

Confessions of a Holocaust Revisionist

by Bradley R. Smith



*Alice observes Holocaust survivor preparing
to recall details of human-soap tale.*

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Content downloaded 17 December 2016, from
<http://codoh.com/library/document/1003/?page=1>
This edition was edited by the author in June 1996.

Preface

Here I am, 57 years old, 5'10" tall and 240 pounds, regrettably. A high school graduate, I have worked at many odd and boring jobs, traveled to exotic places, seen many people killed and maimed and so on. I've never understood what life is all about but I have never told anyone that I do. I've never been interested in intellectual work; it takes too long. My lack of faith in information would wring the heart of the most advanced computer. Experience and sensibility are easier for me. I have always taken the easy way, though to others it must appear to have been torturous and circumscribed. I discovered long ago that my character is made up in part of all the bigotries and prejudices that have been identified and catalogued by the best people in the worst. I never fell for the tyrant's tune, however, never fell in with the left — or the right.

I've been writing for 35 years, unsuccessfully. I don't seem to have minded, an example perhaps of ambition flawed beyond repair, an excessive enjoyment of process. I live with a wife, a mother, two children and two cats. As I write these lines a spider with a turquoise ass is stalking across the bookshelf behind the typewriter and I suppose that I have been living with him as well. Or her. Spiders look cruel to me, in an inhuman way, and that is why I see them as masculine. It's been my experience to never have seen women doing the killing or the rest of it. Always men. Women have their own failings. I began to write because I wanted to be conscious of what I was feeling. I still do. I agree that we choose our work out of our weaknesses, an inherent drive toward balance.

Self-regarding from beginning to end, I have always wanted to hand myself over, the mind, the heart, the fly open to the breeze

and the light. Not a program for others, but my own desire. I have no program for others. My program for myself is to reveal how I feel and what I think, a modest endeavor. In order to be able to do that I need to live among a people who sense the significance of the ideal of free expression. Free intellectual expression. The others can say it or they can keep it to themselves. My sense of things is that I should say it — openly, clearly, accurately. With good will. None of us knows what the answer is, but that's no reason to suppress a free exchange of ideas. No reason to censor the press. It's no reason to despise those who express doubt about what others believe.

Chapter 1: 1979

I paused to accept a photocopy of a newspaper article he was handing out when he quickly started telling me that the stories that six million Jews had been exterminated during World War II are not true.

I felt stunned, as if Buck Rogers had somehow come down from the 21st century and zapped me with a beam from his ray gun. I had heard about people like the little man who was confronting me, who deny that the Holocaust happened, but I had never actually seen one.

He was a small, thin, middle-aged man with a white pointy beard, clear blue eyes and a ruddy complexion. The picture of health. He talked fast (though in a well-mannered, articulate way) as if he were afraid he would lose me.

In the first instant I didn't truly grasp what he was saying; then I understood that he was telling me that *there had been no Nazi gas chambers — none* — that the stories I had heard all my life about the gas chambers were meant to gain sympathy for Jews at the expense of Germans. I felt my heart change its beat and pick up speed. I felt sweat appear on the palms of my hands.

The first thing I wanted to do was to get away. We were on the mezzanine of the Bonaventure Hotel in downtown Los Angeles; there were a lot of people standing around and I supposed that he had proselytized the others before I had arrived. The others then had already heard what I was hearing now, and in my imagination each of them had one eye on me, waiting to see what my first move would be, waiting to judge me.

I felt ashamed listening to the man talk about Jews. I felt ashamed holding the photocopied articles in my hand. I could not have repeated anything he had said after his first few words; my brain had closed itself down in self-defense *and yet*: I was aware that he sounded knowledgeable and sincere.

I felt trapped between his sincerity and my shame. I wanted to get away from him, to hand back his flyers and turn away so that those who were watching would see that I rejected out of hand everything he was saying. At the same time, because of his honest and open manner, I didn't want to cause him embarrassment by publicly rejecting him. I had never looked into the history of the Holocaust, had never examined any of the primary documents used to support the literature, so in my ignorance I felt I had no right, really, to believe or disbelieve any statement about it whatever. I didn't feel I had the right to embarrass another man simply because he doubted what I believed. If sincerity isn't to be taken seriously in human relationship, what is?

In the end the little man with the white devil's beard and the very blue eyes made my decision for me when he turned to a new arrival and began his spiel all over again from the beginning.

Feeling defiled somehow by the flyers in my hand, I walked toward a large trash can. Even at that moment I knew that the problem wasn't so much that I was holding the flyers as that I was being observed by others to be holding them. I had accepted the flyers innocently in deference to another's sincerity. The shame I felt, the defilement, did not come from inside me but from the others, from what I understood to be the standards of my peers.

As I approached the trash can I glanced down at the lead article in one flyer. It was titled, "The Problem of the Gas Chambers, or The Rumor of Auschwitz."

What Rumor?, I thought. What problem? There wasn't anything that rang a bell for me. The author of the article was a certain Professor Robert Faurisson. I'd never heard of him. Then I noticed that the article had originally been published in *Le Monde*, the Paris daily. It was confusing. I had no idea at all what the problem of the gas chambers might be, or what the rumor of Auschwitz referred to. It sounded crazy. And I'd never heard of Faurisson. But I did know about *Le Monde*. My understanding was that *Le Monde* was one of a handful of world-class newspapers.

What, then, was *Le Monde* doing publishing an article critical of the Holocaust, or the gas chambers, or whatever? A moment before I had intended to drop the flyers into the trash on principle. In my circle you did not read material that might make Jews feel uncomfortable. It was a principle. It was necessary in my circle to maintain principles about some few things. Not many, but some. At the last moment I folded the flyers and put them in my back pocket. All that day I went about my business, the flyers folded up secretly in my pocket. That night, alone in my room, like a thief, I took them out and read them, all the while conscious of the fearfulness in my behavior, the lack of self-respect. I was aware that I was reading something that everyone I knew, and all the people I liked best, would think bigoted and dirty, and that I was doing it at a time and in a place where they could not find me out. I had spent years learning to accept the weaknesses in my character, and to stand aside from them, yet there I was, 49 years old, hiding in my room with a newspaper article, fearful and ashamed.

Chapter 2: 1984

It's the morning of July 4th and I'm flying home from Newark to Los Angeles. I have an aisle seat and a young lady, perhaps 22, takes the seat to my right. From her facial features I feel confident that her family is Jewish. We fall into conversation and she is very bright and opinionated and oriented politically toward the radical left. She's full of intellectual energy and wants to talk, but she's willing to listen too and I can see she belongs to those few who take ideas seriously and weigh both sides of an argument carefully. She's considerably more sophisticated than I was at her age. She's studying at Harvard and is flying home to Beverly Hills for summer vacation.

I can't recall how our conversation begins but it isn't long before we're debating the relative merits of a socialist versus a libertarian viewpoint. That's one of my favorite pastimes so I suppose I took the first opportunity I found to steer her onto it. Libertarian idealism is irrefutable in argument. In real life its first premise, that we should not initiate force to gain our political or social goals, is not going to be taken seriously by anyone with power. Anyhow, we argue it out for 1,500 miles.

Now she stands up in the aisle and stretches and says: "This is interesting stuff." She asks if I'm a writer, what sort of things I write, where I've been published and so forth. I explain that I'm carrying with me the final edited version of a book manuscript that was to have gone to the printers next month but that this very morning in the Newark Air Terminal I had read where my publisher has been burned to the ground by arsonists.

"What publisher is that?"

"The Institute for Historical Review."

"Oh," she says hesitantly. "What is your book about?"

"I suppose the title explains its contents as well as anything. *The Holocaust Cult and the Suppression of Free Inquiry: An Autobiographical Narrative.*

"The Holocaust cult?" she asks thoughtfully.

"Uh huh."

"Your publisher, the Institute"

"The Institute for Historical Review."

"Uh, huh. Aren't those the people who say the Holocaust never happened?"

"Sort of. I don't say that myself."

"But they're your publisher? Then you must be"

"This isn't as clear-cut as people think it is. I never say that the Holocaust never happened. A thousand year old Jewish culture in Eastern Europe was destroyed in three or four years. It doesn't offend me if somebody wants to say that was a Holocaust. I got interested in the Holocaust business when I discovered that there was a taboo against questioning what's been written about it. From certain perspectives, that is. So my manuscript is about the ideals of free expression, a free press, the free exchange of ideas and so on."

“But then ... I’m not clear about this. Do you ... are you a revisionist?”

“I’m not a historian. I don’t write revisionist papers about the Holocaust. But I read those people. Among others.”

“I can’t believe this.”

“That I’m sitting here saying this?”

“I can’t believe it.”

“It’s not so awful. It’s just that I probably don’t believe everything you believe about the Holocaust. It’s such a commonplace, don’t you think so, to not believe everything the other person believes? You don’t believe everything I believe about libertarianism. I may not believe everything you believe about the Holocaust.”

“The analogy is poor,” she says vacantly.

“Yeah, I suppose it is. I don’t think it is. But you probably understand the point to it.”

I see from the corner of my eye that she is staring fixedly at her knees, her expression intense but somehow unfocused. Maybe I imagine it.

“This is a very difficult subject to talk about,” I say. “I really understand that. If you don’t want to talk about it, I’ll understand perfectly. I really will.”

She doesn’t say anything.

“If you decide you do want to talk about it, but later we get to a place where you change your mind and don’t want to talk about it just say you’ve had enough and I’ll shut up.”

She gives me a very quick little look. The little grin she tries to accompany it with falls apart before it can do its work. Still, it touches my heart. I take it to have been an attempt to express goodwill toward me in what for her is a moment of crisis. I’m unsure what to say, so I remain silent.

After another moment, without looking at me, she says: “I’d like to talk about it.”

“All right. And if we get to a place where you’ve had enough, you’re going to say so and I’m going to zip it up. Right?”

She smiles a little in a way that almost ignores me. Her lips remain slightly parted, her eyes fixed on the back of the seat before her. My guess is that her brain is computing large numbers of differing possibilities and consequences.

“All we’re going to do is talk,” I say. “And afterwards we’re never going to see each other again. Nothing could be less compromising.”

While she hasn’t suggested by anything she’s said that she might feel herself compromised by continuing to talk to me, I’m pretty sure it’s one of the possible consequences she’s considering. I want her to understand that I understand that Jews do not like to talk to Holocaust revisionists on principle, the principle being that we are Nazi apologists and that talking to us only encourages us in our hateful attempts to rewrite history. I want her to under-

stand that I understand that she will be breaking a taboo among Jews by continuing to chat with me.

She says, "I'm Jewish, you know."

"It had occurred to me that you are."

"My family lost relatives in the Holocaust," she says, still without looking at me. "I'm telling you this, I'm not exactly sure why, but I want you to know."

"If you're worried that your being Jewish will affect what I think or say, it's not to worry. What you are now doesn't affect what happened then."

She looks at me directly now for the first time in several moments and smiles, as if she is coming back into the light from some dark inner recesses.

"I wasn't implying that it does."

"Oh?," I say insouciantly, suddenly confident that she will understand the teasing.

She says: "This feels very strange, but let's talk about it."

She explains that she has taken classes in Holocaust studies at Harvard and feels she has a good background in the subject. I'm not talking to someone who is in the dark about what the Holocaust was. I ask what texts were followed in her classes but somehow she is unable to name them. She does recall the name of Raul Hilberg and I'm able to give her the title of his book, *The Destruction of the European Jews*.

“But the writer who has influenced me most is Elie Wiesel.”

“Is that right? We have something in common then. I don’t know who has influenced me more in the way I regard Holocaust literature than Elie Wiesel.”

“Is that right?,” she says enthusiastically, turning in her seat to face me.

“He’s not a historian though, is he?”

She considers the question thoughtfully. “Not in a strict sense.”

I tell her some of my favorite Elie Wiesel stories. I start with the one where he writes that there is eyewitness evidence that when some Russians were executed at Babi Yar in Ukraine that the cadavers of those that were Jews, in a unique protest against their ill treatment, spurted geysers of blood from their graves for months after they were buried.

“He wrote that in *Jews of Silence*,” I say. “In a straightforward book of journalism about Soviet Jews and the refusal of the United States to allow them to come here. It’s not a book of poetry. Straight journalism. What do you think about a man who would repeat such a claim? Wiesel writes in longhand in French. His wife translates his stuff into English. Presumably Wiesel goes over the translation. The translation is typeset and presumably Wiesel goes over the galleys. When he claims that Jewish cadavers spurt geysers of blood from their graves for months after they were buried it isn’t a slip of the pen. Wiesel believes that it’s a credible story. He wants you and me to believe it’s credible. He wants the kids he teaches at Boston University to believe it’s credible. It isn’t only that Wiesel is not a historian. There may be other things

as well that he is not. He may not be wrapped too tight, for example.”

The girl doesn't say anything.

I tell her some more Elie Wiesel stories. I take them largely from his recommended reading list of survivor testimonies. I tell them as amusingly as I can, and as gently as I can. As I go along I introduce a few observations about the gas chamber stories from a revisionist perspective. Occasionally she smiles or asks a question, but as I talk on she grows increasingly silent. After three or four hundred miles I have the feeling that I have said enough but I can't stop myself. The longer I talk the more investment I have in wanting her to see what good sense I'm making.

I tell her about how Elie Wiesel especially recommends the eyewitness testimony of Yankiel Wiernik as evidence for the gas chambers at Treblinka and the extermination there of about a million Jews. I tell her how Wiernik claims that he saw with his own eyes how the cadavers of pregnant Jewish women that had been exterminated would burst open while they were being cremated—how their bellies would burst open and that inside their wombs you could see their fetuses burning like little torches.

“Here is the question then that I think Elie Wiesel's students should pose to him. As the Americans and the British each specialized in burning alive Japanese and German women by the tens of thousands in mass terror bombings, and as there are no reports that pregnant Japanese or German women were able to mount such displays with their own wombs and fetuses while their own bodies were in flames, is Yankiel Wiernik—is Elie Wiesel—suggesting that only Jewish ladies have a talent for that trick? What is it that Wiesel is suggesting when he recommends

Wiernik's eyewitness testimony to his students at Boston University? What does he reveal about his standards for historical objectivity? What does he reveal about his inner life?"

Suddenly the girl takes her head in both hands, puts her face on her knees and moans. "I just feel like I'm being proselytized," she says. She shakes her head slowly from side to side, still holding it in both hands, doubled over in her seat. Abruptly then she stands up. I understand she wants out. I stand aside in the aisle.

"All right," I say. "No more. We agreed, when you'd heard enough, I'd zip it up." She gives me another of those brave, I suppose, broken little grins, then she makes for the toilet compartment.

After 15 minutes she returns and takes her seat beside me without speaking. The flight over the Rockies and down over Southern California is pretty uncomfortable for me. Maybe it is for her too. I want to say something to make it better for both of us but I don't say anything because I don't want to make it worse. On the ground at Los Angeles International we stand in the plane's aisle with our carry-ons, she in front of me. I wonder if we are going to part without speaking. I want to speak but I am unsure if she wants me to. As the line begins moving toward the exit she turns and says nicely: "Well, it was interesting."

Chapter 3: 1979

How can I explain what happened to me in my apartment that night? I read a newspaper article written by a professor I had never heard of which had been translated from French by who knows who, given to me on a hotel mezzanine by a stranger who was probably a crank, maintaining a thesis that was outrageous and dangerous because – of what? I didn't know, but a sense of tension and danger enveloped the thing. I sensed immediately into the reading that if I didn't reject everything Faurisson was saying that I would be in danger of suffering great losses, though that night I would not have been able to identify what they would be.

Why was I willing to read the Faurisson piece with an open mind? I'll never know, but the source of its original publication was given, along with the date, so the accuracy of the translation could be checked. Key statements in the text were referenced; anyone willing to spend an hour or so in a good library could discover for himself if Faurisson was being honest in those instances. I was impressed by the simplicity of his claims and the objectivity of his tone, treating as he did a matter of tremendous significance from such a radical perspective.

Another probable reason was ignorance. Until that time I had not read a history of the Holocaust and hadn't paid much attention to the stories of Holocaust "survivors." I don't know why. There were no heroes in the Holocaust stories I had heard – maybe that was it. Masses of sheep-like people being herded to the slaughter. Helplessness, passivity, pathos, no heroes to create tragedy from catastrophe. Maybe that was it. Ignorance then, a disinterest in suffering unredeemed by heroic action and finally, I suppose, a

kind of primary boredom with a wretched story told and retold far too often.

That being so, how is it that I was so stunned at reading Faurisson's thesis about the poison gas chamber stories? If the stories had not interested me in the first place, why should I have been affected by the discovery that they might not be true? Wouldn't my fundamental lack of interest in the Holocaust forfeit my right—to a certain extent—to be shocked by the possibility that Faurisson had his finger on something?

But the real surprise might have been my discovery that despite my ignorance and the boredom I professed about the Holocaust, I had believed everything I had ever heard about it. Not the shadow of a doubt had ever crossed my mind. I had believed all the eyewitness testimony related by Holocaust survivors. I had believed what I understood to be the thesis in all the books written by Holocaust historians. Maybe that is why something broke in me that night. Maybe I had believed too rigidly for too long. There was nothing in me that could give a little. No room to bend. Intellectually, psychologically, something had to break. I think it was belief itself that finally cracked that night. My mind welcomed it—but in my heart I felt the awful anxiety that only great insecurity can create.

The “Problem of the Gas Chambers”^[1]

by Robert Faurisson^[2]

**“The Tribunal shall not be bound
by technical rules of evidence [...]”**

—Article 19 of the Statutes of the International Military Tribunal
(in reality: the Inter-allied Military Tribunal) at Nuremberg

**“The Tribunal shall not require proof of facts of common knowl-
edge, but shall take judicial notice thereof [...]”**

—Article 21 of the Statutes

No one, not even those individuals who regard the Third Reich with nostalgia, denies the existence of concentration camps under Hitler. Everyone also recognizes that certain camps were equipped with crematory ovens: instead of being buried, the corpses were reduced to ashes. The repeated occurrence of epidemics made cremation necessary, especially for those who had died of typhus (see the photos of mass graves at Belsen et cetera). What is disputed by numerous French, British, American, and German authors is the existence of “extermination camps.” This expression is used by historiographers to refer to those camps that were supposed to have been equipped with “gas chambers.” Allegedly, these “gas chambers” were different from American gas chambers in that they were used to kill hundreds of men, women, and children at a time. Because the victims were chosen because of their race or religion, this is referred to as “genocide.” The poison employed in this “genocide” is said to have been Zyklon B (a pesticide based upon prussic or hydrocyanic acid).

Those who contest the “genocide” claim and the existence of the “gas chambers” are called Revisionists. Their argument runs approximately as follows:

It suffices for both of these problems (“genocide” and “gas chambers”) to apply the customary methods of historical criticism, to see that one is confronted here by two myths that are inseparable. The criminal intentions that are attributed to Hitler have never been proven. As far as the weapon for this crime is concerned, no one has actually seen it. Here one is confronted by an extraordinarily successful war and hate propaganda campaign. History is full of frauds of this kind, beginning with their religious fables of sorcery and witchcraft. What distinguishes our times from earlier epochs is the frightening power of the media and the propaganda ad nauseam which is made for what must be called “the hoax of the twentieth century.” Let him beware who, after 30 years, gets the idea to expose this hoax. He will learn depending upon the situation through imprisonment, fines, assaults and insults. His career can be shattered or endangered. He will be denounced as a Nazi. Either his thesis will be ignored, or else it will be distorted. No country will be more unrelentingly ruthless toward him than Germany.

Today however, the silence is about to be broken about those men who have dared to write responsibly that Hitler’s “gas chambers” (including those of Auschwitz and Majdanek) are only a historical lie.^[3] That is a great advance.

But what insults and distortions an Exterminationist historian such as Georges Wellers allowed himself when, more than ten

years after Paul Rassinier's death, he decided to expose the minutest part of the arguments of this ex-inmate of a concentration camp who had had the courage to reveal the lie of the "gas chambers" in his writings!

The best way in which a historian may inform himself regarding the actual claims of the disciples of Paul Rassinier is to refer to the work of American professor Dr. Arthur R. Butz entitled *The Hoax of the Twentieth Century*.^[4]

For my part, I take the liberty of making only a few observations specifically for serious research-oriented historians.

I call their attention to a paradox. Although the "gas chambers" are, in the view of the official historians, absolutely central to a picture of the Nazi concentration camp system (and furthermore, as proof for the totally perverse and devilish character of the German concentration camps in comparison to all previous and more recent concentration camps it ought to be meticulously shown how the Nazis proceeded to invent, construct, and operate these fearsome human slaughterhouses), one must be thoroughly astonished that in the impressive bibliography of the concentration camp literature there is not a single book, not a single brochure, not a single article, on the "gas chambers" themselves. One must not be misled by some very promising titles; rather one must ascertain the contents of these writings for oneself. I regard as "official historical writing" those publications which are written about the concentration camps by institutions or foundations that are partly or wholly financed from public funds, such as, for example, in France, the Comité d'Histoire de la Deuxième Guerre Mondiale (Committee for the History of the Second World War) and the Centre de Documentation Juive Contemporaine (Jewish Contem-

porary Documentation Center), and in Germany (Munich), the Institut für Zeitgeschichte (Institute for Contemporary History).

One must wait until page 541 of the thesis by Olga Wormser-Migot on the system of Nazi concentration camps, before one finds a passage about the “gas chambers.” However, for the reader there are still three other surprises:

1. The passage in question covers only three pages.
2. It carries the title: “The Problem of the Gas Chambers.”
3. The “problem” consists of trying to determine whether the “gas chambers” at Ravensbrück (Germany) and Mauthausen (Austria) really existed; the author comes to the conclusion that they did not exist; however she does not examine here the “problem” of the “gas chambers” of Auschwitz or any of the other camps, probably because in her mind they do not present a “problem.”
[Ed. remark: On page 157 of her book she says that Auschwitz I had no gas chamber.]

