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Personal Opinions of the Author

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A glimpse of prison life in Germany, as reflected in letters to friends –

A Zündel protest in Hungary.

A mainstream article titled The Passion of Zündel: "The Zündel Case is about human freedom. Period."



Ernst Zündel

To our friends around the world –



Ernst Zündel

Ernst is settling in. I want to reassure all of our supporters – Ernst has enough money in his prison account to take care of all his personal necessities, and if he runs short, there are many friends, plus his nearby family, who will immediately take care of any shortfall. His dearth of postage stamps is caused by unreasonable prison restrictions – he is not allowed to buy all the stamps that he needs. The prison regulations say "only three" regular stamps are allowed to be included in a letter to Ernst, but apparently the censor is lenient and lets a few more slip through. Therefore, if you live in Germany and write to him, please include some postage stamps. For all others: Your main post office sells international coupons.

Forgive me if I put larger financial matters up-front, but there are many misunderstandings and, unfortunately, some unpleasant exploitations of Ernst's name and current situation. This is an "occupational hazard" that all people in the limelight have to deal with, and it must be handled with some sensitivity, but I want you to understand that I am still responsible for all major bills, and donations should be sent to me - unless otherwise arranged.

I am happy to report that, so far, our financial and emotional support has held firm. I feared that people would fall off, since now the war for Truth in History has moved to Europe, but so far, I sense around me a thick and stubborn wall of loyal friends. In Canada, two Supreme Court applications are still winding their way up the ladder that have to be finished in order to complete the legal record and later take Ernst's case to the international human rights entities that judge and condemn state-sanctioned abuses. For the time being, I don't have any urgent bills in Canada, but I keep our Canadian bank account open to be ready when I need to jump again into the breach. Therefore, if you send donations from Canada, there is no need to convert them into U.S. currency – both cash and personal checks drawn on a Canadian bank are fine.

The legal bills in the U.S. are huge! We are fighting hard and expect a long, protracted battle - our first aim being the annulment of the 20-year ban. Just yesterday I had a letter from one of my attorneys who thinks our case might well turn into a model legal case against the dangerous Patriot Act. Even though Ernst isn't here, he could well be one of the most important players in a vastly larger panorama as this country tries to free itself of its obnoxious monkey on its back. Certainly quite a few mainstream writers seem to think so. I have had letters from name-recognition journalists that astound me.

In Germany, it looks like the government is still undecided as to what to do with Ernst – charges have not yet been laid, but I understand that a trial must take place within 6 months, and two

months have already passed. I expect hefty legal bills from Germany as well, possibly also a fine. Therefore, Euros are needed for our war chest – again, no need to convert them into U.S. currency. Ernst does not have a bank account in Germany, nor do I. We have a trustworthy person who collects some donations in Europe for us, but generally, just think of me here in the U.S. as the central hub where all bills pile up and have to be paid as they come in – or else, the struggle will grind to a halt!

This brings me to my Zündel documentary, which will be our major promotional tool to spread the word about Ernst's struggle – and, hopefully, increase our donor base. Nothing has so artistically excited me for the past ten, fifteen years as this project! I have had some initial hurdles to overcome and have had to change my film team, but now things are on an even keel, and we are progressing nicely. A congenial and capable film editor has worked with me here on location, and I am optimistic that by the end of July, we will have finished at least half of the work to be done. I am aiming for the late summer to have the documentary completed, and I have ambitious plans – such as, perhaps, a documentary film festival right here in Tennessee. I have my eye on November the 9th, "a date pregnant with meaning", as Ernst likes to say. After all, on that day, America went to the moon, and later, the Berlin Wall came crashing down. It is also my youngest son's birthday.

You are eager to hear about Ernst, and I am taking this opportunity to present to you for your appreciation two of his slightly shortened and edited letters. One was written to his very close friend, Yvonne, Dr. Robert Faurisson's sister. Here goes:

Dear Yvonne and RenÉ, and of course children, grandchildren and brothers -

The arrest, deportation, the farce of a proceeding before Blais, the unconscionable treatment by Canadian authorities in court and in prison, were only the first acts of a drama soon to unfold in Germany – and elsewhere! A play of many acts – unless, of course, historical developments and events upset the carefully laid plans of the enemies of mankind. They are not infallible and definitely are defeatable. It's only a matter of time. Time is a man-made concept and construct – that's why Joan d'Arc, before her Nostradamus, and after her Edgar Cayce, Rudolf Steiner and A.H. had such a hard time with Time.

In cosmic "Time", days can mean years, even decades. That's what makes the Quadraints of Nostradamus and other seers so very difficult to interpret and to translate into earth-time history,

our own human continuum. But it is also what makes being alive so very interesting!

