

Ernst - After 3 Months In German Prison - Still No Charges

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Update on the Zundel Case

It's now been more than three months since Ernst Zundel was transferred to Germany by luxury charter plane, costing the Canadian taxpayers another \$50,000, courtesy of the FCC - translated, your Friendly Canadian Censors.

There has not yet been a charge or any indication why Ernst is being held in prison. The arrest warrant itself, as far as I can tell, cites three documents on the Zundel site and one comment in one of his Power Letters to his supporters. Ernst reports that 60 kg (1 kg is, roughly, two pounds) of allegedly "incriminating" documents have been released to his attorney, which tells you how busy Germany's modern spymasters have been for many years.

Looking for what? For an honest opinion from a man whose knees don't buckle when the Holocaust Lobby says "Boo!"?

Meanwhile, we recently experienced a smallish victory of sorts in that the FBI branch of the Justice Department

in Washington, D.C., declassified another 90 pages of what they have collected on Ernst. A total of 118 pages were reviewed, which means that 28 full pages are still being withheld, and even the pages we received have crucial information redacted. So far, what I spotted is this:

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- Most of the pages were stamped "Secret" at first but were declassified only in the fall of 2004. There is one page that will not be declassified until 2026 ! What could it possibly contain?

- In early 2001, were seven (!) FBI and local law enforcement investigations unleashed on our peaceful existence here in the Tennessee mountains - all in the period of some three months. All of them cleared Ernst of any wrong-doing!

- There is an interesting paragraph in the accompanying FBI letter that reads:

- "There are two additional files that may or may not be identical to the subject of your request. Efforts to locate these files have been unsuccessful. However, these files have been placed on special locate. When these files are located and if it is determined that they are responsive to this request, they will be processed and forwarded to you at that time." Makes you wonder what might have been in those files!

- There is another similar paragraph that says:

- "A search of the automated index of FBIHQ based upon data submitted and limited pursuant to established policy was not able to complete this name check to final disposition. There are records remaining which the computer has been programmed not to eliminate. These records must be reviewed by IMD/INTD analysts who

must then articulate/document final disposition."

- The EZ booklet titled "Ernst Zündel: His Struggle, his Life" is part of this file. It was received 1/31/01.

- There is a redacted small box and a handwritten text that says: "See me re this, pls." The name is redacted.

- There is another handwritten note, dated 11/27/2000 that says:

- "A little background seems appropriate. You might check with INS and see if they can help. I'd just as soon Canada's problem not become ours." Again, the name is blocked out.

- There is a memo "From the desk (name redacted), dated 7/2/01 that says

- "Since this has been designated secret, is there any easy way to make it a part of 266C - KX - 67509, which has been closed? I'm really not sure why HQs made this secret in the first place."

- Most interesting is one reference that is dated 4/4/2003 - in other words, after Ernst were arrested. Almost all of the text is redacted, but there are clues that tell us it came from someone we know. It was sent to the FBI website by email and contains this paragraph:

- "First, I must ask that, despite my having provided my personal information above, that this information not be distributed and that, if at all possible, I not be contacted via telephone or U.S. mail. I am taking on great personal risk at passing along this information."

[END]

So that is it! We will apply to get a judge's order to release the entire file, unredacted.

The second matter I would like to address is Germany's shockingly undemocratic censorship practice. Ernst is not allowed to make any phone calls whatsoever - apparently not even to his attorney. Secondly, he is not allowed to discuss anything (!) about his upcoming trial, not even with me. That means that he is not allowed to "vet" potential witnesses or call on his trusted world-wide advisers for input. We are completely in the dark what shape that trial - if there is even going to be any trial! - will take.

I reasoned with myself that even though Ernst cannot tell me anything about his legal situation, that does not mean I cannot ask. I asked. I also gave him my opinion on what I would do in his place.

That letter never reached him.

Therefore, not one to give up easily, I ran off another copy and shipped it!

As to Ernst's letters to friends, there is another limitation - there is a dearth of letters written in English because of the additional translator-censorship bottleneck. I still read German fluently, and many people send me copies of letters Ernst wrote to them, but it does mean that I cannot post his letters on the Internet as frequently as I did before, since translating from German to English is difficult for me. Below is one of his rare letters in English, as always excerpted and slightly edited by yours truly to make it more precise, since Ernst's writing can best be described as meandering hither and yon wherever fancy takes he ponders his woes and delights .

Ernst wrote this to Mark Weber of the Institute for Historical Review:

[START]

My dear Mark!

How nice to hear from you. Thanks for taking the time to write. I know you are a busy man.

Thank you also for keeping my case before the public. My detractors would love nothing more than to see my case vanish from the radar screen.

I am uncertain what the criteria [for writing letters] are. [My attorney] says I can discuss my case. The judge, whose job it is to censor my mail, seems to have other ideas. Nobody gives me the criteria, so I don't know what's what. I am asking around but know not whether my letters are even forwarded to the people from whom I am asking advice. An amazing situation. Kafka would have loved my case - George Orwell undoubtedly also. The one man who could have related to it would have been Francis Parker Yockey. However, I am not inclined to go this route - please note! [Ingrid's comment: Yockey, author of the classic "Imperium", somewhat of a Bible of the Right, allegedly committed suicide in an American prison. It is likely that he was murdered.]

I'll keep mum on the topic today.

I find my own life a bit trying at times, especially of course in the last 29 months, but then [my Canadian attorney] told me rather sternly two years ago: "Ernst, what did you think? It was never easy to become an historical personality!"

