WWW.JEFFSARCHIVE.COM

World War Two Historical Revision, Online Books....

Ecrits Ré visionnistes

(1974-1998)

translated from the French by S.Mundi

By Robert Faurisson

Table of Contents

Historian Suffers Savage Beating
Just who is Robert Faurisson?
An Interview with the Author
Chapters 1 through 4
Chapter 1: Against the Law
Chapter 2: Nature of this Book
Chapter 3: Historical Revisionism
Chapter 4: The Official History
Chapters 5 through 8
Chapter 5: Revisionism's Successes/Failures
Chapter 6: Holocaust Propaganda
Chapter 7: Gas Chambers

Chapter 8: The Holocaust Witnesses
Chapters 9 through 12
Chapter 9: Other Mystifications of WWII
Chapter 10: A Universal Butchery
Chapter 11: Who Wanted War?
Chapter 12: Did the French Want War?Chapters 13 through 16
Chapter 13: Did Germans Want War?
Chapter 14: British Masters of War Propaganda
Chapter 15: British Intro Nazi Crime Shows
Chapter 16: Americans & Soviets one-up British
Chapters 17 through 20
Chapter 17: At Last a Fraud Denounced,1995
Chapter 18: Jewish Propaganda
Chapter 19: Jews Impose a 'Creed of the Holocaust'
Chapter 20: Historical Sciences Resist the Creed
Chapters 21 through 24
Chapter 21: For a Revisionism with Gusto
Chapter 22: A Conflict Without End
Chapter 23: Future of Repression & the Internet
Chapter 24: A Worsening Repression
Chapter 25, Notes and References
Chapter 25: The Duty of Resistance
Notes and References

Historian Suffers Savage Beating

One of Europe's most prominent Holocaust revisionists, Dr. Robert Faurisson, was severely injured in a nearly fatal attack on September 16, 1989. After spraying a stinging gas into his face, temporarily blinding him, three Jewish assailants punched Dr. Faurisson to the ground and then repeatedly kicked him in the face and chest. "He was conscious, but he couldn't speak," said a fire fighter who gave Faurisson first aid. "His jaw was smashed. They destroyed his face."

Professor Faurisson is a slightly built man. Three attackers gassed him before kicking in his face, nearly killing him.

The 60-year-old scholar, who had been out walking his poodle in a park in his home town of Vichy, suffered a broken jaw and severe head injuries. Physicians operated for four and a half hours to repair his jaw and treat a broken rib and badly swollen face.

A group calling itself, "The Sons of the Memory of the Jews" claimed responsibility for the savage attack. In a statement, the group threatened: "Professor Faurisson is the first, but will not be the last. Let those who deny the Shoah [Holocaust] beware." While French police officially would acknowledge only that "three young Jewish activists from Paris" had carried out the assault, the attackers are strongly suspected to have been with the Tagar/Betar organization.

Prominent individuals and organizations in France, along with the country's most influential daily newspaper, *Le Monde*, condemned the attack. However, veteran Nazi-hunters Serge and Beate Klarsfeld sought to justify the crime. "Someone who has provoked the Jewish community for years should expect this sort of thing," Serge Klarsfeld said.

Professor Faurisson is best known for his works, *The 'Problem of the Gas Chambers'* and *Is the Diary of Anne Frank Genuine?*

Adapted from: Mark Weber, The Zionist Terror Network (1993) Institute for Historical Review, PO Box 2739, Newport Beach, CA 92659, also as reported in The Globe and Mail, Sept. 18, 1989, Le Monde, Sept.19, 1989, Sunday Telegraph, Sept. 24, 1989.

The THOUGHTCRIME ARCHIVES is a series designed as a cooperative effort to aid and assist the entire community by reporting acts of censorship, violence, and other outrages perpetrated against individuals with unpopular or revisionist views. If you know of any such situations or have been a victim yourself, please report the details to: Widmann@aol.com (Richard Widmann).

"Thoughtcrime does not entail death: thoughtcrime IS death." George Orwell

---

Just Who Is Robert Faurisson?

(top)

A pamphlet with a similar title, written by the brilliant political essayist who goes by the name of François Brigneau, appeared a few years ago in France. The present introduction will be a far more succinct answer than that found in Brigneau's book, but will try to keep to the idea that short need not mean incomplete.

To the general French public Robert Faurisson is "a revisionist," more often "the revisionist," as he is likely to be the only such personality of whom they have heard, at least the only one who has willingly lent his name to the historical revisionist movement. This point is important, for it may be worthwhile to recall that last year, when the doddering Roger Garaudy, currently a Moslem, had scandalised the "intellectual" public by recirculating some key elements of Robert Faurisson's work (without bothering to mention this rich source), he was soon to be seen taking pains to distance himself from those historians whom the regime and its media have largely succeeded in passing off as mere "Nazi stooges," thus tools of the Devil, enemy of Abraham's god. By doing so Garaudy left some informed observers wondering whether the "philosopher" in his wisdom did not himself share this official view to some extent. Indeed he was later to stress repeatedly, at his subsequent criminal trial (yes, authors of books on history are prosecuted in France), his profound attachment and devotion to Abraham, his god, and his people. But all that is quite another matter.

On one score the public are for once right: Faurisson is the French revisionist. Just what revisionism in fact is, though, they are at a loss to say in a coherent manner. What do revisionists wish to revise? History? Does not "revise" mean "change"? Change is often a scary notion. What can be the point of the revision? The bulk of the population, fundamentally necessarily conservative, are bound to be suspicious. But what, then, of the "élite", the "intellectuals"? Is it not their job to ask questions about the past, the present, the future, everything? More on them below.

Back to our man. Robert Faurisson is a retired gentleman and a scholar of the old school, that is to say a well-bred man of classical education who made a successful carreer in the University. A University man, well-rounded: a sporting man (tennis, skiing) and one not limited in his curiosity by the bounds of his formal fields of study or, for that matter, by anything else.

This free-wheeling curiosity was in 1960 attracted to the object which was later to win him renown, and to cause him dreadful tribulations of both a professional and physical nature: the official history of the Second World War, the aftermath of which formed then and still forms now the basis of the general political order in Europe and the world. For it was in that year that he chanced upon a piece published in the German newspaper "Die Zeit", in fact a letter from one Dr Martin Broszat of the Institut für Zeitgeschichte in Munich, which stated that in the camp at Dachau nobody had been gassed to death. This affirmation flew in the face of the established version of the history of the war as officially laid down (a "fact of common knowledge") at the 1945-46 Nuremberg international show trial. During those proceedings the prosecution, in order to "prove" the truth of the Dachau gassing stories, had treated the court to a projection of an American "documentary" (propaganda) film, formally admitted as "genuine evidence": it in fact showed nothing more than a lone individual standing in a room which he described as a gas chamber in which a hundred people at

a time had been regularly put to death.

The "Die Zeit" letter thus touched on an aspect of the greatest possible importance, not just some minor detail. Very simply, the Nuremberg procedure was gravely flawed, for if it had blithely let false allegations of systematic mass-murder in one place pass as true, then the holdings of the tribunal in question must need some serious looking into as well. Likewise the version of the terrible events (the war itself) which that tribunal had solemnised by its verdicts. And Faurisson set about doing just that, sedulously and in great depth. By 1974 his present conclusion was solidly established: the "Holocaust" story was a farrago of disparate and contradictory eye-witness "testimonies" mounted against a background of vicious wartime hate propaganda.

With hindsight, we ourselves (and all the more easily our distant descendants, unless the world to come is peopled exclusively by mindless, senseless masses) may have no trouble in seeing the inclination to do this research as perfectly normal and desirable: the unprecedented destruction which had recently taken place on the continent, the enormous loss of life surely deserved all possible examination, from all reasonable points of view. Notably, if a systematic, mechanical mass slaughtering of civilians of a certain ethnic group had been carried out by one of the most cultivated and scientifically advanced nations on earth, nothing could be more natural than an urge to look into how this hellish deed had been planned and organised, how it had been done: with what means? Or so it seems to us rational observers.

But far from being exposed to a candid, albeit horrified world, the diabolical instrument of the racial extermination which the noble Allies had fought to stop, the mass-execution gas chamber in functioning condition, has (notwithstanding the public exhibition of alleged examples in various states of repair at the grounds of some camps) remained shrouded in mystery, a desired mystery at that: Grand Wizard Elie Wiesel himself has recently written (in "All Rivers run to the Sea") that it must be protected "from prying eyes," in other words, from rational examination. Thus the very thing which in its murderous efficiency is supposed to symbolise evil itself, this means of carrying out the systematic extermination of one people by another a crime without precedent and which is constantly used to remind the world of a modern-day martyrdom, on the one hand, and of the barbarous nature of yesterday's enemy, on the other, is left unexplained, undefined, literally a mystery.

Idem for the question of the mass-murder's organisation and execution. If there is no trace of any relevant military or administrative orders, this absence is put down plainly and simply to the supernatural, the diabolical: the main order did not need to be made either orally or in writing, but instead was issued and received by means of telepathy (Raul Hilberg's "incredible meeting of minds" in his statement under oath at the trial of the German-Canadian revisionist Ernst Zündel in Toronto in 1985).

Such a statement in the world forum of historiography (Hilberg does pass for a prominent "international authority" in "Holocaust" studies) may itself easily be seen, by the clear-sighted, as an outright admission that the case for the reality of the "Holocaust" has little to stand on. For his part, Faurisson's observation is, simply put: "Yes, it's incredible, that is, unbelievable. So unbelievable, that I don't believe it!"

Here in France there have been two other such unwitting, monumental admissions on the part of the "authorities" (the "intellectual" and the legislative ones, respectively): the first, six years previous to Hilberg's 1985 pronouncement, the second in July 1990.

In 1979, 34 "intellectuals" who had got wind of the Lyon literature professor's inconvenient curiosity he had

after all finally succeeded, after countless attempts, in getting a piece published in their favourite daily, "Le Monde" actually took it upon themselves to publish a nearly full-page advertisement, in that same paper, of their refusal to countenance the examination of the gas chambers and their functioning.

The query "How had this happened?" was, they declared, unfit to be put, "since it had happened" (sic). One was expected to accept simply (and I use the word advisedly) that, during the war, diabolical forces had acted, and that no questions as to their workings were allowed. And this in 1979, not 1579. To a revisionist's, indeed to any honest, sober, non-partisan eyes, it surely ought to have seemed that the "system" felt that the game was up, and that it was time to exert some firm repression. <p> And repression was swift in coming. Faurisson was henceforth regularly prosecuted and convicted for making public the fruits of his labour. To date he has lost a good dozen criminal cases, all for historical revisionism. Since 1990, most of these have been brought against him under a law which Jean-Marie Le Pen has called the Lex Faurissonia, a statute promulgated on the 14th of July of that year with the aim of stemming a purported rising tide of racism and antisemitism. (For the occasion the government and media had even resorted to the shamelessly ostentatious exploitation of a curious vandalism incident in a Provençal Jewish cemetery.) It intends to do this by forbidding a most devilish practice abroad in the land: the questioning of the holy writ of Nuremberg.

If a rational mind refuses to entertain the notion of the divine, it necessarily has no time for the Devil either. It is with such a disposition that Faurisson has done his research into matters which he realised had simply not been thoroughly examined, or not examined in the least. Doubtless many others had wondered exactly how such awful things had come to pass, only to abandon the hypothesis of even the vaguest, shallowest research project, perhaps thinking: "Surely some experts must have taken care of the question at some time or other, this mass-gassing business in the midst of the '39-45 war." Robert Faurisson will be remembered if, as I have remarked above, rational thought does not become extinct as the man who, upon learning that that was not the case, himself insisted on examining these few, precise elements of recent history which have determined the political, intellectual, and (increasingly) cultural orientations of our world, and then proved that they were counterfeit.

Nevertheless, a western world grown largely weary of its old martyrdom- and resurrection-based religion appears to be easily, steadily seduced by a new version which, unlike the old, has its kingdom set firmly in this world, and which accords special, near absolute rights and powers to the resurrected, in whatever land they (miraculously, of course) dwell: in Palestine, in Europe, or anywhere else.

Who the hell, then, is this Faurisson?

Bradley R. SMITH 1984 (top)

*It was Robert Faurisson's paper on "The Rumor of Auschwitz" (*Le Monde*, 29 December 1978) that introduced me to Holocaust revisionism. The night I read it was a milestone in my life. In 1983 Faurisson flew to Southern California from France to give a talk to a conference sponsored by the Institute for Historical Review. I was so taken by the perfect order of his talk and the drift of his character that I knew I wanted to know him, to understand something of his personal story, about how he had gotten into revisionism and so on. So one afternoon that autumn Faurisson visited me in Hollywood. Tom Marcellus and Keith Stimely drove him over. We sat out on the little wooden porch along the side of the house and drank*

lemonade and beer and cold duck while the hot afternoon air moved down through the canyon through the trees. There were some flies and a couple of cats and dust in the air and a lot of laughing. I made a cassette recording of some of the talk. The transcript of the conversation is about 3,000 words long. Over the years I have interviewed Faurisson again, in Toronto and other places, and through an exchange of letters.

In 1942 I was thirteen and attending a Jesuit school in Marseille. One of my school fellows was named Barbot, or Barberot. Now this Barbot was just as pro-German as I was pro-British. Because of this I refused to shake hands with him.

On the 8th of November 1942 the Americans and British landed in North Africa and three days later the Germans occupied the south of France. When they arrived in Marseille, where I was at school, I saw what splendid horses they had. Splendid! The Germans wanted to occupy the south it was called Vichy France then because now the Americans and the British were close to France and could land in Corsica or near Marseille, which they did in fact in August 1944. Everybody, I suppose, felt at that time that for the Germans it was the beginning of the end.

One day that week I was in the courtyard of the school when I saw Barbot coming towards me, holding out his hand. He had smooth skin and dark hair. He said: "Now they are going to get it in the arse."

But I refused to shake his hand. I asked him: "What do you mean by *they*, Barbot? Who are *they*?"

He said: "*Les Boches*."

"Now, Barbot," I said, "is this you who say les *Boches*?"

He answered: "Yes."

I said: "Now that's surprising, Barbot, because you used to love them." And the little boy, who was thirteen, said: "*Errare humanum est; perseverare diabolicum*." That is: "To err is human; to persevere in it is evil."

I suppose that his father, the evening before, had been saying something like that at dinner. It disgusted me. Now I think it was a good example of opportunism, a good lesson for me, perhaps. I am pretty sure the father of this young boy became a big *Résistant*, the kind we have so many of in France today.

You cannot imagine how much at that time we were brought up in the Ancient World, penetrated by Latin and Greek. I remember that, in a way, I was as much interested in the "news" of the Punic Wars that we were studying in Titus-Livius as I was in the war on the Russian front. Hannibal approaching Rome was an enemy for me like Hitler approaching Stalingrad.

A speaker on Radio-Paris named Jean Hérold Paquis was completely pro-German. During the war he used to finish every speech with this sentence: "*L'Angleterre comme Carthage sera détruite*." Which means, "England, like Carthage, will be destroyed." After the war he was condemned to death and executed.

So you see, Paquis and I were each against Hannibal and for Rome, but it meant exactly the contrary for Paquis and for myself. Comparisons are often like that. They are ambiguous.

Pierre Laval, who was a kind of Prime Minister for Marshal Pétain, made a famous speech on the radio in

June 1942. I heard it at our house. Laval said: "I wish for the victory of Germany, because otherwise Bolshevism will be established everywhere in Europe." We children were supposed to listen but after I heard the words, "I wish for the victory of Germany," I refused to listen.

The next morning at school I took out my knife and carved on my black desk top: "*Mort à Laval*." I carved it in big characters.

When the priest came it was our duty to all stand up. This priest was very fat and we called him *Baleine*, which means "whale". He was a good man but we were afraid of him. That morning in front of my classmates he said to me: "Faurisson, do you think it clever to have done that?"

I didn't say anything. He said something that referred to the battle going on then in North Africa, where the British were retreating before the German army, and the fact that my mother was English. He said: "What about your English soldiers running like rabbits in the desert?" Then he said: "Now, what you must do is take off this desk top, show it to your father, and when you bring it back it must be clean."

I went to the carpentry shop in school and asked for a screwdriver. I took off the desk top, put it on the back of my bicycle and when I got home I showed it to my father. I was terribly afraid but my father only said: "You are a stupid boy, Robert, and an egoist. Remember that your mother is English and that it would not be difficult for her to get into trouble."

The next morning at school I asked the carpenter if he could help me with the desk top. I knew he was Alsatian, so I didn't know if he was for the Germans or against them. He listened to my problem, and he did not say one word. Not one. But he took the desk top and a day or two later I had it back. He had planed it down and painted it black. I took it to class and screwed it down, then everybody could notice something strange. Among all the desks in the classroom, only one was shiny and thin. I suppose that years after the war other pupils must have wondered: "Why is this desk so thin? Eh?"

Now I see that Pierre Laval was half-right and half-wrong in that radio speech. Only half of Europe came to be occupied by the Bolshevists.

I heard Hitler speak but I did not understand at that time what he was saying. We only supposed that he was mad. In 1943, in Paris, as I was brushing my shoes for the next day this was a kind of ceremony where my father assembled the boys I heard a translation of a speech of Hitler. I remember I was surprised because Hitler said something like: "Now we must all unite together, Nazis and those who are not Nazis."

That surprised me because I had thought everybody in Germany was a Nazi.

My father was very severe. He worked in a shipping company, Les Messageries Maritimes. After dinner the table would be cleared and my father, myself, and my brothers, each one of us began his work. We had to display our books, dossiers and sheets of paper. At 10:30 or 11:00 pm we would go to bed and put out the light immediately. My father would be back in the dining room and work for another hour or two. Then he got up very early and after his *toilette* he would wake us up.

He would go on foot to his office on the Boulevard de la Madeleine. The cleaning ladies there used to clean his bureau first because he was the first to arrive in the morning. He would not take his car or his chauffeur, or the underground. He went on foot. He had his hat. He never wore a scarf, even when it was cold, and he

would never put his hands in the pockets of his coat. If we boys were with him we had no right, even if it was very cold, to put our hands in our pockets. We had to move our arms while walking.

At one point in his life he used to make me recite my lessons. I especially remember reciting the declension of the Greek word that means "truth": *aletheia*. Strangely enough, the origin of this word meant "not hidden," therefore "true and sincere". Often when I recited, it became a drama for my father and me, and sometimes I was smacked.

Perhaps it was the same for many French boys of the bourgeoisie at that time.

We children were given no money except for specific purposes and we had to give back whatever change we had. During the war I remember that we were starving at our home in Marseille. My father, who was rather fat, became skinny. My mother could no longer give anything to our cat to eat so she took him to the veterinary surgeon to have him killed with an injection. The name of this cat was Teious, pronounced Tayoos, because my mother had called him "mysterious" in English. We did not know where this cat had come from. My mother used to speak English, and even today she still speaks French with a charming English accent.

My mother loved, and still loves, toiletteries and *luxe*. My father was medium height, rather fat, with blue eyes that were terribly piercing, and he had a crew-cut. He was very strong. He believed that sports were a waste of time and that walking was the best exercise. He believed that music was for the girls, my three sisters.

