



The Holocaust Hoax

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Seriously, What Does It Matter If the Diary
of Anne Frank Is a Hoax?



THE ANNE FRANK House in Amsterdam has made it abundantly clear that they will seek legal action against anyone who doubts the official narrative—which just so happens to be *their* narrative. It's on their website. I'm only one or two sentences in, and already you should be planting your *first* Buzz Aldrin moon flag on the Hollywood basement sound stage. Whenever the law threatens a hefty fine or incarceration for choosing *not* to believe a government-sponsored narrative, you can be outright certain *what* you're dealing with.



Think they're just busting your balls? As recently as 2018, authorities in Germany arrested "serial Holocaust denier" **Ursula Haverbeck**, an 89-year-old grandmother, for failing to *show up* to prison after her sentence. That's real classy of you, Fatherland. I'm sure she was a threat to the very fabric of free society.

Now that Ursula Haverbeck is out of the way, the Anne Frank House website has more to say on the matter. I will present their full statement, breaking only for *sighs* and some comments. They write:

People who have claimed, or still claim, that the diary is not genuine **have a political agenda**.

This is true. I would like to take this opportunity and say that I am with the rebel alliance against the Empire. *Continuing*.

They often also say or write that the Holocaust never happened. Or they try to prove that there were no gas chambers at Auschwitz, and that the figure of six million Jews murdered during the Second World War is an exaggeration.

Oh dear. People question that? Are you trying to say that people *shouldn't* investigate those claims or attempt to prove them? Is that what you are saying? I'm asking for a friend.

The diary of Anne Frank is an important document of the Holocaust...

Say it ain't so.

...and since the Second World War, **Anne Frank has become the most well-known symbol of the persecution of the Jews**. People and organizations that deny or trivialize the Holocaust are attempting to exonerate and rehabilitate the National Socialist system. Or, by spreading doubts on the fate of the Jews during the Second World War, they try to **undermine the state of Israel's right to exist**.

So, help me understand this. Is it the state of Israel you're trying to defend, or the little girl's book? Seems like a rather large leap that one would be mutual upon the other—or is it? I'm trying to remember who it was that said: "The Truth is like a lion; you don't have to defend it. Let it loose; it will defend itself." *Darn*, it was **Augustine**. The man from Hippo was a spook. But you get my point. ~~The New World Order~~ Anne Frank House believes their narrative needs to be defended from anyone who might stick their nose where it doesn't belong, because our Museum Curators believe the Truth is weak and helpless and cannot stand on its own, apparently.

Considering there is a possibility that the boys down at Langley read my material on their bathroom breaks, perhaps even Mossad and, while we're at it, teatime for MI6, I want to make this absolutely clear to the hall monitors, Gestapo, *and* Slave Masters of our motionless plane: **I am *not* questioning whether the thirteen-year-old Jewish girl whom we know as Anne Frank wrote a diary.** It's a moot point. I mean, I wrote a diary at the whereabouts of thirteen, and it *sucks*. Nobody would ever publish it. I may have even burned it. Seriously, I'm not envious. Good for Anne. She had some *obvious* literary chops. Are we *good*, Mossad Merkazi le-Modiin ule-Tafkidim Meyuhadim? *Cool*. Moving on.

Now that we've gotten that out of the way, I would suggest you lose the "pay no attention to the man behind the curtain" mentality, because it really didn't pan out so well with the Kansas girl and her dog, not to mention thousands of others currently waking up to your psyops across the plane. But it seems to be working indescribably for you and your intended audience. We're in the middle of the COVID-1984 planned-demic as I write this, and practically everyone's walking around with a re-education diaper on their face. Well done, sirs. Well done! I know what I'm going up against. And so do you, apparently. We've got a ninety-year-old grandmother as our prized fighter.

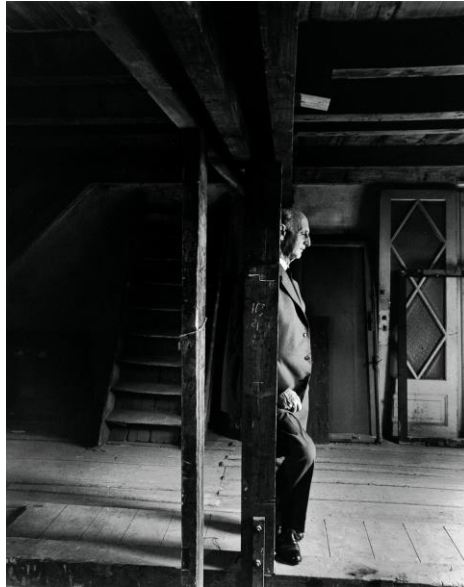


The *official* narrative of Anne Frank goes something like this. (Be sure to write me a letter and scream, ALL CAPS, if I get a little detail wrong here or there. *Thanks*, the management.) On June 12, 1942, we are first introduced to the little Jewish girl who was given a diary for her 13th birthday. **Otto** and **Edith Frank**, her parents, allowed Anne to select which one she personally wanted at the local bookshop. Anne chose the red and white checkered autograph book with a golden clip. Her very first entry was excitedly scribbled down on that very day, and it reads:

“I hope I will be able to confide everything to you, as I have never been able to confide in anyone, and I hope you will be a great source of comfort and support.”

Anne Frank’s serial writing started two days later, on the 14th of June 1942. Within as little as three weeks, the dingleberry hit the fan. It was on the 5 of July when Anne’s older sister **Margot** received a summons to report to a Nazi work camp in Germany, *post haste*. Margot never showed. This is undoubtedly due to the entire family, Margot and Anne, along with their parents, Otto and Edith, slipping into a concealed room behind a movable bookcase, and in the very Amsterdam building which Otto Frank had worked at and owned. Otto had started his business, named Opekta,

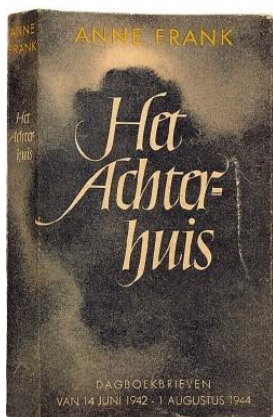
in 1933, manufacturing and selling pectin, an instrumental ingredient for producing jam. The **Van Pels** family joined the Frank's one week later, and by November, they welcomed **Fritz Pfeffer**, the eighth and final person in hiding. Eventually, all eight members were arrested and dispatched to various concentration camps. Anne and her sister Margot were carted off to **Auschwitz** and then almost immediately transferred to **Bergen-Belsen**.



Of the **8** people who were said to have converged in the concealed room behind Otto Frank's bookcase from the upper floor of Otto Frank's factory, only Otto Frank survived the war. Otto Frank gave the girl her diary. And then Otto Frank published it. If you're immediately wondering *how* Anne Frank's checkered diary survived such an ordeal, then you're already asking the *wrong* questions, according to Anne Frank House. Here's how The Wikipedia explains it.

The manuscript, written on loose sheets of paper, was found strewn on the floor of the hiding place by Miep Gies and Bep Voskuijl after the family's arrest,^[23] but before their rooms were ransacked by a special department of the Amsterdam office of the *Sicherheitsdienst* (SD, Nazi intelligence agency) for which many Dutch collaborators worked.^[24] The papers were given to Otto Frank after the war, when Anne's death was confirmed in July 1945 by sisters Janny and Lien Brilleslijper, who were with Margot and Anne in Bergen-Belsen.^[25]

So, if I understand this right, the manuscript was not a bound book. Rather, it was a collection of loose sheets of paper and found strewn across the floor of the hiding place by **Miep Gies** and **Bep Voskuijl** after the family's arrest, but *before* their rooms were ransacked by the Dutch police and the Gestapo. They were then kept safe and given to Otto Frank after the war, with the original notes and everything, so that he could shop it around with publishing companies. That's the story. So far, everything we've yet experienced is convenient, to say the least.



The book was first published under the title: “Het Achterhuis. Dagboekbrieven 14 Juni 1942 – 1 Augustus 1944” (*Or: The Annex: Diary Notes 14 June 1942 – 1 August 1944*) by Contact Publishing on the 25 of June 1947. It was an immediate success. **3,000 copies** of the first edition were soon sold out, and by 1950, ‘The Annex’ had already achieved its sixth edition. Do recall how the worst War in recorded human history had only just ended. Europe still lay in rubble. The official narrative claims an estimated total of 70–85 million people perished off the face of the

earth, which was about 3% of the world's population. The War sucked for everyone involved.

Let's put it like this. Many of our grandfathers visited France and Germany only once in their lifetime. If they never returned, it probably has something to do with the fact that they were running alongside a tank from Paris onward, screaming “Lightning!” at every shrub they passed and waiting to spray anything that didn't return a proper pronunciation of “Thunder!” They'd had enough in the way of sightseeing and weren't even European. Most had a white picket fence and a green lawn, mired only by dog poo, to return to. *Anne Frank* was published two years after her death, when just about everyone was trying to move on and forget the horrors of their past, much less that of a strange, unfortunate girl.

After Anne Frank was introduced to America and the UK in 1952 with the title, ‘The Diary of a Young Girl’, which included an introduction **written by former first lady Eleanor Roosevelt** (because there's clearly no agenda here), her book would go on to sell 30-million

copies worldwide, and in over 70 languages. Its popularity inspired the 1955 play, *The Diary of Anne Frank*, which was again adapted for the screen in 1959.

Those of you familiar with my work will likely know what comes *next*. Stuff like this doesn't just happen on its own. The mere fact that Anne Frank is included in several lists of the top books of the 20th century should plant another immediate moon flag in your mind. Spooks only invest in their own productions. That's the reality of the world we live in. Dozens of black men die down the block unreported while the media makes news out of Langley's boys, **Rodney King**, and **George Floyd**, because the Media is under the pay of the Intel community. That also means spooks write their own reviews. They make movies. They produce music. They purchase art. They finance museums. Spooks even buy books. Like, three thousand of the same title all at once, if you get my drift. They needn't *pray* to move mountains because they have the money and the resources to simply *do* it. I guess what I'm trying to say is, we only know about the thirteen-year-old girl Anne Frank because she was included as part of the psyop.

Actually, it hadn't even crossed my mind to write about Anne Frank until I came to learn that the little thirteen-year-old Jewish girl has *also* most recently become a 21st-century vlogger. Wait, *what...*? I probably wouldn't have thought much of it either had I not noticed that Anne Frank House was putting the series out. *Mm-hmm. That* Anne Frank House. The one in the Netherlands. The official Museum Curators of ~~Illuminati~~ approved textbook history. Same House which Otto Frank *started*. Also, part of the reason why Otto Frank spent the remainder of his life, some three decades, taking to court those whom ~~Big Brother~~ the State had deemed "deniers." The House receives over a million visitors each year, by the way.



I get it. Propaganda needs your continued support. You need to promote Anne to a *new* generation. So, she's a vlogger.

For all you older readers out there, a “vlogger” is someone who creates and uploads a video blog. So, they essentially *film* their life rather than writing about it. Perhaps the reasoning behind this rather odd decision simply comes down to the likelihood that kids these days no longer read and thus, the effect which the powers ~~behind the curtain~~ that ~~should not~~ be had hoped to imprint upon young impressionable minds no longer works.

Let me remind you that we're dealing with the Holocaust with a capitol “H.” Even questioning the capitol “H” can land one in a heap of *butt hurt* in prison. Therefore, you don't make *fiction* out of it. You don't suddenly switch genres. You don't turn Anne Frank into reality television. Because reality television is *fake*. I don't care how illiterate your audience is Anne Frank House, but you ~~can't~~ just make crap up. Scratch that. You *can* make crap up. You're holding hands with ~~The Ministry of Truth~~ the people who write our education pamphlets. You can make up whatever crap you want and then peddle that crap and even parody it and people will line up to thank you for it. Because *technically*, they're law-abiding citizens for doing so.

We've seen this go down repeatedly with other past psyops. At *best* the story becomes stale. Slaves become disinterested in the lie. Therefore, the intended effects of the psychodrama begin to wear off in the barracoon. Often the lie is drilled full of so many plot holes that historians or men in lab coats need to be brought in to either save the narrative or change the Science, hoping to find some new angle.



Transforming Anne Frank ‘the writer’ into Anne Frank ‘the vlogger’ is intellectually dishonest in every way imaginable, *especially* after because Anne Frank *rewrote* her own work. We call this “the writing process.” A vlogger cannot do that. A Vlogger cannot upload a video and then go back and rework it again one year later. That may be how writing on loose sheets of paper works, but not vlogging. I’m almost getting the feeling that our Museum Curators are glossing over the fact that Anne Frank’s recollection was a *work in progress*, something which has been heavily criticized, or are they trying to erase the far less practical fact, which Anne’s publishers were finally pressed to admit in recent years, that Otto Frank was her co-writer? You tell me.

I’ll speak for myself, but Otto Frank would be *proud*. *Oh*, wait. Anne Frank House [tracked down](#) one of Anne Frank’s childhood friends. **Jacqueline van Maarsen** was 91-year-old at the time of its announcement, and she *is* proud of their decision.



