
(Samizdat Publications, 2002)

Translated from the French by Nuovo Ordine Europeo, Trieste, Italy

Historical Review Press
Sussex, England
2006

Heresy

Georges M. Theil



Heresy

in Twenty-First Century France



*A case of insubmission
to the "Holocaust" dogma*

Georges M. Theil

With a preface by Robert Faurisson

This book tells a lot about contemporary France. And Europe. This is the confession of a simple man, in the difficult and sometimes painful process of learning about the world's realities.

He has been severely condemned by French Justice. Jail, not suspended, and fines, very heavy.

Readers could help in buying this book, either in French or English, or both.

The best is to write directly to the author and buy the books from him. As we put it online, we strongly urge the readers to support someone who is fighting for the freedom of all.

Write to

Georges M. THEIL
BP 50-38
F- 38037 Grenoble Cedex 2
France

Tél.: 06 60 48 59 59

e-mail : gmtheva@yahoo.fr

Heresy in Twenty-First Century France

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Editor's foreword

On October 7, 2005, the author was convicted by a court in Limoges, where he had sent his book to two prominent wartime *résistants* and an orthodox historian, of "Holocaust denial" or, as the relevant law puts it, for "disputing... the existence of one or more crimes against humanity as defined by the charter of the International Military Tribunal" at Nuremberg in 1945. His sentence is the heaviest yet handed down under that law, dating from 1990: six months' imprisonment without remission, five years' political ineligibility (he is a former Front National regional councillor), permanent confiscation of everything the police had seized at his house (computer, books, documents) and a fine of €30,000. Also, he was ordered to pay damages amounting to nearly €40,000, and will have to bear the costs of publication of the decision in the national and regional press.

Another, similar judgement befell him on January 3, 2006 in Lyon, where he had given an informal television interview: again, six months' imprisonment, a heavy fine, damages. His appeals in the two cases have been rejected, the penalties upheld. He remains free pending appeal to the highest court, the Cour de Cassation.

Historical revisionists readily admit that all their efforts at denouncing the myth of the Jewish "Holocaust" have thus far met with a crushing indifference on the part of the general public. Yet, in a Europe where numerous countries have anti-revisionist laws, more or less modelled on the French "Fabius-Gayssot Act", in force – and very much so, as is borne out all too plainly by cases like that of Georges Theil's little book, which was never even released for public distribution in France – one fact ought to be obvious enough for everyone: the "System" in place, its Thought Police, the European Soviet Union's political commissars assigned with the task of brutally stifling any attempts to expose the horrid lie, of nipping dissidence in the bud, are anything but indifferent to the question. Could it be they have something to fear?

*In memory of the 9,000 innocent German civilians
(amongst whom 4,000 children)
murdered in the Soviet torpedoing of the ocean liner
Wilhelm Gustloff in the Baltic Sea on 30 January 1945,
solely because they were German.*

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PREFACE

Historical revisionism, the great intellectual adventure of the late twentieth century, continues at the dawn of the twenty-first, as perilous as ever.

But what is known of the revisionists? What stuff are they made of, these unsubdued people who, in France or abroad, persist in braving the written and unwritten laws? They are hunted, caught and pilloried, and sometimes their books are burned. The media heap insults upon them without letting them put forth any arguments or defence.

Little by little, these rebels, these recalcitrants, these refuzniks find themselves driven underground; recently they have even been tracked down on the Internet.

In such a state of things, how could the general public get to know them?

The case of Georges Theil offers something of a reply to that question.

Born in 1940, Georges Theil had a rich and solid schooling in provincial France. He even earned himself a reputation as a highly gifted pupil in science and literature. He saw a promising future opening up before him.

However, between the ages of 13 and 22, tragic events came to leave their sombre mark on the existence of the adolescent and youth. At a date well removed, it was revealed to him that in April 1944 his father had been killed in obscure circumstances either by Georgian soldiers in German uniform or by members of the French *milice* fighting on the side of the Germans; the father, an engineer by profession, had been found in possession of a firearm. Already, during the First World War, his father's father had met a tragic death in the Tonkin where, in 1916, he was training local riflemen so that they could be sent to France to "kill the Boche" in the cause of Revenge. Other bereavements struck a family that seemed marked by fate. The young man's reaction was to be an unexpected one. Instead of acting as prompted by a certain conventional imagery and blaming the "Huns" or the "Nazis" for their alleged unleashing of the two world wars, he would question himself about the historical mystery that had made it come to pass that from 1870 to 1945, in the space of three generations, Germans and Frenchmen should kill each other as they had done.

As a Frenchman, it is to the French that he puts his questions on the subject. Having lost a father who himself had been a war orphan, he asks: "Who, in France, could really want that?", or again: "Why were so many Frenchmen sent to their death in an effort to kill Germans?" (Conversely, a young German might ask questions of his compatriots that would be identical but for the fact that, in the case of the Second World War, no German — neither Adolf Hitler

nor any other — had wanted a war with France: it was France who believed she must go to war against Hitler.)

For the young Georges other questions followed, particularly this one: “Why, after the 1945 armistice, was it necessary to dishonour the Germans?” One may well, in effect, wonder what right the butchers of the victorious camp had to judge and convict the defeated in a country that they had reduced to ashes and of which millions of inhabitants in the East were being subjected to an appalling deportation in circumstances quite worse than those which had been experienced by the Jews under German rule.

In the categories of cynicism and phariseism the Nuremberg trial of 1945-1946 is unbeatable. There, the victor judged the vanquished. The victor’s law was retrospective. He instituted the doctrine of collective responsibility. He was not “bound by technical rules of evidence”. He did not “require proof of facts of common knowledge” (*sic*). Sight unseen, he accorded the status of genuine evidence to thousands of reports drafted by French, British, American, Soviet, Yugoslav, Polish, Czechoslovak “war crimes commissions”,... , and so it was, to cite just one example, that the reports of the Soviet political police acquired the status of genuine evidence admitting of no challenge. For that matter, practically nothing in the accusation’s case could be challenged once the accused was presented as having belonged to a “criminal” organisation; at the most, the individual associated with such an organisation would be allowed to plead that, personally, he had played no part in the crime in question. This is what explains why, from 1945 to the present, we have seen so many Germans or so many “collaborators” accept — or appear to accept — the reality of the crime and at the same time deny any personal participation in it. There was — and there is — no hypocrisy nor any cowardice on the part of the accused but rather the simple forced submission to Article 10 of the IMT charter. There was — and there is — no right to challenge the reality and the operation of homicidal gas chambers at Auschwitz but there was — and there is — the right to say “Personally, I did not see or take part in any gassings”. All counsel for the accused had to follow this calamitous line of defence. Like the defence in the witchcraft trials, who also had no choice but to acknowledge the existence of the Evil One, the holding of the black sabbaths and the veracity of all sorts of Satanic horror stories, they still sought to have the court believe that their clients, who had, however, either been at the scene of the crimes or at least been informed of them, had personally taken no part!

Articles 10, 19 and 21 of the charter, which permitted these ignominies, deserve to be printed one day in letters of infamy in the Almanac of rigged trials, judicial stagings and parodies of justice.

But Article 13 may have surpassed Articles 10, 19 and 21 in the category. It is as clear as the blade of the guillotine. Let's quote it:

The Tribunal shall draw up rules for its procedure. These rules shall not be inconsistent with the provisions of this Charter.

In plain English: the presiding judges are to write their own code of criminal procedure! And they will be able to do so in a practically arbitrary manner since the charter's provisions amount to 30 articles conferring to the accusation the greatest latitude and to the defence a minimum of rights.

The Nuremberg trial proved nothing. It made statements.

The general public are not aware of it but the specialists are: all of the proceedings demanded and obtained by Jewish organisations, over a span of more than half a century, and launched either against Germans or against non-Germans accused of collaboration in persecuting the Jews, have been closely modelled on the Nuremberg trial. At the trial of Maurice Papon in France, Article 10 was brought into play yet again: everyone supposed, without the least semblance of evidence being presented, that the Third Reich had pursued a policy of physical extermination of the Jews; no one challenged, protested or demanded any evidence. The accused's barristers, just like their client, bowed and scraped. Everyone knew that if evidence, one bit of evidence, were demanded, that would trigger a worldwide storm.

In France today the kosher version of Second World War history is officially imposed on all by a legislative provision dating from 13 July 1990 and improperly called the "loi Gayssot", whereas the act in question was prepared and obtained by former Prime Minister Laurent Fabius. As early as the spring of 1986, chief rabbi René-Samuel Sirat, flanked by Pierre Vidal-Naquet and other Jewish personalities, had asked for the institution of a special law in order to bar challenges to the Nuremberg trial's holdings on the subject of "crimes against humanity", that is, to put it clearly, "crimes against the Jews". Laurent Fabius, himself a Jew, was the spokesman and the transmission shaft for this Jewish demand.

A number of intellectuals call for a fight against the institutionalised lie and the unjust power of the law but few, in effect, take the risk themselves. Georges Theil, for his part, has chosen the risk. He has done so in deciding to reveal here how and why he embarked on the revisionist adventure.

Robert Faurisson
April 10, 2002

My thoughts turn to [Catholic author Georges] Bernanos, to how at ease he is in his monologue with God. When responsibilities weigh upon him, he takes some and leaves the rest. He has a conscience equipped with all the perfections of modern technology, a thermostat-regulated conscience [...]. He rejects Nagasaki with horror; he wails over Hamburg and sets with care the degree of massacre allowed for the defence of the Human Person. It makes me think of a certain propaganda film about the RAF. Shortly before the squadron's takeoff, a priest in his stole advances towards it: he's come to bless the machines that in a quarter of an hour's time will go and crush a few thousand "Hitlerite" women and children. Your defenders of the Human Person are just like that thoughtless priest. They may wear fine stoles, but we don't forget that they have blessed the face of Death. There are no armies of Right.

Maurice Bardèche, *Lettre à François Mauriac*,
La Pensée Libre, Paris 1947, p. 131

Are you trembling, carcass? You would tremble still more if you knew where I was taking you.

Henri de la Tour d'Auvergne, viscount of Turenne

I

**An attempt at Murder, with Premeditation,
against Germany?**

It was in 1967, in the Latin Quarter: I found myself face to face with Jacques Joubert, like me a former maths prep student at the lycée Saint Louis, whom I hadn't seen for six years. He was now an aeronautical engineer. Our paths had diverged; I kept a recollection of him as an assiduous hard worker who, however, was different from the rest of us: he went out into the world a bit, knew about other things besides maths and physics and, what's more, chased girls as no student at *Mathématiques spéciales* ever did, so to speak.

Our encounter lasted only half an hour. When we shook hands to say goodbye, I had the presentiment that we should probably never meet again. He was keen to tell me: "I've got a book to recommend to you. It's the latest Rassinier: *The Drama of the European Jews*. It won't leave you cold."

On the subject in question I had as yet gone no further than Maurice Bardèche's two iconoclastic writings of which I had learnt from a radical-socialist cousin who'd died long before his time: *Nuremberg ou la Terre promise* and *Nuremberg II ou les Faux monnayeurs*, published in 1948 and 1950, respectively. I headed to the Gibert bookshop right nearby and came out with *The Drama of the European Jews*, Paul Rassinier's last published work.

— Ace, and small slam —

Ten years earlier, the year of the big elementary maths exam, I was what they called an ace, a highly gifted schoolboy, and as soon as I'd passed was propelled to Saint Louis *prépa*, generally known as "la taupe" ("the mole"). After a beginning in fanfare, failure in the entry exam for the prestigious Ecole Polytechnique two years afterwards left me devastated. How could I have failed, I who four years previously had been so brilliant at my first exam, already in the 2nd A form (Latin, Greek, maths), then at elementary maths with the mention "well done"! I who read the Greek philosophers in translation at the age of twelve, never earning a grade lower than 17/20 in maths and physics! The truth was that my "highly gifted" side had indeed disappeared at ages 17-18, and that I refused to admit it. I was, in a way, living on remnants of success that could at times give an illusion, both to myself and those around me. I was perhaps still able to make sparks, but nothing more.

“Somewhat highly gifted”, as my old mathematics teacher of the time was to put it with humour when we met again long afterwards, keen to sum up my case without any fawning.

Those ten years from 1957 to 1967 had made another man of me, in whom there subsisted a will to catch up again, precisely *with those remnants*. A chance meeting had left a mark on me, shortly after my move to Paris: acquaintance with my landlady in the 17th district opened unsuspected horizons with her account of what she and her husband had lived through there in the period of the occupation. She lent me Lucien Rebatet’s *Les Décombres*, which made a strong impression on me. Subsequently I did my 16 months of national service in a NATO unit that saw me work side by side every day with Americans, Germans, Englishmen and Belgians in the indescribable “post-nuclear” context of my battalion.¹

Once back from the army I was involved in a motorbike accident in Paris that nearly cost me my life and left long lasting after effects. In the same year, whilst still convalescent, I met the beautiful Beatrix; I married her the year after. I had accomplished my professional comeback. Now a junior manager in the civil service, I wanted, as soon as I’d served the required time, to sit my ministry’s special internal exam; passing it would enable me, after a programme including the full 17-month degree course at the *Ecole Nationale d’Administration*, to enter the corps of the *Administrateurs civils*. And all that came about as planned.

In late December 1971, when I, a joyful Rabelaisian*, came out through the doors of the ENA, at that time situated in the Rue des Saints-Pères, I dedicated the achievement (my little slam!) to my father, fallen 27 years earlier, because he had had *his* conception of freedom, the conception the man of 27 that he was then could have had in April 1944.

— Death at 27 —

That 10th of April 1944 my father was at the wheel of a van of the Celtia factory, not far from Neuvic, in the Corrèze region. That plant, manufacturing wooden spools for the textile mills and the yarn trade, had been bought by his uncle, and he was director of technical operations. He had been able that day to undertake his project of going to the town of Brive with a factory foreman in order to buy a particular machine and had suggested to his wife’s sister, my aunt Christine, that she accompany them: a great treat for her in those times when automotive traffic was tightly restricted. For the journey she took along her small boy of four, my first cousin. Whilst approaching the town of

Egletons, after driving about 20 miles, they came to a little bridge at a bend in the road: a German patrol that had set up a roadblock ordered them to halt. It was made up of the Georgian back-up troops (of the Vlassov army) who at the period represented the Wehrmacht in Haute-Corrèze.

Inspection of papers, expert search of the vehicle. "Whose revolver?" asks the sergeant in *feldgrau*, brandishing the weapon that he's just found under the front passenger's seat. The three passengers blench and look at one another. My father, a smile on his lips, steps forward. The Georgian takes hold of him: "You, arrested!" and orders the others to turn around and go back to their point of departure, without further ado.

That very evening my father is detained a mile and a half from there in the lycée Albert-Thomas of Egletons, a part of which serves for the quartering of the same Georgians. They keep him in a barricaded room, after installing an army cot. His guards, as he confides to his young wife, are not too bad a lot. He doesn't even complain about the food, with the notable exception of the bread. He's informed of his imminent transfer to Limoges about 70 miles away, to appear before the German military court for the zone. On April 14th he tells my mother that he already knows the harsh sentence: forced labour somewhere in the Reich, surely under a severe regime, in an armaments factory, considering his status of engineer.

On that mid-April day, he knows that he's going to be fetched for the transfer under armed guard. In any case, he's said as much to his wife. He already sees himself seated between two *Feldgraus* en route for the court. And, just now, here they are! Strangely, it isn't a military vehicle but a Citroen *traction-avant*, with French civilians inside! They present themselves to the Georgian sergeant, papers in hand. They take my father, to whom the guards have returned his belongings, not forgetting the money that he'd brought along for the transaction in Brive.

The poor devil is soon riding between two henchmen on the back seat; he can tell by their looks that they're criminals, and understands that it's neither a military court nor a German factory that awaits him, but death.

In the afternoon of that same April 15th, it is announced at Egletons town hall that three miles away a young man lies dead in a pathway twenty yards off the old Egletons-Limoges road that runs further on through the village of Sarran. It's my father. Killed by a single bullet in the back of the neck, as the doctor would specify later, but shot from a certain distance by a revolver: without exiting, the bullet had just penetrated the base of the cerebellum. Apart from that, no sign of struggle, a tranquil face, a slight smile, the nape of the neck a bit swollen by a blood clot.

My mother is only 27 years old, and finds herself a widow with two small children: my sister (aged 2) and me (3 and a half).

The next day, she rushes off to the bureau of the German officer who, she's told, is in charge of the sector. He leers down at her from his height of six feet four inches when she dares to ask why *someone* has killed her husband, why *someone* has stolen his money. Making no effort at courtesy he retorts: "*We don't owe you anything, Madam; and I don't even owe you any explanation! We have nothing to do with your settling of scores between terrorists!*"

**— Horrifying saturnalia...
A thunderous, explosive youngster
A not so ritual slaughter —**

It was difficult, and at school more than elsewhere, being a highly gifted child amongst the "normal" ones.

I sensed it very early on. Already in the classroom, the highly gifted one raises his hand before all the others, on every subject. The teacher grasps this quickly but must pretend somehow not to notice it so as to let the others have their chance and not humiliate them all. I found myself without competition.

At recreation time it often happened that the jealousy of the ordinary and the less clever pupils showed itself openly. Understanding everything before all the others isolated me. However, on some rare occasions I could, in return, enjoy direct conversations with my teachers.

From the upper second form I was at a good Catholic boarding school, a kind of nursery for prospective priestly vocations. Full of fervour for Latin literature, I was able, as early as the third and fourth forms, to read the texts *aperto libro*. I had come by some Latin works that were not on the syllabus and therefore prohibited, since they didn't appear on the restricted list of authorised writings. In the course of a routine search, my copy of Petronius's *Satyricon*, the bilingual edition of Guillaume Budé, was found. I was straight away called before the Superior and copiously reprimanded for being discovered in possession of such a "pernicious" book. *Horresco referens*, they caught me a bit later, at evening study session, reading the *Saturnalia* of Macrobius in the bilingual Garnier edition. This time the Superior was choked with indignation. "But really, you couldn't be unaware of what is meant by the term *Saturnalia*! It designates a period at the end of the year where the Roman people, the populace, openly and unrestrainedly gave themselves over to the worst debauchery! How can you have been attracted by a book with a title like that?"

Quite obviously, the Superior had not read the book, a remark that I ventured to make. I summed up the contents for him. “Macrobius, a man of letters of the late fourth century, had taken advantage of those days of the yearly festival to meet with some learned friends and discuss literature, poetry, science or history, at that fascinating period which would soon see the collapse of Rome. It’s a precious work for anyone interested in those Roman literary figures who still remained attached to the old religion several decades after Constantine’s edict of Milan, and nostalgic for the imperial, radiant Rome”.

The priggish pedant in a cassock cut me off there and informed me that he was going to send a letter to my mother.

I learned a little later that the holy man had in fact had a talk with my mother, ingratiatingly explaining to her that I ought to have been expelled. I was “not pious” (I had disclosed in private to the religion teacher, a good chap at that, that I did not accept certain dogmas of the Catholic faith) and, especially, I had brought into his respectable establishment at least two “unseemly” books. But, considering my remarkable scholastic results, the school wanted to keep me nonetheless.

My passion for classical letters was also, of course, directed at ancient Greek, which attracted me with its immediate graphical beauty, its delicacy, precision, richness; Bailly’s dictionary was my scholarly pastime, by virtue of its wealth of linguistic and philological information, revealing to me the correspondences with the other European languages. Thus did I begin to draw up tables based on original roots that were most likely closest to both Sanskrit and reconstituted Indo-European. I listed the Latin, Greek, Romance, Germanic and Slavic words that could be linked to the primæval “skeleton”. Whilst doing this, I had the feeling of advancing along steep paths leading to mountaintops from which I should discover undreamt of vistas. Later on, of course, I was to acquire Julius Pokorny’s big, fundamental *Indogermanisches etymologisches Wörterbuch*², and would be impassioned of philological works on the subject of languages arising from primæval Indo-European.³

With my good head for maths I was always first in the class in that subject as well as in physics and chemistry, with a predilection for trigonometry, analytical calculus and inorganic chemistry. Whilst in the fourth and fifth forms I had come by some big chemistry books and lab equipment. With my loads of retorts and Welsbach burners, I carried out chemical experiments with true delight. This went on, in holiday periods, in a shed beside the fine old house where my paternal grandmother lived. Nearly five acres of park adorned that abode, which was heaven to me.

One day in July 1956 the postman, a disquieted look on his face, came

to tell me that two heavy parcels, addressed to me, had been received at the post office but that he refused to deliver them on his round, for they bore bright-coloured labels reading “toxic substance”, “explosive”, “corrosive”. My first order with Prolabo had arrived, containing some basic ingredients. In particular, there were concentrates of sulphuric and nitric acid in smoked-glass bottles isolated in silica powder. I would use these substances in the building of rockets that I wanted to put together at small expense.