The only one who felt free at home was the cat we had in Paris. His name was Pompom. He was dark. He had an astonishing special right. When we were all at table, three sisters and four brothers, of whom I was the eldest, and Mother and Father, and even if there were guests, Pompom had the right to climb up on the table and sit on the tablecloth and watch everything. It was not very hygienic. Sometimes we put on the table something that he loved. It was a product for my mother called Springaline. Pompom had the right to put his paw into the box to get some powder on it which he would lick off. He would spread that powder on the tablecloth, but that was his right. We seven children had to behave quite strictly, so for our parents and for us children too it was a kind of psychological release to contemplate this magical cat infringing on the strict rules of our table etiquette.

Then Pompom got very old. At the end of his life he could not even eat. So when my father came back from the office, every evening Monsieur le Directeur would go into the kitchen, fall to his knees, and give milk to our Pompom with a spoon. Father died on March 5, 1978. I assisted him during his agony. It was cancer. He was heroic.

Perhaps I first realized the tragedy of the German people on May 8,1945 when we heard the air-raid siren. I knew it meant the end of the war against the Germans. We were in Paris then, at 68 rue de Vaugirard, and I was sixteen years old. My father and I opened the window of my bedroom and stood on the balcony, which was five floors up, and he asked me:

"Do you feel glad, Robert?"

His question embarrassed me. I was not at all accustomed to my father asking me such indiscreet questions.

I answered "Yes," but suddenly I was invaded by a sadness. I can't say why precisely. I had lived the war with a great intensity. I had lived it passionately. But now it was over and before me I felt as if I were looking at an empty screen. Inwardly I felt a deep, profound surge backwards, as if something were trying to fill an empty space. It was at that moment, for the first time in my life, that I thought of the Germans as human beings. And suddenly I realized that what was a joy for us, was dreadful for them, and a sadness came over me. It was not thinking. The thinking came later.

I suppose a pianist must feel something like that after a recital. He realizes it is finished and that he is alone. And it's lonely.

One of my teachers was a professor of philosophy, and he was a Jew. His full name was Dreyfus-Lefoyer, but we called him Dreyfus. He was a very little man and he had an ugly face but a charming smile. He had a very pretty wife. He was a doctor in philosophy and doctor in medicine too. He used to tell us: "You see, as I was useless at diagnosis, I did not care to practice medicine."

You see? So he was a professor of philosophy.

Every year Dreyfus had to suffer very much because students put on a kind of variety show where professors were mocked. And every year the role of Dreyfus was played by the smallest student of all his classes. In 1948 Dreyfus heard his role was going to be played by a student called Morel. This Morel had a face like Dreyfus's, but he was very tall. One day Dreyfus asked Morel:

"Is it true, Morel, that you are going to play my role?"

When Morel answered yes, Dreyfus became radiant. But on the day of the show the role of Dreyfus was played by Morel and another student together. Morel sat on a chair behind a table covered with a big tablecloth. No one could see Morel's big feet and legs. The little student hiding behind Morel was also invisible to the audience. This little man showed only two little boots in which he had put his hands. So Dreyfus on the stage looked like a dwarf with his two little legs and boots stamping on the table. It was very cruel, particularly since that night Dreyfus had invited his wife to attend the show.

Sometimes I used to walk with Dreyfus in the street after class. We were in the Latin Quarter in Paris. And I remember very well one day near the Panthéon when we had a discussion about well, from his point of view it was: "Don't you think it was terrible that a people like the Germans who have had Goethe and Kant and Hegel and all those other men and so on, that they did those terrible things?"

And I suppose he said at the same time: "The gas chambers."

And I remember I said to him: "Yes, that is terrible. That is something that cannot be understood."

So you see, at that time I was on his side.

Many years later I was walking past the same place and I remembered coming down that street, the rue Soufflot, with Professor Dreyfus and how we were saying those things about the German people and the terrible things they did to the Jews, and how maybe we had talked about the gas chambers, and I thought about what I would have to say now to Dreyfus.

"Oh, my dear Dreyfus," I would have to say, "it is quite clear that the Germans did not do that."

One day I think this happened in 1947 or 1948 I was told that in another classroom a student had done something scandalous. He had interrupted his professor of history, who was a Jew named Alba, to ask:

"And what about our 300,000 dead at Stalingrad?"

What he meant was that in his heart he was on the side of the Germans, while I suppose Alba was talking about the victims of the Germans. So I wanted to know who had said that. And they told me the young man was named Lospied. I can still remember his name. So I went up to this Lospied and I asked him: "Did you really say that?"

And he told me, "Yes."

So he was on their side. On the side of the Waffen-SS. But he was wrong to think that there were 300,000 dead. It wasn't that many.

I think that in my family everybody was against the Germans, but my father was moderate in his feelings while my mother was hard. It would be pertinent to ask how the Faurisson family, as so many other French families, could be against Hitler and against Communism too. I should even say, against Hitler and ready to act against him with any ally, even the Devil. We were even for the terrorism called *Résistance*.

It was only a long time after the war that I found a kind of logic in the Germans and their collaborators: they were against Communism and terrorism. Communism which was always terrorist, and terrorism which almost always was Communist. I did not see that during the war. I realized only after the war that if the Germans had not fought as they did after Stalingrad, after February 1943, if they had collapsed, the Soviets would not have been stopped in Berlin in 1945. The Soviets would have invaded France and taken Paris and I would have lived under a Communist regime. I wonder what the Americans would have thought about that.

My brothers and sisters did not talk about the Germans. Perhaps they were too young. My mother wasn't very interested in the war. Being very British, I suppose she was absolutely confident that the British would win. My father and I, especially myself, were more anxious. Later, my mother changed her mind about the Germans. Just recently I discovered that after the war, when Pétain was condemned, she said:

"Now I understand Pétain. Now I am on his side."

I remember my father saying: "*Les Allemands font la guerre tristement*." Or, "The Germans make war sadly. They are a sad people."

I think it was quite true. When the Americans came we saw soldiers who looked happy, joyful. Germans never looked that way. The German soldiers and officers I saw always behaved correctly. Always! I maintain that this is true. Many of their officers looked very distinguished. German soldiers loved music. They used to play concert music.

The Americans often behaved like hoodlums. They were often drunk. I never saw a German drunk. Never. The Germans were very correct with French women, but French women were afraid of the American soldiers. I remember how in Orléans, in September 1944, I nearly had a battle with an American officer. It

was perhaps ten o'clock at night and a lady, perhaps forty years old, asked me to escort her to her house because there were many American drunkards around and it was dangerous for a woman to meet up with them at night. Unfortunately, we met an American officer who tried to punch me and capture the lady. While I got rid of the American the lady ran away. Later, when I got to her house, neither she nor her husband would open the door for a long time. They were afraid.

Never would such an incident happen with a German. Obviously I am not speaking here of what the German soldiers, like all soldiers, were able to do to civilians when they were attacked by terrorists or *Résistants*. I, for one, have never heard that a German treated anybody incorrectly, except when there was a crisis.

One day at the beginning of 1944, I saw a Frenchman, drunk, insulting a German officer. "You bastard," he was saying. "You bastard with your war!"

The German officer was saying: "Yes, yes, war is a terrible thing. Oh yes." And he walked gently around the Frenchman and went on his way. This happened in the rue Jean Bart.

When Churchill's "Harris bombers" flew over Germany and attacked day and night to make their "crematoria of living people," some airmen who had had to jump from their planes were shot or lynched by German mobs, but rarely. You certainly do have to say that.

But in daily life in France, the Germans behaved very correctly with ordinary civilians. Obviously, after a "terrorist" attack against Germans in France, the Germans did round-ups of people and so on. And I have read documents reporting on German soldiers who were convicted by German military courts for rape or murder or theft. But they did nothing like what the Allied troops did in Germany in 1945.

I suppose I would be ridiculed today in the USA for saying this, but without our terrorism or *Résistance* the Germans would have behaved in France as they behaved in the occupied Channel Islands, which were British territory. The islands of Jersey and Guernsey. In the Channel Islands the British had the right to sing "God Save the King," and to go on displaying the British flag or coat of arms in the Parliament of Jersey. The German soldiers behaved correctly even while their comrades were having to fight British troops in North Africa and Italy. At the end the Germans deported some of the young men from the islands to the continent because of the risk of a landing of Allied troops in those islands. At the same time they were terrible with the Poles and the Russians who committed so many attacks against German civilians and soldiers. So you yourself behave like the man you are facing.

At that time one of my best friends was a Jew named Brunschwig. Jacques Brunschwig was so clever that right at the beginning when we were in *Première Supérieure Préparatoire* he was nicknamed *le Cacique*, the Chief. And the next year in *Première Supérieure* he was still called *le Cacique*. And we were right. After only two years of preparation he succeeded brilliantly and got into the most prestigious *Grande École* of France, *L'École Normale Supérieure*, which is very close to the Lycée Henri-IV and the Panthéon. Brunschwig was first in the writing exams, first in the oral exams, and first in the *agrégation de philosophie*. His speciality was Greek philosophy.

One day professor Dreyfus gave Jacques back his essay, which had the best mark in the class, and told him: "Now, Brunschwig, I am afraid you are too clear in what you write. Your answers to my questions are so easy to understand that it makes people like me uncomfortable. We wonder if our questions are not a little stupid. Do you understand? Yes?

"Well, I am going to give you some advice, Brunschwig. For the competitive examination, try to put some obscurity into what you write."

So you see, professor Dreyfus had a sense of humor, and he gave good advice. I must say that.

Myself, I have never understood anything in philosophy, but I always understood Jacques Brunschwig. I must say that we, the two of us, never discussed philosophical matters, but only such things as French, Greek, Latin, and "what is life?" One day, however, he said something that did not suit me at all. I don't know any more if it was about Nuremberg or about one of the Communist trials, but it wouldn't make any difference.

He said: "That is revolutionary justice."

So I found out that there could be two kinds of justice, you see? Revolutionary justice and another kind.

In the time I knew Brunschwig he used to write with a pen, like all of us. But his ink was violet, and he wrote in a beautiful script. I wonder now what he thinks of my work. I would like to know.

Oh, there are many, many Jews that I remember. At that time I didn't think about how many Jews there were. I have a bad memory, and I am getting old now, but those days I remember very well. And I can tell you the names of the persons who were in my class after the war. And many of them were Jews.

So I should have thought, well, there has been a final solution, an extermination and all that, so how can so many Jews be here? Gotland, Abbou, Jacques Brunschwig, Attia, Laufer, Malamon, Evrard, Professor Alba. And then there was professor Dreyfus, Epstein, Vidal-Naquet and many others. But I never thought of that.

At that time, even after the war, nobody heard expressions like "final solution." Oh, no. At that time we spoke of concentration camps, but I think that was all. Perhaps there were specialists who said things we didn't say.

When I was at university I read a book by Maurice Bardèche entitled *Nuremberg ou La Terre Promise*. The title means something like "this is what awaits all the future vanquished." For whoever loses a war will henceforth have to face a masquerade like the Nuremberg trials.

So I read this book, and it was very surprising for me. I remember I bought it at a black market price, perhaps in 1949. I cannot remember where the money came from. From my aunts perhaps. I bought it on the black market because it was prohibited at that time. It was forbidden. I think I might say that intellectual curiosity has been the cause of many of my failures and many of my successes.

Bardèche's book was published on 12 October 1948 and was banned right away, and Bardèche, who was a professor, was put in jail for several months after he was convicted of "trying to justify the crimes of Nazism", or something like that. The first sentence of Bardèche's book was: "I do not defend Germany; I defend the truth." And he went on to say that perhaps truth sometimes is difficult to find, but that everybody knows what a lie is. The last sentence of the book was: "Our destiny is playing now in Germany. We must choose whether we want to have the SS with us or against us."

This was a reference to a dilemma of the Cold War. That is, are the Germans ready to be on our side or will

they be on the side of the USSR? I think that in 1948 and 1949 every Frenchman agreed that the SS soldiers had been very good soldiers, even if some of them might have committed the massacre of Oradour-sur-Glane. And I remember that I, too, thought of the SS, the Waffen-SS, as men who perhaps had been very good soldiers.

I remember a certain discussion about that in the Latin Quarter near the Jardin du Luxembourg with some of my friends, and I said: "This Nuremberg trial is disgusting," or something like that. That it was a masquerade. That it was *Vae victis*, but with hypocrisy.

After I had read Bardèche's book I encountered a Jew in the Jardin du Luxembourg, and he pleaded with me to lend him my copy. After a long hesitation I lent it to him. When he did not give it back I asked him to pay me the price that I had paid for it. He replied that he would never give me money for such a disgusting book.

Robert Brasillach was a novelist, a literary and film critic, and a journalist. He was a Fascist even before the war. He was for Franco and against the *Brigades Internationales*. He wrote, together with Maurice Bardèche, a very well known *Histoire du Cinéma*. Bardèche married Brasillach's sister. During the war Brasillach was for the Germans and against Communism. At the "Liberation" he was put in jail, where he wrote some poems, and at his trial he was very courageous. He did not say: "I was wrong." His lawyer, Jacques Isorni, accepted this attitude, which was tantamount to committing suicide, and Brasillach was condemned to death for having been a collaborationist.

Many intellectuals asked Charles de Gaulle to pardon him. François Mauriac said to Isorni: "I have seen de Gaulle. Brasillach will be pardoned." But he was not. Nobody knows what happened in de Gaulle's mind. So Brasillach was shot on the 6th of February, 1945, while the war was still going on in Germany. At the time, Brasillach was 35 or 36 years old. He had attended the École Normale Supérieure.

So after all this had happened, one day in school in the classroom, I saw an inscription on the blackboard that was very surprising for me. It said: "Robert Brasillach will be avenged." Well, at that time I did not know who this Robert Brasillach was, so I asked: "Who is this man?" And I discovered who he was and why he had been shot. And I thought about it.

In 1977 Miss Cécile Dugas, who was my student in Lyon, asked me to be in charge of her thesis on Brasillach. I agreed, although I do not much appreciate his writings. The first task that I assigned to Cécile Dugas was to answer this question: "Is Brasillach precise?"

After a few weeks she replied. Her answer was "No."

The significance of my question was this: I always want to know whether an author recognizes precision. If he is vague, then I think that's bad. I put my question in order to make her understand that I was not very interested in guiding a work about an author who was not precise. Although she knew Brasillach very well, I do not think that she had asked herself this question. I do not like Brasillach because you may think that he is saying something, but then you realize that it is all words with him and a kind of romanticism that is not worth a farthing.

Cécile Dugas proved to be the most courageous of my students when the troubles began for me on 16 November 1978. I will tell you about all that. Cécile Dugas is extraordinarily clever, precise and subtle. In France she is known now as the best specialist on Brasillach.

Just after the war at the Sorbonne, at least in the literature department, the Communists had a terrible power over the intelligentsia. It was impossible to criticize them. There was the same fear in the Sorbonne as in the Communist countries. I am not exaggerating. There was something like a Communist terror among the intellectuals. As a matter of fact, the most influential of those Communists were Jews. I remember a student, he was perhaps already thirty years old and should no longer have been a student, and his name was Louis Hay. And I remember a girl, rather small, with magnificent breasts. Her name was Rabinovitch. And they were always asking us to sign petitions for this or that, but always something Communist. I used to refuse.

But one day I was so afraid that I understood that I would have to sign, and that is how Robert Faurisson came to sign a Communist petition protesting against the fact that Joliot-Curie, an atomic scientist, had been expelled from the Atomic Energy Agency because he was a Communist. What was my fear? I do not really know what would have happened. I suppose I was afraid that if I did not sign, then the atmosphere would become unbearable for me and I would have to quit my classes.

You cannot imagine the stupidities we had to swallow from the Communists. For example, Stalin was regarded as a genius even in linguistics. Stalin's friend, Lysenko, had invented a new science of biology that would produce enormous tomatoes and allow corn to grow everywhere. Communist scientists were circulating a petition that said more or less that Lysenko was the greatest biologist in Europe. We were told to believe that *Pravda* did not report accidents of motorcars, railways, airplanes, or natural catastrophes and so on because in Soviet Russia such things did not happen any more. We were told to believe that Tito was a traitor and that South Korea had attacked North Korea.

The show trials of people like Laszlo Rajk in Hungary and other Communists were praised as fair and just. Excellent! The proof was that the accused always gave confessions. The accused always wrote confessions and confessed in court that they were traitors paid by the CIA and so on. And the fact was that in France I did not know one Jew who was not a Communist, or apparently a Communist or crypto-communist, which was the French term. Crypto meant that maybe you did not want to give the impression you were a Communist, but that underneath you were. A Communist who does not say outright that he is a Communist. In America you used to call them pinky commies. No? Not exactly? Pinkos? Something like that.

Have I told you about how I discovered the drama of the Germans at a trial? No? But I really must tell you this story. It was after the time of my *baccalauréat*, perhaps in 1949. I suppose I was about twenty years old. I was in a class where we did intensive Greek, Latin, history, French and so on. And philosophy. I did not like French much, but I loved Latin and Greek. In philosophy I understood absolutely nothing. And we had a teacher called Lacroix, but we called him le Krouks. He was a man of perhaps fifty-five, but he looked seventy. And he spoke like this: "the-the-the-the." He was a man who stuttered. And he didn't stand up straight, he moved bent over, and he was a little bit uncleanly too. So he looked a bit stupid, you see? But he was so intelligent, so brilliant! He told us once: "There are two great Hellenists in France. The other one is dead."

One day in the classroom a mate tapped me on the shoulder (he was sitting behind me), and said: "Will you come tomorrow to the trial of a collaborationist? Because Lacroix is going to be there. He is going to say something for the collaborationist, because this collaborationist was his pupil a few years ago."

And I said: "Oh, yes! Certainly. We will go. It will be comical to see Lacroix do his *the-the-the-the* in front of the judges."

So we went to the courtroom, I can assure you, to laugh. Because I love to laugh, eh? All my life I have loved to laugh. So we went there, three of us. One of us was the son of a magistrate who was very well known. His name was Dejean de la Batie. The other one, I don't remember his name, and myself. We went into this room where the judges were. We didn't pay any attention to the collaborationist, who was in the dock. We were waiting for Lacroix.

Suddenly the usher said: "Bring in the witness." And we saw Lacroix then. He came in all crooked with his chin on his chest and we said to ourselves: "Oh yes, this is going to be comical."

And this professor Lacroix was presented as a man of the *Résistance*. I don't know if it was true or not, because there are many people in France who claim to have been in the *Résistance*, but who knows if they were? Lacroix spoke for perhaps five minutes. Perhaps it was not even that long. I do not know exactly the words he found but I can assure you, when he spoke you could have heard a fly. I remember that he said: "This collaborationist, he was my pupil, he made a mistake in getting into the *Milice*, it was truly a mistake, but anybody can make a mistake." Words like that. Simple words. But they were very beautiful, and I was moved.

The *Miliciens*, you know, were Frenchmen who fought against the *Résistance*, whom they called terrorists. They were French, they wore a French uniform, and they were for the Germans, against the *Résistance* and Communism.

So Lacroix talked about that, but the words he found were beautiful. They were a miracle. They were so humane. So humane. And then he went away and I was still there, and I looked at this man in the dock for the first time. I considered him, and I realized that this collaborationist was a man who had had for his teacher Lacroix, just as I had. He was a human being, just as I was. I am not saying I was amazed. Not at all. But I began to listen to what the judge said, and I discovered that this collaborationist had done one thing. On the 14th of July 1944, on Bastille day, which is our national holiday.