At this point, the reader probably wants to know why an analysis that concludes that “gas chambers” did not exist in certain camps is suddenly discontinued as soon as, for example, Auschwitz is discussed. Why, on one hand, is the critical spirit awakened, and then, on the other hand, is it allowed to collapse into lethargy? After all, as far as the “gas chamber” of Ravensbrück is concerned, we have many points of “evidence” and “undeniable eyewitness accounts,” beginning with repeated and extensive eyewitness accounts by Marie-Claude Vaillant-Couturier or Germaine Tillion. It gets even better. Several years after the war, before both British and French tribunals, the camp officials of Ravensbrück (Suhren, Schwarzhuber and Treite) repeatedly confessed to the

existence of a “gas chamber” in their camp. They even vaguely described its operation. Eventually, those who did not commit suicide were executed because of this alleged “gas chamber.” The same “confessions” were given prior to their deaths by Ziereis for Mauthausen (Austria) and by Kramer for Struthof-Natzweiler (Alsace).

Today, one can see the alleged “gas chamber” of Struthof-Natzweiler and in the same place one can also read the unbelievable “confession” of Kramer. This “gas chamber,” which is designated as an “historical monument,” is a complete fraud. The slightest amount of critical spirit will be sufficient to convince oneself that a gassing in this small room, without any sealing whatsoever, would have been a catastrophe for the executioner as well as for the people in the vicinity. In order to make this “gas chamber” (which is guaranteed to be “in its original condition”) believable, someone has gone so far as to clumsily knock a hole into the thin wall with a chisel, and thereby break four tiles. The hole was so arranged that Josef Kramer would have dumped through it the mysterious “salts” (about which he could give no further details and which, when mixed with a little water, killed within one minute!). How could salts and water make such a gas? How could Kramer have prevented the gas from coming back out the hole? How could he see his victims from a hole which would have let him see no more than half the room? How did he ventilate the room before opening the rudimentary door, made from rough-cut lumber? Perhaps one must ask the civil engineering firm in Saint-Michel sur-Meurthe (Vosges), which after the war altered the place which today is presented to visitors “in its original condition”?

Even long after the war, prelates, university professors, and some ordinary citizens gave eyewitness descriptions regarding the ter-

rible reality of the “gas chambers” of Buchenwald and Dachau. With regard to Buchenwald, the “gas chamber” gradually disappeared from the minds of the people who had previously maintained that there was one in this camp.

Dachau

With regard to Dachau, the situation is different. After it had been firmly established for example by His Eminence Bishop Piguët, the bishop of Clermont-Ferrand that the “gas chamber” had been especially useful in gassing Polish priests,^[5] eventually the following official explanation came to pass:

“This gas chamber, whose construction had been started in 1942, was still not completed in 1945 when the camp was liberated. No one could have been gassed in it.”

The little room, which visitors are told is a “gas chamber,” is in reality completely harmless and, while all sorts of construction plans are available for “Baracke X” (the crematorium and vicinity), one cannot determine upon what basis or technical explanation one can claim that this structure is an “unfinished gas chamber.”

Broszat

No official historical institute has done more than the Institut für Zeitgeschichte in Munich to make the myth of the “gas chambers” believable. Since 1972 its director has been Dr. Martin Broszat. As a member of this Institute since 1955, Dr. Broszat became famous as a result of his (partial!) publication in 1958 of the confessions that Rudolf Höss (former Commandant of Auschwitz) is supposed to have written in a communist prison before he was hanged.

However, on 19 August 1960, this historian had to tell his amazed countrymen that there had never been mass gassings in the entire Old Reich (Germany's 1937 frontiers), but rather, only in a small number of selected places, especially in occupied Poland, including Auschwitz and Birkenau but not Majdanek. This startling news was given in a simple letter to the editor which was published in the weekly magazine *Die Zeit* (19 August 1960, page 16). The title was quite misleading and restrictive: "Keine Vergasung in Dachau" (No Gassing at Dachau) instead of "Keine Massenvergasung im Altreich" (No Mass Gassing in the Old Reich). In order to support this contention, Dr. Broszat provided not the slightest piece of evidence. Today [1978], eighteen years after his letter, neither he nor any of his colleagues has provided the slightest explanation for this affirmation. It would be highly interesting to learn:

1. How does Dr. Broszat know that "gas chambers" in the Old Reich were frauds?
2. How does he know that the "gas chambers" in Poland are genuine?
3. Why do the "proofs," the "certainties," and the "eyewitness accounts" concerning the concentration camps in the West suddenly have no value, while the "proofs," "certainties," and "eyewitness accounts" concerning the camps in Poland Communist territory still remain true?

As if by some tacit agreement, not a single recognized historian has raised these questions. How often in the "history of history" has one relied upon the claims of a single historian?

Polish Camps

Let us now examine the “gas chambers” in Poland.

For proof that the “gas chambers” in Belzec or Treblinka really existed, one is asked to rely essentially upon the statement of Kurt Gerstein. This document from a member of the SS, who allegedly committed suicide in 1945 in the prison of Cherche-Midi in Paris, abounds with so many absurdities that in the eyes of historians it has for a long time already been thoroughly discredited.^[6] Furthermore, this statement has never been made public, not even in the documents of the Nuremberg tribunal, except in an unusable form (with truncations, falsifications, and rewritings). The actual document has never been available with its absurd appendices (French “draft” or the “supplements” in German).

Regarding Majdanek, a visit to the actual site is absolutely necessary. It is even more convincing than a visit to Struthof-Natzweiler, if that is possible. Over this question I will publish additional information.

With regard to Auschwitz and Birkenau, one must rely essentially on the “Memoirs”^[7] of Rudolf Höss, which were prepared under the supervision of his Polish captors. At the actual site, one can only find a “reconstructed” room (Auschwitz I) and ruins (Auschwitz II or Birkenau).

An execution with gas has nothing to do with a suicidal or accidental suffocation. In the case of an execution, the executioner and his team must not be exposed to the slightest danger. For their executions, the Americans employ hydrocyanic acid in a sophisticated way, and that only in a small, hermetically-sealed

chamber. Afterwards, the gas is exhausted from the chamber and neutralized.

For this reason, one must ask how, for example in the case of Auschwitz II or Birkenau, one could bring 2,000 people into a room measuring 210 square meters in area, and then in this highly crowded situation throw in the very strong pesticide Zyklon B, and then immediately after the deaths of the victims let a work crew without any gas masks enter the room in order to take out the bodies which had been thoroughly saturated with cyanide.

Two documents^[8] from the German industrial archives which were registered by the Americans at Nuremberg tell us that the Zyklon B had a strong tendency to adhere to surfaces and could not be removed from an ordinary room with a strong ventilator, but only by natural aeration for almost 24 hours. Additional documents may be found only at the site in the Auschwitz Museum archives, which were never described elsewhere, but which show that this room of 210 square meters, which is today in a dilapidated condition, was only a very simple mortuary, which (in order to protect it against heat) had been located underground, and which was provided with only a single door which served as both an entrance and an exit.^[9] Concerning the crematoria of Auschwitz, there is just, as there is generally for the entire camp, an overabundance of documents and invoices down to the last penny. However, concerning the “gas chambers” there is nothing: no contract for construction, not even a study, nor an order for materials, nor a plan, nor an invoice, nor even a photograph. In a hundred war crimes trials, nothing of the sort was ever produced.

Christophersen

“I was in Auschwitz and I can assure you that there was no ‘gas chamber’ there.” Only seldom does one hear defense witnesses with enough courage to pronounce this statement. They are persecuted in the courts.^[10] Still today, everyone in Germany takes the risk that, if they give an eyewitness account in favor of Thies Christophersen (who wrote *The Auschwitz Lie*), they will be punished for “defaming the memory of the deceased.”^[11]

Immediately after the war, the Germans, the International Red Cross and the Vatican (which was otherwise so expert as to whatever happened in Poland), as well as many others, declared in an embarrassed tone: “The ‘gas chambers’ we knew nothing about them!” Yes, but I would put the question this way: “Can one know about things which did not even happen?”

There was not a single “gas chamber” in even one of the German concentration camps; that is the truth. The nonexistence of “gas chambers” should be regarded as welcome news; to hide this news in the future would be an injustice. Just as there is no attack upon a religion if one portrays “Fatima” as a fraud, the announcement that the “gas chambers” are an historical lie is no attack upon concentration camp survivors. One is merely doing one’s duty being truthful.

“If we are to believe certain morally deranged and spiritually perverted pseudo-historians,” writes Elie Wiesel, “the Holocaust never took place. The killers did not kill, the victims did not perish. Auschwitz? A fraud. Treblinka? A lie. Bergen-Belsen? A name?”

Professor Faurisson then—Wiesel names him specifically a few paragraphs further on—is morally deranged and spiritually perverted. Wiesel doesn't demonstrate where Faurisson's observations go wrong. Faurisson's sin is in questioning what Wiesel demands should remain unquestioned. In any event, if Wiesel is right about Faurisson, I have a serious problem. At a certain moment in my life Faurisson was a turning point for me, a milestone, a sudden opening. Now I have grown to esteem him personally, to feel an affection for him. Am I a deranged pervert myself? This could be serious!

On the other hand, if it happens that Faurisson is sound in his observations about Auschwitz and Wiesel is mistaken—or worse—then Wiesel has the problem. In a certain sense it no longer matters to me if the gas chamber theory is finally proved or disproved. One way or the other, it's only history. I believed the theory for 35 years and have doubted it for six. I was content to believe it, now I am content to doubt it. What the hell?

Wiesel, however, his days consumed with belief, has written himself into a corner. His life is structured around and dedicated to his belief in the sacred truth of all survivor testimony. "I believe everything that survivors have to say." As he can't bring himself to question survivor testimony about the alleged gas chambers, or anything else, he questions the morality of those who have no such reservations. Those of us who are not ready to accept at face value the survivor claims that Jewish corpses can pump geysers of blood into the air from their graves, which by implication opens *all* survivor testimony to questioning in the light of reason, Wiesel accuses of being spiritual perverts. But then, what else can he do? *Defend the claims?*

Is it possible that Wiesel believes that we will *forever* be willing to take all survivor testimony on faith, that we will *forever* be willing to evade addressing survivor testimony in order not to embarrass the Jewish community, that the press will *forever* be willing to repeat survivor testimony without questioning it and *forever* reject revisionist criticism of survivor testimony without considering it? It is possible, and if it is true, his belief can only measure his desperation, as well as the contempt he feels for Americans of every rank and file.

In any event, I have not read anything in Faurisson these six years that approaches the craziness of Wiesel's belief in the geysers-of-blood story. In fact, it was Faurisson who first brought this tale to my attention. He laughed when he told it. He was enjoying himself. That's one of the traits that distinguishes we morally deranged ones from Holocaust fundamentalists.

We laugh at that stuff.

Footnotes

- [1] The expression is that of Olga Wormer-Migot, quote from *Le Systeme Concentrationnaire Nazi (1933-1945) (The Nazi Concentration Camp System 1933-1945)*, Thesis, Paris, PUF, 1968, p541.
- [2] Associate Professor of the University of Lyib-2; specialty: Critic of Texts and Documents
- [3] Regarding the great number of vicious and insulting articles, there is a study by Hermann Langbein which appeared in *Le Monde Juif* (The Jewish World), April/June 1975. The title is "Coup d'oeil sur la littérature néo-nazie," ("A Glimpse at Neo-Nazi Literature"), pages 8-20. Hermann Langbein was an inmate in Auschwitz. He testified at countless trials. He holds an important position in the circles of former concentration camp inmates. One of his most recent works is entitled: *Hommes et Femmes à Auschwitz (Men and Women of Auschwitz)*, Paris, Fayard, 1975, VIII-529 pages (Translated from *Menschen in Auschwitz*, Vienna, 1974.) Not one of the 30 chapters, not one of the 268 sections of this book is devoted to the "gas chambers"! Rather, one constantly sees expressions such as "selection for the gas chambers" etc. There is also a study by Georges Wellers which appeared in *Le Monde Juif* (op. cit.) April/June 1977. The title is "La 'Solution finale', de la question juive et la mythomanie

néo-nazie" ("The "Final Solution" and Neo-Nazi Mythomania,"), pages 41-84. There is also a study by Ino Arndt and Wolfgang Scheffler in *Vierteljahreshefte für Zeitgeschichte* (*Quarterly Review for Contemporary History*), which is a publication of the Institute for Contemporary History in Munich. The Institute's director is currently Dr. Martin Broszat. This study was published in the issue of April 1976. The title is: "Organisierter Massenmord an Juden in NS-Vernichtungslagern" (Organized Mass-Murder of Jews in Nazi Extermination Camps), pages 105-135.

- [4] *The Hoax of the Twentieth Century*. Newport Beach, CA: Institute for Historical Review, 1979.
- [5] *Prison et Déportation (Prison and Deportation)*. Paris: Spes; 1947; page 77.
- [6] See the opinion expressed by the forensic pathologist as it is reported by the Exterminationist Pierre Joffroy in his book about Kurt Gerstein: *L'Espion de Dieu/La Passion de Kurt Gerstein (The Spy of God/The Passion of Kurt Gerstein)*, Paris, Grasset, 1969, page 262.
- [7] *Kommandant in Auschwitz/Autobiographische Aufzeichnungen (Commandant of Auschwitz/Autobiographical Memoirs)* by Rudolf Höss, Stuttgart, Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt, 1958, 184p; introduction and commentary by Dr. Martin Broszat. Concerning "gassing," see pages 126 and 166. The entry of the work crew into the "gas chamber" is supposed to happen "sofort" ("immediately") as it is written on page 166.
- [8] These two extensive documents which are of great importance were apparently not used at the trials of Gerhard Peters, former director of Degesch. They were registered as documents NI-9098 and NI-9912. They irrevocably reduce to nothing the "eyewitness testimony" of Höss regarding the "gas chambers."
- [9] Photographs Neg. 6228 and following.
- [10] Case of Wilhelm Stäglich, for example. See Stäglich in the Index Nominum of Butz's book (op. cit.).
- [11] *Die Auschwitz-Lüge (The Auschwitz Lie)*, #23 of Kritik (2341 Kälberhagen, Post Mohrkirch, West Germany), 1974. This booklet was followed by *Der Auschwitz-Betrug/Das Echo auf die Auschwitz-Lüge (The Auschwitz Fraud/The Echo of the Auschwitz Lie)*.

Chapter 4: 1979

That day on the mezzanine of the Bonaventure Hotel I was given two leaflets. Along with Faurisson's article from *Le Monde*, I was also handed a flyer listing 24 questions or observations about the Holocaust by John Bennett, who described himself as Secretary of the Victoria [Australia] Council of Civil Liberties. It was Bennett, apparently, who had issued the translation of Faurisson's article and was supervising its distribution among libertarians on the West Coast. I didn't see him, but a year or so later I was to discover that he had been at the convention that day, along with another revisionist. It's a very peculiar story.

Bennett's questions made my head spin when I read them in my apartment that night. He claimed that while it is asserted that the Germans committed everything to paper, "no German wartime document orders the extermination of Jews... or refers to gassing." He claimed that Germans did commit their policy toward Jews to paper, which "was one of emigration before the war and evacuation to the East during the war" He claimed that the number of people entering the concentration camps is "set out clearly in captured German documents," which "express concern about the high death rate and refer to attempts to reduce the rate."

...it is not possible to gas about three million people without any resistance, without any authentic eyewitness, and to commit the crimes in gas chambers built without building specifications and which "went into oblivion," and to dispose of the bodies in the number of crematoria known to have existed.

Despite the fact that Jewish work parties were within talking distance of each batch of victims in each of the alleged 5,000-10,000 separate acts of gassing, no warning was given to the victims. That is, not one member of the, say, 100-strong work parties gave one word of warning to the next batch of victims....

When I read this paragraph of Bennett's I was conscious for the first time in my life of wanting to ask questions about the gas chamber story. A picture had formed in my mind's eye while I read. Over the years I had heard about how crowded the camps were, how people were pressed together like animals in herds. Now I recalled how the entrance to Auschwitz was right in the center of the front of the camp. The intended victims would have to be marched through the center of that immense turmoil of thousands of people in order to be gassed. Thousands of gassings then, tens of thousands of work parties, millions of victims, and not one word of warning passed from one to the other? Would that be possible? If it was, what kind of people would we be talking about? It was unimaginable, but maybe it was possible.

Did I have the picture right? Why weren't the intended victims warned? Ten thousand maybe gassed in a day, day after day, Jewish work parties all over the place and letting it slide? Letting everything slide? Tens of thousands every week, hundreds of thousands every month and everybody letting it slide? How? That was my question. How could they allow themselves to do it?

In my mind's eye I couldn't conceive it. Maybe if I knew more about the literature, I thought, I would be able to fit it all together. But there was a question in my mind now about the gas chamber story. I didn't phrase it that way in the first instant, I suppose,

but the question was there, a specific question, and it prepared me to have a second.

No attempt has been made by the Nuremberg prosecutors, Israeli Intelligence or Simon Wiesenthal to ascertain the identity of the gas murderers (that is, the numerous SS officers who dropped the Zyklon B, and no gas murderer has ever been identified (with one possible exception in the Auschwitz trial.)

Thousands of mass-gassings and no prosecutions of the people who had actually put the gas into the chambers? Was that true? If it wasn't then Bennett could easily be proved wrong. There were hundreds, thousands of books on the Nazis, the Holocaust and the War Crimes trials. Any one of them could show the reader that Bennett was full of it. I was struck again by how simple the questions were that could be asked about an event that was supposed to have been so set in concrete. You wouldn't have to be a scholar to follow up such questions. Even someone like myself could do it.

If there had been no convictions of Nazis who put the poison gas into the poison gas chambers; if there had been no prosecutions for such an act; if in fact nobody looked for those guys and none were looking for them now—what would that imply? The implications could be terrible. I had no way to know what to make of even the possibility of such questions. In my mind's eye that night there were no pictures, but now, as I recall it, I see great structures shattering. Not falling down but shattering while remaining in place.

There are no authentic eyewitnesses to any of the thousands of acts of mass gassing, although if the gas-

sings took place and say 2-3 million bodies were taken from the chambers, there must have been thousands of eye-witnesses. Despite a huge amount of technical detail about the crematoria (and indeed about almost everything built in Nazi Germany—see any technical book company), no specifications exist about the gas chambers... It is not credible that people selected for work had their clothes disinfected by Zyklon B, and those unsuitable for work were killed by Zyklon B.

No photographs exist of the bodies in gas chambers.... The photographs of corpses used in books and films to prove a policy of genocide are photos of victims of typhus and malnutrition especially at Belsen Although the Allies were skeptical of gassing, no attempt was made by Jewish or other anti-Nazi resistance groups to obtain photos to establish the gassings Although Auschwitz was under constant aerial surveillance during the war, and many inmates had radio transmitters, and many people had access to the vast industrial complex, the Allies did not raise allegations of gassing until after the gassings had allegedly ceased.

Every one of Bennett's assertions was new to me. Every claim implied a scandal. My head swam. There was no possibility that night that I would be able to judge the accuracy of all his claims or the honesty of his intent. But neither belief nor disbelief was the issue. I was fascinated. I was transfixed. I was like a snake getting its first glimpse of a cage full of restless rats. I couldn't look away.

The crematoria known to have existed at the "extermination camps" were adequate to deal with the death

rate referred to in the German documents (comparable to the death rate in the Boer War camps) but could not have disposed of the several million people allegedly gassed (Butz, p. 118).... The allegation that the camps were used as part of a genocide policy is not credible because there was never any extermination policy or gassing at Belsen, Dachau and Buchenwald. If there was a policy of genocide, Jews in those camps would have been exterminated too.... The German resistance to Hitler (a sort of Who's Who of German society), the head of Wehrmacht Intelligence (Canaris), the Red Cross and the Vatican, were all unaware of either an extermination policy or mass gassings during the war.

Albert Speer and the SS Judge Konrad Morgen... did not know during the war of either the policy or the gassing. Speer was in charge of the German war economy including obtaining scarce labor and allocating rail traffic priority. Morgen was in charge of investigating irregularities at Auschwitz. If there was an extermination policy or gassings, Speer, Morgen, the German Resistance, the Red Cross and the Vatican, with their many contacts, would have known.... The postwar "confessions" brought into being for the Nuremberg Trials by the War Crimes Branch headed by the Zionist David Marcus are unreliable. Torture and forgery were used extensively (see Butz and Judge van Roden). The confessions of Hoess, Kramer, Gerstein, Wisliceny, Hoettl and Stangl are as unreliable as confessions at the Moscow trials in the 1930's.

At this point I must have begun to ponder the implications of Americans torturing German prisoners to get confessions from

them about war crimes. If I did I soon forgot about it. Nothing in my notes during the next two months refers to it.

The six million murdered legend was first circulated by the New York Times in 1942 at the instigation of the World Jewish Congress and was linked with the call for a Jewish State in Palestine. The Holocaust legend is still extensively used for propaganda reasons to support the diplomatic position of Israel. The legend is no more reliable than the atrocity stories of genocide in Cambodia and Uganda, or the 20 millions killed by Stalin legend.

There is no good reason for ignoring the German documents setting out the death rates in the camps and accepting one of the figures plucked out of the air by a Holocaust historian. Thus the allegation by Reitlinger that 800,000 died at Auschwitz of whom 80 percent were Jewish and the allegation by Ainsztein that four million died at Auschwitz of whom 40 percent were Jewish are both inventions.

