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POWERFUL WORDS

I have said publicly that I will never write or speak on the subject of Israel or Palestine ever again. Here is why.

The Zionist lobby in this country is malicious, implacable, mendacious and dangerous. They have caused me a great deal of lost sleep – and in the end my insomnia has not contributed anything to the resolution of the conflict over Palestine. I might as well keep my mouth shut and get some sleep.

What's more, once the expression anti-Semite hits the air, or heaven forefend, the sacred formula six million is uttered, then I know from bitter experience that there is not one manager or editor in the country who will defend an underling. We are thrown to the jackals.

In the end the truly tolerant have no defence against intolerance. I surrender. To the Zionists I say: You win. To the Palestinians: Forgive my cowardice.

*

Terry Lane, ABC broadcaster and journalist
The Australian Jewish New, 4 December 1992

Memo from Fredrick Toben:

Think on these things – The Battle-of-the-Wills



For me personally June has been a somewhat defining month, and here is why:

1. I managed to reach the proverbial three-score-and-ten years without too many additional problems encroaching upon my court-cost bankruptcy status, which occurred in September 2012 because of my daring to challenge those individuals who claim without offering any physical proof that during World War Two Germans systematically exterminated European Jewry in homicidal gas chambers, in particular at Auschwitz.

Now, looking back over these seven decades I see that one of my defining moments is the fact that I am still reasonably mobile because when I was 14 I spent some months at the Fairfield Infectious Disease Hospital in Melbourne because for some still unknown reason to this day I had contracted thrombosis in both my legs. When the legs finally stopped ballooning and reduced to their normal size, the Collins Street specialist advised me that nothing could be done, except that around forty I could expect a double amputation. The valves in my veins had been destroyed and this meant that the arteries pumped the blood down into the legs but the valves, which work like a pump system, could not return the blood flow, and so I was advised to sit down every hour and raise my legs to clear them of blood – or alternately, go for long walks because the calf muscles compensated somewhat for those failed valves and would force through my legs the much-needed blood flow.

That there is an ever-present constant pain element is offset by my wearing tailor-made compression stockings made in Germany, and which I had specially fitted while serving those seven months at Mannheim prison. I still recall how in 1999 the prison doctor initially informed me that I would have to meet these expensive stockings myself, then when I left the clinic in half-a-huff because I could not afford the then DM200,- costs the doctor, no doubt noting my sulky response, followed me out into the corridor, placed his arm on my shoulders and advised that *'Vaterstaat kann das bezahlen'* – Father state can pay for it. And so within a week I was called back to the prison hospital where a gentleman took my leg measurements.

This in itself was an experience because I thought about German inventiveness and how a technique had been developed that would support a failure-of-nature and enable me to lead a reasonably normal mobile life. Unfortunately, I had kept my disability hidden from general public gaze and this would now become common knowledge. I hate to play the victim of anything...but I have always felt sad for those individuals who walk about with swollen legs and who for some unknown reason

have not had their legs "shaped" by compression stockings – which certainly reduces the dragged-down feeling that I experience when not wearing my stockings.

2. Denis Adams, of Apsley, a small Wimmera hamlet between Edenhope, Victoria, and Narracoorte, South Australia, is an accomplished writer of short stories that illuminate some aspect of his self-reflective life's journey, and which always develop basic moral lessons for his readers as well. Once you start reading his stories it is difficult to stop half-way through even just for a coffee-break, and you will feel this compulsion when you read his latest that he has written especially for you, as he wrote to me in an email: *Just back from an invigorating few days touring some of my tribal lands! And in this story I've tried to describe how thousands of my generation of Australians – usually of pioneer descent – has felt. After I and thousands of others got pushed out of farming and other activities I thought many a book would have come out of it but haven't noticed any, so I try. Next time the ABC records stories of mine must try this one on them!*

For me personally his story transported me back to my teaching-time that I covered in my book: *The Boston-Curry Party*. But that this whole affair is not an exclusive matter is revealed in the semi-formal obituary of Canadian teacher, [Jim Keegstra](#), who also suffered a personal misfortune for having dared to stand up to the 'Holocaust believers'.

Only recently I was talking with a couple of individuals about life generally and the topic of pain came up and the question asked: What was the most painful moment you have ever experienced in your life? For me it was when my family broke up and I was separated from my son. I was happily teaching at the small Goroce consolidated school, I already had 250 sheep from my brother who was farming at Edenhope, was a director of *Toben International PtyLtd*, had undertaken two federal government sponsored overseas trips to Europe, Africa and South East Asia, to promote Australian honey, and saw my ideal come to fruition: be a teacher at a small country high school near where I myself had gone to school, had a wife who was a community health nurse, had a son who attended my school and I was about to be made a permanent secondary teacher within the Victorian Education Department – and could then apply for the permanent English teaching position available at the school. I had even joined the professional teachers' body, Australian College of Educators that gave me an extra decoration after my name

– MACE! This year I celebrate my life membership of this august body of professional educators. I was happy and I even traded in my red Datsun 200B for a white 240 Volvo. I was happy to inform the forever grumbling principal and teachers of what I was doing and that I liked living in the Wimmera – and that the ultimate goal was for me to be a teacher-farmer. What a big mistake this was.

Unfortunately, the head of staffing at Melbourne, John Collins, who had been my principal when I sat for my Matriculation at Edenhope High School in 1962, and who had secured my appointment at Goroke, was not a Labor Party man, and when Labor assumed office he retired because he just could not handle the union's street tactics especially that of the VSTA and its attack on basic pedagogical standards. So, it was no surprise to me that suddenly the Goroke principal had found that I had massive teaching problems – but this is all covered in my book.

Denis Adams' brief view of things as the Toben affair was aired in the local *Wimmera Mail-Times* also captures the mood of this tragedy, especially when my good friend – with whom I had collaborated at school in exposing our students to multi-disciplinary lessons in story writing and art work, then publishing this in book-form – took off with my wife and son. Days of our lives here we come – the most painful event in my life. However, when I am asked: *Do you regret that this ever happened?* I now respond with a resounding NO! Had this not happened to me, then I would never have met since 1988 all those interesting individuals – and that includes Denis Adams!

3. For example, only recently I met lawyer **Trevor Poulton** who in 2012 wrote an intriguing book called *The Holocaust Denier*, which I have just reviewed. Poulton achieves with brilliant clarity what Holocaust believers fabricate, then sell as fact when in fact they are making up their stories, when they are fabricating and lying outright, when they tell their lies of living with wolves, throwing an apple-a-day over the fence at Auschwitz, etc.

In fictitious form Poulton manages to present the Holocaust Revisionist narrative in excellent detailed form – and he does more. He traces the effect the Holocaust belief has on individual relationships, how it is loudly proclaimed at artistic poetry-reading events, and how liberating it is for individuals who dare to ask questions and who dare to seek the truth of a matter, i.e. how liberating it is for an individual to be thinking

independently about current events, but at the same time how debilitating such can become on personal relationships. His main protagonist, Ward Price, journeys through life floundering about, even wondering whether he is Arthur or Martha – and this reminded me how during my teaching time the teachers' unions advocated homosexuality in brochures where it was explicitly stated: *Anal intercourse may hurt at first, but you'll get used to it.* The recent revelation in the media that cadets at the Western Australian Naval base [HMAS Leeuwin](#) had been subjected to sexual rape with broomsticks inserted in their anus horrifies those who are still courageous enough to state that such actions are sadistic and outright criminal. But a society that condones the mutilation of an infant's penis – not even to mention the sadistic-murderous nature of female genital mutilation, and then claims it is a religious ritual/necessity – is indeed enshrining sexual mutilation as a deficiency thinking prescription.

I have met individuals who rationalise on this matter by claiming that only a circumcised male is a civilised person and the uncircumcised male is a barbarian. The implication of interfering with the normal development of penile function is itself an abhorrent matter, especially when a rabbi performs the act, then sucks the blood from the bleeding penis.

This deficiency thinking is, of course, reflected within the official Holocaust narrative where the victim status is writ large – and the Germans are the perpetrators of it, and Adolf Hitler embodies its absolute evil. After all, after Auschwitz it is not possible to write any kind of literature – so, according to Eli Wiesel, or one of many such frauds who have been legally protected. And thus without any inhibition or censorship these shonks have been able to generate hatred against Germans. Trevor Poulton certainly balances this equation by introducing the detailed Revisionist argument in his book. In fact, there are episodes in this narrative to which I can relate, especially when the protagonist, Ward Price, mentally matures and understands what the essence of the Holocaust Revisionist argument really is about.

I mused to myself when within the novel *Lebensborn* is raised because only on 16 June 2014 in a respected Swiss newspaper, *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, [Das «SS-Bordell» ist nur ein Gerücht](#), the matter of *Lebensborn* as told by the professional liars, haters and defamers of National Socialism is a myth. On the contrary, the ideal was to have homes for single and married expectant mothers where they could give birth in a dignified environment and which had nothing to

do with racial breeding programs. The organisation, formed in 1935, was exonerated by the US military tribunal on 10 March 1948 and only one person was convicted because of his belonging to the SS, which had by then been branded a criminal organisation. In 1961, before the Auschwitz trials at Frankfurt were cranked up, a Jewish film maker, Arthur >Atze< Brauner had fictitiously depicted the Lebensborn story, which then continued to feed the public with anti-German stories, much as Thomas Keneally/Stephen Spielberg did with his 1994 *Schindler's List*.

By its creative output this pathological fascination with perverse forms of human behaviour that is then ascribed to a direct National Socialist origin, continues to amaze me – NOT, i.e., if you have read TALMUD nothing coming from Jewish sources surprises anymore! The [latest computer game](#) is given lots of publicity in Jewish newspapers – I no longer wonder why this is so because I had read TALMUD.