I have started to go to in-prison church services of both the Catholic and Protestant faiths and have even attended one Bible Study Hour, surrounded by murderers, dope pushers, child molesters, con-men and crooks. What a scene in the play I described to you! I go to church to listen to glorious organ music, look at a large, beautifully stained glass window like in Notre Dame or the Strassburg Cathedral (Muenster) of RenÉ's Elsass region. The Protestant minister is an interesting man the size and looks of Martin Luther, with a pleasant singing voice – powerful enough to be heard above the organ. Yes, they have quite an organ in this church-chapel, which was built about a hundred years ago and is in the typical architectural style of Wilhelm II, just like my schoolhouse in our little Black Forest village. It is not as frilly and playful as the Victorian style so common in England and her former colonies. Being typically an expression of the Germanic spirit, it is solid, no nonsense, with a bare touch, [at the most] borrowing from Gothic lines, but it is built to last for centuries – sandstone, exquisitely cut by obviously very, very skilled stone masons and by bricklayers so accurate that the whole building could rival the pyramids in quality. No kidding! The salmon-colored sandstone is offset by stucco in a pleasant, inoffensive cream-like color, and I do not tire [looking at it] in my daily one-hour exercise walks. In Toronto I got 5 to 10 minutes if I was lucky.

For instance, just to show you the German idea of Beauty being a Duty for architects and masons at the time, the arches made above the cells and doors, even though resting on a slab of solid sandstone frame around these openings, nevertheless have a "rising sun" design above each and every window and door. This must have cost them extra months or even years of labor by hand, and thus must have added enormously to the cost of the building, without adding appreciably to the structural stability, I am sure – and yet, there it is! For Beauty's sake!

When I pointed that out to one of my fellow German inmates, he looked at me quizzically as if I was a little daft or had lost my marbles. Some have eyes but cannot see!

Every day I discover new little features and craftsmanship that brings me closer to my long-dead ancestors and makes me admire their skill, dedication and also patience in building what was, after all, not a royal residence or palace, but a building for criminals!

[Ingrid's comment: It has always hurt me in my soul and does to this day to see American schools who truly look like and have the feel of prisons. Most school yards don't have a single blade of grass. Our precious children spend most of their formative years cooped up in such monstrosities. I never understood how we, as parents and citizens of the richest country on earth, could inflict such a cruelty on our offspring!]

I keep in touch as stamps come in. I try to write a few letters each and every day to keep in touch with my friends, lawyers, children, grandchildren – and, of course, Ingrid who gets more letters than anyone. As it should be!

You may send personal checks, postal money orders, or cash!

Yesterday I also received my first book, ordered via computer print-out request form, from a massive catalog listing 1,500-2,000 titles in at least ten languages – Russian, Albanian, English, Dutch, French etc. The original title of the book was *Water and Man*. The German title is much more complicated and convoluted, but inside are fantastic drawings of irrigation devices, dams, pumps, Greek and Roman inventions, aqueducts etc. I have always been interested in reclaiming deserts and improving agricultural productivity. I read and read until the early hours of the morning and completely forgot that I was in prison in my Martin Luther type room he had at the Wartburg where he translated the Bible into what became "High German." I must admit that I sometimes feel guilty of goofing off in visions and dreams, while Ingrid, my poor wife, works so hard to keep going the work we began! I have only received one letter in six weeks from Ingrid so far, and your letter was the only one of substance – the few others were postcards mailed in envelopes from Cambridge, UK, Spain, Norway, and Japan.

[Ingrid's comment: I have written to Ernst every week since he was deported – long letters of at least 5 typewritten pages each. Evidently they are all still parked at the censor's!]

I have been keeping myself super-occupied with writing and planning, note-keeping, drawing and cooking. Yes, you read right – cooking in a "war-like way." So far, I was refused vitamins and my anti-cancer diet. I tried to make an ad hoc combination of foods, fruits, cheeses, and spices, and aargh (!) garlic and onions. Ingrid is lucky not to have to smell me near her, otherwise I would be banished from her presence. She positively hates onions – never mind garlic! I am lucky that there are so many Balkan and Turkish prisoners here because the prison store caters to that large clientele, and cancer and garlic are "self-negating" – which means, at least theoretically, that people who eat a lot of cold-pressed oil keep a potential problem at bay by strengthening their own immune system [with garlic]. Thus I may survive to spite my enemies a few years longer!

I found sunflower oil, feta cheese, some lemon juice. The problem is, of course, that we have no refrigerators. Lemons and milk products spoil fast, and even sausages are dangerous after more than a day. Thus, sardines in cans have to substitute for the other parts of a "survival diet." I live like a soldier on the Eastern Front.

We get three kinds of herbal tea – Rose Hip plus Hibiscus, Peppermint Tea, and some British type Ceylon or Black Tea. I spoiled myself and bought one of those conical manual coffee filter tops and an immersion heater. Twice a day, I make myself a nice cup of German Melitta coffee and have mental communion with Ingrid who used to make a coffee break with sinfully sweet pastry or a piece of chocolate. The whole house smelled absolutely heavenly of German style strong coffee! You have to know it to mentally taste this treat! Twice a day, my mind takes "focused wings" while at other times it's just daydreaming and visualizing a new age – more beautiful and more perfect than man has known until now.