On that day in 1944 in the Prison de la Santé and I must tell you that *santé* means "good health" so there are many jokes made about that prison and every Frenchman knows this name because of the jokes so on that day the criminal class inside the prison made a revolt. Not the people who were there because they were in the *Résistance*, but the ordinary criminals, they made the revolt. But it was a very bad time for such a revolt. The Anglo-American Army was in Normandy, very close to Paris. The situation was very grave for the Germans, and very grave for the *Miliciens* and for the collaborationists. It was an impossible time to permit such a revolt. So during the night of the 14th to the 15th of July, there had been a court martial, and this collaborationist who was in the dock had presided there. And he had condemned to death some of those people in the revolt, and now he was being prosecuted for that.

I remember how a woman who worked as a doorkeeper came into the court and said: "I saw this guy in a German uniform. Yes, Mr President, I can assure you I saw that."

Which was so stupid! Because the *Miliciens* wore French uniforms. And in the dock the collaborationist said nothing. But the president of the Court questioned him as if he had already been proved guilty. With contempt, calling him not by his name, but *cet individu* which means "fellow," or "guy." His lawyer did not object to this. The collaborationist did not object. So you got the clear impression that it was impossible in that court to object to anything. The collaborationist's name was Pierre Gallet, and I recall that he had red hair. He was quite dignified, and during all the trial he said very few words.

The second day, which was the last day of the trial, I went back. And the collaborationist Gallet was condemned to death. People shouted at that: "Shame! Scandal!" Friends of Gallet shouted: "We are on your side, Pierre!" And I can tell you that I was very moved. Perhaps I can say that I was overwhelmed. Because for the first time in my life I had before me a man who was condemned to death. And I became ashamed at how I had hated this Gallet. I felt ashamed about the trial, because the way Gallet had been examined looked to me like a scandal. And perhaps at that moment I discovered something about my hate for the Germans, the *Miliciens* and for the collaborationists. I discovered something about all that, and about my hate, which I did not like very much. Not at all.

When I got back to my house that night I found my father, my mother, my brothers and sisters all at the dinner table. My father did not say anything. So I sat down I must have apologized for being late and tried to eat my soup. But I was indignant. I was overwhelmed. I was ready to cry. What I remember is that I told my father I had attended that trial of the collaborationist. I wanted to get a word of sympathy from him, but it did not come. It did not come from my brothers and sisters either. It was typical of our family that we did not express feelings of this kind. There was, in fact, no solidarity among us because of the excessive authority of my father. We did not speak at table unless we were permitted to ask a question.

I can still remember the color of the liquid of the soup that night, clear and orange, like carrots. I can remember the reflection of the electric light twinkling in my soup, not strong, but yellow and clear. I remember the sound the spoon made against the side of the dish that evening. I remember this very well because it was always the same plates of earthenware, the same sound.

There was a plate, and on this plate a soup plate, and they each had two lines, red and blue around the edge. And then, so each person sitting and eating could see it on each plate, there was the coat of arms of the Messageries Maritimes, an anchor with "M" on one side and ropes on the other, and a unicorn. During all my youth I had this unicorn in front of me and I never knew it was also a mediæval symbol of purity. But that night, it did not matter how moved I was. It was still necessary to scratch the silver spoon against the edge of the plate so that while I ate no drops fell back into the soup. Then I had to swallow it without making any noise. You had to control yourself in our house. Control your hand, control your soup, control your breathing, control your feelings. That is why, perhaps, I lost control.

I got up and I suppose I said: "Excuse me." And I went to the bathroom and threw up. I vomited. And I can tell you, that night I vomited up many things. Many of the things I had believed for so long. And from that day, I began to think.

Perhaps that was not thinking, eh? It is a difficult question for me. When I used to remember the Gallet trial I always would think: "That was the beginning of thought for me." But the more I am obliged to go back into my past, the more I think this is an illusion.

It took time for me to understand the tragedy of a real Apocalypse. We had seen the photos of the awfully bombed German cities. The Germans had fallen after a kind of epic adventure. There is no epic if you are not vanquished. You see that very well in *The Persians*, the tragedy of Aeschylus. Aeschylus was Greek; the Greeks had vanquished Xerxes and the Persians. Aeschylus saw that he could not write something profound if he described the sufferings of the Greeks. He chose the sufferings of Xerxes and the Persians.

I was stunned when I discovered how generous and chivalrous Aeschylus had been with his enemies, perhaps only eight years after their defeat. It was not Christianity that brought generosity and a spirit of chivalry to

the pagans. The pagans already understood those things. If Aeschylus were to come back to earth today he would not be able to understand how it is that forty years after the defeat of Germany there is still so much hate against Germany. In our society everything is used up very quickly and changed quickly, but not this hate for Germany. There is nothing like this feeling against the Japanese. I think it is the terrible responsibility of Jews for maintaining this hate. Jews have no complaints against the Japanese. That is why they do not ask the American people to keep up a hatred against them. There are no longer any "war criminals" among those who were not enemies, or were not thought to be enemies, of the Jews. "Crimes against humanity" really means crimes against Jews. You would think only the Jews were really human beings. What about the rest of us? (top)

Proceed to Chapters 1 through 4

WWW.JEFFSARCHIVE.COM

Ecrits Ré visionnistes (1974-1998)

BY **ROBERT FAURISSON**

Chapters 1, 2, 3, 4

Chapter 1: AGAINST THE LAW

The present work cannot be sold openly in our country. It is issued and distributed privately.

In France, it is forbidden to question the *Shoah*.

In application of a law on the freedom of the press enacted on 13 July 1990, the *Shoah*, in its three hypostases the alleged genocide of the Jews, the alleged Nazi gas chambers, and the alleged figure of six million Jewish victims of the second world war has become unquestionable, on pain of imprisonment of from one month to one year, a fine of from 2,000 to 300,000 francs (305 to 45,800 euros), an order to pay considerable damages, and still other sanctions. More precisely, this law forbids the questioning of the reality of one or more crimes against humanity as defined in 1945 and punished in 1946 by the judges of the International Military Tribunal at Nuremberg, a court established exclusively by the victors exclusively to judge the vanquished.

Of course, debates and controversies about the *Shoah* also called the Holocaust remain authorised but only within the confines traced by the official dogma. Controversies or debates which might lead to a challenging of the *Shoah* story as a whole, or of a part of it, or simply to raise doubt, are forbidden. Let us repeat: in the matter at hand, even doubt is proscribed, and punished.

In France, the idea of such a law, of Israeli inspiration(2), had been formulated for the first time in 1986 by a certain number of historians of Jewish origin, among whom Pierre Vidal-Naquet, Georges Wellers, and François Bédarida, gathered round Chief Rabbi René-Samuel Sirat(3). The law was passed in 1990 on the initiative of former prime minister Laurent Fabius, then a member of the Socialist government, president of the National Assembly, and himself a Jewish militant of the Jewish cause. At the same period (May 1990), a desecration of graves in the Jewish cemetery of Carpentras, in Provence, had given rise to a media exploitation which nullified all inclination on the part of opposition MPs and senators to mount any effective resistance to the bill. In Paris, about two hundred thousand marchers, with a host of Israeli flags borne high, demonstrated against the resurgence of the horrid beast. Notre Dame's great bell tolled as for a particularly tragic or significant event in the history of France. Once the law had been put on the statute books (appearing

in the *Journal officiel* on the 14th of July, the national holiday: in the same issue, incidentally, as P. Vidal-Naquet's nomination to the Order of the Légion d'honneur), the Carpentras outrage was mentioned only, if at all, with a certain distance, as a mere reminder. Only the Fabius-Gayssot Act remained.

Under pressure from national and international Jewish organisations, other countries have since adopted, each in its turn, laws forbidding all questioning of the Shoah, after the Israeli and French examples. Such has been the case for Germany, Austria, Belgium, Switzerland, Spain, and Lithuania. Still other Western countries (particularly Canada and the United Kingdom) have promised the Jewish organisations, more or less expressly, that they will follow suit. But, in reality, such a law, of specific nature, is not indispensable for the hunting down of historical revisionism. In France, as elsewhere, the practice has often been to prosecute questioners of the Shoah under other laws; according to the needs of a given case, recourse is had to laws on racism or antisemitism, the defamation of living persons, insulting the memory of the dead, attempting to justify crimes, spreading false news, and a source of cash indemnities for the plaintiffs personal injury.

In France, the police and the judiciary rigorously ensure the protection thus accorded to an official version of second world war history. According to this rabbinical version, the major event of the conflict was the *Shoah*, in other words the physical extermination of the Jews which the Germans are said to have carried out from 1941-1942 to 1944-1945 (lacking any document with which to assign a precise time span to the event and for good reason, as it is a matter of fiction the official historians propose only dates which are as divergent as they are approximate).

Chapter 2: PARTICULAR NATURE OF THIS BOOK: A REVISIONIST CHRONICLE (top)

From 1974 to this day, I have had to fight so many legal battles that I have been unable to find time enough to compose the specific summing-up which one is entitled to expect from a professor who, over so many years, has devoted his efforts to one point, and one point alone, of the history of the second world war: the Holocaust or the *Shoah*.

Year after year, an avalanche of trials, entailing the gravest consequences, has thwarted my plans to publish such a work. Apart from my own cases, I have had to consecrate a good part of my time to the defence, before their respective courts, of other revisionists in France and abroad. Still today, as I write this introduction, two cases are being brought against me (one in the Netherlands, the other in France) while I must intervene, directly or indirectly, in proceedings pending against revisionists living in Switzerland, Canada, and Australia respectively. For want of time, I have had to refuse my aid to others, notably two Japanese revisionists.

Throughout the world, our adversaries tactic is the same: go to court in order to paralyse revisionists research work, if not to have them sentenced to prison terms or ordered to pay fines or damages. For those convicted, imprisonment will mean a halt to all revisionist activity, whereas those ordered to pay large sums will be compelled to set off on a feverish pursuit of money, goaded by the threats of bailiffs, writs of seizure, notices to third parties, and the freezing of bank accounts. From this simple point of view, my life over the past quarter of a century has been difficult; it still is and, in all probability, will remain so.

Let us add that, to make matters worse, my conception of research has never been that of the paper professor

or historian. I consider it indispensable to see the terrain for myself: either the terrain of the material investigation or the terrain where the adversary is assembled. I should not be entitled to talk about the camps of Dachau, Majdanek, Auschwitz, or Treblinka without first having visited them in order to examine the buildings and the people there. I should not listen to accounts of antirevisionist actions (demonstrations, conferences, symposia, trials) without having attended them, or else delegated and instructed an observer for the mission, a practice which is not without risk but which enables one to get information from a good source. I have friends and associates produce countless letters and statements. I run to the battlements at every occasion. To cite but one example, I believe that I may rightly say that, if the impressive international Holocaust conference organised in Oxford in 1988 by the late billionaire Robert Maxwell (also known as Bob the Liar) aborted so pitifully, on the admission of its very instigator(4), it was thanks to an operation which I personally led on the spot with the help of a female French revisionist who lacked neither courage, nor daring, nor ingenuity: her action alone was certainly worth several books. But will the producers of books galore understand what I say there?

To the hours and days thus spent preparing either court cases or those various sporadic actions should be added the hours and days lost in hospital, recovering from the effects of an exhausting struggle or from the consequences of physical attacks carried out by Jewish militia groups (in France armed militias are strictly prohibited, except for the Jewish community).

Finally, I have had to stimulate, direct, or coordinate, in France and abroad, numerous activities or works of a revisionist nature, brace those whose strength has faltered, provide for the continuance of action, answer requests, warn against provocations, errors, driftings off course, and above all combat ill-conceived accommodations since, for some revisionists, the temptation is great, in such a struggle, to seek a compromise with the adversary and, sometimes, even to back down. Examples of war-weary revisionists who have sunk to public contrition are, sad to say, not wanting. I shall not cast the first stone at them. I know from experience that discouragement is liable to befall each of us because the contest is so uneven: our means are laughable; those of our opponents, boundless.

Making a virtue of necessity, the present collection is thus a mere selection of notes, articles, essays, prefaces, interviews, and critiques which I drafted between 1974 and 1998 and which are shown here in chronological order of writing or publication. The reader will perhaps get the impression of a disparate whole, tarnished by a good deal of repetition. I beg his forbearance. At least this very diversity will enable him to follow the revisionist adventure day by day in its vicissitudes. As for the repetition, I take some comfort in thinking that, after all, I have perhaps not repeated myself enough, for there persist today so many misconceptions as to the exact nature of revisionism.

Chapter 3: HISTORICAL REVISIONISM (top)

Revisionism is a matter of method and not an ideology.

It demands, for all research, a return to the starting point, an examination followed by re-examination, rereading and rewriting, evaluation followed by revaluation, reorientation, revision, recasting; it is, in spirit, the contrary of ideology. It does not deny but aims to affirm with more exactitude. Revisionists are not deniers or negationists (the latter word, being the neologism adopted by revisionisms adversaries in France, has yet to pass into English dictionaries); they endeavour to seek and to find things where, it seemed, there was nothing more to seek or find.

Revisionism can be carried out in a hundred activities of every-day life and in a hundred fields of historical, scientific, or literary research. It does not necessarily call established ideas into question but often leads to qualifying them somewhat. It seeks to untangle the true from the false. History is, in essence, revisionistic; ideology is its enemy. Since ideology is never so strong as in time of war or conflict, and since it then churns out falsehood in abundance for propaganda needs, the historian working in that area will be well advised to redouble his vigilance: probing deep into the truths of which he has been reminded so often, he will doubtless realise that, when a war has led to tens of millions of deaths, the first victim of all will have been the ascertainable truth: a truth which must be sought out and re-established.

The official history of the second world war comprises a bit of truth mixed in with a great deal of falsehood.

Chapter 4: THE OFFICIAL HISTORY:

A BIT OF TRUTH MIXED IN WITH A GREAT DEAL OF FALSEHOOD. ITS SUCCESSIVE RETRACTIONS IN THE FACE OF REVISIONIST ADVANCES (top)

It is accurate to say that National-Socialist Germany built concentration camps; it did so after and at the same time as a good number of other countries, all of which were convinced that their camps would be more humane than prison. Hitler saw in them what NapoléonIII had thought he saw in the creation of penal colonies: progress for Man. But it is false to hold that she ever created extermination camps (an expression fashioned by the Allies).

It is accurate to say that the Germans manufactured gas-powered vans (Gaswagen). *But* it is false to say that they ever built homicidal gas vans (if a single one of such things had ever existed, it would be on display at the Automobile museum or at one of the various Holocaust museums, if only in the form of a sketch of scientific value).

It is accurate to say that the Germans employed Zyklon (made from a base of hydrocyanic acid and in use since 1922) to safeguard the health, by disinfection, of large numbers of civilians, troops, prisoners, and internees. But they never used Zyklon in order to kill anyone, let alone to put to death throngs of human beings at once; because of the draconian precautions for the use of hydrogen cyanide gas, the gassing of inmates as it is alleged to have been done at Auschwitz and at other camps would, besides, have been fundamentally impossible. I explain this point at length in the body of the present work.

It is accurate to say that the Germans envisaged a final solution of the Jewish question" (*Endlösung der Judenfrage*). *But* the solution was a territorial one (*territorialeEndlösung der Judenfrage*) and not a murderous one; it was a project to induce or, if necessary, to force the Jews to leave Germany and its European sphere of influence, thereafter to establish, in accord with the Zionists, a Jewish national home, in Madagascar or elsewhere. Many Zionists collaborated with National-Socialist Germany with a view towards such a solution.

It is accurate to say that a gathering of German officials was held at a villa in Wannsee, on the outskirts of Berlin, on 20 January 1942, to discuss the Jewish question. But the subject of their discussions was the forced emigration or deportation of the Jews, as well as the future creation of a specific Jewish territorial entity, not a programme of physical extermination.

It is accurate to say that some German concentration camps had crematoria with which to incinerate corpses. *But* their purpose was to combat epidemics, not to incinerate, as some have dared assert, living beings along with corpses(5).

It is accurate to say that many Jews experienced the hardships of war, of internment, deportation, the detention camps, the concentration camps, the forced labour camps, the ghettos; that there were, for various reasons, summary executions of Jews, that they were the object of reprisals and even massacres, for there are no wars without massacres. *But* it is equally true that all of these sufferings were also the lot of many other nations or communities during the war and, in particular, of the Germans and their Allies (the hardships of the ghetto aside, for the ghetto is first and foremost a specific creation of the Jews themselves(6)); it is above all most plausible, for whoever is not afflicted with a hemiplegic memory and who seeks to acquaint himself with both sides of second world war history (the side which is always shown and the side almost always hidden), that the hardships of the vanquished *during the war and afterwards* were, in number and in nature, greater than those of the Jews and the victors, especially as concerns deportations.

It is false that there ever existed, as some have long dared state, any order whatever, given by Hitler or any of his associates, to exterminate the Jews. During the war, German soldiers and officers were convicted by their own courts martial, and sometimes shot, for having killed Jews.

It is a good thing that the exterminationists (that is, those who believe in the extermination of the Jews) have ended up growing weary to the point where they acknowledge that no trace of any plan, instruction, or document relating to a policy of physical extermination of the Jews has ever been found and that, by the same token, they have at last admitted that no trace of any budget for such an undertaking, or of a body responsible for running such a project, has been found either.

It is a good thing that the exterminationists have at last conceded to the revisionists that the judges at the Nuremberg trial (1945-1946) accepted as true certain pure inventions, such as the story of soap produced from Jewish fat, that of the lampshades made of human skin, that of the shrunken heads, and that of the gassings at Dachau; and it is an especially good thing that the exterminationists have finally recognised that the most spectacular, the most terrifying, the most significant part of that trial (i.e. the session of 15 April 1946 in the course of which a former commandant of the Auschwitz camp, Rudolf Höss, was seen and heard to confess openly that, in his camp, millions of Jews had been gassed), was merely the fruit of the tortures inflicted on him. That confession, presented for so many years and in so many historical works as the no.1 proof of the genocide of the Jews, is now consigned to oblivion, at least as far as historians are concerned.

It is fortunate that the exterminationist historians have finally acknowledged that the famous testimony of SS officer Kurt Gerstein, an element essential to their arguments, is devoid of value; *it is loathsome* that the French University revoked the revisionist Henri Roques doctorate, earned for having demonstrated that fact in 1985.

It is pitiful that Raul Hilberg, the pope of exterminationism, ventured to write, in the first edition of his *The Destruction of the European Jews* (1961) that there had been two orders from Hitler to exterminate the Jews, then to declare later, as of 1983, that the extermination had come about of its own, without any order or plan but by way of an incredible meeting of minds, a consensus-mind reading on the part of the far flung German bureaucracy. So it was that R.Hilberg replaced a gratuitous assertion with a magical explanation: telepathy.