4. Almost seamlessly we then move to our next item where the difference between **NAZISM [sic – Nationals Socialism]** and **ZIONISM** raises its challenging head. The matter arose when on 16 June 2014 [Gilatz Atzmon and Lee Kaplan](#) debated the Palestine issue on Iran's **PRESS TV**, and Atzmon adopted the Iranian party line – which is that of the Left in most western democracies – that ZIONISM equals NAZISM. Of course this is far from the truth, and fortunately on my 1971 visit to Israel, and my brief stay at kibbutz Kiriath Shmona, I became aware of one of the fundamental differences between the Jewish-Talmudic and Germanic mindset. I was advised that families gave away their infants at night and there were special homes established where babies would spend the nights – away from their parents who, for whatever reason, did not wish to be burdened with looking after crying infants at night.

I was advised by Schlomo, a man from Russia, that this system was, however, breaking down and only about half of the parents sent their young there while the other half wanted them at home for the night. This is fundamentally *Talmud* and its moral values in action, or, it is also Communism-Marxist principles at work. Marx himself was known to be fully negligent of his own family, and hence in rational justification supported the collective as opposed to the individual family unit. In any case, Marxist dialectic materialism rejects any form of idealism, for example, the concept LOVE is reduced to the concept 'sex' and the concept 'God' is reduced to

scientific negation, and to speak of 'soul' would have you charged with religious obscurantism and showing signs of a diseased mind. We know from the pathological remnants still visible within former Communist countries what devastating effect an atheistic culture has on the human mind. National Socialism does not shy away from any rationality or empirical exploration that may end in idealistic fervour. This is one of the reasons why Adolf Hitler and the National Socialists to this day are feared by those who embraced deficiency thinking, then lauded it as the rational salvation of humanity. These individuals have never woken up to the fact that life is far more than logic!

There are other factors that separates Zionists from National Socialists – **but the fundamental of it remains, i.e. that *Talmudism* and *Germanism* clash on the basics of their world views**. One of the most interesting news items of the past two decades was printed on **9 May 2014** wherein [Israeli Prime Minister Netanyahu](#) advises that Israel will become a Jewish state where *Talmud* forms the basis of its rule-of-law, something I would like to see happen. Why? Because then Wagner's, Hitler's, Heidegger's, et al, aims have been realized – the official separation of Judaism from non-Jewish mindsets.

Heidegger's specific observation on things Jewish, i.e. that the Jews live by the racist principle but vehemently deny it to others, will then have become common knowledge, and the perverse use of concepts such as 'race', 'antisemitism', 'Holocaust denial', 'Nazi', et al, be exposed for what they always have been – the sword and shield of atheist, racist Jews who pretend to abide by a living religion.

Of interest is how this kind of open development of the *Talmudic* mindset to be physically expressed within a **Jewish** state will be understood by [Pope Francis](#) who only recently is reported to have stated, among other things, *Underscoring the close ties between Christianity and Judaism and calling Holocaust denial "madness," Pope Francis told an interviewer that 'inside every Christian is a Jew'.*

In the Pope's favour is his plea for understanding of Pope Pius XII's stance during World War Two, who is still waiting for his canonisation on account of his link to so-called matters 'Holocaust'. That Christianity is the flip-side of the Judaic coin is vehemently disputed by those Europeans who have spent an inordinate amount of mental energy emerging themselves in Biblical matters, then deducing therefrom that the Europeans/'white race' are the original Semites and thus heir to Biblical legacy/prophecy –

adopting the Jewish 'chosen people' concept as well as Jewish exceptionalism-racism, i.e. disparaging other races, such as the Africans and Asians as lesser human beings. That Talmudic racism has been projected upon National Socialism is a give, and those who equate Zionism with National Socialism are influenced by what Heidegger claims Jews do – live by the principle of race but then vehemently oppose any other group of living by it, thereby retaining their own exclusivity. Such sophistry is now fully in view of what is happening in the Middle East, in particular in Palestine, and even at this moment in Iraq and Syria where a fracturing of these states will benefit the establishment of Eretz Israel.

5. Of final interest is a newspaper article based on Senator Christine Milne's address under parliamentary privilege in the Australian Senate on 17 June 2014, the day on which [Israel's PM cancels his trip to Australia](#) in light of 'recent developments' which, however, is said to have been made before the three Israelis were kidnapped in the West Bank. At the same time hapless old men are continued to be hounded by those who believed in the countless lies that make up the Holocaust narrative – [Johann Breyer, 89, charged with 'complicity in murder' in US of 216,000 Jews at Auschwitz](#), while an Israeli newspaper spells out the same nonsense: *US man arrested over Auschwitz killings. Johann 'Hans' Breyer, 89, charged with abetting killing of 216,000 Jewish men, women and children as*

guard at Nazi death camp. And there is more – because even in [Sydney](#) there are daily reminders of 'evil Nazis' in action.

Let me conclude my musings with a few words from the following article wherein are contained educational implications for those tasked with teaching matters Holocaust in our Australian schools:

Leading artist doubts Shoah facts: A PROMINENT Queensland sculptor, who told a group of visiting students that Dachau concentration camp was full of "plump Jews playing ping pong", remains unrepentant. Graham Radcliffe, 80, was hosting a group of year 11 art students from Brisbane's Gap State High School at his South East Queensland gallery last week when he made the comments, which included a warning to students not to "take everything they hear about the Holocaust as the truth and the numbers of dead are constantly being revised downward". He also asserted that there was "no evidence that Zyklon-B was ever used in Auschwitz". Radcliffe launched into the distressing tirade after showing the visiting students a sculpture called *The Last Embrace*, set in the Dachau concentration camp. He told The AJN his views had changed since he created the sympathetic piece more than 20 years ago. **Read more at:** <http://www.jewishnews.net.au/leading-artist-doubts-shoah-facts/3546>

A blast from the past



On 16 April 1997 Fredrick Töben, left, at the door of Auschwitz-Stammlager Krema I homicidal gas chamber pointing to the 'peephole' through which, according to Professor Deborah Lipstadt, guards looked to see how the gassings progressed. At right Töben inspects the inside of Krema II, the 'homicidal gas chamber' at Auschwitz-Birkenau. Also fifty years ago to the day Rudolf Höss was infamously hanged at Auschwitz-Stammlager accused of crimes he never committed.

Challenging the System

By DENIS ADAMS

By the time we came to Apsley in July of '83 I was beginning to wonder whether I and tens of thousands of others were failures or whether the System had failed us. When I was born my family had been farming for generations; and like me, nearly every other kid I knew at high school just assumed we would all be farmers. After all, people would always need food and clothing and the world population was rapidly increasing so more and more farmers would be needed wouldn't they?

Obviously they would be, because when I left school to farm fulltime every farm I ever saw was short-handed. Most had trouble of some kind - weeds, erosion, pests of various kinds; jobs like seeding, shearing and harvest nearly always seemed to take too long with the result that vast quantities of wheat, wool etc were lost annually. Even the best kept farms had numerous repair jobs that never seemed to get done; sagging fences, leaking shed roofs and so on, but suddenly Sir William Gunn and others were saying we should all get big or get out!

People who borrowed money never seemed able to clear their debts; people like us who didn't believe in going into debt couldn't seem to get ahead because the more we grew the lower the prices seemed to get. Not only that, many of the things governments did smacked of skulduggery. We voted for Aborigines to be given the same rights, privileges, and responsibilities as whites - to be simply absorbed into the population as European migrants were, but to our amazement the Federal Government segregated them as if they were hot-house plants unable to survive in our climate, and even more incredible it regarded people with only a tiny percentage of Aboriginal blood as full-bloods!

In the end I got out of farming and into a forestry job which seemed to have unlimited prospects for advancement but suddenly the forestry industry also went sour, so seeing the building industry needed workers I started a small business of my own doing small jobs, but lo and behold, even small operators like me found themselves strangled in red tape.....

I guess by now you've got the message! It was like one of those kids' stories where fairyland is invaded by witches, hobgoblins, and monsters! It was as though they were sabotaging every very job, business or career I took up, and by then my health was deteriorating and I was losing confidence in myself.

As if to complete my humiliation the Commonwealth Employment Service told me they could not help me get work until I had applied for the dole! 'But I don't want the bloody dole,' I told them. 'I just want a job!'

As it happened they were able to find me a job immediately that I was ideally suited for, but the humiliation of having to apply for the dole was probably the lowest point of my life.

Unfortunately my new employer was more like a Mafia boss than a businessman - even more unfortunately I believe he is now a very wealthy man! The business he ran then was quite legitimate but many of the ways he did it were criminal. For instance he would tell an employee to collect goods from a business he was taking over and dump them at another site. After awhile the employee would realise that actually the goods still legally belonged to the former owner of the business, so in effect we were stealing! Had the true owner seen us loading up his goods no doubt we would have been charged, and I soon realised that had we been caught our boss would have done nothing to help. He would probably have sacked us in order to appear even squeakier clean!

Our last venture was a corner store, but that too was destroyed, partly by red tape and the introduction of ridiculous 'use-by' dates - which became much more generous 'best before' dates once independent grocers were eliminated. At the time I read that 3,000 grocers a year were being pushed out of business to make way for super-markets - which in any case could buy their goods far cheaper than we could.

So it was that we came to Apsley, feeling rather like refugees from some war torn country, and soon afterwards I began reading articles in some of the local papers about a Dr. Fredrick Toben who was taking legal action after being dismissed from the school at Goroke for alleged incompetence and disobedience. As I read the articles I had the feeling that he had come up against the same kind of brick wall that I had.

I could picture a German born academic being difficult, dogmatic; boring perhaps - but a German disobedient or incompetent? How could a man who had taught in many prestigious educational facilities here and overseas; a man who was a doctor of philosophy and English literature be incompetent?

It didn't ring true. I could imagine laid back country kids not wanting to dot every 'I' or cross ever 'T' in their English assignments, and I had at last discovered that some people seem to get their kicks out of being nasty, so maybe this academic bloke had encountered some of the anti-German feeling TV and the city newspapers seemed to be fostering? As for English literature, Shakespearian plays etc. – well the way Basher Forbes had presented it all to us during my high school days had captured my imagination, but no one else's!