I have now obtained the following bourgeois items:
A paint box (Boite a couleur)
Brushes (princean)

*A nice set of coloring pencils
An eraser
Even a pencil sharpener of my own,
A nail clipper
A real tooth brush
A comb
Some felt markers
White-out (when I make a mistake)
Some yellow hi-lighter – it took a judge's order to get that in Canada!*

And, of course, I am sitting on a real chair, writing at a real table, and the judge allowed my sisters to bring me a watch. Yes, my first watch in 27 months! Now I feel positively civilized and spoiled!

They also have a library here, as I said.

I have Ingrid's bookmark with the color photo of her and her trilogy less than two feet away from me as I write this, plus a large photo of the Soaring Eagles Gallery and a lovely photo of an American Bald-headed Eagle before a U.S. flag – one of my favorite images showing the German-Roman influence over America's heraldry. It's not the British Lion (of Judah?) nor the Fleur de Lyse (?) the U.S. Founding Fathers adopted, but the powerful image of the Eagle. I always found that very much to my liking and made my mental association with that great "continental" country – like the errand child of Prussian Germany gone temporarily astray.

Most people in our age have not the faintest idea of the remarkable and profound part German immigrants had on the creation and founding of this great overseas extension of Europe. I always looked upon Americans as Romans undoubtedly looked upon Carthaginians at the prime of Carthage, and always hoped that the modern Carthaginians would come to their senses and not continue to squander their precious gene pool and resources in the service of "extra-European" forces. My fervent hope is that America will find men and women of wisdom and courage who will soon seize the reins and, like Christ, drive the money changers from the Temple of American public life. It can be done! Germany did it successfully and almost bloodlessly – that means that America with their revolutionary traditions will once again defeat the tyrants who lately have usurped power by stealth and by deception – and are now ever more visible!

Mother's Day is coming, and I wanted to say, Yvonne – in a way, you are like a mother to French, even to Continental Revisionism, whereas Robert is the patriarch and I am, and was, a pupil. I think of you – what an unusual family you are, brilliant, independent thinkers, dedicated, courageous. You are a unique family. I know many people, but the Faurisson clan is like a Scottish clan – fierce and independent, yet organized, not berserker-like. Magnificent!

Please, thank Chard [a French cartoonist] and the people at Rivarol for sending me their paper. The censor – the judge who put me behind bars – let me have the paper, and I am making an effort to understand the very subtle nuances of French political and cultural commentary – thanks to the Gaisot Law, no doubt. The people at Rivarol are very courageous – and intelligently patriotic! Compared to Rivarol

and some of the other smaller patriotic French publications like Verite et Justice, Faites etc., German publications are what Robert accused the Quebecois of, and the Germans. He said they felt "lourdes" – in German "schwerf%ollig" – meaning, in a way, ponderous, and as usual, Robert is right on target. Ingrid was always troubled by my own ponderousness, and it will undoubtedly be evident to many that Ernst without Ingrid is like an unpolished diamond. She spoiled me about my lousy grammar, and of course she knew how to spell and what tenses to use. For me, all those "things" were always a Book of Seven Seals – and of little interest, I must confess. I am and always will be a peasant at heart, and despite of all attempts to civilize me, easily revert back to type and write, as they say in German, "wie mir der Schnabel gewachsen ist." This must be a 500-700 year old saying – I write the way my beak is grown. I love these old sayings. They are so unique, powerful, and pregnant with meaning.

I am slowly clarifying in my mind how I will tackle the problem ahead of me. More judicial proceedings! Disgusting! Please thank Robert for his succinct advice and M.D. for his excellent translation. I have asked [Attorney] Rieger not to see me to save money and time before he has sifted through the 24 large 3 inch to 4 inch files he has finally been given after I instructed him to take the prosecutors to court to force them to turn over these files to me as well as to him. I will, after careful study, decide on a strategy to adopt.

Some people have already offered to testify on my behalf, but with that "New European Arrest Warrant" [law] and those disgusting precedents about "Offenkundigkeit" [literal translation "It's obvious", in this case it means judicial notice that "the Holocaust happened" and cannot be challenged], I frankly would feel loath to endanger any potential witnesses. In other words, I do not want to be used as the "cheese in the trap" or some honey pot, as they say in American parlance. I believe in being brave, even in acting heroically – but, Yvonne, I abhor suicidal behavior! That's why I request urgently that no one should come to visit me – not you, RenÉ, Robert, Ingrid, not even my sons. You are all far too valuable and too dear to me to risk endless persecutions and hassles at borders and airports.

It is a new Dark Age that has temporarily seized Europe and North America. It is like some kind of intellectual virus that has befallen Western culture. My mentor called it "the bacillus of decomposition", a very fitting description for this condition. Mr. Arcand used to tell me that our Western culture was gravely ill, caused by this invading bacillus, and that our immune system was already compromised and our defense mechanisms confused by alien concepts and false ideas – but that, in the end, we would marshal all our vital forces just before we succumbed and would rise from the sickbed, shake off the invaders and tormentors in one heroic final act of self-assertion – cast them off, the way one purges the body of a deadly illness. I believed him, because that was the message of the Great One also. That's why he did not like Oswald Spengler's "Decline of the West."