It is a good thing that the exterminationists have finally (or very nearly) come to abandon, in practice, the

charge, based on testimonies, according to which there existed execution gas chambers at the camps of Ravensbrück, Oranienburg-Sachsenhausen, Mauthausen, Hartheim, Struthof-Natzweiler, Stutthof-Danzig, Bergen-Belsen

It is a good thing that the most visited gas chamber in the world that of Auschwitz-I has at last (in January 1995) been recognised for what it is, that is to say, a fabrication. *It is fortunate* that it has at last been admitted that EVERYTHING IN IT IS FALSE, and I personally delight in knowing that a historian of the official Establishment has been able to write: In the late 1970s, Robert Faurisson exploited these falsifications all the better as the [Auschwitz] museum administration balked at acknowledging them(7). I delight all the more as the French courts, in their iniquity, had convicted me for basically saying just that.

It is a good thing that, in the same article, the same historian has revealed that such an eminent figure in the Jewish world as Théo Klein sees in that gas chamber only a trick (*artifice*).

It is also a good thing that, in the same article, the same historian has revealed, first, that the Auschwitz museum authorities are conscious of having deceived millions of visitors (five hundred thousand per year in the early nineties), and second, that they will nevertheless continue to deceive their visitors in future for, as the museum's assistant director put it: [Telling the truth about this gas chamber] is too complicated. Well see to it later on(8).

It is fortunate that in 1996 two historians of Jewish origin, the Canadian Robert Jan van Pelt and the American Debórah Dwork, finally denounced some of the enormous fakeries of the Auschwitz camp-museum and the cynicism with which visitors were being duped there(9).

It is, on the other hand, unconscionable that UNESCO (the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organisation) should maintain its patronage (as it has done since 1979) of a site such as Auschwitz, whose centre harbours, in its fake gas chamber (to say nothing of other enormous falsifications) an imposture now avowed as such; UNESCO (based in Paris and headed by Federico Mayor) has no right to use the membership dues of constituent countries in order to endorse a vast swindle so incompatible with the interests of education, science, and culture.

It is fortunate that Jean-Claude Pressac, after having been praised to the skies, has fallen into discredit. Propelled by the Klarsfeld couple, this pharmacist thought it wise to seek out a half-way position between those who believed in the gas chambers and those who did not. For him, in a sense, the woman being examined was neither pregnant nor unpregnant but half-pregnant and even, with time, less and less pregnant. An author of writings which were supposed to be on the Nazi gas chambers but in which not one comprehensive photograph or drawing of a single one of those chemical slaughterhouses was to be found, that pitiful scribbler would, on 9 May 1995 in the XVIIth chamber of the Paris correctional court, go on to give a demonstration of his total inability to reply to the presiding judge's questions as to what, concretely, one such mass-murder machine might actually have been. Three years later, he has been reduced to writing: Thus, according to the statements of former members of the *Sonderkommando*, it is reckoned with firm certainty that a film on homicidal gassings was shot by the SS at Birkenau. Why should it not be found by chance [at some future date] in the attic or cellar of a former SS man?(10)

It is fortunate that the gas chamber in ruins, constituting a part of KrematoriumII of Birkenau (Auschwitz-II), can above all serve to show *in vivo* and *de visu* that there never was a Holocaust, either in this camp or in any other. In effect, according both to a German defendants statements under examination and the aerial

photographs retouched by the Allies, the roof of this gas chamber would seem to have had four special openings (about ten inches square, it was specified), for the pouring in of the Zyklon. But, as anyone at the site may notice, none of those four openings ever existed. Auschwitz being the capital of the Holocaust, and this ruined crematorium being at the core of the extermination process of the Jews at Auschwitz, I was able to say, in 1994 (and the turn of phrase seems to have made some progress in people's minds): No holes, no Holocaust.

It is equally fortunate that a plethora of testimonies, according to which those gassings had happened, have thus ended up being invalidated and *it is, by the same token, extremely deplorable* that so many Germans, tried by their victorious opponents, were convicted and, some of them, even put to death for crimes which they could not have committed.

It is a good thing that, in the light of trials resembling so many judicial masquerades, the exterminationists themselves voice doubts as to the validity of many testimonies; these testimonies defective nature would appear yet more clearly if the trouble were ever taken to order a legal inspection of the *supposed* weapon of the *supposed* crime. But, in the course of a thousand trials concerning Auschwitz or other camps, no court has ordered any such inquiry (the lone exception, very little known, being that carried out at Struthof-Natzweiler in Alsace, the results of which were kept hidden until I myself revealed them). It was nonetheless known that a good number of testimonies or confessions needed to be verified and measured up against the material facts and that, in the absence of those two conditions, they were worthless as evidence.

It is fortunate that the official history has revised downwards often in considerable proportions the supposed number of victims. It took more than forty years of revisionist pressure for the Jewish authorities and those of the Auschwitz museum to remove the nineteen plaques which, in nineteen different languages, announced that the number of victims there had been four million. It then took five years of internal bickering for agreement to be reached on the new figure of one and a half million, a figure which, in turn, was very quickly challenged by exterminationist authors; J.-C. Pressac, S.Klarsfelds protégé, now proposes, for his part, no greater a number than 600,000 to 800,000 Jewish and non-Jewish victims over the whole period of the Auschwitz complexs existence. It is a pity that this quest for the true figure is not followed through to attain the likely figure of 150,000 persons, victims, mainly, of epidemics in the nearly forty camps there. *It is deplorable* that, in the schools of France, the film *Nuit et Brouillard* (Night and Mist) in which the Auschwitz death toll is put at nine million, continues to be projected; in that film are perpetuated the myths of the soap made from the bodies, the lampshades of human skin, and the streaks traced by victims fingernails in the concrete walls of the gas chambers; it proclaims that nothing distinguished the gas chamber from an ordinary barracks!

It was a good thing that in 1988 Arno Mayer, a Princeton University professor of Jewish origin, should suddenly write: Sources for the study of the gas chambers are at once rare and unreliable; but why should one for so long have affirmed that the sources were countless and trustworthy, and why should one have poured scorn on the revisionists who from 1950 had written what Arno Mayer discovered in 1988?

It was a particularly good thing that in 1996 the French historian Jacques Baynac, who had made a speciality, in *Le Monde* and elsewhere, of labelling the revisionists as forgers, should finally acknowledge that there was, in the end, no evidence of the gas chambers existence. It was, he made clear, as painful to say as it is to hear(11). Perhaps, in certain circumstances, the truth is, for certain persons, as painful to say as it is to hear but, for the revisionists, the truth is as pleasant to say as it is to hear.

Lastly, it is fortunate that the exterminationists have allowed themselves to undermine the third and last

element of the *Shoah* trinity: the figure of six million Jewish deaths. It seems that this number was first put forth(12) by Rabbi Michael Dov Weissmandel (1903-1956); established in Slovakia, this rabbi was the main contriver of the Auschwitz lie based on the alleged testimonies of Rudolf Vrba and Alfred Wetzler; he organised intensive information campaigns aimed at the Allies, Switzerland, and the Vatican. In a letter of 31 May 1944 (i.e. nearly a full year before the wars end in Europe, he did not shrink from writing: Till now six times a million Jews from Europe and Russia have been destroyed(13).

This figure of six million was to be found elsewhere as well before the wars end in the writings of the Soviet Jew Ilya Ehrenburg (1891-1967), perhaps the most hateful propagandist of the second world war(14). In 1979 it was suddenly termed symbolic (that is, false) by the exterminationist Martin Broszat during the trial of a German revisionist. In 1961, Raul Hilberg, that most prestigious of conventional historians, estimated the number of Jewish deaths to have been 5.1 million. In 1953, another of those historians, Gerald Reitlinger, had put forth a figure of between 4.2 and 4.6 million. But, in fact, no historian of that school has offered any figures based on the results of an investigation; it has always been a matter of each ones own more or less educated guess. The revisionist Paul Rassinier, for his part, proposed the figure of about one million Jewish deaths but did so, as he pointed out, on the basis of numbers furnished by the opposing faction; thus his figure was also a product of guesswork. The truth is that many European Jews perished, and many survived. With modern methods of calculation it should be possible to determine what, in either case, is meant by many. But the three sources from which the necessary information might be got are, in practice, either forbidden to independent researchers or of limited access:

> first, the enormous body of documentation gathered by the International Tracing Service (ITS) of Arolsen-Waldeck, Germany, which is answerable to the International Committee of the Red Cross in Switzerland; access to this centre is jealously guarded by a panel of ten states, one of which is Israel;
>
> second, documents in the possession of Poland and Russia and of which only a part has been made accessible: death registries of certain camps, cremation registries, etc.;
>
> finally, the names of millions of Jewish survivors who have received or are still receiving financial indemnities or reparations, either in Israel or in dozens of countries represented by the World Jewish Congress in New York. The mere enumeration of these names would serve to show the extent to which a community so often said to have been exterminated was not at all exterminated.

Fifty-two years after the war, the state of Israel still put the official number of Holocaust survivors in the world at around nine hundred thousand (the actual figures given were: between 834,000 and 960,000)(15). According to a computation made by the Swedish statistician Carl O. Nordling, to whom I submitted that Israeli government evaluation, it is possible, with the postulate of the existence of nine hundred thousand survivors in 1997, to conclude that there were, at the end of the war in Europe in 1945, slightly more than three million survivors. Still today, survivors organisations proliferate under the most diverse names; they group together veteran Jewish *résistants* as well as former children of Auschwitz (that is, Jewish children born in that camp or interned there with their parents at a very early age), former Jewish forced labourers or, more simply, one-time clandestine Jews or Jewish fugitives. Millions of beneficiaries of miracles no longer constitute a miracle but are rather the products of a natural phenomenon. The American press reports fairly often on moving reunions of family members, Holocaust survivors all, each of whom was, we are assured, convinced hitherto that the entire family had been lost.

To sum up, in spite of the dogma and the laws, the pursuit of the historical truth about the second world war in general and about the *Shoah* in particular has made headway in recent years, but the general public is kept in the dark about this; it would be stunned to learn that many of its firmest beliefs had, from the early nineteen-eighties onwards, been relegated by the most orthodox historians to the rank of popular legend. It could, from this point of view, be said that there existed two structures of the Holocaust idea: on the one hand, that of the public at large and, on the other hand, that of the conventional historians; the first would seem to be unshakeable, the second threatened with imminent collapse, to judge by the number of hasty repairs being made to it.

The yieldings to the revisionists on the part of the orthodox historians have, year after year and especially since 1979 been so numerous and of such quality that the latter today find themselves at a dead end. They no longer have anything of substance to say on the very subject of the Holocaust. They have handed the baton to the film-makers, novelists, and theatre people. Even the museographers are at a loss. At Washingtons Holocaust Memorial Museum the decision has been taken not to offer any physical representation of the gas chambers to public view (according to the statement which the museum's scientific director, Michael Berenbaum, made before me and four witnesses in August 1994; he is the author of a guidebook of more than 200 pages in which, in effect, no physical representation of the gas chambers appears, not even one of the miserable and fallacious mock-up displayed for visitors to his museum(16)). The public there are forbidden to take photographs. Claude Lanzmann, maker of *Shoah*, a film remarkable for its utter lack of historical or scientific content, today no longer has any recourse but to pontificate in deploring the fact that the revisionists occupy the whole terrain(17). As for Elie Wiesel, he calls on all to show discretion; he requests that we no longer try to see at close quarters or to imagine what, according to him, happened in the gas chambers: Let the gas chambers remain closed to prying eyes, and to imagination(18). The Holocaust historians have turned into theoreticians, philosophers, thinkers. The squabbles among them, between intentionalists and functionalists, or between supporters and adversaries of a thesis such as Daniel Goldhagen's on the near-innate propensity of Germans to descend into antisemitism and racist crime ought not to conceal from view the indigence of their specifically historical work. (top)

Proceed to Chapters 5 through 8

WWW.JEFFSARCHIVE.COM

Ecrits Ré visionnistes (1974-1998)

By Robert Faurisson

Chapters 5, 6, 7, 8

Chapter 5: REVISIONISM'S SUCCESSES AND FAILURES

In 1998, an appraisal of the revisionist enterprise could be briefly put as follows: a sparkling success on the historical and scientific front (where our opponents capitulated in 1996) but a failure on the front of communication (our opponents have sealed off all access to the media except, for the time being, the Internet).

In the 1980s and at the beginning of the 90s, antirevisionist authors had attempted to cross swords with the revisionists on the terrain of historical science. Pierre Vidal-Naquet, Nadine Fresco, Georges Wellers, Adalbert Rückerl, Hermann Langbein, Eugen Kogon, Arno Mayer, Serge Klarsfeld, each in turn tried to have the media believe that answers to the revisionists material or documentary arguments had been found. Even Michael Berenbaum, even the Holocaust Memorial Museum, in 1993 and in early 1994, wanted to pick up the gauntlet which I had thrown down and try to show just a single Nazi gas chamber, just a single proof of their own choosing that there had been a genocide of the Jews. But their failures were so stinging that thereafter they had progressively to abandon the fight on that turf. Quite recently, in 1998, M.Berenbaum has indeed published (with Abraham J.Peck) a fat book entitled *The Holocaust and History*(19) but in it, precisely, far from studying what he calls the Holocaust on the historical level (A.Mayer's express purpose in his 1988 work) he instead unintentionally shows us that the Holocaust is one thing and History quite another. The work, moreover, is quasi-immaterial, presenting neither photographs, nor drawings, nor the least attempt to represent physically any reality whatever. Only the dust jacket offers a view of a heap of shoes. These are reputed to possess a certain graphic eloquence, as at the Washington Holocaust Memorial Museum where they tell us, supposedly: We are the shoes, we are the last witnesses. The book is merely a compilation of fifty-five contributions written and published under the watchful eye of Rabbi Berenbaum: in it even Raul Hilberg, even Yehuda Bauer, even Franciszek Piper abandon the idea of any real effort at scientific research, and the anathema is pronounced against Arno Mayer who, in the recent past, has tried to put the Holocaust back into the realm of history(20). The irrational has won out in the face of attempts at rationalisation. E.Wiesel, C.Lanzmann, Steven Spielberg (with a film, *Schindler's List*, inspired by a novel), have in the end triumphed over those in their own camp who used to try to prove the Holocaust.

In future years hindsight will let it be observed that it was in September 1996 that the death knell sounded for the hopes of those who had wanted to combat revisionism on historical and scientific grounds. The two long

articles then put out by the antirevisionist historian J. Baynac in a Swiss daily definitively closed the chapter of attempts at a rational response to the revisionists arguments(21).

In the mid- and late 1970s, I offered my own contribution to the development of revisionism; I discovered and formulated what has since come to be known as the physical and chemical argument, that is, the physical and chemical reasons why the alleged Nazi gas chambers were quite simply inconceivable. At the time, I commended myself for having brought forth into the world a decisive argument which, until then, had never been expounded either by a German chemist (Germany is not short of chemists) or an American engineer (the United States has engineers who, given the forbidding complexities involved in the making of an American penitentiarys gas chamber, ought to have realised that the alleged Nazi gas chambers were, because of certain physical and chemical realities, impossible to produce). If, at that period, amidst the fracas prompted by my discovery, a clairvoyant had predicted that, twenty years on, in about 1994 or 1996, my adversaries, after many attempts to show that I was wrong, would, as J.Baynac has done, resign themselves to acknowledging that, in the end, there existed not the least evidence with which to prove the reality of a single Nazi gas chamber, I should surely have rejoiced. And I should perhaps have concluded that the myth of the Holocaust could never survive such a direct hit, that the media would then quit the employ of the Great Lie and that, quite naturally, the antirevisionist repression would disintegrate all by itself.

In so reckoning I should have committed an error both of diagnosis and of prognosis.

For superstitious belief lives of another spirit than that of science. It makes its own way in the world. The province of religion, of ideology, of illusion, of the media, and of fictional cinema can evolve at a certain remove from scientific realities. Even Voltaire never succeeded in crushing the vile foe. It might thus be said that, like Voltaire denouncing the absurdities of the Hebraic tales, the revisionists are doomed, despite their works scientific nature, never to carry the day against the wild imaginings of the Synagogue, while the Synagogue, for its part, will never succeed in stifling the voices of the revisionists. The Holocaust and Shoah-Business propaganda will continue to flourish. Today it remains for the revisionists to show how this belief, this myth came to be born, to grow, and to flourish before, perhaps, disappearing to make way, one day, not for reason but for other beliefs and other myths.

How are men deceived, and why do they deceive themselves so readily?

Chapter 6: HOLOCAUST PROPAGANDA: SHOWING THE DEAD AND TELLING OF KILLED, SHOWING CREMATORIA AND TELLING OF GAS CHAMBERS (top)

It is by means of the manipulation of images that the masses are most easily fooled. From April 1945, British and American journalists, upon the opening of the German concentration camps, hurried to photograph and film true horrors which were later made, if it may be said thus, into horrors truer than life. In the familiar language dear to people of the press, a put-up job was done; we were served with some Timisoara before its time(22). On the one hand, we were shown real dead bodies as well as real crematoria and, on the other hand, thanks to some misleading comments and a cinematic staging, a deft artifice was effected which I describe by a phrase which may serve as a device for unmasking all of these impostures:

We were led to take the *dead* for *killed* and *crematoria* for *mass-execution gas chambers*.

One might feel inclined to add: and a *sow's ear* for a *silk purse*.

Thus was born the confusion, still so widespread today, between, on the one hand, the crematoria, which actually existed (but not at Bergen-Belsen) for the incineration of corpses and, on the other hand, the Nazi gas chambers which allegedly served to kill whole crowds of men and women but which, in reality, never existed nor could have existed.

Chapter 7: GAS CHAMBERS WHICH HAVE NEVER BEEN SEEN, NEVER BEEN SHOWN (top)

In March 1992, at a press conference in Stockholm, I put forth a challenge to the audience of newspaper and television reporters. That challenge was stated in the nine words: Show me or draw me a Nazi gas chamber.

The next day, the journalists reports on the conference indeed appeared but they passed over in silence its essential object: precisely that challenge. They had looked for photographs and had found none.

Billions of people over this past half-century assume (or imagine) that they have seen Nazi gas chambers in books or in documentary films. Many are convinced of having, at least once in their lives, come across the photograph of such a gas chamber. Some have visited Auschwitz or other camps where the guides have announced to them that a given structure was a gas chamber. They have been told that they have before their eyes, as the case may be, a gas chamber in its original state or a reconstruction (this latter expression implying that said reconstruction is faithful, that it conforms to the original). Sometimes, they are led to view remains said to be ruins of a gas chamber(23). Yet, in all such cases, they have been deceived or, better, have deceived themselves. This phenomenon is easily explained. Too many people imagine that a gas chamber amounts to a mere room with gas inside: this reveals confusion between an execution gassing and a suicidal or accidental one. An execution gassing, such as those carried out in some United States prisons for the killing of one man, is necessarily a highly complicated task for, in this case, care must be taken to kill only the condemned without causing an accident, and without putting ones own life, or that of ones associates, in danger, especially in the final phase, that is, at the moment when the room must be entered in order to handle a contaminated corpse and remove it. Of this, the greater part of museum visitors, as well as most readers, film-goers, and even most historians are obviously unaware. Those in charge of the museums, for their part, take advantage of this general unawareness. For a successful Nazi gas chamber exhibit, they need only display to the good publics gaze a space of gloomy aspect, a morgues cold room, a shower-room (preferably located below ground), an air-raid shelter (with a peephole in its door), and the trick will work. The tricksters can manage with less: it suffices to show a mere door, wall, or roof of a purported gas chamber. The wisest ones will get by with still less: they will show a bundle of hair, a mound of shoes, a pile of eyeglasses and claim that these are the only traces or remains to have been found of the gassed; naturally, they will avoid pointing out that, during the war and the blockade, in a Europe fallen prey to general shortages and penury, vast recovery and recycling schemes were set up to reclaim all convertible materials, including hair, which was used, for example, in textiles.