He also made me believe that no-one who loved the English language could be all bad, so when I first read of Dr. Toben's clash with the Victorian Education Department I found myself questioning the authorities rather than him.

My experience as both a parent and a primary school groundsman had made it painfully clear that like many other things, the standard of English had slipped so badly since my school days that many modern English teachers could not even spell, let alone appreciate the literary giants.

As for the teaching profession itself – Well we had no clear cut proof but back in the 60s many parents were convinced that one of our teachers in the Mallee was a druggie. I believe some of them expressed their suspicions to the 'head', but he didn't want to know!

Later we had the accused one out to tea, and he was definitely not the kind of teacher I was accustomed to! As soon as he arrived he told us he was very tired and not entirely 'with it'.

He certainly was not 'with it'! One minute he would be sombrelly saying one of our kids needed psychiatric help, the next he would grab his guitar and serenade us with songs that were either over our intellectual heads – or just plain rubbish. A minute or two later he would be blissfully laid back. We had never witnessed such eccentric behaviour from anyone who wasn't drunk, so we thought maybe he *was* a druggie!

During my years as a primary school groundsman I dealt mainly with the principals, and the first two certainly fitted my childhood image of teachers. If they thought something I was doing might endanger the kids they would quietly point out their concerns, but mostly they and the parents praised my efforts.

I used to see a good deal of the cleaners, and some of them *did* seem rather biased towards teachers in general, but not to the extent of unfair criticism, so I was surprised when one told me she'd had to clean

the house where the single teachers boarded. "It was a *pigsty*," she told me so vehemently I was forced to believe that at least some of the modern teachers were not as strait laced as the rather sanctimonious ones I had often suffered under at school.

After awhile I got to know one of the class teachers quite intimately, and it was he who first drew my attention to the KGB kind of attitude principal No. 3 was displaying.

Every Monday morning I think it was he would summon a different teacher to his office for a dressing down; first presenting them with a list of their alleged failings, from which there seemed no way out except to plead forgiveness and swear to try harder. There never seemed to be any praise or acceptance; there was only the fact that Big Brother was watching and would, in the fullness of time publicly castigate his victim. There seemed no way out, except the one my friend took after months of emotional instability – stress leave!

"You'll be next Denis," he would say gloomily; to which I would point out that I was only a poorly paid groundsman, not a teacher, and only a part time one at that.

I was wrong! I was simply last on the list before he returned to victim No. 1 and began the whole painful process again!

In spite of me being able to easily disprove every one of the charges he said, well he still wasn't satisfied with my work. What was I going to do about it?

Naturally I took the age old Aussie way out – told him to get himself another bloody groundsman!

As I was leaving he snarled at me that he still hadn't forgotten the way I had first got out line by reporting to him that someone had dumped a massive load of new garden tools I had no need of in a shed I hardly ever went into.

I hadn't ordered any of it, and I was well aware of the fact that all Education Department stuff had to be accounted for, so I felt I'd simply done my duty reporting it.

Soon afterwards the cache of tools disappeared! It was real Alice in Wonderland stuff, curiouiser and curiouiser! My experience with him wasn't quite that simple but it left me with grave doubts about the way education was headed in the 70s and a few years later when my teacher friend called, having found another school run by a more professional principal, I was pleased to hear that our old

opponent had himself been criticised from above for a discrepancy in school funds!

So, with all this in mind I wrote Dr. Toben a letter of support, to which he replied, saying he had known teachers so traumatised by the deterioration in teaching standards that they had suffered breakdowns and been granted paid stress leave. They had gone quietly and not been further victimised, but at the cost of agreeing to medical treatment, consisting primarily of drugs that at least in the short term induced a zombie-like state.

That was not for Fred; he said for his own peace of mind that he would either vindicate himself or go down fighting.

Having seen my teacher friend go down the nervous breakdown path filled with drugs and self pity, I knew what Fred was talking about.

Fred later told me his stand had cost him his marriage but that on the whole it was better to make love than war, so having met another woman he intended getting on with his life once he had cleared his name. He said he would be interested to read some of my stories because even if I never made it into the ultra competitive world of writing it was still a better way of communicating than just 'yapping on' as so many people did.

Naturally I followed his battle with bureaucracy and was elated when he won his case, but it proved a hollow victory because he was only awarded token damages and not re-instated by the Victorian Education Dept.

I don't know what positions he applied for in private schools. I only know that his victory over the Education Dept. did not re-open the door to his teaching career, and now, years later, I have come to suspect that all forms of government are tarred with the same brush. They don't want employees standing up for themselves, no matter how qualified, or how much in the right they might be.

I try not to read newspapers or listen to any media version of world events now. Books are much better because their sheer volume of words enables you to compare the evidence so to speak, but alas I have always been a wordaholic. The printed or spoken word is a drug I can never resist so one day I was electrified to see a small article about Fred in the Adelaide Advertiser surrounded by swastikas.

I'd read somewhere that after numerous knockbacks from various educational facilities he had decided to join the Adelaide Institute whatever that was. It

sounded like some kind of educational establishment so I assumed that Fred had finally found a niche that suited him, but the article and swastikas in the Advertiser made him sound like a neo-Nazi.

Now thanks to the Net I'd only have to type in 'Adelaide Institute' and pages of Web sites would appear supporting or reviling it, but in the 80s (or was it the early 90s?) information and disinformation was not nearly so easily obtained so in the end I had to ring Fred's brother to find out how I could contact him.

After ringing Fred I remained pretty much in the dark about what he was doing but he promised to send me some information and when that arrived I found that the Adelaide Institute was devoting itself to what it called 'historic revision', mainly concerning what had happened to Jewish people in World War Two German concentration camps.

I have no idea how criminals can be rehabilitated, or how the enemies of the various political groups can be dealt with humanely, but I have always found the idea of any kind of prison repulsive - but what country has never had a repulsive prison system?

All I know is that like any other race, the vast majority of Germans are good, decent people like all others sometimes controlled and manipulated by a tiny percentage who think that for the public good anything is permissible.

Wars are always a form of national insanity in which normal people become abnormal to varying degrees, but *if* the German people behaved as badly as some have claimed during World War 2, they were adequately punished, so why do some people continue to deride them, and why should people like Fred Toben, born *after* the war be victimised for challenging the degree of German war crimes?

It reminded me of the way the System had blamed me, not itself, for my difficulty in getting decent work, but I don't see the point of fighting battles you can't win, so I don't think I'd have fought the Education Dept. as Fred did, and no matter how fiercely I believed it was wrong. I certainly wouldn't go public trying to prove that the Nazis treated Jewish dissidents humanely.

Like I said I am a wordaholic. I have finally learnt how to turn off radios and TVs that say what I don't want to hear, but I have yet to conquer the written word, so I read the stuff Fred sent me and I read the abuse heaped on him by his enemies. After all, people should listen to both sides of every argument, shouldn't they?

Only weeks before the Port Arthur massacre a man held up a garage/gun shop at nearby Naracoorte, a building no one in their right mind would choose to be besieged in, with a glass front and countless windows and doors. That was surprising enough, but what *really* surprised everyone was that the government reaction was more like D Day than the apprehension of an armed but apparently deranged person.

Because of the open nature of the building I would have thought a handful of police could have talked the man into coming out or subdued him relatively easily, but the more I learn the more I realise I don't know, so the incident just left me shaking my head.

I was brought up on an isolated scrub block with only my mother for company most of the time and since then I have spent the greater part of my life alone for various reasons, so I guess if there is anything in psychic knowledge-communication or whatever you care to call it, I've had more opportunity to access it than most people. And who *really* knows what goes on in the human brain, the sub-conscious and all that virtually unexplored territory inside us all?

Whatever it was, I was painting something in my workshop listening to the radio when the first news of the Port Arthur massacre came through. As I heard that *several* people had apparently been killed something seemed to draw my eyes to the newspaper I had spread across the bench under my painting job. There laid out before me were the photos and story of the Naracoorte siege! As I stared at them hypnotised something seemed to say that much more than *several* people had died at Port Arthur and that the whole thing had been kind of ordained.

Perhaps it was just that for years people had been predicting that Australia would be taken over by dark forces and governments would become ever more dictatorial, oppressing the citizens and disarming them etc. and being a natural worrier I had been absorbing all these negative thoughts.

In any case I thought I should try to find out what was going on so I began attending meetings of the League of Rights and similar groups. I was surprised at how many there were, and how much alternative information was available in books and on cassette tapes, and some featured speeches by Fred Toben!

I call the 90s my *political period* because during that time I attended numerous political meetings and

group discussions which culminated in me helping to form two One Nation branches. Of all the speeches and talk I heard and all the stuff I read what I found most disturbing was the Ruby Ridge affair in 1983 when Randy Weaver and his family found themselves besieged by a virtual army.

The Weavers' hillbilly location and lifestyle sounded so much like the way I had spent much of my boyhood on our isolated scrub block near the summit of Mount Robinson near Yankalilla S.A. it sent a chill through my body as I pictured some nightmare figure looming out of *our* scrub. My dog would also have attacked it to protect me and if anyone had shot *my* dog for simply doing its duty I would have instinctively shot back – had I been armed.

At the end of the Randy Weaver story I read that he is quoted as saying that he got calls all the time from the militia and other groups to address them, but he always refused because he felt that after awhile he would find that he didn't really agree with them either. That's just how I feel! I can sympathise with people and groups who feel alienated and oppressed by governments and the people who control them; I might even support them in some small way, but I have come to think the *freedom* and the *good old days* a lot of oldies talk so much about were vastly over-rated. Maybe I'm just lucky – mellowing perhaps in my old age but now I constantly feel humbled by the degree of almost free help my wife and I get from government agencies. When it comes to affordability, quantity and quality the poor have never had the medical and dental facilities they have now.