Since the SS made large amounts of money by hiring out concentration camp labor to private industry at a time when Germany was critically short of labor and priority was given to military rail traffic, it is not credible that 400,000 Hungarian Jews were taken to Auschwitz in three months in 1944 and gassed. The impossibility of rail logistics in such an operation is discussed by Rassinier. The ignorance of the Budapest Red Cross and Jewish Senate about the alleged operation is demonstrated by Butz.... The allegation that Germany gave priority to exterminating Jews over winning the war is

not credible. If such priority existed, the extermination program would have taken place in Belsen, Dachau and Buchenwald, and it would not have stopped altogether at Auschwitz four months before the Russians captured the camp.

If the Allies believed there were mass gassings at Auschwitz, they would have bombed the rail links to the camp, and if the local partisans in the area knew of the gassings, they would have sabotaged the rail links and alerted the passengers on the thousands of trains said to have gone to Auschwitz as to their likely fate.

*There are too many accidents, coincidences, missing people and missing documents for the Holocaust legend to be feasible. Thus aerial photographs taken of the selection area of Auschwitz by the Allies were taken by "accident" ... and discovered by accident. Gerstein, on whom the play *The Deputy* is based, and who left a document saying 25 million people had been gassed, disappeared. The "eyewitness" Nyiszli proved to be untraceable. The key travel report used to convict the supplier of Zyklon B was "missing" at the trial.*

The reference to aerial photographs taken of the selection area at Auschwitz was the only reference in any of the 24 paragraphs in the leaflet that I was familiar with. I had seen one of the photographs reproduced in the *Los Angeles Times* a few months earlier. I remembered thinking that there was nothing unusual about it, only empty streets and solitary barracks. At the time I had put this down to my ignorance of the particulars of what had gone on at Auschwitz. I really didn't know what it was I was supposed to see. A number of buildings and "areas" had been noted with drawn-in

arrows but everything looked empty to me. There were very few people about, there was no smoke coming from the crematoria chimneys, or anything else to catch my attention.

Now it occurred to me that I would like to look at the photograph again. I didn't have anything specific in mind. It wasn't that I wanted to disprove a particular claim, or substantiate one either. It was more vague than that. I just felt moved to have another look at the photograph.

Bennett concluded his observations with these words:

Wild atrocity stories supported by fake photos, false captions and concocted documents were used in WWI. (Ponsonby: Falsehood in Wartime). The stories included cutting off the hands of hundreds of babies, boiling corpses down to make soap, etc. In the absence of Nuremberg-style trials following unconditional surrender the stories were ultimately withdrawn.

Suppression of the truth about the Holocaust and about the issues of the Middle East is not due to any "international Zionist conspiracy," but occurs because "the Jews in the Western world are now a socio-economic and political elite ... and are in a position to exert great influence "

2

I can still see the scene that night with great clarity. The light from the crooked-neck lamp, the work tables I'd built myself and painted black, the shelves full of books and old newspapers. The worn, red, oriental carpet thrown down over the wall-to-wall green

shag, the fourth floor windows open to the night with the lights along Hollywood Boulevard going off to the east and me inside walking in circles, literally, my face contorted with a grin I would never have been able to explain.

As it turns out, Bennett was wrong or half wrong on a number of points, particularly his claim that none of those who were marched to the gas chambers was ever warned of his fate by nearby prisoners on work details. Many claims are made in the literature about warnings given to intended victims, which is not to say such claims are true. Even Elie Wiesel claims that he and his father were approached by a prisoner in the Auschwitz yard on the night of their arrival and told that they would soon be in the flames. What's odd about these claims is that almost without exception individuals were told they were to "go up the chimneys," a reference to cremation, but almost without exception were not told about the alleged gas chambers. The answer as to why this should be so is most likely the most likely one: The crematoria existed and the gas chambers didn't.

What is notable to me today about Bennett's flyer is that in 1979, using only one sheet of paper, he was able to touch on nearly all the primary Revisionist criticisms to all the stories that together still form the holocaust/genocide legend. All the reservations he raised then are still being pursued by revisionists and dismissed by establishment historians and our other intellectual elites. Later, Bennett was to urge me to understand the very simple idea that Holocaust stories are war stories. I had heard war stories all my life. I've told a few myself. How could some of the Holocaust war stories not be exaggerations or claims based on misinformation, or even deliberate falsehoods? They had been related by men and women, hadn't they?

War stories about the Holocaust, then, had been the only ones that I had not, ever, listened to with any suspicion. Why? And why did it provoke me so profoundly to discover that these stories could not be reasonably questioned by apparently reasonable men? Maybe it was my almost adolescent thoughtlessness about the revisionist critique of the Holocaust that had been at the bottom of my lack of interest in it. Because the moment I started to think about it I felt riveted by the implications that flowed from revisionist theory.

In spite of the awful excitement I felt that night, I was aware of the possibility that I could be at the point of being seduced by neurotic and ill-willed men who had private agendas that in the light of day would disgust me. At the same time, it was clear to me that if I dismissed Faurisson and Bennett out of hand, without giving them a reasonable chance, that from that moment on I would be betraying something in myself, and something out in the world too.

Chapter 5: 1985

Saturday afternoon there was a call on my office machine from a young man who introduced himself by saying that he and some others wanted to organize a White students union at Santa Monica College. They wanted to work together to get rid of the “scum Jew.” He sounded like a nice kid. I liked his manner and tone of voice. He said he wasn’t sure that the college would allow a White students union to be formed on campus and he was calling me because he had heard that my organization had some young men in it who were willing to take part in activist programs against the “scum Jew.” He said he would call me back.

While I felt a little uneasy at hearing the expression “scum Jew,” it was interesting to observe at the same time that I didn’t feel deeply offended by it. It didn’t ruin my day. My first reaction wasn’t to want to write the kid off, or to hope that I would get a chance to denounce or insult him. I wanted to talk to him, see if I could discover—perhaps how we could discover together—how he had reached such a place as he had with respect to Jews. I wanted to see if it wasn’t possible to have some effect on how he was reading the story of his own life.

The disinterest of mine in feeling outrage over the bigotry and prejudices of others gets me in hot water with the Very Best People on the one hand, and with Revisionists on the other. The Very Best People keep their outrage on tap, as it were, and draw on it instantaneously to attack every word or deed that suggests, even in the most recondite way, that the Very Best Ideals of the day are being transgressed, or are about to be, maybe. Spokesmen for the Holocaust lobby are currently the most brilliantly outstanding examples of this type of Very Best People who live their lives in an almost perfect accord with the Very Best Ideals. It’s a matter

of record that these people despise Holocaust Revisionists and on principle refuse to speak to us. It's not going to be easy to initiate a dialogue with people who hold themselves in such high esteem, but I'm not going to give up on them.

At the same time I am looked upon with suspicion and some distrust by individuals within the Revisionist community. I've lived among Jews too long, too many of my friends have been Jews, my ex is a Jew and together we raised her two children. I read at Daniel's *bar mitzvah*, which took place on the green lawns at our house where two young rabbis played guitars and sang for us in the flawless afternoon light, in the flawless afternoon air, while at dusk a candle was lit on each white-clothed table and all our friends, Jews and non-Jews alike, continued to celebrate the occasion, unaware that we should be irrevocably divided because we did not all believe the same stories. In any event, that's how I recall it, and that's how I tell the story to my new friends.

Most particularly I have been warned away from talking to Irv Rubin, the national director of the Jewish Defense League. Rubin and I don't talk often, but occasionally he'll ring me up at the office to browbeat me about something. It's widely believed among Revisionists, though there is no proof for it, that Rubin had something to do with the arson destruction of the Institute on July 4th, 1984, and more recently with the murder of Alex Odeh, the Southern California director of The Arab-American Anti-Discrimination League in Santa Ana. It's possible Rubin knew something about the plan to burn down the Institute, but if I had to guess I'd say the bomb murder of Odeh came as a surprise to him.

Rubin has chosen to play the part of the anti-anti-Semite bully. He has philosophical and idealistic rationales for pushing people around, threatening them, and attempting to suppress points of

view that are not favorable to his own and so on, but I find these characteristics commonplace in the press and universities as well, and not uncommon any place else. Revisionists are on the side of the angels in this one, for across the board we support the ideals of a free press and the free exchange of ideas. It's easy to support a free press when you are systematically refused a public forum to express what you think and how you feel. If the people who now support Holocaust Revisionism came to power, however, I have little doubt that the new bullies of the age would be among them, or that I would be thrown out of their ranks, or that my associates would then become those who despise me now.

When Rabbi Meir Kahane founded the Jewish Defense League in 1968 he announced that it would be necessary for the organization to use violence to gain its ends. Over the years the JDL has acted out the fantasies of its leader to leave behind it a trail of bombings, arson and intimidation, the whole litany of Stalinist-Fascist terror tactics used all over the world by those who recognize that what they long for most passionately will not pass the test of reason and goodwill among a free people.

Irv Rubin was approaching 30 years of age and was still in college when he first heard Rabbi Kahane speak, whereupon he suffered a conversion on the spot to the mad rabbi's mystique. He learned Kahane's fundamental lesson for American Jews—that a good Jew, a brave Jew, does not sit down over coffee with a Nazi and try to reason with him. Jews who are good and brave are to smash Nazis and have done with them.

The primary weakness of this policy is that there are so few Nazis around. If you really want to smash some, and you can't find any, one response is to create some yourself then smash those. Just as at the beginning God created Jews out of nothing, or next to

nothing, the JDL set about creating Nazis from thin air and other insubstantial substances. This technique is a proven money-raiser for most other Jewish organization but has been only moderately successful for Mr. Rubin, who still seems to need part-time jobs as a printer and process-server to keep things going.

It's not so difficult to create Nazis out of whole cloth as you might think. Rubin would explain the procedure this way: I myself am a Nazi, he would say to me, because I express disbelief about the gas chamber stories, and because I ridicule some of the stories Holocaust survivors tell. It's not possible for an American not to be a Nazi if he does not believe the gas chamber theory and all survivor tales.

By this logic the Institute for Historical Review is Nazi because it publishes books and a journal that expresses disbelief about the gas chamber theory. It's that simple. The individuals who work at the Institute are Nazis then by definition, as are those who write for *The Journal of Historical Review*, while all those who read publications of the Institute are either Nazis or neo-Nazis, a neo-Nazi being someone who cannot be recognized as a full-fledged Nazi by anything he has ever said or done but does not dismiss out of hand every word published by the Institute.

I first came to Rubin's attention through a story I wrote for *Prima Facie* titled "Nazi 'Smiled' as Dog Ate Jew." The title was taken verbatim from a headline that appeared over a story in the *Torrance Daily Breeze* (17 October 84), Torrance being the Los Angeles suburb that had hosted the arson-destruction of the Institute. I thought the *Breeze* headline disgusting on the face of it, and after I read the story I thought that was loathsome as well. I saw the headline and the story together as exemplifying, in our own neighborhood so to say, the ignorance, bad faith, and sadomas-

ochistic imagery American editors and publishers encourage in their reporting of survivor tales.

Following is the complete story printed by the Breeze, which noted that it was a “news service report” originating in Hamburg, West Germany. That is, by the time I saw it, the story had been reprinted all over the Western world.

Accused Nazi Gestapo officer Harri Schulz looked on smiling as his German shepherd dog killed an elderly Jewish man in a Polish marketplace in the summer of 1942, an American woman told a Hamburg court Tuesday.

Rita Ledor, a Polish-born Jew now living in San Antonio, Texas, said the old man had been dragged to the marketplace when he was found hiding from German officials in the Jewish ghetto of Zawierce in Nazi-occupied Poland.

“The old man lay screaming on the ground. Next to him Harri Schulz stood and watched as his German shepherd dog ate him alive,” Ledor said.

Schultz, 70, is accused of murdering seven people in the Zawierce ghetto and helping deport 5,000 to the Auschwitz death camp in 1942-43.

He has denied the charges and said he worked only for the Nazi border police in occupied Poland.

Granted, this was a small story published in an insignificant suburban daily, but I felt disgusted by the way the Breeze had handled

it. *Breeze* editors had had access to the work of the Institute for seven years by then. The offices of the two publishing companies were within spitting distance of each other, yet the *Breeze* was unable to handle this small story about Jews and a German with even a modicum of professionalism or decency. It was as if the *Breeze* editor responsible for printing the story with such mock objectivity had been so dehumanized by 40 years of Holocaust hate propaganda that in his mind's eye he was unable to see the scene his story depicted. I decided to take a look at it in print.

For example, didn't that editor want to consider what size that bloody Nazi dog was and what size the old Jew was? Wouldn't that information have some bearing on the credibility of the accusation made by the old survivor from San Antonio? Let's say the dog was an 80-pounder — hell, let's say it was a 100-pounder! Now, let's say the elderly Jew was small and frail, maybe only a 100-pounder himself. Is that fair? Is it reasonable? With respect to the elderly Jew and the Nazi dog then, the first question we want to ask ourselves is this one: How much of the one could the other really eat? There aren't a lot of hard facts to go on. There oftentimes are not when Jewish survivors make accusations against Germans. so I had to go with what there was, just like the *Breeze* editor did. Through the force of my imagination I put myself in the place of that great bloody Nazi dog. It took a little concentration, but I was treating with an accusation of murder most foul, a scene flushed with the imagery of sadomasochistic brutality, and a claim of innocence by the accused party. I figured it was worth my time.

My technique was to begin by identifying with what I share in common with a German shepherd Nazi dog. I am a carnivorous being, for example, just as German shepherd dogs are, regardless of their political affiliations. A great-grandfather, or a great-great-

grandfather, carried the name of von Shmeeter so I am at least part German, again like the bloody dog in the *Breeze* story. At the National Writer's Union Conference a few months earlier in New York I had been labeled an "animal" (Nazi swine) for expressing disbelief in the gas chamber stories, which is what every other bloody dog is labeled. Oh, we had plenty in common, that dog and me. All that was left to do then was to thrust myself imaginatively into the form of a bloody ferocious Hitlerian hound ready to obey every whim, no matter how disgusting, of my German Nazi master, Harri Schulz.

It wasn't long, in my mind's eye, before I was able to see an image of myself there at my master's side, salivating at the sight of the elderly Jew. I could hear Harri's guttural German voice ordering me to eat the old man "alive." I leaped at it like any bloody Nazi dog would. The first 10 or 15 pounds slid down real smooth. I paused to gulp a little air but my Nazi master ordered me to get on with it. I gobbled down another five pounds or so, but the bloom was definitely off the rose. I gazed up at Harri, pleading for a little common sense, but instead I saw a fury gathering in his bloody German face. So, calling up a final tremendous surge of demonic Nazi dog power from deep within my dog heart, I tossed down four or five more pounds of my victim, but that finished it for me. Twenty-five pounds of the old fellow down the chute, my master Harry Schulz petting my neck, urging me on — those Nazis never did know when enough was enough — but I was ready to chuck up the whole bloody mess. I was ready to tell Harry to shove it along. Don't get me wrong, I would have obeyed his command if only I could have — you know how we German bloody dogs are — but I was at my Nazi dog limit. I'd rather have gone straight to Nazi dog-hell than contemplate eating *55 more pounds* of that old man. Let Harry eat it himself, the Nazi....! That's how I felt about it.

The original story published by the *Breeze* used 126 words to compromise the German Schulz and ends with 18 words that could prove compromising to the Jewish survivor, Rita Ledor: “He (Schulz) has denied the charges and said he worked only for the Nazi border police in occupied Poland.” In my article for *Prima Facie* I asked if anyone had ever read in any newspaper a similar story where the Nazi proved to be an honest man and the Jewish survivor a liar. I hadn’t then, and I haven’t now.

One of those who I impressed most with my Nazi-Smiled-As-Dog-Ate-Jew story was the Jewish Defense League’s Irv Rubin. He rang me up at the office and said he would like to get to know me. There was an edge to his voice — more than an edge. He wanted to get together with me immediately, any place I chose. I demurred. He suggested I take him home and introduce him to my family. I demurred. He began telling me about his own dog, some great, humongous hound from Brazil that weighs in at 150 pounds and is trained to eat Nazis just as Harry Schulz’s dog had been trained to eat Jews.

I said from the sound of it, it was one hell of a dog.

“I guarantee you, Bradley — may I call you Bradley?”

“Sure, Irv,” I said.

“I guarantee you that my dog could eat a Nazi like you without much difficulty. You’re a big man from what I hear, Bradley, so he might not be able to finish you off in one sitting, but he could do the job in two at the outside. Would you like to meet my dog, Bradley? I’d like to introduce you to him. I really would. I think it would be good for your education. It would cure you of some of the snideness that gets into your writing.”

“I’d do almost anything to improve my writing,” I said. “But I’m going to take a raincheck on meeting you and your dog. Maybe when we get to know each other better.”

“Bradley, what are you afraid of? Do you think if we meet in public that I’d do something to you that would get me arrested? Be serious, Bradley. You’re a grown man, you’re old enough to be my father. I’d like to meet you, Bradley. Wouldn’t you like to meet me?”

“You didn’t like my Nazi-Smiled-As-Dog-Ate-Jew story, did you?”

“I’ll never forget it.”

“Do you want to talk about why I wrote it, what it was really about?”

“I know why you wrote it, Bradley. You’re a Jew-hating Nazi, you publish a Nazi rag, and you associate with those Nazi scum out in Torrance. I know why you wrote it.”

“Your perspective is flawed, Irv.”

“What I want to talk about, Bradley, is why you have no balls. You’re the one who’s flawed. Do you know what balls are? You won’t meet me right now because you don’t have them, Bradley. You insult my people, you insult the dead, you bring immeasurable grief to survivors of the Holocaust, but you’re a ball-less wonder.”

“Why don’t we talk about why I wrote the article? You might learn something.”

“It’s not worth the time I would have to spend on the phone. Nazi scum like you aren’t worth the ten cents it takes to call you. If you ever locate your balls, Bradley, call me up and we’ll get together.”

So ended our first conversation. A week or so later Rubin rang me up again and we had a more wide-ranging talk. It appeared that he was willing to talk if the conversation went where he steered it, if he was allowed to dominate it, and if I would not rise to his insults. He told me the story of his man-eating Brazilian hound again. After about 45 minutes he said: “I don’t know why we’re still talking. This is the longest I’ve ever talked to a Nazi scum bag.”

“Maybe we have something to talk about, Irv,” I said.

“I don’t have anything to talk about with Nazi scum,” he said. “If you ever locate your balls, maybe we can get together someday.”

One afternoon when Rubin rang me up I asked him if he’d seen the press report from Hamburg, West Germany, that Harry Schulz had been acquitted of the charges of having smiled as his dog ate a Jew.

The court ruled after a 15-month trial that the prosecutors had failed to prove beyond doubt that the defendant, Harri Schulz, 70, had shot three Jews and taken part in the killing of four others in Poland 1942 and 1943.

“I saw that report,” Rubin said.

“Do you think it’s possible that the old Jewish lady who testified that she had watched Harry Schulz smile while his dog ate a Jew was a little inventive in her testimony against Mr. Schulz?”

Rubin said: “The trouble with prosecuting these Nazi scum is that 40 years have passed. It’s not easy to get a strong case together.”

“Isn’t it possible though that the old Jewish lady gave false testimony, and that in this case the German told the truth?”

“I haven’t the slightest doubt that the Nazi scum is guilty. It happened too long ago and it can’t be proved. But I have no doubt, in my heart, that he’s guilty.”

Chapter 6: 1979

I knew that first night after reading Faurisson and Bennett that I would have to do something about what they had written, but I didn't do anything. Week followed week and I didn't lift a finger to check out a single assertion by either Bennett or Faurisson. I was keeping a daily journal at that time and there isn't a whisper in it about one of the most stunning milestones of my life. What did I think I was doing with so much evasion? How long did I tell myself I was going to wait before I started to do the work that now I was obligated to do? It's a mystery.

More than three months passed that way. Then, on the afternoon of the last day of 1979, I telephoned the Central Library in downtown Los Angeles and asked the history department if it shelved a copy of Butz's *The Hoax of the Twentieth Century*. I didn't think it would, but the lady said she would hold it at the desk for me. I felt a little apprehension, and a little excitement. I've tried to recall why I telephoned on that particular day. I can't.

As I climbed the library steps I felt the body growing heavy and burdened. It was comical. I felt an exhausting load accumulating on my shoulders. I could see the whole thing operating. It was pathetic. I was afraid that I was going to find out for certain that what I was half afraid was true was in fact true. I wanted to find it out all right — curiosity killed the writer — what I didn't want was to experience what I was afraid I would experience if the gas chamber stories really did begin to unravel before my eyes.

As I approached the middle-aged woman at the desk I felt the shame rise up inside me. When I asked her for the Butz book she seemed to avert her eyes. It was as if she had recognized the shameful act that I was about to perform and did not want me

to see in her eyes that she understood — that I wanted to read a book that no person with decent sensibilities would want to read.

At a reading table I discovered that Arthur R. Butz was an Associate Professor of Electrical Engineering and Computer Sciences at Northwestern University. Electrical Engineering, I thought? Computer Sciences? Butz tackled this issue straightaway:

There will be those who will say that I am not qualified to undertake such a work, and there will even be those who will say that I have no right to publish such things. So be it. If a scholar, regardless of his specialty, perceives that scholarship is acquiescing, from whatever motivation, in a monstrous lie, then it is his duty to expose the lie, whatever his qualifications. It does not matter that he collides with all “established” scholarship in the field, although that is not the case here, for a critical examination of the “holocaust” has been avoided by academic historians in all respects and not merely in the respect it is treated in this book. That is while virtually all historians pay some sort of lip service to the lie, when it comes up in books and papers on other subjects, none has produced an academic study arguing, and presenting the evidence for either the thesis that the exterminations did take place or that they did not take place. If they did take place then they should be possible to produce a book showing how it started and why by whom it was organized and the lines of authority in the killing operations, what the technical means were and that those technical means did not have some sort of more mundane interpretation (e.g., crematoria), who were the technicians involved, the numbers of victims from the various lands and the time

tables of their executions, presenting the evidence on which these claims are based together with reasons why one should be willing to accept the authenticity of all documents produced at illegal trials. No historians have undertaken anything resembling such a project; only non-historians have undertaken portions.