Now, I have on my shelf a rather voluptuous hardbound book titled '**LIFE**: Our Century in Pictures'. It's something I picked up at a local thrift shop a few years back. I like to do most of my creative thinking, *if possible*, in the actual pages of magazines and books. Rehearse the Langley narrative and the magic choo-choo we were spoon fed in our youth. As my serial reader can probably already imagine, Our Century is essentially devoted to a hundred years' worth of media-driven spook agendas, psyops, hoaxes, Mystery religion *exotericism*, and psycho-dramatic exercises. Because this is 'The News' we're talking about. Familiar places and names sprung out at me on every page, many of which I've already covered. It was on page 203 however where I had to pause and consider the method in which the pictures were spread out upon the page.

You see, most of 'Our Century' is simply a nostalgic reminder of the Intel operations executed upon the subscriber. So many good times. But now I stumbled upon two very different photographs which were mutually inclusive to one another and intended to serve the *same* purpose. In other words, one event was expected to inform us on the event of the other.

I've included *both* LIFE photographs above. The one on the left depicts liberated prisoners in the Bergen-Belsen camp and was photographed by a certain **Margaret Bourke-White**. The one on its right depicts a boy, haphazardly doing what any young boy would do, *I suppose*, after a War had passed like yesterday's tropical storm. Take a walk among the corpses. The road, we are told, leads to **Bergen-Belsen**.

Both photographs are apparently related to the liberation of Nordhausen by allied soldiers on April 15, 1945. And *here* it should be noted. What makes Nordhausen exceptionally unusual to the Holocaust narrative is the fact that, unlike Auschwitz, the media poured into Bergen-Belsen and the town, probably as soon as the smoke had a chance to clear. Ironically, Bergen-Belsen became a nerve center for post-war indoctrination. Why am I not surprised? But more on that in a moment. Back to the photos again.



A caption reads:

Allied leaders had known of a 1942 Nazi fiat to rid Europe of non-Aryans. Not until Germany's defeat, though, was the magnitude of Hitler's "final solution" apparent. The Allies rescued the gaunt inmates of Buchenwald (above) but were **too late to aid the dead lining the road to Bergen-Belsen** (right). The Holocaust claimed two-thirds of the Europe's nine million Jews, as well as Slavs, Gypsies and gays. Many families lost three generations. Coming to grips with guilt – among survivors, butchers, by-standers alike – would require more than the next three generations.

Notice their choice words. "...but were too late to aid the dead lining the road to Bergen-Belsen." *Wait*, how did the people end up as corpses lining the road to begin with? You mean, had the Allies arrived a day or two sooner those people lining the roads might have lived? They don't exactly look unhealthy. Are we expected to believe they are part of Hitler's "final

solution”, or did they all just stand around and then collectively declare: “Eins, zwei, drei, sterben?”

How strange, I thought. One could use the *first* photograph to prove the Germans had wartime prisoners, while somebody else could use the *second* photograph to prove that people died during the War. Proof of Hitler’s “final solution” though? I’m having a difficult time connecting the dots. Something wasn’t sitting right. Men standing behind a fence, alive and well. Boy taking a stroll where bodies pile the side of the road. I then decided to stick my nose where it doesn’t belong and take a magnifying glass out upon the liberation of Nordhausen and Bergen-Belsen. I wasn’t disappointed.

Vintage WWII Era Life Magazine MAY 7, 1945 The German People
🔥 1 viewed per hour

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Turns out *both* photographs appeared in the *same* issue of LIFE Magazine. The date of its publication was May 7, 1945. Its cover depicts sad looking Germans. By the look on their faces, they’re probably still coming to terms with the fact that they’d been swindled into their second War against the New World Order, and lost, again. *Bummer*.

Fool me once. Shame on you.
Fool me twice....
Wait, don’t answer that.

Any who, I decided to visit eBay and track down my own copy. Because, as I have already mentioned, I prefer doing my own research among the actual pages of propaganda we were so once so easily fooled to indulge in. I *found* the above copy for **\$9.99**, listed as *good* condition, and took a screenshot only seconds before punching the “Buy It Now” button. So, **666** is the cost, once inverted, with a shipping fee of **3.33**. Perhaps this is simply to make up for the fact that LIFE Magazine wasn’t selling with barcodes during the War, and as you may be aware by this point, barcodes read in 6’s. *Also*, spooks sell all sorts of paraphernalia on eBay.

“What are you saying, Noel, that you’re buying an old magazine from a *spook*?”

Maybe. It’s not the first time I’ve suggested as much. **[POST EDIT:** The Magazine arrived in the mail, and once again, I wasn’t disappointed. Here, I’ll show you a full-page print-out.]



At Belsen piles of about 3,000 dead Germans are laid out along a railroad track, held by U. S. troops. These dead were taken at the Nordhausen subcamp factory which made parts for U.S. and U. S. tanks. The other was taken in September 1945 and is considered the probably most the best of those shown who died from starvation, overwork and beatings.



TWO GERMAN GUARDS, looking for scraps of food, are shown in the foreground. The bodies of the dead are piled up in the background. The bodies of the dead are piled up in the background. The bodies of the dead are piled up in the background.

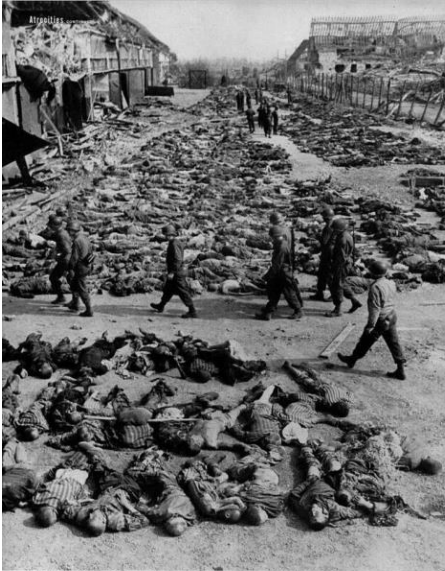
If you participated in high school over the last seventy years, then you’ll likely be intimately familiar with the spread encapsulating pages 36 and 37 of LIFE Magazine. On the *left*, allied soldiers inspect the nearly 3,000 dead prisoners at the Bergen-Belsen camp. On the *right*, two German guards (is

one a woman?) bury those bodies in a mass grave. We've all seen these horrific images dozens of times over, but for me, it started with eleventh-grade history. The moment is still burned into my skull. Grasping for breath in the dark silence while the life-giving television flickers with cruelly bent and knotted corpses. 'Those evil Nazi bastards. They did it. They really did it this time. They executed Hitler's "final solution." Thank *god* we arrived when we did. And thank *god* for movie *magic*. What we need more of in cinema is the Third Reich, because nothing feels so good as watching a Canadian Mountie bend down from his horse to slap a Nazi.'



And then we're shown videos such as this one. Footage of a corpse being carried by soldiers. We see bodies being flung into mass graves. We watch a heaping of flesh and bones get bulldozed into bundles by a man smoking a cigarette. Indeed, Bergen-Belsen is still employed as photographic evidence for the Holocaust. *Those Nazi bastards. They finally did it.*

But look *closer*.



At Nordhausen bodies of about 3000 other prisoners are laid out along a boulevard street before being buried in 500 caskets. These had been ordered at the Wehrmacht's headquarters in Berlin, which took parts for V-1 and V-2 rockets. The other two started in September 1942 and its construction was the first of three plants that did their operations, research and production.



TWO GERMAN GUARDS, looking at a decaying body, had been brought to the Nordhausen camp. The soldiers of the other worked at the camp before the capture by the British in mid-April. He is assisted by an American.

Prisoners of war waiting for their food. British troops have been ordered to dig the pits and bury the victims.

LIFE Magazine. Page 36 *again*. Take another peek. The surrounding buildings could use a little TLC. Was bombing buildings also part of Hitler's Final Solution? Seems a little strange, destroying his own infrastructure.



What is this? It is Nordhausen from above. Why is Hitler scorching the earth, blowing his own city to kingdom come? Seems a little drastic, don't you think? *Oh*, I see now. What we are looking at is a picture of allied

soldiers blowing Nordhausen and Bergen-Belsen to bloody hell. You'd think an event like that would mandate thousands of casualties and mass burials, but that's probably none of my business. It's the *little* details.



See, the Bergen-Belsen camp in northwestern Germany was originally a prisoner of war camp named Stalag XI-C, intended for 4,000 prisoners. It was later “converted” into a concentration camp sometimes in 1943 on the orders of SS Reichsführer **Heinrich Himmler** as a part of a program to exchange Jews for German POW’s held by the Allies. The fact that Germany was losing the War was more than apparent during the closure of 1944. In the matter of months, Bergen-Belsen swelled to 60,000 prisoners. **Many arrived from Auschwitz**. That’s only partially awkward, since we are told Auschwitz was in the business of offing people. And then, in the early hours of 1945, disaster *struck*. A transport of prisoners introduced typhus into the camp.

Typhus is a disease caused by infection through transmission from arthropods such as fleas, chiggers, lice, or ticks. I’m told it is characterized by purple rashes. By the spring of that year, thousands upon thousands of

corpses were piled up around the camp. If the epidemic was *killing* them, it's only because **the Allied bombing of German factories, railway, and other infrastructure** had made it near impossible to bring in sufficient supplies and keep the prisoners properly fed. You may want to read that sentence again, just to let the Truth sink in. Take as long as you need. According to camp records, some **35,000 inmates died of the disease**, starting in January of 1945 until its liberation in April 1945. They needed rations. Among these was Zyklon B. The Nazis used Zyklon B to delouse clothing and kill the typhus carrying lice. So, that's how Hitler did it. The Final Solution. He killed them with lice. Couldn't round them up into the shower houses fast enough. Good thing they at least had hospitals in the prison camps. To you know, treat the patients. If only they had more shipments of Zyklon B.



When the British entered the camp on April 15, **typhus was still a thing**. Nearly 13,000 bodies needed to be buried. The British were forced to implement a strict regime at the camp, complete with armed guards and warning signs, to keep the disease from spreading. They even posted signs telling people to drive 5 MPH. To keep the Typhus from spreading.



So, that's why they took their time arriving at Bergen-Belson, because of Typhus. Meanwhile, most of the people seen in the picture on page 36 aren't even Jews. They're your typical, or shall we say, *expected* political prisoners. Poles. Russians. Even in the official narrative, the Nazi's did not murder Jews with their pajamas on. The Nazi's had put them in a camp with actual doctors and

nurses. They were attempting to *keep them alive*. Try not to let cognitive dissonance win the day.

Just look at these women prisoners, dressed in stripes. With smiles that wide, it's almost like they're trying to hide how miserable we need them to be. Except for that one woman who doesn't want her picture taken. She is definitely not having a good day.

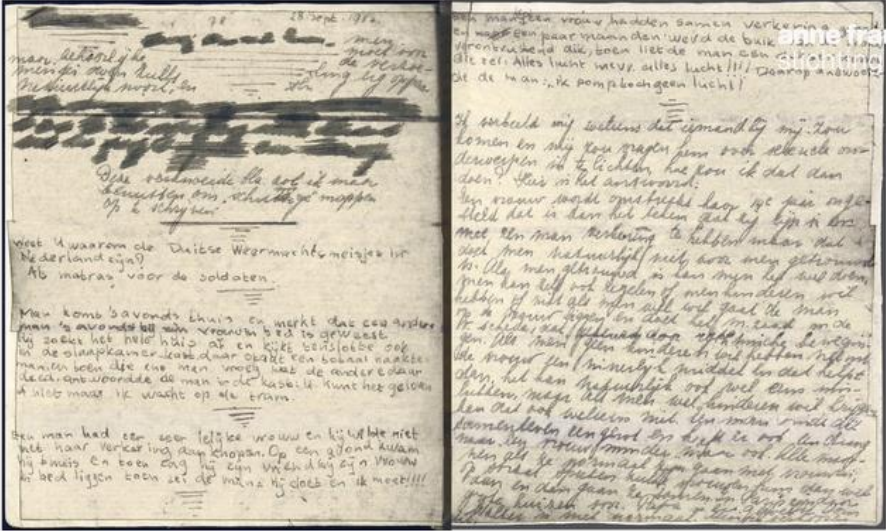




What is the soldier staring at? A sign. He's trying to read something. It must be important. What does the sign say? It reads: "This is the site of THE INFAMOUS BELSEN CONCENTRATION CAMP liberated by the British on 15 April 1945." It then claims that 10,000 unburied dead were found here. Oh gee. You think that has anything to do with, *say*, I don't know, a bombing raid? Kind of difficult to bury the dead when the entire Allied forces and the Media are riding your ass. Next it claims that another 13,000 have since died and that all of them were victims of the German New Order. *Wait*, hold on. Are you trying to tell us that an additional 13,000 died after the 10,000 that were killed during your bombing raid, but that it was the Nazi's fault? *Ridiculous*. Propaganda from the start. Blame it on the Germans, I guess.

Among the 35,000 who were said to have died of typhus at Bergen-Belsen, Anne and Margot Frank were among them. The young author was only fifteen years old. When their father Otto was liberated by the Russians in **Auschwitz**, presumably after surviving the shower house, he too was being treated for typhus. That should tell you something.