Ernst's second letter was to Willis Carto, publisher of the American Free Press, and his wife, Elizabeth:

Your fax was given to me on the 30th of March. It arrived here the 25th; the censor stamped it on the 28th. That is the speediest mail I have had. I got a letter from Jürgen Rieger, my attorney, which, according to German law, must not be opened or censored. Yet it took 19 days to reach me. A normal letter in Germany takes 2-3 days maximum, so somewhere obviously this letter was held up – why and by whom is anyone's guess. I am totally out of my depth here because my 46 years' absence really do show!

Elizabeth was absolutely right in her assessment of the human treatment of prisoners here, certainly since my arrival until now. I cannot complain of my treatment. On the contrary, it has always been correct, even courteous, helpful, and sympathetic. Canadian guards working under disgusting rules and regulations showed individual humanity and also empathy [on occasion] that surprised me, especially after they got to know me. They went to the Zündelsite.org so often, apparently from within the prison, that the administration had the website blocked so the staff could no longer access it from work.

It was actually gratifying to me to hear the intelligent questions on history by some of the guards who had me and my case as a high school and later as a university subject, since I got several pages from 1987 on in Canadian textbooks. It was amazing! Others remembered me walking to court with my yellow hard hat body guards. Just picture the scene [there], Willis – a potbellied and bald Ernst Zündel, stark naked, locked into a Sing-Sing like prison shower, guarded by a Black, a Sikh, and a German or a Chinese or Filipino listening in rapt attention as I held forth on the causes of World War II or the other subject which so freaks out German authorities. Guards would buy the "Letters from Cell # 7" book via the Internet from Ingrid and sneak it in, shove it through my feeding slot and ask me to autograph it or to dedicate it to their fathers – [one of whom] living 5,000 miles away, had been a Zündel supporter for 20 years!

One day I will write you some details that will warm your heart of Aryan brotherhood beyond guard-and-prisoner. A movie is waiting to be made just about this.

The worst, coldest, most callous and nastiest place was undoubtedly Blount County Jail in Tennessee where the food rations were so small that all prisoners were constantly hungry and the staff seemed to be made up of people who were just plain bullies – impolite, crude and rude. I had one cell mate for a few days who was clearly mental as a manic depressive. He had regular pretend phone calls with the President. He fancied himself to be the Chief of the CIA. The guards knew he was "off" because he would get up at 2-3 a.m. and press the emergency button on the Intercom – to berate them!

One morning 5-6 huge guards stormed into our cell. I was in the top bunk. They hollered at me to take my mattress and belongings and get out of the cell while they pushed him [out of] the bunk bed below. I was not yet out of the cell when they began to slap, punch and kick that man. He was curled up on the ground, screaming, blood squirting from his nose and head. They kept pummeling, punching, kneeing him, finally dragging him out of the cell on his side, pulling him with one leg. He bled profusely, spattering the walls and floor with blood – in

full view of other prisoners! I saw him three days later, black and blue, in sick bay where we were always taken in painful leg irons connected with long metal chains on our feet and handcuffs – within the prison, mind you! – six to seven prisoners padlocked together, shuffling along the corridors, to and from sick bay. This man sued the prison. I knew the lady lawyer. How far this case went, I don't know – but here was a clearly mentally imbalanced American, a chemical engineer by profession, treated like a piece of meat! Awful! Sad!

I heard and saw some similar things in Toronto. One young Negro died in the cell next to me. Why? He must have had some seizure or breathing difficulties. The guards shouted, danced around and taunted him. I saw him the day before. He was athletic, had good muscle tone like many young Blacks who are in far better physical shape than Whites – yet I saw him through my little 8 1/2 by 11 cell observation window, carried out of his cell limp like a dish rag, dumped unto a gurney, electric shock applied to his heart, given an injection, given CPR, oxygen – the fellow was dead!

Another inmate, in a wheelchair, in his fifties, died in Thorold, Ontario in the cell next to me. I saw the relatives come, identify him and wail til the cell echoed from their sobbing, and I thought to myself, "What a place do die in – all alone, locked in, helpless! Nightmares followed. This prison experience really is something! I saw nothing of the sort here – so far!

The medical doctor, who checked me upon arrival, was a gentle, blue-eyed, tall German with a sympathetic manner who prescribed immediately some herbal, plant-oil based mouth wash, for which I had asked repeatedly in Canada – to no avail! It took me more than a year to see the Jewish prison dentist who promptly went to work on my teeth like the Boys from Brazil dentist on Dr. Mengele – grinding away, no needle. He then wanted to pull my wisdom teeth because my "mouth was too crowded." Well, I told the man that I was 65 years old and had every tooth in my mouth and that I was not about to lose my first tooth in his establishment! I was not allowed a tooth brush or tooth paste in my cell. I had to ask the guards for it. [These items] were out in the open, on top of a plastic bin, where all the guards and other inmates walked by, kicking up dust and germs! When I was refused a medical mouth wash, [the dentist] graciously gave me a thimble full of salt water twice a day for three days, which gave me a little relief, but after three days that largesse stopped. I thought I was in Siberia!