I soon became known in the area for my thunderous and explosive experiments that alerted the countryside each summer. My intent was to perfect, even in a rather rudimentary way, the most propulsive chemical mixture possible, whether solid, putty-like or powdery, and whose combustion would be neither too quick nor too slow. One of my first rockets, loaded with at least ten pounds of a powder of my own making, failed to take off and blew up on its wooden “launching pad”. An adjacent oak tree was half defoliated by the blast. A new rocket, which took off but like all the rest was rather badly guided, after a high parabolic trajectory fell right in the middle of a flock of sheep belonging to a nearby farmer called Camille. It hadn’t directly touched any of the animals but one ewe, frightened by the fall of the burning missile that had crashed into the ground beside it, growling and smoking, ran straight into the barbed-wire fence where it slit its throat. The farmer, having observed the scene from a distance, rushed into the field with his servant. The two countrymen, after seizing the big metallic cylinder, dented and still burning hot, railed at me. “You can go and fetch your torpedo... at the police station.” At police court, the magistrate, holding back his laughter, fined me twenty francs for “petty violence” whilst I voiced regrets for my act of negligent ovicide.

— **Heaven, *unter den Linden*** —

The school holidays were the occasion to read and to make notes. My mother had just given me a motor scooter, which became the ideal device for methodically exploring the region. A relative made me a gift of a glass-panelled bookcase (whose contents were to be stolen years later) and I enthusiastically installed it in my new 450-square foot room on the ground floor of the lovely house, which was to remain my solitary retreat until I reached 30.

In those fine days of July 1958 I was not yet 18, with my two *baccalaureates* and an entry ticket to science prep classes beginning in late September. With the two wide-open windows, the comforting buzz of the bees in the ancient linden tree facing my new bookcase, I was overjoyed. I stocked the shelves

in line with my favourite subjects. Now before my eyes was the scientific row, with the fat red Troost of general chemistry (outdated in its contents), Figuier's *La Terre et les mers*, treatises of algebra, maths and physics exams with explanations of correct answers, specialist works published by Duno and five popularisations by the American physicist G. Ganow, who filled me with enthusiasm. These books introduced me to the theory of relativity and quantum mechanics. I savoured the subtle mystery of mathematics; a pure product of the human brain, the mathematical sciences can just as well live a life of their own as enlist themselves in the service of the material sciences. I had a passion for the calculation of probabilities, the laws of great numbers and their prodigious conclusions ending up in the paradox of certainties being obtainable from chance phenomena. On the subject of gambling and expectations of winnings, one particular demonstration, embellished with integrals and equations "of partial derivatives", opportunely taught me that *of all possible gambling strategies, the best is not to gamble at all*.

Above these volumes, the authors of classical antiquity, shelved between Bailly and Bornecque: the bilingual Budé classics, ochre for the fifteen Greek and brick-red for the forty Latin, the grammars (Petitmangin for Latin, Ragon for Greek, Carpentier-Fialip for English), the studies of place names by Meillet and Dauzat along with the costlier and more academic philological works published by Klincksieck. For the old books section, I had received as a present Tome II (only!) of Montesquieu's *Esprit des lois* in a period leather-bound edition. I already possessed a *Géographie* by Crozat dating from 1794 and Mme de Genlis's *Contes moraux*. There was also an *Albert moderne* in a general edition of the 17th century, a sort of manual of folk medicine whose recipes, made up of witches' ingredients, I enjoyed reciting to the occasional guest.

Under the science shelf I arranged writings of novelists and short story authors: a score of books by Jules Verne, of course, three or four of Balzac's novels, the *Mémorial* by Las Cases, *Don Quixote* in French translation, Chateaubriand with his *Itinéraire*, Poe, Dickens, Stendhal, S. Lagerlöf, Arthur Conan Doyle, H. G. Wells, H. H. Ewers, some Daudet, a Goncourt, Edmond About's *Le Roi des montagnes*, Madame de Staël with her *Allemagne*, tales by Maupassant, two books by Octave Mirabeau, a few by Francis Carco, Paul Morand, Montherlant; no compendium of poetry except Baudelaire's *Fleurs du mal* and an anthology in which I found the hermetic character of Mallarmé intriguing. I'd eliminated a book by Paul Valéry, received as a gift, for it was mind-numbing. I didn't like Victor Hugo and wanted none of him on my shelves. I recall Voltaire's *Candide* and *Dictionnaire Philosophique*,

works by Saint-Simon, Michelet, the *Mémoires du beau Lauzun*. Two books of Nietzsche's in French translation: *Ecce Homo* and *The Birth of Tragedy*. Two of Céline's: *Journey to the End of Night* and *Death on the Instalment Plan*. Amongst the less orthodox books, bequeathed by the radical socialist cousin, *La Fin des religions* by Auguste Dide, Renan's *Life of Jesus* and the two "Nurembergs" by Maurice Bardèche. I thought I could sense a kinship of spirit between Renan's work and Bardèche's. "Are you aware that *The Life of Jesus* is on the Index?" asked my grandmother one day, facetiously. That reflection roused my curiosity. From then on I was "indexed".

In the two lower rows: travels, geographical studies, books on auto and motorcycle mechanics, a medical dictionary of 1911 that prescribed, with insistence, the use of "bismuthous magnesium"; collections of the magazine *Science et Vie*, science fiction books (Jimmy Guieu!), both old and recent issues of *Paris Match* and a few of *Le Crapouillot*, some copies of *Signal*, the French-language weekly published by the Germans during the occupation, with its impressively realistic photos. I was soon to add *The Morning of the Magicians* and the review *Planète*.

At the very bottom, a dozen or so old books that my grandmother had chosen for me from her own collection and that I'd ended up accepting: writings of Gyp, Marcel Prévost, Félicien Champsaur, Paul Bourget and the like, a biography of Madame Steinheil. Not to mention a Bible, a protestant one, in which I'd marked off the particularly shocking passages.

Such was, essentially, the inventory of my treasures at the age of 18.

— The enigma of death —

Being confronted by death and trying to take stock of it constitute a decisive moment for the child and adolescent. Already, when I was nine, my maternal grandmother had passed on. Many an evening had I marvelled at the tales of Perrault that she could tell to perfection. Next to leave us, much too young, the radical socialist cousin, who had become my legal guardian after my father's death. His last job was that of technical advisor to the staff of Edgar Faure, minister of Justice. I admired him for his knowledge and his experience in life. It was with him that I'd only recently made my first big journey by car, reaching Paris — over 250 miles distant — in a *traction avant*. Also gone was my great uncle Ernest, owner of the Celtia factories, who had nicknamed me "Mr Why"; he knew how to answer all my many queries. I declined to kiss him on his deathbed as I was bidden to do. I was eleven years old.

One day in June 1958 the body of a thirteen year old boy, who'd gone

down like a stone, was pulled up onto the bank of our pond. First our gym instructor, then the firemen with their oxygen bottles, had tried to bring him round. There we stood, silent, contemplating the bluish face, when his parents arrived. His mother fainted and collapsed before our eyes. I perceived death as an enigma.

A few weeks later I heard of the death of my cousin Jean, aged 18. A real athlete, a top swimmer, he had sought to go to the aid of some companions caught in rough waters but he drowned. Only after 18 days was his body recovered. His parents were never to get over this tragic loss.

One August evening in 1962, a young relative, the pretty Agnès, 27 years old, left the Madrid hotel where she used to spend a month each summer. Soon afterwards she was found drowned in the shallow waters of the Manzanares.

How could these three deaths in the family — my father at age 27, Jean at 18, Agnès at 27 — be explained?

Agnès's sudden death was shrouded in mystery. Was it suicide? Murder? An accident? I managed to get hold of the Spanish dailies and weeklies, all of which mentioned this lovely, elegantly dressed young Frenchwoman who spoke a perfect Spanish and who had just been discovered drowned. She had not suffered any violence.

— Did you say “In the name of *civilisation*”? —

All in all, concerning Agnès and my father, neither my mother nor my aunt wanted to know any more than they already did.

For my mother, her husband had simply fallen as a martyr of the occupation, a silent hero, a fighter in the shadows.

As for me, I was caught between all the conjectures that assailed me as soon as I inquired of anybody: once arrested, had my father not probably been denounced to the Germans or the Vichy police as a dangerous *résistant* (which he was not in the least but which could only have made his case worse)? And had a staging of sorts not been organised to have him picked up at his improvised jail in Egletons by some hired assassins, French *Gestapaches*? I was told that the Germans regularly preferred to see “dirty work” done by mercenaries from the occupied lands themselves. Someone offered me another version: my father hadn't wanted to be questioned by the special services who were waiting to see him before his date at the military court and so had tried to flee by breaking out of the *traction avant*. Or still another: the large sum of money that he had on him aroused the envy of the car's occupants, who thus preferred to liquidate him on the pretext that he'd tried to escape. And other

explanations were possible as well.⁴

For my father's mother, her son had let himself be drawn into a quite unwise adventure. Always with a smile on his face, for such was his nature, my father, according to her, had wanted to help those *maquisards*, one of whose chiefs entrusted him with a revolver "just in case", a gesture sure to send him to his death should he ever be caught carrying the thing. My grandmother despised those people, holding them responsible for her son's death. Besides, had the actions of those FFI and FTP moved ahead by a single day the advent of the Normandy landings? Had the blows they'd struck not usually resulted only in reprisals against the innocent? But she often came to the conclusion that her son had acted as a man who was sure of himself and convinced of the soundness of his choice. At such moments she bore the look of a fine, gentle old lady from whom war had claimed the two men who'd had all her love: her husband and her son.

Her husband had been killed in the Tonkin in June 1916. A young officer, he commanded the border post of Lao-Kay, facing the successors of the Chinese river pirates, the *Pavillons noirs* ("black flags"). Before that he had had a "glorious war" facing the Germans at the Aube front, where he led a company of Tonkinese riflemen who nearly all lost their lives either crushed under the German 77 millimetre shells or else overcome by the cold of their first winter in the icy mud of the trenches. Seriously wounded, he had received a promotion and an assignment to Indochina. Then he and his fiancée got married and had a three-week honeymoon in Vichy, after which he left for the Far East, never to return but in a leaden coffin draped in the tricolour. He of course never saw his infant son, my father, who at the age of just three months became a war orphan. And that was to be precisely my lot in 1945.

Could they be called heroic, those two men?

One day my grandmother put a question that made me stop and think.

Your grandfather the officer had the official job of training those Tonkinese and of making the most efficient, the cruellest possible "Boche-killers" of them. "There are twenty million Germans too many!" Clemenceau said, didn't he?

Yes. And just how many "Boches" was your grandfather thus able to get killed? A few, or hundreds? Thousands, maybe? France, our country, sent officers like him 6,000 miles away to train Asiatics to kill Germans, our neighbours, our close kin, as we were well aware; it makes me dizzy. And after all, wasn't your father perhaps the victim of a kind of immanent justice? I often think that an immanent justice struck

*him down; without knowing it and of course without understanding it, in 1944 he ended up paying with his own life for the criminal error of our rulers whom I saw plunge France into two wars against Germany in less than 25 years. Let's not forget the sorry emperor Badinguet** either; the one who took himself for Napoleon in 1870 and didn't hesitate to declare war on Germany on a frivolous pretext, with the catastrophic outcome that we know, for the chassepots hadn't, all things considered, really worked wonders.****

The notion of “immanent justice” left me, and still leaves me, perplexed. And that reflection is still present in my mind whenever I ponder the tragic history of the 20th century.

I had occasion to read some violently anti-German works from before 1914 in what remained of my grandmother's little library. I've kept one of them: *La Menace allemande*, by a certain André Barre. This book, written circa 1908, is a veritable incitement to murder, a declaration of war on the Germany of Wilhelm II, a fervent augury of European war. As if maddened by that Germany's technical and economic progress, the author calls for the mobilisation of the Latins and Slavs against the German empire:

Within a short span of years the world is to see the following: the German flag will fly over 86 million Germans, and these will govern a territory inhabited by 130 million Europeans. In that vast territory, the Germans alone will exercise political rights [...]. They will then be, as in the Middle Ages, a people of masters, merely condescending to let menial tasks be carried out by the peoples submitted to their domination.⁵

At the beginning of the 20th century a French engineer with a degree from *Arts et Métiers*, Victor Cambon ⁶, wrote several books on what he had seen across the Rhine. After an impartial portrayal of the German people's qualities (love of knowledge, solid work, self confidence, hardy initiative, spirit of organisation, discipline), he sought to understand and explain the astounding development of German industry and research. He attributed it to the country's unique system of training: “Germany's prodigious industrial expansion would remain inexplicable were its description not preceded by a visit to her establishments of vocational instruction.” He noted, moreover, that the fertile ground from which those schools had sprung was a veritable cult of instruction at all levels; the farmers themselves, living as semi-townsfolk (which, he pointed out, “tangibly raises their intellectual level”), had access to it:

Their dress shows it; in Germany it is difficult to tell a farmer from a well-dressed workman and, above all, one does not come across, as in certain out-of-the-way districts in France, those savage-looking beings in indescribable garb, living by themselves in secluded thatched cottages in the manner of prehistoric man.

The result of this legislation and of these mores: not one in a thousand Germans is illiterate. But this remark seems to me insufficient: it matters little that a man has learned to read if, his whole life long, he never reads. However, newspapers and books are to be found in the hands and in the homes of Germans of every station in life.

Perusing this book the reader plainly senses that it does not take long for the initial admiration, although set forth objectively, to give way to a muffled anxiety.

After some meticulous descriptions of industrial plants, their organisation of production and labour, he reaches this conclusion:

Certainly, today's Germany fears no manufacturing country as a competitor. [...] One must only ask: does it follow that she will be able to impose her merchandise on the entire world? Shall we not see, pretty well everywhere, the customs officers come onto the scene? The other nations will protect their ageing or burgeoning industries against the mighty Germany. England is already showing an example of this with her law on foreign patents. This reaction, once followed and surpassed everywhere, would become a worldwide embargo. Would it have to be breached by cannon fire? A harsh, but by no means implausible, proposition.

These are the difficulties that darken the German empire's horizon; we see them clearly and must, without exaggeration, call them worrisome.

Here one may already see, as in a premonition, that in our author's eyes it was no great distance from the customs houses to the artillery stations. That century over, we may note with today's hindsight, staying on the economic plane alone, the following actions: in 1923, dismantling and pillage of German factories; in 1943 and 1944, systematic destruction of German cities and industrial sites; in 1945, massive theft of German patents and capture of engineers and scientists involved in nuclear and rocket research, all for the benefit of the victors; from

1945 to 1948 the deportation of about 20 million Germans and the theft of everything they owned; from 1945 to 1990, the enslavement of the 18 million Germans of the Soviet zone (the late German Democratic Republic).

In 1913 the journalist Georges Bourdon, correspondent for *Le Figaro*, made a lengthy stay in Germany, of which he wrote in a series of articles. The complete report that he assembled in a book published that year, *The German Enigma*, showed that what he himself saw beyond the Rhine did not square with the negative image of Germany given by the French press. He recounted, for instance, a talk he had had with the East-Prussian born man of letters Hermann Sudermann, who, in his capacity as a playwright, was in regular contact with the German public. The subject was the two countries' feelings towards each other.

"Ah!" he exclaimed at my first words, "all you French are the same. When I go to Paris and see to what a degree the sentiments of Germany are misunderstood there, I scarcely know what to say. I should like to shout in their ears, 'You are mistaken. You believe lies. You lie to yourselves.' [...] Yes, yes. Everything that you suppose, everything that you believe, is pure delusion. In the whole of Germany there is nothing but sympathy for France and for all that comes from France, and I have never met a single person who would not regard the mere prospect of a renewed conflict as a profound calamity. I give you my word for it. It is the strictest and most absolute truth. Beyond that, everything is fancy and a figment of the imagination.

[...] "Germany ill disposed indeed! I ask you to compare our conduct with yours. What role does the German play in your caricatures, your books, your theatres, your cafés chantant? He is repellent, a clown, a surly brute with no manners, he eats like a glutton, and behaves badly; shady affairs, equivocal transactions, dirty tricks are the stage stock-in-trade of the German Jew; in fact, the infamous villain whom everyone scouts, disdains, and abhors is always a German! Now look on the other side of the picture, go from one end of Germany to the other, look into our theatres, our cafés, concert halls, open our comic papers, whether in Berlin, Frankfurt, Breslau, or Munich, and you will find the Frenchman always depicted in an amiable and sympathetic light. Not long ago one of our best novelists, Walther Blöm, published a book, L'Année de fer, of which the action takes place during the 'great war' (that of 1870), and among his leading characters is a French officer

*endowed with every noble quality. I should not have a very pleasant task if I tried to put before you all that French literature has written about us since Maupassant. Indeed, I would rather leave it alone. Well, you may believe me that our literature and our theatre register, whether they know it or not, the feeling and ideas of the great mass of the people. All my generation has been brought up to regard France with sentiments of respect and sympathy, and what I am saying to you is what the whole of enlightened Germany thinks.”*⁷

Already in 1876 a French book by one Victor de Saint-Genis, *L'Ennemi héréditaire*, after trying to demonstrate that France had been threatened by Germanic invasions since 1000 AD (whilst at the same time naively demonstrating that the French realm's territorial progress had been made to the nearly exclusive detriment of the German empire), violently took to task those Frenchmen who had had the courage to recognise the good qualities of the German people, along with the fact that we ought to show a positive interest in our neighbours.

*Who then have propagated in France so many dangerous errors, so many illusions on the character, the genius, the spirit, the appetites of the Germans? Two writers whose talent served mainly their grudges and who flattered Germany only to avenge themselves on the French: Voltaire, who did so much harm to our country with his elegant hypocrisies and the eloquent charm of his slanders; Mme de Staël, ignorant and gullible. We are getting over the effects of these grievous errors a bit late.*⁸

Voltaire, a “bad Frenchman”! What a crime to have admired the great Frederick and his military and political organisation!

I became aware, upon reading all these works, of the great wave of Germanophobia that many French were active in maintaining well before 1914. All of these writings ascribed the very darkest designs to the German empire: a far cry from the admiration that Taine and Renan, a few decades previously, had felt for the depth of the German genius. They seemed to voice an ever-growing anxiety before that country's progress in all areas. People came to wish ardently for war with Germany, a war presented at first as one of necessary revenge for the defeat of 1870 and the loss of Alsace-Lorraine. Then, from 1905 onwards, the order of the day was plain and simple racial hatred. The German had to be physically destroyed for the simple reason that

he was German. There appeared manifold incitements to kill the Germans, which could not fail to permeate a good many minds and to lead finally to the evil joy of August 1914, when the soldiers went off to war.⁹

Soon afterwards some remarks by Auguste, another member of the family, were to leave me still more baffled. This particularly knowledgeable man was esteemed by all. In 1917, whilst working towards his *bac*, he had been called up to serve in an artillery unit at the front. He came back marked for life. Later on he was in the French occupation forces in the Rhineland. More than forty years after the events the assessment that he drew from his two military experiences could be summed up in these terms:

France in no way deserved to be counted amongst the victors of 1918. That war, which she had ardently desired, had brought her more human hurt and psychological disasters than benefits. In 1919, at the signing of the treaty of Versailles, a monument of iniquity, France doubtless thought she had, with her allies, won the war against Germany.

But that Germany had been outnumbered 6 to 1, and France couldn't boast of being superior to her. The opposite was true. In 1923, day after day, I saw with my own eyes the reality of that defeated Germany. I was stupefied.

I can say that in the occupation of the Rhineland I took part in a looting expedition. We came to that highly civilised country as dismantlers of factories and pilferers. I saw many German homes from the inside, including those of the most modest employees and workers. The pianos that I sometimes found in workers' houses were not there for show. The love of the fine arts, of music, of reading was omnipresent.

Our rulers had dared to hurl us against the Germans allegedly in the name of Civilisation, whereas those people were well ahead of us on a good many levels. That war of 1914-1918 was brought on by a group of nations that were jealous and worried at seeing the Germans develop rather too fast for their liking. Those people outclassed us in almost every field. We Frenchmen were in the forefront of the barbaric nations.

This kind of talk, as I've said, disturbed me deeply; I sensed something of the great mystery of the 20th century that I have yet to unravel today, for I wonder still about the reasons for the hatred that pushed the West to turn against its true centre of gravity, against its own heart, against itself.

Too often, when Germany is concerned, French historians become hazy. For example, here is how, as late as 1958, two of them, writing a textbook for

the upper sixth form, explained the Germans' responsibility in the sparking off of the First World War.¹⁰

The deftness of the [German] travelling salesmen, who abided by the taste of the local clientele rather than imposing their available models, won ever widening markets for the Reich, to the particular detriment of England. If Germany had continued in that way for ten years or so, she would, rather than going to war, have achieved the economic domination of the world. But like the sorcerer's apprentice of Germanic legend, Germany was overcome by the forces that she had let loose.

These alleged explanations (a bit repetitive, if truth be told) didn't satisfy me. In effect, they all proceeded from a supposition according to which Germany's existence, given the dynamism of her people, constituted a hindrance for the other countries of Europe. The good qualities of this nation — method, technology, the importance attached to well done work and to after-sales service on products, scientific rigour in all fields — would somehow be sources of worry for the others. The flaw naturally accompanying these qualities, namely the self-assurance of the Germans, then brings on accusations of arrogance. Whatever they do, they disturb the rest of the world. In fact, the one at the top of the class is seldom liked: I myself knew something about that. Guilty of being what they are, the Germans are decreed to be "too German" and, by that token, their leaders find themselves in the position of the accused before a sort of permanent international tribunal.