“With these preliminary remarks,” Butz concluded, “I invite your study of the hoax of your century.”

I was struck by the self-confident and dispassionate tone of his voice. This Butz, I thought, he’s not real wishy-washy. He doesn’t shilly-shally around a lot. Who knows?, I thought, maybe he doesn’t hate Jews either. I suppose now that that was the issue around which so much of my apprehension and evasiveness had gathered. Maybe, probably, while I understood that reasonable men could not question the truth of the gas chamber stories, in my heart I didn’t believe it. I think that in my heart I felt that only men with an ax to grind would question them.

When I turned to the text of *The Hoax* it took about half an hour for me to decide that something I had believed for 35 years is probably unprovable — namely, that six million Jews were “missing” at the end of World War II. What with the gigantic, brutal population Transfers carried out by the Germans and Soviets, the tremendous chaos of the war itself, the fact that the sources of “post-war primary data are private Jewish or Communist sources (exclusively the latter in the all important cases of Russia and Poland)....” there was no way to know how many Jews were left in Europe in 1945 or to know with very much accuracy how they were distributed around the planet. At the same time, Butz wrote:

One should not form the impression that it is essential to my argument that any demographic conclusions seemed to be reached above be accepted by the reader... It is not possible to settle anything in such a manner. In the final analysis the difficulty is that the figures available amount to nothing more than statements, from Jewish and Communist sources, that millions of Jews were killed (e.g., missing). Such claims are to be expected, but they must certainly not deter us from looking deeper.

It wasn't only that I had believed the "six million" figure with such certainty, but that I had believed so deeply all the accusations and implications that necessarily went along with it. I believed without reservation, but in 35 years I had not made the slightest effort to substantiate the accusations that were inherent in my belief. I had been willing to live my life believing something that morally condemned an entire people of complicity in the most horrible and inhuman behavior imaginable without once bothering to investigate the evidence supporting a single charge made against them.

The only way I can explain such immature and contemptible behavior over the entirety of my adult life is to admit, simply, that it had been easy to believe what everyone else believed and difficult not to. The believing took no energy, no courage and no common sense. Trying to find out the truth about such terrible accusations against others would have taken that and more. Merely standing aside from opinion and not participating in that of others — that would have taken energy too. I didn't have it. In my laziness I had allowed myself to be swamped with belief.

Early on in *The Hoax* Butz addresses the events surrounding the Dachau trials. Here the American military together with personnel from of the American War Crimes Branch addressed the behavior of Germans who had staffed Buchenwald, Flossenbuerg, Dachau itself and some other installations. It was while reading Butz's brief account of those events that something coalesced in me, and I understood consciously that I was going to look into the poison gas chamber stories. Ironically, according to Butz, the gas chamber story itself had hardly surfaced during the Dachau Trials. Nevertheless:

The entire repertoire of third degree methods was enacted at Dachau: beating and brutal kicking to the point of ruining testicles in 137 cases, knocking out teeth, starvation, solitary confinement, torture with burning splinters, and impersonation of priests in order to encourage prisoners to "confess." Low ranking prisoners were assured that convictions were being sought only against higher ranking officers, and that they had absolutely nothing to lose by cooperating and making the desired statements. Such "evidence" was then used against them when they joined their superiors in the dock. The latter, on the other hand, had been told that by "confessing" they had taken all responsibility onto themselves, thereby shielding their men from trial. A favorite stratagem, when a prisoner refused to cooperate, was to arrange a mock trial. The prisoner was led into a room in which civilian investigators, dressed in U.S. Army uniforms, were seated around a black table with a crucifix in the center, with two candles providing the only light. This "court" then proceeded to hold a sham trial, at the conclusion of which a sham death sentence was passed. The "condemned" prisoner was

later promised that, if he cooperated with the prosecutors in giving evidence, he would be reprieved. Sometimes interrogators threatened to turn prisoners over to the Russians. In many cases the prisoner's family was threatened with loss of ration cards or other hardships if cooperation was not obtained.

The official, as distinct from the mock trials, were also an apparently deliberate mockery of any conception of due process.... Specific crimes by specific people on specific dates were not part of the indictments (e.g., documents 3590-PS). In some cases, the "defense counsel" was an American with no legal training, who could not speak German. Competent interpreters were not provided at the trial. The "prosecution" also lacked legal training, as did the "court," which consisted of ten U.S. Army officers. There was one person with legal training present, all of whose rulings on the admissibility of evidence were final. There were 1,416 convictions out of 1,672 tried, with 420 death sentences.

While the prosecution could hunt all over Europe for witnesses and if necessary, torture or otherwise coerce Germans in order to get "evidence," the accused, cut off from the outside world and without funds, were rarely about to summon anybody to their defense. In addition, the "Association of Persons Persecuted by the Nazis," by a propaganda campaign, forbade former concentration camp inmates to testify for the defense.

The American lawyer George A. McDonough, who had had the rather peculiar experience of having served as both a prosecutor and defense counsel in the war

crimes program and later on as a member of a reviewing board and arbiter on clemency petitions, wrote to the N.Y. Times in 1948 complaining [...]. "Hearsay evidence was admitted indiscriminately and sworn statements of witness were admissible regardless of whether anybody knew the person who made the statement or the individual who took the statement. If a prosecutor considered a statement of a witness to be more damaging than the witness' oral testimony in court he would advise the witness to go back to his home, submit the statement as evidence, and any objection by defense counsel would be promptly overruled."

One notable incident occurred when investigator Joseph Kirschbaum brought a certain Einstein into court to testify that the accused Menzel had murdered Einstein's brother. When the accused was able to point out that the brother was alive and well and, in fact, sitting in court, Kirschbaum was deeply embarrassed and scolded poor Einstein: "How can we bring this pig to the gallows, if you are so stupid as to bring your brother into court?"

The U.S. Army authorities in charge admitted some of these things. When the chief of the Dachau War Crimes Administration Branch, Colonel A. H. Rosenfeld, quit his post in 1948, he was asked by newspapermen if there was any truth to the stories about the mock trials, at which sham death sentences had been passed. He replied: "Yes, of course. We couldn't have made those birds talk otherwise It was a trick, and it worked like a charm."

Butz had a lot more to say on the subject. He provided sources for most of his claims and dozens of leads to follow up if I, or anyone, wanted to flush out the story. It wasn't difficult for me to accept the possibility that the United States Government had acted in the way Butz described. U.S. military and civilian bureaucrats had expressed their loyalty to their own state apparatus just as German bureaucrats had to theirs. Loyalty to the State rather than to justice or decency, loyalty to the point of addiction sickness is what corrupts bureaucrats everywhere. It appeared to me that at the Dachau trials, United States bureaucrats had acted out of the same sensibilities, convictions and modus operandi as bureaucrats traditionally use in nations around the earth. And that a good number of them had had the additional privilege of being able to indulge their desire for revenge.

If Germans accused of war crimes had fared as Butz described events at Dachau — under the enlightened, democratic Americans — how had German prisoners fared in the hands of totalitarian Stalinists? It must have been terrible. As Butz remarked about how the German prisoners suffered, it must have been “beyond the imagination of those of us who have not suffered it ourselves.”

I went to the desk and asked for help in running down some documents on the book, reviews, historical papers, anything. The librarian tried to help me but we couldn't turn up anything. Nothing. I returned to *The Hoax*. I perused the acknowledgments, the final remarks. I went over the appendices, notes, references, the index. *The Hoax* was extensively documented, the established history of the Holocaust story was confronted openly, and discounted in scores of places. And yet, so far as I could find out by consulting the standard indexes and guides, not one periodical, not one newspaper, not one historian, not a single journalist, critic,

or scholar had published one word to either affirm or deny one statement, one shred of the evidence presented by Butz to the effect that the poison gas chamber stories were falsehoods and even deliberate lies.

I walked through the library from one department to another, upstairs and downstairs. My mind was racing and shooting around like crazy. Something was wrong with the gas chamber stories. Something was wrong with the story of the six million and what was wrong was being covered up. Something was wrong about the silence that had buried Butz's book. Something was wrong in the academic community in the United States, and not only among the historians. Something tremendous was going on, or not going on as it were, and the ramifications could prove to be endless. There was an immense amount of work to do; the air in the library was thick with complication. I felt as if I were swimming in a sea of suppression, censorship and evasion.

Out on the street the crisp late afternoon air was electric. Men and men and women spoke to one another with an animation that seemed extraordinary. They stood on street corners laughing and making plans. I remembered that it was New Year's Eve. While I had not spoken the words, while I did know precisely what the words were, I understood that a resolution had formed within me that would affect my life profoundly from that moment on.

My legs carried me effortlessly toward the pickup. The body felt weightless. If there had been a bar handy I would have gone in and lifted a few. That's how I use the drinking sometimes. When the excitement become too intense. I use it to calm down. I use it like a tool.

At Mother's house I went straight to the kitchen cupboard and poured out about six ounces of Kaluha. That's all there was. Alicia was going to Tijuana for New Years Eve so I drove her back downtown to the bus station. We missed the bus so we went to Coles where my father used to drink back in the Twenties and even before I think. We sat at the old bar on stools and I drank a couple rum and cokes and because Alicia doesn't drink I lifted a couple more for her.

I was starting to get crocked. I don't think the very exciting part of Butz's book was that he questioned the Holocaust but that the book he questioned it with was suppressed by common consent by the entire press and academic community in The United States. That's what was so exciting to me, the cowardly, self-serving suppression of it. I saw Alicia off on the bus then drove to West Hollywood to Barney's Beanery and drank a bottle of burgundy. At eleven o'clock I drove back to the house and helped Mother get from the wheelchair into her bed. Then I drove back to Barney's again and got there just in time to welcome the New Year in with an Irish coffee. The woman next to me raised her mouth to be kissed but it wasn't for me somehow and I gave her a little nudge on the side of the face. Later I was sorry I'd done that. Later, you're always sorry. I drank Irish coffees for another hour then sensibly switched to Guinness stout.

When Barney's closed I drove back to the house so Mother wouldn't be alone any longer. The driving wasn't that easy. I got the foam rubber pad from behind the living room couch and made my bed on the floor. It wasn't easy. I undressed, knocked a few things off the card table and put on my caftan.

From her bed Mother said: "Bradley, what the hell are you doing in there?"

“I’m going to bed, Ma.”

“Do you hear those people out on the street? They’ve been shooting off those fireworks all night.”

“I do hear them, Ma.”

“Well, do you hear what they’re saying? They’re talking about how they could set off a fire with that stuff. They sound like they’re drunk to me.”

“Drunk?,” I said. I went outside barefoot wearing my caftan which at the time I was very attached to because Jenny had given it to me. I felt I was ready for anything. That my will would be done. There were six or eight of them, attractive well dressed men and women laughing and talking quietly and setting off their fireworks. The colors were very beautiful and radiant in the black night air. I saw immediately that there wouldn’t be any trouble. There would be no adventure. A warmth filled my heart. These were my neighbors. My people. Mine. I grabbed the first one I came to and kissed him. He didn’t much seem to care for it. I worked my way through the lot, kissing each in turn until I embraced a small blond woman who gasped: “Oh, for a moment you startled me.” She smelled wonderful. She was wearing a fur round her shoulders and it was very soft. Then I noticed that she resembled closely the wife of the actor who lives next door. At that instant the brain experienced a moment of clarity. I went back in the house and got under my sheet.

From her bedroom Mother asked: “What did they say?”

“They said not to worry, Ma.”

“It makes me nervous when people talk about setting the whole place on fire. I feel so helpless,” she said.

“They were just joking, Ma.”

The room was moving clockwise and when I closed my eyelids the yellow light went on and off, on and off. I thought it would never end.

Chapter 7: 1985

It's dark, it's dinner time, and I'm driving over to Pasadena to give a radio interview at KPCC on the campus at Pasadena City College. My appearance has been announced on the air. It's not impossible that a Jewish Defense League goon will make a fuss over it so I won't drive directly to the interview. I haven't been the target of a car bombing yet and I don't feel this is the night to set myself up for one.

I park in downtown Pasadena and since I'm early I go into a bar for a rum and black coffee. That doesn't take long so I have another. It's a nice Pasadena bar. I feel good. I'm at the beginning of my career as a radio personality. In the middle of the third rum and coffee I realize that the broadcast is about to start. I run outside, flag a taxi and make it to the interview at the last minute.

The host is a relaxed young man without the air of self-righteousness that older talk show hosts feel it necessary to exhibit. He may be Jewish. Some of his questions befuddled me a little. We're half-way through the broadcast before I realize I can't think clearly because I'm half snookered. I'd had only three rums but I'd poured them into an empty stomach.

A lady who introduces herself as a survivor of Treblinka calls in to say she lost 80 of her relatives there. She seems to believe they were all gassed. I try to get her to tell me something about Treblinka but she wants to talk about Auschwitz, a place she never saw until she took the Auschwitz tour with her son a couple years ago. What she remembers most clearly about the exhibits are the piles of eyeglasses. In her mind, each pair of eyeglasses originally belonged to a Jew who had been gassed.

“We don’t know where those glasses came from,” I say. “They’ve been put on display by the Polish communist government for our edification. Do you believe that when you see old eyeglasses on display that proves that Jews were exterminated in gas chambers thirty-five years ago?”

“Yes. That’s what I believe. And it wasn’t just some eye-glasses. There were piles of them.”

“If you see piles of eyeglasses then, you believe that’s proof that piles of Jews were exterminated?”

“Not piles. Mountains! There were mountains of eyeglasses.”

“If you see a mountain of eyeglasses then, to you that means a mountain of Jews were exterminated? Is that the way you think?”

“Yes, it is. But I don’t want to discuss it with you.”

The survivor lady addresses herself to the moderator and says she called to make a statement about her own experience and is not going to talk to a revisionist. That is, she tries to initiate the “survivor gambit.” An ex-internee will tell some outrageous story, always containing an implicit accusation of criminal behavior against Germans or some other European people, then refuse to respond to any rational questioning on the matter, as if it’s beneath the dignity of a “survivor” to have his or her accusations against others questioned. While I understand why some survivors would want to do this to save themselves the embarrassment of having their inventions exposed, it’s beyond me why the press and our intellectuals go along with it.

What interests me about the exchange isn't the foolishness of the lady's position, but my awareness that I am not affected, for the purpose of this dialogue, by her story of having been an internee at a German concentration camp, or by the claim that 80 of her relatives were exterminated, or by any of the implications of those claims about how much she has suffered. That's the game these ladies play. It's purpose is to make you appear cruelly insensitive if you question them about their accusation. Almost everything they say is an accusation against others. Tonight I have found out that I no longer feel it necessary to play a role in that game.

It's the first of the month so I drive to my ex's house with our rent money. Her new husband, Harvey, is helping a driver load up a truck with cartons of merchandise. Harvey is an engineer and designs products to sell by mail. I go in the house and leave the envelope under the Portuguese platter on the dining-room table and when I step outside again Harvey says that there is something he wants to say to me.

We stand on the broad wood deck in the noonday sun while Harvey tells me about how he had dinner with an old friend last night and how his friend had related the story of how he had been among the first American military to enter Dachau concentration camp the day of its liberation. His old friend described to Harvey the horrors he had found in the camp and how he had seen the Dachau gas chamber with his own eyes.

Harvey isn't telling me this story out of the blue. There's something behind it. The Holocaust story has come up between us before. One evening I was asked to leave his dinner table after I said that I consider the *Diary of Anne Frank* to be a literary fraud. Another time I received a note in the mail from Harvey saying

that my newsletter, *Prima Facie*, is “trash” and to not send it to his house anymore. There have been other incidents as well, but those two are standouts for me. I thought it was finished between Harvey and me about the Holocaust. So I’m surprised, though not unpleasantly, when Harvey volunteers his friend’s Dachau gas-chamber story to me.

I suppose Harvey thinks that since he got it straight from the mouth of a trusted friend, he can depend on the story being true. When Harvey was afraid he might be losing the Holocaust game he wrote that my observations on the gas chamber stories are “trash” and not worthy of being in his house. Now that he believes he has found a winning Holocaust gambit, Harvey wants to discuss the gas chamber stories on his front deck. Now he has no fear of trashing the place. I know it’s base, but when I see one of these little ironies unfold before my eyes a reckless happiness invades my heart.

I listen while Harvey tells his story and when he finishes I assure him that I believe he has put his finger on something very significant, the stories about the Dachau gas chamber, and that I will send him some material on the matter in a few days.

“What kind of material?,” he says. “About what?”

“I’ll send it to you. It’ll be better if you see it in black and white. It’ll be better than if I just tell you.”

I’ve been busy with other projects for ten days but now I’ve put together some material on the Dachau gas chamber story. I’ve included a note outlining precisely what I understand we are going to consider—Harvey’s friend’s eyewitness account of the Dachau

gas chamber, and the claim that Germans used it to exterminate Jews and others during World War II.

First, then, I quote Rabbi Marvin Hier, dean of the Simon Wiesenthal Center for Holocaust studies: “There were no gas chambers at Dachau.” Short, sweet and unequivocal. I give the source: KCKC Radio, San Bernardino, California, 2 October 1985— and I note that I have a cassette recording of the broadcast, including Rabbi Hier’s statement, in my possession.

Secondly, I quote Martin Broszat, director of the Institute for Contemporary History, Munich, a man known far and wide as a Holocaust True Believer: “There were no gassings at Dachau....” I give the source: *The New Statesman*, London, 1979.

I quote Gitta Sereny then, commenting on Broszat’s observation that there were no gassings at Dachau. Broszat is trying

... to hammer home, once more, the persistently ignored or denied difference between concentration and extermination camps; the fundamental distinction between the methodical mass murder of millions of Jews in the extermination camps in occupied Poland on the one hand, and on the other the individual disposal of concentration camp inmates in Germany— not necessarily, or even primarily Jews....

I give the source: *The New Statesman*, London, 2 November 1979. I point out that I will not attempt to address any of the claims made by Sereny other than her assertion that there were no extermination camps in Germany, and that it has never been claimed that extermination camps existed in Germany that did not employ poison gas chambers.

I quote Simon Wiesenthal, the renowned "Nazi hunter."

"there were no extermination camps on German soil...."

This statement was reported in *Books and Bookmen*, London, April 1975. I explain that some historians are now trying to create a middle ground regarding the existence of the Dachau gas chamber. Gitta Sereny, for example, the highly respected author of *Into That Darkness*, asserts that: "Dachau had a ... (poison gas chamber) ... but it was never used."

If this assertion is true it could provide some support to Harvey's friend's eyewitness account of what he believed he saw at Dachau. The assertion that there was a gas chamber at Dachau that was never used suggests a few questions itself. If the gas chamber was never used, how are we to determine that it's a gas chamber? By the machinery that accepted the gas "crystals"? The machinery that pumped the gas? The machinery that evacuated the gas from the chamber? None of that machinery exists today, and there is no record of it existing the day the camp was taken by the American military.

If the Dachau gas chamber was never used, and if there is no recorded sighting of the machinery that comprised the guts of this great murder weapon, how do we know it was a gas chamber? Are there design plans, construction plans, operations plans? No. Are there records of its operation? No. What is there then? Nothing. Just the stories.

So the question that must be asked Gitta Sereny and the other Dachau-gas-chamber "middle-grounders" is: If there are no plans for your gas chamber, and no gas chamber machinery, and the

room that is supposed to have been the gas chamber was never used as one, and at the time it was liberated the Americans had never seen a homicidal poison gas chamber, what credible evidence did they have that the room was a gas chamber? Intuition?

Raul Hilberg has a table (No. 79) in his *The Destruction of the European Jews* showing which German camps had “gassing devices,” in his opinion. Dachau is not listed among them and I included a photocopy of the Table 79 in the packet for Harvey. Quite accidentally I ran across Konnilyn Feig’s wonderful *Hitler’s Death Camps: The Sanity of Madness* at the Central Library. Here is a woman who is willing to believe almost anything she has ever read or heard about the gas chambers but on a map of Dachau where the exact locations of the vegetable garden and the laundry are pointed out, even Konnilyn Feig does not go so far as to try to point out a gas chamber. Maybe she overlooked it, but on the chance that she knew what she was doing in this instance, I am including a copy of her map in the packet.

I’ve included copies of some illustrations Butz used in his *Hoax of the Twentieth Century*. One shows members of the United States Congress standing inside the shower bath at Dachau just like they had good sense while a United States military officer informs them that the Germans had used the room as a gas chamber. I have no evidence that any of these Senators and Congressmen asked so much a single question about what credible evidence there was to support what they were being told. After having participated in running a government that for nearly 30 years had invested its imagination in anti-German hate propaganda, they appear ready to believe anything.

Another photo illustrates the building which housed the crematoria, a third shows the inside of the crematoria in which three of

the four ovens are pictured, each clearly intended by its size to accept one body at a time. I put in the photo that shows a United States GI, his hands in his pockets, looking at the outside of the door to the disinfection chamber upon which is printed in German, beneath a skull and crossbones, "Caution! Gas! Danger! Do not open!" An unlikely notice, I would assume, for Germans to post on the outside of the door through which they would drive a couple hundred thousand Jews to be exterminated. Even assuming that Germans would have thought it amusing, I think Jews would have found it annoying.

As Harvey's friend had entered Dachau on the day it was liberated and saw many gruesome sights, I'm sending along a copy of a photo showing the central yard there, all in apparently reasonable order, the internees forming into companies bearing flags and banners. And lastly another showing internees swarming up a watch tower, laughing and waving their caps for the camera. I wondered if his friend had mentioned that there were several tens of thousands of healthy and cheerful internees at Dachau when he arrived?