Here the doctor prescribed the mouth wash, the medical orderly gave me a little bottle, and after two years of almost constant unpleasantness and pain I feel like a human being again. It means that within 14 hours of landing on German soil I was given cheerfully and with a warm smile something denied to me in Canada for 24 months.

Your assessment, Willis, of the German situation is right on target. There is a mood I can only describe as "government fatigue" that is palpable and was expressed to me within 30 minutes of my landing on German soil by border guard police with a frankness that I found astonishing – and refreshing, to say the least.

You can be sure that I will be suffering Manfred Roeder's fate many a times. Guenter Deckert found a fair judge who was then promptly put on forced sick leave while other judges took over and reversed the first judgment – not only punishing Deckert with a severe sentence, but subsequently increasing his sentence, adding two more judgments to it for private letters written from his cell! You can be sure, Willis, that this will be one of the tactics used on me to increase my sure-to-be-lengthy sentence. And there are other chicaneries waiting! I am not bragging when I say that in the German context I am developing into something of a German Nelson Mandela.

The German entity is in a similar financial state, an untenable, irreparable, near-collapse state just like the United States government. Interest payments on the national debt on the state and municipal levels are so huge that it is simply out of control and cannot be paid off! The servicing of the debt paralyzes the German state entity. Now that German industry is relocating to Rumania, Poland, Bulgaria, the Ukraine and the Baltic states where labor laws are lax and labor costs from 10-20 percent of what they are in Germany proper, German unemployment has now been admitted to be higher than even in Hitler's 1933 ascension to power. It is now finally admitted to be at least 8 1/2 million unemployed – with increasing numbers, because companies cannot compete against the East. Thus the German entity's tax base is shrinking and they are caught in a descending spiral. The German post-war system is collapsing by implosion.

Since I have always been the most politically incorrect and outspoken of the Revisionists and knew all along what the logical outcome of properly applied Revisionism would have to lead to, quite naturally the currently ruling oligarchy knows that I am, by now, a Symbol of Resistance. I am, in fact, the Avenger Anti Portas, biding my time. Blais's judgment makes that perfectly clear. I am the living, breathing link to our history. Thanks to my very young emigration and meeting Adrien Arcand, who gave me that first hard cover edition of Imperium, which introduced me to you, I had excellent teachers, and North America freed me of my mental shackles. Had I been trapped in Old Europe, I could have never blossomed and expanded my horizons the way I did.

I always felt thoroughly at home in the New World – more so in America than in Canada. I have and have had an affinity for the America of Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Baron von Steuben and Madison that has puzzled me at times – like when I trod that hallowed ground at Valley Forge. It's almost as if I had some karmic connection to that place and that period in American history. When I read Jefferson's thoughts and ideas on the separation of powers, his warnings about the dangers to American liberty and to human freedom of an appointed judiciary, it gives me goosebumps! That man Jefferson far more completely and intimately expresses my feelings about "People Power" and the importance of checks and balances than any other political thinker – including National Socialist thinkers. Thomas Jefferson accurately foretold what would happen to America if its citizens would not be very vigilant. He even understood the money question 135 years before Gottfried Feder introduced Die Brechung der Zinsknechtschaft – in short, the practice of usury and interest slavery. I am in awe of that man Jefferson – simply in awe!

All America needs to do is to apply the emergency brake and go back to American fundamentals. People laugh when I say that. They say it could never be done. It would be old-fashioned, not feasible. Yet vast numbers of these same Americans think nothing of being identified with and espousing the most reactionary, far-out religion, Christian Fundamentalism, which is 1800 years older and farther back than Jefferson Fundamentalism!

When Jefferson was in his prime, the census of 1796 showed that there were 4.6 million white Americans. That just happens to be almost the exact same number the Kingdom of Prussia had under Frederick the Great. We should not be overly impressed by mere numbers today. Look at little Israel. Six Million Jews, surrounded by – what? All told, 1.2 billion Muslims?

After the United States, Israel is the most advanced and highly militaristic state. They produce their own jets, guns, ammunition, torpedoes, tanks, artillery, rockets with which they launch satellites. They have long range ballistic missiles, A-bombs and H-bombs – and now, thanks to the Germans, even submarines capable of launching atomic warhead tipped missiles anywhere on the planet. Against anyone they hate! So, what exactly do these vast numbers we are so overly impressed by mean? To do what? To achieve what? Do we need to have military bases, missions, and a presence in 142 countries – or would Americans be better served to rethink their foreign and especially their domestic and financial policies along Jeffersonian lines? And heed George Washington's so very eloquently expressed ideas in his farewell address?

In fact, if America wants to recover her bearings and sanity, national health, and purpose, there is no finer and wiser counsel to heed than the simple and yet brilliant concepts which gave birth to America from the 1750s on to 1796 and into Jefferson's reign and even Madison's. I wish I had my files here to quote some of these men's thoughts.

Very few finer minds trod this earth then, or since. I say that as a European, but compared to the Founding Fathers and forces at work in America then, I cannot point to a European country or a group of Europeans who at that time had such a complete and realistic, even a wholistic concept of what a modern state should look like, be like, and function like – and, above all, be governed like!

They were unique. There simply is not one.