Let's stop here for a moment and imagine, in this trial of Germany, what case she might make against such an indictment. Is Germany a country "gone astray" amidst the other states of Europe? It could be argued in principle that a people living within the community of European nations does not go astray for centuries without there being some fault in the matter on the part of others. It must be agreed to begin with that all equilibrium had been broken by the Thirty Years War, during which the armies of the whole of Europe chased the German populations from pillar to post and left an appalling chaos in their wake. After two centuries of eclipse, during which the victors of 1648 took care to keep Germany in a state of division and weakness, the German people borrowed the modern idea of nationhood from French rationalism and the revolution of 1789. It could be asserted that Germany was then only adopting foreign principles; that, having come late to the realisation of her national existence, she acquired perhaps a more forceful awareness of it and went on to impress the fact of that existence on a Europe which, in part, was quite

reluctant to recognise it. One can quite easily imagine how this argument might continue, what with all its elements having appeared in the German schoolbooks of the National Socialist period. A rather lucid analysis of the question is provided by Albert Béguin, author of a 1946 work that was as anti-German as it was customary to be then:

The fact remains that we did almost nothing to keep Germany within the union of the European states. The fact especially remains that if we other peoples of Europe had gone about presenting to Germany a more convincing portrayal of our community and better way of life, she would perhaps not have exaggerated our errors to the point of making their very worst aspects apparent. Let us at least be mindful that a more just and more beautiful Europe would have offered to the Germans' spiritual appetite other examples than those which she followed, and other satisfactions than those towards which she eagerly cast herself.

A. Béguin continued with considerations on National Socialism and the “re-education” of the Germans that was starting at the time:

National Socialism roused in its followers a heroism, and at times a kind of saintliness, which were of course tainted in the principle that they put Man in the service of humanity, but which despite everything inspired genuine sacrifices. Those young men conquered Europe by means of their blind courage; for twelve years they lived an amazing existence, free, without bourgeois caution, with nothing of the reserved, the safeguarded: the soldier's existence. Then they experienced the immense defeat, they saw that their personal sacrifice had been in vain, that what they sincerely believed to be a revolution and the dawning of a new human world had failed. And now they are expected to listen to professors, to sermonisers in whom they have always seen — and often rightly — people more preoccupied with conserving their social standing, their bourgeois self-respect, their prejudices and their spiritual comfort than with defending sacred values! We may go still further: many of these young men, tricked by a propaganda that abused certain words, pushed sacrifice to the point of sacrilege, that of divesting themselves of their soul [...]. And they would be offered a good little well-behaved life, organised on the model of the peaceful Swiss or Scandinavian democracies! One can be certain beforehand that they will not even understand what their instructors are talking about.¹¹

In her biography of Lenin the historian Hélène Carrère d'Encausse, who is not known for being especially pro-German, writes:

*He [Lenin] was fascinated by the German intellectual model (German philosophy was particularly attractive to the Russian elites at the turn of the century), by German science and technology, and by the German talent for state and military organization. Compared with Germany, Russia represented for him "Asiatic barbarism". He further thought that it was no accident that Marxism had been invented and developed by Germans. When he thought about Russia, he considered revolution the only certain way of lifting it out of its backwardness, its "Asiatic barbarism" and one day, after great effort, making it into a copy of Germany.*¹²

We may also quote Robert N. Proctor, the quite politically correct American professor of the history of science at Pennsylvania State University who, in 1999, wondered, with regard to a particular aspect of medicine under the 3rd Reich (cancer research), about Germany's remarkable advance "decades ahead of other countries in promoting health reforms that we today regard as progressive and socially responsible":

*[...] Nazism took root in the world's most powerful scientific culture, boasting half of the world's Nobel Prizes and a sizable fraction of the world's patents. German science and medicine were the envy of the world, and it was to Germany — the "land of scholars and poets" — that many academic hopefuls flocked to cut their scientific teeth.*¹³

— The single way of thinking —

"You ought to quit following this catastrophic bent of yours... If you persist in thinking and talking that way, you'll bring some serious trouble upon yourself. It's not the done thing to speak up for Germany, and that's how it is. Whether you like it or not, the Nuremberg trial after the Second World War settled the matter. Hitler's Germany, Germany full stop even, according to Jaspers, has been found guilty of so many crimes that your research and comments on the 1919 Treaty of Versailles, as valid and relatively objective as they may be, will always seem suspect. The discovery in the spring of 1945 of the Nazi camps, of their living dead and their thousands of corpses, of their gas chambers,

demonstrated the enterprise of extermination that underlay Nazism: there'll be no going over it again. Try to understand that."

That, in substance, was what I might hear when, in the 70s, I risked setting forth my analysis of what I held to be the suicide of the West in the first half of the 20th century.

The wars of 1914-1918 and 1939-1945 appeared more and more to have been a two-stage attempt by a powerful coalition of interests at killing the German people. Moreover, my frequent travels to western Germany from 1967 onwards, and also, despite all sorts of difficulties, to the "GDR", as well as to Austria, Poland and Scandinavia, and my readings of what was being published on Germany strengthened my opinion that that country was innocent of just about everything that had been imputed to her by an incessant hammering of lies.

Even before reading Paul Rassinier, I had got the feeling that with regard to Germany and the two great conflicts of the 20th century, an official history had established itself. Then in the 70s there were, on the one hand, the accounts I heard from the mouths of various Germans little over 25 years after the last war and, on the other hand, the ex-Allies' and Israel's permanent charges against Germany for unprecedented crimes; the latter seemed to me to have become the indispensable consideration needed to veil both the apocalypse of the massive bombing raids on the German population by the Allies and the abominable deportation of some 15 to 20 million Germans from their ancestral homes in Prussia, Silesia, the Sudetenland and Hungary.

All things considered, had Germany not suffered more than any other belligerent? Hadn't the Anglo-Americans tried, with success, to burn alive great numbers of the German civilian population by dropping tens of thousands of phosphorous bombs on residential districts, for example at Hamburg in July 1943? In that instance there were nearly 80,000 dead! Oradour-sur-Glane more than 100 times over! In the space of two consecutive nights and days in February 1945, the Allied aviation perpetrated at Dresden well over 200 Oradours! Shouldn't the instigator of the Dresden attacks, Winston Churchill, assume his place in the ranks of the biggest war criminals ever? ¹⁴ How can it be explained that the greatest deportation of all history, desired and planned by Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin, was that of 18 million Germans chased from their homelands in the period of 1945 to 1948, a deportation carried out in conditions so horrible as to cause the death of probably two million amongst them, if not more? ¹⁵

At this point one observation was and remains essential: on these quite real

crimes committed against the Germans, the official propaganda put in place since 1945 — and especially after the Nuremberg “trial” verdict — has nothing to say. It goes on *ad nauseam* about the Germans’ having premeditated and put into operation a policy of physical extermination of the Jews of Europe and having, for that purpose, perfected and used chemical slaughterhouses called “gas chambers”. But where is the material evidence, where are the forensic analyses, the *authenticated testimonies* of direct witnesses? Raul Hilberg, author of *The Destruction of the European Jews*, answers that there simply aren’t any and, in his sole explanation of this absence, asserts that the Germans made the material evidence vanish and murdered the true witnesses.¹⁶

I was struck by one special aspect of the Germanic character that I discovered in the course of my many visits, journeys, discussions and attempts at crosschecking: the German, the Germanic man, advances through life by his patient labour, his technical skill, his care to see through to the end whatever undertaking he starts, his honesty; there is in him something of the poet, the engineer, the researcher, that abhors lying or the resort to ruse in order to trick people, that instinctively rejects duplicity and cheating in business. It is no accident that Voltaire’s *Candide* is German: there lies his disadvantage in an environment of greed and jealousy. So it is that others will seek to fool him in order to defraud him if possible and exploit him always, from within or without. When he realises this, our German’s wrath can prove formidable.

After the 11th of November 1918, having obtained the armistice, Germany was forced by her opponents to accept anything and everything, including the most monstrous injustices and lies: her guilt, decreed by the Allies, in starting the war, the obligation to pay enormous reparations (the equivalent of 3 ½ times the entire world’s gold reserves!)¹⁷, the prohibition of political union with Austria who, for her part, demanded that union, the loss, through cession to Poland, of immense territories that had been German for seven centuries, the aberration of the incorporation of 3 ½ million Germans in a new Slavic state arbitrarily pieced together (the late “Czechoslovakia”), the maintaining *after the armistice*, and thus in defiance of international law, of a pitiless blockade, the loss of all her colonies to the victors, who were keen to take advantage of the modern infrastructure installed in those lands by Germany, the outright theft of her ships and submarines, soon followed by the dismantlement and pillaging of her factories and, worse still, the vilest war propaganda lies against her, complacently put about by the same victors. According to their rumours, between 1914 and 1918 the Germans had cut off the hands of small children in Belgium, had raped nuns in their convents and cut off their breasts; they had reduced to soap the fat of their enemies’ corpses, or of their own fallen

soldiers, crucified Canadian airmen who had come into their hands alive; and at least 700,000 Serbs had been gassed by the Austro-Boches.

One grows dizzy at the listing of all these lies which, afterwards, were demolished one after the other.

I had been unsettled by Paul Rassinier's two books, *Le drame des juifs européens* (1964) and *Les Responsables de la Seconde guerre mondiale* (1967), which brought me a singular enlightenment. The desire to know more about it all, to untangle the true from the false, above all to learn the reasons for the concealment of the historical truth about the first half of the 20th century in regard to everything touching on Germany, and thus on our own destiny as Europeans, seemed to me morally and psychologically essential, and a good deal more than just a nonconformist intellectual adventure.

A confirmation of my observations came to me one day in July of 1969. We had rented a house in Brittany for our summer holidays. That day we were invited to lunch by a Parisian couple, friends of ours who had made their summer residence of a refurbished cottage nearby. The man was an ethno-sociologist, already known in that somewhat restricted milieu, and openly conscious of his presumed scholarly merit. His wife, aware of my subjects of interest, had warned us of his sensitivity and of the extreme reactions (leftist ones, of course) that could be expected of him. In our conversations, at his end always ideologically marked, I practically never tried to contradict him. That day he got onto the subject of what he termed the general and underhanded post-colonial exploitation of the peoples of the *so-called* third world by the *so-called* developed countries. I decided to take the plunge. With only our wives present, I put it to him brusquely:

Perhaps you're right when you speak for Africa, about exploitation of those peoples by other peoples. But there exists in the present-day world an exploitation that you don't breathe a word about, a two-fold exploitation striking a certain people before our very eyes, in 1969 and in Europe itself: — on one side a piece sliced off from Germany, and curiously called "GDR", whose 18 million inhabitants are locked forever behind the most formidable border in the world; these 18 million Germans, as you must be well aware, are guarded by 700,000 heavily armed Soviet soldiers (in other words one red soldier for every 25 Germans!), and bound to forced labour in the service of the Soviet occupiers; their country has undergone a methodical looting, with many entire factories dismantled and carried off to the USSR;
— *on the other side, and this concerns at least all the Germans, an*

incessantly hammered propaganda accusing the late German Reich of the premeditated putting to death of 6 million Jews between 1941 and 1945. However, apart from the “premeditation” slander, this figure is monstrously bloated, and Rassinier, for instance, proposes, with arguments to back it up, a maximum number of a million Jews dead, having perished during that time of a whole range of causes, classic ones, alas inherent to war itself.

Isn't that an additional and most cruel form of exploitation, political or otherwise, of a whole people: wrongly charging them with responsibility for millions of deaths?

The man blew his top: “If what you’ve just said ever spread about, then Germany would have to be divided not in two or four, but made to disappear in thousands of pieces. Who are you, yourself and Rassinier, not to take the Nuremberg judgement into account?” He got up and left. We could see him walking on the field outside, clenching his fists and lowering his head as if he’d taken something of a blow. “I’d warned you and still you went and provoked him”, said his wife with a smile, adding: “He’ll be back in fifteen minutes or so.”

It should hardly be surprising that such a person was able to lead a brilliant university career, well planned from the start and topped off, I believe, with an appointment to the post of director of studies at the graduate school of social sciences in Paris.

Some time afterwards and in quick succession, three further encounters were to strike me anew.

The first: one day in the course of a family journey, a relative of my wife’s introduced us to a German friend, Gerd. A sprightly 50-year-old, speaking a refined French, he seemed to me a man of culture and consideration. This German was a native of the “lost territories”, the Posen region, now under Poland. I let him understand that I’d like to know more about it all. A few days later he was to give me a staggering account of the conditions in which the expulsion, the *Vertreibung*, had been carried out, and how it had affected him and his family in the autumn of 1945. Subsequently refugees in Brandenburg, they had fled from there shortly after the new communist regime was installed by force under the Soviet occupation in the regions that he called *Mitteldeutschland* (central Germany) rather than “GDR”. At the time of our acquaintance — 1975 — he was living in Rhineland-Westphalia.

I listened to him with interest that day as he developed his analysis of

the reality of the GDR regime (East Germany for us French). He explained that it was one of oppression and organised pillage for the benefit of the Soviets. The number of Jews holding the reins of this “GDR” government was considerable, out of proportion with the presence of their kind in the population. These were Jews who had previously left the Reich because of the Hitlerite laws and who had returned in strength after 1945 “to take hold of the German people in order to exploit them ferociously, whilst at the same time satisfying their Bolshevik fantasies, as was second nature to them. Some had even come back as soon as the late 40s from the wealthy USA to find themselves installed in the ruling positions of that GDR, the better to keep the Germans in servitude.” He listed the names of these “rulers”, specifying their functions. He drew me a diagram of the communist government’s makeup and its structures, rounding it off with the names of Jews at key posts. I beheld this diagram of the “East German” government’s decision-making organisation that he set about finishing with the names of those holding high office. Amongst others I saw those of Hermann Axen, Ernst Bloch, Horst Brasch, Otto Braun, André and Horst Brie, Kurt Cohn, Peter Edel, the Eisler couple, Hans Fruck, Ralph Giordano, Bruno Goldhammer, Herbert Grünstein, the Gysis, Wieland Herzfelde, Stefan Hermlin, Erwin Jacobi, Max Leon Kahane, Heinz Lippmann, Erich Markowitsch. *The diagram of the ruling structure was practically filled up with these names!* He asked me to keep the sheet of paper for my own files.

I pointed out to him, surely in a clumsy manner, that the Jews had their reasons for seeking revenge for their forced exile, the deportation of family members and, I added, the massacres in the gas chambers. He looked at me with a hard stare: “Massacres in the gas chambers? Where did you get that lie from?” I replied, by way of mitigating my remark, that I had read Rassinier, former French deportee and member of parliament, already well known in West Germany, who called the homicidal gas chambers “highly unlikely.”

A bit later Gerd was keen to talk to me about Austria. “The residual Austria of 1919 (your own Clemenceau called it German Austria — the German section of that old Austria-Hungary that he’d dreamed of killing) was undeniably a part of the ethnic German body and, for that matter, still is. For it, reuniting with the Reich was a human, economic and political necessity. Is Brittany not a part of your French nation? The *Anschluss*, so often decried in the schoolbooks, was consolidated by a referendum held in the presence of foreign dignitaries summoned to Austria as observers. Have you ever noticed that this fact is generally passed over in silence? Are you aware that the outcome of the poll, which went on in conditions of perfect regularity, was an overwhelming ‘yes’,

in the order of 98.5%? Do you know what the other 1.5%, the ‘no’ vote, was, typologically speaking? It was very nearly the equivalent of the country’s Jewish population. A striking example of an ‘ethnic vote’, and I’ll let you draw the right lesson from it yourself”.

The second encounter: in Paris we knew a young German woman who worked at the West German embassy, specifically, in the office dealing with claims concerning matters of reparations linked to the wartime deportations and internments. One day she told us — it must have been in 1977 — how surprised she’d been by a number of cases, and went on to describe in detail the most recent one. A man in his forties, a Jew born in Poland, had come to the embassy several times to complain of “Germany’s responsibility” for the ruin of his mental health. He stated that his whole family had been rounded up and deported, then exterminated in a concentration camp located in Poland. He alone, twelve years old at the time (1944), had been able to escape from the convoy. No witness had remained alive for, the man said, “We lived in a *shtetl* not far from Lublin that was razed to the ground by the Nazis, with all the inhabitants deported and exterminated. I am the sole survivor. The Nazis pushed their sadism to the point of burning all the public records. For the last 30 years almost I have practically never slept; if I manage to fall asleep, I’m assailed by nightmares: I see my beloved parents in the gas chamber, then burning in bonfires. My nerves are shattered. You Germans, who have left me handicapped for life, you have to give me financial compensation and pay me a pension.”

Our German friend continued: “In cases like this one, we do statistical research at the International Tracing Service in Arolsen, which centralises information gathered from various sources, notably the camps’ registries of arrivals and departures and the lists of people in the convoys. For this person, Arolsen informed us that there was no sure information in its possession, and even that the indicated date of deportation seemed mistaken in regard to the Lublin region. We notified the claimant of this, and he came to see us again, ranting and raving. Shortly afterwards he produced no fewer than five certificates, all signed by doctors with clearly Jewish-sounding names, and all concurring that their patient presented indisputable signs of grave mental trauma, obviously due to the deportation and death of members of his family. What do you think the final decision of the ‘reparations’ service was? We ended up granting him practically everything he’d asked for. From sheer exhaustion. And we still don’t know whether he really lost his family as he claims.”

Third encounter: in Paris again, a friend of my wife’s introduced us one day to her new boyfriend, a physician called Max Rosen. A Jew of Romanian

origin, born around 1915, he talked to us about the Mauthausen camp where he'd been deported in 1944 "not as a Jew", he liked to repeat, "but as a member of the resistance." His medical degree earned him a posting at the *Revier* (hospital or infirmary), along with the duty of performing various medical or sanitary checks amongst the healthy inmates. "At that job", he added, "I got to know a number of detainees. Still now, more than thirty years on, I remember the names of a lot of Mauthausen inmates." One day he confided to my wife, rather imprudently, that he soon had to go to Düsseldorf to testify before the West German authorities. "I'm going there to certify that I indeed knew the people whose names appear on a list that's been drawn up to enable their heirs and successors to obtain indemnities; I've got to admit to you that these lists are made up of the names of imaginary persons. I'm going to certify that I in fact saw them, knew them personally or even gave them medical attention at Mauthausen 'before they were exterminated in that very camp' without ever having been registered. The Germans caused us so much suffering that I reckon we may well pull this scam on them. I know, though, that it's a risky process."

II

LET'S STAMP OUT THE VILE THING!

*I dream of a brotherhood of men who will have no concern
for anything, will know no consideration and will want
to be called "destroyers"; they will subject everything to
their fine critical analysis, and sacrifice themselves to the truth.*

*To exposing what is bad and false!
There are lazy pessimists, resigned ones;
we will not be of their number.*

Nietzsche, *The Will to Power*, 1875
(Kröner edition, X, p. 420, § 293)

— A big silence, before the storm —

My professional career and family life, along with the new facilities of air transport enabling us to travel the world over at such low cost, had all somewhat cut me off from concerns of a historical order. I was now content with being someone who, blasé, thought he knew practically all there was to know about a forbidden subject. Also, I believed that one day soon, albeit in a manner still hard to foresee, the truth would indeed end up breaking out, for it isn't possible, so they say, to fool all the people all the time.

Today I rebuke myself for having taken that attitude. To let a lie go on thriving when one is fully aware of how harmful it is amounts to cowardice and, at the same time — and above all — an enormous injustice to its victims.

Up to 1986 my position concerning the Second World War was this: Adolf Hitler, a German patriot, had set out to take power in his country, determined to pulverise the Treaty of Versailles, which he perceived as a humiliation coupled with a systematic bleeding white of the German people by their neighbours, and particularly France. Then he ended up acceding to that power in January 1933, through normal elections. But the power in question was for him but a means of putting into operation, in line with his vision of the world as a whole, the liberation of his people and, indeed, the fulfilment of their very destiny, through a programme roughly outlined in *Mein Kampf*.

At home, Hitler, for his part convinced of the German man's positive qualities, set about reordering the human capital of German society, seeking

to preserve its racial unity through the implementation of measures to secure the departure from the land of those who were foreign to the race, the non-Germans, and mainly the Jews. Both in their totality and in each one of them, Hitler saw the Jews as a degenerating factor. He denounced their major participation, in the USSR and elsewhere, in Bolshevik communism, which according to his analysis was a sort of Judaic and messianic ideology devised to exploit the non-Jew, and particularly the German who, moreover, was hostile to this “religion.”

Like all Germans he had witnessed the surge throughout his country by members of the Jewish community during what has been called the revolution of November 1918. A big majority of the instigators of that phenomenon, Jews had thereby seized political power in Germany. As is well known, their attempts to found Bolshevik republics here and there throughout the Reich (in fact, ephemeral dictatorships in which they themselves were the masters) were all to end in failure, without exception, after being the theatre of bloody clashes and numerous murders of their real and alleged opponents. A Frenchman, Ambroise Got, holder of a doctorate in philosophy, was military attaché in Berlin in 1919 and, soon after his mission, published an impressive record of events of the time in a work describing, in great detail, this takeover in Germany by the Jewish Bolsheviks:

The former ambassador to Berlin of the Russian Soviet Republic, Joffe, is Jewish. It was his assignment to prepare the German revolution by distributing millions [of marks] for propaganda. The Rostra, so-called news agency, in reality an active propaganda centre, was created, and the Jew Sobelsohn, known as Radok, was placed at its head. It was the Rostra that issued the millions of leaflets that were spread throughout the country. Levien and Axelrod belonged to the Rostra.