Typhus was a *thing*.

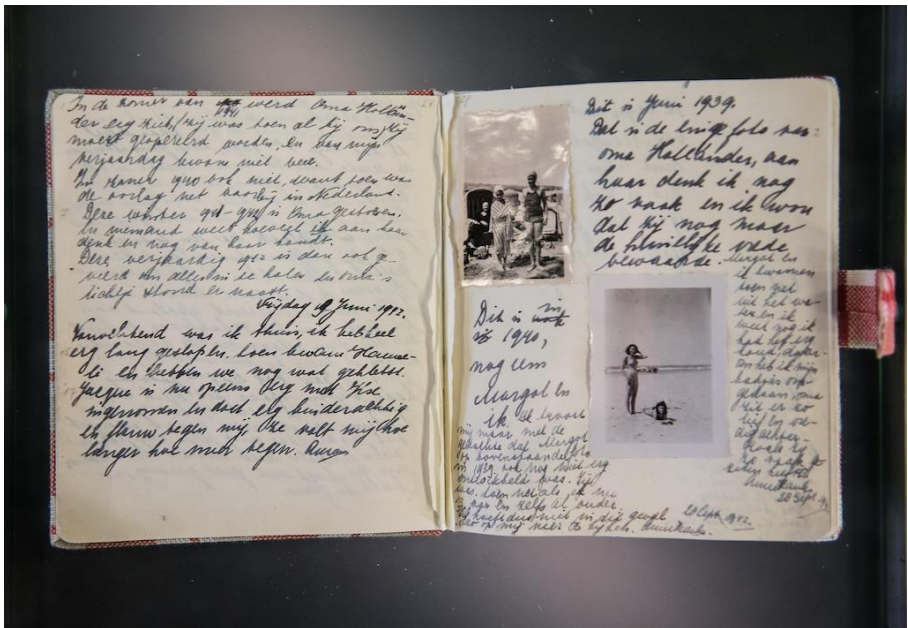


[04. 02. 2022 **UPDATE**: GETTING back to Anne Frank's diary, we can clearly see two distinct writing fonts. One is in cursive. The other is not. Are we really expected to believe the little girl was not only rediscovering her writer's voice through various diary drafts, but then trying out radically different styles of penmanship? Page after page, the problem *continues*.

No tik ik in ten kinderwagen
 Dit is ook snoezig he
 Hier heb ik zeker naar de kerk...
 Lieve Marianne, 10 Oct 1942
 gisteren is het schrijven er weer bij ingeschoten. Eene grote omdat ik de lijst van Franse werkwoorden wilde afmaken en ten tweede omdat ik ook nog ander werk had. Ik heb weer

Dit is een foto, zoals ik me zou wensen, altijd zo te zijn. Dan had ik nog wet een kans om naar Hollywood te komen. Maar begraafwoordig zie ik er jammer gen oeg meebal anders wit.
 Winkeling,
 10 Oct. 1942
 Winkeling.

I'll buy the fact that the block print is that of a little girl. Let's just go with it. The cursive however derives from an adult. In fact, you can see the child's attempt at cursive underneath Anne Frank's photograph. Not the same. So, in the very least we are looking at two separate authors. On further examination, the presence of a second author presents problems for the first. Why would Anne Frank begin her diary entry two-thirds of the way down the page? She even draws her pictures into a box, as if expecting somebody else to add to the narrative at another time.



Page after page we are handed the *same* story of one author when two writing styles are obviously present and accounted for. Here the recognizable outline of Anne Frank's checkered diary is identified, and yet it contains a collage of pictures which is obviously pieced together by its adult author. I can't even find the girls writing. Also, several pages are torn out.

It gets even worse, you know. A 1980 report by the German Bundeskriminalamt, which is to say, the Federal Investigation Bureau, demonstrated that portions of the diary had been altered or added **after 1951**. *Hmmm*. Ironically, the manuscript was examined on orders of a West

German court, and only after Otto Frank brought a libel action against a German publisher who had claimed the book was a fraud. In turn, the Court found it to be a fraud but only to gaslight anyone who agreed with their findings. Do recall that Ursula Haverbeck was imprisoned for denying the NWO narrative. Further results of the test performed at the BKA lab demonstrated that significant portions were written with a ballpoint pen. Awkward considering that ballpoint pens would not become commercially available until after The War. Look, I'm not claiming that Anne Frank didn't write her diary with a ballpoint pen. All I'm saying is, if somebody did hand her a ballpoint pen, then it was an Intel project from the start.



I have pointedly stated that **LIFE Magazine** is spook literature, and yet, here we are, gazing in upon the August 18, 1958 edition. Anne Frank has made the cover. Do you see what I see? The little girls writing. It is lifted from a page of her diary. Notice how LIFE didn't include the adult's handwriting. Understandably, that would have been confusing. They could at least be honest with us though and call it **LIE Magazine**. I can't understand Dutch but that's clearly **Hollywood** I read. She must have been thinking of writing to the studio, seeking movie rights.

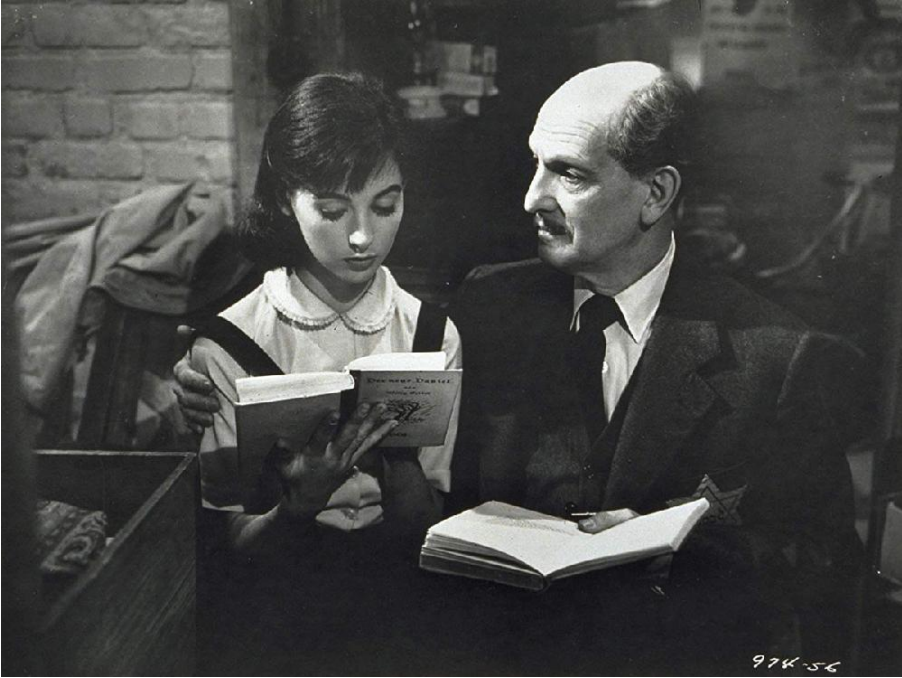
But then we have the Anne Frank School in Amsterdam, and it is not the little girls block print that we find at the entrance of its building. No, it is the adult's handwriting again. How embarrassing, especially since it is concluded with the supposed signature of Anne Frank.]

“That poor little girl,” you tell me. “Shame on you, Noel. *Shame*. Quit stomping on our ~~Illuminati-approved indoctrination~~ **Pulitzer Prize** literature!”

Yes, indeed. That poor little girl. Nobody seems to *legitimately* care about the little girl, do they? Certainly not her publishers. Let’s set the record straight. Anne Frank was *not* gassed nor murdered as part of some Nazi grand scheme to cleanse Europe of her Jewish population. Allied bombing had cut off her supply of Zyklon B, and she died because of that. They had the hospitals but not the treatment. Read that last sentence repeatedly if need be. Take as long as you’d like.

I’m not interested in criticizing the legitimacy of a little girl’s diary because the *real story* of Anne Frank is her cruel exploitation to shamelessly push the Holocaust narrative. The Anne Frank House certainly doesn’t care about the little girl. According to their own statement, it is the agenda which they care about, and they’re willing to use the law to punish inquiry from the very “deniers” who’ve cried foul all along. Israel. *Mossad*. New World Order. Slave Masters. Are they and Anne Frank interconnected, as Anne Frank House appears to suggest by admission, or are Museum Curators in Amsterdam simply worried that they’ll lose a thousand or two visitors per year, if the average, logical-thinking person is free to decide for himself? You tell me. But here’s the thing, in the world I grew up in, we were given the *illusion* of choice. Democrat. Republican. Fascist. Zionist. Then again, they’re all run by the *same* Management, and so I choose *none* of them.

Anne Frank is the involuntary *victim* of a cruel psyop.



[04. 02. 2022 **UPDATE:** Seeing as how Anne Frank died of typhus in Bergen-Belsen in February of 1945, the Diary of Anne Frank should have passed into the public domain in 2015. It did not. And why is that? 70 years had passed. The works of **J.M. Barrie**, **Lewis Carroll**, **L. Frank Baum** has entered the public domain long before that. As stated, normal copyrights on books extend only 70 years after the authors death. Why should Anne Frank be any different? The answer is, she is no different. The Holocaust mythmakers want to milk their prize for everything she's worth, and so, **The New York Times** [reported in 2015](#) that Anne Frank's diary had finally gained co-authorship, thanks in part to **the Anne Frank Fund**. Otto Frank died in 1980. And so, you can be certain of one thing. Holocaust mythmakers will continue milking their baby until the year 2050.]



The Truth About Auschwitz I



I STARTED out *just* like you. I read from the latest greatest Illuminati textbooks and was exposed to the *same* blinding propaganda. The Godvernment and my diploma had me convinced that the Germans murdered 6 million Jews in a few short years as part of their final solution. Approximately 3 million of those were accomplished in gas chambers deceptively disguised as shower rooms. But that is a lie. There is irony to the gas chamber story in that they were in actuality shower rooms, not gas chambers, and you are the one being deceived rather than the Jews. It's *okay*, they had me believing “the swap” at one time too. We are all equal inheritors of the lie. Our Slave Masters simply don't expect you to ask logical questions. And yet, here you are for one reason or another—seeking. *Welcome*. The ending to this story is that nearly everything we've been told about the Holocaust was a flamboyantly royal hoax. You are under no obligation to believe the *official* narrative. You too can *refuse* your inheritance. Just hand the gift bag back to them. And while you're at it, be sure to tell the Godvernment exactly where they can shove it.

Now that I have your attention, let's get a few obvious facts out of the way. There was no Master Plan to exterminate the Jewish race. No such order was ever found from **Adolf Hitler** or **Heinrich Himmler**, nor was it administered by **Adolf Eichmann** and any other Nazi officer.

You have simply been *told* the marching orders were given without ever being shown the paperwork. And if there's one thing the Nazi's loved, it's paperwork. Tell me I'm wrong there.

Though there are nearly two dozen other concentration camps to tend to, the purpose of *this* paper is to finally cross under the infamous *Arbeit Macht Frei* (Work Sets You Free) sign for a closer inspection of The Big Guy, as Auschwitz has become the very embodiment of the Holocaust narrative. Flossenbug, Mittelbau-Dora, Buchenwald, Dachau, Neuengamme. Nobody brings up those names, and with good reason. You see, I wrote my *first* paper on the Holocaust nearly a year ago, and whenever the subject comes up around the campfire, there is always seemingly somebody who asks: “*Yeah*, but what about Auschwitz?” See what I mean? In the mind of the public, only Auschwitz matters.



Originally, just about every labor camp in Germany was advertised to us as a center for extermination. Bergen-Belsen is *still* heavily employed for the Holocaust narrative, but if you've read my paper on **Anne Frank**, then you know that's an easily proven lie. In short time, every concentration camp under control of the western allies were investigated and found to be untrue, despite a *global* media effort to the contrary. *Gee*, I

wonder who owns the media. But you already know the answer to that one, don't you? It's okay, you can say it. **The Zionists do.**

Isn't it convenient how the only remaining death camps ended up in Poland, east of the Berlin Wall, and therefore unavailable to public inquiry for nearly fifty years? Auschwitz was one of them. *Also*, the mere fact that *both* western allies and the Soviet Union were apparently pitted against the other but simultaneously in on the *same* deception is probably none of my business.



At Buchenwald, the US Army's **psychological warfare division** set up a table with shrunken human heads and a lamp shade and told Germans it was made from the skin of prisoners. The story goes that **Ilse Koch**, wife of the commandant of Buchenwald concentration camp, was an obsessive "lampshade collector". These lampshades, we are told, were clothes in the skin of the prisoners she had offed. *Ridiculous.*

Already, I've deviated from our arrival at Auschwitz, but only to bring up a valid point. Even the *official* narrative admits now that the

human skin story was a fabricated *hoax*. Did you hear the one where Jewish prisoners were turned into bars of soap? *Yeah*, I did too. Show me a single member of the Schutzstaffel who would in his right mind lather his apple bottom with something like that. Hearsay is a hell of a thing, especially when Intel is playing a game of Chinese whispers, wouldn't you agree? What else were we lied to about? Let's find out.