Of course the Americans were blessed with vast, open spaces, a thinly populated continent, while especially Western Europe was a mess of warring duchies, fiefdoms, principalities and city states that were exhausting their gene pool with criminal recklessness.

It is true – Americans and early America had it easier to impose their "New Order." What prevented Russia, or the Germans led by the Prussians, to develop and then turn their vision into an American-like reality? They did not rise to the occasion for a thousand reasons – from jealousy to greed, from ignorance to religious bigotry.

I just reread again the British historian J.F.C. Fuller's book, "Decisive Battles of the Western World." We wasted our precious gene pool on internecine wars and struggles – and now we are paying the price. It was criminal and reckless and a very sad example of utter stupidity and short-sightedness.

So you see, Ernst is still Ernst – as ever creative, caring, in touch with himself and the world. I have known Ernst now for ten years, and he still surprises me with his iconoclastic ways and his precise, uncluttered ideas. I miss him grievously, but he keeps telling me "it's only temporary" – a speck on the radar of life. He tells me many times that our "dream house" is still definitely included in all plans.

What "dream house" and what "plans?", you will ask.

I don't mind telling you, because some of you have asked me to tell you more private and intimate things, how our lives played out in Tennessee – and what I envision our future to be, now that Ernst has been extradited, replete with a 20-year ban. When we first moved to Tennessee, we bought a very small chalet that we promptly expanded into some respectable elbow-room office space – we called it our "salt mines." We added enough space to spread out, and it is very pleasant to work efficiently in un-cramped offices, but we didn't have much of a living arrangement in terms of private square footage. For several years, our many guests from all parts of the world were treated to breakfast at a very small, cramped kitchen table, and our so-called "living room" is merely a sitting area with a sectional wrapping a fireplace. We added a spacious bedroom above the garage, and since Ernst was deported, I have converted the former bedroom into a pretty dining room so I can play housewife in style in case you want to visit. On the wall hangs a picture of Ernst when he first came to Canada, and on the opposite wall are all of his grandchildren and one of my own. No matter out of which window I look, I am surrounded by an ocean of trees, bushes, flowers and ivy. We were happy here for almost three years, and we'll be happy here again if only I manage to win in the courts and get the 20 year ban removed – at least for a start. We are going to take it from there, and if you care to visit me, I'll tell you and show you some concrete ideas and plans. Both Ernst and I are convinced we will be reunited. After all, who has more old-fashioned willpower than we?

Why am I telling you all this, when I should rather give you some objective facts and figures to give you some hope that our work has not come to an end when Ernst was so brutally arrested and taken off in chains? Let me assure you that the work is going to continue – we both love our work and are determined to apply our talents for the sake of our people and their betterment. In fact, this kidnapping could well be our enemies' biggest mistake! In one of his letters to me, Ernst found just the right words to frame our future thrust when he declared right out of his cell:

"All I have to do from now on is to be a symbol!"

At least for myself, that will be the outreach focus of my work – Ernst Zündel as the Symbol of Resistance. You see, that concept was already powerful in Canada. There were six detainees in Maximum Security – has anybody ever heard of the other five prisoners, who suffered in exactly the same atrocious conditions as Ernst? Until Ernst was kidnapped out of Tennessee, Canada was known, at least ostensibly, as a "democracy." Now the entire world

knows that to be a joke! Ernst's brutal treatment in the courts and his incarceration in Metro West have ripped off that hypocritical mask and revealed a Western-style dictatorship called "Canada" for what it is, exactly! Thanks to the Internet, Canada is in the crushing grip of the Zionist agenda. It is now despised by millions of people all over the world!

Two days ago, I previewed a video made 20 years ago at the conclusion of Ernst's Great Holocaust Trial #1, where one of the yammering Jewish head honchos proclaimed: "Zündel has garnered publicity he could not have gotten in his wildest dreams on his own! We have made that damn man a household word!"

Yes, they have. They have only themselves to blame for the fallout that's surely to come in the foreseeable future in Germany, perhaps all over Europe soon! In fact, it may have already begun, as described to me by one of the organizers:

HUNGARIANS PROTEST ERNST ZÜNDEL'S IMPRISONMENT IN GERMANY

The protest took place in Budapest on Saturday 16th of April as I mentioned earlier. Three different TV channels reported on it on Saturday evening in the news and according to the news reports the numbers of those who attended varied from 40 to 150 depending on which channel you were watching. One of the organizers was selling their newspaper and he has sold exactly 230 papers, so it is not an exaggeration to estimate that the real number of attendance to be 250.

On Monday three daily newspapers also reported on it, of course all the news reports and articles were negative, calling them extremist right wing and neo-nazis.

A couple of days prior, the German ambassador stated that they would not accept the petition and they didn't even come out and talk or listen to what the protesters had to say. The organizers therefore mailed the petition to them on Monday.

The police arrived in large force and protected the embassy and with steel bar fences they surrounded the whole building. The protesters carried over 20 placards in Hungarian, German and some in English, demanding freedom for Zündel and for dismantling the anti-free speech laws in Germany.