The main stooges of the Russian revolutionaries were the two [Jewish] Reichstag members Oscar Cohn — of the Nordhausen constituency — and Huga Haase [...]. All together, Cohn and Haase received about 1 ½ million marks with the help of which the German revolution was carried out [...].

Whether in Berlin, Munich or the provincial towns, the movement's leaders are Jews. In the Ruhr basin, [they are] the Jew Karski and the Jewish judge Ruben, in Essen Leo Dannenberg, who had fled to Holland just after the declaration of war; Dr Levy, Leviné whom we find again in Munich, the famous Rosa Wolfstein, [...] former cashier at the Jewish-owned Tietz department stores in Düsseldorf. [...]

In the directorate established in Berlin after the revolution sit two Jews, both lawyers: Landsberg and Haase. The aforementioned Oscar Cohn has become under-secretary of state for Justice with the Social-Democrat Bernstein, a Danzig Jew, as his deputy. The Jewish professor Preuss, who is to prepare the reform of the constitution, has been made minister of the Interior. He has chosen his co-religionist professor Freund as under-secretary. Another Jew, Emmanuel Wurm, has been appointed deputy minister for Commerce and Agriculture. The Czech Jew Kautsky has been put in charge of sifting through the Foreign Ministry's archives.

Meanwhile, minister Schiffer has resigned his post and been replaced by two Jews, Dernburg and Gothein. At the Foreign Ministry a special department for Jewish matters has been set up, headed by Dr Soberheim [also a Jew].

In the Prussian government the President of the council of ministers, Hirsch, who is also Interior minister, is Jewish; beside him, the Justice minister, barrister Kurt Rosenfeld, and the Finance minister, Simon, are also Jewish.

Hundreds of thousands of Semites are invading all the offices [...].

In the States of the Confederation, the same picture is to be seen: the Jews rush feverishly into political life, from which they were barred for so long. In Bavaria, it is Kurt Eisner, alias Solomon Kuchiwsky, with his acolytes and friends, all Jews: Rothschild, Arnold, Landauer, Königsberger, Kaiser, Kranold, Sreit Muhsam, Fechenbach, Bonn etc. ... The Munich communists Levien, Leviné, Soheimer, Toller, the Finance minister Jaffé are all members of the Hebraic religion. The chief of police in Munich, Steiner, is Jewish.

Dr Haas is Interior minister in Baden, Dr Heinemann minister for religious affairs in Württemberg whilst Thalheimer is Finance minister. In Saxony, the President of the council of ministers is the Jew Gradnauer.¹

In parallel with politics, what deserves to be called the Jewish takeover of the German economy after the First World War was just as impressive. Jewish interests, favoured by the country's economic and military weakness following 1918, now enjoyed a dominant position in very large parts of the economy, particularly through acquisition of a majority of shares in firms in key sectors. The private banks and their boards of directors became "Jewish fiefdoms".²

At the bourses, a realm of major influence, the proportions of Jews in the various directorates, in the early 1930s, were as follows: stock exchange, 25 of

36; products exchange, 12 of 16; metals exchange, 10 of 12; forward market commission, 15 of 18; commission of authorisation for the official shares list, 18 of 23. The statistician Alfred Marcus, himself of Jewish origin, established at the period that the median Jewish income for 1930 in Germany was 3.2 times that of the general population.

In the late 20s the two main press groups, Ullstein and Mosse, were Jewish owned. It was within Rudolf Mosse's company, before 1933, that the daily *Berliner Tageblatt*, widely considered *representative* of German public opinion, was published; its editor in chief, Theodor Wolff, was Jewish, as were a full seventeen of his editorial colleagues.³

Whether one likes it or not, there can be no denying that after the defeat of November 1918, the members of Germany's Jewish community had won a place for themselves that might well be seen as out of proportion with their numerical weight (0.8% of the population). Everything went on then as if the German defeat had, in terms of power, benefited that community. Already very prosperous up to then — it had occupied an enviable place in imperial German society — the Jewish community was now going from strength to strength.

This new state of things reflected more than a mere coincidence. The average German in the 20s and early 30s was able to notice that his country's misfortunes, at home and abroad, were accompanied by a veritable surge of Jews into the highest positions in the land, as well as by an insolent vaunting of their wealth and privileges. From this, rightly or wrongly, many people deduced that the Jews could not prosper otherwise than at the expense of Germans now doomed to misery and unemployment.

Hitler believed in a Jewish conspiracy, as two sentences of *Mein Kampf* (vol. 2, chapter XIII) bear witness: "And so the Jew today is the great agitator for the complete destruction of Germany. [...] If Germany frees herself from this embrace, this greatest of dangers to nations may be regarded as broken for the whole world"*. The idea was not new, and its arrival on the scene was not fortuitous.⁴ Rather, at the dawn of the 20th century, it was perfectly in keeping with the perception over the past few decades in Germany of a need to mount resistance in the face of a progressive judaisation of the country, which was being carried out to the detriment of Germanic values.⁵

Hitler was born an Austrian subject in 1889. The Austria-Hungary of the late 19th century had more than one million inhabitants of the Jewish religion (4.8% of the population). "They accounted for 62.9% of those convicted of usury," reported François Trocase, a French citizen living in Vienna, in 1899. He noted in particular that:

The most appalling form as yet assumed by the Jews' cruelty is that involving the exploitation of the human body, what they call "the human beast". [...] The way in which the Jews treat the peasants in Galicia absolutely surpasses all imagination. It would seem unbelievable were it not attested by trustworthy witnesses. Cases have been cited where Polish farmers had to hand over their children to Jewish creditors, as payment of interest on small debts: the Jews were entitled to keep them as servants, giving them no wages, until repayment of the debt.

It is solely, exclusively by exploitation that the Austrian Jew has got rich. He has not worked; he has not shown any special merit. He has never lifted either a needle, or an awl, or an axe. He has never pushed a plough, nor sowed the fields, nor mowed the meadows. What productive task has he accomplished? All for himself and himself alone. He has grown rich, infinitely richer than the Christians. He has stripped them of everything that they had amassed through their labour, increased by their thrift, and secured with meticulous care.⁶

In the field of foreign policy, Hitler wanted the reincorporation within the Reich of the German populations which, in his view, had been unjustly separated from their homeland: the Austrians and Sudetenlanders, for example. He wished to establish new ties with peoples of the same roots or who were traditionally close to Germany — the Scandinavians, Balts, Dutch, Swiss, Belgians and even the English — as well as with the French, Hungarians, Slovenes and Croats.

The project of a great Germanic empire in the centre of Europe could not fail to worry those neighbours who were not keen to join it. However, it was not an unnatural idea, for one might legitimately hope to see a reconstitution, in some form, of Charlemagne's ancient empire, whose disintegration in the year 843 had unquestionably been a misfortune for Europe. Was it not permissible, after all, to dream of the establishment of a new Holy Roman Empire that would have included France and, one day, England? Doubtless with another governmental structure, another denomination too. Indeed, was that not the only manner, and both a heroic and a romantic one, for the peoples of Europe finally to organise themselves, accepting a new synergy under Germany's guidance, with that "most cultured people in the world", in the words of Renan, who didn't make such statements lightly? But whoever thought along such lines failed to take into account the baseness, the cowardice of the politicians who were running the other countries. Amongst us French there was, in addition, the insidious ideology of revenge, depraved to the point of

downright racial hatred of the Germans, which pervaded all of French politics from 1885 until the conflagration of 1914 and which would continue with the policy of pillaging Germany ordained by the Versailles treaty of 1919. *Germany will pay!* was the brazen slogan of the Clemenceaus and Poincarés.

For the same reasons as in 1914, the old Allies, with the notable exception of Italy, considered themselves in a state of potential war with the Reich as soon as Hitler's project became manifest. They knew German dynamics. Their policy had aimed in the past at dismembering and otherwise weakening Germany; henceforth it sufficed for them to reactivate that age-old policy.

Germany's formidable economic recovery from 1933 onwards, minimised by historians whom certain truths disturb, is for any honest man a source of wonderment. "Six years of autarchy had made of Germany, in 1939, the world's greatest industrial country".⁷

I discovered with surprise (and only in the 1980s) another historical fact generally kept hidden: numerous Jewish bodies the world over had already declared war on Germany as early as March 1933.⁸ Since the Jews did not constitute a state, it was in reality a declaration of economic war, a resolution to impose a boycott of Germany, soon to be accompanied by her psychological quarantining through the good offices of the media. Sure of their power in the western economic structures and of their omnipotence in the Hollywood-based media, they would prove capable of putting out copious films conveying hatred of Germany and, especially, of the Germans themselves. It may be said that, in the face of *Der Jud Süß*, which was possibly the only openly anti-Jewish production of the National Socialist cinema, a tide of Judeo-Anglo-Saxon films inspired by hatred for the new Germany proceeded to flood the whole western world. The British naval officer and historian Russell Grenfell, in his book *Unconditional Hatred* (p. 186), well summed up this state of primitive, visceral enmity: "Germany was declared to be a nation possessed of the devil, demoniacally responsible for the ills of all mankind". Here we see in plain outline the notion of "collective guilt", which is nothing other than a racial prejudice.

Some American Jews — an ethnic group that accounted for the bulk of president Roosevelt's "Brain Trust" — went so far as to call for the murder of the German people. Theodore N. Kaufman, an influential Jew, published in March 1941 (that is, at a time when the United States was still officially non-belligerent) his terrible *Germany Must Perish!* Widely distributed and translated, it clearly expounded the organisation and the putting into operation of a genocide of the Germans: all men and women of reproductive age (males under sixty, females under forty-five) were to be sterilised, quickly and

methodically.⁹ It would take a few months for 20,000 surgeons (and more if necessary) carrying out 25 sterilisations per day to neuter 48 million German males and females; within the space of two generations the German people would disappear and their geographical territory would be shared amongst the neighbouring states. American newspapers and magazines (generally under Jewish management, it must be noted) went so far as to welcome this abominable idea with praise: “Sensational” (*Time*), “A provocative theory interestingly presented” (*Washington Post*), and “A plan for permanent peace among civilised nations” (*New York Times*).

A variation, just as monstrous, on the theme of programmed German genocide is the “Morgenthau Plan”, dating from 1944.

Henry Morgenthau, another influential Jew in Roosevelt’s entourage (1933-1945), had devised a plan for putting the Germans to death by organised famine. The Oppenheimer plan, named after another advisor of German-Jewish origin, could achieve the total destruction of the Germans (and the Japanese) by means of atomic explosions and their subsequent radioactive fallout. In August 1945, with the Germans out of the running, it was the Japanese who got a taste of what Jewish-American scientists had so heartily prepared for Germany.

On the eastern European front there was no lagging behind. Stalin’s own darling “poet”, Ilya Ehrenburg, also a Jew, in his odious incantations addressed to the hordes of louts in soldier’s uniform, let loose with urgings that exuded the worst racial hatred: “Kill all the Germans! Kill the German children in their mother’s womb!” or “The Germans are not human beings... the only good Germans are corpses!”

As late as the end of 1985 it was with a sort of detachment, a historian’s (?) detachment, that I became aware of all these facts. The figure of six million Jewish victims appeared to me an obvious exaggeration, if only in the light of simple demographic inquiry, at the best sources, into population movements.¹⁰ I saw quite well that the numbers had been faked. Now I held it for certain that the alleged “execution gas chambers” visited by the tourists at Struthof (Alsace), Dachau or Mauthausen were impostures and that those of Auschwitz-I and Auschwitz-II (Birkenau) were “highly suspect”, to put it like Rassinier. The Jews had suffered a lot and, in their accounts, had exaggerated their sufferings; the media, where they reigned and ruled, had reproduced their inventions. I thought that sooner or later the truth would out.

Then, in the spring of 1986, the Roques affair exploded in France.

— The Roques affair —

At the university of Nantes in June 1985, Henri Roques, a recently retired agronomical engineer, had presented a doctoral thesis entitled *Les Confessions de Kurt Gerstein, étude comparative des différentes versions*, obtaining “very honourable” mention. The disclosure of the thesis’s contents and conclusions in the following year ignited a scandal. Several Jewish organisations demanded that the minister of Education, Alain Devaquet, prohibit or rather annul the thesis. At that time, newspaper and television commentators decried the “revisionist scandal”.

What was it all about, at bottom?

It had been affirmed hitherto that SS officer Kurt Gerstein’s *Confessions*, obtained in Paris in May and June of 1945 whilst he was a prisoner of the French, constituted the keystone, the irrefutable (albeit isolated) proof coming from a direct witness, of the existence of the Nazi “gas chambers”. On the face of it the testimony seemed indeed irrefutable, since it was that of an SS officer in charge, under the authority of Glücks (inspector general of the concentration camps), of supplying the camps with the disinfectant Zyklon B, that is, pellets containing hydrogen cyanide gas and sealed in steel cans; that substance had been used for the delousing of rooms and of clothing since the early 1920s.

This almost miraculous deposition of Gerstein’s stood amidst some bizarre facts: first, it was written in French, a language in which he was far from fluent; then, the SS officer’s body, having been found after an alleged suicide in his cell at the Cherche-Midi prison, was thrown into the common grave outside the town of Thiais by the French military security service. And, although his widow’s address, unchanged for years, was known to the authorities, she was to be informed of her husband’s death only in 1948, three years later. Manifestly it had been a matter of (knowingly) rendering any eventual post-mortem pointless.

In his thesis Henri Roques unveiled the existence of several versions of the famous “deposition”, in French and German. His fundamental, meticulous work consisted in dissecting the variants of the Gerstein text so as to bring to light their implausibilities. After two attentive readings of the thesis, it appeared to me that a shattering conclusion was in order: those alleged *Confessions*, which up to now had been, in the absence of any other reliable direct testimony, the very basis for belief in the existence of the “gas chambers”, were but a fabrication. Roques’s thesis had the effect of a revelation on me. No doubt his detractors, at their end, would attempt to demonstrate its falsehood.

One remarkable fact definitively convinced me, if there was still any need to do that: Michel de Boïard, a former deportee and inmate at Mauthausen, from 1945 to 1981 president of the *Commission d'histoire de la déportation* (part of the *Comité d'histoire de la deuxième guerre mondiale*) and member of the Institut de France, suddenly came out in support of Roques's conclusions! After acknowledging that in 1954 he himself had affirmed the existence of a gas chamber where none could have existed (at Mauthausen), he pushed further ahead and, without hiding his disquiet, expressed the gist of his thoughts: the history of the deportation needed rewriting, in the light of the revisionists' work. In the daily *Ouest France* of 2nd and 3rd August 1986 (p. 6) he stated:

I am haunted by the thought that in a hundred years' time, or even fifty, the historians will wonder about this aspect of the Second World War that was the concentration camp system, and about what they discover. The dossier [as it stands] is worthless. There are, on one side, a huge amount of made-up stories, inexactitudes stubbornly repeated, particularly on the numerical score, amalgamations and generalisations and, on the other side, very carefully done critical studies demonstrating the inanity of those exaggerations. I fear lest those [future] historians say to themselves that the deportation, in the end, must be a myth. There is the danger. The idea of it haunts me.

Another historian, Germaine Tillion, had already noted, soon after the war's end, the worrisome phenomenon of inventions of all sorts regarding the German concentration camps. In a 1954 article on "Le Système concentrationnaire allemand (1940-1944)" she wrote concerning these false witnesses: ¹¹

These persons are, to tell the truth, far more numerous than is generally supposed, and a field like that of the concentration camp system – well structured, alas, to allow sado-masochistic imaginations to find stimulation – has offered them an exceptional scope of activity. We have come across a number of mental cases, half swindlers, half madmen, exploiting an imaginary deportation, along with others – genuine deportees – whose deranged minds have striven to surpass the horrors that they saw or of which they were told, and who have succeeded in doing so. There have even been publishers willing to print some of these wild imaginings, and editors of more or less official compilations willing to carry them, but these publishers and compilers are absolutely inexcusable, for the most elementary inquiry would have sufficed for them to lay open the deceptions.

I had a talk about the matter with Pierre Guillaume, owner of the small “Vieille Taupe” publishing house in Paris, whose acquaintance I had made upon the occasion of the scandal (he was distributing the Roques thesis). He laughed when I told him I was expecting to see a rebuttal, perhaps by Georges Wellers or Pierre Vidal-Naquet. “Are you naïve? There can never be a scientific rebuttal. There’ll be only insults, and lamentations”. He lent me the book *Vérité historique ou vérité politique?* by the academic Serge Thion. Pierre Guillaume, likeable enough at first meeting, though in my view a bit biased and quite markedly left-wing, advised me to meet “the biggest specialist on the subject today”, Robert Faurisson, professor at the University of Lyon-II, and gave me his address and telephone number.

— Robert Faurisson. A journey to Poland —

I knew, paradoxically, but little of professor Faurisson. His 1961 analysis showing the “erotic” nature of Rimbaud’s “sonnet of the vowels” had been termed “quite dazzling” by André Pieyre de Mandiargues and “stirring in the utmost” by André Breton. This brilliant scholar had subsequently dealt with subjects relating to the Second World War, in the wake of Paul Rassinier. He had caused some noise to be made by demonstrating that the “Diary of Anne Frank” was not genuine (he’d established that it was a fabrication, a literary hoax) and I knew that, regarding the question of mortality in the concentration camps, he confirmed the precisions of Rassinier, the French wartime deportee who died in 1967. I knew only that he had, in so doing, applied his rigorous methods in an analysis of testimonies presented at Nuremberg and elsewhere. He’d pointed out that they were hoaxes, varying repetitions of an “archetype” that itself was unreliable or made up. He had thus been able to show that the “confessions” of certain German defendants had been extorted through either torture, fear of execution, or the threat of a handing over to the Bolsheviks, which meant certain death.

Phoning him at his Vichy home, I introduced myself and set forth my interest in historical research on the matter. He asked me what I *in fact* knew about it and what relevant books I had read. He added that, since I was keen to meet him and had read Rassinier, Serge Thion and the Roques thesis, he would grant me an interview at his house, but on condition that, in the meantime, I read, on the one hand, his *Mémoire en défense* and *Réponse à Pierre Vidal-Naquet*, along with Wilhelm Stäglich’s *The Auschwitz Myth* in its recent French edition carrying an explanatory supplement, prepared by himself, with diagrams and photos and, on the other hand, some of the “official” historians’

writings (Léon Poliakov, Pierre Vidal-Naquet, Georges Wellers). That said, I could skip the pitiful fabrications of such scribblers as Charles Bernadac, Jean-François Steiner, Martin Grey or Marek Halter.

I made the necessary acquisitions and set to work.

Meeting Robert Faurisson can change your existence. Whilst listening to him in person a few weeks later, I sensed that I was in the presence of a man who held a formidable weapon.

He knew his subject: he mastered the sources and was acquainted with an abundance of details, references, and basic elements regarding the organisation of the wartime German camps, their struggle against epidemics, life and death within them, the circulation of data about detainees, the directives of senior Nazi officials and their subordinates, the consequences of those same directives. Above all he was past master in the detection of forgery and in the analysis of survivors' testimony: his rule was, and remains, cross-examination. I can still hear him asking me: "Are you aware that there exists not a *single* direct witness of a *single* 'gas chamber' in a *single* German concentration camp?"

He had in his head the layouts of the camps, their organisation, their particular or successive operational purposes; and he was acquainted with the relevant orders or memoranda and the later states of some of them, subsequent to post-war fakings and montages.

Fascinated as I was that day by his discourse, the neatness of his replies to all my questions and his discreet humour, surprised at his ability to pass in review the opponent's arguments and to come up with the right retort, I found it a bit hard to climb out of the basement office where he'd received me amongst his books, dossiers and documents.

At the end, one question tormented me: Robert Faurisson, not one to be caught out in his reasoning, has taken apart the greatest imposture of all time, and his opponents are incapable of answering him; why, then, does he not immediately get every researcher and historian, the educated public, indeed every honest man to join him?

He himself supplied me with the answer then and there: "Because today (1986) the 'gas chambers' are nothing other than the product *par excellence* of a war propaganda continuing in peacetime, and as such are subject to the laws of wartime: disputing their existence is forbidden, and punished severely; offenders are prosecuted in a hundred ways. The repression is going to intensify: specific laws will be enacted." (In July 1990, the Fabius-Gayssot Act in France was to give a glaring confirmation of this forecast.)

"Of course", I said, "I can understand that powerful lobbies have an interest in propagating, in the media that they control, a lie-ridden version of history for

political and financial reasons. But why do the public authorities, the judiciary — independent by definition — repress people who only ask for the opening of a debate on these questions?” Faurisson replied that there was hardly any difference between the financial, media, political and judicial authorities.

After a few months spent reading up on the subject, I phoned the professor to tell him of my strong desire to go and visit one of those “gas chambers” on the spot, at Auschwitz-Birkenau, naturally, since that camp had fallen intact into the hands of the Red army in January 1945. He was quick to bring up again the original maps of the camp that he had somehow managed to get out of the Auschwitz archives as of 1976: they would be indispensable for following the transformations effected there since the war by the Polish and Russian communists.