Auschwitz I

THE FIRST camp at Auschwitz was dubbed Auschwitz I and was started as a POW camp for the purposes of holding some 10,000 Polish soldiers during the campaign of 1939. **Heinrich Himmler** approved the site in April of 1940 and then personally endorsed Captain **Rudolf Höss** as the camp's inspectorate. Höss (pictured *above* with the egg-shaped halo) oversaw the development of the camp, tasked with converting some 22 dilapidated brick barracks, surrounding a large square once used for the breaking of horses, into a passable prison camp. On May 20, the *first* thirty prisoners arrived from Sachsenhausen.

Within three weeks, a mass transport of some 728 political prisoners, including Catholic priests and Jews—arrived from Poland. But that was still only the beginning, as the chemical group IG Farben selected Auschwitz in 1941 as a major industrial site, mainly for the production of rubber. This was wartime, and the Germans needed workers like they needed rubber, not corpses. Höss soon found himself with a camp population in excess of 30,000. The Nazi's invasion of the Soviet Union had something to do with that, as thousands of **Russian soldiers** began pouring into the labor camp. A rapid wartime population growth ensured that the spread of disease would soon become an issue. Naturally, deaths ensued. Höss therefore ordered the building of a crematorium in Auschwitz I, later to be known as **Krema I**. The rest is history.

The gunshot sprint of the Holocaust narrative takes its stride here, but only because our Controllers don't expect you to use common sense. The existence of a facility intended to hygienically dispose of a body is only as much proof of a final solution as it is for our own hospitals and prisons, most of which come equipped with an in-house crematorium. No wonder Nazi officers were looking around at their trial in Nuremberg, listening in to the accusations flung at them with bezongaled faces, going, "What the *fubar*?"



OBJECTIVE visitors would not arrive to the camp until the fall of the Soviet Union in 1990, as they could *now* raise their hands and ask questions without having guns pointed at their heads. It's like I've already stated. There is good reason why all the death camps were put behind the Berlin wall. For nearly 50 years, the Holocaust myth could not be challenged. Those visiting Auschwitz today are told the crematorium building, specifically the morgue, was a gas chamber. Specifically, that it was converted into a temporary gas chamber in August of 1941 until the day when it wasn't, as the end of The War saw it once again converted into an air raid shelter. The idea is that Nazi soldiers would inconspicuously insert Zyklon B into slots, by which the gas pellets are supposed to have been administered, cleverly hidden out of sight from the gullible, so that cyclic herds of Jews only believed they were entering to take a shower. *This* is the building where it happened. You're looking at it.



Go ahead. Study the photo. Take all the time you need. There's a problem. Several of them, actually. The most *obvious* is how close the gas chamber at Auschwitz I sits in proximity to its other buildings. Take a mental note of that, because we will turn to its surrounding buildings in a little while, particularly the one in the

immediate background. Not so inconspicuous are the two stumps on the roof, where the Zyklon B was reportedly dropped. The *present* trees in this photo would have been either non-existent or much smaller then. So, blinders would have been minimal.

Initially, we were told that 4 million people, most of them Jews, were murdered here at Auschwitz. In *this* small building? Train after train pulls up on the rails, entire cyclic herds of Jews are crammed into this small space, and we are expected to believe that nobody noticed a Nazi gassing the Jews from the rooftop, despite *clearly* being visible to the entire camp. You'd think *somebody* would notice. Anyone. Maybe not immediately after grandma went missing the first time. But by the time

your uncle and aunt, mom and dad, and half of your siblings and cousins never returned from the shower, you'd think that someone, just *one* person, might exclaim: "Wait... a.... moment...! That's no shower house. We're being gassed!" But *no*.

The *next* issue is rather obvious, and a glaring problem—once you *see* it. *Can* you see it? I do. The chimney isn't even connected to the building. Certainly not to the two ovens inside. A row of grass can be found between the two. Why would the Nazi's design an industrial sized chimney, apparently for the purposes of burning Jews, and not even line it up right with the building? They wouldn't. Those early visitors to Auschwitz started noticing that it wasn't even connected to the ovens on display inside.



But wait, what's *this*? Looks like the "Museum curators" of Zionism decided to give the old shower house at Auschwitz a face lift in more ways than one. There's no chimney. The photo was taken in 1945. Snow litters the ground, and lots of it. The Hitler

death *boax* went down in **April** (of course it would), and so, unless it snows in August in Poland, then we can presume this was taken in the *colder* months, when the Nazi's reportedly clung to delusions of grandeur. Meaning, they *still* had Jews to kill. Then *why* no chimney? Must have been a *later* addition, long after The War was won. How convenient. Refer to the *earlier* picture and it's so obvious the bricks are new.

Also, one door was removed. They've turned it into a window. *So* many revisions. Kind of makes one wonder what will happen if we enter the door and take a peep inside. Should we? Our high school history teacher probably wouldn't approve. *Av, hell*. Let's have a go at it, anyways.



Mm-hmm, I knew it. Yet another problem. Might as well plant your Buzz Aldrin moon flag right *here*. Because we're standing inside the so-called gas chamber at Auschwitz I, and nearly a third of that door in the rear of the room is made of glass. *Glass*, I tell you. Because apparently the Nazi's liked to watch and not one Jew in 6 million had the bright idea to smash it in. Perhaps they only wiggled the door handle, found that it was locked, and gave up hope. Scratched at the wood with their fingernails rather than kick it down. How many people did they pack into these rooms? We are told hundreds at a time, and all throughout the day too, much as they would in the popular attraction at any amusement park. Or else how do you come up with that *magic* number?

Well then, how thick does that door looks to you? *No*, not the frame. Its interior looks to be less than an inch. You wouldn't need a hundred desperate people to kick it down. One or two desperate people could do the job. Their shoes would have already been removed for "the shower," but if it came down to a bloody foot or a broken toe and the life of another hundred people, the choice would be obvious. Shatter your fist through the glass, man. You will tell me the Nazi's would have killed me anyways, soon as I punctured my ankle through it. *Sure*, but disrupting their operation, even for a single day, might have saved several thousand souls, if we're going by the *official* numbers. At least they'd be pressed to hang a proper door up on its hinges. Take another look. The door isn't even airtight. This is a gas chamber, is it not? You figure that to be a problem.



Speaking of *non*-airtight places, our home inspection just keeps getting worse by the minute. A tourist of Auschwitz I can expect to find manholes and a shower drain in the gas chamber. *Seriously*, are you trying to tell me, Museum Curators, that a fake shower came equipped with an actual working shower drain? I'm getting too old for this excrement of our Controllers. The gas would have escaped. Not only would it have escaped, but the gas would also have seeped into the rest of the building. Worst gas chamber ever.

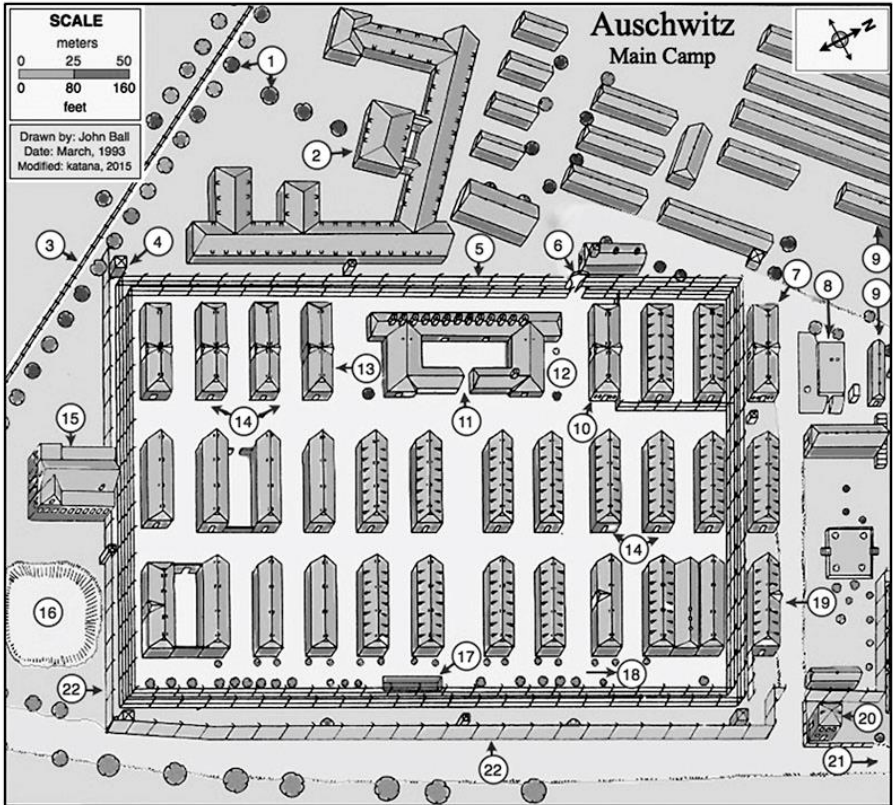
Tourists are then led into the crematorium without ever leaving the building. This is *obviously* important to the narrative, as the Nazi's needed to dispose of the bodies—thousands upon thousands of bodies—without being seen by the *next* party anxiously awaiting their shower. But wouldn't you know it, *somebody* took a sledgehammer to the wall. More home remodeling, *hmm?* Soviet spooks were pressed to a penny pinchers budget, apparently, as they didn't even bother framing a door. A gas chamber door leads directly into the room which contains the two ovens. Remember how I said the chimney isn't even connected to the two ovens? It's because the ovens are, according to Museum Curators, reconstructions. *Right*. Even if the door *were* airtight, no Nazi in his right mind could open it in such rapid succession without stomaching the thought of gas escaping. The room would have exploded.



MOST PHOTOS of Auschwitz focus upon the photogenic *Work Sets You Free* sign arched over the entrance gate, choosing the buildings *stage left* for a background. While on another reconnaissance mission in *The Matrix*, I had a terribly difficult time finding a picture of the building *stage right* of the sign. And that is perhaps because the building on the right is a massive bakery, containing row upon row of chimneys. You should immediately be asking yourself why an extermination camp would include something like that. I mean, if you wanted to kill an untold millions of Jews and bullets were too expensive, stop baking them bread. If the Germans wanted to exterminate the Jews, then why did they even haul them in boxcars to camps? However, since they obviously did, why not just round them up into a fenced-off field and starve them to death? It sounds cruel, but so are the claims which The Government is making.

Sure, prisoners need bread and broth, *if* they're expected to work. But before you try to explain the evils of holding people against their own free will in a labor camp, try not to make the Nazi's an exemption to the rule. There is nothing unusual about using Soviets, Jews, and other political or military prisoners for forced labor, as The War was being waged and the Germans needed people to produce their synthetic rubber. You know who *else* made rubber? At Manzanar in California, imprisoned

Japanese worked with plants which were used to create rubber. Most of who were American citizens.



This map of Auschwitz I is the best that I have found. It was drawn by somebody named John Ball and is provided by **Peter Winter**, author of *The Six Million*. Much of my current research originates with Winter anyhow. I say *best* for a reason. And that is because, upon closer inspection, no other mapmaker wants you to know that a bakery is only the beginning of what Auschwitz offered its residences. Numbers 1 through 22 direct us to the *following*.

| | |
|----------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1. Trees | 12. Kitchen with 13 coal-fired stoves |
| 2. Administration building | 13. Post Office |
| 3. Rail spur | |

| | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>4. The <i>first</i> of nine guard towers</p> <p>5. Parallel wire fences</p> <p>6. “Arbeit Mach Frei” Gate</p> <p>7. Hospital with surgical unit</p> <p>8. Crematorium I</p> <p>9. Workshops for woodworking and sewing</p> <p>10. Brothel and library</p> <p>11. Place where the orchestra played</p> | <p>14. Three-story sleeping barracks</p> <p>15. Theater for music and drama</p> <p>16. Sand and gravel pit</p> <p>17. Swimming pool</p> <p>18. Birch Alley (Birkenhaller)</p> <p>19. Camp administration offices</p> <p>20. Camp commandant’s residence</p> <p>21. <i>Sola</i> River road leading to town of Auschwitz</p> <p>22. Cement fence around two sides of camp.</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

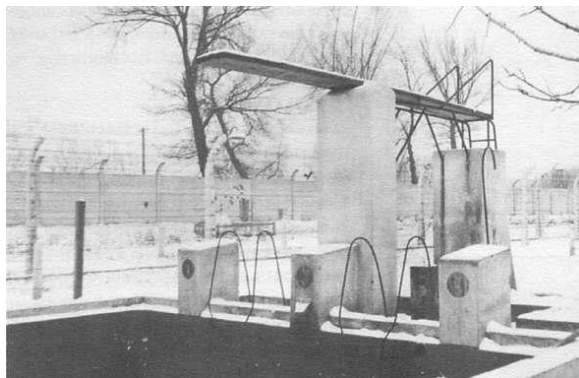
So, let me get this straight. Auschwitz-I offered a **swimming pool**, as well as a ho-down **musical revue**. Hard to practice for the play when you’re slaving away in the rubber factory. You will want to take note of the fact that the kitchen is listed as having **13 coal-fired stoves**. I’m willing to bet its row of chimneys were connected, unlike Crematoria I. Speaking of which, what do we find right next to Crematoria I but a hospital? Between the health plan and all those murders, the Nazis must have been bipolar. And like the hospital, a swimming pool isn’t the sort of thing they talk about. In fact, I can’t recall a single holocaust narrative in my upbringing where the swimming pool was recollected. I wonder *why*.