The last three years the 16th of April has been officially announced as The Holocaust Day, so therefore all over Budapest the Jewish community and established officials unveiled a new statue paying tribute to the so-called victims of the Holocaust. Government officials paled [paid?] their respects.

A couple of days prior to the protest one of the chief rabbis of Hungary was protesting to the police as to why they allowed this "anti-holocaust" protest to take place on Saturday and complaining that their followers cannot organize a counter protest because it is on a Saturday, their Holy day. The police however stated that they would not allow a counter-protest for fear of fighting between the two groups.

Throughout the whole protest there was no trouble, and the speakers reflected on Zündel's life, his ongoing struggle and his imprisonment as well as the German Liberal dictatorship

and its anti-free speech laws. They ended the protest by playing the German national anthem and the Hungarian national anthem.

Please click on the following link <<http://index.hu/politika/belfold/0416hlestdnr/?print>><http://index.hu/politika/belfold/0416hlestdnr/?print> for some pictures which are on a hostile Internet site which portrayed the protest in a negative light with a tone of insignificance. I have been promised by the organizers that they will give me their own pictures and when I receive them I will send them to you. I am also attaching the text of the petition in German.

Please note: The German-language text to the German Ambassador to the Chancellor of Germany has been posted on the Zündelsite at www.Zundelsite.org

We were not so lucky here. We were making for a demonstration here (and perhaps abroad) at German Consulates and Embassies on May 6. We started out with conventional ideas – small gatherings in many cities, posters, media etc.

However, the moment I announced the demonstrations, I had to cope with very serious electronic sabotage. I lost much precious time and many e-mail letters of people who wanted to participate and asked for contact with the protest organizers. Naturally, it wasn't possible because of the many lost letters. Therefore, I quickly initiated an alternative plan, and in the dead of night shipped off some 500 letters with specific suggestions of how to protest as individuals or in small groups. Those who protested didn't get far.

It appears that ALL of the consulates contacted by Zündel friends responded with a canned reply - if they responded at all! - which reads as follows in the main (meager) body of the letter:

The Public Prosecutor's Office in Mannheim is conducting the proceeding.

The German Foreign Office and its foreign missions, as a rule, do not comment on ongoing criminal proceedings.

The relevant public prosecutor's office in Germany is responsible for providing the media with information about criminal proceedings.

Please note that this missive refers specifically to "ongoing criminal proceedings" - even though Ernst Zündel has not yet been charged!

Many supporters who took the phone route ran into similar brush-off. Here is a typical – and telling – telephone experience by a lady in California, Jana:

Today I called the German Consulate in San Francisco and verbalized (politely of course) my concern about Ernst as a political prisoner in Germany.

It was as if the woman who answered the phone suddenly developed a case of amnesia. I could not believe her evasive attitude. She actually responded as if she was afraid to hear what I had to say. She couldn't seem to answer even the simplest question.

I asked her who I might direct a letter to at the Consulate. According to her there was no one to write to.

I asked for the street address. She refused to give it to me.

I told her she had nothing to fear from me. I said I just wanted to put my concerns in writing and send it in a letter. She said that San Francisco was not concerned about such issues but I should send my letter to Washington.

I told her that I wanted to send my letter to San Francisco because I lived in the Bay Area and might wish to visit the Consulate in person at some point. She said I should go to Washington not San Francisco. In San Francisco they were only concerned with such things as visas and passports.

I asked her if the address was public information listed on the internet. At that point she hurriedly gave me the address and hung up.

Several "Galileo-Zündel" articles recently appeared on numerous websites, written by mainstream writers whose names I had never heard of before. I thought you might enjoy the one below because he takes the analogy of Galileo/Zündel even a step further.

NOTORIOUS EARTH CENTERED SOLAR SYSTEM DENIER IS ARRESTED! (THE PASSION OF ZÜNDEL)

by H. Millard (c) 2005

"Galileo Galilei, a notorious denier that the earth is the center of the solar system, was arrested recently and is being held in isolation lest his hateful ideas be heard by others. A spokesman for the Inquisition has said that the sale or possession of Galileo's book is banned and anyone found reading it or discussing its ideas will be arrested. 'Let everyone be cautioned by the experience of the hater Galileo,' said the spokesman. 'We will not tolerate such intolerance in our community.'"

"'Free speech is fine, but Galileo went too far,' said an Anti-Slander Organization spokesman. 'His venom and bigotry are beyond the pale. We all know that the earth is the center of the solar system and anyone who denies it is just spewing hate.'"

That's what could have been written back in the 1600's, and pretty much was. Today, we're much more enlightened and we certainly wouldn't have been part of such nonsense, would we? Each of us knows in our heart of hearts that we would have stood up for Galileo even if we didn't know if what he was saying about the sun being the center of the solar system was correct or not. We know that whether he was right or wrong isn't really the point (even though he was right). He had a right to be wrong and he had a right to express his views. We know that we would have told the haters, who were trying to stop Galileo from speaking out, to crawl back under their rocks with the other loathsome creatures. We might even have said that it is part of human nature to question and wonder about things and to tell others what we believe. We might have told the bigots that the truth is the truth and that there is no harm in people expressing their theories and investigating to get to the truth. That's what intelligent people do. They don't just accept things as fact unless they can be proven. No ideas are sacred and unapproachable. All ideas are on the table in a free society and

people can discuss things freely and openly without the fear of being persecuted. That's what freedom means. Most of us know that today, and most of us understand the wrong that was done to Galileo. Hindsight, it is said, makes us all geniuses.