Shortly before taking the plane for Poland, I paid him another brief call in Vichy, where he gave me a copy of the original plans from the *Bauleitung* (“building authority”), saying “You will not find the ‘gas chambers’ in this great big camp, even though it was taken intact by the Soviets: neither at Auschwitz nor at Birkenau. You’ll see, at Auschwitz-I, an air-raid shelter with a built-in surgical operating room that will be presented by the guides as a gas chamber in its original state, but you’ll note that these premises, allegedly meant for mass asphyxiations, are fitted... with a little window-door opening... towards the inside! As for the other door, it gives on to a room containing reconstructed crematoria: so it was that the Polish communists did not shrink at imagining and ‘rebuilding’ a room full of coke-burning ovens connecting with an enclosure that was supposed to have been filled repeatedly with hydrogen cyanide gas, which is explosive in the presence of the oxygen in the air. Therefore the only ones who believe that this was a gas chamber are those who really want to believe it.

“In truth, no-one with any common sense believes it any more, not even Pierre Vidal-Naquet, but the Poles maintain their fiction for the visiting schoolchildren along with all those who so **need to believe** in the ‘gas chambers’, even though they’re impossible!”¹²

He entrusted me with two tasks, basically simple: on the one hand, to ask an official of the museum-camp whether there existed any period photographs of these “gas chambers”; the Soviets, to mention them alone, must certainly have photographed them as soon as they took over in January 1945. On the other hand, to try to obtain a photocopy of one or more pages of the *Sterbebücher* (death registries) that the German authorities had kept, apparently, so meticulously, documents which they also left intact on the spot in that January of 1945. He told me not to forget to bring along an electric

torch to examine the so-called “gas chambers” (kept in semi-darkness by the Poles) and a compass in order to draw a precise map of the place.

Two days later, at the wheel of a rusted Lada that I’d found waiting for me at the Warsaw airport (the hiring had been arranged in Paris and paid for in advance), I took to the road, southwards for Oswiecim-Auschwitz. Upon arriving next day in the early morning, I made a three-hour tour of the main camp and of the neighbouring one of Birkenau, so as to situate in their environment the points of interest for a second visit, planned for the next day. That afternoon a camp official was willing to receive me once I’d introduced myself as an independent French researcher, whose father had been killed in 1944 for acts of resistance. I was determined to move ahead quickly.

My question was simple and meant to be incisive straight away: “Since not the least trace can be seen today of a ‘gas chamber’, nor of any other facility for mass asphyxiations, either at Auschwitz or Birkenau, and since the broken concrete of the Birkenau crematoria, known as Kremas I and II, cannot by any means have contained such an installation (given, notably, the absence of openings for the pouring in of the Zyklon B pellets), it is essential for any researcher to have to hand some photos of these gas chambers, which the Soviets cannot have failed to take soon after peacefully entering, on 27 January 1945, the camp evacuated by the Germans a few days before. These homicidal ‘gas chambers’ were assuredly concrete structures weighing several dozen tonnes, and cannot have been taken away by the retreating Germans who, besides, had left behind the camp records and general documentation.”

There was a piercing look in his eye: “Why of course I can show you some! We have aerial photos of this camp’s gas chambers.”

He went to a big metal cabinet and presented me with some photocopied enlargements of aerial photos with which I was already acquainted through Faurisson. There they were before me now, bearing captions, in English and Polish, in the form of cartoon balloons with arrows pointing to this or that structure. I didn’t breathe a word.

“These are military reconnaissance photos taken in 1943 and 1944”, he saw fit to point out. On some of the enlargements could be read, in a balloon: “Gas chamber”, with one or another building designated by the arrow.

I could not help smiling: the subterfuge was so obvious. Serge Thion had already had a bit of derisive fun somewhere by putting the caption “gas chamber” on the images of some simple French army bunkers near Colomb-Béchar, in Algeria.

I pointed out to this museum-camp official that he was showing me aerial photos taken for the most part by the South African and American air corps

and known to all the researchers. Two Americans of the CIA (Brugioni and Poirier) had, by way of a shameless montage, designated as “gas chambers” buildings or installations which, as he himself must be well aware, could be nothing of the kind. Thanks to the original *Bauleitung* drawings we knew the exact purposes and functions of these buildings and installations. Naturally I was careful not to show the man the copies of the original maps in my possession. His only response was to tell me that, under such conditions, our interview was over and he was, regretfully, unable to provide me with any other copies of documents that I had requested.

Thus there existed neither photos nor physical traces of what had been, according to the official history, gigantic slaughterhouses for humans. And it hadn’t even been possible to find any documentary trace, any sure allusion in any official paper, that is, any German reference to such installations, for example an indication in a budget of what would have to have been an enormous allocation of money and building materials.

I spent the rest of the afternoon and the morning of the next day repeating my tour of the different Blocks of the main Auschwitz camp, compass and original plans in hand. I didn’t neglect the naïve scale model exhibited by the Poles in Block 4 — that of “extermination” — illustrating the alleged process of killing and incineration.

I then headed to the Birkenau camp, a mile and a half from the main Auschwitz one. I was shown the clothing delousing units, which had worked with Zyklon B. These have been conserved and are accessible to the visitor on request. Of small dimensions, fitted with equipment for hanging the garments, they obviously cannot have served to asphyxiate human beings and, for that matter, no one has as yet claimed that they ever were. The traces of Prussic blue, characteristic of the reaction of hydrogen cyanide with iron-bearing salts contained in the concrete, are plainly visible on the walls.

At Birkenau, the rows of wooden barracks for inmates (reconstructed since the war with financing... from Germany) impressed me. I tried to imagine what an ordinary day or evening, or early morning, could have been at the time when this vast camp was operating. I began to sense something of the harshness, the cruelty too, of the conditions in which the women and men prisoners did forced labour there, living largely from hand to mouth, trying to nick a bit of food where they might, to *organise*, as they said in camp jargon. But, I thought, as internment and labour camps are inherent to any large-scale conflict, the camps of one of the belligerents can rightly be compared only with those of the other side. And I couldn’t help comparing in my mind this German camp with what the typical Soviet gulag must have been: certainly,

an iron discipline as well, extremely hard work, brutal behaviour of the guards and barracks chiefs, doubtless all much in the same manner. Then I recalled that there were numerous testimonies of “deportees of the two systems” (such as that of Mrs Buber-Neumann) on the German camps’ far better internal organisation and their far preferable rations, on the Reds’ amazement when, upon entering Auschwitz, they discovered some quite modern facilities — an infirmary equipped for surgical operations, a theatre, a swimming pool, a playing field, cookhouses — all of which were for the detainees. Indeed the Russians were so amazed that they immediately suspected the few able-bodied inmates who had stayed put to wait for them of being accomplices rather than victims of the Nazi enemy.

But I had come for a good deal more than that. Was I now going to find, at Birkenau, the place where it was claimed that they existed and operated, genuine installations that had been capable of functioning for mass murder by means of collective asphyxiations? On the day before, the room presented as “gas chamber” of the main camp had seemed quite a pathetic mock-up. No serious researcher, no historian believed in it any longer. Not knowing what to do about the business, the museum-camp authorities had chosen... to do nothing, leaving things as they were. Therefore if they had ever existed, the “gas chambers” could be located only at Birkenau, the place designated by the name Auschwitz-II, an appellation covering the Kremas (morgue/*Leichenkeller* and crematoria blocks that, according to the original plans, faced one another). I got to this part of the camp. The Kremas’ location indeed corresponded to what appeared in the drawings. I saw only sunken but not disintegrated concrete segments, the blocks looking as if they’d been hit by an explosion of rather insufficient strength to destroy them. Not one part of the whole — the two big crematoria, Krema II and Krema III — seemed to be missing. The concrete roof was still there. If the two morgues (slightly interred) had been places for collective gassings, then, first of all, there ought still to be seen one or more of the holes drilled through the roof slab to allow the pouring inside of Zyklon B pellets or tablets. It was not the case. No blue or bluish traces, either, on the inner walls that one might examine after sliding in under the collapsed roof of Krema II.

Supposing nonetheless that some 2,000 persons — the number purported to have been crammed into it, and repetitively — had in fact been gassed to death there in a few minutes, how had it been possible to incinerate the corpses, what with the cremation capacity ¹³ of this installation being limited to 80 bodies per day? What would have been done in the evening, once those 80 cremations had carried out, with the 1,920 unincinerated bodies, the

remainder of the morning's 2,000 "gassed"? Most certainly, there could have been no "next batch". Moreover, it would have been impossible to dispose of the bodies in ditches, since at Auschwitz the water table came up to about a foot beneath the surface of a previously marshy terrain; this latter fact had made it necessary for the *Bauleitung* to carry out large-scale drainage work, signs of which are still visible today.

It had already dawned on me, by default so to speak, how grotesque the allegation of a homicidal gassing process was after a simple examination of the layout of another Nazi camp, that of Oranienburg. There the *Leichenkeller* (morgues) were comparable to the ones at Auschwitz II. However, it had never been asserted that the Oranienburg *Leichenkeller* had served as "gas chambers". Apart from the physical impossibility, with regard to numbers, this was indeed irrefutable evidence that the facilities at Birkenau had not been meant for any criminal purpose.

A document from the Degesch firm (manufacturers and packagers of the Zyklon B insecticide) entitled "Directions for the use of hydrogen cyanide bearing Zyklon B for delousing", ¹⁴ proves *by itself* the absurdity of the legend of mass killings of human beings with this product.

According to these instructions, the airing out of a room fumigated with Zyklon takes a minimum of 20 hours: those entering and working in such a place after that 20-hour wait must wear gas masks fitted with a special filter, and be formally trained for the job. All alone, this manufacturer's instruction manual topples the alleged eyewitness testimony signed by Auschwitz commandant Rudolf Höss. The latter spoke of a squad going into the "gas chamber" without masks, sometimes snacking and drinking, half an hour after the use of the poisonous substance. But it's true that Höss, a prisoner of the British in 1946, had been handed over to the Polish "specialists" (all of Jewish origin, according to him) who tortured him physically and psychologically. His torturers dictated to him other inanities of the same sort and inserted them in the so-called *Confessions*; then Höss was sentenced to death by a communist court and hanged.¹⁵ The hanging took place in 1947 at the site of the alleged gas chamber of Auschwitz I.

— Urszula —

Finally, on the evening of the second day, I left the Auschwitz museum-camp, having purchased a few issues of the *Hefte von Auschwitz* ("Auschwitz notebooks"), published by the administrators. At present there were some problems concerning the supply of petrol and oil (the Lada burned a lot of oil).

Besides, it was impossible to find a hotel room nearby. A cyclist, to whom I promised some coffee if he could manage to find me a place to sleep and some motor oil, had me follow him for five or six miles along the winding roads. We came to a village. I was to be put up in an unfinished building, a future hotel apparently, of which only the ground floor was inhabitable.

A young woman of about thirty, who seemed to be a guest at this surrealistic “hotel”, noticed my difficulty in getting through to a landlady who spoke neither English nor German nor French. She came towards me and said “I learned French during a year’s stay as a student in your country. I can help you make yourself understood for the room”.

That same evening I found her again in the lobby, looking spruce. This being not my first trip in the communist countries of Eastern Europe, I suspected she must belong to some official service and therefore be of a firm ideological orthodoxy. In effect she belonged, she told me, to a bureau for the monitoring of the progress of state building projects (*sic*), and the progress of this hotel-to-be fell within the scope of her professional activity. She started asking me questions, intrigued at seeing that a foreigner could travel in communist Poland in a commonplace vehicle like my Lada with its Polish number plates. She was unaware that this was possible for Western tourists; in fact, only since a recent date had it been enough for anyone who booked a flight at the Polish airline office in Paris to pay in hard currency for a car hire there as well. She asked whether I’d had the time to visit the great shrine that was the camp at Auschwitz.

“Tell me, what was your impression of Auschwitz? Didn’t you just feel death stalking the landscape as you walked about? Didn’t you find it striking, overwhelming, that great enterprise of death, organised to such a degree?” I ventured to answer that there was nothing really “striking” about the buildings of the main camp, since they were tobacco works subsequently transformed into quarters for the Austro-Hungarian cavalry. Moreover, after the 1939-45 war, those of them that abutted on the residential area next to the camp had been plainly and simply absorbed by that neighbourhood. “Thus Poles in the outskirts of Oswiecim are able to live today in former buildings of the Auschwitz camp”, I had her note, “simply because those despicable Germans, between 1940 and 1944, installed the plumbing needed to make the buildings inhabitable.”¹⁶ As for Birkenau, I agreed that it gave one a feeling of oppressive monotony. But, supposing that the remains of the Siberian gulags, for example, were still to be seen, would a visitor get a very different impression from them?

Having noted a certain finesse in her manner, I ventured to add: “You’re

talking, of course, about the camp as it's shown to us today. But when you can consult the original plans and examine them attentively, you're surprised to note the incredible modifications, additions or eliminations that have been carried out, changing what really existed then. Take, for example, the playing field (for football matches), the swimming pool for the use of detainees, complete with diving board; the theatre (which offered a regular schedule of events); the building nicknamed 'Canada' where the inmates' clothing and personal effects were stored. I looked in vain for the inmates' dental unit and the surgical block, very modern for the time: did you know that in the latter, Elie Wiesel,¹⁷ for example, was operated on in December 1944? He tells the story in his autobiographical essay *Night*, published in France in 1958 with a preface by François Mauriac. Like all visitors to the main camp, I was shown a "gas chamber in its original state"; however, all the researchers know that the structure in question was successively a morgue, then a small hospital of a few rooms; the traces of the partitions between the various rooms are still plain to see. After the war, your fellow citizens, my dear Urszula, did not hesitate to 'reconstruct' a room full of ovens giving on to the room where, we are told, the detainees were gassed! But that's a radical impossibility! For me, what was striking was not my horror at anything but rather my indignation at the imposture, after I'd been taught that millions of human beings were exterminated at the place."

With a sarcastic tone of voice she asked me: "Do you mean that it wasn't an extermination camp at all? Rather, a camp of prisoners who were coddled by the Nazis? It seems in France there are people, professors, who claim, who publish writings stating that the Nazi concentrations camps never existed! Well! You've just been to Auschwitz today. We didn't fabricate the place, after all! The piles of hair, eyeglasses and shoes are not made up!"

I retorted that I had never heard a French professor claim that the Nazi camps hadn't existed, but, on the other hand, a school of researchers had demonstrated that the homicidal gas chambers of Auschwitz could never have existed. Any assertion to the contrary was a slander. The Auschwitz camp had been a prison camp with a severe regime, where the inmates had been bound to forced labour, at times exhausting, in what was a vast industrial and agricultural complex. The epidemics to which any concentration of human beings was susceptible, especially in past conditions (when antibiotics were rare or non-existent), had caused ravages there, having been propagated by parasites such as lice. Those epidemics would have been still more devastating had it not been for a system of disinfection of the inmates themselves, along with their clothes and the buildings that housed them. As for the piles of

eyeglasses, hair or shoes, did our Urszula know that the Germans salvaged absolutely *everything*, both in the occupied countries and in Germany itself? There arrived regularly, at Auschwitz and elsewhere, trainloads of junk that would normally have been thrown away but which, in a war economy, was recycled by prisoners — precisely them — in their workshops. For instance, hair, in large enough quantities, could be used in the production of textiles, whereas eyeglass lenses and frames, seemingly no longer useable, were recycled to make new eyeglasses etc.

The young woman, now a bit nervous, demanded to know more and to have an idea of just what these revisionists' case might be on the precise point of the non-existence of "gas chambers" for the mass killing of humans.

I answered saying that they explained it by showing the physical and chemical impossibility of the alleged asphyxiation process, above all with regard to hydrogen cyanide gas — the active ingredient in Zyklon — which was but a powerful disinfectant and insecticide for the delousing of prisoner's effects and quarters. The prime figure amongst these revisionists, professor Robert Faurisson, had demonstrated this on the basis of irrefutable and unrefuted documentary evidence. I added that it was sufficient, moreover, for her or anyone else to read the instructions for the use of Zyklon B provided by the manufacturer at the time (Dagesch) in order to grasp that it would have been radically impossible to kill people with that substance in those places — the alleged gas chambers — without killing oneself as well.

Listening to me she seemed aghast; her bearing changed. I wanted to leave it at that for the moment. Still, I added that if the extermination gas chambers could never have worked, nor even have existed, ever, either at Auschwitz or at Birkenau, then that was, at bottom, good news. Upon those words, and after some silence, Urszula, who'd been looking fixedly at me, suddenly burst into laughter, a laugh tinged with self-derision. In communist Poland people knew where they stood with regard to the state's propaganda and the lies that came with it. If the Auschwitz fix-up was just one more of many, then there was, in the end, nothing for her to be surprised at.

The next day I continued my journey in the direction of Majdanek. There, *ad nauseam*, blatant fakes and post-war reconstructions are ascribed to the Nazis, so blatant that the historians prefer, in general, no longer to speak of extermination in that camp. The fakery of the "extermination facilities" that are shown there, all built after the war by non-Germans, is patently obvious, even to the layman, except perhaps to the Jewish — and indeed, more and more Jewish — writer Bertrand Poirot-Delpech. I then headed north-eastwards, to the sites of Belzec and Sobibor (of which there remains strictly nothing). I returned to

Warsaw via Treblinka where no original structure has been conserved either; it has in the past, however, been claimed that this camp was equipped with death chambers in which inmates were killed with... steam, and that after 1943, the Germans had unearthed the largely decomposed bodies of their victims in order to burn them on the spot. But, as will be seen further on, it has been demonstrated that no gigantic ditch for corpses was ever dug there.

I came back from Poland both satisfied and dismayed. Satisfied, for the journey had let me take a decisive step in my inquiry. The reading of Rassinier had rendered the gas chambers suspect in my eyes; then the Roques affair had made them appear unlikely; finally, at the end of this trip to the sites, I had the proof that they were a fiction.

On the other hand, I was dismayed at the lie's enormity or, which doubtless amounts to the same thing, at the extent of belief in it. Only Urszula's laughter resounded in my mind as a signal of hope.

I confided in an engineer friend of mine with whom I had been in touch for a good many years. Intrigued from the start by what I had to say, he told me that he wanted, in his turn, to be clear in his mind about it all and, therefore, to visit the places I'd described. I showed him my copies of the original Auschwitz *Bauleitung* drawings and lent him W. Stäglich's *Der Auschwitz Mythos* in French translation. At first I thought he would drop the travel idea, but he reminded me of it several times and, consequently, we set off together in his car a few months later, in April 1989, for Poland by way of Czechoslovakia.

I served as his mentor along the way. I gave him my commentary on the sites we visited, drawing his attention to the stagings effected by the "victors", who'd been firmly bent on having the world believe in the existence of prodigious chemical slaughterhouses of reinforced concrete of which not the least vestige remained. On that subject, we became acquainted with the lately released *Leuchter Report*. I beheld my friend fallen prey to true consternation. I was a direct witness to his disarray. After these revelations, and with time being short, we wound up the journey with a quick visit of the now Polish territories that were torn from Germany between 1945 and 1947. For us, it was essentially Silesia and Eastern Pomerania (we hadn't time enough to see old Danzig, much less East Prussia).

I have a poignant recollection of the end of our tour, something that appeared as a complement to the horrid lie. My heart sank at the sight of some houses so typically German out in the countryside between Breslau and Hirschberg, which before 1945 must have been the centres of prosperous farms. The Poles had seen fit to cover the walls over with an ugly roughcast to efface the houses' original character, exemplified by the distinctive German building craft of half

timbering (*Fachwerk*), and so camouflage their theft. Now, more than forty years on, one could clearly make out, reappearing through the roughcast, the black and white blend of the wooden beams crossing one another. Immanent justice, here as well?

The Polish occupant of one of these farmhouses, of whom we asked accommodation for the night, allotted us two broken beds in the vast corn loft, and demanded payment in advance, flatly refusing his own country's currency but taking West German marks instead, ten from each of us.

— The deathblow: the forensic studies —
The radical impossibility of a process
of mass killings
*in the structures and places where they are alleged
to have happened*

Here we were at the end of the year 1989. The Berlin Wall, symbol of an oppression, an exploitation and a lie, had collapsed. In a couple of years the USSR itself would definitively break down.

From the moment of the events in early November I suggested to my wife, brother and sister-in-law that we all go by car to Berlin to be spectators on the spot to the now certain destruction of the wall, and to take part in smashing up that disgraceful symbol, still in its "original state". In the end the ladies preferred to let us men go off on our own and bring them back some souvenir bits of *The Wall*. Taking along my young son, my brother and I set out, picks, hammers and chisels in the boot. Upon arriving at the Brandenburg Gate, we could see that many other people had had the same idea, and were already going to work resolutely.

Some few weeks before, on September 16, Robert Faurisson had been savagely attacked in a park near his house by three young Jews who used his head as a football: they tried to kick him to death. Grievously injured in the face, he was now slowly recovering. A "natural and normal" occurrence, commented Serge Klarsfeld.