If I had to take a crack at it, it’s because the entire Holocaust narrative, complete with downcast faces and militant marches to the shower house, sounds ridiculous when it involves children splashing in a pool. Museum Curators have kindly put a sign up which assures us that the pool was a “fire brigade reservoir built in the form of swimming

pool.” *Right.* Never mind the steps which *clearly* depict where the diving board once stood. Nazis certainly had a sense of humor, didn’t they? In case of fire, be sure to dive in head-first. Blow bubbles on your way out.



Ab yes, the old diving board. *Here* we see a picture of someone recounting his youthful days in Auschwitz, when he played *Marco Polo* with the fire brigade. Would have been a shame if the Nazis had forced him to drown in it, like the others. How many Jews do you think they lured in there each day, to drown them, that is? Really, when it comes to remodeling, the Soviets botched the pool nearly as bad as they’ve recently faked the space program.



There it is in all her glory. The mystical diving-board. We are told by our Museum Curators that it was only modified into what appears to be a pool by the fire brigade. *Mm-hmm.* Sure, let’s go with that. Amazing how they were able to turn it into an Olympic sized swimming pool, measured perfectly for the 50-meter, complete with three starting blocks for competitions and a high-dive. The showers intended for washing off the

body before use is an extra-nice touch, courtesy of the fire brigade. I'll tell you; indoctrination is a headache.



Funny thing about a hospital is that you would *think* it was there to make people better, especially since the one in Auschwitz came equipped with a surgical facility—but no. We have already established the fact that most prisons and hospitals include a crematorium. As one would naturally expect, the hospital at Auschwitz I was a hop and a skip from the crematorium. A stone's throw, really. But I'm sure that's all just a coincidence.

Here we see a picture inside the first floor of the hospital ward in Auschwitz. It was taken by somebody named **Stanislaw Mucha**—a **Jewish** name. We are told it is February or March of 1945. **The War would be over in a month.** Crematorium I is right beyond those sunlit windows, and patients are smiling. At some point during their bed stay, you'd think one of them would catch a Nazi in the act of pouring Zyklon B into those two rooftop slots and then warn the constant line-up of Jews on the walkway: "I don't think that's a shower!" It's not like they've blackened out the windows. Is that a pair of nuns and the **Red Cross** assisting the sick? *Mm-hmm*, their uniforms wear the mark of the Red Cross. The Red Cross must have been in on the killings.



Also, the library doubled as a brothel. I'll let you figure that one out. My guess is though, sex education likely didn't merely involve books. We are *told* that the Auschwitz doll house was "one of the lesser-known horrors of WWII," and that it was a sick and sadistic plan of the Nazi's to make them work harder, by rewarding them with sex. You mean the Nazi's allowed for men and women prisoners to have sex with each other? *Oh dear*. War is hell. Apparently, Nazi officials observed their bed behavior through a peephole. It was done to enforce a "missionary position" policy, because nothing says Nazi like an actual Nazi bursting through the door, screaming: "No sex for you!" The only people peeping through those holes were the naughty pubescents on their return trip from the pool. And since when in the entire history of The Fatherland has a Nazi ever had sex in the missionary position? *Ridiculous*. From the way they're depicted in Hollywood, you figure Nazis were probably having sex in every other position possible, except for missionary, that is.

Don't American prisons offer conjugal visits? Some conjugal visits can be a scheduled period ranging anywhere from several hours or days. The *same* Holocaust narrative *insists* that women were only allowed to have sex if they were healthy and pretty, and that they were furthermore first checked by camp doctors before being accepted, and why would they

do that? I thought everyone was getting gassed in the morning. Why not just throw in an unhealthy, unattractive woman for a Jew who was about to be offed in an hour and call it a day?



And *now* we find ourselves in a dentist's office. We are once again told it is Auschwitz. This is getting ridiculous, as not even the British had it that good. Why even bother fixing someone's teeth when you plan on sending them up in a cloud of ashes as a welcoming gift to the Boeing B-29 Superfortress? I'll say this again, it was *only* a crematorium. Some women were working in brothels and others were getting their bed-tuck by the Red Cross, while outside on a warm summer day, children were taking a plunge off the diving board. But *nobody* was getting gassed.

Everything we've so far seen defies all belief, but the best lies are designed that way. Deny your own observations so that the *official* narrative might be enforced. Push those uncomfortable feelings even deeper into your gut and let the intended spell do its work, or else face the consequences. They will accuse you of becoming a dreaded anti-Smite, and who wants that? The Intel community has set up a series of manufactured boys clubs like the KKK to show you what a Holocaust denier becomes. And yet, all we are ever given is the illusion of choice.

The official narrative is set up that way. The entire Construct is a lie. In the second part of my report, we will be entering the dreaded Auschwitz II. If you still *choose* to believe the lie but the cognitive dissonance becomes a headache, then you needn't worry. They have a daily prescription of blue pills for stuff like that.



The Truth About Auschwitz II



HOLOCAUST STORYTELLERS like to keep us on our toes. The gas chambers at Crematoria I is *easily* disproved, but never mind that now, because Auschwitz I simply wasn't ambitious enough. Not enough Jews could be killed in a single day, you see, let alone the hour. There is a quota to meet, and the mystical number is **6 million**. What they needed were bigger facilities. More spacious undressing rooms. Humongous gas chambers. Colossal ovens. And if this isn't your first outing, then you'll recall that Auschwitz I had *none* of those things. Because nobody was gassed as part of some final solution. Regardless, it's why they apparently constructed a *second* camp at a site called **Birkenau**. Or in Holocaust terms, fling the mud against the wall until something of their narrative sticks. Very little to none. Speaking of which, chemical tests on the walls have never shown any evidence of gas, as there are far fewer compounds of hydrogen cyanide than in the walls of the disinfection chambers.

In reality, the purpose of the Auschwitz II camp was to house an over-bloated population of Soviet prisoners who were intended to work as laborers in the IG Farben industrial facility, all of which was intended to support the Third Reich's war effort. Why would the Nazi's go through

all the effort of tattooing identification numbers on prisoners' arms if they were intended to be gassed after breakfast? That makes absolutely no sense at all, whatsoever. It's not like the *official* narrative has their corpses being identified as they're slid into a burner or thrown into a ditch. Their captors assigned them numbers in ink for the exact same reason that they evacuated the Jews from harms way, when the Communists rolled into town—because they needed their labor force. You will tell me they killed the frail and kept the able-bodied alive. That's why we're here. To have “the talk.”

Since I'm destined to live the remainder of my life and *afterwards* a target of the **Zionist Media**, let's set the record straight. The Nazi's were a-holes, okay? Do you need that repeated? Royal fourth order a-holes, salivating with *fubar*. Anyone who forces Russians, Jews, and other political enemies into labor camps, furthermore tattooing their arms as a way of identifying them, is an asshole, wouldn't you think? It's certainly what I think. While we're at it, the Brits were leather cheerios. The Soviets were rusty bullet holes. The Japanese were puckered starfishes. The Americans were a bunch of poop chutes. Throw in the French and the Italians, some real balloon knots, if you ask me. Everybody has a part to play in the antichrist beast system. Choose your side.

The War itself was sponsored by the **Vatican** and such beloved banking families as the **Rothschild's**. *There's* your enemy. But the Zionist media isn't interested in making their Slave Masters in the Big House look *naughty*. They'd rather just make *poob* up and then delight in watching us eat it during eleventh-grade world history class. It's their way of kicking the dog while its down. And anyways, there are a hundred or more articles on the Intel-net decrying “Holocaust deniers” for every single paper such as my own. *So*, if you've managed to succeed in the online labyrinth of media noise makers and find your way here, *welcome*.



The construction of Birkenau began in October 1941, under guidance of the Waffen-SS. Its intended purpose was to house the swelling tide of incoming Soviets due to Nazi Germany's invasion of the Soviet Union, as Auschwitz II had the goal of accommodating some **200,000** prisoners. Even the *official* narrative admits to that fact. You would *think* they'd just gas everyone at Auschwitz I. Build a massive "shower facility" there and remind everyone to rinse and lather. But since the *official* narrative once again admits that Crematoria-I was never *intended* to be a gas chamber, and therefore insufficient to the fabricated task at hand, you would furthermore think they'd build practical chambers in the *sequel* camp, capable of gassing everybody, but no. Except for the autobahn and the Panzerkampfwagen, we cannot expect the Nazi's to be that competent.



Museum Curators confess that prisoner death rates were especially high during the winter months. Is that because they gassed more people in the wintertime? No. It simply means that winters in Poland, especially at a prison camp during wartime, suck. Just ask Napoleon. *Also*, as we've already seen in Auschwitz-I, summertime made for perfect lounging weather around the pool. If the death rate among prisoners rapidly increased throughout the closing months of The War, then it probably has something to do with the fact that the Nazi's were losing on both fronts. Comparing how many Jews died in German camps with the number of Japanese casualties in American camps is like attempting to even out the number of German and American civilian deaths. It can't be done, and for obvious reasons.

After German factories were flattened on the map and trains splintered with bullet holes, Germans could no longer deliver food and medical supplies to the people they were intended for. Meanwhile, as diseases nearly wiped-out entire prison populations, neighboring cities were incinerated in allied firebombing raids. *Legit*. But you are not expected to use common sense outside of these parameters.



Something like four large gas-chambered killing complexes were *reportedly* built at Auschwitz II as a Magnum Opus to their final

solution, beginning operations in March of 1943. Museum Curators claim that two of the gas chambers, aptly titled Crematoria II and III, were located underground next to the *above* ground building which housed the ovens, whereas the other two, Crematoria IV and V, were fully situated above ground.

Today, Crematoria II is laid waste, with only its foundations remaining. *Convenient*. Was Auschwitz a victim to allied bombing? No, it was not. So then, *why* did the Soviets destroy it? We are not told, but you should be able to guess *why*. We have already seen the Soviets giving Crematoria I a complete home makeover as part of its “preservation”—which included the construction of a chimney where one never existed at all.



In fact, the plaque which originally accompanied visitors at Auschwitz in 1948, claiming: “**four million** people suffered and died here at the hands of the Nazi murderers between the years 1940 and 1945,” was removed in 1989. *Why*? Because the Soviets had placed it there. It was the Soviets who first came up with the 4 million number. And *so*, with the fall of the Berlin Wall, historians had some noticeable clean-up work. Technically, the work is never ending, but that’s because the “Holocaust deniers” haven’t been silenced fast enough. Too many lies have been exposed.

Museum Curators have chosen to keep the numbers ambiguous on their latest plaque. Current digits place the Auschwitz death toll at about **1.5 million**, a substantial decrease. And yet the total number of Jew killed in the Holocaust *remains* at the sacred number. **6 million**. How does the math on that work out, exactly? Ask a kabbalah professor, I suppose.



The Auschwitz Museum is kind enough to present us with a model intended to “recreate” the Holocaust experience. According to these model builders, Jews were herded into a massive underground undressing room, *stage* left, before being funneled into the shorter of the two chambers, *stage* right. From here, the reported gas chamber, once again deceptively disguised as a shower room, introduced Zyklon B through metal mesh tubes protruding down from its roof. As you can see in the picture provided, the ovens were housed between the two, but on ground level.

There are *fatal* flaws to this gas chamber theory. If we’re being honest (and honesty is a virtue), they reek of pooh. We are expected to believe that as many as several hundred Jews were rounded up into flocks, de-robed, and then offed at the flip of a switch. Now *pause* and ponder the practical

implications of the mental image provided to us. How many do you suppose lost control of their bowels? *Serious* question. We're talking about hundreds, sometimes even thousands of naked bodies piled on top of each other.