I have no reason to doubt the sincerity of Harvey's friend's claim he saw a gas chamber at Dachau. Somebody told him— there was no other way for him to "know"—that the shower room was a gas chamber, and being no wiser or better informed than United States senators and congressmen he had believed it. For a number of years United States soldiers were regularly propagandized about the Dachau gas chamber. Thus, in the January, 1947 issue of *National Geographic Magazine*, you can read:

At Dachau where the Nazis cremated more than a quarter of a million civilian victims, the toughest SS prisoners are now guarded.... The Nazi implements of

horror and their cages and chambers of torture are preserved for exhibition. I met a colonel commanding the Air Forces reinforcement depots at Fuestenfeldbruck, not far away, who was transporting all recruits fresh from the States to this infamous place so that they might visualize what the Allied armies had fought.

Keeping in mind that Rabbi Hier, director of the Simon Wiesenthal Center for Holocaust Studies, tell us that “there were no gas chambers at Dachau,” it is an interesting experience to visualize hundreds of thousands of United States soldiers being shown the Dachau gas chamber on orders of their superior officers year in and year out. Following that, it is also interesting to visualize those young men carrying the Dachau-lie all over the Western World, spreading it like a plague until 40 years after the lie was first told an innocent emissary brings it home, so to say, to people who in my heart I feel are my family, where it attacks our relationship like a cancer.

And then there’s the little matter of the Dachau “implements of horror,” and the “cages and chambers of torture.” Where are they now? Why are they no longer preserved for exhibition? Who ordered them to be removed? On what grounds? What was done with these implements and cages? Are they stored someplace nearby in a United States military warehouse, for example, on the chance that our leaders will one day decide to reinvigorate its own creation — the Dachau lie? These are small questions, but to be able to answer them would be interesting.

Although many of the old claims about Dachau are no longer considered current, the Dachau Lie is alive and well. In some respects it is still growing. While the proportion of Jews in the Dachau population was always small, until the end, and while there is

no credible evidence that the camp contained a homicidal gas-chamber, you can still find American newspapers publishing insidiously ignorant stories like this one:

....at Dachau an estimated 238,000 Jews were enslaved, starved, gassed to death and cremated in giant ovens during the war.

Here “victims” become “Jews” and the quite ordinary crematory ovens have grown into “giants.” It hasn’t occurred to me until this moment to ring up the editor of *The Patriot Ledger* and ask the fellow where he’s getting his info on Dachau. Not to roust him, newspapermen can’t be well-informed about everything, but to find out who it is who is still peddling the Dachau Lie. In exchange, I could give him the telephone number of the Dachau Memorial outside Munich. There he could discover for himself that during the 12 years the Dachau camp existed, the Memorial claims that 31,951 prisoners perished from all causes, including lawful executions for terrorism, black marketeering, desertion, disease and so on. He could get it from the horse’s mouth about how it is no longer claimed that Jews or anyone else were exterminated there in poison gas chambers.

In my letter to Harvey I suggest that he ring up the Dachau Memorial. I didn’t think of it at the time, but it would be an interesting experience for Harvey’s old friend to ring up the Memorial himself and find out what they have to say there about gassings. What an interesting experience it could be for him to discover that for 40 years he has sincerely believed that he saw and touched a demonstrable proof for the extermination of the European Jews, when he had not. What that would produce in the breast of an honest man? I know what a similar experience produced in my own. It devastated me.

I finish my letter to Harvey by suggesting that he has two problems with the Dachau gas chamber story. If he wants to continue to believe that the story is true, then he needs to explain the dissenting views of Rabbi Hier of the Simon Wiesenthal Center for Holocaust Studies, Martin Broszat of the Institute for Contemporary History in Munich and historians Raul Hilberg and Gitta Sereny and the staff of the Dachau Memorial, among others. If he decides to stop believing the Dachau gas chamber story he needs to explain the reasons why, at the end of World War II, the United States Government invented the Dachau gas chamber story in the first place. He will have to wonder about how many other lies his leaders have told him about the "Holocaust."

I end by stipulating that nothing I have enclosed in the packet constitutes the slightest proof that the Holocaust did not happen, or that six million Jews were not exterminated by order of the German State during World War II. I want to make it clear to Harvey that he can give up the Dachau gas chamber story without having to give up everything else. He can still have Auschwitz, Treblinka, Maidanek, Sobibor and all the rest. I'm making it as easy on him as I can. All I want is a tiny, tiny concession. A hairline crack in the dike of his belief. If Harvey can give me only Dachau, I'll give all the rest to him. For the time being.

Three months have passed. I haven't heard from Harvey about Dachau. Maybe he's checking out the references I supplied. That first day when I told him that I would send him the material he said plainly he would read it.

"It'll be a strain," he said, "but I'll read it."

Maybe it's a bigger strain than he thought it would be. Maybe he's in the process of discovering that I'm wrong about every-

thing. Maybe he's about to provide me with incontrovertible proof that I took the wrong turn six years ago and have been barking up the wrong tree ever since. That would be fine with me. My interest is in the story. No matter which way the cat jumps, the story will still be there.

I did speak to Harvey a couple weeks after our meeting on his deck. About the new smoke detectors that the city had ordered installed in our house here. I was going to do it myself, then I realized that the job is going to be inspected by the fire department. So I rang up Harvey to ask a couple questions. He was helpful. There was a friendliness, even an enthusiasm in his voice. He didn't mention the Dachau gas chamber caper, however, and I didn't mention it either. I think it's his responsibility to mention it first. I've swatted the ball into his court.

Chapter 8: 1980

It's dawn the morning after New Year's Day, and I'm walking to Mother's for the pick-up. I crank her up, then drive down La Brea to the Santa Monica freeway and turn west toward Malibu. In the rear-view mirror I can see the horizon behind me blazing spectacularly while ahead the sky is still dark with the night. A hint of red is reflected softly across the face of the dark. I turn on the cab radio and while the blazing morning light dissolves the night and illuminates the great spread of the city all around me, I listen to *The Lark Ascending* by Vaughn Williams for the first time. The music causes my heart to rise up inside me and clears the mind somehow, as if it's preparing the way for something new.

I drive up Pacific Coast Highway between the sea and the cliffs, turn up into the hills then down into Escondido Canyon toward the job site. I feel as if the light of day were glowing in my breast, or in the mind—it isn't clear—and I'm aware of how distinctly I'm seeing each of the different pieces of the forested canyon, still saturated with the damp shadow of the night. I'm aware of how accurately the mechanism of the brain is recording the canyon bird-song, imprinting for the merest instant each separate note and trill. Then for no reason I can understand, without any prompting from me or any desire for it to happen, thought switches on and calls to my attention the gas chamber stories and the Jews and the Nazis and from that moment on I have to struggle to think about anything else.

Inwardly, everything is changed. The awareness of the beauty of the earth and all that comes from it, the sense of lightness, elevation and sensitivity, the coincident understanding of how to live out the moment in right relationship with all that exists— all that is gone. Awareness is overwhelmed by thought obsessing over

Nazis and Jews and poison-gas-chamber stories and all the bitterness, accusation and distraction that goes with it. The distraction is so intense I have to struggle to review my work plan for the day.

I think about how I can not understand—how I have never been able to understand—why European Jews had mindlessly followed the instructions of Germans until the Jews themselves were destroyed. I understand the rationalizations given for it—how Jews couldn't believe that other human beings would commit such massive murders, the organization and power of the Germans, the failure of foresight by Jewish leaders, something perhaps in the ghettoized mentality of Jews themselves. It's a question that appears to bother everybody at one time or another, yet everyone believes that that's how the Jews of Europe behaved. Millions of them allegedly did it, cooperated lemming-like in their own destruction as a people.

That image of pathetic, helpless, self-destructive Jews in Europe is so different from the Jews I've known in America that I have never been able to imagine a connection between the two peoples. It's as if European and American Jews originated on different planets. The Jews I have known have been energetic, self-regarding, ambitious, practical, savvy, sensible—in short, individuals who usually had as clear a view as any about how to take care of their own end. How could Jews have been so helpless and forlorn in Europe while in America they are so practical and energetic? How could those European sheep transform themselves so suddenly into the lions of Israel? For myself, there has always been an air of unreality about it. I hadn't doubted that that was the way it had been. I'd believed it. But it has never been quite real for me.

But if there had been no gas chambers, no programmed extermination of Jews, then the German-Jewish scenario in Eastern Europe, while it would remain a cruel and ugly affair, would make some sense. European Jews would not have acted out then the part of inexplicably pathetic, robotized victims. Jewish mothers then would not have participated passively in the alleged destruction of a million of their children. Millions of Jewish men would not have collaborated with Germans in the mass extermination of their own families without having risen up *en masse* to die defending them. Jewish elders then would not have acted with such stupefied credulity in advising their people. A whole generation of Jews would be returned to us. A whole generation of rabbis and other Jewish leaders would be made whole again.

Now that would be good news to me. Why wouldn't it be good news for Jews? It's exciting to think about the possibility that it might be true. Of course, that line of thought would change how we think about an entire generation of Germans as well. Even Nazis would have to be seen in a new light—as human beings. That doesn't bother me. I have always been willing to view people as human beings, no matter what political party they belong to. If the Holocaust story turns out to be other than what I have been taught to believe it is, Germans would be relieved from an intolerable burden of manufactured bad conscience. Germans have got enough on their consciences without having to bear a guilt for crimes they didn't commit. They're like the rest of us that way.

It would be bad news for Zionists, however, and for all those who are obsessed with the perpetuation of the Israeli State. Zionists claim that because they believe that Germans holocausted European Jews that those Jews had the right to force their attentions onto the Arabs of Palestine. When it's pointed out that this is unutterably stupid on the face of it, Zionists assert that in any event

God gave Palestine to the Jews thousands of years ago, in perpetuity. I have never thought that this is an argument worth arguing over. Who's going to take seriously today what Moses had to say about Jewish geography three thousand years ago? No, it's the alleged Holocaust that guarantees Zionists an argument in favor of Zionist Israel. Without the Holocaust the Israeli State would stand naked before the slippery moral force of other governments. Here in America, without the Holocaust, there would be a limit to how much we would want to permit ourselves to be taxed to support a foreign government that's despised by almost every people that comes into contact with it. Still, it isn't the money.

I am perplexed as to why historians are unwilling to consider the possibility that the good news that revisionists are announcing might be substantially true. Why would scholars in a country like this one want to join together to suppress information that might return to Jews and to Germans alike that part of their humanity that has been stripped from them by the gas chamber theory? Why don't scholars treat with Butz and Faurisson and other revisionists professionally, in a routine academic manner? Demonstrate where they are wrong and allow for where they are on the mark? I have always thought that's what historians do. If historians are unwilling to attend to these simple duties, what are they good for?

At this moment memory recalls the dangerously insinuating note by Butz — I can't remember where — that all the historians of the Holocaust have been Jews. All of them.

On the job site in Escondido Canyon I bring up the story of the Holocaust and ask the two framers what they think about it. I explain how I had always bought the story myself just as it has been

repeated so often in the papers, but that I had never really looked into it until recently.

Joe, in his 40's, says he never believed that the Nazis could have gotten rid of all the bones from six million people. I try to pinpoint where he's gotten such an idea, what he has read or who he has talked to about it. Joe says he hasn't read it anywhere, that he had thought it out for himself. I am amazed by such independence of intellect. I encourage him to tell me what he thinks about specific Holocaust stories but he won't say anything more. I sense that he doesn't trust my motives for continuing to ask him about it. But he's definite on that one point: the Nazis could not have gotten rid of the bones of six million bodies the way it's said they did, and that fact alone opens up to question all the other stories about the extermination of the Jews.

Don, some ten years younger, says he hasn't spent much time thinking about the Holocaust. He doesn't feel like he can say anything about it one way or another. I think it's admirable that he doesn't want to express an opinion on a subject about which he understands he is not well-informed. It's an example of intellectual self-discipline that all of us would do well to follow. This evening after work when I park the pickup in Mother's driveway I go in the house for a little visit, like I usually do. I ask Mother if she believes that the Holocaust happened.

"I suppose so," she says. "But not six million. Not half that. Six million is just too many."

My own Mother! I almost fall off my chair. I have always believed that everyone believes in the Holocaust and the six million and the lamp shades and all the rest of it. Where have I been? Where

has my mind been? While I've passed my entire adult life as a True Believer, my own mother had been a Doubter.

I say: "Where did you ever get such an idea?"

"Oh, Bradley," she says, "you've read a million books and you're still out to lunch."

"Where'd you pick up a term like that?"

"The new nurse's aide. That woman's a scream."

I try to press her about how she has reached the conclusion that the Holocaust story is an exaggeration.

"Bradley, Bradley — you're fifty years old, you know everything to hear you tell it, and you believe what you hear about the Holocaust? If your brain isn't out to lunch, I'd like you to tell me, just where do you think it is?"

While she's laughing at me her elbow slips off the armrest of the wheelchair, her head falls and she pulls a muscle in her neck. I massage the hurt place for a few minutes then walk over to the apartment.

This morning the moment I wake up my thoughts turn to God and the Jews and how I have lived and worked among Jews for twenty-five years but have never known a religious one. I've thought about that before. And about the consensus among Jews I have known that they want to be identified as Jews and the issue of what precisely makes a Jew a Jew. I've thought about it in reference to how Israel is so widely supported by Jews who are neither religious nor want to live there. The feelings of those Jews

apparently are cultural and racial. I have never heard Jews discuss their racial identifications, I think they think it's bad form, but I don't see how it's possible to disassociate Jewish ethnocentrism entirely from race consciousness. It's one of the questions about Jews that seems to be taboo.

Academics are eager that evolutionism rather than creationism is taught in the State schools. Creationists are ridiculed from one end of the American educational establishment to the other. Political scientists and historians generally evince little interest in "scientific" or scholarly attitudes toward the question of God in their own fields. Nevertheless, when Jews or anyone else state that European Jews had a right to invade and conquer Palestine because the Bible says that in the old days God gave it to them, the professors keep a straight face.

When I think about all the people who have believed the Jesus stories, I can see my own belief in the Holocaust story as being typical of how I have believed whatever my leaders have told me. Why shouldn't I have believed them about the Holocaust? When I attended church I believed the pastor. When I attended the government schools I believed my teachers. When I joined the Army I believed the generals. For me, belief has always been as easy as one-two-three.

I have come to see belief, the mere habit of faith, as being the most degrading passion of the species. There has never been a time in my life when I have not believed something stupid or malevolent. I have been willing to believe almost anything, follow almost anyone, defend almost any atrocity, succumb to almost any passion. It amazes me to contemplate how much the others have been like myself and how there is so little evidence that we are going to change. Beliefs change, but the desperation for belief

will most likely remain, fixing itself on one story then another on into the future until the final destruction of the race.

Chapter 9: 1985

The night I appeared on the talk show in Pasadena one caller asked me why I do what I do; that is criticize the Holocaust story. Several times I started to explain about my dedication to the free exchange of ideas and so on and each time he cut me off with: "But why are you doing it? Why?" It was frustrating. At one point the caller said: "You're not doing it because the Holocaust didn't happen. It did happen. That's certain. So I want to know why you're doing it."

I couldn't think of any answer other than one based on the ideal of a free press. "A free press may mean nothing to you," I told the caller, "but it does to me." After the show I was still bothered by not having been able to address the question "Why?" more directly. It wasn't until the next day that the right answer came to me. I'm in the Revisionist business because I don't want to be lied to about the Holocaust any more. That's what my answer should have been to that caller. I don't want to be lied to about it any more. Maybe one of the reasons it had been so difficult for me to admit the possibility that something is wrong with the gas chamber stories was that I had suppressed the outrage I may have felt at the discovery that I had been lied to so often for so long. Maybe the shame, maybe my fear and evasiveness were all expressions of an inverted outrage at having been the victim of so much lying. I don't suppose I will ever know for sure.

The motives of Revisionists are always questioned while their criticisms of the Holocaust stories always go unanswered. I usually see concern with motivation as an attempt to evade the possible consequences of argument. For a long time I have associated this kind of evasiveness with left-wing literary and political people, probably because those are the people I have preferred

to be around. One morning in the early 70's some of us were visiting with Sol and Betty. Frances was there with a highly politicized English radical who was up in arms over the leftist issues of the day — Viet Nam and Chile. The Englishman wanted Sol and me to agree with him that President Richard Nixon was a war criminal. I had no problem with that. I only wanted to add that, using the same standards, I thought Ho Chi Minh was a war criminal as well. The Englishman almost had a stroke at the kitchen sink. I tried to explain that while I thought it wrong to slaughter foreigners in the name of imperialism, I thought it wrong as well to butcher your own people in the name of communism. He could hardly bear listening to me. Finally he dashed out to the patio where I heard him explain plaintively to Frances, who knew me well: "He says Ho Chi Minh is a war criminal." I heard Frances reply: "Bradley just likes to make provocative statements."

But maybe Frances had put her finger on something. Maybe one of the reasons I remember her observation with such clarity, and even today with some discomfort and frustration, is that she had asserted something about my character that wasn't entirely wrong. I don't hold that I had no motive in making a certain statement, but that others certainly can't get to the bottom of what it is. I can't get to the bottom of my own motives. In the end, it is all guesswork. While I may have been gratuitously provocative that morning 15 years ago, in my mind nothing could have excused the Englishman's flight from argument.

Now I am being accused by Holocaust fundamentalists of making gratuitously provocative statements about Holocaust survivors and the history of World War II. They ask why? What is your motive? How can you dare question statements made by survivors? It is said that my motivation must be fascist, or neo-Nazi, or anti-Semitic. I have been told that I am doing it for money. It has been

pointed out to me that I have been writing for 35 years without making a dime from it, and now I am taking money to write for anti-Semitic racists.

I will never be able to disprove these charges. One of the motives I have for writing for the Institute is in fact the money. I've been editing their monthly newsletter now for six months. It's true that I don't have any other source of income. One of the reasons I write is for money. I have always written what I wanted and how I wanted. I never got paid for it. I still write what I want and now I get paid for some of it.

Everyone needs an income, even me. I have an 84-year-old mother, a 13-year-old stepdaughter and a pregnant wife. The pregnant wife is the only one that's worrisome, or rather, her cargo. A baby wasn't in our plan. It wasn't in mine anyhow. When Alicia told me about it I was stunned. For an instant there was an impression of whiteness inside my skull, then something shut down. There wasn't any movement in there. I may have had a small seizure. Alicia and I were both lying on the dining room floor when she told me. That's where we hang out.

"Well, how do you feel, Fats?" she asked in Spanish. She's never learned enough English to converse in it. "Pues, como te sientes, gordo?"

I spied my framer's hammer lying on the carpet beneath a chest of drawers. I said in Spanish: "I feel like you've picked up that hammer and smashed my head in with it. That's how I feel."

She made a fist with one hand and held it out in front of my face. "If I give you one of these you'll forget about the hammer."

I couldn't think of anything to say.

Moving her fist around in front of my face she said: "Listen well, gordo. There's nothing detaining me from giving you one of these."

When I came around I thought about how when the baby is 14 I'll be 70. I could be gaga by the time I'm 70. And Alicia is no kid, she's almost 40. The older the mother, the more chances that something will be wrong with the baby. Later I brought this aspect of the pregnancy up to Alicia, hinting, without saying directly, that it might be a good idea for her to have an abortion.

"What's this about abortion?" she said quickly. "Do you want to say something?" Don't talk to me about abortion. I'm going to have this baby even if it is an idiot. I've been married seven years to an idiot. I'm used to it. Abortion — mangoes!"

Alicia is an evangelical Christian so that complicates the abortion issue.

I did not think Mother would be pleased by this development in my relationship with Alicia. Mother thinks I deserve better than a squaw, as she puts it, from *Nayarit*. Then there are the class considerations. Alicia cleans houses to help make ends meet and that's definitely beneath the station in life to which I should have risen at my age. I suppose I agree with Mother, but I'm content with Alicia. She's not neurotic, she tells good stories and she makes me laugh. Even on paper it sound good.

I couldn't find the right moment to tell Mother the good news. Alicia said she understood what I was going through. "You're a coward," she said, "so I understand it's difficult for you. In your

mind you're still living beneath your mother's skirts. I can wait. A few more weeks and the baby can tell her himself."

"What's the hurry?" I said.

"I have no hurry. That bad-tampered old woman is *your* mother. I've already told my mother. She doesn't trust you, but she's happy for me."

One evening I sat on the edge of Alicia's bed where she was lying beneath the sheets watching Mexican television. I could see her belly moving as if it were being poked up from the inside. She pulled down the sheet and revealed herself to me. I was interested in watching, but that was all. After a moment she grabbed one of my hands in both of hers and put it where the movement was. "Menso," she said grinning at me. Menso describes an intellect that is slow, almost bovine in character.

Each kick was like a little thud. It made me feel uncomfortable. Afterwards tears came to my eyes. I hid them.

* * *

I worked five years around the construction trade. In the late 70's I began hurting my back occasionally until one afternoon I finished it off while I was working with concrete block. It took eight months lying on the dining room floor, then another year or so before I could get around in a normal way.

Having to write for money fits in nicely with the other reasons why I have to write. Maybe there's only one other reason. I have to go on with the writing because I've spent my life at it and if I quit now I would feel lost. I have always imagined that it will be

with the writing that I will make a serious connection to life. Honor may be involved here. I know pride is, along with other weaknesses of character. I still want the respect of my peers, though not so much as I used to. I still want to convince my friends and those who used to be my friends that not all the writing was useless, that not all those years were used up for nothing. I know that I have not wasted my time, but I want them to know it too.

The years are going by. I can feel the strength of the body diminishing. Old injuries flare up, distracting my attention, taking up time. At 55 I am only middle-aged but the papers report stories every day of men my age dropping dead, dying of cancer, their hearts or brains exploding when they least expect it. Each succeeding year now that I go unpublished the odds diminish that my work will ever be made public. While I always wrote for publication, I never wrote for money. I always worked for the money. Considering the nature of my character, I suppose no other way of living could have been less fruitful.