Faurisson was quickly able to identify the person behind the assault, one Nicolas Ulmann, the son of a local shop owner. A female examining magistrate then set about finding nothing.

In the previous year, shortly before he was due to testify at the Toronto trial of Ernst Zündel, the German-born publisher and active challenger of the official and imposed history of the Second World War, the same Faurisson had instigated a groundbreaking endeavour in the fight for historical truth. He had

asked Fred Leuchter, an American engineer and specialist in the building and operation of gas chambers for the execution of condemned criminals in the United States, to go to Poland with a small team and inspect the sites where, according to Jewish organisations, facilities for mass killing by asphyxiation had functioned during the war. The idea was for Leuchter to get the samples of structural materials needed for an examination that would determine whether gas had indeed been used there as claimed. In effect, Faurisson's observations in the 1970s concerning the use of execution gas chambers in American prisons (the one in Baltimore, for example), where infinite precautions are taken in order to put a lone prisoner to death without exposing the personnel to risk, had persuaded him of the necessity of a scientific and technical inspection of the structures said to have been used for killing concentration camp inmates at Auschwitz and elsewhere.

On site, Leuchter proceeded to make a scientific comparison between the *Bauleitung* drawings and the camp's present-day layout, and methodically to extract sample fragments of walls which would later be analysed by an independent American laboratory "in the blind", that is, wholly unaware both of the object of the research and of the samples' origin. In effect, it is known that trace components in materials such as cement and bricks, when exposed to hydrogen cyanide (the substance given off by Zyklon B pellets or disks), become the object of a certain chemical reaction. These materials contain iron in the state of oxides, sulphates and silicates; iron reacts with hydrogen cyanide to form complex compounds of a characteristic bluish tint (Prussic blue). These present the remarkable traits of extreme stability over time (periods of several centuries) and are practically insoluble, thus unaffected by weather. So it is that intense blue traces are plain to see in the walls of those Auschwitz buildings that served as clothing disinfection units, for they were frequently exposed to Zyklon B, thus to hydrogen cyanide.

Having ascertained the relative presence of these compounds of iron and cyanide in the brick and concrete samples taken from various places in the camp, the researcher would be able to determine precisely where there had been contact with hydrogen cyanide gas. It was a matter of verifying whether the places where lethal gassings were said to have happened were the same as those that presented significant traces of the compounds. However, in the fragments taken by Leuchter and his team from about thirty points in the five crematoria at Auschwitz-Birkenau, no detectable traces were to be found. On the other hand, very strong traces were detected in those taken from *the clothing disinfection units!* Apart from the results of this chemical analysis, Leuchter's physical and topological analysis was also unequivocal. His conclusions (the

first “Leuchter Report”) were plain: the incriminated rooms in buildings or other installations at Auschwitz and Birkenau (designated on the original map as K-I, K-II, K-III, K-IV and K-V), which some people claim were the site of mass gassings of human beings, could not by any means have been places at which killings by Zyklon B asphyxiation had occurred: absence of traces of hydrogen cyanide salts, inadequate space, danger of death for the personnel, material impossibility of the process of “killing followed by incineration”.¹⁸

Unable to come up with a rebuttal to this report, throughout the world — and most particularly in the United States — the adherents to the doctrine of the “gas chambers” flew into a rage against the man who had written it, and Leuchter saw his career ruined overnight. Base slanders were put about against him, without the least counter-study being undertaken.

Nonetheless, there was one such attempt in France. A pharmacist from the Paris suburbs, Jean-Claude Pressac, had personally taken an interest in the gas chamber problem, going to Auschwitz several times. Contrary to rumours, he had never been a “disciple of Faurisson”. He’d made the professor’s acquaintance at the home of Pierre Guillaume, the first publisher of Faurisson’s revisionist work; one day, fed up with Pressac’s importunate manner, Faurisson had to oust him from the flat *manu militari*. Thereafter Pressac went and offered his services to Serge Klarsfeld, who proposed the idea of lighting a backfire against the “Leuchter Report”, and financed the enterprise. The result was the confidential publication, in 1989, of a very big, indigestible book entitled *Auschwitz, Technique and Operation of the Gas Chambers*¹⁹. In reality, it featured not the least drawing, sketch, scale model or coherent description of those famous “gas chambers”. The poor pharmacist, all told, demonstrated just one thing: at Auschwitz-Birkenau there had indeed been... crematoria for incinerating the dead. While he was at it, Pressac drastically reduced the estimated number of dead supposedly cremated in the camps, thus incurring the suspicion and hatred of those who, like Claude Lanzmann, upheld the argument of mass murders in “gas chambers”. Moreover, Lanzmann, a film director, has since been reduced to making works of fiction in which, without any evidence, without any material remains or documentary traces, the gas chambers’ existence is presented as a given: such is the case in his latest film, on Sobibor (October 2001).

Faurisson was to pulverise Pressac’s book, first in his *Réponse à Jean-Claude Pressac*²⁰, then in the presence of Pressac himself in the courtroom, specifically the section of the Paris criminal court that hears cases involving the press: the pitiful man, on the verge of tears, was at a loss to answer the successive questions of barrister Eric Delcroix and presiding judge Martine

Ract-Madoux. *Exit Pressac*.

Another try at a counter-study was made by the Crakow (Poland) “Institute of Criminology”. The results of its chemical analysis tended to confirm Leuchter’s own conclusions. Therefore, publishers refrained from printing this report.

The “Lüftl Report”²¹, named for its author Walter Lüftl, president of the Austrian association of chemical engineers, was published some time afterwards. It examined the alleged killing process as presented by the upholders of the extermination thesis and proved its *radical impossibility*. It showed how ridiculously the exterminationists made their case for the use of Zyklon disinfectant to kill human beings *en masse*, for it would have been infinitely less dangerous and, all told, more efficient to do so using simple carbon dioxide (CO₂). The problems related to mass incineration would, in any case, have arisen from the very beginning of such an undertaking, and could not have been solved.

The conclusion, in the form of a word to the wise, warned against the propensity of judges in revisionism trials to receive only “historians” as witnesses: scientists and technicians were indispensable if one wished to get at the truth of the matter.

No counter study could be put forth to answer the “Lüftl Report”, and none has ever been offered. Lüftl was forced to resign the presidency of his association, but the authorities did not go so far as to prosecute him²².

In 1991 there appeared the first edition of a study by the young German scientist Germar Rudolf.

Rudolf, who worked at the prestigious Max Planck Institute, drafted a meticulous report in which, with the erudition of a research chemist, he confirmed, in an irrefutable manner, the conclusions of Faurisson and Leuchter. This “Rudolf Report”²³, when sent soon after publication to a number of authoritative figures in the fields of physics and chemistry, in order to get their possible remarks on and criticism of its method and findings, elicited no negative observations! By virtue both of its considerations of a chemical nature, which pulled the rug from under well-known witnesses’ allegations, and of its faultless line of reasoning, it reached devastating conclusions.

We may cite two of them here, respecting the presentation given towards the end of Rudolf’s book.

- 1 *On physical-chemical grounds, the mass gassings with hydrogen cyanide (Zyklon B) in the supposed ‘gas chambers’ of Auschwitz claimed by witnesses did not take place.*

- 2 *The procedures of mass-gassing as attested to by witnesses during their interrogation before various courts of law, as cited in judicial rulings, and as described in scientific and literary publications, in any building of Auschwitz whatever, are inconsistent with documentary evidence, technical necessities, and natural scientific law.*

Rudolf didn't fail to foresee that the opponents, incapable of offering any rebuttal, might resort to the subterfuge of abandoning the argument of massacres in "gas chambers" in favour of some replacement arguments. Thus his closing statement, in the form of a warning, read: "The invention of new scenarios and techniques of mass murder which contradict the witness testimony is characteristic of Hollywood's horror factory, but has nothing to do with the writing of history."

As its sole reply to the appearance of this report, the German State brought legal proceedings against its author, ordered the destruction of all copies, had Rudolf dismissed from his post and forced him to seek refuge abroad in semi-secrecy.²⁴

Finally, in 2000, scientific readings of the utmost interest were taken on the terrain, that is, at the sites of the wartime camps, by the young Australian engineer Richard Krege. He'd had the idea of using a device for analysing the subsoil, Ground Penetrating Radar, allowing to tell unambiguously, at a given spot, whether the earth has been turned over, even at a quite remote date (the diffusion of radar waves underground varies greatly between zones where there has been deep digging and zones where there has not). In the company of Swiss revisionist Jürgen Graff, Krege went to the Polish sites of Belzec, Sobibor, Treblinka and Auschwitz. At the first three, he was able to note the absence of any common graves. Likewise at Auschwitz, save at some precise spots where it was already known that common graves existed: that said, there was no question of any huge ditch there. These forensic analyses by Krege merely confirmed what the Canadian researcher John C. Ball had been able to establish eight years previously, when he'd examined all the aerial photos taken during the war from Allied (and also German) reconnaissance planes above the camps in territory that is now under Poland. In these photos, obviously taken without warning, there are not to be noted any installations that might be meant for carrying out mass murder, nor any suspect concentration of inmates beside a particular building, nor any smoke coming out of cremation structures. These photographs are unchallengeable evidence that the places in question were nothing other than labour camps or transfer camps.

— The Nuremberg “trial”: Judicial imposture —

It is impossible to understand the twentieth century without having a look into what one may hold to be the biggest witchcraft trial of all time: the Nuremberg trial of 1945-1946 (followed by others of the same name). We refer here to what is conventionally called the IMT — International Military Tribunal, whose founding document was the text of the London Agreement of August 8, 1945 — and limit ourselves to quoting a few of the articles of this special-purpose tribunal’s “Charter”:

Article 19: “*The Tribunal shall not be bound by technical rules of evidence. It shall adopt and apply to the greatest possible extent expeditious and nontechnical procedure, and shall admit any evidence which it deems to be of probative value.*” Accordingly, any item deemed by this tribunal to have the value of evidence was admitted as such. The tribunal could accept elements of prosecution evidence without verifying their reliability, and reject those of the defence without giving any explanation. Thus “prosecution evidence” could be forged, and defence evidence ignored. And that was done, on a large scale.

Article 21: “*The Tribunal shall not require proof of facts of common knowledge but shall take judicial notice thereof.*” It was the tribunal itself that decided just what a “fact of common knowledge” was.

Article 13: “*The Tribunal shall draw up rules for its procedure. These rules shall not be inconsistent with the provisions of this Charter.*” A veritable legal monstrosity, this: the judges were authorised to fashion their own code of criminal procedure!

Carlos W. Porter,²⁵ a professional translator born in California in 1947, has had the merit of delving into the English and German editions of the Nuremberg trial records, both in 42 volumes.

What he has to say about them is disquieting: the presiding judge, Sir Geoffrey Lawrence, didn’t understand German. Nor did the head American prosecution barrister, Joseph Jackson. One of his “assistants”, Robert M. W. Kempner, a key member of the tribunal, was a German Jewish *émigré* animated by an open, incandescent hatred for the Germans. He was the promoter of the “Wannsee Protocol”, a document presented only belatedly (1947), at one of the “American” Nuremberg trials, as the account of a January 1942 conference of German dignitaries held in the Berlin suburb of Wannsee on the question of organising the Jews’ annihilation. However, it is in fact not a “protocol” but a text on paper bearing neither stamp, nor date, nor signature, with no indication of the office in charge of its preparation, no file number under which to register

it, all typewritten on an ordinary machine; in any event, it deals only with an evacuation of European Jews to the East and not with an extermination of those Jews.²⁶

At the big trial itself, that is, in 1945-1946, the defence produced 102 witnesses and 312,022 affidavits on the subject of so-called “criminal organisations”; of these only a few dozen were translated into English (IMT vol. XXI, p. 287; Porter, p. 7): the tribunal was thus unable to read the vast bulk of them! Moreover, “a single affidavit from the prosecution (Document D-973) was deemed to have ‘rebutted’ 136,000 affidavits from the defence” (XXI, pp. 588, 437, 366; Porter, *ibid.*). And again, “six affidavits from the prosecution were deemed to have ‘rebutted’ the testimony of the 102 [defence] witnesses” (XXI, 153 and XXII, 221; Porter, *ibid.*).

An examination, even a quick one, of the sources of the “proof” presented at the Nuremberg trial will be edifying. The “documents” received in evidence were often photocopies of copies. Many such papers presented as “original documents” were written entirely on sheets with no letterhead by persons unknown who, moreover, had put no distinctive handwritten mark on them. “Occasionally, there is an illegible initial or signature of a more or less unknown person certifying the document as a ‘true copy’. Sometimes there are German stamps, sometimes not. Many have been ‘found’ by the Russians, or ‘certified authentic’ by Soviet War Crimes Commissions” (Porter, p. 10).

Carlos Porter writes:

The standard version of events is that the Allies examined 100,000 documents and chose 1,000 which were introduced into evidence, and that the original documents were then deposited in the Peace Palace at The Hague. This is rather inexact.

[...]

The Hague has few, if any, original documents. The Hague has many original post-war ‘affidavits’, or sworn statements, the Tribunal Commission transcripts, and much valuable defence material. They have the “human soap”, which has never been tested, and the “original human soap recipe” (Document USSR-196), which is a forgery; but apparently no original wartime German documents. The Hague has negative photostats of these documents, on extremely brittle paper which has been stapled. To photocopy the photostats, the staples are removed. When they are re-stapled more holes are made. Most of these documents have not been photocopied very often, and officials at The

Hague say it is very unusual for anyone to ask to see them. The National Archives in Washington (see Telford Taylor's Use of Captured German and Related Documents, A National Archive Conference) claim that the original documents are in The Hague. The Hague claims the original documents are in the National Archives. The Stadtarchiv Nürnberg and the Bundesarchiv Koblenz also have no original documents, and both say the original documents are in Washington. Since the originals are, in most cases, "copies", there is often no proof that the documents in question ever existed.

A number of falsified or otherwise worthless documents were presented by the prosecution at the start, such as the "SS report" 1721-PS and the "Hitler Speech" 1014-PS, written by a nameless individual on plain paper bearing neither signature nor stamp; then there was document L-3 which, although not admitted as evidence, was nonetheless released to the press as authentic (250 photocopies distributed); also, 81-PS, "a 'certified true copy' on plain paper prepared by an unknown person. If authentic, it is the first draft of a letter never sent. This is invariably spoken of as a letter written by [Alfred] Rosenberg, which Rosenberg denied (IMT XI, pp. 510-511). The document lacks signature, initials, blank journal number (a bureaucratic marking) and was not found among the papers of the person to whom it was addressed (IMT XVII, p. 612). 81-PS is a 'photocopy' with a Soviet exhibit number (USSR-353, IMT XXV, pp. 156-161)" (Porter, p. 11).

All this doubtless seemed perfectly normal to the people in charge at Nuremberg. Exhibit 386-PS, called the "Hossbach Protocol", the text of an alleged talk given by Hitler on November 5, 1938, is, Porter states, "a certified photocopy of a microfilm copy of a retyped 'certified true copy' prepared by an American, of a retyped 'certified true copy' prepared by a German, of unauthenticated handwritten notes by Hossbach, of a speech by Hitler, written from memory 5 days later." The author then notes with humour: "This is not the worst document, but one of the best, because we know who made one of the copies".

He rightly concludes that the use of such items in a criminal trial "is contrary to the rules of evidence of all civilised countries". He adds: "Nor are the documents identified by witnesses" (Porter, pp. 11-12).

A sinister illustration of "Nuremberg's" villainy is the case of Wilhelm Keitel, head of the OKW ("Army high command"). The main "evidence" against him consisted in "reports" by "Soviet war crimes commissions" (IMT vol. XVII, pp. 611-612) presented in the form of "summaries" with judgements,

conclusions and generalisations, but without a single appendix of evidence or basic documents. They often made reference to incorrectly designated German military bodies. These Soviet “documents” were influential in leading the court to pronounce Keitel’s death sentence. We may cite amongst them USSR-4, a “report” accusing the Germans of having intentionally spawned a typhus epidemic to exterminate the Soviet population! Also, “USSR-470, a ‘true copy’ (meaning the document has been retyped to make the copy) of an ‘original document’ written entirely in Serbo-Croat, and supposedly located in Yugoslavia, with a typewritten signature by Keitel. It was not alleged that Keitel understood Serbo-Croat, rather that this was a ‘translation’ of a document written in German which the Yugoslavians did not find (IMT vol. XV, pp. 530-536)” (Porter, p. 39). Keitel was condemned to death and hanged.

Certain wartime measures, perfectly legal, were considered “crimes” when resorted to by the Germans, whereas unquestionably criminal actions, when taken by the Allies, “were treated as the minor inconveniences of a great crusade to eradicate evil” (Porter, p. 51). For example, Arthur Seyss-Inquart, Reichskommissar for Holland, was sentenced to death for having ordered reprisals following acts of sabotage or armed resistance. However, it had been expressly conceded by the prosecution that members of the violent resistance — irregular fighters, snipers and the like — could rightly be shot (IMT vol. V, p. 405).

Anyone who has not become acquainted with the Nuremberg documents will be unable to conceive of the preposterous character of the charges brought by the victors against the vanquished. Enormities were pronounced all throughout the trial.

Holding forth on the Belzec camp, Smirnov, the Soviet “counsellor”, told the court of the “electrified floors” of buildings made to look like bathhouses (VII, pp. 575-576), and Walsh, the American “assistant trial counsel”, read out a Polish report (Document 3311-PS, Exhibit USA-293) detailing the extermination of the Jews in the “steam chambers” of Treblinka (III, pp. 566-567).

French prosecution witness Marie-Claude Vaillant-Couturier stated under oath that she had seen the *wooden* (!) gas chamber of the Ravensbrook camp (VI, p. 224). It is true that this famous communist militant and callous false witness at Nuremberg would, a bit later on, even dare to deny quite coldly the very existence of the Soviet gulags.²⁷

Although the Allied intelligence services (notably the British) had known from the start that it was the Soviets who had put thousands of captive Polish officers to death in Katyn forest in 1940, they subsequently let the rumour spread that the Germans were the authors of that massacre. Afterwards, the

Soviets were to hang seven German officers and men for the crime: Ernst Böhm, Ernst Geherer, Herbard Janicke, Heinrich Remmlinger, Erwin Skotki, Eduard Sonnenfeld and Karl Strüffling. They sentenced another three innocent Germans to twenty years' hard labour: Arno Diere, Erich Paul Vogel and Franz Weiss.²⁸

American prosecutor Jackson asked Albert Speer whether, in a purpose-built village near Auschwitz, 20,000 Jews had not been “eradicated almost instantaneously, and in such a way that there was no trace left of them”, in the experimental use of an atomic bomb (XVI, pp. 528-529).

There was also talk, for instance, of vehicles specially fitted to gas their occupants, “gas vans”, in which tens of thousands of people were said to have been slain. Not a single photograph of any such vehicle could be produced at the trial! Germany's territory was totally occupied at this time — early 1946 — by the victorious Allies, who therefore had all necessary latitude to search for and come up with a “gas van”. The closest things to this imaginary device that the German army had possessed were innocuous disinfection vans used for the delousing of clothing.

The aforementioned Smirnov stated that the Germans had used “movable crematoria” to dispose of the bodies of 840,000 Russian prisoners, all killed “at one time” in Sachsenhausen (VII, p. 585). He also read from a “Report of the Extraordinary State Commission concerning the crimes of the German fascist invaders in the Lvov region” (USSR-6), one of several that described the Germans' alleged exhumation and incineration of great numbers of those whom they had slaughtered and buried in mass graves: corpses were dug up, stacked in piles of many hundreds, and burned with the aid of petrol or oil; the terrain was then carefully smoothed over to hide all traces of the “job”. Towards the end of this “document” one may read:

Thus the Hitlerite murderers adopted in the territory of the Lvov region the same methods for concealing their crimes which they employed earlier in connection with the murder of Polish officers in the Katyn Forest.

The expert commission ascertained full similarity of method in camouflaging the graves in Lissenitzach Forest with those used to camouflage the graves of the Polish officers killed by the Germans at Katyn (VII, p. 592).

In the course of his opening statement on February 8, 1946, Soviet chief prosecutor Rudenko read from an “appeal to the public opinion of the world

from the representatives of several thousand former internees at Auschwitz” denouncing the mass gassing and cremation of deportees. The court thus learned that the German exterminators economised on fuel by deriving a portion of “the fats and oils necessary for cremations” from the bodies of the gassed themselves. “Fats and oils for technical purposes and for the manufacture of soap were also obtained from the corpses” (VII, p. 173-174).

Thirty-seven years afterwards, in 1983, the late Georges Wellers, scientific director of the *Centre de documentation juive contemporaine* (CDJC) in Paris, would officially announce that “the manufacture of soap from human fat belongs in the category of ‘propaganda lies’ that had already been circulating in the camps”.