Naturally, it's no fun to be locked up in an old fortress-like dungeon with walls a meter thick for 22 hours and 45 minutes. Prison is prison. But it sure is nice to be sitting on a real solid chair and not a wobbly stack of court documents, and to have a nice, square, white arborite covered table with my own coffee pot, Melitta filter coffee which I can brew day or night, or to eat an apple, or to make myself some nice hot lemon juice

[drink] with a touch of honey in it - or, when my body demands some Omega 3 or 6 oil, to open a can of sardines from the prison store. Luxuries I missed for two years in the U.S. and Canada!

As you can see, I have a fountain pen! Imagine a real fountain pen in prison, thanks to the generosity of a lady supporter in Berlin. I have enough refills, 1.55 Euro for five cartridges - expensive! But man oh man, what a luxury! My thoughts finally can flow out of me! Not the awkward feeling of having to press out my every word with a dull pencil or even a ball point pen. What a relief!

I have brushes, inexpensive school children type paints. I have my own pencil sharpener. I can buy note pads, even drawing paper, some even in a large format. What luxury!

I was able to buy myself a Gillette Track III razor in the prison store. I am allowed to keep it in my cell.

I am sitting here at midnight, looking at my wrist watch the judge allowed me to have - another thing I was not allowed to have for two years in Canada or the U.S. I have a mirror now to see my own face in two years. The windows in my cell are wide open, day and night, and I have the luxury of switching on my own light or turning it off. It's heaven - in prison!

If I want to, and the authorities okay it, I could buy myself a radio with a built-in CD player or even a color TV connected to cable. With all these luxuries and these amenities I forget sometimes that I am in prison and am actually annoyed when the guards open the steel door to bring me my mountains of mail - 25 to 30 letters are not a rarity. The staff is all German, and the Protestant minister mentioned in his sermon today that there are apparently 60 different nationalities in this prison. And I thought things were rough in Canada and the USA! Not so! Imagine these poor prison officials! I would not want

to have their job for any money in the world. They are not nice jobs, let me tell you! You and I - we have had the best job in the world! We did what was a socially useful job which needed to be done, and we had the freedom to do it - and, until 9/11 especially in America, we had the freedom to state our case!

I often dwell on the freedoms we enjoyed in America when I read the writings of Thomas Jefferson - what he had to say about the organization of the state and his very, very prescient predictions of what could, and did in fact, happen to this new Republic if the citizenry was not very careful and very vigilant, especially if the legislative branch did not jealously guard and constantly assert its primacy, its paramount power over the state, the executive branch and the judicial system, especially the judges! Oh Jefferson, where are you now?

It warms my heart to read and to know that our race produced men like Jefferson, Washington, Ben Franklin, and James Madison, to mention just some of my favorites. When I read what these men promulgated at a time when America had the population 1796 of 4.6 million Whites in that census, and realize that Frederick the Great's Prussia had 4.4 million a few decades earlier, it gives one pause to ponder why [now] all the many millions are necessary - for what? All of Europe, which was at one time allied with France against Frederick the Great, was made up of only 90 million Europeans. Imagine that! In its heyday, the City of Rome had 1 million people, [a city population] not again reached till London crossed the 1 million mark in 1804. Paris and Berlin lagged way behind - even Vienna did. And then, suddenly, this vast population explosion in 150 years! An amazing development, to be sure!

I recently read a book from our prison library. In all of Toronto's West Detention Centre, there was not one book - here, they have several thousand in 10 languages. This book was first published in England and was entitled

there "Man and Water", the story of man's attempt at artificial irrigation and pure drinking water. It was one fantastic book about largely Aryan achievement of building dams, irrigation canals - in short, making the desert bloom the world over. And there is no doubt whatsoever that America was/is the New Rome - alone when it comes to building vast dams, reservoirs, aqueducts etc. It warms one's heart what we as a people are capable of! I am frequently so captivated by these topics that I am able to delve into that I forget that I am, in fact, in prison! Now mind you, I would prefer to be in beautiful Tennessee with Ingrid and watch a gorgeous sunset over the Smoky Mountains, but it was not meant to be - not for a little while anyway. Somehow, some inscrutable destiny had other thoughts, and it will manifest itself what my role is to be in this struggle for freedom.

Nomen est omen, the Romans are alleged to have said. [Ingrid's comment: The name "Zundel" means, loosely translated, to spark something]

There is no doubt that my enemies seem to have detected something in Ernst Zundel, the peasant boy from the Black Forest, that seems to have eluded my friends, even myself. What could it be? What irks them? After all, look at all the effort they have expended over three decades - to achieve for themselves WHAT? What exactly is it that they have achieved by all their conniving and Herculean labor? Is their railroading of me - WHAT? To inflict discomfort? Pain? Misery? Embarrassment? Loneliness? Humiliation? Bankruptcy of me, the 66 year old artist? A man with no university degree, no forces to threaten them?

What a policy goal!

I am reminded of Stalin's remark: "How many divisions has the Pope?"

No troops were necessary to sink the Evil Empire. I take comfort in knowing that the Bolshevik Monsters' regime is dead and gone, and candles are flickering in thousands of churches in the former Soviet Empire and Gulag state. All it took was ideas and truths - and dedication by those who held those truths to be [self]-evident. Yes, Mark! Ideas and truths are powerful things and dangerous weapons to tyrants.

No people certain of their power need to treat a man like me the way they treated me for 30 years!

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