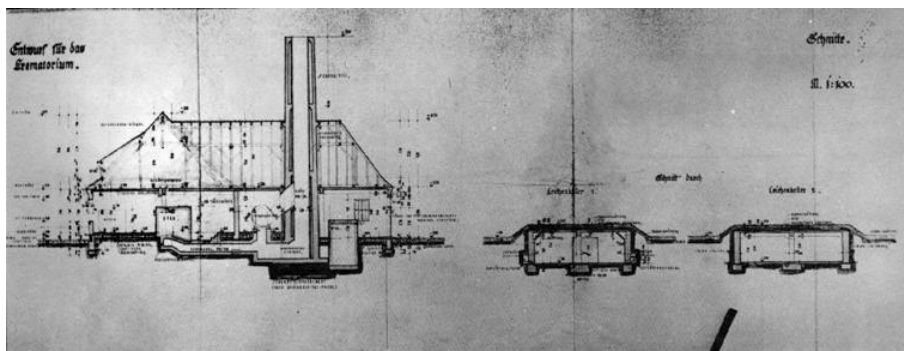


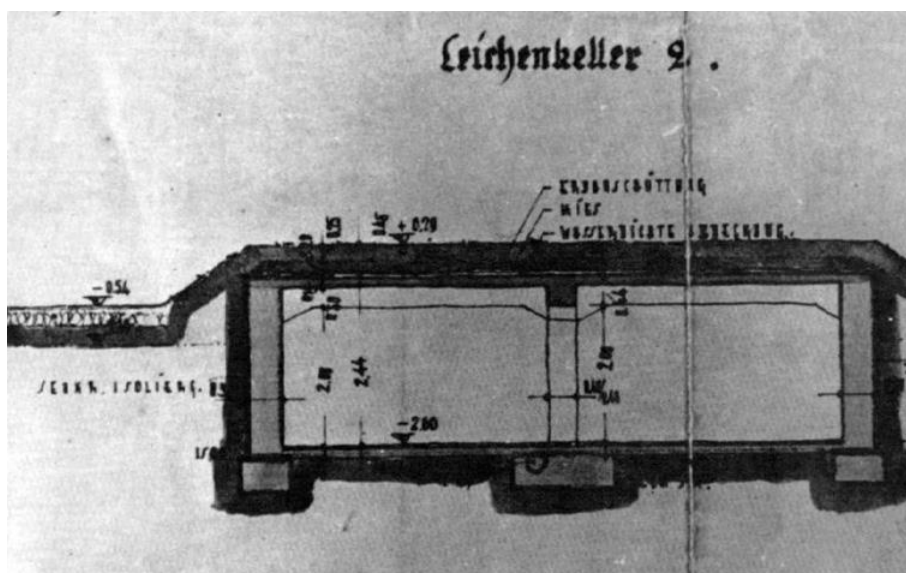
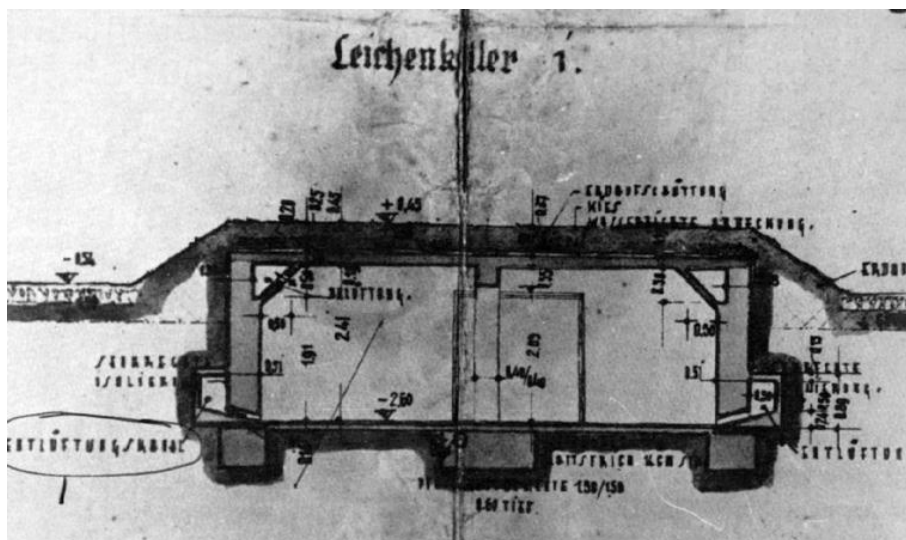
It is in Crematoria-II where Holocaust historians tell us the diddly-squat hit the fan—quite literally. A sudden and unexpected gassing would demand a relaxation of their muscles. Victims would have taken a dump everywhere. Any Nazi who entered the room afterwards would have been wading ankle deep through piss and feces. We're talking daily pileups of excrement. Imagine climbing down into the hole of an outhouse and you're beginning to see the picture. Did they simply hose the room down between each hourly showing and then give it a spit-shine with a mop? The underground structure would soon be flooded. The ruins of Crematoria-II and III are still shown to tourists today, so where are the draining facilities? No Nazi architect in his right mind would construct an underground bunker like that for its *stated* purpose, but what did the Nazi's know about exterminating anyone? Leave it to the Zionist Media and the model builders to come up with answers.

Secondly, there is the matter of residue gas trapped between corpses. While dealing with a pile-up of bodies caked in the number two of the next person, extraction would become an impossible task, given that Crematorium-III contained only one single-sized door, serving as an entrance and exit to the underground room. Speaking of which, how did they manage to haul thousands of corpses through a single door and then up an elevator shaft, which had only been designed to take one or two bodies at a time? There is absolutely no precision to this operation. I thought the Nazi's designed and built the autobahn in order to take their panzers out on a joy ride to Poland.

We are told the people who removed the bodies were work units made up of German Nazi death camp prisoners known as **Sonderkommandos**. They were usually Jews, forced on threat of their own life, to aid with the disposal of gas chamber victims during the Holocaust. At Auschwitz in particular, Sonderkommandos were required to remove glasses and artificial limbs before dragging each body from the chamber. They even had to go about removing dental work. But first, they were ordered to shave the women's hair. What's the turn-around time here? The corpses simply *waiting* to be burned in their archaic order would be completely backlogged, making everything about this narrative so far beyond the German's own imagination as to be judged absurd

The German people kept records in like manner of their dress. Which is to say shiny, buttoned, wrinkle-free, and immaculate. And besides, you know you're in a Nazi movie when somebody stops a pedestrian and *says*, "Show me your papers." So, we really shouldn't be surprised to





learn that the original architectural building plans for Auschwitz-II have a good idea to include those blueprints as a matter of public record. Here we can clearly see the two rooms, which Museum Curators insist are gas chambers masquerading as make-believe showers, listed as *Leichenkeller 1* and *Leichenkeller 2*. Now, just so you know, I've been to Germany, and I can find my way around the Fatherland just enough to buy a beer or two. *Bier*. Therefore, I decided to give the online English-German

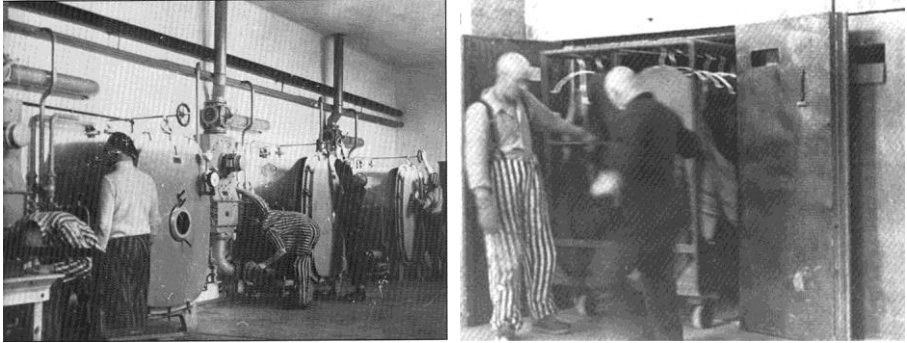
translators the old college try, and wouldn't you know it, nothing in the nature of gas chambers are even hinted at. *Hmmm.*

Once translated, *Leichenkeller* simply means 'mortuary' or 'morgue'. You will tell me they were attempting to deceive humanity and cover their tracks. The German word for shower is *dusche*. *Duschraum* for shower room. Why not call it that? I mean, if I were trying to trick someone into taking their clothes off, and in fact an entire group of people, I wouldn't ask them to step into the *Leichenkeller*. Had a Jew questioned whether they were truly being led into a shower, a member of the SS need only hold up the blueprint. Who wants to take a shower in the morgue? That sounds very unappetizing. Kind of makes you wonder if the Nazi's had built an underground structure simply for the purposes of having a morgue at their disposal. Otherwise, designing something for the *wrong* purpose defeats the purpose of a blueprint, but again, what did the Nazi know? Best to let the New World Order do our thinking for us.



The only *other* facilities mentioned on the blueprint were delousing chambers. Probably another cover. Ironically, delousing chambers employed the use of Zyklon B, but not because they were gassing anyone. For sanitary purposes, steam chambers were by sheer necessity an art form at Auschwitz, intentionally employed to disinfect prisoner clothing in the ongoing uphill battle against lice. Typhus was an ever-present

pestilence at every prisoner-of-war camp. Unlike the impractical nature of their reported gas chambers, Auschwitz had a highly complex and developed delousing system. “Autoclaves” were intended to prevent human death, not cause them which, if we’re weighing the pros and cons, once again counters the official argument.



Wait, what’s this? Are these Auschwitz prisoners *delousing* as we speak? *Mm-hmm*, seems so. Must not like lice.

See, here’s how the delousing chambers worked. Dirty laundry was placed on a hanger rack and then rolled through the vault-like door of a two-sided autoclave. After a thorough steaming, the rack was then rolled out onto the *clean* side of the autoclave, thereby ensuring that disinfected clothing did not become contaminated again with the potentially flea infected. Auschwitz had several such businesses. *Here* we can see both ends of an Auschwitz delousing chamber in action. There are prisoners ensuring that contaminated clothing makes it into one end of the autoclave, whereas other prisoners roll them out once the steaming had done its work. Weren’t the Nazi’s attempting to kill everyone again? Apparently, they liked their victims clean.



SPEAKING of clean, one of the most *circulated* pictures of Auschwitz involves naked men leaving a shower room. If memory recalls, I *first* discovered this scene in high school, when Illuminati written pamphlets were simply attempting to ~~indoctrinate~~ warn me concerning the Nazi's penchant for luring Jews into a false sense of cleanliness. Conditioning for the Big Event, I'm sure. Next time they'll get them.

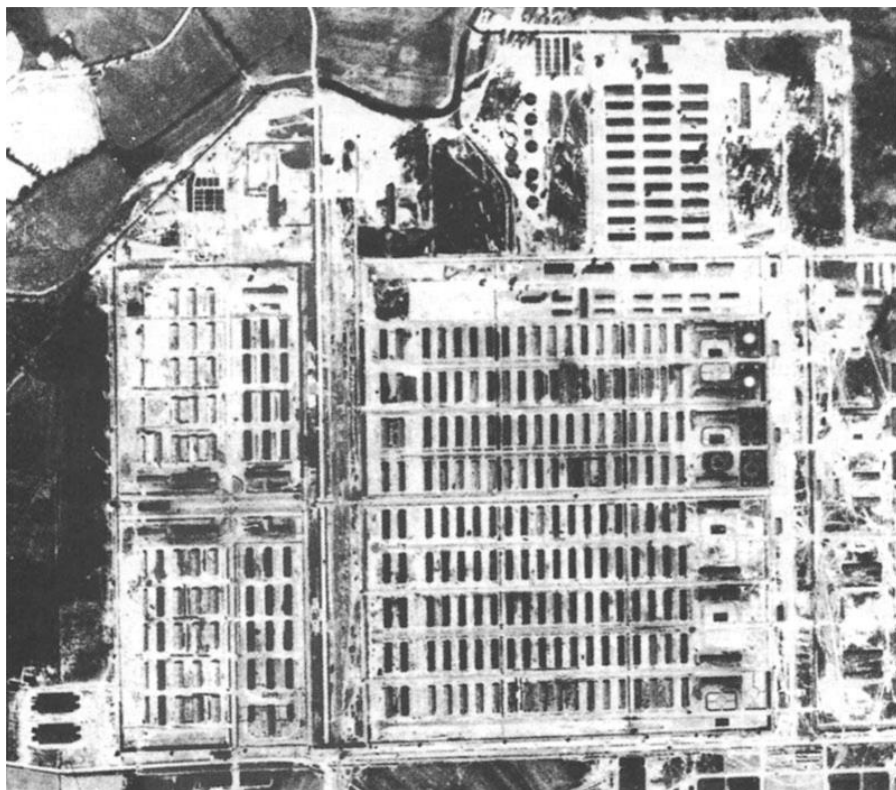
Aside from the Holocaust narrative, when was the last time that you ever viewed pictures of naked men taking a shower in prison—and more importantly, *why* would you? Breaking news, prisoners still take showers today. Last I checked shower facilities in a prison is not proof of The Final Solution. But that's all they've got. Showers *and* showerheads. Soap and bratwursts. Time for another guilt trip. It's all so ridiculous. Nearly 80 years have passed, and the gullible public is still buying it. If not for gas chambers deceptively disguised as shower rooms at Auschwitz, then the entire Holocaust narrative is exposed for the lie that it is. All of it.



Strange though, how a tour of Auschwitz no longer displays the shower nozzles in the very room where the iconic picture was taken. And *why* is that? *Looks* like a shower room. Plenty of sunlit windows, none of which are airtight. Couldn't gas anyone in it had they wanted to. And on closer inspection, we can see streams of water pouring out of several nozzles. Come to think of it, the entire floor is wet in the original photo. Wet with gas? No, with water. It's wet with water because the shower nozzles did their job. They wet everybody standing under them. *So*, why remove them? Seems like a tour of the Auschwitz shower house is in order. I'd pay to see it, I suppose. They wouldn't possibly put them on display in—*say*—a museum, and claim them to be anything other than shower nozzles, would they? *Wait*, don't answer that.