Perhaps I just fell for one of Big Brothers' con jobs – perhaps I was just lucky but when I landed the part time job as transfer station manager in September 2,000 I felt the chip on my shoulder gradually diminishing as various bureaucrats supported me and made me feel part of the System. I still feel as strongly as I ever did about freedom of speech though, just as I still feel that had the Victorian Department of Education treated Fred Toben more justly he would have devoted the rest of his life to English literature and philosophy rather than challenging the System – but of course I could be wrong!

Denis Adams –

Apsley, Victoria, Australia

17 June 2014

The Holocaust Denier

By Trevor Poulton

A Review by Fredrick Töben

As usual, my book review divides into two sections: *Form* and *Content*, which then combine



to produce the synthesis of evaluating the external and internal aspect of a person's creative impulse, i.e., is the book a good read or not. And then there is the *Preliminary Comment* that attempts to set the scene somewhat where the context within which all this occurs is sketched out.

Preliminary Comment

Though published in 2012, I did not know about the book's existence until I received a copy of a [Submission](#) made to the Attorney-General on 30 April 2014 in regard to Section 18C, Racial Discrimination Act-RDA, from lawyer Trevor Poulton. The Submission itself contained the thoughts I had been expressing for just on 20 years when this RDA Section was formulated by Australia's organised Jews to stamp out racism in Australia. That's how the Jewish initiative was sold to the public. However, I knew from the European and Canadian legal push for such almost identical legislation, it was primarily to give the Jewish "Holocaust-Shoah" narrative much-needed legal protection from Revisionist research that had demolished its many myths, legends and outright lies.

In addition, the revelation late last year that German philosopher Martin Heidegger had made an important "anti-Semitic" remark about Jews, it became clear to me something just didn't add up anymore. Heidegger had stated that Jews for centuries have been living by the principle of "Race", which they however vehemently then denied to others. So, in most organisations that noisily fight against racism it will be Jews who head them – which seems to borne out in fact.

Now I was pleased to see that at long last an Anglo-Australian lawyer had stopped his

proverbial fence-sitting and had come through the ranks to put a stop to this nonsense where thinking and doing are considered to be one act. To date the multi-cultural ethnics have been doing the hard slog of expounding the "evils" of monoculturalism, republicanism, et al.

The emphasis relied not on any realistic sense of what makes a cohesive society flourish but rather on focusing on minority "rights", to protect them from "hurt feelings" whenever the eternal battle-of-the-wills within human interaction emerges. It is an infantile endeavour and does not well serve mature individuals to have their feelings legally protected by the state.

If such a matter develops and an individual feels aggrieved, then we have defamation laws that will redress such hurt feelings. Under the RDA the threshold of proof of innocence consists of "good faith", something that falls by the wayside when "hurt feelings" are established without complainants having to produce not even a medical certificate to back up their claim. This is the sting of the RDA that in a court of law it suffices for a complainant to merely state that something offensive or critical was written or said, for example, about some aspect of "Holocaust-Shoah" and the accused is found guilty by non-Jewish judges who, all too often are awe-struck, then bend to Jewish pressure and enforce Section 18C, or alternatively by Jewish judges.

In fact, the last time under similar legislation where physical proof was offered in court was in 1988 at the Ernst Zündel Toronto, Canada, Holocaust trial, which had the devastating effect of forcing the Auschwitz museum in Poland to take down its 20 plaques whereon it stated that four million died there, to be replaced around 1993 with new plaques stating that 1.-1.5 million died there. That the overall six million deaths figure was not likewise reduced still puzzles many Revisionists, with some becoming angry at witnessing such fraudulent behaviour, while others remain philosophical because for them we are dealing with myths and legends and religion where the proof-factor is extremely low, if at all extant.

Most judges involved in this shonky business know they are enforcing a law that is deeply

flawed, but their rational way out is to adopt the attitude that the Australian Parliament has enacted the law and it is their duty to enforce this law – just following orders! This was the justification used by former Justice Catherine Branson when I asked her at a function in Sydney while she was still the president of the Human Rights Commission in 2011: *Where in the Human Rights legislation would I find the **Truth** concept because in defamation action truth is still a defence?*

And it is only this year that I become aware of **Trevor Poulton's book** and his effort in getting rid of Section 18C, and more. For years I had been waiting for a courageous, even angry, Anglo-Australian to get off that proverbial fence and make a stand on a principle, not to mention as yet the embracing of outright idealism. Perhaps my assessment is overdrawn but I sense that Trevor Poulton is one such person from the Anglo-Australian establishment to come out into the open to assert what many to me have stated privately – from judges, lawyers, clergy, politicians and businessmen, from police, teachers, medical practitioners and even bankers – Australia must not adopt the European legal mindset and abandon the principle of Natural Justice, i.e. giving someone a right-of-reply, and retaining the principle of truth as a defence in any legal matter. The equivalent concept in the USA is covered by the First Amendment where the concept of "moral turpitude" covers those acts that actually inflicts physically damage to person and property. Now Trevor Poulton's book: ***The Holocaust Denier***.

FORM

A psychedelic painting, *The Unfinished*, by Leon Szepetko, adorns the cover whereon a puckish gnome-like character stands on a solid base with just one foot about to slip off the edge – and symbolically you can read just about anything into it.

The 294-page paperback is printed in Charleston, NC, USA, and first published in June 2012. My copy's print-run is dated 28 October 2013. It is a modern-day print-on-demand book, a trend that has finally come into its own especially for those who still wish to hold a book in their hands, rather than read it via a computer screen.

Print-on-demand has eliminated storage problems that led all too often to thousands of books being

pulped because the market remained unresponsive to its contents. It has also led to a revitalisation of self-publishing that so many professionals frowned upon as late as the 2000s. I recall how our Adelaide Institute's *Peace Books* enterprise upset individuals who hated to see our Revisionist literature hit the market albeit in a minute way – not like Germar Rudolf's massive effort when he began his [*Holocaust Handbooks*](#) series in 2001, which is now part of *The Barnes Review*.

The local Wimmera Regional Library at Horsham, Victoria, refused to carry my books because its contents was deemed inappropriate for its readers. And who cannot recall how during the 1920s DH Lawrence self-published his *Lady Chatterley's Lover* that British censors had banned on account of containing explicit sexual references. I'll mention this again when I deal with this book's content.

The author dedicates his book with a quote from John Lennon:

***All I want is the truth
Just gimme some truth now.***

The *Contents* is interesting in that it reveals this book is not divided into actual chapters but has 38 headings, of which three are printed in bold, thus dividing the story, perhaps merely hinting that there is a conventional narrative after all of beginning, middle and end: **2. Training, 16. Down to the cross-road, 24. Going about his business.**

The page numbers end with 286, followed by a numberless page headed *Catalysts*. Here the author lists D H Lawrence's *Kangaroo*; Joseph Roth's *The Spider's Web*; Coral Hull's *How do detectives make love?*; Neil Overton's *The Neon Eclipse*; Helen Darville *The Hand that Signed the Paper*, and Frederick (sic) Nietzsche's *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*.

Then there are three of the front-page gnome-like figures of different sizes, as if having multiplied, in the centre of the page, followed by a heading: **To those who question**, with the following names and text suggesting that the author, after writing the book still has some justification, even thanks, to give to close individuals:

***To Caitlin, Lin and Coral,
And to Nicky who asks, 'Why?'
And to Sarah who asks, 'Why not?'
And to Jim, Gary and others.***

On page 291 there appears **Endnotes** where nine references are listed. I shall not detail them here but suffice to just mention that the 9th is Theodore Kaufman's 1940 classic hate propaganda against Germans: **Germany Must Perish**.

On the final page, 294, there is a bar code, the printing date and the information that the book is printed in Charleston, NC.

On the back cover there is a brief synopsis of what the novel is all about:

Under the influence of a charismatic ethno-socialist named Kubizek, Constable Ward Price begins to question the nature and extent of the Jewish Holocaust.

He trawls through the ashes of the Third Reich in search of truth.

Unable to discriminate between places of light and dark, he finds himself locked into a world of use-by dates.

In this novel, there are no heroes, whether survivors, perpetrators, believers or deniers!

And that brings me to my next section of this review where the above brief summary comes to fruition in story-form:

CONTENT

The first 26 pages details Constable Ward Price's social background that reveals classical "false-consciousness" class thinking: *upper middle class*. I worry when I hear individuals using this kind of conceptual framework because it is exactly what Marxists found so useful when establishing themselves in Britain and the British Empire.

Sociologists delight in such analysis and focus on the lower classes in order to elicit pity, among other things, without ever detailing what is actually an "upper class". This latter concept, however, now has morphed into popular Internet jargon of "ruling elites". In effect, the dialectic used here is the Talmudic-Marxist death dialectic where the thesis and antithesis clash to the death and the resultant synthesis wins outright. The Hegelian dialectic rests on the win-win compromise where the opposites form a synthesis that includes elements from both the thesis and antithesis, for example: man-woman=child.

Price's process of physical maturity occurs without any idealism. His family is well positioned to give him a fine start to a professional life, but before

joining the Victorian Police Force he romps around Northern Australia and encounters his first sexual experience with an Aboriginal woman, then continues briefly to flounder into the bi-sexual neather-world, which forever attempts to become mainstream. At no stage in this narration is the concept **Love** mentioned, with which British Empiricism continues to struggle to this day on account of plodding along from one particular to another without ever rising above this and to develop an overarching narrative. German idealism takes the cultural veneer as a cushion against such stark naked depictions.

Ward Price would have done well to have imbued himself with Wagnerian idealism because he would have then realized that life is and always will be a battle, but that cultural endeavours make it tolerable. He hints at this after joining the police force at Carlton Police Station – and having reached the age of 21:

Absorption of concise and objective orders was a deliverance from the subterranean fear and pain that had previously endowed him with an aura of grief.