Now I'm writing for publication and for money too. My publisher is the most despised and vilified in America and perhaps in the Western World — the Institute for Historical Review. I'm writing on the great taboo subject of the late 20th century — the alleged genocide of the Jews by Adolf Hitler and his Nazis. I have no scholarly or academic credentials, and no professional ones. As I intend to go straight ahead with what I am doing, and as I'm aware of the implications of doing it, I understand that I may be heading for my last fall as a writer. If I lose this round the future may well play itself out for Alicia and me in a little house on a dirt street in some *pueblo* in central Mexico. Curiously, in my imagination the image is a happy one. I can see the sun shining on our house and yard, and though I can't hear them I can see birds

perched all over the place singing their hearts out in the brilliant morning sunlight.

Chapter 10: 1980

The thinking is preoccupied crazily with Butz's *The Hoax of the Twentieth Century*. There are days in the mountains when I can't get the thinking to address the work. It's as if thought has grown legs and is running away with me. Butz writes simply and with so much self-assurance I can't dismiss him. I know my ignorance of the literature is responsible for my being so open to his observations and claims. I have no perspective of my own. At the same time, his *Hoax* is extensively referenced. It would take months of diligent reading and cross-checking of sources to know if he's being serious or pulling my leg. It's work for scholars, not for me. I feel certain Butz is on to something, but I'm afraid of being suckered into a point of view that I won't be able to support without a tremendous amount of work. I can't ignore the questions his book raises. It's gone beyond ignoring. I'm stuck with it.

I'm absolutely alone with this. I don't know one reputable historian or intellectual in America to turn to for a learned response to Butz's book. I'm on my own. This isn't something I should be alone with. It's not just an idea or line of thought that's at stake. If I don't dismiss Butz, everything is at risk. Friends, neighbors, reputation, career. My lifelong understanding of my relationship to the history of my age. It sounds a little grandiose but that's how I see it. I will be unable to drift with the tides of the age. If I dismiss Butz without first nailing down where he's gone wrong, I will have done something shameful. Secretly, I will know for the rest of my life what I have done—and why.

Professor Butz appears to feel less feverish than I do over the prospect of not buying the orthodox historical beliefs of our time. He's made of sterner stuff than I am. I feel like a storm is blowing through my head, through my heart. At this very moment I

see an image of a southern belle, the back of one hand held to her forehead, about to faint with a bad case of the vapors. The image resembles Gainsborough's portrait of Pinky. Some hidden mechanism in the brain is trying to tell me that when I look back on these days I'll see what a sissy I'm being.

In his forward to *The Hoax* Butz writes calmly:

"Noting the obvious way in which this legend [that is, the Holocaust] is exploited in contemporary politics, notably in connection with the completely illogical support that the U.S. extends to Israel, I had long had lingering doubts about it....

"Elementary investigation into the question, of the sort the non-historian customarily does, led me nowhere. The meager amount of literature in the English language which denied the truth of the legend was not only unconvincing: it was so unreliable and unscrupulous in the employment of sources, when sources were employed, that it had a negative effect, so that the case of the truth of the essentials of the legend (disregarding quantitative problems, e.g., whether it was six million or four million or only three million) seemed strengthened. At the time I became aware that there existed additional literature in French or German but, being quite unaccustomed to reading texts in those languages except on rare occasions when I consulted a paper in a French or German mathematics journal, I did not undertake to acquire copies of the foreign language literature. Moreover, I assumed that if such literature was worth more than what was being pub-

lished in English, somebody would have published English translations.

*“Still possessing my lingering doubts I sat down, early in 1972, and started to read some of the “holocaust” literature itself rather more systematically than I had previously, in order to see just what claims were made in this connection and on what evidence. Fortunately, one of my first choices was Raul Hilberg’s *The Destruction of the European Jews*. The experience was a shock and a rude awakening, for Hilberg’s book did what the opposition literature could never have done. I not only became convinced that the legend of the several million gassed Jews must be a hoax, but I derived what turned out to be a fairly reliable ‘feel’ for the remarkable cabalistic mentality that had given the lie its specific form. (Those who want to experience the ‘rude awakening’ somewhat as I did may stop here and consult pp 567-71 of Hilberg.)”*

This evening after supper I walk down the hill to Pickwick Bookstore and buy Hilberg’s *Destruction*. I feel a little excited thinking that I might discover in a single passage where the Holocaust story went off the track. On pages 567-71 Hilberg treats with the manufacture and distribution of Zyklon B insecticide. There are tables of organization for its manufacturers and distributors. I read over the five pages noted by Butz several times but I am not rudely awakened. Then my eye is caught by a single sentence:

“Almost the whole Auschwitz supply (of Zyklon) was needed for the gassing of people; very little was used for fumigation.”

Hilberg documents this assertion with the statements of one Jewish survivor and one former Austrian intelligence agent who had been imprisoned in Auschwitz. Hilberg is talking about the substance supposedly used to commit the greatest mass murder in history. In a hugely documented book he uses the statements of two men, neither of which had been in a position to know for certain that their claims were true, to document his assertion.

Butz holds that Zyklon B was used extensively by the Germans to protect camp inmates against typhus. He indexes typhus seventeen times in *The Hoax*. He discusses the problem of typhus at Belsen, Buchenwald and Dachau. He writes about the typhus epidemic at Auschwitz during the summer of 1942 “which resulted in the closing of the Buna factory for two months starting around 1 August.” There’s a photograph in his book of a sign at Belsen posted by the British after they liberated the camp warning of a “5 mph speed limit” because “dust spreads typhus.” Hilberg doesn’t think it worth his while to index typhus in *Destruction*.

It looks to me like Hilberg and Butz have a few things to talk over. Hilberg published his book in 1961. Now Butz has replied to it. The ball is in Hilberg’s court but he doesn’t want to play. Why not? Nobody else has responded to Butz either. Why not? Butz has laid his cards on the table. He has offered himself up to the historians and intellectuals of the age and not one has been willing to do the decent thing. Hilberg is quoted everywhere while Butz is suppressed everywhere. I don’t like it. I’m on Butz’s side against Hilberg. When Hilberg responds to Butz openly and fairly, I’ll be on Hilberg’s side too. As long as Hilberg cooperates in suppressing Butz by evading him, I’ll be with Butz.

Hilberg has done an immense amount of work with his *The Destruction of European Jewry During World War II*. It will be relevant

for generations to come. But his purposeful ignoring of Butz's work is contemptible. Hilberg has the support and respect of every historian in America and yet he is unwilling to respond to his one critic, Butz. I don't know what is going on behind the scenes in academia. In my heart I think I know what's fair. Butz had done the fair thing. He has published his book. He's called the Hilbergs of the world to account. He had called a spade a spade. Hilberg and the intellectuals refuse to answer Butz. They're doing the craven thing.

* * *

I've met my friend Betty at the Acapulco Mexican restaurant on La Cienega for dinner. We decide to have a few drinks at the bar. I'm trying to think what it is that I enjoy more than standing at a bar boozing with a good looking intelligent woman but my mind's a blank. My first priority with Betty is to waste the evening, my second is to ask her to help me figure out how to start selling my writing so I can stop working the other jobs. I've been trying to sell the writing myself for 30 years and it's been a no-go. I'm the only one Betty and me know who can't figure out how to make a living in his chosen profession.

We tossed my problem around for three or four drinks. I begin to understand the gist of what she's saying. I talk well, but my writing is something else again. I am considerably surprised at her telling me that. I don't feel humiliated but I'm a little embarrassed. She says I should begin to give public readings. My work will come off better being listened to than being seen on the printed page. If I give readings I'll meet people. Maybe I'll meet someone who will offer to help promote the writing.

“Bradley,” she says, “you don’t have the least idea how to promote yourself.” She’s laughing gaily. “Oh, Bradley,” she says, “you need so much help.”

I think it’s admirable how easily she has gotten all that together. I order a couple more drinks. I think excitedly about places where I can read my stories and journals. I think about the new friends I will make. I’m going to lose the old ones so getting new friends sounds pretty good to me. I’ll become part of the literary circle in Los Angeles. I lost my circle when Jenny and I separated. It had been her circle so it stayed with her. I need my own circle. Everyone needs a circle.

Now I tell Betty about *The Hoax of the Twentieth Century*, about Faurisson and Bennett. I explain how I have come to think that there is something wrong with the gas chamber stories. I see she knows even less about the Holocaust than I do. While most people don’t know very much about the Holocaust, I say, everyone knows that everything they do know about it is true. Betty listens quietly. I waltz her around a while longer.

“What bothers me,” I say finally, “is that the Holocaust is over and done with. It was finished 35 years ago. Now it’s nothing. But if that’s so, why have I become so caught up with it?”

Betty laughs, but she’s thinking.

“I mean, sometimes I wonder what my motives are for being so interested in the Holocaust so long after it’s over. It didn’t interest me when I thought it was true. Why should I think it’s so interesting now that people are saying it isn’t true?”

“Why, Bradley,” Betty says seriously. “It’s tremendously important. What you’ve been telling me has to do with the great question of belief.”

* * *

One morning when I arrive at the job site in Escondido Canyon it begins to rain. The framers and I stand under a great old California oak. We watch the rain fall on the job and on the steep sumac-covered hill behind it. Across the little roadway the creek is already running swiftly. Higher up in the mountains the rain had started earlier. Joe lights a cigarette. In the moisture filled air the odor of the smoke is rich and tasty. The birds are grown still. The only sound is the falling rain. In my mind’s eye, hovering above the ridge line, I see us standing down here silently under the oak tree in our work clothes and quilted nylon jackets, the little canyon enveloped in rain and an immense peace.

I decide to take the day off. I drive out to the coast then down to Santa Monica. On a whim I stop at the library in Santa Monica. I go through the *Book Review Digest* and *Reader’s Guide to Periodical Literature* looking for references to Faurisson and Rassinier. I’ve learned that Rassinier was the first major Holocaust revisionist. I can’t find anything on either of them. The librarian suggests I look in the *New York Times Index*. I’ve never used it before. I’ve used the *Digest* and the *Guide* a couple times when I wanted to find out what was being written about libertarian politics.

Butz’s name is listed in the *Times Index* five times in 1977. I’m surprised and excited to see him there. There is one article and four letters in response to it. The article is headlined: “Professor Causes Furor by Saying Nazi Slaying of Jews is a Myth.” In 1978 Butz’s name was mentioned once in passing.

The library has the Times article on microfilm. I discover that it had not been known at Northwestern University that one of its own had taken a swing at the Holocaust story from a revisionist perspective. Somebody on the staff of the student paper, the Daily Northwestern, had seen an article about Butz in the Jerusalem Post. When the Daily published its own article it apparently did so without interviewing Butz. It just rewrote the Post article. As the Times reports it:

“The Daily Northwestern’s story on the book brought a flood of letters from students and faculty members, most of them denouncing Mr. Butz and deploring the book.

“Petitions were circulated this week and signed by many faculty members and students. Their petitions warned that the book only added ‘academic legitimacy to anti-Semitic propaganda.’ The petitions also criticize the Northwestern administration for failing to express any personal outrage over the book’s allegations....

“Provost Raymond W. Mack, speaking for the University, issued a statement yesterday saying he agreed with his faculty colleagues and students who believed that a distortion of well-documented historical facts constituted a “contemptible insult to the dead and bereaved.”

“The text of the protest petition and the names of many signers will appear in an advertisement in tomorrow’s Daily Northwestern. A statement at the bottom, signed by Rabbi Marc Gellman, director of the campus B’nai

B'rith Hillel Foundation, notes the university's 'belated but welcome' statement."

I was amazed by the reported intolerance of the academics at Northwestern but I wasn't surprised. There was no evidence in the article that even one professor who had denounced and deplored Butz's book had laid eyes on it. A couple kids on a student paper had pressed the well-known anti-anti-Semite button. Students and professors alike had jerked to attention and parroted the anti-anti-Semite party line. I had heard the anti-anti-Semite caper used for years to suppress criticism of United States policy toward Israel. Now here it was being used to silence criticism of Holocaust orthodoxy.

* * *

It's late afternoon and I'm delivering a load of lumber to a job site up on top of Topanga Canyon. The Canyon itself is already in shade and the air is chilly. This morning when I sat down to type it was still dark, as usual. The next time I looked up from the machine the horizon to the east was aflame with sunlight while overhead the sky was capped with thick black clouds. All day the beauty of what I had seen influenced me, urging me ever so lightly toward right action, toward right relationship.

Now, while I drive slowly up the winding road in the Canyon I'm listening to a Pakistani on KPFK radio discussing American-Soviet relations. His intellectual sensibilities are of so high an order that I feel transfixed listening to him. Following the nuances of his observations my feelings resemble those I have experienced hearing fast powerful symphonic music. His learning, his care to distinguish between similar but separate ideas, his clarity of expression are far beyond my own. I reflect on how powerful, sensitive

intellects flower irrespective of the political conditions or the cultural history of the society in which they live. I feel comforted. I have been reminded of one attribute of the race that is in all our favor. I feel a sense of brotherhood for men everywhere flooding my heart.

I drive the truck up out of the darkening canyon into the last sunlight of the day and off-load the lumber at the job site. Then I go in the house to talk to my friend Beatrice. I half-dreaded to do it but I wanted to tell her about Butz and *The Hoax of the Twentieth Century* and about how the book is being suppressed. I weaseled around for half an hour but finally got to it. Her reaction was abruptly dismissive, not of me personally but of revisionist claims. I don't know how to describe the tone of our conversation. She hasn't heard of Butz or of his book either. She immediately questions his motives for having written it. In all likelihood, she says, he belongs to a lunatic fringe or he's an anti-Semite. It's only natural that his peers won't comment on a book written by such a man.

When I mention Faurisson and Rassinier Beatrice says: "Sure. French. The French are the worst anti-Semites in Europe." I get sidetracked trying to convince her that other Europeans are just as anti-Semitic as the French. It isn't something I know very much about. Several times she asks me if I have seen the "photographs." I say I have. We don't discuss which photographs. I take it for granted she means the photographs taken at the German camps in the western theater when they were captured by the British and Americans. She appears satisfied that I will know automatically which photographs. In each instance we go on to talk about something else. I never find out for certain which photographs I have admitted to seeing or what, precisely, their significance is. I don't even ask.

I say it is almost certain that I am going to write something on the Holocaust. It will be something from a free press angle. Even at that, I say, I'm afraid I will be branded as an anti-Semite. I'm afraid that everything I write afterwards will be considered contaminated by what I will have written previously about the Holocaust.

"That's right, Bradley." She holds her nose with her thumb and forefinger and lifts it up. "It's going to smell all over the place."

I'm at a loss for words.

"Bradley," she says, "what's in this for you? You've never been interested in the Jews. You've never empathized with their suffering. What's in it for you now?"

I say it excites me to think about the possibility that a contemporary horror story that's believed by everyone is probably built on fraud and falsehood. "I don't know. It just excites me. Just that part of it alone is a tremendous story. But what's really nailed me to this thing is how it's being suppressed and that those who are suppressing it are absolutely obsessive and fanatical about it. And it's not fair about guys like Butz. It's not fair that he's dismissed out of hand. It offends me. You should see the book. It's a real book. He isn't wrong about everything. No man is. The intellectuals owe it to me to tell me where he's wrong and where he's right too. What the hell's going on here? It's not right. It offends me that the intellectuals beat their chests about how important the Holocaust is then refuse to allow the details of the event to be debated. I think that's what stinks."

"Well, you're right about that," Beatrice says. "The historians have a professional obligation to at least look at the material in their field. Especially if it's documented."

* * *

This evening in the apartment my thoughts return again and again to Beatrice's question, "What's in it for you, Bradley?" This afternoon I'd felt half shaken by the question. I will never be able to prove that I have good motives for not dismissing revisionist writings out of hand. Tonight, thought won't let it go. "What's in it for you? What's in it for you?" I don't know. But inside the head thought is cooking away on it. Cooking away. Then I hear thought ask, What's in it for the others? What's in it for those persons who want to believe that Germans holocausted Jews in poison gas chambers? What's in it for those who want to censor and shut up open debate about those accusations? What's in it for those who become enraged at expressions of doubt about what they themselves believe? What's in it for all those people? What's always in it, thought says, for true believers.

It occurs to me than that the true believer might respond to Holocaust revisionism with rage for the same reason I respond to it with interest. I don't want to be lied to about the Holocaust. The true believer doesn't want to be lied to about it either. Do we each approach the literature with the same demand—that we not be lied to? Is that possible? How is it possible for two individuals, each adamant in his contempt for lying, to be at loggerheads over any specific issue? Is the hatred for lying felt by one of us compromised by certain desires that remain unexpressed? By a secret agenda?

* * *

The Twisted Cross, narrated by Alexander Scourby, is being aired on television. It's about Adolf Hitler so it isn't strictly a documentary. It portrays Hitler as ugly, unimaginative, brutal and stupid.

The Germans people are pictured as being like Hitler. It's an outrageously propagandistic film, the kind of film produced at the height of a great conflict, a chauvinistic orgy decrying the enemies of the State. The Twisted Cross, however, was produced in 1981, thirty-six years after Hitler shot himself and the war ended. Now it's being exhibited on KPFK, a public television station supported by "the people."

Who hears a great cry from the people for more cheap, twisted propagandistic films about a man and a movement that have been dead for so long? Whose purpose does it serve to exhibit it on "public television? It doesn't serve those who might want to get a clear picture of the multiple origins of World War Two. Or those who might want to gain some insight into why tens of millions of ordinary individuals supported the Hitlerian regime. It doesn't help anyone who wants to watch an honest and objective review of Mr. Hitler.

There are those in media who believe that it is a little elegant to be involved with exhibiting crappy propaganda films that flog dead Nazis while they cover up the war crimes of Democrats and Republicans. At this hour the planet is aswarm with multitudes forced to lick the boots of their despotic rulers. Media intellectuals urge us to treat the despots of our own age with understanding, evenhandedness and good will. They speak of the despots of their fathers' time with moral outrage and great courage. They speak of living despots with a brilliantly restrained circumspection. They are not ill-willed people. They are most ignorant about that which they believe most deeply. It's a commonplace state of affairs. Ignorance and true belief are what go best together.

* * *

I'm standing on Hollywood Boulevard in front of a Popeye's fried chicken joint thinking about seeing a movie when my old friend Jo sticks her head out the door and calls my name. She's about sixty-five years old now and overweight but she's still lively and talkative. She looks to be in good health but mentions she has cancer and has just returned from a cancer treatment center in Tijuana. Jo tells me how it's been with her, it hasn't been that good, so I decide to tell her the truth about what I'm doing.

"You're one of those?," she says. "Just hearing the word revisionist makes me angry." She reaches over the table top and pats my hand. "That doesn't mean I don't think you're a nice man, Bradley, but I don't see how you can do it."

"I've hardly told you anything about it, Jo."

"You don't have to. I've heard about those people. I don't blame Jews for being angry at them. I've never read anything they've written but I'm angry at them myself." She pats my hand again. "I don't mean I'm angry at you, honey."

I tell her my Elie Wiesel story about how he claims that when some Jews were shot at Babi Yar that for months afterward their corpses spurted geysers of blood from their graves. She blinks. A smile starts to appear at one corner of her mouth but she stops it. Then her face turns angry. Jo has always had a wonderfully expressive face.

"Are you trying to tell me that Hitler was something different from what we have always known he was?"

"How did we get from Elie Wiesel to Hitler?"

“I can see where it’s leading. I don’t like it. How old were you during the war? After everything American boys went through over there, what are you saying about that? This whole subject makes me angry. Sitting here I can feel how the anger is coming up.”

I don’t know what to say. I recall that her former husband had been the right age to have fought in Europe.

“I can’t help it, Bradley. It makes me uncomfortable hearing what you’re saying. Now I can see that I’ve made you feel strange too. I’m sorry.”

I walk her to the bus stop. She shows me a purple and black scarf and a pair of purple shoes she bought this afternoon. She says she’s had to give up her car, that she can’t afford to drive it any longer. “Life isn’t as easy as it used to be, honey.” She sounds very brave and cheerful about things. She really always was. While we stroll along chatting thought recalls the night I met her twenty five years ago. She had come into the bookstore and I had almost let her get away. I ran down Hollywood Boulevard after her like a kid. I was thirty-one years old. Just to look at her had been so exciting that my body had begun to tremble. It had started in the legs but by the time she had left the store even my voice was shaking. I caught up with her at the corner of Las Palmas and asked if I couldn’t ring her up.

“Mmmmm,” she said. “I’d like that.”

A couple nights later we had dinner then drove out to South Central to a tiny frame bungalow not far from where I had grown up. In the early 1960s that part of the city was already Black. Mother was still living there in our old house. Jo and I sat in the tiny front room with a few other Whites chatting with Dorothy Healey, who

at that time was California's best known Communist. It had been Jo's idea. While Jo wasn't politically well-informed she attended the left radical Unitarian church on 8th Street. Ms. Healey appeared to believe that I agreed with her on a lot of issues where I didn't. Jo, who was a dozen years older than me and too beautiful to even be in that little house, sat at my feet laughing and laying her hand on my thigh.

Healey knew who I was because I was in the middle of a long trial where I was being prosecuted for refusing to remove Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer* from my display windows and selling a copy of the book to an undercover police officer. At that time the book was still banned by the U.S. Government. Many people took it for granted that because I butted heads with the State over a censorship issue that I was on the left. I wasn't on the right but I was never on the left. I didn't know where I was politically. All I understood was that on almost every issue I was against almost every body.

I didn't feel particularly annoyed at being prosecuted over *Tropic*. My sense of things was that I would sell the book as a matter of course and that as a matter of course the Government would prosecute me. I understood that Christians were particularly offended by the book. They saw it as pornography. Overwhelmingly, Jews and my Jewish friends were on my side and the side of a free press. They didn't worry about Christian sensibilities. When it was pornography my Jewish friends were on the side of the First Amendment. I had no background arguing First Amendment issues. My sense of things was that I would feel humiliated if I participated in black-balling a book that I had read with so much interest and pleasure. It would be wrong to refuse to allow a writer to bear the responsibility for revealing in his books what he

thought and how he really felt. For me, it wasn't a matter of law, but of sensibility.