BETWEEN May 15 and July 9, 1944, some **400,000 Jews** were said to have been deported from Hungary and then gassed and cremated immediately upon arrival. That's an eight-week period. The theoretical maximum capacity of the Birkenau crematories was 1,248 corpses per day. I therefore thought it might be a good idea to pull a calculator out and attempt the math on that. Over a 55-day period, we're looking at **7,272** daily bodies which needed shaved of their hair and cleaned of

their poo, not to mention dental work and any other added appendages, and then carried upstairs to be burned. Meanwhile, the max capacity which Auschwitz crematoriums would have been capable of burning in that timeframe, at theoretical maximum capacity, is something closer to **68,640**. Not 400,000. *Silly Zionists*.



Meanwhile, an Allied aerial reconnaissance photograph, taken of the Auschwitz II Birkenau camp on **May 31, 1944**, shows absolutely no evidence of mass killings. Where is the rising smoke from 1,248 or 7,272 bodies or whatever? Crematoria II and III are perfectly visible in the upper left-hand corner. Weren't 400,000 Hungarian Jews being gassed and burned as we speak? There's no smoke. Show me the smoke. Perhaps there are other pictures with smoke rising from the camp, and it wouldn't surprise me to find a plume or two, but you can't very well keep the lowered **68,640** number if the bonfires aren't lit up to capacity.

It probably has something to do with the fact that the Hungarians in question were transported to another nearby camp, a *transit* camp, in Auschwitz. Nobody was registered, given I.D. numbers, or tattooed in the temporary Birkenau camp, as they were intended to wait for labor request from armament plants and other facilities within the Reich. German documentation attests to that fact. The 400,000 Hungarians is just another flimsy attempt to rack up the death count and make the 6 million number more believable.



THE **SONDERKOMMANDO** photographs were reportedly taken in August of 1944 by someone named **Alex**, a Jewish prisoner, and then smuggled out of Auschwitz through the Polish underground—the film itself being hid in a tube of toothpaste. His full name is **Alberto Errera**, a Greek Naval officer. The Polish resistance was working for British **Intelligence**. **MI6**. And the Jews were all over that, particularly the Rothschild's. The Wikipedia states that Polish Intel provided British Intel with 43% of all reports from occupied Europe.

The four photographs in the collection are numbered 280–283 by the Auschwitz-Birkenau State Museum. One was exhibited at Auschwitz in 1947 as part of early Soviet propaganda, while the others remained unpublished until 1958. The first two, no. 280 and 281, show the cremation of corpses in a fire pit, shot through a black frame. They tell us it's from the inside of a gas chamber, but there is no way possible to confirm that. Why would a gas chamber even have a window? The framing around the bottom of the so-called window or door or whatever is wildly distorted between pictures 280 and 281, and even the terrain has changed. Looks photoshopped. Somebody has tampered with it.



Judging by the fence, we are inside a prison, but the nearby woods look like every other tree line in Germany. Notice how Sonderkommando members are passively disposing of the bodies. Nobody is jumping the guard. His back is turned to other prisoners. If I were a member of the SS and surrounded by the people I aimed to murder, I'd be hugging a submachine gun, perhaps an MP-40. They could have tossed his ass into the flames, had they wanted to. The scene however is not what we are told, as I have already shown the sleight of hand in my paper on Bergen-Belsen. They were working together to keep the camp sanitary. Nobody is being murdered.

But more importantly, the black framing surrounding the scene was not always that way. Somebody named **David Szmulewski**, another member of the Polish resistance, *apparently*, is accredited with publishing the photographs. The originals were “cropped,” and why would Intel do that? The Wikipedia furthermore adds, “Some of the figures had been **retouched** to make them clearer.” *So*, the photos were tampered with then. Why am I not surprised? Thanks for keeping us in the loop, Big Brother. It is not until 1985 that the so-called *original* prints, complete with black framing, were offered.



No. 282 shows a group of undressing women. *So ominous*. The frame is crooked, telling us evil is afloat. *Blurry* too. It has all the markings of a Sasquatch sighting. We are told they are entering the gas chamber, but for that you will have to use your imagination, as I fail to see one. I *thought* the Jews were coerced into undressing rooms before entering the make-believe shower stall. And yet they're out and about in the woods, beyond the tree line. Since *when* did they get undressed outside of the prison when the gas chambers were located within the barbed wire? Also, the woods may have surrounded Auschwitz-II, but Auschwitz-II was not in the woods. Either Intel hadn't cooked up the Crematoria-II story yet, or they were already out of ideas as to how they could convince the gullible public that an underground spy had managed to slip out of death's clutches with a camera tucked into his shirt.

A close-up of 282 shows *three* naked women in the foreground, while the remainder are still undressing. It's all voluntary. Where's the struggle? The first two look like they're engaged in conversation, just shooting the breeze. While the third seems eager to be somewhere. Why rush it? She's got her eyes on the prize, but we can't see what it is. Probably going for a swim. Are those water shoes? Nobody is shaven. *Oh*, that's right, at Auschwitz they only shaved the Jews *after* they were gassed. Weren't too keen on saving time. Let's go with that. That appears to be a man in a white shirt circling the group. *Not* a member of the SS. And he's not carrying a gun, either. Big mistake, bro. You'd think somebody would jump his ass. I'd totally jump his ass. Take everything I'd learned from the Three Stooges and give him the old eye-poke. Wouldn't you?

Oh, come on. Holocaust storytellers have several hundred Jews getting gassed at one time. Sometimes over a thousand. Parents with children. Nobody is cuffed. I don't see anyone being led by a rope. Don't tell me you'd go passively. And if not *you*—then what about the hundreds of thousands and millions more who voluntarily removed their clothes and walked passively into the chamber? Somebody would crack.

Think about it. You're already dead. A walking corpse among hundreds and thousands of other corpses. Hell, you're an army of the *walking* dead. You'll never live to see another sunset. Nearly every member of the SS has been carted off to the front lines. There's only a few remaining with guns. Jump their ass. Even if they happen to gun you down (as well as everyone else around you), you've just managed to disrupt their operation, extend the lives of the *next* group, and perhaps even take a few of them down with you. Best of all, the history books can't say you went down like a punk—but *no*. Or perhaps there's something else going on. As in, there's a missing context to this photo, and it's not the gas chamber.



THERE was *one* revolt. On the 7th of October, 1944, a group of Sonderkommando Jews reportedly attacked the SS with stones and

hammers, killing three of them, and then set crematorium-IV on fire with rags soaked in oil. See, that's what I'm talking about. Nothing feels better in Holocaust indoctrination than seeing a Nazi get slapped around. They then escaped with wire cutters and hid in a nearby barn, which the SS promptly set on fire. Bummer. Well, at least they tried.

The entire episode is a cover story for the diary of somebody named **Zalmen Gradowski**, who was counted among the dead, but not before burying his tell-all. The Soviets had absolutely no trouble in digging it up near Crematoria-III, based on the tip of a friend who had survived the death march. I'll let you read it for yourself, but it's freaking brilliant for a Jew who was cooking bodies all day, and well-read in things which Hitler *never* said. Obviously, literature offered to us by way of a talented typewriter at the Kremlin.



FINALLY, an *actual* picture of the Jews being led into the gas chamber. From the looks of it, Crematoria-II. So, that's how they did it, those Nazi bastards. They convinced everyone, while still carrying their civilian clothes, suitcases, and everything, to follow the tune of the piper right down into the underground bunker. Is that upper-class British looking woman taking her baby in the buggy down into the shower room too? I thought they only offed the sick and feeble upon arrival but not the healthy looking. I guess we were wrong all along. Such sick and sadistic musicians too. From the look of it, Jewish musicians. Leading everyone

to a sure doom with their wizardry. It's a wonder no Nazi hunters tracked them down. *Oh*, never mind. This is just a scene from *The Grey Zone*, in which we are told hundreds of Jews are being marched into an inconspicuous gas chamber. *Ridiculous*. How many Jews signed up to be a part of this malpractice? Looks like a hundred at least. An honest person is hard to come by.



You will tell me that the Auschwitz bandstand *did* exist though and that it was evil as hell. I was able to track down a photo of the actual band putting on an open-air performance, courtesy of the Auschwitz Museum, but can't find a single Jew being marched into the gas chamber. Where are the SS officers forcing them at gunpoint to play? They're mysteriously absent. No guns anywhere. I thought this was an extermination camp. Music is medicine. Nobody appears to be dying. What better way to pass the hours than with music?



Here is yet *another* picture of the world-famous Auschwitz orchestra, tooting away on their bandstand. You can tell by the brick buildings in the background that we are listening in from Auschwitz-I. The date is marked 1941, but as we have already seen with their stage performances, it might very well have been 1944. Other prisoners are standing around. The caption reads that the orchestra was utilized to help the prisoners' keep in step to and from work, but nobody is being marched anywhere. Why aren't they working in the rubber factory? Must be a weekend.



BELIEVE IT or not, there was a *real* working gas chamber at Auschwitz, complete with the Holocaust storytellers favorite killing agent, Zyklon B. The Soviets totally spared this one for indoctrination purposes, right? Right....!?

Soviets demolished the building soon after The War. *Bummer*. Best to destroy the evidence, I guess. Just not before *first* snapping a picture. Take a note of the number **164** on the far right. Remember how the Soviets built a fake chimney at Crematoria-I? You're *probably* looking at it. Soviet Intel comes cheap. They simply moved these bricks to that camp, in order that the Holocaust narrative feel more complete. Museum Curators prefer a symbolic gas chamber rather than the real thing, it seems.



There it *is* again. **Building 164**. Prisoners knew it as the Kanada-I delousing station. Apparently, the Russians weren't the only ones to document its existence. Somebody even emptied an entire role of film, as we are given an insider's glimpse at how the building was employed, and from various angles. We are often *told* these pictures were taken by a German, but that is likely based upon preconceived notions, as we have already seen a Jewish photographer making the rounds at Auschwitz-I. Why are all these bags being dropped off? For delousing purposes, of course.

Take note of **the ladder**. That little hole in the wall is where they dropped the Zyklon B. *Uh-oh*, is that woman in the white blouse volunteering for her own demise as she walks towards the ladder? No, she is simply dropping a load off for the dry cleaners. Nothing to see here. More specifically, nothing that our Museum Curators *want* you to see—and there's a difference.



Further photos from the same series reveal women prisoners sorting clothing from textile objects in the yard behind Kanada-I. *More* lice killing. *Also*, every woman looks healthy. Their hair is kept nice. And their heads aren't shaven yet. Can't blame a girl for wanting to keep the camp clean from lice.



THE SOVIET liberation of Auschwitz occurred on January 27, 1945. From the looks of it, the **KGB** immediately rounded up a couple of healthy-looking chaps in striped pajamas and asked to view the gas chamber. You know, seeing as how the **6 million number** had already been decided upon. They knew just where to take them. **Building 164**. That's where the Zyklon-B was kept. *So much* incriminating evidence. You will tell me the prisoners did not know about Crematoria-II and only

assumed this must be where the gassing secretly happened. And besides, the official narrative imagines the Nazi's destroying Crematoria-II and all other incriminating evidence in January 1945, some weeks, or days earlier. How convenient. Especially since the Soviet's just so happened to destroy all incriminating evidence too. *Wink-wink*. Probably not related.



Oh no. *Oh no*. What have we here? You'd think the KGB would be well aware of typhus in prison camps and the dire need for delousing—but *no*. The Soviets are even less capable than the Nazi's, it seems. Which is why a Russian soldier is holding up a gas detector box as proof of Hitler's Final Solution. Nothing good can come of Zyklon-B. Nothing at all. The Nazi's really screwed up this time. Or did they? That door behind the soldier looks familiar. Feels like I've seen it before, but where? Let's take a closer look, shall we?



Silly, Soviets. Same door. Still building 164. The very building which Soviet Russia admits to having demolished. Kanada-I. In case you were wondering, the sign on the door reads:

Toxic gases! LIFE THREATENING DANGER on entering this room.

Rather difficult trying to convince someone there's a shower room behind the door with a sign like that, wouldn't you agree? Perhaps they should have removed it *before* taking the picture. *Also*, makes one wonder if the Nazi's really cared that the presence of Zyklon-B. I mean, they were reportedly attempting to scrub all criminal activity, correct? Best to remove the Zyklon-B then.

And anyways, just look at that door. Peephole. Sturdy handle. Proper signage. It's airtight. What a beauty! We've been studying a great many doors throughout this investigation, and they simply don't make them like this. Around the corner, we've already seen what a Zyklon-B insertion shoot should look like, complete with a ladder. The door which the Nazi's built down at Crematoria-I had none of these things. If you recall, a third

of it was even made of glass. *Hmmm*. After they borrowed the bricks from this building to construct a decorative chimney, the actual working gas chamber door at Kanada-I must not have fit upon its hinges.



Aside from a small collection of Zyklon-B at the Auschwitz dry cleaners, Soviet Intel *also* thought it would make for a good idea to photograph the prisoners. They look excited. I would be too. Perhaps they don't have the faintest clue how much life is going to suck under the USSR, but that is beside the point. What we are seeing is prisoners who were left behind by their Nazi captors, being too unhealthy to make the "death march." They look reasonably dressed. Reasonably fed. How does this line up with the *official* narrative? It doesn't. Nothing that we're seeing lines up with anything I was taught in eleventh grade world ~~indoctrination and propaganda~~ history and government class.