Chapter 8: THE HOLOCAUST WITNESSES: UNVERIFIED TESTIMONIES (top)

A similar confusion reigns with respect to the witnesses. We are presented with bands of witnesses to the genocide of the Jews. Whether orally or in writing, these witnesses claim to assert that Germany carried out a plan for the overall extermination of the Jews of Europe. In reality, these witnesses can only attest to such facts as the Jews deportation, their internment in detention camps, concentration camps or forced labour camps, and even, in some cases, the functioning of crematoria. The Jews were to so great a degree not doomed to extermination or to end up in mass-execution gas chambers that each one of these countless

survivors or escapees, far from constituting, as some would have us believe, a living proof of the genocide, is, on the contrary, a living proof that there was no genocide. As has been seen above, at wars end the number of Jewish survivors of the Holocaust probably exceeded three million.

For the camp of Auschwitz alone, a considerable list may be made of former Jewish inmates who have borne witness in public, orally or in writing, on television, in books, in the law courts. Among the best known I shall mention:

Odette Abadie, Louise Alcan, Esther Alicigüzel, Jehuda Bacon, Charles Baron, Bruno Baum, Charles-Sigismond Bendel, Paul Bendel, Maurice Benroubi, Henri Bily, Ada Bimko, Suzanne Birnbaum, Eva Brewster, Henry Bulawko, Robert Clary, Jehiel Dinour alias K.Tzetnik, Szlama Dragan, Fania Fénelon, Arnold Friedman, Philip Friedman, Michel Gelber, Israël Gutman, DrHafner, Henry Heller, Benny Hochman, Régine Jacubert, Wanda Jakubowska, Stanislas Jankowski alias Alter Fajnzylberg, Simone Kadouch-Lagrange, Raya Kagan, Rudolf Kauer, Marc Klein, Ruth Klüger, Guy Kohen, Erich Kulka, Simon Laks, Hermann Langbein, Leo Laufer, Sonia Letwinska, Renée Louria, Henryk Mandelbaum, Françoise Maous, Mel Mermelstein, Ernest Morgan, Filip Müller, Flora Neumann, Anna Novac, Myklos Nyiszli, David Olère, Dounia Ourisson, Dov Paisikovic, Gisella Perl, Samuel Pisar, Macha Ravine-Speter, Jérôme Scorin, Georges Snyders, Henri Sonnenbluck, Jacques Stroumsa, David Szmulewski, Henri Tajchner, Henryk Tauber, Sima Vaïsman, Simone Veil née Jacob, Rudolf Vrba, Robert Weil, Georges Wellers

I shall also mention the resounding case of one late arrival, the clarinettist Binjamin Wilkomirski. It is not very clear why, but this false witness was publicly exposed after a three-year spell of glory which had seen him honoured with the US National Jewish Book Award, the Jewish Quarterly Literary Prize in Britain, the Mémoire de la Shoah prize in France, and an impressive series of dithyrambic articles in the press world-wide. His purported autobiography of a child deported to Majdanek and to Auschwitz(?) had been released by Suhrkampf in 1995 under the title: *Bruchstücke. Aus einer Kinderheit, 1939 bis 1948* (in English, *Fragments: memories of a wartime childhood*(24)). At the end of his investigation, Jewish author Daniel Ganzfried revealed that Binjamin Wilkomirski, alias Bruno Doessekker, born Bruno Grosjean, had indeed had some experience of Auschwitz and Majdanek but only after the war, as a tourist(25). In 1995 the Australian Donald Watt had himself deceived the great English language media with his alleged testimony telling of life as a stoker in crematoria II and III at Auschwitz-Birkenau(26). Between September and November 1998, there was organised in Germany and France a vast media operation around the sudden revelations of DrHans-Wilhelm Münch, one-time SS physician at Auschwitz. The vein is decidedly bountiful.

Primo Levi, for his part, tends still today to be presented to us as a reliable witness. It will be seen further on in this work that his reputation as such was perhaps deserved in 1947, with the publication of his book *Se questo è un uomo* (*If This is a Man*). Unhappily, P.Levi conducted himself somewhat unworthily afterwards. E.Wiesel remains the undisputed star false witness of the Holocaust. In his autobiographical account Night he does not mention the gas chambers; for him, the Germans threw the Jews into blazing pits; as late as 2 June 1987, at the Klaus Barbie trial in Lyon, he testified under oath that he had seen, in a little wood, somewhere in [Auschwitz] Birkenau, SS men throwing live children into the flames. In the present work, it will be remarked how the translator and editor of the German version of *Night* resuscitated the gas chambers in E.Wiesels account of Auschwitz. In France, Fred Sedel would in 1990 proceed in like manner whilst re-editing a book which had appeared in 1963, putting *chambres à gaz* where, twenty-seven years earlier, he had mentioned only *fours crématoires*(27).

In the same boat of pious lies may be put the testimonies of some non-Jews, in particular that of General

André Rogerie who, strengthened by the support which Georges Wellers lent him, introduced himself in 1988 as a Holocaust witness who had beheld the *Shoah* at Birkenau(28) whereas, in the original 1946 edition of his memoirs *Vivre, c'est vaincre* he had written only of having *heard talk* of gas chambers(29). In the very camp of Auschwitz-Birkenau our heros lot was a privileged one. He lodged in the bosses(30) barracks and enjoyed a royally cushy position of which he has fond remembrances(31). He ate pancakes with jam and played bridge(32). Of course, he wrote, not only merry events take place [in the camp](33) but, on leaving Birkenau, he had this thought: Unlike many others, I have been better off here than anywhere else(34).

Samuel Gringauz had got through the war in the ghetto of Kaunas, Lithuania. In 1950, that is, at a time when it was still possible to speak somewhat freely on the subject, he was to make an appraisal of the literature thus far produced by the survivors of the great Jewish catastrophe. In it he deplored the trespasses to which their hyperhistorical complex was then giving rise, writing:

> The hyperhistorical complex may be described as judeocentric, lococentric and egocentric. It concentrates historical relevance on Jewish problems of local events under the aspect of personal experience. This is the reason why most of the memoirs and reports are full of preposterous verbosity, graphomanic exaggeration, dramatic effects, overestimated self-inflation, dilletante [*sic*] philosophizing, would-be lyricism, unchecked rumors, bias, partisan attacks and apologies(35).

One can only assent to this judgement, dating from 1950, which could be perfectly applied today to a Claude Lanzmann or an Elie Wiesel. For the latters hyperhistorical complex, for the judeocentric, lococentric and egocentric character of his writings, one may refer to his two recent autobiographical volumes published under the title *Tous les fleuves vont à la mer, Mémoires 1 et 2* (*All Rivers Run to the Sea*). In so doing, one may also realise that, far from having been exterminated, the Rumano-Hungarian Jewish community of the little town of Sighet in all likelihood survived its deportation, notably to Auschwitz in May and June of 1944, in great numbers. Himself a native of Sighet, E.Wiesel endured the fate of his fellow townsmen. After the war, he journeyed to various places in the world where, thanks to a succession of miracles, he would come upon an amazing number of relatives, friends, old acquaintances, and others from Sighet who had survived Auschwitz or the Holocaust. (top)

Proceed to Chapters 9 through 12

WWW.JEFFSARCHIVE.COM

Ecrits Ré visionnistes (1974-1998)

By Robert Faurisson

Chapters 9, 10, 11, 12

Chapter 9: A GLANCE AT SOME OTHER MYSTIFICATIONS OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR

Just as perplexed as todays generation, those of the future will ask themselves identical questions about a number of second world war myths besides that of the Nazi gas chambers: apart from the Jewish soap, the tanned human skins, the shrunken heads, and the gas vans mentioned above, let us cite those of the insane medical experiments attributed to DrMengele, Adolf Hitlers orders to undertake the extermination of the Jews, the order given by Heinrich Himmler to halt said extermination, the extermination of the Jews by means of electricity, steam, quicklime, crematoria, burning pits, vacuum pumps; let us cite as well the purported extermination of Gypsies and homosexuals, and the alleged gassing of the mentally infirm.

Those future generations will wonder about many other subjects: the massacres on the Eastern front as related in certain writings, and in writing only, at the Nuremberg trial by the professional false witness Hermann Gräbe; the now avowed impostures such as the book signed by Hermann Rauschning entitled *Hitler Speaks*(36), which in fact was written chiefly by the Hungarian Jew Imre Révész, alias Emery Reves, but was used extensively at the Nuremberg trial as though it were authentic; the alleged plan to test an atomic bomb near Auschwitz in order to eliminate Jews, also brought up at the Nuremberg trial; the absurd confessions extorted from German prisoners; the reputed diary of Anne Frank; the young boy in the Warsaw ghetto shown as going to his death whereas he most likely emigrated to New York after the war; and various false memoirs, false stories, false testimonies, false attributions whose true nature would, with a minimum of care, have been easy to ascertain.

But those future generations will probably be astonished most of all by the myth which was instituted and hallowed by the Nuremberg trial (and, to a lesser degree, by the Tokyo trial): that of the intrinsic barbarity of the vanquished and the intrinsic virtue of the victors who, as becomes apparent upon a close look at the facts, themselves committed acts of horror which were far more striking, both in quantity and in quality, than those perpetrated by the vanquished.

Chapter 10: A UNIVERSAL BUTCHERY (top)

At a time when one might be led to believe that only the Jews really suffered during the second world war and that only the Germans behaved like veritable criminals, an impartial examination into the true sufferings of all peoples and the veritable crimes of all belligerents seems overdue.

Whether just or unjust, every war is a butchery indeed, notwithstanding the heroism of countless soldiers, a competition in butchery; at the end of it, the winner turns out to have been nothing more than a good butcher, and the loser a bad butcher. It is thus that, when hostilities have ceased, the victor should perhaps be entitled to give the vanquished a lesson in butchery but certainly not in Right and Justice. Yet that is what happened in the Nuremberg trial (1945-1946), when the four big winners, acting in their own names and in the name of the nineteen victorious entities (not counting the World Jewish Congress, which enjoyed the status of *amicus curiae* or friend of the court), had the cynicism to inflict such a treatment on a beaten country reduced to total impotence. According to Nahum Goldmann, president both of the World Jewish Congress and of the World Zionist Organisation, the idea of a trial was the brainchild of a few Jews(37). As for the role played by Jews in the actual proceedings at Nuremberg, it was considerable. The American delegation, which ran the entire business, was made up largely of remigrants, that is, of Jews who, after having quit Germany in the thirties to emigrate to America, were returning to Germany. G.M.Gilbert, the famous psychologist and author of *Nuremberg Diary* (1947) was a Jew who, working behind the scenes with the American prosecutors, did not miss the chance to practise psychological torture on the German defendants. Airey Neave, a member of the British delegation, remarked, in a book prefaced by Lord Justice Birkett, one of the panel of judges, that many of the American examiners were German-born and that all were Jewish(38).

For reasons on which I shall expand in the present work, the Nuremberg trial can be regarded as this centurys crime of all crimes. Its consequences have proved tragic. It accorded the status of truth to an extravagant volume of lies, calumnies, and injustices which have, in turn, over the years served to justify all kinds of wickedness: in particular Bolshevik and Zionist expansionism at the expense of peoples of Europe, Asia, and of Palestine. But, as the judges of Nuremberg, first and foremost, found Germany guilty of having unilaterally plotted and instigated the second world war, it is by examining this last point that we must begin.

Chapter 11: FOUR GIANTS AND THREE DWARFS: WHO WANTED WAR?

(top)

History being first of all a matter of geography, let us contemplate a desktop globe of the year 1939 on whose surface a single colour would cover four immense aggregates: Great Britain and her empire of a fifth of the Earth and on which the sun never set, France and her own vast colonial empire, the United States and its vassals, and, finally, the impressive empire of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. Another colour would mark the modest Germany within her pre-war borders, the meagre Italy and her little colonial empire, and finally Japan, whose armies at the time occupied territory in China. We shall leave aside the countries which were later to join ranks, at least provisionally, with one or the other of these two belligerent blocs.

The contrast between the areas which the two groups would respectively fill is striking; so is the contrast between their natural, industrial, and commercial resources. Of course, by the end of the thirties, Germany and Japan were starting as the post-war years were to prove to shake off their yokes and to build an economy and an army capable of disquieting those bigger and stronger than themselves. Or course, the Germans and the Japanese were to deploy an uncommon measure of energy and, in the first years of the war, carve out their short-lived empires. But, all things considered, Germany, Italy, and Japan were, so to speak, as mere dwarfs beside the four giants which were the British, French, American, and Soviet empires.

Who will be led to believe that in the late thirties the three dwarfs were seeking deliberately, as was maintained at the Nuremberg and Tokyo trials, to provoke a new world war? Better still: who will believe for an instant that, in the general butchery which ensued, the first of these three dwarfs (Germany) was guilty of all crimes imaginable while the next (Japan) came up a distant second and the third (Italy), which changed sides in September 1943, committed no really reprehensible acts? Who will accept the notion that the four giants did not, to use the Nuremberg terminology, commit any crimes against peace, any war crimes, nor any crimes against humanity which, after 1945, would have warranted trial by an international tribunal?

It is nevertheless easy to show, with solid proof, that the winners, in six years of war and in a few years afterwards, accumulated, in their massacres of prisoners of war and of civilians, in gigantic deportations, in systematic looting, and in summary or judicial executions more horrors than the losers. Katyn forest, the Goulag, Dresden, Hiroshima, Nagasaki, the deportation of between twelve and fifteen million Germans (from East Prussia, Pomerania, Silesia, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, and Yugoslavia) in horrible conditions, the handing over of millions of Europeans to the Soviet Moloch, the bloodiest purge ever to sweep the continent: was all of that really too small a matter for a tribunal to judge? In this century, no army has killed as many children as the US Air Force in Europe, Japan, Korea, Vietnam, Iraq, and Central America, yet no international authority has held it to account for these slaughters, which the *boys* are always ready to carry out once again anywhere in the world, for such is their *job*(39).

Chapter 12: DID THE FRENCH WANT WAR? (top)

Cursed be war! reads the inscription on the war memorial in the small town of Gentioux in the French *département* of Creuse. That on the monument in Saint-Martin-d'Estréaux, in the Loire *département*, is longer but its assessment of the war sends forth the same cry(40). In France, the lists of the 1914-1918 war dead in our churches and on our monuments are heart-rending. Today no-one, at bottom, is able to say for exactly what reason the youth of France (just as, on its side, the youth of Germany) was thus mown down.

On the same memorials in our towns and villages there are sometimes found, in markedly smaller numbers, the names of young Frenchmen killed or gone missing during the campaign of 1939-1940: about 87,000. Occasionally one also finds those of the civilian victims; the Anglo-Americans alone killed some 67,000 with their bombarments in France. There may even be, to round out the list, the names of a few members of the *résistance* who died in their beds well after the war. Almost nowhere and never to be found are the names of French victims of the Big Purge (probably fourteen thousand, and not thirty thousand or, as is sometimes claimed, one hundred and five thousand) in which the Jews, the Communists, and the last-minute Gaullists played an essential role. With rare exceptions the names of soldiers of the colonial troops who died for France are also lacking, since they were not natives of the towns in question.

For France, the two world wars constituted a disaster: the first, especially by the sheer volume of human losses, the second by its character of a civil war which has persisted to this day.

When reflecting on these lists of first world war dead, when completing them with the names of those gone missing in action, when remembering the whole battalions of men with ruined faces, of wounded, maimed, crippled for life, when taking stock of the destructions of all sorts, when thinking of the families devastated by these losses, of the prisoners, of those shot for desertion, of the suicides provoked by so many hardships, when remembering also the twenty-five million deaths caused in America and Europe from 1918 by the epidemic of a viral illness wrongly called Spanish influenza, brought into France, at least in part, by the American troops(41), can one not understand the pre-1939-1945 pacifists and supporters of Munich as well

as the Pétainists of 1940? What right today has anyone to speak blithely of cowardice, either in regard to the Munich accords of 29 and 30 of September 1938, or to the armistice signed at Rethondes in Picardy on 22 June 1940? Could the Frenchmen who, in those times, still bore the physical and mental scars of the 1914-1918 holocaust and its aftermath a veritable holocaust, in effect, that could they, in the late 1930s, consider it a moral obligation to hurl themselves straight into a new slaughter? And, after the signing of an armistice which, however harsh, was by no means shameful, where was the dishonour in seeking an understanding with the opponent, not in order to wage war but to make peace? (top)

Proceed to Chapters 13 through 16

WWW.JEFFSARCHIVE.COM

Ecrits Ré visionnistes (1974-1998)

By Robert Faurisson

Chapters 13, 14, 15, 16

Chapter 13: DID THE GERMANS WANT WAR?

Hitler [was] born at Versailles: that sentence serves as the title of a work by the late Léon Degrelle. The 1919 Versailles Diktat for it was not really a treaty was so harsh and dishonourable for the defeated nation that the American senate refused to recognise or adopt it (20 November 1919); thenceforth, little by little, it was discredited. It dismembered Germany, submitted it to a cruel military occupation, starved it. In particular, it obliged the defeated nation to cede to the newly created state of Poland the regions of Posen, Silesia, and part of West Prussia. The four hundred and forty articles of the Treaty of peace between the Allied and associated powers and Germany (together with its annexes) signed at Versailles on 28 June 1919 constituted, along with the related treaties (Trianon, Saint-Germain, Sèvres), a monumental iniquity which, if anything, only the fury of a recently ended war can explain. It is easy enough to find fault with the Germans for not having respected Versailles. Their duty of honour as Germans was, first, to get round it and then to tear it up, just as that of the French was to maintain it(42).

Twenty years after that crushing humiliation, Hitler would wish to recover some of the territory given to Poland, just as France, after its defeat in 1870, had wished to recover Alsace and a part of Lorraine.

Unless he elects to speak flippantly, no historian is in a position to state who in fact is mainly to blame for a world-wide conflict; thus it will be wise not to make Hitler bear the exclusive responsibility for the 1939-1945 war under the pretext that, on the 1st of September 1939, he went to war against Poland. On the other hand, the attempt to justify the entry into war, two days later, of Great Britain and France by their need, in the name of a treaty, to come to the aid of Poland seems rather unfounded since, two weeks afterwards, the USSR in its turn invaded Poland and occupied a good part of its territory, without prompting any military reaction on the part of the Allies.

World-wide conflicts resemble tremendous natural disasters which cannot accurately be predicted even if, sometimes, one feels them coming. It is only after the fact that they can be explained, laboriously and, too often, not without recourse to hoardings of bad faith in the form of mutual accusations of negligence, blindness, ill will, or irresponsibility.

It can nonetheless be remarked that in Germany in the late thirties, the pro-war camp urging military action

against the western powers was, to all intents and purposes, non-existent; the Germans envisaged only a push towards the East (*Drang nach Osten*). On the other hand, in the West, the anti-German hawks were powerful. The *coterie de guerre* wanted a democratic crusade, and got it.