The real difficulty, when you're actually living through history, is being able to see the repression right in front of you. And, if we don't see it and if we don't speak out against it, aren't we showing thereby that we are no better than the people of Galileo's day?

In truth, very few of us would have defended Galileo. How do I know this? Because very few of us are defending the victims of similar persecution in our own day. We allow repression and bigotry to flourish by our silence. We are no brighter in this regard than those who allowed Galileo to be persecuted or those who allowed the witches to be killed in Salem. We have not really progressed as living beings. We are as cowardly and ignorant as those in the past.

To keep things simple, consider just one example from the news this week of what we are allowing to happen.

Ernst Zündel believes that the Holocaust is not as it has been presented. He has written and spoken out about this. For this, he has been hounded by some Jews, the way Galileo was hounded by some Catholics.

This past week, Zündel was deported from Canada to his native Germany where he was promptly arrested for the crime of "Holocaust denial." That's his crime: Holocaust denial. That's as ridiculous a charge as "the earth is the center of the solar system denial." He'll now go on trial in Germany and he'll be found guilty. You can count on it because that's the way the corrupt system, controlled by tyrants, works. They have phony charges and a show trial and then they find the person guilty. It's all a sham so the Stepford People can smile and say, "See, justice was served, he had a trial."

Zündel did nothing but use his inalienable human right to speak out on his belief that the Holocaust couldn't have happened as we're all supposed to believe. He didn't deny that Jews died. Lots did. There was a war going on. He didn't deny that there were concentration camps. There were plenty. In fact, and as an aside, we even had some in the U.S., but instead of Jews, we put Japanese Americans in ours. War is hell.

The problem is that the Holocaust, as generally put forth, has become like religious dogma. One is not supposed to investigate or question various dogmatic "truths." Zündel didn't buy it. He had questions. He sought answers. He told others what he had discovered. For this, he was smeared and persecuted.

So, what does a rational and free society do when its religious dogma—its orthodox beliefs—are challenged? Does it allow the challengers to speak out and does it allow other people to investigate all aspects of what they're saying? You bet. However, we don't live in a rational and free society. If someone says something that the rulers don't like and which questions dogma, the rulers try to silence them and keep others from hearing the message. Then, the rulers try to destroy those who are speaking out.

There's something of the alternate universe and eternal recurrence about this Zündel story that goes back even earlier than Galileo and conjures up Shakespeare's line: *All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players.* "On our modern stage does it not seem as though we are seeing an alternate universe version of the Passion of the Christ starring Ernst Zündel?"

Blanch not, dear friends, for I am not saying that Zündel is a new Jesus. I am simply saying that we've got the same old play going on right in front of us. We've been here before, and if we don't start using our brains we're going to keep coming back to the same thing over and over again as we allow one group to smear and persecute other groups by attacking individuals who take the lead in questioning and speaking out. Unless we fix things, injustice will continue. And, have no doubt that the attack on Jesus/Zündel was more than just an attack on lone individuals. These were attacks on everyone who was listening to them and was an attempt to intimidate the listeners and to force them back into the docile herd. "Conform to our truths or suffer," is the message from the rulers.

Here is the synopsis of our Passion Play in the alternate universe: A man, Jesus/Zündel, has come along to challenge some dogmatic views pushed by the Jewish establishment—the High Priests. These High Priests don't like what Jesus/Zündel is saying because he is causing the common people to doubt what the High Priests have been pushing. Alarming, to the High Priests, a growing number of these common people are listening more to Jesus/Zündel than they are to the High Priests. As a result, the High Priests want to be rid of Jesus/Zündel. However, for a variety of reasons, they can't directly get rid of Jesus/Zündel so they enlist the aid of others, the Romans/Germans. Jesus/Zündel is then crucified. Curtain.

It is telling, is it not, that Mel Gibson was also attacked by many of the same types of people who attacked Jesus/Zündel?

It is a sad commentary on the human condition that so many people are unable to see through smears and hate to what is essential and that so few people understand that it is the right of every human being to be able to express and hear ideas that some others may not like. The Zündel case is about human freedom. Period.

As you can see, we aren't giving up, and others are joining our struggle. What we are now experiencing is merely another stage in a war that never stopped since 1945. This war is "war by other means". There will be more outreach and many more initiatives to free our very own POW, believe me!

As always, let me thank you most sincerely for your loyalty and your support, which has proved as solid as rock, and your caring concern has made my job much easier—more sacred. Many, many times, as I read my way through piles and piles of letters, I get all mushy and tearful inside. What magnificent, trustworthy comrades I have to help me to carry on this front in our struggle, alone, while Ernst does his part in his homeland! As Ernst said in the above-mentioned video already 20 years ago: "Big job! Well done! I salute you!"

Ingrid Zündel

Ingrid