One of the trial’s principal witnesses, or in any case the man whose deposition contributed in a decisive way to the launching of the figure of 6 million Jewish victims, was Wilhelm Höttl. This German officer, arrested and interned by the Americans at the end of the war, was grilled by numerous “advisors” who garnered testimony from amongst prisoners: he agreed to go over into the service of the victors and work from then on for the Counter Intelligence Corps of the OSS.²⁹ He was lodged in reserved quarters at Nuremberg as a *special witness*, and thus did not mix with the defendants. After stating that he had known Adolf Eichmann, organiser of the transportation of Jewish deportees to the East, he consented to sign an affidavit mentioning that the same Eichmann (who was not to be found at the time) had one day shared with him the secret that the number of Jews *exterminated* as of August 1944 could well amount to six million. The figure was unleashed. Counsel for the accused asked for this strange witness to be produced, but in vain. Such was “Nuremberg”: an enterprise of counterfeiters, where the counterfeit currency — fanciful, lie-ridden or slanderous declarations, an isolated affidavit, indeed “confessions” made under physical or moral duress — was transformed into legal tender: the official history. The Nuremberg “trial” was where the Allies’ mendacious wartime accusations were issued in their official form, much as gangsters’ dirty money is laundered outside of the “business”.

Here the parallel with the witchcraft trials of the 16th and 17th centuries stares us in the face. The object of those religious courts, before sending the presumed witch to be burned at the stake, was to obtain her public confession and, if at all possible, testimony from others “proving” that the hapless defendant had indeed fornicated with the devil. A rationalistic defence grounded in the non-existence of the devil would have been unthinkable on the part of the accused and, if ever it were dared, would have led the heretic, the denier, to the stake forthwith. In the absence of a confession, the providential appearance

of a “witness” brought about conviction *de facto*. This witness might be a former servant of the devil, who, having since repented, would swear that he had heard the devil himself or, failing that, one of his retinue, state that the fornication was a fact. Such was the case with the “witness” Höttl.

Was the Nuremberg trial justifiable nevertheless? And was the victor in a position to judge the vanquished equitably after all? We may say, along with Carlos Porter, in the light of the few outrages seen above, that a simple consultation of the proceedings’ stenotyped notes will allow one to settle the matter. The trial of the “major war criminals” before the International Military Tribunal was nothing but a judicial lynching, and gigantic farce. Therefore, good sense demands that people should not believe what is said to have been “established” at Nuremberg without verifying it beforehand. The logical consequences of such a realisation are enormous.

Accordingly, the entire history of Germany in the span of 1933-1945 must be reviewed, revisited, rewritten.

— The “Auschwitz trial” —
(Frankfurt, December 1963-August 1965)

There we were in the 1960s. What was the state of mind of the Germans, more than fifteen years on from the war?

On this point we may listen to Wilhelm Stäglich ³⁰ :

Most Germans really did not believe in them, anyhow. At the very least, they were sceptical about the purported extent of the “extermination of the Jews”. Revelations of the cruelties perpetrated against Germans interned in Allied camps, the barbaric “punishments” imposed for “crimes” that had never been proved, and, last but not least, the “denazification” tribunals over which “Germans” presided and which reached into almost every German home — all these things produced a high degree of bitterness among the population at large, even awakened sympathy for the victims of the rancorous “justice” of the Allies. As time went on, “anti-Nazi” witch-hunting became more and more unpopular. People had seen and heard enough. They were simply fed up with the whole business. By the end of the 1950’s, when it turned out that the “gas chambers” the Allies exhibited after the war never existed in Germany during the Third Reich, at Dachau or any other camp, people began to voice their opposition to Chancellor Adenauer’s programme

of financial “reparations” to Israel.

It must have [been] this latter circumstance, above all, which alarmed those who were profiting, and wanted to continue profiting, from our national prostration and the myth of the six million. It looked as though the German people could not be politically and financially blackmailed much longer. New methods had to be devised to keep the racket going. No doubt enemies of Germany, above all international Jewry, knew they had to take prompt action.

Given the almost proverbial German respect for authority, an obvious solution was to use the German judicial system in a massive effort to revive our national guilt complex.

As Stäglich appositely recalls, after the end of the war crimes trials organised by the occupying powers, the alleged Nazi atrocities had quickly fallen into oblivion among the German people; besides, no forensic study of the crime weapon (installations specially prepared for lethal gassings) had taken place — nor was ever to take place.

The tragic aspect in such trials as the one in Frankfurt, that of the “Auschwitz guards”, was that the defence counsel generally had no interest in establishing the historical truth. They kept to putting forward what would, in their eyes, be specifically favourable for the clients, or at least would do them no harm. As for the prosecution, one mustn’t forget that its representatives were civil servants, answerable to the political power in place. Those people were steadily fed, so to speak, by the condemnation of the previous regime as pronounced by a government that had installed itself solely by the grace of the occupation forces after the Third Reich’s demise. The judges, for their part, accepted, without the least reluctance, the “historical” background such as it had been determined by the men who, in the shadows, had pushed for these trials with a purely political aim in mind. This places us before a characteristic peculiar to the German judiciary and showing itself *only* in trials of “Nazis”.

Another disturbing point: the suspicious death of Richard Baer, the last commandant of Auschwitz, just before he was due to testify, when it was known that he would not speak of the “gas chambers”.

Stäglich sums up bitterly the way in which justice was administered then, and has been administered ever since, in Germany ³¹:

Its manner of adjudication bears a distressing resemblance to the methods of the medieval witch trials. In those days, the occurrence of the “crime” had only to be presumed, since basically it could not be proved.

Even the most distinguished jurists of the time — for example, Benedikt Carpzow — were of the opinion that in the case of “crimes difficult to prove” one could dispense with inquiring into the objective basis of the deed if “presumption” spoke for its occurrence. The medieval judges found themselves in the same position vis-à-vis the demonstrability of fornication with the Devil at the Witches’ Sabbath as the “enlightened” judges of the 20th century in regard to the murder of the Jews in “gas chambers”. They had to believe in such fictions, or else they would have been burned at the stake themselves. In a figurative sense, this also held true for the judges in the Auschwitz Trial.

— Special-purpose laws against the revisionists —

The extermination of the Jews of Europe by the Germans between 1939 and 1945, alleged then by organised Jewry and since accepted as fact by the countries of the West, whose peoples have nearly all ended up having it imposed on them as a *State Truth* (one might say *State religion*), cannot materially have happened. This is a conclusion grounded scientifically in a body of concurrent evidence: particularly striking is the fact that in the hundreds of thousands of accessible archive documents there is a total absence of German directives or records concerning the implementation of any “extermination” measures. The absence of any papers bearing reference to possible orders to such effect, the analysis of testimonies and depositions at the various trials, the many documents at our disposal, the findings on the subject by impartial researchers (that is, people honest enough not to seek advantage in propagating unfounded assertions), the examination of population movements to and fro at the period in question and, finally, forensic studies into the places and procedures invoked by the official history, all of which conclude that the carrying out of such procedures is physically impossible: these facts can only strengthen our unbelief.

And yet, the high point of the swindle is still to be seen. Here it is.

Not only *must* one believe, without seeing any proof — indeed, even in the face of proof to the contrary — that six million Jews died at the hands of the Nazis (a large part of them having been killed in slaughterhouses for humans functioning with an insecticide), but also the parliaments of almost all Western countries have proceeded to bring in special laws to punish those who publicly voice doubts on the matter with imprisonment, fines and exclusion from their professions.

It is thus indeed a question of a belief of religious nature. Who, in a land of Islam, would ever have the idea of publicly questioning Allah’s existence,

the Koran's authenticity or the holy character of Mecca? Who would think of sniggering before the Wailing Wall? In such hypothetical cases the "unanimous" legal decision would be easy to predict.

To speak of religious belief is also to speak of religious hierarchy, with its privileges, its rites and its shrines, its high priests, its Inquisition, excommunications, fulminations.

— The scandal of Arolsen-Waldeck —

Arolsen, a small town in the old province of Waldeck in northern Germany, is the site of a large building that houses a research centre containing information of the greatest importance.

It is, in effect, at Arolsen that the International Tracing Service is located: its data concern those persons who were interned in camps during the last war, essentially the camps of the National Socialist regime.

Apart from its natural function of methodical research, this centre has the job of handling any requests for information or compensation made by relatives of those who are alleged to have died in deportation. It works with the data in its large stock of public records and other groupings of names: there are lists of those who were in the deportation convoys (both departure and arrival lists), internal lists from various German camps, lists of transferred detainees, camp infirmary registries and death registries etc. A primary feature of the centre's activity is the comparing of the claims or queries regarding such or such a person against the data at its disposal.

One may be astonished to learn that this Service, although situated in German territory and run with the formal supervision of the International Committee of the Red Cross in Geneva, is under "Allied" and... Israeli sovereignty. Its management team features a high proportion of Jews. Similarly, the head of the very official "Institute of Contemporary Historical Research" in Munich is of Jewish origin, as is the curator of the Dachau camp-museum, as is the present curator of the Auschwitz camp-museum and as were his predecessors.

The information and statistics of which Arolsen disposes in abundance are, of course, of capital significance. For they are the ultimate key: here it will be obvious whether a holocaust happened or did not happen. In effect, since the pension rights of heirs and successors are logically linked to a fine-toothed comb inspection by Arolsen, it must be possible there, with the information and statistics concerning names to hand, to determine the true overall number of camp dead. Therefore I planned to pay a visit to Arolsen. But professor Faurisson called me back to reality.

He chuckled at my naivety in this business. Arolsen's data, more than 55 years after the end of the war, are still kept rigorously secret. They are still forbidden to the researcher, whoever he may be, lest devastating information leak out to the world at large. Those in charge have grasped that, in effect, Arolsen holds the truest figures, the truth, in short, on the scale of Jewish victimhood to "Nazi barbarism", especially in its verified lists of names. The professor convinced me that it wouldn't be possible, except perhaps by way of some ruse or other, to gain access to the data at Arolsen. Charles Biedermann, the centre's director, when summoned to testify by the defence at the Zündel trial in Toronto in April 1988, had not consented to disclose the number of duly recorded deaths, although he possessed it. "It would be premature to give those figures" was his brazen reply then to the express question put by professor Faurisson, who was assisting Ernst Zündel in court. You've read correctly: *premature*. Even though it was 1988 and the war had been over for 43 years!

Nonetheless, the revisionists are a stubborn, patient and, when need be, cunning lot; above all they are, in general, equipped with some well-honed tools.

To authenticate a concentration camp inmate's decease one must have reliable and concordant information to hand: proof of deportation (the name's featuring on the list of persons in a given convoy) and chronological mention on a list of camp deaths (according to the *Sterbebücher*, which were meticulously maintained by the camp administrations: virtually all of those kept at Auschwitz are known). These lists, when they can be consulted, are of great value in that they assemble, apart from the name and date of death, the deceased's personal data: country of origin, ethnicity and religion. But what becomes of a request for research on a person whose name features neither on any list of camp entries, nor of deaths, nor on any "intermediate" list (i.e. one bearing the names of detainees transferred from one camp to another, or of the members of an internal work detail...)? Here, an isolated testimony, for example, cannot be received as proof. And those who died in a camp whose records have been lost haven't been able to be "claimed" by any living relative. They will escape Arolsen's fine-toothed combing. It is indeed because of this that the centre's figures are, in a certain way, figures by default, and so Arolsen could not rightly claim to provide the total number of concentration camp fatalities, contrary to what some people believe at times. Arolsen has, however, established a figure representing those deaths which it has itself authenticated with certainty in dealing with all the requests for information on missing persons. After an inspection of the Soviet-held records, which had in

part remained hidden until the USSR's collapse (and the opening up of those records did not cause Arolsen's previously made reckoning of the number of victims to vary significantly), the overall number — all national origins and ethnic groups taken together — of "claimed" victims, that is, persons with regard to whom those having requested information, including heirs and successors, allegedly have had reason to believe that they may have perished in the Hitlerite camps is, according to our most recently adjusted data, 396,081 (which we may round up to 400,000). That is the total number of alleged victims' names "filed" at Arolsen. Amongst them, the centre has been able to authenticate 291,594 wartime deaths (we may round up the figure to 300,000), all national origins combined.

What mainly makes Arolsen's figures worthy of interest is the fact that they are established through a procedure that one may term revisionist in the sense that it consists in examining and comparing the information of various original documents. One observation of prime importance regarding Arolsen's numbers and results: in the course of time they have stabilised and henceforth show only minor variations. As noted above, the unveiling of the Soviet archives since 1991 has not brought on any significant modification of the number of authenticated deaths, either. It's therefore understandable that a wide-scale publication of these figures would have devastating effect. One may well imagine the fright of those *in charge of maintaining the official version with its six million Jewish victims* at the idea of the logical and implacable conclusions that revisionist research could draw from Arolsen's data. Without any doubt, there lies the reason for the Arolsen authorities' doing away with the centre's *Historische Abteilung* (department of history) in 1978.

In effect, starting from the figures certified by Arolsen, the number of *authenticated* deaths in all the Hitlerite camps of detainees of Jewish origin, through all the 1933-1945 period and of all causes, can most certainly be estimated at under 200,000, for a figure of 200,000 Jewish dead would suppose a rather too high proportion of Jews — two thirds — in the overall number of camp inmates.

A theoretical maximum of 200,000 *authenticated* deaths of Jews in all the German camps for the whole National Socialist era. There we have the total that the Arolsen tracing centre has most certainly established, even though the same body stubbornly refuses to let its exact figure be known. Obviously a number of persons of Jewish origin died, between 1941 and 1945, *elsewhere* than in the concentration camps: those who were killed from above in the unrelentingly bombed German cities, those who perished due to all kinds of wartime privation. But the death of those Jews was no different from the fate

of a good many other victims of the war in Europe.

This figure, we may repeat, although not exhaustive as seen above, nevertheless denotes a scientifically sound maximum total that is dramatically inferior to the figures borne by the unfounded allegations of Jewish groups during and after the war, figures that have been adopted by the official history. A devastating parallel: it is of the order of the number of German victims of the Allies' two-day aerial bombardment of Dresden alone (February 1945...).

For an official institution, operating under the auspices of several national governments, to refuse to make its findings public is a veritable act of treachery towards historical research. We have a right to know the truth, be it whole or not. The authenticated figure of concentration camp deaths cannot remain concealed otherwise than through a wilful blocking of the truth on the part of the official authorities. This point leads us to observe that those very governments, in what I may well venture to call a perverse consensus, have deemed it in their interest to keep the figure under a bushel, and behave like dealers in stolen goods. One day soon, we can bet, Arolsen will have to bring out these figures. With the accompanying documentary evidence. Evidence, and names.

After the war, Winston Churchill, Dwight Eisenhower and Charles De Gaulle³² wrote their memoirs. At no place in these voluminous works is any allusion made to any massacre by collective gassing in the German concentration camps. To put it another way, those three key figures of the conflict, leaders of governments and of armies, and, by that very fact, informed from the best sources, could have offered a capital testimony: but they didn't breathe a word of a crime that is alleged to have been of unprecedented extent and enormity. The same goes for the Red Cross's regular reports: the ICRC was allowed to visit the concentration camps and, all throughout the war, did not abstain from doing so: in its accounts there was never any mention of "gas chambers", except in regard to rumours thereof. So it was that a Red Cross delegation went to the Auschwitz-Birkenau camp in September 1944 and related afterwards that it had not been able to find any evidence supporting the stories it had heard.³³ And the same goes as well for the Vatican, despite its being remarkably well informed during the war.

The upholders of the extermination tale, as if in desperation, will still object that the German army units called *Einsatzgruppen* ("intervention groups") carried out summary executions of many irregular fighters and partisans (many of whom were Jews: their leaders and organisers as well were often Jewish "people's commissars"). It is certain that these *Einsatzgruppen* were indeed assigned the mission of protecting the rear of the Wehrmacht in the USSR,

notably through a “cleaning out” of partisans, that a good number of the latter were in effect Jews, that the German commanders of the *Einsatzgruppen* might well consider themselves not to be bound by certain rules of war since the Soviet Union had not adhered to the Geneva convention on the treatment of prisoners, and that, in any event, the recourse to reprisals is acknowledged as legitimate in principle with respect to irregular fighters or partisans. But here too, serious studies have been made into the action of these same *Einsatzgruppen*, of which, in particular, some daily agendas are consultable. The “confessions” of some of their commanders, especially Oswald Pohl’s and Otto Ohlendorf’s, are of scant value, for they were obtained through torture.³⁴ And even if the figures that their tormenters extorted from them were accepted as valid (Ohlendorf “gave” the figure of 90,000 executions), they would not in themselves modify the conclusion that there was by no means a holocaust or genocide, nor even an attempt at genocide, of the European Jews.

If what befell the Jews during the war was a “holocaust”, how then would one have to term the unnatural deaths, between 1939 and 1948, of fourteen million civilians and soldiers of German nationality?³⁵

— Yad Vashem —

One evening in January 2001, at the invitation of relatives living in Amman, Jordan, two friends of mine, husband and wife, took off to visit Petra, the Dead Sea, Aqaba and various Greek and Roman sites of the Decapolis. They were greeted as planned at the Amman airport at 2 am. They rode the 25 miles into the city where their host informed them that, due to a sudden mishap, he would be too occupied in the immediate future to devote himself to their common projects, which he suggested should be postponed for four days. He recommended that, in the meantime, they visit Israel by themselves. The next day, taking them to the Allenby bridge, the nearest border crossing, he advised them to stay three or four nights in the Old City of Jerusalem, in a Christian convent, for example; afterwards they need only take a taxi back to the same crossing, where he would send another taxi to fetch them. That evening they found themselves in Jerusalem, and, for a first night, they “entered the convent” close by the *Via Dolorosa*.

They spent the next day going round the old quarters of the city. They visited the Christian quarter. They went to the Wailing Wall, via the Arab section, then had a look round the working class Palestinian neighbourhoods where the people on the streets are effectively corralled, without knowing

it, by armed young Jews in Moslem dress (the *Mistavrazim*) and equipped with discreet walkie-talkies, whilst the omnipresent high-hanging closed circuit television cameras leave no dead angle for the Israeli police watching somewhere in their observation centre.

The French guidebook *Routard* states that the Yad Vashem memorial centre, a few miles to the west, is a must-see. I too had advised my friends to visit it. So, two days after their arrival in Jerusalem, they took the bus to Yad Vashem. After a ten-minute walk from the bus stop they reached the memorial. They saw all the various parts of it: the Garden of the Righteous amongst the Nations, the crypt with the eternal flame, the stirring exhibit with the thousands of little stars that surround you in semi-darkness, the thematic rooms, the buildings undergoing work. They returned to the main structure, to the entrance hall. Books presented as important reading were displayed for sale on a long counter. Conspicuous was a just released work available in three languages entitled *Desecrators of Memory*: its author, one Ephraim Kaye, was worried about the case put forth by revisionists ("Holocaust denial" in the jargon), which he deemed liable to confuse people who, *in principle, were not necessarily anti-semitic*. My friends took a copy in French.³⁶

Then, in the end, the man decided to put a particular question to the entrance hall attendant. Being of a curious bent, he wanted "for his personal collection of documents, to get hold of some original photos of gas chambers that had operated in the Nazi concentration camps." In support of his request, and lest his perhaps too direct question be perceived as an impertinence, he took the liberty of pointing out that the Soviets, when they took over the Auschwitz-Birkenau complex in late January 1945 without firing a shot, would necessarily have found such installations *in their original state*, since the camp had been evacuated by the Germans just a few days before. By their very nature, those concrete structures could not have been removed in the evacuation. The Soviets, then, must have taken numerous photographs of all the installations and, amongst them, surely some photos of those gas chambers or, barring that, of their vestiges, abandoned some days previously by the retreating Germans.

The question seemed to baffle the young man at the counter. "Photos of the gas chambers, you say? Wait while I go see my supervisor." The couple were afraid there might be an incident. A bearded gentleman of reddish complexion arrived, telling them "We have a photo of the inside of a gas chamber: it's in the *Encyclopaedia of the Holocaust*, right here." He pointed to a big book in English, on the top shelf in the display case.

My friend the tourist took it out and, opening to the letter G, under the entry

Gas Chamber, discovered a short article — about fifteen lines — evoking the Nazis' methodical use of execution gas chambers; an accompanying photo showed... a vast shower room of the camp at Majdanek! The showers with their duckboards could be clearly made out, along with two windows that left the room bathed in sunlight. A caption explained that it was in fact a dummy shower room, set up so that the hoodwinked detainees, after disrobing quite unwarily, would be asphyxiated by the gas coming out of the shower heads(!).³⁷

Amazing! Hitherto it had been explained that the camp inmates, after being forcibly crammed, in large numbers, into a cement room with no openings, were then poisoned therein by the gas emanating from the Zyklon tablets or pellets dropped in through special holes in the roof; now, all of a sudden, Yad Vashem was explaining that the victims were killed by gas sprayed at them via shower plumbing. Where had the tablets and pellets gone, then? And which new gas was it for these showers?

How can anyone believe such twaddle? Wasn't life in the concentration camps trying enough without the addition, on top of it all, of stories that fly in the face of common sense?

**— The search for the truth about 1939-1945:
A struggle for the past or the future? —**

I consider this prohibition, imposed by law, of a fundamental discussion of the German concentration camps of the last war to be a crime against the mind and an insult to the dignity of all.

The French citizen enjoys, in principle, the right to freedom of inquiry and of expression. It seems disgraceful to me that we must uphold, without seeing any valid evidence, the accusation made against Germany of having put millions of human beings to death in "gas chambers" of which there subsists not a trace, either material or documentary; all the more disgraceful as undeniably serious scientific studies, tallying with one another and thus far not contradicted by any adversary, have converged to demonstrate the radical impossibility of the presence and functioning of such chemical slaughterhouses at the places where the "affirmationists" claim to situate them.