I must admit that my own university days during the early 1960s flashed back in the many details Poulton depicts of the Carlton-Parkville area of today. In fact, the only difference from my days there is his reference to mobile phones and the Internet, which were not available to us – but the various Carlton pubs were there, as well as the assorted individuals that made up its unique so-called intellectual atmosphere. Even today you can see old professors walking the streets who at one time were admired for their intellect but who have now lost all their marbles.

At pages 28-29 Ward has a significant experience that gives the book its title. Having found lodgings in a Parkville shared house he meets a drug-enthused philanderer who claims that his mother abandoned him and his Russian-born grandmother tried to gas him, and he changed his name from Cassell to Bishop, and he encouraged Ward to take a mind-expanding education. At an open-mike poetry performance at the Carlton Criterion Hotel that Constable Ward Price attends anonymously to improve his public speaking skills for Court, the narrator informs the readers:

A poet with a creepy voice like an obscene phone caller was standing at the mike reading poems from his prize-winning book. The poems spoke of

Mozart and gas chamber music, and children of evil Nazi officers polishing pathways of broken teeth and bones with pattering ashen Aryan feet, and Himmler's small penis too small for masturbation or girls. The poet shut his book. He breathed heavily into the mike, suffocating each word as he spoke. 'You ask me, where do you draw the line with art? The answer is Holocaust denial.' The room went dead silent. It was clear that none of the drunken spaced-out poets would be stupid enough to tarnish their reputations by crossing that line. Certainly Ward would never cross the line.

At page 41 the narrator fills in Ward's sibling relationships, especially with his older brother, Tom, a drug-dealer who had failed to fulfil his father's expectation of him becoming a lawyer, and who had during their childhood made his siblings aware of the Holocaust, "where Jews were loaded into ovens by Germans and the fat from their bodies was cooled into blocks of soap".

During a two-week break Ward travels to Hobart and in typical Joycean *Portrait of an Artist* style, seeks out the fellow who almost "deflowered" him at 17, but then upon again meeting up with him – and giving him a beating – realizes that pure evil thrives on repetition and stagnation because there is no change and development. For it is development in self that Price is pursuing.

Upon his return he finds that at the boarding house philosophy tutor working on her doctorate, Penelope, and her friend Bishop had fallen out, and Ward is also angry with Bishop for having gone through his computer while he was in Tasmania. And daily life goes on – until he meets a love interest Phanta to whom he confides that *'The only skill I've learned is to ascertain the truth. It's not a transferable skill nowadays...'*

And at page 80, because Phanta visits Ward in her Volks Wagon Beetle, the name Adolf Hitler crops up, and she informs him of the uniqueness of the car – it has character, something its creator did not have, so according to Ward! Then a couple of pages later Ward proclaims in an epiphanous rejection of self, *'I renounce my predilection to universalise. I renounce my attachment to God's fate...The more you seek beauty within, the uglier you appear. And the more vulnerable you become to your own complexes and needs for perfection.'*

There is also an exchange of ideas re Wittgenstein's contribution to philosophy where

Penelope claims he undid Plato's contamination of ethics with idealism. Bishop mockingly agrees, "Wittgenstein made the axiomatic ascent rung by rung, and wrong by wrong, only to kick away the ladder. The rest is silence."

This ends the first third of the book's narrative, and it will be interesting to see if this sterile Wittgensteinian language philosophy rubbish will be the pervasive tone for the remainder of the novel. As indicated, only sometimes does the narrative rise above the particular and contemplate solid moral values.

Section 16. ***Down to the Cross-roads*** at page 104 begins with Ward's brother, Tom, who couldn't get off heroin, but he, Tom, "*thrived on notoriety which he equated with success...*", and who was dealing in drugs with Lebanese and Jews, or as Ward deems it: dealing in money and lies. And then Ward moves out of the shared house and moves in with Phanta and her daughter, Krysten!

It was during a meeting of Phanta's family at her parents' home that her mother asked Ward whether he was German because he looked German, which was pronounced rather sympathetically, surprising Ward because "*everyone in the world knows what non-musical things the Germans are capable of.*" Ward explains that his father's side is Anglo-Saxon of England, his mother's side is from the Celts of Scotland and one of his father's cousins is an Ashkenazi Jew from Hungary – "we like to think we have Jewish connections". The family sit in the lounge and watch TV and it transpires that Phanta's husband had been a soldier during the Iraq-Afghan war and a no-hoper. One night at Phanta's place, the war and Australia's role therein get a mention on the TV that Phanta strongly opposes, which unsettles Ward because he is not used to women having a view-point.

The Afghan news report is followed by a documentary *Eros under the Swastika*, about *Lebensborn*, here misspelled as *Lebensporan*, a film screened by SBSTV on 20 October 2006 with the slant, and as Poulton cites the narrator: "*Most German bedrooms were the coldest room in the house, for cohabitation of man and woman was to serve only one purpose for the Nazis, the reproduction of Aryan children.*"

Poulton's own following next sentence is telling: "*Attributing the collapse of moral values in*

Germany as a factor that led to the Jewish Holocaust, the documentary was providing an insightful look into the politically degenerate mind of the German people."

And then Phanta gave a spirited defence of National Socialism to which Ward exploded with all the stereotypical epithets that are usually associated with this topic, with Ward, who had been raised on Hitler – the most evil man in history – the *6 Million Dead* myth and a school excursion to the Elsternwick *Holocaust Museum and Research Centre*, screaming at her: 'You're an idiot', and this caused a "fissure in their relationship". Fortunately it mended again, when they had a holiday break at Fairhaven, and where they also met up with Ward's old mate Bishop and Penelope. Bishop tried hard again to win over Ward who noticed Bishop was carrying a big book around with him, which he explained was 'The Kabbala. It's God's blueprint for creation'. Later Phanta informs Ward that she was pregnant, something which he welcomed, although questioning of her motive.

And then to add to Constable Ward Price's woes, during a routine speeding check he stops a red Porsche driven by a man, Erin Kubizek, who confronts him head on and exclaims: '*The Holocaust never happened.*'

What follows is that the motorist gets booked for speeding but that Ward and Phanta will visit Kubizek and receive an extremely compressed Revisionist argument that Ward attempts to digest by using his insightful reason and compassion – trying to grasp whether he had been hoodwinked all these years, or whether Kubizek and also Phanta, might in fact be cultural terrorists. Phanta's brother, Jonathan, just as involved in this revisionist stuff bewails and then quotes the Jewish lesbian write, Susan Sonntag: *The white race is the cancer of human history*. All this goes against the grain of Ward's White upbringing and also police training where the multicultural society is celebrated and where anything right-wing is regarded as evil Nazi stuff.

Ward remembers some of the books that Kubizek had spread out "like stepping stones" on his carpet: *The Hoax of the 20th Century*, *Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion*, *The Real Eichmann Trial*, *The Culture of Critique: An Evolutionary Analysis of Jewish Involvement in Twentieth Century Intellectual and Political Movements*.

Ward receives a transfer to St Kilda Police Station and he is happy about it, and there are new challenges awaiting him in this Jewish suburb where he becomes acquainted with orthodox Jewish customs, for example that married women shave their head and wear wigs. But he's also confronted, again but with greater insight, into the seedier sides of police duties. Also, as a father of a daughter, Alicia, he felt constrained by Phanta's maternal needs that somehow excluded his own intimate yearnings – and so he ventured forth in search of that League of Rights bookshop in the heart of the City of Melbourne where more Revisionist books could be found. The old man in attendance related to Ward how Ernst Zündel had just been extradited from Canada to Germany on the charge of "incitement to Holocaust denial" – [sic = defaming the memory of the dead], and he bought a copy of Paul Rassinier's *Debunking the Genocide Myth*.

Ward now was in absolute mental turmoil because he had been brought up to believe that "*Jews are the greatest in every field ... The politicians say that to question the Holocaust is racist and an affront to humanity. It was certainly an affront to him when Phanta had revealed her Nazi sympathies. He wanted to belt her for that one.*" Through Internet searches Ward, an officer of the law, became disturbed to find that a number of countries had banned the questioning of the official Holocaust narrative – and he found such censorship offensive.

And his time at the St Kilda Police Station continues with problems emerging not from the street work but from within the tightly-knit 40-odd police force at the station. Ward was being picked on for some obscure reason – and I must confess that as this internal conflict develops into a formal complaint that Ward's work be supervised, I briefly had flashbacks to my own time teaching during the 1980s at Goroke when the principal found I had massive problems, and when a formal enquiry found I was incompetent and had been disobedient to the principal five times in about five minutes. That this disobedience occurred after the Principal and his henchman followed me through the courtyard at the school, with the former firing orders at me, to which I replied in the positive, i.e. I had completed the tasks, except for the last one and to which I replied: 'Get F-----d,' because by then

I knew my time was over at the school. And so it was almost with Ward when at a police function he dropped the bully-boy with Japanese flair, which immediately improved his standing within the police station community. In fact, the novel is acutely realistic in its treatment of police culture in Melbourne, from both the workplace and street perspectives, inside and outside.

At page 177 the third part of the book begins: *Going About His Business*. It is around this time that Ward cements his relationship with Erin Kubizek whom he begins to see as a reference point for decision making. Kubizek explains to Ward, 'The mystery of the universe is that evil has limited resources.' He is being challenged to take the moral high road on historical revisionism, and feels compelled to look deeper into National Socialism. He explores various bookshops for those hard-to-get books printed before World War Two began.