Among these new crusaders figured, with a few noteworthy exceptions, the whole of American and European organised Jewry.

Chapter 14: WINSTON CHURCHILL AND THE BRITISH AS MASTERS OF WAR PROPAGANDA (top)

During the first world war, the British had cynically exploited all the resources of propaganda based on wholly fictitious atrocity stories. During the second world war they remained true to form.

Severity reigns today with regard to the policy of appeasement adopted by Neville Chamberlain in dealing with the Germans, as opposed to the high esteem in which people hold, or pretend to hold, Winston Churchill for his determination in continuing the war. It is not yet certain that history, with time, will uphold this judgement. Successive discoveries concerning Churchills personality and wartime role bring up questions about some perhaps rather doubtful motives of that determination, along with questions about the fruits of his policies. At least Chamberlain had foreseen that even a British victory would entail disaster for his country, her empire, and for other victors as well. Churchill did not see this, or did not know how to see it. He promised blood, toil, tears, and sweat, to be followed by victory. He did not anticipate the bitter morrow of victory: the hastened disappearance of the empire which he held dear and the handing over of nearly half of Europe to Communist imperialism.

At a conference of his some years ago, David Irving, Churchills biographer, showed the illusory character of the motives to which Churchill was successively led to refer, first to launch his countrymen into the war, then to keep them in it. The business, if one may so term it, was carried out in four phases.

In the initial phase, Churchill assured the British that it was their obligation to go to the aid of a Poland fallen victim to Hitlers aggression but, two weeks into the war, this motive was nullified by the Soviet Unions aggression against the same ally.

In the next phase, he explained to his fellow subjects that they must carry on with the war in order to safeguard the British empire; he rejected Germany's repeated peace proposals; in May 1941, he had the peace emissary Rudolf Hess incarcerated; and, whereas Germany desired to see the British empire maintained, he chose to conclude an alliance with the worst possible enemy of that empire: the American Franklin Roosevelt. The second motive was thus nullified in its turn.

In a third phase, Churchill told the British that they were duty-bound to fight for Democracy, including its most paradoxical variety: the Soviet Socialist; he held that a second European front needed to be opened in order to relieve the strain on Stalin. This of course meant aiding a dictatorship which had assaulted Poland on 17 September 1939 and which was preparing a new conquest of that country.

As late as one month before the end of hostilities in Europe on 8 May 1945, British propaganda was generally lacking in coherence, while many British and American soldiers were aghast at discovering the degree to which their aviation had ravaged Germany.

Chapter 15: AT BERGEN-BELSEN, THE BRITISH INTRODUCE THE NAZI CRIME REALITY SHOWS (APRIL 1945) (top)

Situated near Hannover, Bergen-Belsen had at first been a camp for wounded German soldiers. In 1943 a detention camp was established there for European Jews who were set to be exchanged for German civilians held by the Allies. In the middle of the war, Jews were transferred from that camp to Switzerland or, via Turkey, even to Palestine (yet another proof, as may be pointed out in passing, of the absence of any physical extermination programme).

Until the end of 1944, inmates living conditions at Bergen-Belsen were about normal: then, with a convoy of deportees brought from regions in the East facing the imminent Soviet onslaught, there arrived epidemics of dysentery, cholera, and exanthematic typhus. The disaster thus caused was aggravated by the Anglo-American bombing raids which severely hampered deliveries of medicine, food, and the *coup de grâce* of water. The convoys of new arrivals from the East no longer took only two or three days to reach the camp but rather one or two weeks; because of Allied air bombardment and gunnery, they could advance only at night; as a result, upon arriving the convoys contained only dead and dying, or exhausted men and women quite unfit to confront such epidemics. On 1st March 1945, camp commandant Josef Kramer sent a letter to General Richard Glücks, chief of concentration camp administration, in which he described this catastrophe in his own words, ending: I implore your help in overcoming this situation(43).

Germany, on its last legs, could no longer deal with the influx of its own eastern refugees arriving by the millions. It could no longer manage to supply its army with weapons and ammunition, or its population with food. Finally, it could no longer remedy the tragic living conditions in camps where even guards were dying of typhus. Himmler authorised certain Wehrmacht officers to get into contact with the British and warn them that they were approaching, in their advance, a frightful den of infection. Negotiations followed. A wide truce area was declared around Bergen-Belsen, and British and German soldiers decided, by mutual consent, to share the task of camp surveillance.

But the sight which they discovered and the unbearable odour of decomposing bodies and of barracks and tents flooded with excrement soon had the British feeling indignant. They came to believe, or were allowed to believe, that the SS had deliberately chosen to kill the inmates or to let them die. And, despite their best efforts, the British were unable to curb the terrible mortality rate.

Then, like a swarm of vultures, journalists swooped down on the camp, filming and photographing every possible horror. They also proceeded to arrange certain scenes of their own making: a famous one, shown in the film *Nuit et Brouillard*, is that of a bulldozer pushing corpses into a ditch. Many viewers have been led to believe that they are watching German bulldozers(44). They have not noticed that the bulldozer (only one) is driven by a British soldier who, doubtless after a body count, is pushing the corpses into a great trench dug after the camps liberation.

As late as 1978, a Jewish publication was to show that bulldozer, but not without shrewdly beheading the driver in such a way as to hide his British Army beret(45). The Jew Sydney Lewis Bernstein, London head of the Home Office cinema section, called on Alfred Hitchcock to make a film on these Nazi atrocities. Hitchcock accepted, but, in the end, only fragments of his film were made public, probably because the complete version contained assertions which might cast doubt on its authenticity(46).

But, on the whole, the shock of Bergen-Belsen constituted a huge success for the Allies propaganda. It was from the moment of this media exploit that the world at large learned not to see what it had before its eyes: it was shown either *dead* or *dying* camp inmates, but was led by the commentary to think that the persons whom it had before its eyes were either *killed*, *murdered*, or *exterminated*, or else walking corpses condemned to die as victims of *killing*, *murder*, or *extermination*. Thus, as has been seen above, it was on the basis of the ghastly state of things in a camp which possessed neither crematoria nor in the assessment of the conventional historians themselves the least homicidal gas chamber, that there came to be built the overall myth of the presence and use, at Auschwitz and elsewhere, of gas chambers coupled with crematoria.

In that camp, among the most famous epidemic casualties were Anne Frank and her sister Margot who, for nearly forty years, were commonly and persistently said to have been gassed at Auschwitz (whence they had in fact been brought) or killed at Bergen-Belsen; today, it is generally conceded that they died of typhus at Bergen-Belsen in March 1945.

The shock of Bergen-Belsen was very quickly imitated by the Americans who, turning to Hollywood, shot a series of motion pictures on the liberation of the German camps; they made a selection of their filmings (six thousand feet of film from a total of eighty thousand) which, on 29 November 1945, was projected at the Nuremberg trial. Everyone, including most of the accused, found it quite disturbing. Some of the latter sensed the trickery but it was too late: the great lies bulldozer had been set in motion. It is still running today. The viewers of all of the many horror films on the Nazi camps have, over time, been conditioned by the choice of images and the commentary. A section of wall, a heap of shoes, a smokestack: it has taken no more than these for the public to believe that they have been shown a chemical slaughterhouse.

Fifty-two years after the liberation of the Bergen-Belsen camp, Maurice Druon, *secrétaire perpétuel* of the *Académie française*, would testify at the trial of Maurice Papon, accused of collaboration in the Final Solution. Here is an extract of his deposition mentioning gas chambers at that camp (which, as all historians today acknowledge, had none), the famous bulldozer, and the hair shorn from the dead to help make some ersatz or other:

> When speaking today of the camps, one has in ones eyes, and the jurors present have in their eyes those horrid images which the films and the screens offered and offer to us; and it is quite right to do so [i.e., to show them], and they ought to be re-shown in all upper sixth forms, each year. But those images, of the gas chambers, of the mounds of hair shorn from the dead to help make some ersatz or other, of those children playing among the corpses, and of those bodies so great in number that they had to be pushed into a ditch by a bulldozer, and of those troops of skeletons, staggering and haggard, in striped pyjamas, with death in their eyes, those images, and I hereby bear witness, I was, in my modest capacity of information officer, one of the twenty Allied officers to view them first, when the uncut footage, as it is called, arrived just after the liberation of Bergen-Belsen by the English. But that was in the spring of 1945. Until then, no-one knew. We must not judge with our trained eyes [*sic*] of today , but with our blind eyes of yesterday(47).

M. Druon, in reality, had trained eyes yesterday and has blind eyes today. More than fifty years of propaganda have made him definitively blind. But already during the war, were not he and his uncle Joseph Kessel, both Jewish, blinded by their hatred of the German soldiers when they wrote the atrocious *Chant des Partisans* (Killers by bullet and by knife, kill quickly!)?

Chapter 16: THE AMERICANS AND THE SOVIETS GO ONE UP ON THE BRITISH (top)

At least, in 1951, a Jewess such as Hannah Arendt had the honesty to write: It is of some importance to realise that all pictures of concentration camps are misleading insofar as they show the camps in their last stages, at the moment the Allied troops marched in. The condition of the camps was a result of the war events during the final months: Himmler had ordered the evacuation of all extermination camps in the East, the German camps were consequently vastly overcrowded, and he was no longer in a position to assure the food supply in Germany(48). Let us once more recall that the expression extermination camps is a creation of Allied war propaganda.

Eisenhower thus followed Churchills lead and set about building, on an American scale, such a propaganda edifice, based on atrocity stories, that soon everything and anything came to be allowed, as much in regard to the vanquished as to the simple, factual truth. In alleged reportages on the German camps there were added to the true horrors, as I have said, horrors truer than life. Eliminated were the photographs or film segments showing inmates with beaming faces like that of Marcel Paul(49), or those in relatively good health despite the severe shortages or epidemics, or, as at Dachau, the healthy Hungarian Jewish mothers, their babes-in-arms sucking at feeding bottles. There remain only the sickly, the wasted, the human rags who were actually just as much the victims of the Allies as of the Germans, for the former, with their carpet-bombing of the whole of Germany and their systematic aerial gunning of civilians even of farm workers in the fields had brought about an apocalypse in the heart of Europe.

Respect for the truth will oblige one to remark that neither Churchill, nor Eisenhower, nor Truman, nor de Gaulle was impudent enough to lend credence to the tales of chemical slaughterhouses; they left that job to their propaganda bureaux and to the judges of their military tribunals. Appalling tortures were inflicted on the Germans who, in the eyes of the Allies, were guilty of all of those crimes; reprisals were carried out against German prisoners and civilians. As late as 1951 German men and women were being hanged (still in the eighties, the Soviets were to shoot German or German-affiliated war criminals). British and American soldiers, at first quite taken aback at the sight both of the German cities reduced to ashes and of their inhabitants turned into cave-dwellers, could go home with peace of mind. Churchill and Eisenhower were there to vouch for the Truth: the Allied forces had brought down Evil; they embodied Good; there was to be a programme of re-education for the defeated people, including the burning of their bad books by the millions. All told, the Great Slaughter had come to a happy ending, and had been carried on for the right purpose. Such was the fraud made holy by the Nuremberg show-trial. (top)

Proceed to Chapters 17 through 20

WWW.JEFFSARCHIVE.COM

Ecrits Ré visionnistes(1974-1998)

By Robert Faurisson

Chapters 17, 18, 19, 20

Chapter 17: A FRAUD AT LAST DENOUNCED IN 1995

It took no less than fifty years for a historian, Annette Wieviorka, and a filmmaker, William Karel, to reveal to general audiences, in a documentary entitled *Contre l'oubli* (Against Forgetting), the 1945 American and Soviet stagings and fabrications effected in the context of the liberation of the camps in East and West.

A. Wieviorka, a French Jewess, and W. Karel, an Israeli who has lived in France since 1985, have manifestly been influenced by the French revisionist school. Although quite hostile towards the latter, they have nonetheless admitted that the time has at last come to denounce some of the exterminationist propagandas most glaring fictions. On this subject one may refer either to an article by the journalist Philippe Cusin(50) or, especially, to another article which Béatrice Bocard prepared for the repeat broadcast of *Contre l'Oubli* on *Antenne 2*, a piece whose title alone says a great deal: The *Shoah*, from reality to the shows. The indecent stagings by the liberators in the face of the deportees accounts(51). In it she wrote:

With only slight exaggeration, it might be said that the liberation of the concentration camps introduced the reality shows. The first signs of the society of the spectacle which television channels like CNN were to make commonplace fifty years later were already there, with attempts to outdo [one another] at indecency, at voyeurism, and with recourse to staging. The least infirm of the survivors were made to repeat their script before the cameras: I was deported because I was Jewish, says one of them. Once, twice. Not to be left behind by the American show, the Soviets, who had done nothing at the time of the Auschwitz camps liberation, shot a fake liberation a few weeks afterwards, with Polish extras enthusiastically greeting the soldiers William Karel is the first to have dissected these false images which we had always been told, until quite recently, were genuine, says Annette Wieviorka. How had it been possible to accept them? People are not in the habit of questioning images as they question texts, the historian explains. The example of the mass graves at Timisoara is not too distant.

It goes without saying that, in this article by B.Bocard, the manipulations were presented as being offensive for the deportees. As for the Germans, German soldiers and civilians had denounced this sort of fakery as early as 1945 but, instead of being believed, they were accused of Nazism or antisemitism.

Chapter 18: THE JEWISH ORGANISATIONS PATENT RESPONSIBILITY FOR THIS PROPAGANDA (top)

From its origins in 1941 up to today, the propaganda which has evolved around the genocide and the gas chambers has essentially been the product of Jewish organisations. Consequently the general public have, little by little, acquired the conviction that there existed during the war a programme of physical extermination carried out by the Germans, targeting, above all, the Jews and that the gas chambers were in some way reserved for them (including those of the *Sonderkommando* whose supposed job was to lead their fellow Jews to the slaughter). Nowadays, the countless Holocaust museums constitute a Jewish monopoly and a Hebrew word, Shoah (catastrophe), has more and more frequently come to designate this purported genocide. Whatever their part in the making of the myth and in its success, the Allies have played but a supporting role, and *always* under various Jewish organisations pressure. Nonetheless, the Soviet case may have been different: Moscows fabrication of an Auschwitz in which the fate of the Jews was not particularly emphasised may have been born of the need for a propaganda to be directed less towards the populations behind the Iron Curtain than towards Western progressives.

And the mere fact that today there are Jewish voices being raised to ask that there be less talk of the gas chambers has not induced Jewish community leaders to tone down the Holocaust or *Shoah* propaganda. Put simply, from the standpoint of Jewish historians these incredible gas chambers have become somewhat burdensome for them in their propagation of the faith in the *Shoah*.

A French political personality has said that the Nazi gas chambers are a detail of second world war history. Yet, in their respective writings on that war, Eisenhower, Churchill, and de Gaulle apparently deemed those chemical slaughterhouses to be even less than a detail, since they did not breathe a word of them. A similar discretion can be noted on the part of the historian René Rémond, who was a prominent member first of the French Comité d'histoire de la Deuxième Guerre mondiale (Committee on the History of the Second World War), then of the Institut d'histoire du temps présent (Institute of the History of Present Times): in two of his works where one might expect to read the words gas chambers, one can in fact find no such thing. The American historian Daniel Jonah Goldhagen speaks of those chambers as an epiphenomenon. In the 84,000-word French version of the Nuremberg judgement, only 520 *extremely vague* words are devoted to them, a portion amounting to 0.62% of the text.

For a revisionist, the gas chambers are less than a detail because they quite simply never existed, but the gas chamber *myth* is much more than a detail: it is the cornerstone of a huge structure of beliefs of all sorts which the law forbids us to question.

Gas chambers or not, what does it matter? This question may at times be heard, tinged with scepticism. It bothers Pierre Vidal-Naquet, for whom the abandonment of the gas chambers would be a surrender in open country(52). One can only agree with him. In effect, on the matter of the gas chambers existence or non-existence hinges the question of whether the Germans are to be presented as arrant criminals, or instead, the Jews as arrant liars (or confidence men). In the former case, the Germans will have, in the space of three or four years, killed industrial proportions of poor unarmed victims by industrial means whereas, in the latter, the Jews, for more than half a century, will have peddled a lie of historic dimensions.

In 1976 the American Arthur Robert Butz, published his book *The Hoax of the Twentieth Century*; I for my part published in *Le Monde* of 29 December 1978 and 16 January 1979 two texts on the rumour of Auschwitz and, at the very start of that same year of 1979, Wilhelm Stäglich published *Der Auschwitz Mythos*. Voicing

the grave Jewish worries in the face of the emergence of revisionist writings, the Zionist W.D.Rubinstein, professor at Deakin University in Melbourne, wrote at the time:

were the Holocaust shown to be a hoax, the number one weapon in Israels propaganda armoury disappears [*sic*](53).

Repeating himself some time later, he declared:

the fact that if the Holocaust can be shown to be a Zionist myth, the strongest of all weapons in Israels propaganda armoury collapses(54).

Eight years afterwards, as if to echo those statements, a barrister for the LICRA (Ligue internationale contre le racisme et l'antisémitisme) wrote:

If [it is true that] the gas chambers existed, then Nazi barbarity has no equal. If not, the Jews will have lied and antisemitism will thus be justified. Those are the stakes in the debate(55).

In E. Zündels phrase, the Holocaust is Israels sword and shield.

The stakes are thus not merely historical but also political. And the political stakes present a paradox: the Holocaust myth serves, in the first place, to condemn German National Socialism, and then all forms of nationalism or of national idea except the Israeli and Zionist variety which the myth, on the contrary, reinforces.

The stakes are just as much financial, as one may realize when considering that, at least since the reparations agreement signed at Luxembourg in 1952, German taxpayers have paid astronomical sums (as Nahum Goldmann put it) to the whole Jewish population of the state of Israel and to the Diaspora, and that they are to continue to pay for the crimes of the *Shoah* imputed to them until at least the year 2030. The Shoah Business, denounced even by a Pierre Vidal-Naquet, is indissociable from the *Shoah*.

Today, the bluff of the *Shoah* legitimises a world-wide racket. In the first place, a growing number of either rich or poor countries, including France, find themselves facing claims made by billionaire Edgar Bronfmanns World Jewish Congress and by vastly wealthy American Jewish organisations for new reimbursements or new reparations in the form of mountains of gold and money. The countries of Europe, starting with Switzerland, are not the only ones targeted. For the moment a well-established mafia is operating in four main directions (there are sure to be others in future): the Nazi gold, the Jewish assets, the Jewish art collections, and the insurance policies taken out by Jews. The chief targets are states themselves, banks, museums, auction houses, and insurance firms. The legislature of the American state of New Jersey, under pressure from Jewish organisations, has already taken measures to impose a boycott of Swiss banking institutions. This is but the beginning. The only real argument brought to bear by the blackmailers can be put in one word: *Shoah* . Not one government, not one bank, not one insurance company dare retort that the matter at hand is one of myth and that there is no question of its paying for a crime which was not committed. The Swiss, also under pressure from Jewish organisations, were at first so naive as to think that it would be enough to pass a law forbidding any questioning of the Shoah; but no sooner had they enacted their new legislation than E.Bronfmann showed them his bill. They then offered considerable amounts: a wasted effort. E.Bronfmann, angry, let it be known that it would take infinitely more to satisfy him. My experience with the Swiss, he remarked, is that unless you hold their feet very close to the fire, they dont take you seriously(56).