Chapter 11: 1986

I have now seen the complete nine and one half hour documentary *Shoah*, which purports to be “An Oral History of the Holocaust.” It was produced, directed, narrated and is now being promoted by Claude Lanzmann. From the newspapers I gather that Lanzmann is an assimilated French Jew who speaks neither Hebrew nor Yiddish. He is presently 60 years old. He worked as a journalist for many years in association with Jean Paul Sartre and *Les Temps Modernes* until 1970, when he turned his attention to making movies.

That is, Claude Lanzmann worked for twenty-five years in the eye of the intellectual storms that swept across France following the end of World War II. As a journalist he certainly learned during those twenty-five years how to conduct professional interviews. He certainly learned, through his associations with Sartre, de Beauvoir, Camus and those who criticized the great triad, how to pursue a train of thought, considering the high-powered company he kept. It’s a real eye-opener then to watch Lanzmann reveal his intellectual corruption in scene after scene of this shoddy movie, which he claims took ten years to complete.

My favorite interview in *Shoah* is the one with Abraham Bomba, the Barber of Treblinka. I’m not alone in my fondness for Bomba either. Many critics have commented on his performance. They gave him rave reviews. George Will of ABC Television, for example, wrote in the *Washington Post* that Bomba’s narrative was “the most stunning episode in this shattering film.”

Some eyewitnesses to alleged gas chamber horrors recount stories that are so lacking in credibility that they can be dismissed out of hand. Others repeat stories that cannot easily be shown

to be false but reveal the characters of the tale-bearers to be so sniveling and shameless that one feels compromised by even listening to them. Bomba is becoming an important character in the Holocaust-survivor-eyewitness scenario in that he embodies much of both of these characteristics.

The way Bomba tells the story, he had been interned in Treblinka about four weeks when the Germans announced that they wanted some barbers for a special detail. Bomba volunteered, of course, then helped the SS identify 16 other Jewish barbers among the internees. They were all taken to the second part of the camp where the alleged gas chamber was. They were led inside the gas chambers where a Kapo (almost certainly a Jew) explained that the 17 barbers were to shear the hair from the women who would arrive to be gassed. Lanzmann asked Bomba about the greatest murder weapon of all time, the German homicidal poison gas chamber.

Lanzmann: "How did it look, the gas chamber?"

Bomba: "It was not a big room, around twelve feet by twelve feet."

And there you have it. Claude Lanzmann is finished with his in-depth investigation of how the Treblinka gas chamber looked. It takes all kinds. If I had been in Lanzmann's shoes I could have thought of a few more questions to ask about "how it looked." Particularly if I had some feelings about the stories that maybe a million of my kinsmen had been exterminated in it. Maybe I would have wanted to know what Bomba could tell me about what material the walls of the gas chamber were made of - what the roof was made of. How would Bomba describe the ventilation system? Where and how, exactly, did the "gas" enter the room?

Maybe Bomba would have remembered if the room had been illuminated or not. If it had been, how? What were the doors made of? How did they seal so that the “gas” could not escape? As historians have not bothered to ask these simple questions, Lanzmann could have done their work for them and helped uncover one of the great mysteries of the 20th century — how the fabled Nazi gas chambers really looked.

As to whether Bomba is being honest about having seen a gas chamber at Treblinka consider Rachel Auerbach’s description of that gas chamber in her *The Death Camp Treblinka*. Auerbach is given a place of honor in this, the most comprehensive book published on the camp. As she was (she died in 1976) a permanent research staff member of the Yad Vashem Holocaust Memorial museum in Jerusalem, her description of the gas chamber should not be dismissed out of hand.

“The floor of the gas chamber was sloping and slippery. The first ones in would slip and fall, never to rise again. Those who followed would topple over them.... About 25 to 45 minutes later — [after the “gassing” began, that is] — the chutes on the other side could be opened and the corpses tumbled out.”

It would seem that while he was being interviewed for *Shoah* Mr. Bomba forgot about how slippery the floor is supposed to have been in his little gas chamber. It seems he forgot how it slanted steeply in the direction of the chutes. As a matter of fact, Mr. Bomba forgot to mention the chutes. If Lanzmann had read the literature even superficially he would have been aware that Bomba was leaving a few things out of his story. As Lanzmann claims he worked for ten years on *Shoah*, I’m going to guess that

Lanzmann is aware of Auerbach's description of the Treblinka gas chamber and chooses to ignore it.

In any event, once Lanzmann's curiosity was satisfied about how the gas chamber looked (not big), he wanted to know happened next.

Lanzmann: "Can you describe precisely?"

Bomba: "Describe precisely.... We were waiting there.... inside the gas chamber.... until the transport came in. Women with children pushed into that place.... They were undressed, naked, without clothes, without anything else — completely naked — because they come from the undressing barrack.... where they had undressed themselves."

Lanzmann: "What did you feel the first time you saw all those naked women?"

Bomba: "I felt that accordingly I got to do what they... [Germans].... told me, to cut their hair..."

There you have in a nut shell how eye witnesses to the gas chamber atrocities typically describe their behavior. They did whatever the Germans or anyone else requested of them. When they received a request to help prepare their kinsmen — and even their own families as well as shall soon see — to be exterminated, or genocided or whatever, these fellows say they hopped right to it. I don't believe them, but that's the persona that they have chosen to project to the world at large. In the neighborhood where I grew up men who behaved like Bomba claims he behaved would have been spit on. In the upside-down world of Holocaust survi-

vordom, however, the Abraham Bombas are seen as martyrs and even heroes. It's a peculiar psychological slant on manly behavior.

Lanzmann expresses a little more curiosity about how Bomba cut his (for hasn't Bomba according to his own story become a working partner in the alleged genocide of his people?) victims' hair than he did about how the gas chamber looked. He asked if Bomba had shaved them, if he had used scissors, and if there had not been mirrors available inside the gas chamber. Bomba said that he did not shave the women, and that the Germans had not provided the barbers with mirrors.

Lanzmann: "There were no mirrors?"

Bomba: "No, there were no mirrors. There were just benches - not chairs, just benches...."

There's an interesting note. According to Bomba the Germans had provided benches inside the little gas chamber for the ladies and their children to sit on. We're not told how many benches. There could have been 17 individual ones, but more likely Bomba would have said — if Lanzmann had thought to ask him — that there were maybe four or five, half a dozen perhaps. Two or more ladies with their kids could have sat on each bench. No matter how you slice it, traffic is picking up. Seventeen barbers, the benches for 17, and now the 17 women and their kids are all there together inside the gas chamber, which is about the size of a small bedroom in the rear of an ordinary tract house — and the hair is flying. But we're not finished yet:

*Lanzmann: "You said there were about sixteen....
[Lanzmann has forgotten that Bomba makes the sev-*

enteenth].... barbers? You cut the hair of how many women in a one batch?"

Bomba: "In one day there was about, I would say, going into that place between sixty and seventy women in the same room at one time."

You might think that Claude Lanzmann is about to express some doubt about how Bomba is blocking out this scene for him. Sixty to seventy naked women in the 12-foot-square room. Lanzmann isn't going to express doubt, however, about anything told to him by a survivor. Lanzmann is a Holocaust fundamentalist. The role of the fundamentalist in any cult is to accept absolutely the testimony of those who claim to have been eyewitnesses to the original sacred event. Once the original story is made to fly, the most elegant minds can elaborate on it endlessly in good faith.

Two thousand years ago there were Jews who believed utterly that the son of their God had been nailed to a pole and executed and that he rose from his tomb to sail off the planet into the heavens. That tale was a runaway hit. Now we have Jews everywhere committed to the proposition that millions of them were exterminated in itty-bitty gas chambers, were cremated, and rose up toward the heavens in smoke. This one has all the signs of becoming a real blockbuster too. We Gentiles used to be made of sterner stuff. It took the Jesus story more than three hundred years to be accepted as Truth by the State. In our own time the State bought the Holocaust story at the first screening.

What was the rush, one wonders?

Lanzmann urged Bomba to say something more about how he felt as he went about preparing the women and their children

to be exterminated. Something more perhaps than the homely: “I felt that accordingly I got to do what they told me, to cut their hair.... “

Bomba: “I tell you something. To have a feeling about that.... It was very hard to feel anything.... your feelings disappeared, you were dead. You had no feeling at all.”

This is a universal response by eyewitnesses to the alleged gas chamber murders. The claim Bomba makes that his feelings were “dead,” that he had “no feeling at all,” resembles the “temporary insanity” claim murderers use to diminish their responsibility for their behavior in the eye of the State. The ordinary murderer claims that his mental process was so diminished at the time he murdered that he was not responsible for his act. The eyewitness to the alleged gas chamber murders claims that his sensibilities were so diminished while he worked as a link in the murder process that he was not responsible for his behavior. The murderer was out of his “mind,” while gas-chamber eyewitnesses ran out of “feeling.” When Bomba describes himself as being inwardly “dead” he is saying that he cannot be judged guilty of being an accomplice to mass murder. He can accuse Germans of whatever he likes — participate in the crimes he accuses them of — yet remain forever innocent while Germans remain forever guilty. It’s a nice set-up.

In the film Bomba goes on to illustrate how dead he was inwardly while working for the SS at Treblinka. He describes how he shared the hair from women he knew personally from his home town, from his own street:

"... and some of them were my close friends." They would ask Abe: "What's going to happen to us?" But Abe would hold his tongue. With Abe it was just snip, snip, snip. "What could you tell them?," he asks Lanzmann. "What could you tell?"

Snip, snip, snip.

Now Bomba relates to Lanzmann the story that reviewers have remarked on more than any other in *Shoah*:

Bomba: "A friend of mine worked as a barber — he was good barber in my hometown — when his wife and his sister came into the gas chamber.... I can't. It's too horrible. Please."

Lanzmann: "We have to do it. You know it."

Bomba: (holding back tears) "I won't be able to do it."

Lanzmann: (very quietly) "You have to do it. I know it's very hard. I know and I apologize."

Bomba : (struggling) "Don't make me go on, please."

Lanzmann: "Please. We must go on."

Bomba: (unable to control tears, leaving the frame for a moment, returning) "I told you it's going to be very hard. They were taking that.... [hair]... in bags and transporting it to Germany."

Lanzmann: "Okay, go ahead. What was his answer when his wife and sister came?"

Bomba: "They tried to talk to him and the husband of his sister. They could not tell him this was the last time they stay alive, because behind them was the German Nazis, SS, and they knew that if they said a word, not only the wife and the woman, who were dead already, but also they would share the same thing with them. In a way, they tried to do the best for them, with a second longer, a minute longer, just to hug them and kiss them, because they knew they would never see them again."

To tell the truth, this is my kind of story, simple and lurid. There is also some new information in it. In addition to the 60 to 70 women and their kids, and the barbers and the benches, there were also "SS men" inside the 12-foot by 12-foot gas chamber. We don't know how many, but as Bomba speaks in the plural he must mean that there were at least two. If Lanzmann had thought to ask him about it, Bomba might have said that there were 10 or 15 SS men in there. And then there is the welcome news that the SS would allow the Barbers to hug and kiss certain of the naked women inside the gas chamber. Bomba speaks only of married couples. Lanzmann might have asked perhaps how the SS were able to identify which of the naked women were married to which of the barbers. It must be doubtful that the naked women entered the gas chamber carrying their marriage certificates. Maybe the barbers had previously petitioned the SS to keep their own copies of their marriage certificates on the chance that just such a reunion as Bomba claims he witnessed would take place. On the other hand, maybe the SS men took the barber's word for who was married and who wasn't. If they did, it would betray a generosity of spirit that is not usually ascribed to the SS by Jewish survivors.

Imagine trying to visualize this scene from the wife's point of view. Try imagining what might have gone through her mind at the moment she spied her husband. The hope that must have jumped in her heart. Then what her thoughts were as her husband sheared off her hair without speaking to her. Imagine what she must have felt as he held her silently for a minute or so, his cheek pressed lovingly against her scalp, then turned with scissors and comb to the next patient lady waiting her turn. Did his wife run her fingers over her skull and think:

"Ah, I've always known what kind of man you are. A schmuck when I married you and a schmuck today."

There are a number of observations that can be made about my presentation of Lanzmann's presentation of Bomba's testimony. It could be observed that while Rachel Auerbach's research suggests that Bomba is inventing his gas chamber story out of whole cloth, it can still be claimed that we are left with Auerbach's scholarly outline of the alleged Treblinka gas chambers. Therefore, while Bomba's investigations may destroy his own credibility as a witness, the Treblinka gas chamber story itself remains as it was, an extensively documented story of a weapon used to annihilate about a million Jews. To give you a quick fix on Ms. Auerbach's scholarly instincts and her even-handed objectivity, I will quote from her famous essay "In the Fields of Treblinka."

As I read such passages in Rachel Auerbach's essay I take the trouble to remind myself that after the war was she was "one of the first active members of the Jewish Historical Committee in Poland;" that after emigrating to Israel she became a "permanent research staff member of the Yad Vashem Holocaust Memorial Museum," and that this In-the-Fields-of-Treblinka essay was thought worthy of reprinting as recently as 1979 by The

Holocaust Library, which was found and is managed by survivors themselves and is distributed by a major Jewish publishing house, Shoken Books.

“Polish people still talk about the way soap was manufactured from the bodies of Jews. ‘Sent away for soap!’ was the expression the Poles would use when they spoke of transports to Treblinka, Belzec and Sobibor. The discovery of Professor Spanner’s soap factory in Langfuhr near Danzig proved that their suspicions had been well founded. Witnesses tell us that when the corpses were burned on pyres, pans would be placed beneath the racks to catch the fat as it ran off, but this has not been confirmed. But even if the Germans in Treblinka or at any of the other death factories failed to do this, and allowed so many tons of precious fat to go to waste, it could only have been an oversight on their part. They were fully capable of doing things like that. It was entirely in keeping with their proclivities. Only the newness of this branch of manufacturing was to blame for this omission. If the Germans ever would make another drive across Europe, they would not make this mistake again.”

Professors Spanner’s “soap factory” in Langfuhr near Danzing was apparently an invention of active members of self-proclaimed Jewish historical committees, based upon the entrepreneurial reports of professional slanderers, and has since been kept alive by research staffs at Jewish Holocaust memorials around the world. A photograph of this “factory,” with no documentation, appears in the scholarly *Encyclopedia Judacia*, published in Israel and shelved in many of the larger libraries across the United States.

Polish Jews like Rachel Auerbach witnessed Germans destroying their culture. They witnessed Germans tearing apart Jewish families during the titanic, brutal resettlement programs. Those Jews can be forgiven their credulity and even some of their hatred, expressed in their eagerness to believe every accusation, no matter how corrupt, made against Germans. Americans, however, who suffered nothing of what European Jews suffered at the hands of Germans, have little right to indulge themselves with it. Which brings me to Mr. George Will, *Washington Post* columnist and ABC Television commentator.

I am willing to accept Mr. Will's own assessment of himself. He is a brilliant and principled man. I disagree with some of his viewpoints, particularly with his obsessive-compulsive attachment to the state of Israel, but I can't show that attachment to be morally wrong. As luck would have it, Mr. Will has written a column about *Shoah* where he makes a remarkable observation.

"The most stunning episode in this shattering film lasts about five minutes and involves 'only' the talk of a barber now in Israel. While he clips the hair of a customer he talks, never needing to raise his voice to be heard over the small sounds of a familiar ambiance. He describes his duties in Treblinka, cutting hair from naked women on the threshold of the gas chamber, and the day a fellow barber saw his wife and sister enter the room."

Remarkable, eh? Cutting hair from naked women on the "threshold" of the gas chamber. Do you see it? The threshold is the place directly below the door to a room. A door sill perhaps. An entrance or a doorway. According to Mr. Webster it is a "place or point of beginning." Taking Mr. Will's own obvious assessment of

himself, he is the proud possessor of a formidably organized intellect. A man who always distinguishes carefully between similar but different points of fact. While doing so enrages those lesser men who cannot do it themselves, it gives Mr. Will a lot of pleasure, which is why he does it so regularly. That being so, what am I to make of the fact that Mr. Will has changed the wording of Mr. Bomba's testimony?

Lanzmann: "Excuse me. How did it happen when the women came into the gas chamber? Were you yourself already in the gas chamber?"

Bomba: "I said we were already in the gas chamber, waiting over there for the transport to come in. Inside the gas chamber — we were already in."

If Mr. Bomba swears that he was inside the gas chamber at that particular time, why does Mr. Will write that he barbered those naked women on the "threshold" of the gas chamber? Mr. Bomba can be seen on film saying that he was inside the gas chamber when he did it. In the text of the film published by Mr. Lanzmann, Mr. Bomba again insists he was inside the thing. What happened in Mr. Will's brain as he wrote "threshold" rather than "inside" or "in?" Is it possible that Mr. Will found Mr. Bomba's story ludicrous? He wouldn't want to say so publicly of course as Mr. Will is one of our brightest and best Holocaust fundamentalists. Nevertheless, having the kind of relentlessly rational mind that he does, something at the bottom of it might not have bought Mr. Bomba's story the way Mr. Will would have preferred to buy it. Maybe a single wire got crossed in the depths of Mr. Will's brain, out of the millions that are twisted around in there. Maybe Mr. Will wanted to express some doubt about Mr. Bomba's story but could not bring himself to do it. He may have been in that peculiar

place where writers sometimes find themselves — smart enough to know that something needs to be said but without enough character to go ahead and say it. When this happens it causes a psychological malfunction known as writer's block. Mr. Will isn't the sort to be bothered with writer's block, he has the habit of full production, but if he wasn't going to spill the beans he had to turn somewhere. It looks like he turned to invention. I suppose in the moment it was easy enough for a man wired the way Mr. Will is wired to invent a threshold image and use it to replace the one Mr. Bomba invented. You can judge how much more intelligent Mr. Will is than Mr. Bomba when you compare the rationality of their two opposing visualizations.

Now that Mr. Will had Mr. Bomba on the threshold of the gas chamber rather than inside it, Mr. Will could go on indulging his fantasy about Mr. Lanzmann's *Shoah*. As the threshold to an exterior door not only leads inside, but turning about leads to the great outdoors and indeed to the survivors who claim to have actually seen a homicidal poison gas chamber. In this scenario, as the eyewitness testimony is not allowed to be challenged, the genocide theory can not be challenged either, and if that is so then European Jews had every right to conquer Palestine and the U.S. Government is morally obligated to protect forever the Israeli State. That is the line that has been spoon-fed to Americans so successfully for 40 years now. Mr. Will's threshold caper is a small example of how our intellectual elites accept the use of invention on the one hand and the suppression of good sense on the other to bolster a world view that is based, incredibly, on a handful of stories told by a handful of Abraham Bombas.

* * *

I believe the worldwide Jewish community is being betrayed by the coupling of such men as Abraham Bomba and George Will. Jews are being betrayed by their own spokesmen, and they are being betrayed by gentiles who profess to be friends and allies of the Jewish community but who in reality are merely supporters of a Zionist leadership, entrapped by the rhetoric of the Holocaust Lobby, too ashamed to reveal the immense fraud and falsehood on which so much of its influence has been built.

I was telling Alicia how I had finished this section of the manuscript right on schedule and how pleased I felt about it.

“Sometimes, though, when I think about what I’m writing I worry that I must be wrong. Because if I’m right, that means that almost everybody else is wrong. How can everybody else be wrong and me right?”

Alicia said: “I don’t understand what you’re writing because I can’t read your silly language, but I’ve always thought it was something crooked.”

“You’re a woman of too little faith.”

“Faith, *mangoes*! When a man has to hide, when he receives threats by telephone and won’t tell people where he works, he’s doing something crooked. I may be Indian, but I’m not a fool.”

“I’m talking about something else. Look, I get up in the morning, I go to the typewriter and write down the simplest things which have the most tremendous implications. I write about how all the historians are wrong, how the scholars and the intellectuals and the universities are all wrong and how I’m right.”

Listening to myself talk like that made me start laughing. “Do you understand what I’m saying? Inside, it gives me an odd feeling. I feel ridiculous.”

“It’s mysterious to me why you like to tease those people so much,” Alicia said, adjusting the weight of her belly, “but you’re making a noose for your own neck.” With one hand she made an imaginative noose around her own neck then jerked the rope up toward the ceiling. “I hope you make some money before they hang you. I want to be able to tell your son that while it’s true his father was a foolish writer, he knew how to provide.”

Chapter 12: 1987

I didn't believe that the Israeli Government would really try John Demjanjuk as a mass murderer. There's no credible evidence that he's the man who, in 1943, was known as "Ivan the Terrible." There's no credible evidence that there were homicidal poison gas chambers at Treblinka. There's no proof that about a million Jews were exterminated there. The whole story is ludicrous.

When it became evident that I'd been wrong about what the Israeli Government would do, my first reaction was to wish that someone from IHR would go to Jerusalem to cover the trial. I telephoned the Institute and told Hoffman what was on my mind. I pitched the idea enthusiastically. I pitched the idea that I was the one who should go. I became aware that while I was talking, Hoffman was laughing. I like Hoffman's laugh, it's nicely modulated and has an infectious tone, but at the moment it was distracting.

"Bradley," he said, breaking into my spiel, "do you really think the Israelis are going to let you get away with writing honestly about the Demjanjuk trial from Israel? Because if you do, you're the most innocent guy in the revisionist camp. Who carries your insurance, Bradley? Can I get on the policy?"

Later that afternoon McCalden rang me up and I pitched him on the idea of going to Israel to cover the Demjanjuk trial. He agreed it was a good idea but that it would cost too much to stay there for any length of time. The word going around was that the trial would last four months, maybe longer. I suggested that one of us find an Israeli family to stay with. Something like an inexpensive boarding house.