At this point the narrator analogises a second hand bookshop with the decline and fall of Western civilisation: *'Ward hauled a ladder down an aisle. Ascending the shop on the wings of the blue-winged shoveler, he conducted an aerial survey. It felt like he was flying over plateaus of knowledge and values and ideas, but it was a sombre vision. He could see Australian history built on pillars of optimism decaying there on the flat pine shelves, crumbling sections on Greek art and Roman architecture, redundant sciences in a heap on the floor, the Great Saints blocked by the suddenness of a ceiling rose, epic twentieth century wars bound in tattered jackets, philosophy and ethics slumming it in a corner.'*

And with his family he visits his former friends, Penelope and Bishop, a matured man. Soon the conversation ranges to the fact that monotheism is derived from Egyptian religion and the Saviour idea from the Zoroastrians, which upset Bishop. Then Ward lets fly and states 'The Jewish Holocaust is a hoax...the Jews use the Holocaust to make white people feel guilty about being white so they can push their multicultural agenda.' And so Bishop, feeling his control over Ward slipping away from him, rhetorically asks, on account of having given his child, Ariel, a Jewish name: '...so I must be Jewish', to which Ward's Phanta responds, 'You might be a mongrel'. And that was the end of their stay at Penelope's and Bishop's home.

Soon after attending a shooting with several dead, Ward commits himself to being a 'Holocaust denier', but also embellishes that perspective by identifying himself with National Socialism, because the door is now open to examine truly what that ideology stood for and how it is relevant today. This is as close as Ward gets to taking a "moral stance" and adopting an idealistic view of the world. The question is whether the syntheses for Ward Price is in fact to be shaped by the Jewish Talmudic/Marxist materialistic or Hegelian idealistic dialectic process.

Later Ward Price again meets up with Bishop, and he does not hold back in giving a full Revisionist account of German suffering, of suffering inflicted upon Russians by the mainly Jewish Communist leaders, of the misrepresentation of German National Socialism, and more. And predictably Bishop charges Ward with anti-Semitism, which Ward rejects, then Bishop states: 'Next you'll deny climate change', and so it goes on until Bishop empties his beer glass in Ward's face, then races out the door, jumps on his bicycle and rides past Ward, spitting him in the face.

And then much later Ward again meets up with Bishop who reveals himself to be a full-blown Holocaust believer – and Ward invokes his rally cry 'Shine Germany, shine', which infuriates Bishop who has become his nemesis. The novel climaxes, if that is an apt expression in this context, with the introduction of fellow police officers the Kruger twins (K-1 and K-2), one of whom also questions the Holocaust narrative, and a chapter titled "The Case of the Missing Soap" harking back to Ward's childhood indoctrination into the Holocaust, but I'll leave it to the interested reader to find out what happens next and how the novel closes.

So, in conclusion, anyone who wishes to delve into the effect that Holocaust education has had on Australians, will find a delicately and refined story line that shows how difficult it is to extricate oneself from the official Holocaust narrative.

Trevor Poulton, the Anglo-Australian, is now faced with the task of jumping off the fence so as to personally embrace a belief, which is liberating for the soul, and perhaps he may come even a little closer to the conclusion reached by William Lyon Mackenzie King, Prime Minister of Canada for 18.5 years, as recorded in his *Diary* on 29 June 1937:

"My sizing up of the man [Hitler] as I sat and talked with him was that he is really one who truly loves his fellow-man, and his country, and would make any sacrifice for their good. He is a man of deep sincerity and a genuine patriot. As I talked with him, I could not but think of Joan of

Arc. The world will yet come to see a very great man. He is distinctly a mystic..."

Fredrick Töben

Adelaide – 15 June 2014

Press TV has interviewed political activist and writer Gilad Atzmon to get his views on Israel and the crimes Tel Aviv commits against the Palestinian population.

What follows is a rough transcription of the interview:

Press TV: Your take sir Mr. Atzmon of what Mr. Kaplan has said regarding the current situation?

Atzmon: When it comes to Mr. Kaplan, we are dealing with a pathological liar. So, I think that we will waste a lot of time trying to contradict what he is saying. I think that real issue here and this is a fact, is that Israel is employing capital punishment on Palestinians. And we have to understand that this is something that shouldn't surprise us at all.

The Jewish state is a racist, nationalist, expansionist state and such, its political philosophy is consistent with the Nazi ideology. The only difference between the Nazi state and Israel is the Nazi state survived 12 years, and when it comes to Zionism and Israel, we are dealing with as long as 120 years of this movement that actually predates Nazism and definitely prevails.

The other issue that should be addressed is that Mr. Kaplan was like the Israel government, is devastated by the idea of a unity government.

This is again, looks a bit bizarre, unless you understand that we are dealing with the Jewish state and Mr. Kaplan is Nazi Jewish agent. Jews, culturally oppose the idea others being united. In Palestine it is obviously clear. They do the same thing through their cultural Marxism. They do the same thing through George Soros and the identity politics dividing people here through gay politics, lesbian politics, queer politics.

We like to divide people and we are very good at it. Look at the state of the Middle East at the moment. It is something that we really worked out on. Oded Yinon, an Israeli attached to the foreign minister predicted it already in 1982. This is what we see. I think it is about time we look at the Jewish lobbies that worked so hard to bring the Middle East into such a state and Israel is just a symptom.

Press TV: Looking at the situation, right now, Israel has implemented a policy that males between the ages of 20 and 50 cannot leave that area, nor can any enter. Of course this is affecting lots of their livelihood and yet we see nothing as

far as international reaction, when of course this along with so many other things that Tel Aviv does is illegal. Why the silence sir?

Atzmond: You are totally right. We are dealing here a collective punishment. First we have capital punishment on a mass scale.

We see Israel killing people on mass scale and then we see collective punishment every other day and the world, especially the West keeps silent, not because they are blind to the crimes against humanity that are committed by Israel, but just because our Western politics is dominated by the Jewish lobby, and this is something that must be said because the most powerful thing about Jewish power is the capacity to stop us speaking about Jewish power.

Now, this is changing and in fact I am talking now about Jewish power here in Britain, 80 percent of our conservative MPs are members of CFI (Conservative Friends of Israel). Eighty percent of our conservative politicians in the parliament care about Tel Aviv more than they care about Glasgow.

This is something that must be said and this will change, as we could see already last week in the parliamentary elections, people voted against the ruling parties in Europe. And part of the reason is because our governments are clamping to Jewish power, in ignorance of the crisis in Palestine.

Press TV: You are basically saying that we are seeing a backlash because of these policies, is that what you are saying, inside of Europe now?

Atzmon: I clearly say that because Western politics is dominated by Jewish lobbies, Western governments are failing to do what they have to do. Now, why Western governments are dominated by Jewish lobbies, is very easy to explain. Those people are rich and one day they realize that is much cheaper to buy an American Congressman than buying a tank. When you buy an American Congressman, you get a tank filled with American soldiers willing to die in Israeli war, in Iraq, in Syria, whenever or where ever we tell them.

Press TV: Your take on sir.

Atzmon: I find it really entertaining that the pebbles are as dangerous as rockets. I think that

we are kind of dealing with small issues. The entire population of Palestinians in the [occupied] West Bank and in [besieged] Gaza [Strip] are living in an open-air prison. So, it's not just the case of the kids and when Israel doesn't feel like it, they just either kill them from the air with drone, with F16, or just walk over them as they do in the last 24 hours.

Press TV: Do you see a change coming? You say you have seen a difference now with reactions toward Israel. Is there a change coming in the situation?

Atzmon: To start with, I'm touring a lot. As, Mr. Kaplan suggested I am a second-rate saxophonist. I'm playing every day. There is a big market for second-rate saxophonists and it's

wonderful and I can definitely see masses of people who are turning against Israel, are willing to say what they think about Jewish power, about people like Kaplan. I see by the way, that they are very much afraid.

For years I was at the center of a very big Israeli-Jewish campaign that is afraid to touch me now, because I am saying those things. And I think that if I were Mr. Kaplan, an American or British Jew, I would confront myself and start to self reflect on the crimes that are committed in my name by the Jewish state and by the Jewish lobbies all over the world.

SZH/NN

<http://www.presstv.com/detail/2014/06/16/367185/israel-dominating-west-politics/>

Holocaust denier Fredrick Toben wants a show trial, says Christine Milne

Sid Maher, National Affairs Editor, Canberra, THE AUSTRALIAN, JUNE 19, 2014 12:00AM

GREENS leader Christine Milne has used parliamentary privilege to accuse Holocaust denier Fredrick Toben of wanting "show trials" in order to air his "detestable" anti-Semitic views.

Senator Milne, in a speech in the Senate on Tuesday night, vowed to fight a defamation action Dr Toben has brought against her and two journalists.

Dr Toben, who has been jailed in Germany for his views, has launched defamation proceedings against Senator Milne, The Australian's editor Clive Mathieson and journalist Christian Kerr over an article from October last year. The Australian is defending the action.

Senator Milne had attacked Dr Toben after it emerged Greens MP David Shoebridge had withdrawn an invitation to a Gaza fundraising event to Dr Toben after becoming aware of his extreme views. Senator Milne told the Senate: "In 2013 I gave a comment to The Australian newspaper that Toben is a Holocaust denier and that in so doing he fabricates history and is an anti-Semite.

"In spite of calling the Holocaust a lie, in spite of his being jailed in Germany for insulting the dead and in spite of his anti-Semitic writing on his websites, Toben took these comments to be defamatory and, as a result, I am now being sued for defamation."

She said Dr Toben was an undischarged bankrupt. "Having nothing more to lose financially, with the assistance of financial backers he will continue to use the courts as a platform for his anti-Semitic views, to the great personal and financial cost of those he sues and the Jewish community he continues to vilify. He wants show trials," she said.

Senator Milne said section 18C of the Racial Discrimination Act needed to be retained to provide adequate legal recourse to protect people from the likes of Dr Toben.

***Senate Transcript**

<http://www.theaustralian.com.au/nationalaffairs/holocaustdenierfredricktobenwantsashowtrialsayschristinemilne/storyfn59niix1226959213825>

**From Anthony Lawson
a must-view video:
*Holocaust, Hate Speech & Were the
Germans so Stupid?* — Updated**

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1uJEE3thwmk>

<http://vimeo.com/24350691>

Dutch antiques dealer charged for selling 'Mein Kampf' Michiel van Eyck says his Totalitarian Art Gallery specializes in selling objects from oppressive regimes

By AFP June 20, 2014, 7:38 pm

An Amsterdam antiques gallery owner has been charged with putting up for sale a copy of Hitler's "Mein Kampf", banned in the Netherlands.