As for the moral wrong done to Germany in particular and to non-Jews in general by the propagation of the Holocaust faith, it is incalculable. The Jewish organisations incessantly repeat their accusations against a Germany supposedly guilty of a genocide of the Jews, and against Churchill, Roosevelt, de Gaulle, Stalin, Pope PiusXII, the International Committee of the Red Cross, the neutral countries, and still other countries, all guilty, apparently, of having let Germany commit that genocide and, consequently, themselves also liable for financial reparations.

Chapter 19: JEWISH ORGANISATIONS IMPOSE AN APOSTLES CREED OF THE HOLOCAUST (top)

My book, as will be seen, deals little with the Jewish question.

If, over so long a period, I doggedly pursued this historical inquiry without giving much thought to the Jewish question as such, it was because, to my mind, the latter was of only secondary importance. Were I to dwell on it I might risk being thrown off the essential course: for I was seeking, first and foremost, to determine, respectively, the real and the mythical components in the story of the so-called Holocaust or *Shoah*; it was therefore far more important for me to establish the actual facts than to try to uncover the responsibilities.

And yet, in spite of myself, two things made me forgo this reticence: the attitude of numerous Jews towards my work and the aggressive manner in which they served notice on me to state my position regarding the subject which grips so many of them: the Jewish question.

When, in the early 1960s, I approached what Olga Wormser-Migot was to call in her 1968 doctoral thesis the problem of the gas chambers, I knew beforehand what sort of consequences such an undertaking might bring about. Paul Rassiniers example was there to warn me that I could expect grave repercussions. I nonetheless decided to go ahead with it, to keep within the framework of research of a wholly scientific nature, and to publish my results. I also chose to leave to the potential adversary any responsibility for recourse to coercion or perhaps even physical violence should the matter ever escape from the confines of academic controversy.

And that was precisely what was to happen. Using a metaphor, I could say that the frail door behind which I drafted my revisionist writings abruptly gave way, one day, to the pushing and shoving of a loud mob of protesters. I was bound then to remark that, in their entirety or quasi-entirety, these troublemakers were sons and daughters of Israel. The Jews had barged into my life. I suddenly found them to be not as I had known them hitherto, that is, as individuals to be distinguished one from the other, but as mutually inseparable elements of a group particularly united in hatred and, to use their own word, in anger. Frenzied and frothy-mouthed, in a tone at once moaning and threatening, they came to trumpet in my ears that my work outraged them, that my conclusions were false, and that I must imperatively show allegiance to their own version of the history of the second world war. This kosher version places the Jews at the centre of that war as its victims second to none, while in fact the conflict caused probably close to forty million deaths. For them, their slaughter is unique in world history. I was warned that unless I complied I should see my career ruined. Soon afterwards I was to be brought to court. Then, by way of the media, the Grand Sanhedrin made up of the priests, doctors, and other worthies of Jewish Law enforcement launched a virulent campaign against me, advocating hatred and violence. I shall not dwell on the insults, physical assaults, and court cases which have been its interminable aftermath.

The heads of these organisations readily call me a Nazi, which I am not. As comparisons go, Palestinian seems more befitting in view of my standing with them, for they have treated me like one, and I have come to believe that the Jews in their Diaspora behave towards those who displease them much as their brethren may be seen to behave in Palestine. My writings are, in a sense, the stones of my Intifada. Frankly speaking, I find no essential difference between the behaviour of Tel-Aviv or Jerusalem Zionist leaders and that of Jewish leaders in Paris or New York: the same harshness, the same spirit of conquest and domination, the same insistence on privileges, all against a constant background of blackmail, of pressure accompanied by complaints and moaning. Such is the case in todays world. Has it been different in that of other times? Were the Jewish people as unhappy in past centuries as they tend to claim? Have they suffered as much from wars, foreign and civil, as have other human communities? Have they experienced as much hardship and misery? Have they really had no responsibility for the hostile reactions of which they so willingly complain? On this point, Bernard Lazare wrote:

If this hostility, even repugnance, had been brought to bear on the Jews only at one time and in one country, it would be easy to explain the limited causes of such anger; but this race has been, on the contrary, faced with the hatred of all the peoples amongst whom it has settled. Therefore, since the Jews foes have belonged to the most diverse races, races inhabiting lands quite distant from one another, living under different laws and governed by opposing principles, having neither the same ways nor customs, and, animated by various ways of thinking, being unable to judge all things in the same manner, the general causes of antisemitism must always have lain in Israel itself and not amongst those who have fought against it. This is not to assert that the Jews persecutors have always had right on their side, nor that they have not resorted to all the excesses which keen hatred may carry with it, but merely to postulate that at least some of the time the Jews have brought their ills upon themselves(57).

B. Lazare, who was not in the least hostile to his co-religionists quite the opposite, in fact had the frankness to recall, in several passages in his book, how skilful the Jews had been, all throughout their history (and thus as far back as Greco-Roman antiquity), in obtaining privileges. He noted that, among those of the poor who converted to Judaism, many were attracted by the privileges granted to the Jews(58).

I trust that here I shall be allowed a remark in confidence.

In my capacity as an erstwhile Latinist, a defendant prosecuted in court by Jewish organisations, a university professor prevented from giving his lectures by Jewish demonstrations, and, finally, as an author forbidden to publish because of certain Chief Rabbinate decisions which have been ratified by the French Republic, it has occurred to me that I may compare my experiences with those of some illustrious predecessors. It is thus that my thoughts turn to the Roman aristocrat Lucius Flaccus. In 59 BC, Cicero had occasion to defend him, notably against his Jewish accusers; the description of the influence, power, and methods of the Jews in Rome which the brilliant orator then gave in the praetorium leads me to think that, if he were to come back to this world, in the late twentieth century, to defend a revisionist, he would not, as it were, have to change one word on that subject in the text of his pleadings known as *Pro Flacco*.

Having taught at the Sorbonne, my thoughts also turn to my predecessor Henri Labroue, author of a work entitled *Voltaire antijuif*. Late in 1942, in the middle of the German occupation, a time when we are expected to believe that the Jews and their supporters remained as discreet as possible, he had to abandon his lectures on the history of Judaism. Let us quote present day Sorbonne luminary André Kaspi: A chair of the history of Judaism was created at the Sorbonne as from the autumn term of 1942 and bestowed on Henri Labroue. The first courses gave rise to displays of hostility and to incidents which led to the programmes cancellation(59).

But today, dozens of great authors of world literature, including Shakespeare, Voltaire, Hugo, and Zola (the partisan of Captain Dreyfus also wrote *L'Argent*) would find themselves in court, sued and prosecuted by Jewish organisations. Among the great names in French politics, even the Socialist and pacifist Jean Jaurès would be in the dock of disgrace.

Such considerations might earn me the label antisemitic or antijewish. I reject those epithets which I see as trite insults. I wish no harm on any Jew. On the other hand, I find the behaviour of most of the associations, organisations, and pressure groups which claim to represent Jewish interests or Jewish remembrance to be loathsome.

The heads of those various associations, organisations, or groups obviously have the greatest difficulty in understanding that one may act out of simple intellectual curiosity. If I myself have devoted a good part of my life to revisionism, first in the field of literary studies, then in that of historical research, I have done so not in the least as a result of some invidious calculation, or in the service of an antijewish plot, but in heeding an impulse as natural as that which makes the birds sing and the leaves grow, and makes men in the darkness strive after light.

Chapter 20: HISTORICAL SCIENCES NATURAL RESISTANCE TO THIS CREED (top)

I could have followed the example set by some other revisionists and proffered my surrender, shown repentance, retracted certain statements; another means of escape: I might have sought contentment in discreetly devising clever and convoluted manoeuvres. Not only did I decide, in the late 1970s, to resist openly and in the public forum but I also pledged to myself not to play the adversarys game. I resolved to change nothing in my own behaviour and to let the hotheads get hotter by the day, if they so chose. Among the Jews, I would listen only to those who, especially brave, dared to take up my defence, if only for the space of a season(60).

Jewish organisations as a whole call those who do not adopt their own conception of second world war history antisemites. This is understandable, for the act of going so far as to say, as I do here and now, that they are among those most to blame for the peddling of a gigantic myth may well have the air of being inspired by antisemitism. But, in reality, I only draw the obvious conclusions of a historical inquiry which seems to have been quite a serious one since, despite plaintiffs and prosecutors feverish research, no court has ever found in it a trace of shallowness, negligence, deliberate ignorance, or falsehood.

Moreover, I fail to see why I, for my part, ought to show respect towards groups of persons who have never shown the least respect for my research work, my publications, or my personal, family, or professional life. I do not attack these bodies for their religious convictions or for their attachment to the state of Israel. All human groups revel in phantasmagoria. Consequently, each of them is free to offer itself a more or less real, more or less imaginary picture of its history. But that conception is not to be forced on others. Yet, the Jewish organisations force theirs on us, a practice in itself unacceptable, all the more so when the portrayal is manifestly wrong. And I know of no other group in France which has succeeded in making, of an article of its own religious faith (that of the *Shoah*), an article of the law of the Republic; which, with the assent of the interior ministry, enjoys the exorbitant privilege of operating its own armed militias; and, finally, which can decree that university teachers who displease it shall no longer have the right to work, either in France or abroad (see especially the case of Bernard Notin). (top)

Proceed to Chapters 21 through 24

WWW.JEFFSARCHIVE.COM

Ecrits Ré visionnistes(1974-1998)

By Robert Faurisson

Chapters 21, 22, 23, 24

Chapter 21: FOR A REVISIONISM WITH GUSTO

The revisionists in fact know neither master nor disciple. They make up a heterogeneous troop. They are loath to unite with one another, a trait which carries as many benefits as disadvantages. Their individualism makes them unsuited to concerted action; on the other hand, the police show themselves to be unable to infiltrate such a disparate whole and to keep it under surveillance; they cannot work their way up the channels of the revisionist structure since there simply is no such thing. These individuals feel free to improvise, each according to his aptitudes or tastes, revisionist activities which may take the most diverse forms. The quality of the work undertaken reflects this disparity and it must be acknowledged that the results are irregular. From this point of view, one can say that much still remains to be done. The mere amateur is shoulder to shoulder with the scholar, as is the man of action with the researcher in his archives. I shall not mention any names here, for fear of cataloguing anyone(61).

As concerns the manner in which the revisionist struggle is to be led, it goes without saying that the revisionists are divided between supporters and opponents of a sort of political realism. Most of them consider that, given the strength of the taboo, they had better proceed by oblique paths and thus avoid direct clashes with the guardians of orthodoxy. For these revisionists, it is clumsy and ill-advised to state, for example, that the Holocaust is a myth; it is, they hold, more worthwhile to imply that the Holocaust did indeed take place but not in the generally acknowledged proportions. Keen on strategy or tactics, they seek to leave Jewish sensibilities unruffled and will suggest, wrongly, that the legendary portion of the Holocaust story is above all the work of the Communists or the western Allies, but not of the Jews, or if so, only very little. Have not apprentice revisionists been seen to engage in the deceptive fudge which consists in presenting the Jews as victims, like all the rest, of a kind of universal false credence? According to this view, the Jews have been made, as by some immanent force, to believe in the genocide and the gas chambers while still being driven, doubtless by the same force, to demand yet more and more money in reparations for fictitious hardships(62). A wandering Jew who has just gone over to the revisionist camp will be fêted by these revisionists as though he were the true genius and saviour of the cause. If he claims as his own, and clumsily, his non-Jewish predecessors finds pertaining to Auschwitz, the newcomer will be hailed as the guiding light of scientific thought.

I accept certain forms of this political realism but on condition that it not be attended by arrogance. There is

no superiority, either intellectual or moral, in deeming that the end justifies the means and that it is sometimes simply necessary to borrow the adversarys weapons of dissembling and lying. My personal preference is for a revisionism with gusto and without too many compromises; that shows its colours; that marches straight towards its goal; alone, if need be; that does not let the enemy off lightly. Besides, a good long experience of revisionist struggle has led me to think that the best strategy, the best tactic may consist in a series of frontal attacks; the adversary has not expected them: he imagined that no-one would ever dare defy him in such a way; he discovers that he no longer inspires fear; he is discountenanced.

Chapter 22: A CONFLICT WITHOUT END (top)

The revisionists have on more than one occasion proposed to their adversaries the holding of a public debate on the questions of the genocide, the six million, and the gas chambers. The Jewish organisations have always shied away. It is thus proved that they will not accept it. Even the Catholic Church today allows a form of dialogue with the atheists but the Synagogue, for its part, will never forget the offence which it has suffered(63) and thus resolve itself to running the risk of such a dialogue with the revisionists. Moreover, too many political, financial, and moral interests are at stake for the heads of either the state of Israel or the Diaspora to agree to launch a fair debate on the kosher version of second world war history.

Therefore, the test of strength will go on. I see no end to it. The conflict which we are observing between exterminationism and revisionism, that is, between, on the one hand, a fixed, official history and, on the other hand, a critical, scientific, secular history, is but one in the list which relates the endless struggle that faith and reason, or belief and science, have been carrying on in human societies for thousands of years. The faith in the Holocaust or *Shoah* is an integral part of a religion, the Hebraic religion, of which, upon a close look, the phantasmagoria of the Holocaust plainly appear to be a mere emanation. A religion has never been seen to cave in under the blows of reason, and we are not on the eve of seeing the Jewish religion vanish along with one of its most lively components. According to present-day interpretations, that religion is either fifteen hundred or three thousand years old, if not four thousand. It is not clear why those living in the year 2000 should enjoy the privilege of looking on at the demise of a religion so deeply rooted in the ages.

It can sometimes be heard that the Holocaust or *Shoah* myth might some day fade away, as Stalinist Communism foundered not long ago, or as the Zionist myth and the state of Israel will founder one day soon. But those who say so are likening unlike things. Communism and Zionism stand on unsteady ground; both presuppose largely illusory high aspirations in Man: general absence of selfishness, equal sharing among all, the sense of sacrifice, labour for the common good; their emblems have been the hammer, the sickle, and the kolkhoz for the former, and the sword, the plough, and the kibbutz for the latter. The Jewish religion, for its part, beneath the complex outward appearance provided by the masora and the *pilpul*, does not indulge in such flights of fancy; it aims low to aim straight; it relies on the real; underneath the cover of talmudic extravagance and intellectual or verbal wizardry, one may see that it is above all hand-in-glove with money, King Dollar, the Golden Calf, and the allurements of consumerism. Who can believe that those values will soon be losing their power? And besides, why should the winding up of the state of Israel bring in its wake evil consequences for the myth of the Holocaust? On the contrary, the millions of Jews thus forced to settle or resettle in the rich countries of the West would not miss the chance to bewail a Second Holocaust and, once again and still more forcefully, would blame the whole world for the new ordeal visited upon the Jewish people, who would then have to be compensated.

In the end, the Jewish religion and one sees this only too well in the tales of the Holocaust is anchored in that perhaps deepest zone of Man: fear. There lies its strength. There lies its chance for survival, despite all the

hazards and despite the battering that its myths have taken at the hands of historical revisionism. By exploiting fear, the practitioners of Judaism win at every try.

I subscribe to the statement made by the French sociologist and historian Serge Thion (64) for whom historical revisionism, which over the past twenty-five years has won all the intellectual battles, loses the ideological war every day. Revisionism runs up against the irrational, against a quasi-religious way of thinking, against the refusal to take into account anything which originates from a non-Jewish sphere; we are in the presence of a sort of lay theology whose world-wide high priest is Elie Wiesel, ordained by the award of a Nobel prize.

Chapter 23: THE FUTURE BETWEEN REPRESSION AND THE INTERNET

(top)

Newcomers to revisionism must take care not to harbour illusions. Their task will be hard. Will it be less so than it was for Paul Rassinier and his immediate successors? Will the repression be less fierce?

Personally, I rather doubt it. Yet, in the wider world, changes in the political balance and in communication techniques will perhaps give minorities a chance to be more widely heard than they have been in the recent past. Thanks to the Internet, it will perhaps be easier for revisionists to foil censorship, and the sources of historical material will doubtless become more accessible.

The fact remains that at this centurys and millenniums close, Man is bidden to undergo the strange experience of a world where books, newspapers, radio, and television are ever more tightly controlled by the masters of finance or by the thought police whereas, in parallel and at increasing speed, new means of communication are being developed which, at least in part, elude those forces dominion. One might see it as a world of two distinct profiles, one stiffening and ageing, the other, in the insolence of youth, looking keenly to the future. The same contrast can be noted in historical research, at least in the sector which is under thought police surveillance: on one side, the official historians, who bring out countless works on the Holocaust or *Shoah*, isolating themselves within the realm of religious belief or of hair-splitting argument while, on the other side, independent minds strive to follow only the precepts of reason and science; thanks to the latter, free historical research is today displaying an impressive vitality, notably on the Internet.

The upholders of an official history, protected and guaranteed by the law, will be forever doomed to find before them the questioners of their ordained truth. The former, long established, have the wealth and the power; the latter, a veritable future.

Chapter 24: A WORSENING REPRESSION (top)

If there is one point on which the present work can convey as much information to revisionists as to anti-revisionists, it is that of the repression endured by the former at the hands of the latter.

Each revisionist has a good account of what it has cost him to speak out on a taboo subject, but he is not always aware of what his fellows in other countries have been enduring at the same time. The anti-revisionists, at their end, systematically minimise the extent of their repressive actions; they have in mind solely their own torments, comparable to those of Torquemada and the Grand Inquisitors: they are obliged to flog, ever to flog; their arms grow weary, they feel cramps coming on, they suffer, they groan; they find that,

if there are any who deserve pity, it is the executioners; they cover their eyes and plug up their ears to avoid seeing and hearing any of their victims. At times they are even surprised, perhaps in good faith, when shown the list of names of revisionists whose personal, family, or professional lives they have succeeded in dashing, or of those whom they have ruined, or caused to be heavily sanctioned by fines or imprisonment, or to be gravely injured, or to have acid sprayed in their faces, or killed, or driven to suicide, while, conversely, not one instance of a revisionists having touched even a hair on the head of one of his adversaries can be shown.

It must be said that the press takes it upon itself to conceal, as much as possible, various effects of this widespread repression. On this score the French daily *Le Monde* has made a speciality, as will be seen, of keeping silent on certain abominations which, if their victims had been Jewish anti-revisionists *à la* Vidal-Naquet, would have prompted protest marches and demonstrations all throughout the world.

The very best that can be expected from the apostles of the *Shoah* is, most likely, a warning against some excesses of anti-revisionism which might damage the good reputation of the Jews and the sacred cause of their creed.

In the latest batch of repressive measures taken against revisionists may be noted (beginning with France) the dismissal by the education ministry of Michel Adam from his post as history teacher in a middle school in Brittany; at fifty-seven, with five dependent children, he now finds himself utterly without resources, receiving, for the moment, not even public assistance (RMI). As for Vincent Reynouard, also dismissed from his state sector teaching job, he was on 10 November sentenced by a court in Saint-Nazaire to three months imprisonment and a fine of ten thousand francs for having distributed the *Rudolf Report*. Aged twenty-nine, V.Reynouard is married with three small children, and he and his wife are destitute. Pastor Roger Parmentier has been expelled from the Socialist Party for having come to the aid of Roger Garaudy in the latters recent court case, while Jean-Marie Le Pen, for his part, has been indicted, in both France and Germany, for an innocuous statement on the detail of the gas chambers.