“That’s a good idea,” McCalden said, laughing into the telephone. “I think I’ll ring up some of my Israeli supporters and ask to stay over for a month or two.”

“What’s so funny?,” I said. “I’ve boarded and roomed in people’s homes from Mexico to Thailand. It’s commonplace. I don’t want to go to Israel and skulk around over there under false pretenses. Honesty in this business is the best policy. Where’s the problem? There is no problem. You haven’t looked into it. How do you know there’s a problem?”

“I think you’re wrong,” McCalden said. I don’t think you can get into the country if you tell the truth. That’s the problem. If I were going to go, I’d join a Hadassah group in Paris or London. Ten days or two weeks would be all I could afford. I wouldn’t write about it until I was back here. I’m not sure it’s worth it. Why should I risk my life in Israel when there’s so much work to do here? Any one of a dozen Jewish organizations over there could have me assassinated and blame it on Arab terrorists. There wouldn’t even be an investigation. I don’t like adventures when they have no purpose. We both know the Demjanjuk trial is going to be a farce. It won’t be necessary to go to Israel to document it.”

To hell with it, I decided. I had plenty of work to do here myself. I was getting ready to print Part I of *Confessions* as a tabloid. I’d use the tabloid to promote testimonials from other writers. I’d use their testimonials to promote the full manuscript to agents and publishers. Alicia had set aside nine hundred dollars from her house cleaning jobs to pay for the typing and printing. I can’t imagine where else I could have gotten the money.

* * *

McCalden rang me up one morning to say he was going to Israel to cover the Demjanjuk trial, which was scheduled to begin in November. A supporter would foot the bill. McCalden suggested I go with him. He would ask for the money for me. It was a terrific idea. I began to think about what kind of book I'd write. Something like Hannah Arendt's *Eichmann in Jerusalem*, but from a different perspective. I thought about the trip day and night. Israel! Who wouldn't want to go there? Then I began to think about how I have already written a book and that if I didn't pay attention to it, that project would be dead in the water. I began to think about patrons, too. About how McCalden had some and I didn't. IHR existed on contributions from its supporters. Memory, ever willing to come to my aid, recalled how I had read somewhere that William Buckley's *National Review* had lost some 4 million dollars during his stewardship. The truth is, all politically dissident writing needs to be subsidized. A commonplace insight but one that suddenly means something to me. *National Review* had patrons. I needed patrons too. I'd always thought I should be able to make my living as a writer in the marketplace. Now I saw the issue in a more complicated light. If I was going to write about matters that are taboo in this society, I would have to ask for financial help or I'd never earn a regular income. It's the kind of insight that most writers get when they're about twenty years old, and now I'd gotten it too.

I printed 3,000 copies of *Confessions* on newsprint. I did everything myself. I demonstrated to the world that I proof no better than I spell and punctuate. Nevertheless, 3,000 bundled copies of *Confessions* were stacked up in our public storage cubicle, along with the rusty bicycles, the old rug, the boxes full of clothes that are too small for Alicia and me but that we don't want to give away in case we ever happen to become slim and youthful again,

and all the old manuscripts that have never been published and that now probably never would be.

I'd written a letter soliciting help to publish a typeset, bound edition of *Confessions* and mailed it together with a copy of the tabloid printing to the three hundred people whose names I'd collected over the past couple of years. From the first responses I could see that within 30 days I would have enough money to publish a bound edition of the manuscript. There were no strings attached to any of the contributions.

It was difficult to sort out the different ways I felt. I'd been writing for 35 years and it'd been uphill all the way. I'd never understood why. I suppose in the beginning I had no talent. After I learned how to put one sentence after another it didn't make any difference. I had no way to know if my supporters were helping me because of my contributions to American literature or for political reasons. It made no difference to me. A lot of years had passed since the days when I had thought literature and politics can be kept separate. The Left used to say that everything is political. Everything is literature too, or should be. The one thing I understood about getting that new money was how I felt that many hurdles had been swept out of my path, and that my life had taken a turn for the better.

IHR was promoting the tabloid *Confessions* in a small way and had sold a hundred or so copies. I begin getting letters from Christians who resented my remarks about the "Jesus stories" and my assertion that Christianity has proved to be a catastrophe for the West. I re-read those passages in *Confessions* and it appeared to me that my comments about the Jesus stories were gratuitous, that they had little to do with the thrust of the manuscript. I felt uncomfortable. I wanted to know why I had made such com-

ments without a clear purpose. I didn't have to reflect much on the matter to understand that my wisecracks about Jesus were, in a secretive way, an attempt to demonstrate to Jews who read *Confessions* that I am even-handed. I had attacked individual Jews in *Confessions* for their hypocrisy, double standards and craziness. So I pretended to display a kind of religious neutrality by dismissing Christianity in passing. Not Christian individuals who are guilty of hypocrisy or specific acts of ill-will, but the church in its entirety. Even at the time I wrote those remarks I must have been half-aware of what I was doing.

My assertion that Christianity has been a catastrophe for Western civilization presented an interesting question. The question was this one: what did I know about it? The answer was: not very much. That being so, I saw no good reason why I should address the issue of the history of the church. I write as a citizen, not as a historian. All the ethical charges that need be leveled at the historic church can be put to living Christians and their congregations. All the questions that can be asked of ancient historical records can be asked of living bureaucracies.

I still felt I should say that I do not believe the stories that Christians tell me about how Jesus was God and the Son of God and how he came back from the dead and rose up bodily into the heavens. I am not saying that the stories are not true. I'm being very modest here. I am saying I do not believe them. Belief is a serious business. I don't believe I should pretend to be something I am not. Here, I believe, Christians and I are in perfect harmony.

* * *

Alicia was already telling me about how, when she presented the baby to her evangelical congregation, she expected me to

be there with her. I didn't want to say no, but I didn't want to go inside her church either while services were being held. She attended the old Aimee Semple MacPherson church in Echo Park. Aimee put on quite a show around here in the 1920's. She was a star. Her bubble burst when she was caught shacking up with a guy in Arizona. She made a run for it, disappeared for a few days then reappeared from the depths of the sea off the Malibu coast. She tried to sell it for a miracle. Even our newspapermen were unwilling to buy that one.

One afternoon I was driving Alicia past the Forest Lawn cemetery on our way to the Glendale shopping mall.

"It is so pretty over there," she said in Spanish. "So green, and peaceful. When you are dead I think that is where I will put you. On holidays I will bring you a little bunches of flowers. Would you like a tree more? Do they allow that? Which would you like better?"

"I may have you burn me." I imagined the image might set her back a little.

"I will keep your ashes if you like. On Thanksgiving I will put a pinch on the turkey. Everybody then will know what kind of man you were."

"What would you think," I said, "if when I die you find out that I have gone to hell?"

"I know you are going to Hell. Where is the mystery?"

"What if you find out I have gone to hell not because I have been bad but because of a mistake? For example, that I do not believe

in God and heaven. I am sincere in that. I am not pretending. What if I am wrong because I do not understand something, or I took a wrong turn someplace when I was young, and I go to hell not because I am bad but because I made a mistake? How will you feel about that?"

"What you need to understand is that you are going to go to Hell. You are going to burn in the fiery lake. My family and I are going to be in Heaven. We will never see you again. What difference does it make how I feel?"

"You do not look very sad about what is going to happen to me."

"How can I feel sad when you remind me that I am going to be in glory with my family for eternity?"

"But how about me?"

"You have been offered the word of God and you have turned it down. Every night you lie under the lamp reading about Jews who died forty years ago. Forget about that. If you want to read about Jews, read about those that lived when giants were on the earth. There is one book you have not read, but your name is already in it. The Book of Life. When you die and go to stand before Christ, He will be sorting out souls like the women in my village sort beans. The good ones here, the bad ones to Hell. When Christ turns to the page where your name is He will see written there: "Bradley Smith, donkey."

At first I was amused by her self assurance so I'd egged her on. Now I was starting to feel uneasy. "You know I do not believe any of that."

“You do not believe anything,” Alicia says. “You are an empty pot. Do you think God worries about the doubts of donkeys? Men like you are created for the work of Satan.”

“Why do you think God allowed you to marry a man who He knew was going to become a victim of Satan?”

“I did not ask Him for His advice so He did not give it to me.”

I decided to try one more time to get her to see the pathos in our situation.

“Now, when you are in heaven,” I said, “I will be in hell. Right? Try to imagine how that will make you feel.”

“How will it make you feel? I will be with my family in paradise while your shorts are smoking in the fiery lake.”

“Yes. But how do you feel about that?”

“I am waiting for the Glory with my family at my side.”

“Don’t you see the cruelty in what you are saying?”

“Do you want me to tell you pretty stories or do you want to hear the truth? When you discover your shorts are in flames you will forget about the laughing.”

* * *

I remember the exact moment I realized I didn’t believe in God or any of the rest of it. Not when I stopped believing, I don’t know how that happened or when, but the moment I realized that

for me, belief was finished. It happened one morning thirty-five years ago. It seems like it was last month. It was the first week in March, 1951, in a little valley in North Korea. I remember how the sky was like lead and how some of the paddy water was still frozen and how what was left of two squads of us was trapped in an irrigation ditch by Chinese machine-gunners.

When we had reached the village in the center of the valley they'd been waiting and we had gotten it from every side. The excitement was incredibly intense. Big Ben and me were laughing and running around like crazy. About ten of us made it to the ditch, which was three and four feet deep in water. I had already been shot once but it didn't bother me. I was too excited. They told me that the bullet was still in the side of my head. I could feel the lump but I couldn't make out the outline of the slug. The blood was running down the side of my face and dripping off my chin. As we crouched there the water was up to our chests and bursts of machine-gun slugs socked into the wetness of the side of the ditch behind us.

Something Charley Flannigan was doing caught my eye. He was at the head of the ditch where it ended at the road embankment. He had put his M-1 down on the bank and he was lying back against the slope of the embankment and his eyes were half closed. Just above the water his hands were moving together in an odd way. I had to look hard to see what he was doing. Then I understood and Big Ben understood at the same moment and then we were both laughing and I yelled down the ditch:

"Hey Charley, what are you doing, counting your beads?"

Charley said: "You're godamn right I'm counting my beads."

And that was the moment I realized I did not believe in God. I realized that I did not believe in beads or heaven or hell or the supernatural qualities of Jesus Christ or any of it. I had no one to turn to who was not there in the ditch with me and I understood that I did not feel that something was missing. I was alone with the remnants of second and third squads of Fox troop in a ditch in a valley in the mountains of Korea beneath the immense lead sky that went from one range of mountains to the other as far as I could see. I was exultant within myself and I felt no need to say anything to Charley about the beads.

* * *

Just as there are those who believe that belief can be willed, there are those who believe that doubt can be overcome by desire. My own experience is that while desire has everything to do with belief it has nothing to do with doubt. I never wanted to doubt the existence of God, and I never wanted to doubt the homicidal-poison-gas-chamber theory. After thirty-five years of unwavering belief in the gas-chambers I began to doubt them in the few minutes it took me to read a single newspaper article. The doubting itself has given me no pleasure, no new advantages in the world. Doubt has not deepened my friendships or gained me the respect of my peers. Doubt simply came to me one night in my room, without warning, like a terrible dream.

I have become helpless in the embrace of my skepticism about the Holocaust stories. I doubt the homicidal-gas-chamber tales. I doubt the human-soap tales. I doubt the Anne-Frank story. I doubt the human-skin-lamp-shade tales. I doubt the homicidal-gas-van tales. I doubt the German-monster scam which all these tales together imply. I doubt the mass-extermination tales. I have come to doubt almost everything that is implied by what spokes-

men for the Holocaust Lobby have told me, and told me and told me. And now, from my isolation where, on principle, relationship itself is denied me, I have come to doubt the sincerity of many of those who believe what I doubt.

I doubt the sincerity of those Jews and others who pretend that it is beneath their dignity to respond to my honest questions, who speak contemptuously of me because of my doubt — which I can not control — and who by their actions urge others to isolate me rather than to come into relationship with me. Here I am. I will talk to anyone about anything. I will read any writing, consider any proposition, change any view I hold when I'm shown that it's wrong. For the first time in my life, as I am systematically excluded from all dialogue with Jews about the so-called Holocaust, I have begun to see that event, whatever it was, as a parochial Jewish affair. It has been my experience for six years now that almost every Jew would agree with me. I have been told by their every word, their every gesture, to stay out. No good will come of it. In a free society no good ever comes from the programmatic practice of exclusivity.

The Holocausters go on endlessly about how the Nazis first attempted to “dehumanize” Jews with rhetoric. The Holocausters, spearheaded by Jewish extremists, have chosen to use silence, the denial of language, to dehumanize those of us who express doubt about what they believe. Everywhere this happens, and it happens everywhere, I was being told that I am not sufficiently human to share language with. But it is only animals — vermin — that are considered unworthy of language.

Who is going to believe in the end what these bigots are trying to demonstrate with their refusal of language to revisionists? It is either foolishness on their part or a great attempt to put some-

thing over on everybody. I do not find myself less human than someone who believes the gas chamber stories, less human than Holocaust experts, less human than Jewish “survivors.” I remain human regardless of what I believe and what I doubt. I remain deserving of language. I insist on it. I claim that no historian is beyond the reach of my questions. I wait for their answers with an open mind. I swear that no survivor is beyond the reach of my embrace. I wait for them with an open heart. Here I am. Every place I go I influence others to doubt as I doubt. I stand ready for correction and enlightenment. I urge all those who think that I am mistaken to relieve me of my burden of error. I urge all those who believe that I am ill-willed to relieve me of my burden of sin.

Here I am.

I swear my allegiance to all men everywhere.

* * *

It’s two o’clock in the morning and I’m standing at the kitchen window in the dark. Outside, the trees are blowing wildly in the night wind. A few minutes ago I woke from a dream where I saw myself racing across the surfaces of black mountain lakes. I was naked and I could feel the pressure of the water rushing against the soles of my feet. In the dream I looked wild and powerful but I didn’t feel anything. Now, looking idly out the window, I am aware of the trees groaning and whipping against the house. In a few more hours I will be 57 years old. In my heart tiny traces of apprehension come and go, come and go. Then, somehow, the moon is there before me above the swirling black treetops and it is very white. I know that it is not the moon because the kitchen window faces north and I know that at this moment the moon is passing to the south in its great arc out over the Pacific ocean.

But I watch it anyhow in my careful, lazy way, and I am aware that in this one dark moment, in the seemingly endless days of my life, I am without opinion.

About Brad Smith

Bradley R. Smith was born to a working-class family in South Central Los Angeles on February 18, 1930, where the family remained until 1970. He was a good student on occasion, but was more interested in horses than education. At 18 he joined the army and in 1951 served in the 7th Cavalry in Korea where he was twice wounded. It was in the army hospital at Camp Cooke California where he began to write.

In the 1950s he searched for something in addition to the writing that could hold his attention. He became a deputy sheriff for Los Angeles County, but that wasn't it. He left the department to travel to Mexico where he became involved with the bullfights, becoming a novillero – an apprentice bullfighter – in the central mountain states of Jalisco, Guerrero and Hidalgo. The bulls very much had his attention, but his liver gave out with hepatitis and he had to return to the States for hospitalization.

In 1958 Smith went to New York City where he worked for The Bodley Gallery on East 60th Street. He discovered the intellectual and cultural life of Greenwich Village, a new world for him. In the Village he read a bootleg copy of Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer* and was, literally, rocked by it. He returned to Los Angeles where he opened a bookstore on Hollywood Boulevard specializing in paperback books, which at that time were new and all the rage. When *Tropic* was published he dedicated himself to promoting the book in his store windows. He was arrested, jailed, and prosecuted for refusing to stop selling the book.

The ensuing trial lasted six weeks, the longest civil trial ever to have taken place in Los Angeles at that time. There was considerable press coverage. Smith was intrigued by the proceedings.

For six weeks he watched and listened to academics and writers and community leaders argue under oath that *Tropic* should be censored and those selling it be punished because the book expressed sensibilities that did not meet, legally, “community standards.” Leon Uris, author of *The Exodus* particularly caught Smith’s attention by arguing that Miller, a writer obviously more important to American culture than Uris himself, should be censored. In 1962 Smith was convicted for selling a book that “endangered” the community standards of Greater Los Angeles.

In the 1960s Smith patrolled the streets of Hollywood and worked as a seaman on merchant ships. He shipped to Japan, the Philippines, Korea, Vietnam, and Taiwan. In 1968 he jumped ship in Thailand and made his way to Saigon where he traveled the country as a correspondent with accreditation by the Vietnamese. Meanwhile, in Hollywood, he had met a Jewish lady, they had exchanged hearts, each with the other, in a relationship that lasted into the mid-1970s.

Then it happened.

In 1979, when Smith was 49 years old, his life changed forever when he read a leaflet by Robert Faurisson, “*The Problem of the Gas Chambers*.” The story of this life-changing moment is recounted in his autobiographical work, *Confessions of a Holocaust Revisionist*. Smith writes, “I felt stunned, as if Buck Rogers had somehow come down from the 21st century and zapped me with a beam from his ray gun.” It took him three months to digest the core of the revisionist argument. And then he jumped into the struggle. He knew from the beginning that he was going to address the taboo against publishing revisionist arguments, not the arguments themselves. He would be the “Henry Miller” of the

revisionists. Not so good as Miller, not so original, but he would do his best.

Through his efforts in the years that followed, millions of Americans learned for the first time about Holocaust revisionism and the scholarly debate on this chapter of history. In the mid-1980s, he published *Prima Facie*, a newsletter aimed at journalists and editors, quoting their own writings, that focused on cultism, suppression of free inquiry and censorship on the Holocaust issue.

Smith has had a long association with the *Institute for Historical Review* – as a contributor to their publications, as a speaker at conferences, and, during the late 1980s, as its Media Project director, a role that generated hundreds of radio and television interviews.

Starting in the late 1980s and on through to the present, he has been active as director of the Committee for Open Debate on the Holocaust (CODOH), a group dedicated to defending free speech and free inquiry on the Holocaust issue, to encouraging greater public access to revisionist scholarship, and to promoting awareness of the controversy regarding the Holocaust story.

Since 1990, Smith has published a newsletter, *Smith's Report*, which reports on his own activities, those of CODOH, and various articles and news stories about revisionists and revisionism around the world.

Smith is perhaps best known for having published several essay-length advertisements calling for open debate on the Holocaust in student newspapers published at colleges and universities across the United States. In the 1991-92 school year, CODOH advertisements or statements appeared in 17 student newspapers, several

at major universities. During the 1993-1994 academic year, his ad – headlined “*A Revisionist Challenge to the US Holocaust Memorial Museum*” – appeared in at least 35 college and university campus papers, as well as one major metropolitan daily. In 1999 and 2000, Smith created a new publication, *The Revisionist*, a 24 page pulp-stock publication that was distributed free on campus. The January 2000 issue which featured a story on intellectual freedom and book-burning was itself burned on the campus of St. Cloud University. By the end of the 2000-01 academic year, his ads had appeared in more than 350 student papers.

Bradley Reed Smith — Feb 18, 1930 - Feb. 18, 2016

Smith’s campaign generated news reports and commentary in such prominent periodicals as *The New York Times* and *Time* magazine, and editorials in *The Washington Post*, *The New York Times*, *the Philadelphia Inquirer*, and the *Los Angeles Times*.

Deborah Lipstadt, a Jewish academic and a prominent figure in the Holocaust lobby, took aim at Bradley’s efforts in her *Denying the Holocaust*. One chapter of her book, “The Battle for the Campus,” focuses specifically on Smith’s advertisements. She laments that after seeing the ads many students may assume^[12] there is “another side” [to the Holocaust story.]

Smith has spoken on the subject of intellectual freedom with regard to the Holocaust on more than 400 radio talk shows and news broadcasts, as well as on nationwide television, including an appearance with Michael Shermer (*Skeptic Magazine*) and David Cole as a guest on the Phil Donahue Show.

Bradley Smith and CODOH were one of the first Holocaust revisionist groups to develop a website in the early ‘90s. Since that

[12] [Ed. remark: We might say “many students may realize....”]

time he has hosted several sites, blogs, a MySpace page, a Facebook page, and participated in many discussion groups and forums on-line.

He is the author of many articles, and several books. The first, *Confessions of a Holocaust Revisionist*, was praised by Canadian journalist Doug Collins as “fascinating” and as an “amusing walk through the valley of the shadow of doubt.”

Smith’s *Break His Bones: The Private Life of a Holocaust Revisionist*, is a witty and thoughtful 315-page memoir published in 2002 that looks back on the challenges, disappointments and joys of his years-long battle against taboo and censorship. *Break His Bones* details the organized campaign to suppress free speech and intellectual freedom on the Holocaust issue, showing how skeptics are blacklisted, and their works banned. Smith provided a human face for the much-maligned “Holocaust deniers.” “It might be said,” he wrote, that *Break His Bones* “is an exercise revealing the subjective life of a thought criminal.”

In December 2006, Smith was invited and delivered a talk to an international delegation at the Tehran Holocaust Conference, “The Irrational Vocabulary of the American Professorial Class with Regard to the Holocaust Question.”

In 2008, Nine-Banded Books published this third book, *The Man Who Saw His Own Liver*. *Liver* was conceived and written as a one-act play. It was performed in Los Angeles in 1983, under the title *The Man Who Stopped Paying*. A review of the performance labeled Smith “an anarchist libertarian.”

Six years later, in 2014 Smith published a collection of his writing from the 1950s to the 1980s entitled, *A Personal History of Moral*

Decay. Tito Perdue commented on Bradley's final book calling it "a generous, lapidary, and much appreciated gift."

Bradley Smith passed away at the VA hospital in San Diego, California, on February 18, 2016, his 86th birthday. He succumbed to lymphoma and congestive heart failure. He left behind his wife, two daughters and three grand children.

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