Prosecutors have charged gallery owner Michiel van Eyck with inciting racial hatred and discrimination following a complaint from a Jewish group last year.

"Police issued him with a subpoena to appear in court on August 26," the Dutch prosecutor's office said in a statement. The decision comes after an eight-month investigation, with prosecutors saying Van Eyck planned to sell the 1944-45 edition for profit, not for "scientific or journalistic reasons."

"The defendant stated he knew that there were statements in the book that insulted Jews and incited hatred, discrimination and violence against them," prosecutors said.

Van Eyck told AFP his Totalitarian Art Gallery specialised in selling objects from oppressive regimes in history and also included artifacts from the eras of Russia's Stalin and China's Mao.

"I have a shop here that specialises in historical objects, so I also sell books like Anne Frank's diary, the Bible, statues of Lenin and Marx and other historical figures," he added.

Jewish teen Anne Frank wrote her famous diary while hiding from the Nazis in Amsterdam during World War II, but she was later died in a German concentration camp in 1945.

"In this context I also sell the book 'Mein Kampf'," Van Eyck said.

"It has nothing to do with being pro-Nazi or anything like that. I sell historical objects and I feel that I should be able to sell the book. It's no use hiding the past away," he added.

Esther Voet, director of the Netherlands' Centre for Information and Documentation of Israel however called the sale a "cheap publicity stunt."

"We won't give him any platform, therefore we will not comment on the issue," she told AFP.

Under Dutch law, the sale of "Mein Kampf" was banned in 1974 because the blueprint for the rise of Nazism and Jewish Holocaust promoted hatred and discrimination.

If convicted, Van Eyck faces up to six months in jail or a 7,600 euro (\$10,300) fine.

Six years ago a lifting of the ban was narrowly turned down by Dutch parliament after an education minister said it should be freely available, according to the national public broadcaster NOS.

<http://www.timesofisrael.com/dutch-antiques-dealer-charged-for-selling-mein-kampf/>

Opera pressured to sack soprano over gay slur

Debbie Cuthbertson

Arts Editor, The Age, June 20, 2014



Tamar Iveri and Jose Carbo in Opera Australia's A Masked Ball.

Opera Australia is facing pressure to sack a Georgian opera singer due to perform with the company next month over comments in which she compared gay and lesbian people to faecal matter.

The soprano, Tamar Iveri, has been rehearsing with Opera Australia in Sydney for several weeks before a performance in Opera Australia's *Otello*, in Sydney, in July and August.

Iveri is also scheduled to sing in *Tosca*, in Melbourne, in November and December. Asked whether Iveri would still perform in both productions, an Opera Australia spokeswoman said the company had no comment. The spokeswoman confirmed Iveri had taken part in *Otello* rehearsals in Sydney for the past two to three weeks. "Rehearsals are proceeding," she said.

Iveri's comments surfaced recently after she posted a letter on Facebook in May last year to Georgian President Giorgi Margvelashvili.

Her letter followed a protest in the Georgian city of Tbilisi by gay activists on the International Day Against Homophobia and Transphobia. During the protest,

activists were assaulted - some beaten severely - by Orthodox Christian demonstrators.

The violence was condemned by Margvelashvili, which prompted Iveri's letter to the president. In the letter, Iveri pleads with Margvelashvili to "stop vigorous attempts to bring West's 'fecal (sic) masses' in the mentality of the people by means of propaganda."

"Do not try to wrap this mass in beautiful packages, pour Chanel perfume on it and present it to people as if it was something of medical, recreational qualities," she wrote.

"No matter how unhappy 'friendly West' might become, fortunately, the Georgian people are well aware of what fruits, offered by the West in their menu, to eat and what to discard. Just like my small dog guesses it."

Her post has since been removed from her Facebook page.

Members of the Identoba activist group wrote to the Paris Opera calling for Iveri to be sacked for her comments, after which her performance with the company was reportedly cancelled.

Identoba has also called on Opera Australia to cancel Iveri's Australian appearances. Australian opera fans have expressed anger on social media at the comments. "Hope she is booted off stage," one wrote. "I can only imagine how the many, many LGBT people and allies who work for @OperaAustralia feel about this," said another.

<http://www.smh.com.au/entertainment/opera/opera-pressured-to-sack-soprano-over-gay-slur-20140620-zsgrv.html>

Geburtensteigerung nach Nazi-Art

Das «SS-Bordell» ist nur ein Gerücht

Joachim Güntner Montag, 16. Juni 2014, 11:00

Zuletzt war es Sibylle Lewitscharoff, die von «Kopulationsheimen» der Nazis sprach. Was steckt wirklich hinter dem SS-Verein Lebensborn? Und wie fühlen sich jene, die dort zur Welt kamen? Die Sensationslust liebt das Grelle, und populäre Irrtümer sind schwer zu korrigieren. Anfang März sorgte Sibylle Lewitscharoff für Empörung durch die Art, wie sie in ihrer «Dresdner Rede» gegen die künstliche Befruchtung vom Leder gezogen hatte. Die auf diesem Weg entstandenen Kinder verunglimpfte sie als «Halbwesen», «halb Mensch, halb Weissnichts».

Die heftige Reaktion der Öffentlichkeit nötigte die Schriftstellerin zur Rücknahme ihrer Formulierung. Kritisiert wurde auch Lewitscharoffs Äusserung, «angesichts dieser Entwicklungen» kämen ihr «die Kopulationsheime, welche die Nationalsozialisten einst eingerichtet haben, um blonde Frauen mit dem Samen von blonden blauäugigen SS-Männern zu versorgen, fast wie harmlose Übungsspiele vor».

Lange Tradition des Irrtums

Doch was wurde an diesem Satz beanstandet? Nur die Parallele, welche die moderne Medizin in die Nähe der

Nazis rückte. Diesen Ruch wollte man nicht. Ungeschoren hingegen blieb der Blödsinn, den Lewitscharoff da mit historischen Fakten trieb. Die «Kopulationsheime», deren Existenz sie wie selbstverständlich voraussetzte, hat es nie gegeben. Freilich teilt Lewitscharoff diesen Irrtum mit weiten Bevölkerungskreisen, die Medien eingeschlossen. Im September vorigen Jahres sprach der Moderator der TV-Sendung «TTT – Titel, Thesen, Temperamente» von Kindern der SS, die «in rassenwahnsinnigen Zuchtprogrammen gezeugt» worden seien.



Geburtshäuser für den «Adel der Zukunft» sollten die Lebensborn-Heime sein, ledige Mütter nutzten sie für eine geheime Niederkunft fern der Heimat.

Bild: Gamma / GETTY

Der Gegenstand, woran sich solche Vorstellungen entflammen, ist immer derselbe: der Lebensborn e. V., ein Verein, den zehn SS-Führer am 12. Dezember 1935 auf Veranlassung des SS-Reichsführers Heinrich Himmler in Berlin gegründet hatten.

Der Lebensborn war keine caritative Einrichtung, keine harmlose «welfare institution», wie ein US-Militärgericht bei den Nürnberger Prozessen glauben zu können. Sein Wahlspruch «Heilig sei die Mutter guten Blutes» stand für ein rassistisches Programm. Dennoch war der Verein keine «staatliche Bordellorganisation» zur «<nordischen> Auffrischung der germanischen Herrenrasse», wie dies in den siebziger Jahren die Historiker Joachim Fest und Karl Dietrich Bracher übereinstimmend meinten. Die Heime des Lebensborns waren vorzüglich ausgestattete Entbindungsanstalten, erstens für SS-Paare, sodann aber auch für andere «arische» und «erbgesunde» Mütter, die Gründe hatten, ihr Kind anonym und fern der Heimat zur Welt zu bringen. Spätestens nach Georg Lilienthals gründlicher Untersuchung «Der <Lebensborn e. V.> – ein Instrument nationalsozialistischer Rassenpolitik», deren erste Auflage 1985 erschien, hätte alles Gerede von «SS-Bordellen» und «Zuchtbetrieben» verstummen müssen. Aber der Weg der historischen Wahrheit in die öffentliche Wahrnehmung kann sehr lang sein. Und es ist natürlich viel reizvoller, von Frauen zu schwadronieren, die «dem Führer ein Kind schenken» wollten, als sich mit der Faktenlage zu befassen.

Wer Näheres wissen will, kann die mittlerweile doch recht seriöse neuere Literatur zum Thema lesen, er (oder sie) kann aber auch an die Jahrestreffen des Vereins Lebensspuren nach Wernigerode fahren. Die hübsche Kleinstadt im Harz, die den Zweiten Weltkrieg ohne Bombenschäden überstand, besass einst eines der 22 Heime des Lebensborns, die das NS-Regime im Deutschen Reich und in besetzten Gebieten, vor allem

in Norwegen, zwischen 1936 und 1945 eingerichtet hatte. Heute hat in Wernigerode der Lebensspuren-Verein seinen Sitz, eine Interessengemeinschaft von Menschen, die in den Lebensborn-Heimen geboren oder dorthin im Zuge der Germanisierungspolitik als «arische» Ausländer verschleppt wurden. Seit 2005 kümmern sie sich um die historische Aufarbeitung einer Geschichte, die auch ihre persönliche ist. Der Kreis der unmittelbar Betroffenen hat sich mittlerweile um Historiker, Therapeuten, Publizisten und andere Interessierte vermehrt. Jüngstes Mitglied ist eine Studentin, die ihre Masterarbeit über den Lebensborn und die moderne Präimplantationsdiagnostik schreibt. Das Streben nach «Selektion» stiftet das Bindeglied zwischen beiden Feldern, mag auch die Praxis jeweils eine andere sein.