Some say that the existence of a well-nigh universal consensus condemning the Hitler regime renders any in-depth discussion of the camps meaningless from the start. This argument is fallacious.

No country, no human, ethnic, philosophical, political or religious group has the right, by means of an organised lie-ridden propaganda and of accusations

unsupported by material evidence or documents, to charge the German people with having committed millions of murders in impossible to find installations whose hypothetical use to such purpose, moreover, has been shown to be an impossibility. None of these countries or groups is entitled to persecute those who make inquiries and offer explanations regarding the matter. Finally, this accusation and this persecution are all the more unconscionable as they are accompanied by an economic exploitation of the people in question which, in the process, has effectively become an outcast from the concert of nations.

Enlightened and “well meaning” persons will tell me:

But in the end, why insist so strongly? It's obvious, at present, and we are convinced by the formidable array of revisionist research and findings, that there was of course never any “Holocaust” of the Jews. Any honest man can only agree with the specialists in the matter: The “gas chambers” are an “oriental” phantasmagoria, a fable-like tale of a Thousand and One Horrors, a Talmudic response to the oppression inherent in a system of concentration camps organised by Germans who, keen on technique though they were, ended up mired in a dreadful penury of foodstuffs and all other supplies nearly everywhere, including those camps which became, consequently, places where death really did stalk the landscape!

To which I shall reply:

“Holocaust”, you say? Will you ever understand that such a lie, such a swindle, has been able to exist only because Germany lost the war? The loser is always wrong. Even — especially — if he was fighting as one against ten. In that lost war, there was also, on the opposing side, the absence of any spirit of chivalry, a fact which, on the part of victors who behaved like arrant war criminals at Katyn, Dresden, Gumbinnen, Hiroshima and Nagasaki, ought hardly to surprise. There resulted, as if inexorably, that horrible accusation made without evidence and imposed at Nuremberg by a sham trial organised by the same victors (to enable themselves to kill the defeated leaders “legally” and, in so doing, terrorise the German population), in any case with no other “evidence” than their own hateful and grotesque affirmations, fabrications imposed by a ceaselessly reinforced media terror. On and on until the eventual implosion, which will not fail to come about.

And the enlightened ones may well continue:

But why follow close on the heels of the revisionists, who risk being seen as people who are after revenge? With a triumphant revisionism, won't there be the danger of a flare-up of anti-semitism? Is there no better idea than to be actually just as anti-semitic as the other side are anti-German and anti-European? Why not simply be wise and leave it to the historians alone, in serious works devoid of any hurtful polemics, to tell the truth about this awful chapter? That way the embers and still smouldering ashes of that period will be able to cool.

But my closing remark can only be as follows:

To conceal the truth knowingly for fear of being labelled "anti-semitic" is only to dodge the issue. It amounts to giving the thought terrorists more than their due. The revisionist conclusions are honest, scientific and well reasoned. Are the others sincere in claiming that the revisionists are inspired by anti-semitism, and seek vengeance? Rather, are those others not disturbed by the light that revisionism, forthrightly and all at one stroke, throws onto the gloomy picture? Are they afraid? It's been said of revisionism that it constituted the biggest intellectual adventure of the late twentieth century. May it not be, besides, the sole possible catalyst of a new renaissance of the West, its only chance of survival?

— For the future —

So then, my father had died for his ideas, as they say. He fell victim to two contemporaneous and mutually fuelling hatreds: the first spawned incitements to murder against the forces of occupation, and the second drove those forces to act as they did towards irregulars like him. I refuse to believe that he gave his life so that the *winners* of the last European civil war might spread their cruel calumny against the *loser*, to a most sordid political and financial effect. By our present struggle for historical truth, by tireless research and, above all, its findings that prove so disturbing, we can set history right. The West, our own country included of course, has fallen so low that the respective justice systems find themselves constrained to protect the historical lie and to punish those who ask questions about certain alleged crimes, or who challenge the allegations with scientific arguments. This is an unconscionable judicial terror.

The revisionists produce evidence and they are answered only with threats, incantations or moaning and groaning. They are thrown into prison and overwhelmed with fines. Their lives are wrecked.

At the dawn of the third millennium, an international debate, bringing together historians, researchers and scientists, is urgently needed, especially to obtain a worthy response to the aforementioned forensic studies. *All of these studies have concluded* that the existence and functioning of the “Nazi gas chambers” are a *complete impossibility*. Up to now the upholders of the official truth have evaded or refused such a debate, finding refuge in the unjust force of laws made just for the circumstances.

It is high time that they quit using subterfuge, took off their masks, renounced the use of force and faced the risks of a real debate held in the light of day.

For the sake of simple human justice.

Notes

I

- 1 Our inter-allied NATO unit, the Joint Mobile Communication Center (JMCC), was supposed to be the “residue” of the General Staff’s transmitting service, that is, a sector of it that would still remain operational in the disastrous aftermath of a nuclear war in Europe. Stationed in a forest, in vehicles equipped with powerful transmitters and receivers, we were assigned the job of “re-establishing contact” between the scattered elements of the commands of whatever units in Western Europe might be spared by the catastrophe.
- * Each graduating class at the ENA bears the name of a cultural, political or historical personality; the author was in the *promotion François Rabelais*, hence the term employed here — translator’s note.
- 2 J. Pokorny, *Indogermanisches etymologisches Wörterbuch*, two volumes, A. Francke, Berne, 1959-1969.
- 3 Jean Haudry, *L’Indo-européen*, Paris, PUF (collection “Que sais-je ?”), 1992, and *Les Indo-européens*, Paris, PUF (collection “Que sais-je ?”), 1994.
- 4 The most recent version, drawn from the voluminous *Maquis de Corrèze* (compendium of diverse testimonies published by the association “Maquis de Corrèze”, 2 quai Edmond-Perrier, 19000 Tulle, 798 pages, 1995) and presented as genuine, evokes a liquidation by the *Miliciens*.
- ** Nickname of Napoleon III — translator’s note.
- ***The *chassepot* was a quickly reloading rifle named after its designer and used by the French volunteers sent to defend papal Rome against Garibaldi’s army in 1867. The Empress Eugénie expressed her appreciation of the Frenchmen’s success with the remark “*Les chassepots ont fait merveille*” (“the chassepots have worked wonders”) — translator’s note.
- 5 André Barre, *La Menace allemande*, Paris, Louis-Michaud, 1908, p. 270.
- 6 Victor Cambon, *L’Allemagne au travail*, Paris, Pierre Roger & Cie., 1910, pp. 9, 259.
- 7 Georges Bourdon, *The German Enigma*, London, J. M. Dent & Sons, 1914, pp. 120-121. Hermann Sudermann was, at the time, an author known even in France; his play *Die Heimat* (“The Homeland”), known in English and French translations as *Magda*, had made quite an impression in Paris, with Sarah Bernhardt in the lead role.
- 8 *L’Ennemi héréditaire*, Paris, E. Dentu, 1876, p. 264; V. de Saint-Genis was a *Correspondant du Ministère pour les Travaux historiques* besides having received an award from the Institut de France.
- 9 One aspect of this impregnation of anti-German hatred recently appeared to me as I was reading the screenplay of a documentary film in preparation entitled *Docteur*

Charles Mérieux (production by La Cuisine aux Images, 2001, Lyon). In this film Marcel Mérieux, son of Ch. Mérieux and his successor as head of the laboratory of microbiology bearing their name, tells of how one day, at the age of seven, he announced to some relatives: “My dad will give the Germans tetanus: they’ll all die in four days”. The French, it may be seen, were well imbued with hatred of “*les Boches*” (*author’s personal documentation*).

- 10 Eugène Jarry and Paul Mazin, *L’Europe et le Monde de 1848 à 1914*, Paris, Editions de l’Ecole, 1958.
- 11 Albert Béguin, *Faiblesse de l’Allemagne*, Paris, Librairie Joseph Corti, 1946.
- 12 Hélène Carrère d’Encausse, *Lenin*, New York, Holmes & Meyer, 2001, p. 326.
- 13 Robert N. Proctor, *The Nazi War on Cancer*, Princeton University Press, 1999, p. 15.
- 14 “It was Churchill who imposed [...] the first terror bombings on civilian objectives (like the city of Duisburg, the attack on which in June 1940 incited Hitler to bomb English cities, including London); furthermore Churchill recommended to his air force to attack, especially with incendiary bombs, the heavily populated centres of old German towns, for the old houses burned better, better represented the culture to be destroyed and were inhabited very largely by the common people and workers in general. He later organised personally the onslaughts of terror and annihilation on German cities packed with civilians, like Hamburg and Dresden, the latter being [in February 1945] but a hospital town.” (Claude Soas, *Vers un matérialisme biologique, ou la faillite du matérialisme historique*, private edition 1982, revised in 1993, cited by Dietrich Schuler in *L’Antigermanisme, son histoire et ses causes*, Paris, L’Encre, 1999.
- 15 Heinz Nawratil, *Schwarzbuch der Vertreibung 1945 bis 1948*, Munich, Universitas, 1999.
- 16 Interview by Annette Lévy-Willard, “Hilberg avec un grand H”, *Libération*, 15-16 September 2001, p. VI.
- 17 Friedrich Grimm, *Le Testament politique de Richelieu*, Paris, Flammarion, 1941.

II

- 1 A. Got, *L’Allemagne après la débâcle*, Strasbourg, Imprimerie Strasbourgeoise, 1919, p. 112.
- 2 F. K. Wiebe, *L’Allemagne et la question juive* (published by the “Institute for the study of the Jewish question” in Berlin, without indication of date, probably in 1934); one may also refer to the account published in the French Foreign Ministry’s *Bulletin périodique de la presse allemande* (no. 434, p. 17) of the speech made by the German Interior minister, W. Frick, on 15 February 1934. Frick recalled that in pre-1933 Berlin, for instance, 54% of physicians, 48% of lawyers and 80% of theatre directors were Jewish.

3 See Vincent Reynouard's *Julius Streicher à Nuremberg*, 2001, pp. 29-38.

* *Mein Kampf*, London, Pimlico, 1992 — translator's note.

4 Nonetheless here one must not neglect the influence, especially intellectual, of the French diplomat Arthur de Gobineau and, above all, of the Englishman Houston S. Chamberlain. The former had in 1854 published his *Essai sur l'inégalité des races humaines*, and the latter, a son-in-law of Richard Wagner, had written his famous *Grundlagen des 19 Jahrhunderts* (Munich, F. Bruckmann, Jubiläums-Ausgabe, 1915), developing the theory of "the self-improving Aryan race": "the race becomes noble little by little, like fruit-bearing trees." He held that the Germans "have the duty to become an outstanding race;" to do so they must notably eliminate all the semitic features of Christianity "in order to render it acceptable to Germanic souls." Once that job were done, Germany would have "a divine mission to accomplish."

5 "There has been formed, little by little [between Jews and Germans], a duality which must necessarily end in the destruction of one nation by the other. However, it is ours that Judaism holds in a yoke. Let us have the courage to shake off that yoke; let us undertake not a modern-day crusade but a struggle to the death between the German nation and the Jewish nation." Egon Waldegg, *Judenhetze oder Notwehr?*, Dresden and Berlin, Otto Hentze, 1880. [See François Bournand, *Juifs et Antisémites en Europe*, Paris, Tolra, 1891, p. 176.]

6 F. Trocase was no crude anti-semite. He even attempted to take up the defence of the Jews, and did so in a particular manner:

"'The Jews'", we are notably told, 'are, after all, human beings: whatever other people may be, one must try to live with them.' No one is thinking of instituting any cannibal-like customs with regard to the Jews; they are simply being asked not to ill-treat others so severely, not to exploit them with such ferocity. It might perhaps be added, in support of this argument, that the Jews perform in our modern society a role determined by the secret designs of Providence. Some fish-farmers, for example, put a certain proportion of pike, about 8%, in their ponds, so that the pike will hunt the other fish, trout and carp, keeping them in a permanent state of agitation and so of movement, which is indispensable for all wellbeing. In effect, experience shows that in ponds not stocked with pike, the carp and trout lose all vivacity, ending up in such a state of torpor that they even forget the principle of reproduction. Their flesh is uneatable. Who knows? Perhaps the Jews fulfil in our world the task of the pike in the ponds. In any case, they act the part."

But the author quickly returns to reality: "Who, then, buys up the homes and belongings of people after ruining them? Who chases the peasant out of his forefathers' cottage? Who incites the young to debauchery? Who declares bankruptcy fraudulently? Who takes the fruits of the worker's labour away from him? Who possesses the talent of leaning on political passions to attain the object of his personal desires and satisfy his own interests? Who makes killings on the

stock exchange? [...] The fundamental idea, innate in all the Jews and strongly rooted amongst them, that they belong to God's chosen people, this conviction of theirs that they are somehow more than human, gives them an audacity with the aid of which they astonish the short-sighted. But it is also what has ended up causing so much hatred. The Austrians have not been able, in the long term, to stand for the contempt shown them whilst being treated like inferior beings."

- 7 See Lucien Genet, *Précis d'histoire contemporaine, 1919-1939*, Paris, Hatier, 1946, p. 209.
- 8 See the *Daily Express* (London) of March 24, 1933, with the eloquent front-page headline: "Judea Declares War on Germany", and the book by Hartmut Stern: *Jüdische Kriegserklärungen an Deutschland*, Munich, FZ-Verlag, 2000.
- 9 Theodore N. Kaufman, *Germany Must Perish!*, Newark (New Jersey), Argyle Press, 1941.
- 10 Walter N. Sanning, *The Dissolution of Eastern European Jewry*, Torrance, California, Institute for Historical Review, 1983.
- 11 *Revue d'Histoire de la deuxième guerre mondiale*, July 1954, p. 18.
- 12 For confirmation, see the article, published nearly 20 years after Faurisson's discovery, by Eric Conan, "Auschwitz, la mémoire du mal", *L'Express*, 19-25 January 1995 and, particularly, the astonishing page 68.
- 13 Following the typhus epidemic that ravaged Auschwitz-Birkenau in the summer of 1942, an extension was built at Birkenau (Auschwitz II) with five incinerators, each with three muffles. It went into service in the spring of 1943; hence the capacity of this particular cremation site was a maximum of fifteen bodies at once; thus, what with the 1½ hour needed for burning with coke, between 80 and 90 daily.
- 14 Document NI-9912 (Nuremberg trial records, registered 21 August 1947): *Richtlinien für die Anwendung von Blausäure (Zyklon) zur Ungeziefervertilgung (Entwesung)*.
- 15 This is demonstrated in Wilhelm Stäglich's aforementioned *Der Auschwitz Mythos* (*Auschwitz: A Judge Looks at the Evidence*, Institute for Historical Review, 1990, p. 213). Moreover, Robert Faurisson deserves the credit for having "exhumed" the genuine Degesch brochure (see note 14) with instructions for the use of the Zyklon disinfectant-insecticide.
- 16 Cf. French edition of W. Stäglich's book, *Le Mythe d'Auschwitz*, Paris, La Vieille Taupe, 1986, p. 488.
- 17 Elie Wiesel relates a little known and altogether surprising episode: in mid-January 1945, whilst lodged in an Auschwitz infirmary (probably at Auschwitz III) after his wholly successful foot operation — something that seems astonishing in the context of an "extermination" camp —, Elie and his father (who had obtained permission to stay with him at the *Revier*) were offered a choice by the SS, who

were preparing the camp's imminent evacuation in the face of the Red Army's advance: they could either leave with the Germans towards the interior of the Reich, on foot in the snow, or stay there and wait for the Soviet "liberators". What did E. Wiesel and his father choose to do? They left on foot, in the snow, with the Nazi "exterminators". Such an admission amounts to a refutation of the Auschwitz legend.

- 18 Fred Leuchter, *An Engineering Report on the Alleged Gas Chambers at Auschwitz, Birkenau and Majdanek (Poland)*, Samisdat Publishers Ltd, 1988, 193 p.
- 19 New York, Beate Klarsfeld Foundation, 1989, 564 p., 45 x 30 cm.
- 20 éditions R.H.R., 1994.
- 21 Walter Lüftl, *Holocaust (Glaube und Fakten)*, Vienna, October 1991; published in English (condensed form) in *Journal of Historical Review*, Winter 1992-1993.
- 22 *Süddeutsche Zeitung*, 14 March 1992, p. 8.
- 23 *Gutachten über die Bildung und Nachweisbarkeit von Cyanidverbindungen in den Gaskammern von Auschwitz*, 3rd edition, 1994, 114 p. English translation available from Vrij Historisch Onderzoek (www.vho.org), and also consultable on-line at www.vho.org/GB/Books/trr/9.html.
- 24 See his voluminous work *Dissecting the Holocaust*, published under the pseudonym Ernst Gauß.
- 25 *Not Guilty at Nuremberg*, Historical Review Press, Brighton, 1996, 22 p. (consultable at <http://www.vho.org/aaargh/engl/CPNurembergEngl.html>).
- 26 In 1992, Israeli historian Yehuda Bauer spoke of a "silly story" with regard to the assertion that the policy of a physical extermination of the Jews had been launched at Wannsee on January 20, 1942 (*The Canadian Jewish News*, January 30, 1992). Eight years before, in May 1984, the "official" German historians Eberhard Jäckel and Jürgen Rohwer had themselves, *discreetly*, abandoned that assertion (*Der Mord an den Juden im zweiten Weltkrieg*, DVA, 1985, p. 67). It may be said in passing that this is an example of a revisionist discovery confirmed by orthodox historians.
- 27 "Histoire parallèle", programme presented by Marc Ferro on the Franco-German *Arte* television channel, 18 May, 1996.
- 28 See especially *Rivarol* n° 2248, 2 June 1995, p. 12.
- 29 The OSS was the forerunner of the CIA. According to some researchers, Höttl had worked as a spy for the Anglo-Americans well before the time in question.
- 30 *Auschwitz: a Judge Looks at the Evidence*, *Op cit.*, pp. 231-232.
- 31 *Ibid.*, p. 282.
- 32 W. Churchill, *The Second World War*, 1948-1954; D. Eisenhower, *Crusade in Europe*, 1948; Ch. De Gaulle, *Mémoires de guerre*, 1954-1959.
- 33 *Documents sur l'activité de la Croix-Rouge en faveur des civils détenus dans*

les camps de concentration en Allemagne — 1939 / 1945, 2nd edition, Geneva, International Committee of the Red Cross, June 1946, pp. 91-92.

- 34 O. Pohl was treated with great cruelty for over a year, from May 1946 until his “trial” on November 3, 1947 before an American military tribunal: in order to get “confessions”, his torturers (American “advisors” of Jewish origin) cut deep gashes in his flesh, onto which they poured salt. See *Prominente ohne Maske*, FZ-Verlag, Munich 1998. This information was revealed to the US press on May 20, 1949 by senator Joseph McCarthy.
- 35 The number of Third Reich nationals (Germans, Austrians, *Volksdeutsche*) who died in the Second World War is a delicate subject which, in Germany itself, it is not considered at all appropriate to recall or reveal. For it shows that Germany, of all the European belligerents, is the country that suffered the greatest — and by far — proportional loss of life. The estimates (see especially: Erich Kern, *Verheimlichte Dokumente*, Munich, FZ-Verlag, 1988; Heinz Nawratil, *Schwarzbuch der Vertreibung 1945 bis 1948*, Munich, Universitas, 1999; Claus Nordbruch, *Der deutsche Aderlaß*, Tübingen, Grabert, 2001, and the well documented work by Wolfgang Popp, *Wehe den Besiegten!* Tübingen, Grabert, 2001) exceed the figure of **fourteen million** German victims (civilian and military):
 - 1) victims (essentially civilians) of the Allied terror bombings of German cities: at least **650,000**;
 - 2) military victims (those killed either in combat or by partisans; those who went “missing” and never returned): **4,800,000**;
 - 3) victims of the *Vertreibung* (expulsion) from 1945 to 1948 : a) Germans of the eastern lands: 2,230,000; b) Germans of the Volga and elsewhere in the USSR: 350,000; c) Germans not of the east: 220,000; in all, **2,800,000**;
 - 4) “deaths from various causes” (among which organised famine, from 1945 to 1949): soldiers held in the Western Allies’ prison camps and civilians inhabiting the three “Western” occupation zones: **5,700,000** (see James Bacque, *Other Losses*, Toronto, Stoddart, 1988);
 - 5) others (deaths in Russian concentration camps — up to 1955 — and in the Soviet occupied “GDR”, and in Polish, Czechoslovak and Yugoslav camps from May 1945: **1,430,000**.
- 36 *Desecrators of Memory: Holocaust Denial, a marginal phenomenon or a real danger?*, Jerusalem, Yad Vashem, 1997. This book, quite destitute of argument, dares to pass over in silence the forensic studies and reports made by Fred Leuchter, Germar Rudolf, Walter Lüftl, John Ball and others.
- 37 This constant practice of taking people for simpletons is also to be noted, for example, at the Holocaust Museum in Washington, which doesn’t shrink from displaying a cast reproduction of the “door of a gas chamber” whereas the object in question is, quite simply, the door... of a disinfection room at Majdanek!