In Barcelona on 16 November 1998 the bookseller Pedro Varela was convicted of denial of the Holocaust and incitement to racial hatred in his writings, at the behest of the Simon Wiesenthal Center, SOS-Racismo España, the citys two Jewish communities, and the Spanish Liberal Jewish Movement; he was sentenced to five years imprisonment and ordered to pay a fine of 720,000 pesetas (about $5,000 US) as well as heavy court costs. The stock of his bookshop (20,972 volumes and hundreds of audio and video cassettes) is to be destroyed by fire. His shop had previously been the target of violent aggression, including arson attacks; on several occasions he and his female employee had been assaulted. The Simon Wiesenthal Center is today apparently trying to have his doctorate in history, awarded over ten years ago, revoked(65).

In Germany, more and more revisionist writings are being seized and burned. Gary Lauck (an American citizen extradited to Germany by Denmark), Günter Deckert, and Udo Walendy still languish in prison and can consider themselves lucky if their terms are not prolonged on the least pretext. After serving a one-year sentence, Erhard Kemper, of Münster, finding himself under threat of new, harsher sentences which would probably have kept him locked up for the rest of his life, has had to go underground. Other Germans and Austrians live in exile.

In Canada, the plight of Ernst Zündel and his friends continues before one of the *ad hoc* tribunals, called tribunals of the human rights commissions, which blithely flout the defendants basic rights; it is, for example, forbidden to argue that what one has written concurs with the verifiable facts; these tribunals do not care about the truth; they are interested only in knowing whether what has been written upsets certain persons! Other special commissions, attached to the Canadian Intelligence Service, try cases of revisionists in closed

session, on the basis of a file which is not shown to the defendant. In 1999, Ottawa is to pass an anti-revisionist law authorizing the police to make house searches in order to seize books and other materials which *might*, according to them, serve to spread revisionism; the bill stipulates that the regular courts are to bring their procedures into line with those of the ad hoc commissions, and thus shall no longer allow the accused to base his defence on the fact that what he has written is the truth(66).

Jewish groups around the world are bringing forth numerous initiatives for the adoption of specific anti-revisionist laws. At a recent conference in Salonica, the International Association of Jewish Lawyers called for the introduction of such a law in Greece and let it be known that it would be holding conferences of the same sort in more than twenty other countries(67).

(top)

Proceed to Chapter 25, Notes, References

WWW.JEFFSARCHIVE.COM

Ecrits Ré visionnistes(1974-1998)

By Robert Faurisson

Chapters 25, Notes & References

Chapter 25: THE DUTY OF RESISTANCE

Whatever storms and vicissitudes may arise now or in future, the revisionist historian must hold firm. To the cult of tribal remembrance built on fear, vengeance, and greed, he will prefer the stubborn search for exactitude. In this manner he will, albeit perhaps unwittingly, do justice to the *true* sufferings of *all* victims of the second world war. And, from this viewpoint, it is he who will refuse to make any distinction between them on the basis of race, religion, or community. Above all else, he will reject the supreme imposture which gave the crowning touch to that conflict: that of the Nuremberg and Tokyo trials, and of the thousand other proceedings since the war in which, still today, the victor, without in the least having to answer for his own crimes, has assumed the right to prosecute and condemn the vanquished.

Contrary to the romantic vision of the aristocratic author François René de Châteaubriand (1768-1848), the historian is hardly commissioned to avenge peoples, and still less so to avenge one which claims to be Gods own.

On whatever subject, the historian in general and the revisionist historian in particular have no other job than to determine the accuracy of what is said. That job is basic and obvious, but also as experience teaches perilous.

NOTES AND REFERENCES

(1) The words of Karl Schlögel, writing in defence of Gabor Tamas Rittersporn, accused by Maxime Leo (Holocaust-Leugner im Berliner Centre Marc Bloch, *Berliner Zeitung*, 12 February 1998) of having lent his support to Robert Faurissons freedom of speech in 1980 (Eine Jagdpartie. Wie man einen Wissenschaftler ruiniert, *ibid.*, 18 February 1998, p.42).

(2) In July 1981, the Knesset passed a law that prohibited the denial of the Holocaust: The publication, in writing or orally, of work that denies the acts committed during the period of the Nazi rule, which are crimes against the Jewish people or crimes against humanity, or that downplays their dimensions with the intention of defending those who committed these crimes or of expressing support for or identification with them is liable to five years imprisonment. A proposal to impose ten years imprisonment was not accepted. Thus the

extermination of the Jews was no longer a subject for the historians; it was almost as if it had been uprooted from history itself and had become a national doctrine of truth, protected by law, somewhat similar in legal status to religious faith. Indeed, in one way the Holocaust has even a higher status than religion: The maximum punishment for crass injury to religious sensibilities or tradition including, presumably, any denial of Gods existence is one year in prison (Tom Segev, *The Seventh Million: The Israelis and the Holocaust*, New York, Hill and Wang, 1993, p.464).

(3) *Bulletin quotidien d'informations de l'agence télégraphique juive*, 2 June 1986, p.1, 3.

(4) See Robert Maxwell, J'accuse, *Sunday Mirror* (of which he was the proprietor), 17 July 1988, p.2.

(5) The Jewish babies [were] thrown alive into the crematoria (Pierre Weil, director of the French public opinion poll institute SOFRES, in his article L'anniversaire impossible, *Le Nouvel Observateur*, 9 February 1995, p.53).

(6) Moreover, it is worthwhile [] to stress that the ghetto is historically a Jewish invention (Nahum Goldmann, *Le Paradoxe juif*, Paris, Stock, 1976, p.83-84); see also Pierre-André Taguieff, L'identité juive et ses fantasmes, *L'Express*, 20-26 January 1989, p.65.

(7) Eric Conan, Auschwitz: la mémoire du mal, *L'Express*, 19-25 January 1995, p.68.

(8) *Ibid.* In 1992, that is, long after the late 1970s, David Cole, a young Californian revisionist of Jewish origin, presented himself as the discoverer of the gas chamber falsifications at Auschwitz-I. In a mediocre video, he showed, on the one hand, the museum guides version (according to which the gas chamber is genuine) and, on the other hand, that of Franciszek Piper, a member of the museum administration (for whom this gas chamber is very similar to the original). There was nothing new in that. The trouble was that D.Cole and his friends exaggerated greatly to put it mildly in afterwards proceeding to claim that F.Piper had acknowledged that there had been a fraud. In effect, there had been a fraud but unhappily D.Cole had not been able to unmask it, because he was too ill acquainted with the body of revisionist work. He could have definitively confounded F.Piper by showing him, on film, the original blueprints which I had discovered in 1975-1976 and published in the late 1970s. Therein it is plain to see that todays alleged gas chamber is the result of a certain number of makeovers of the premises carried out after the war. For instance, the ceilings four alleged holes for the pouring in of the ZyklonB were effected quite crudely and clumsily after the war: the steel reinforcement cables in the concrete were broken by the Polish Communists and remain today as they were left then.

(9) R. J. van Pelt and D. Dwork, *Auschwitz, 1270 to the Present*, London, Yale University Press, 1996, p.363-364, 367, 369.

(10) J.-C. Pressac, Enquête sur les chambres à gaz, in *Auschwitz, la Solution finale*, Paris, Collections de *L'Histoire* no.3, October 1998, p.41.

(11) Jacques Baynac in *Le Nouveau Quotidien* (Lausanne), 2 September 1996, p.16 and 3 September 1996, p.14; see, beforehand, Jacques Baynac and Nadine Fresco, Comment s'en débarrasser ? (How to get rid of them? i.e. the revisionists), *Le Monde*, 18 June 1987, p.2.

(12) It has sometimes been held that the six million figure originated in a newspaper article published in

1919, under the signature of Martin H. Glynn, former governor of New York: The Crucifixion of Jews Must Stop! (*The American Hebrew*, 31 October 1919). The said M. H. Glynn therein launched an appeal for contributions to help six million European Jews who, he wrote, were being subjected to starvation and persecution and were thus experiencing a holocaust, a crucifixion. The word holocaust with the meaning of disaster is attested in English as early as the 17th century; here, in 1919, it designated the consequences of a famine described as an impending disaster. In 1894, Bernard Lazare applied the word to the massacres of Jews: from time to time, kings, noblemen, or the urban rich offered their slaves a holocaust of Jews [] the Jews were offered in holocaust (*L'Antisémitisme, son histoire et ses causes*, Paris, L. Chailley, 1894, re-edited Paris, La Vieille Taupe, 1985, p.67, 71).

(13) Lucy S. Davidowicz, in the compilation entitled *A Holocaust Reader*, New York, Behrman House, 1976, p.327; the book consists of letters translated from the Hebrew and published in New York in 1960 under the title Min hametzar.

(14) For this discovery I am indebted to the German Joachim Hoffmann; in *Stalins Vernichtungskrieg 1941-1945* (Stalins War of Destruction), Munich, Verlag für Wehrwissenschaften, 2nd edition,1995, p.161 and n. 42 on p.169, he points out that Ilya Ehrenburg gave that figure in an article in the *Soviet War News* of 4 January 1945 headlined: Once again-Remember! While trying to verify this point at Londons Imperial War Museum, I found nothing under that date; on the other hand, I did find the text mentioned by J.Hoffmann under another heading and another date: Remember, Remember, Remember, in the 22 December 1944 issue, p.4-5. Ought one to conclude that *Soviet War News* was published in various forms?

(15) See Holocaust Survivors, Adina Mishkoff, Administrative Assistant, AMCHA, Jerusalem, 13 August 1997 (figures supplied by the bureau of the Israeli prime minister).

(16) The miserable and fallacious mock-up (with its purported openings in the roof for the Zyklon, which, as may easily be remarked today, never existed, and with its allegedly perforated pillars which, as can also be seen today, were solid) is reproduced in another guidebook published in 1995; see Jeshajahu Weinburg and Rina Elieli, New York, Rizzoli, p.126-127. On the other hand, this second guidebook does not show what in M.Berenbaums document was presented as the exhibit par excellence to prove the reality of the gassings: an alleged gas chamber door at Majdanek.
(17) *Le Nouvel Observateur*, 30 September 1993, p.96.

(18) *All Rivers Run to the Sea: Memoirs, volumeI*, New York, Knopf, 1995, p.74.

(19) *The Holocaust and History, The Known, the Unknown, the Disputed and the Reexamined*, ed. by Michael Berenbaum and Abraham J.Peck, published in association with the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum (Washington, D.C.) in Bloomington and Indianapolis, Indiana University Press, 1998, XV-836p.; 55 contributions.

(20) *Ibid.*, p.15.

(21) See above, p. 6-7.

(22) On the subject of Timisoara, see, in the present work, vol.III, p.1141-1150, my study of the book by Michel Castex, *Un Mensonge gros comme le siècle. Roumanie, histoire d'une manipulation* (A Lie as Big as the Century), Paris, Albin Michel, 1990.

(23) The purported model of a crematorium with its gas chamber on display at the National Museum of Auschwitz, and that at the Holocaust Museum in Washington, are so cursory in design as precisely regards the gas chamber, and at such variance with the remains which may be examined on site at Auschwitz-Birkenau, that it is laughably simple to prove that these two models are purely fanciful; see above, note 16.

(24) New York, Schocken, 1996 [translator's note].

(25) See *Weltwoche* (Zurich), 27 August and 3 September 1998; Nicolas Weil, La mémoire suspectée de Binjamin Wilkomirski, *Le Monde*, 23 October 1998, p.V.

(26) Donald Watt, *Stoker: the story of an Australian soldier who survived Auschwitz-Birkenau*, New York, Simon & Schuster, 1995.

(27) I.e., crematoria; Fred Sedel, *Habiter les ténèbres* (Living in the Gloom), Paris-Geneva, La Palatine, 1963 and Paris, A.-M. Métaillié, 1990.

(28) *Vivre, c'est vaincre* (To Live is to Win), Maulévrier, Maine-et-Loire (France), 1988, is presented as having been written in 1945 and printed in the third quarter of 1946. In 1988, it was republished with fanfare by Héraut-Editions, with, on the cover, a blurb strip reading J'ai été témoin de l'Holocauste (I was witness to the Holocaust). It was in the *Figaro* of 15 May 1996 (p.2) that General Rogerie was to declare that he had beheld the Shoah at Birkenau. The extremely succinct description of the gas chambers and of the ovens with which he was supplied conflicts with todays accepted version: his witness had told him of gas entering the chambers from shower heads, and of electric ovens (p.75).

(29) A. Rogerie, *Vivre, c'est vaincre*, p.70, 85.

(30) *Caïds, ibid.*, p.82.

(31) *Planque royale, je garde de bons souvenirs, ibid.*, p.83.

(32) *Ibid.*, p.84.

(33) *Ibid.*

(34) *Al'encontre de bien d'autres, j'y ai été moins malheureux que partout ailleurs, ibid.*, p.87.

(35) Samuel Gringauz, Some Methodological Problems in the Study of the Ghetto, in *Jewish Social Studies/ A Quarterly Journal Devoted to Contemporary and Historical Aspects of Jewish Life*, VolumeXII, edited for The Conference on Jewish Relations, New York, 1950, p.65-72; p.65.

(36) London, T. Butterworth ltd.,1939 [translator's note].

(37) *Op. cit.*, p.148-149.

(38) *They Have Their Exits*, London, Hodder and Stoughton, 1953, p.172.

(39) The two words in inverted commas appear as *boys* and *job* in the original [translators note].

(40) From a text of about two hundred and fifty words one may especially retain the following: More than twelve million dead! As many individuals thus to go unborn! Still more maimed, wounded, widowed and orphaned! Countless billions in assorted destructions. Scandalous fortunes made from human misery. The innocent before firing squads. The guilty honoured. A horrid life for the disinherited. The frightful price to pay. Further on it reads: The spirit of Nations must be improved by improving that of individuals with an enriched and widely expanded instruction. The people must know how to read. And above all to grasp the importance of what they read. The text ends: Cursed be war. And its perpetrators!

(41) See Christiane Gallus, Une pandémie qui a fait trois fois plus de victimes que la guerre de 1914-1918 (A Pandemic which claimed three times as many victims as the war of 1914-1918), *Le Monde*, 31 December 1997, p.17.

(42) Pierre Kaufmann, Le danger allemand (The German Danger), *Le Monde*, 8 February 1947.

(43) See Mark Weber, Bergen-Belsen Camp: The Suppressed Story, *The Journal of Historical Review*, May-June 1995, p.23-30.

(44) Such was the case, for instance, of Bartley C. Crum in his book *Behind the Silken Curtain*, New York, Simon & Schuster, 1947, p.114.

(45) Arthur Suzman and Denis Diamond, *Six Million Did Die. The Truth Shall Prevail*, Johannesburg, South African Board of Jewish Deputies, 1978, 2nd edition, p.18.

(46) A. Hitchcock, born in 1899, was already known in 1945. For his macabre or morbid tastes, his art of manipulating the public, and the strange fascination brought to bear on his mind by gas, one may read Bruno Villien, *Hitchcock*, Paris, Colonna, 1982, p.9-10.

(47) *Le Figaro*, 24 October 1997, p.10.

(48) *The Origins of Totalitarianism*, New York, Harcourt, Brace, 1951, p.446, n.138.

(49) A famous French Communist *résistant*, M.Paul, much like General Rogerie, had a rather good war in the camps [translators note].

(50) *Le Figaro*, 16 January 1995, p.29.

(51) La Shoah, de la réalité aux shows. Face aux récits des déportés, l'indécente mise en scène de leurs libérateurs, *Libération*, 18 December 1995, p.41.

(52) Capituler en rase campagne: Pierre Vidal-Naquet, Le secret partagé (The Shared Secret), *Le Nouvel Observateur*, 21 September 1984, p.80.

(53) Letter appearing in *Nation Review*, (Australia), 21 June 1979, p.639.

(54) The Left, the Right, and the Jews, *Quadrant*, (Australia), September 1979, p.27.

(55) Bernard Jouanneau, *La Croix*, 23 September 1987, p.2.

(56) *Globe and Mail* (Toronto), 2 June 1998, p.A1, 15. Edgar Bronfmann, president of the World Jewish Congress, is the North American emperor of alcohol and pornography. He is head of the Seagrams group and owner of Universal Studios in Hollywood. A group of American politicians have recently voted him the first ever Silver Sewer award, notably for his reality shows featuring pregnant strippers, teenage prostitutes fighting with pimps, or undertakers having sex with corpses (*Financial Times*, 21-22 March 1998, p.2).

(57) B. Lazare, *L'Antisémitisme*, op. cit., opening page of first chapter.

(58) *Ibid.*, p. 27.

(59) A. Kaspi, *Les Juifs pendant l'Occupation* (The Jews during the Occupation), revised edition, Paris, Le Seuil, 1997 [1991], p.109, n.27.

(60) I sometimes hear it said that there is greater risk for a Jew than for a non-Jew in professing revisionist views. The facts disprove this assertion. Not one Jew has been convicted or held liable in court for revisionism, not even Roger-Guy Dommergue (Polacco de Menasce) who, for years, has generated the most vehement writings against the lies of those whom he calls his fellow creatures (*congénères*). No-one as yet has ventured to have either the Pleven (1972) or the Fabius-Gayssot Act (1990) applied against him. Nonetheless the case of the young American revisionist David Cole deserves to be recalled, for it shows to what degree of violence certain Jewish organisations can resort in order to silence Jews who have sided with the revisionist cause.

(61) An independent researcher, who nonetheless does not publicly identify himself as a partisan, can contribute indirectly to revisionism by the mere quality of his work. I shall mention one name here, that of Jean Plantin, director of a biannual publication whose title alone indicates its erudite character: *Akribeia* is Greek for exactitude, painstaking care, and has given French the learned word *acribie* (quality of the scholar who works with extreme care). *AKRIBEIA*, 45/3, Route de Vourles, 69230 Saint-Genis-Laval, France.

(62) See the pertinent analysis by Guillermo Coletti, The Taming of Holocaust Revisionism, distributed on the Internet (13 November 1998) by the Anti-Censorship News Agency; electronic address: anti_censor@hotmail.com.

(63) Forgetting is not our main virtue (the words of the president of the board of deputies [consistoire] of the Toulouse Jewish community, as cited in *Le Figaro*, 9 October 1997, p.10).

(64) S. Thion is, in particular, the author of a revisionist work bearing the eloquent title *Une Allumette sur la banquise* (A Match to the Ice Floe). A revisionist book, even if its contents seem like dynamite, perhaps gives off, all told, no more light and heat than a match in the polar night, put to the ice floe of frozen ideas (p.90).

(65) See Un libraire espagnol condamné pour apologie de génocide (A Spanish Bookseller Convicted for Justification of Genocide'), *Le Monde*, 19 November 1998, p. 3; also, an article by Emmanuel Ratier in his periodical *Faits & Documents* (Facts & Documents), Paris, issue of 1 December 1998, p.12.

(66) See Crackdown on hate materials planned, *National Post*, (Canada), 25 November 1998.

(67) See *Athens News*, 28 June 1998, p. 1.