Die Jahrestreffen der ehemaligen Lebensborn-Kinder sind ambitioniert. Als Zeitzeugen besuchen sie Schulen und organisieren öffentliche Foren. In diesem Jahr hielt ihr Vorstandsmitglied Matthias Meissner, der auch eine Zwangsarbeiter-Gedenkstätte leitet, ein Referat über die NS-Rassenpolitik. Dem folgten eine Podiumsdiskussion über Erinnern und Vergessen sowie zwei Workshops, die sich mit den Folgen einer Lebensborn-Herkunft für die Familie auseinandersetzen. Noch immer wirkt das Geschehen als Stigma nach, und noch immer gibt es im Lebensborn Geborene, die nicht wissen, wer ihre Eltern waren, woher sie kommen.

Die historische Wirklichkeit des Lebensborns war banaler als die Fama, die hartnäckig über den Verein kursiert, aber seine Heime erschienen schon den Zeitgenossen als mysteriös. Junge unbekannte Frauen kamen, wurden Mütter und verschwanden wieder; zwischendurch erhielten sie und ihre Säuglinge Besuch von Herren in SS-Uniform – wer hätte da nicht das Spekulieren angefangen? Unangenehm für die Lebensborn-Kinder, dass sich die Öffentlichkeit bis heute weitgehend unbelehrbar zeigt. Das kann so weit gehen, dass ihnen scheinbar Wohlwollende raten, mit den Umständen ihrer Geburt besser hinter dem Berge zu halten. Schliesslich seien sie ja «Täter-Kinder».

Solche dummen Sprüche schmerzen.

Adolf Hitler und seine Getreuen waren besessen vom Rassenwahn. Die «nordische Rasse», die ihnen als wertvollste und als «das Blutsband aller deutschen Stämme» galt, wähten sie von Überalterung, Erbkrankheiten und dem Eindringen «volksfremden Blutes» bedroht. Behinderte erklärten sie zu nutzlosen Kostgängern der Gemeinschaft, Juden zum Volksfeind Nummer eins. Die Ausmerzungen dieser Gruppen einerseits, eine effektive Hebung der Geburtenrate «arischer» Kinder andererseits wurden zu bevölkerungspolitischen Strategien. Wo hatte in diesem Programm der Lebensborn seinen Platz? Georg Lilienthal schreibt: «Ledige Schwangere sollten von einer Abtreibung abgehalten und SS-Männer sollten ohne Rücksicht auf eine geschlossene Ehe zu Kinderreichtum ermuntert werden. Himmler wollte eine neue, von der Rassenideologie abgeleitete «Moral» begründen, welche Zeugungen von Kindern zur Pflicht machte.» Mit Beginn des Kriegs und dessen verlustreichem Fortgang verstärkte der Reichsführer SS seine Anstrengungen noch. Als auch die Schutzstaffel nicht mehr von Fronteinsätzen verschont werden konnte, ergingen Befehle, die SS-Männer sollten, bevor

sie ins Feld zogen, ihr «gutes Blut» in Gestalt eines Kindes zurücklassen. Gefruchtet hat es wenig. Im statistischen Mittel hatten SS-Väter nie mehr als 1,5 Kinder.

Die Zahl der Abtreibungen im «Dritten Reich» war hoch und konnte nur vorübergehend gedrückt werden. 1943 wurde die Todesstrafe für Schwangerschaftsabbrüche Gesetz, bedroht waren die Mutter und der ausführende Arzt. Die drakonische Reaktion des NS-Staates verweist auf die Lage der Frauen: Welche Schwangere, deren Mann an der Front oder vielleicht schon gefallen war, sah in den Kriegswirren mit Freude einer Geburt entgegen? Die Heime des Lebensborns boten einen sicheren Hort. Das taten sie auch schon vor 1939. Die Nachfrage der Schwangeren war grösser als das Angebot an freien Plätzen. Die Heime lagen in landschaftlich reizvollen Gegenden ausserhalb von Ortschaften, nur das Heim «Harz» in Wernigerode befand sich innerhalb einer Stadt. Der Personalbestand war hoch: In Wernigerode zum Beispiel kamen vier Betreuerinnen auf eine Schwangere, denn neben der Hebamme, der Oberschwester und weiteren festangestellten Schwestern taten dort auch Schwesternschülerinnen und BDM-Mädchen Dienst. Wiesen und Wald lockten zu Musse und Ausflügen, im Winter gab es Schlittenpartien, das Heim «Harz» verfügte über eigene Pferde.

«Adel der Zukunft»

Die werdenden Mütter kamen oft schon im dritten Schwangerschaftsmonat, wenn ihr Zustand für die Aussenwelt noch nicht sichtbar war. Ob sie beim Abschied vom Heim ihr Kind mitnahmen oder zurückliessen, lag bei ihnen. Für zurückgelassene Säuglinge trat der Lebensborn e. V. als Vormund ein und versuchte, sie in Familien mit gefestigter nationalsozialistischer Gesinnung unterzubringen. Jedes im Heim geborene Kind wurde automatisch in die SS aufgenommen und erhielt einen SS-Mann zum Paten. Statt der Taufe gab es das Ritual der «Namensgebung». Dabei mussten Mutter und Pate geloben, das Kind im Geiste der nationalsozialistischen Weltanschauung zu erziehen oder erziehen zu lassen. Der Pate hatte überdies Schutz- und Fürsorgepflichten zu übernehmen. Für die Kinder wurden Versicherungen und Sparbücher angelegt. Ihr Start ins Leben sollte unter besten Voraussetzungen stattfinden. Dem NS-Regime galten sie als «Adel der Zukunft».

Deutschlands Kriegsniederlage und der Zusammenbruch des Hitlerreichs schnitt diese Wertschätzung ab. Kinder, die in fremden Familien Aufnahme gefunden hatten, waren nun jene, die am schnellsten in Heime abgeschoben wurden. Im Nationalsozialismus habe es für die Adoptivfamilien Extra-Rationen gegeben, berichtet Matthias Meissner. Nach 1945 sei es damit vorbei gewesen, und die Lebensborn-Kinder «waren nicht mehr die Vorteilsbringer, sondern vielfach bloss noch zusätzliche Esser». Aus dem geplanten glücklichen Start wurde eine unglückliche Odyssee. Doch auch jene Kinder, die von ihren Müttern mitgenommen worden waren und behütet aufwuchsen, tragen oft einen Stachel in sich. Und das bis heute.

Unser erster Eindruck beim Jahrestreffen in Wernigerode war denn auch: Das sind ja lauter Identitäts-Geschädigte. Nähere Bekanntschaft relativierte dieses Urteil. Der Verein Lebensspuren versammelt durchaus nicht nur leidende Gemüter, sondern auch frohe. Das Interesse an ihrer Herkunft verbindet sie. Um die siebzig Jahre alt sind sie mittlerweile, und sehr viele von ihnen wissen erst seit relativ kurzer Zeit, wo sie geboren wurden. Ihre Lebensgeschichten erzählen von hartnäckig schweigenden Müttern und unbekanntem Vätern. Die SS hatte eigene Standesämter, und in den Geburtsurkunden unehelicher Lebensborn-Kinder wurde der Name des leiblichen Vaters nicht genannt. Anrührende Berichte von mühsamer Vatersuche bekamen wir in Wernigerode zu hören. Als Kinder und Jugendliche mit dem – plausiblen, oft aber unwahren – Bescheid abgespeist, der Vater sei im Krieg gefallen, wurden die Betroffenen später zu misstrauischen Spurensuchern. Manche Mutter nahm das Geheimnis der Vaterschaft und des Geburtsortes mit ins Grab. Manches Kind rächte sich, indem es mit der Mutter brach. Indessen muss man, um verletzt zu sein, kein Lebensborn-Schicksal erlitten haben. Bindungsschwäche, Kälte und psychische Probleme kommen auch in anderen Familien vor.

Die Scham der Mütter

Doch warum dieses vielfache Schweigen der Mütter, welches anzeigt, dass sie die Geburt im Lebensborn als Stigma empfanden und stark mit Scham besetzten? Und zwar nicht erst nach dem Krieg, unter gewandelten politischen Verhältnissen, sondern auch vorher schon? Ist an den SS-Bordell- und Zucht-Gerüchten vielleicht doch etwas dran? Tatsächlich waren diese Gerüchte im Zweiten Weltkrieg so stark, dass es Frauen gab, die sich dafür anboten, mit einem SS-Mann ein Kind zu zeugen. Die Leitung des Lebensborns lehnte das ab, und es existieren weder Zeugenaussagen von Lebensborn-Eltern noch Dokumente, die belegen würden, dass die Heime für Geschlechtsverkehr da waren. Ein Gutteil der Scham dürfte sich dadurch erklären, dass Himmlers neue Fortpflanzungsmoral die alte Familienmoral nicht verdrängen konnte. Ein uneheliches Kind blieb eine Schande, mochte der Reichsführer SS auch die Losung ausgeben, es komme allein darauf an, die Zahl gesunden Nachwuchses zu erhöhen, und natürlich werde sich der Staat der «Heldenkinder» annehmen. Diesen Konflikt zweier entgegengesetzter Sittlichkeitsvorstellungen vermochte die Propaganda nicht aufzulösen.

In summa: Die Lebensborn-Heime standen auch Frauen offen, die keinen Bezug zur SS hatten, sondern bloss die offenkundigen Vorzüge der Unterkunft nutzen wollten. Allerdings mussten sie Aufnahmekriterien erfüllen: Ihre werdenden Kinder mussten deutschen oder «artverwandten» Blutes sein, und bis einschliesslich der Grosseltern durften sich keine Erbkrankheiten nachweisen lassen. Zucht also fand nicht statt im Lebensborn. Rassistische Auslese im Vorfeld aber sehr wohl.

<http://www.nzz.ch/feuilleton/das-ss-bordell-ist-nur-ein-geruecht-1.18322680>