Why is there a street gang of children in Auschwitz? I thought the Nazi's gassed the women and children in their arsenal, when possible. Basically, whoever couldn't work the plant. And *often* as soon as they arrived. Those are some bad ass kids and a couple of their moms. They must have learned how to live in the shadows, avoid the smell of dogs, become virtually *unseen*. Surely, stories were told about them long afterwards.



More of that phenomenal camera work by the boys over at the Kremlin will attest to the strange possibility that children and their moms began replicating in number at their arrival. Just look at the little guys. Tribbles,

every one of them. That—or the Nazi’s somehow managed to feed them and then deliver what garments they could for warmth. The only explanation the *official* narrative offers contains long shadows of sadism.

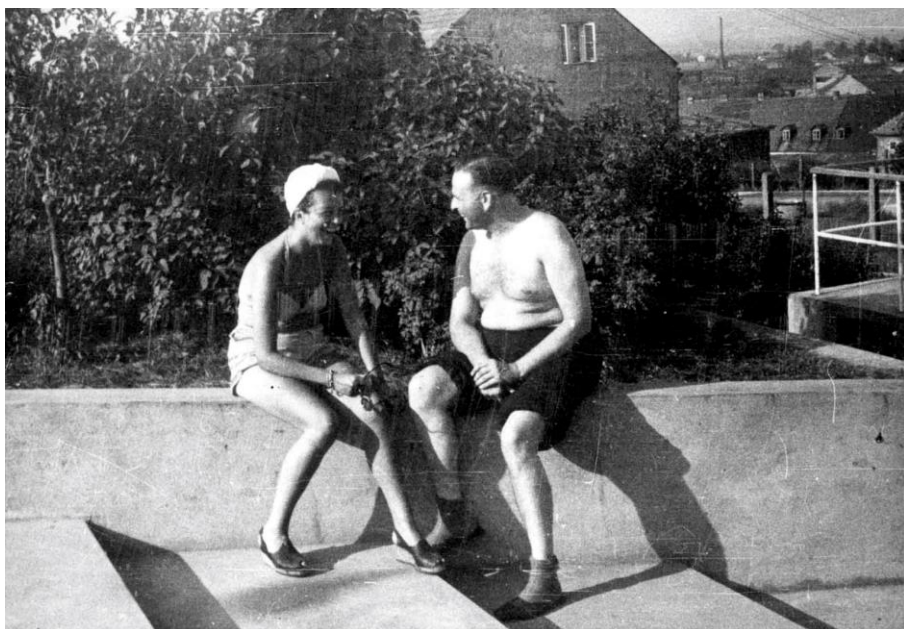


THE MOST iconic retelling of Auschwitz doesn't take place at the prison camp, as Spielberg's movie, *Schindler's List*, involves a conscious driven **Oskar Schindler** convincing SS-Untersturmführer **Amon Göth**, overseer of the **Plaszów** concentration camp, to send a total of 850 people to Brünnlitz rather than the alternative.

Fast forward to one scene in the move, and we find ourselves in the company of a bored, disgruntled, and shirtless Nazi commandment of Plaszów. Amon Göth *again*. He's positioned on the balcony of his house with a hunting rifle over his bare shoulders. His house, by the way, is located upon a hill high above the camp so that he can look down on his prisoners—as a sadistic boy might simper over bugs with a magnifying glass, or a flamboyantly gay *but* closeted French king might randomly choose whom he'll decapitate for his upcoming birthday from his castle turret. He then lifts the rifle to his shoulder and begins casually scanning for prisoners. The magnified image through the Nazi commandment's telescope now fills the movie screen.

Right this *very* moment, you should begin to see the *magic* in movies at play. Pulling the trigger, a Jew drops to the ground. Discontented with his

kill, the man pulls the trigger again. Another Jew is murdered. Bored with his target practice, the shirtless man then turns his attention upon a beautiful, sexy, woman lying on a bed just inside his house, breasts exposed. She's a Jew, by the way. A prisoner from the camp. The entire episode is fiction.



The *real* Plaszow camp was located on the other side of a hill from the commandment's house, and completely out of sight from his balcony. Göth lived in the house with his fiancé **Ruth Kalder**, an aspiring actress whom Göth had met while working as a secretary for Oskar Schindler. After The War, Göth was extradited to Poland, where he was, according to Wikipedia, "found guilty of membership in the Nazi Party (which had been declared a criminal organization) and personally ordering

the imprisonment, torture, and extermination of individuals and groups of people." Sure, Amon Göth did have two Jewish housemaids selected

from the camp, but they were not ravishingly beautiful, as Spielberg insists, nor was there ever any information provided that would naturally lead one to conclude that they were his sex slaves. If you want to know the identity of his naked beauty, it was the fiancé—Ruth Kalder. They parented a child together. Kalder described Göth as a cultured man with a singing voice. Spielberg transformed him into a dumb-ass jock.

Spielberg's account is based upon a novel by Australian **Thomas Keneally**, who personally visiting the concentration camps in 1980. Keneally had no real knowledge of what transpired there. The clever and imaginative penmanship simply derives from his head. One might argue it makes for *good* storytelling. **And who really cares about being honest when telling and expounding upon the accomplishments of those Nazi a-holes?** Feel free to pause here and re-read that last sentence again, repeatedly. Take as long as you'd like. Try not to let cognitive dissonance win the day. Steven Spielberg's audience is told that they are looking into *real* historical events but have absolutely no clue, while the Master shaman is tugging at their heart strings, that they're being lied to in order to pave the road towards Zionism.

Movie *magic*.



THOMAS Keneally was making crap up in his 1982 novel, *Schindler's Ark*, but really, there's no surprise there, as Holocaust storytellers have made a pastime of mixing truth with *little white* lies. You will recall that the Soviet Union blessed the world with over half a century of imaginative tales before the Berlin Wall came down. Afterwards, visitors could investigate what had already been seared into their collective consciousness by visiting the

camps for themselves. One such novel, *I Am Alive*, was published in 1961 by **Kitty Hart-Moxon**.

She wrote a second ~~script~~ book in 1983, titled *Return to Auschwitz*. That one was made into a movie. *Mm-hmm*. There's a rather brilliant quote wherein we glean, and are expected to retain, the following information:

“Working around the clock, the four units together could dispose of about 18,000 bodies every twenty-four hours, while the open pits coped with a further 8,000 in the same period.”

Hart-Maxon's claim requires a calculator. 18,000 *plus* another 8,000 totals **26,000 bodies every 24 hours**. That's a whopping **182,000 Jews disposed of every week**. But *wait*. The magic 6 million number is reached in as little as **33** weeks. *Sounds legit*. No wonder she landed a book deal. Math is amazing.

The Wikipedia lists Kitty Hart-Moxon as an Auschwitz survivor, having been sent to the Auschwitz-Birkenau death camp in 1943 at the age of 16. How exactly do you become a *survivor* when all they did was march some people and not others into a gas chamber? She apparently survived her marching orders for two years, during which time she became a momentary witness of Jewish gassing. Her story has her sunbathing opposite Auschwitz-Birkenau Crematorium-IV, because where else would you absorb the rays of a summer afternoon in Auschwitz if you were a teenager with a killer bod? It is there where she claims to have *caught* a member of the SS, clumsily climbing up a ladder to tip Zyklon-B into the chamber.

Apparently, the SS didn't mind having a Jewish teenage girl in an extermination camp watch the ordeal in leisure. She then claims to have observed human ashes rising into the skyline **ten minutes later**. *Mm-hmm*, ten minutes. That's some seriously quick work on part of the Sonderkommandos. Already shaved everyone, cleared the gold from the whereabouts of their throat, cleaned the doody off, and then hauled them into the furnace.

I HAD absolutely no clue that the entire Auschwitz death camp story finds its origins in *this* guy. **Rudolf Vrba**. Yes, Vrba's testimony is the corner stone for most descriptions of the Auschwitz gas chamber, if not all of them. And here's the short of it. In 1985, during the trial of a holocaust revisionist in Toronto, Vrba testified that his book, 'I Cannot Forgive', was an



“**artistic picture**” and that **he himself had never witnessed any gassings**. *Say it ain't so*. The official retelling likes to leave that part out. If you turn to his Wikipedia page, they speak only of his heroics, hoping that you don't ask too many questions. Knowing what we do *now* however, reading his narrative is like sitting in my car on a sweltering summer day and watching the candy bar melt on the dashboard. If people are still buying it, it's because their Controllers are chronic liars and they're the victims of it. Most are beyond help, but occasionally one or two see the light and cross over. All I can do is open the door.

Estimates of numbers murdered [edit]

From his room in Billa, Vrba said he could see the trucks drive towards the gas chambers.^[58] In his estimate, 10 percent of each transport was selected to work and the rest murdered.^[47] During his time on the *Judenrampe* from 18 August 1942 to 7 June 1943, he told Lanzmann in 1978, he had seen at least 200 trains arrive, each containing 1,000–5,000 people.^[59] In a 1998 paper, he wrote that he had witnessed 100–300 trains arrive, each locomotive pulling 20–40 freight cars and sometimes 50–60.^[45] He calculated that, between the spring of 1942 and 15 January 1944, 1.5 million had been murdered.^[60] According to the Vrba–Wetzler report, 1,765,000 were murdered in Auschwitz between April 1942 and April 1944.^[61] In 1961 Vrba swore in an affidavit for the *trial of Adolf Eichmann* that he believed 2.5 million had been murdered overall in the camp, plus or minus 10 percent.^[62]



Auschwitz II-Birkenau, the extermination camp

Apparently, Vrba had a room with a view. From his window he could look down upon the tracks, counting the arrival of each new train. From August 18, 1942, to June 7, 1943, he numbered 200 trains in total, each containing anywhere from 1,000-5,000 people. What he observed was that 10 percent of the arrivals were selected for work whereas the remaining 90 percent were immediately carted off to the gas chambers. The reasoning for their selection is that only a handful had arrived in a healthy condition. Perhaps it never occurred to Vrba, while shooting the breeze

and watching the hours pass from his bedroom window, that 90 percent of the prisoners were carted off to showers. And no, I don't mean the *fake* story about the pretend shower houses deceptively doubling as a gas chamber. I'm talking about the need to stop the spread of typhus and other diseases by only allowing clean, shaven, and disinfected bodies to enter the camp. I wouldn't be in the least surprise if Vrba was at one time part of that 90 percent, but I guess I can't always expect everyone to put the two and two together. No, not even Vrba.

Also, Vrba had the amazing gift of recalling details with clearer quality the older he got, because in a 1998 paper, he estimated as many as 300 trains carrying up to 60 freight cars entered the frame of his window. But going back to January of 1944, only **1.5 million** had been murdered, whereas his Vrba-Wetzler report upped the number to **1,765,000** murdered within a short year. But then in 1961 that number increased *again* to **2.5 million**. How does he keep doing it, coming up with the accurate numbers? Well, in a little while, we'll come to learn that his head was a calculator.



Vrba described for us many train arrivals, and *this* is one of them. We are told Hungarian Jews are arriving at Auschwitz II-Birkenau in either May or June of 1944, and what is happening? There are men of working age in one line, whereas women and children make up the second gathering which, as you can see, is considerably larger. Are the men being gathered for the mortuary and shovel duty while the women and children are coerced into a gas chamber and the ditches about to be dug? Looks like a processing procedure to me. We've already seen those photos. **Building 164.** They're probably on their way to the delousing chambers and the showers. Both lines. Every single one of them. But nearly everyone is told to see something else. Thank Vrba for that. Vrba lied. Keep reading and you'll see that even he confessed to it. Indoctrination is a gripe, and very few are capable or even willing to adjust their sight.

But getting back to Vrba's observations from his window. Here's his account of things.

The whole murder machinery could work on one principle: that the people came to Auschwitz and didn't know where they were going and for what purpose. The new arrivals were supposed to be kept orderly and without panic marching into the gas chambers. Especially the panic was dangerous from women with small children. So it was important for the Nazis that none of us give some sort of message which could cause a panic ... And anybody who tried to get into touch with newcomers was either clubbed to death or taken behind the wagon and shot ...^[49]

We read this explanation time and again. The whole murder machinery could work on one principle. Which is to say, nobody knew they were going to be gassed upon arrival. It's an interesting *theory*. I could see that working on a few rotations. Far more if there were no survivors. But the Nazi's left survivors in every group and that's just plain stupid. What then of those few who weren't gassed? They'd go looking for the wife and children and their cousin's grandma. Eventually, they'd know. Somebody would find out. There's no possible way a shower room could have an entrance door and no exit and that many people would turn a blind eye to it. The entire camp would have to be in on it. Why stand around so idly? Vrba explains that no messages were delivered to the newcomers at the threat of being clubbed to death or shot behind a wagon. *Lame*. Prisons

with Jews in them are apparently the only prisons in the world where its prisoners are applauded for standing idly by, going quietly into the night, and not taking a bullet for their loved ones.



Yet another photo reveals even more Hungarian Jews arriving at the station. It's May or June of 1944 again. About how many Germans do you see in that crowd? I'm taking a head count. I only number **3** in the foreground. Jew to Nazi ratio, what do you figure? With Vrba's estimate of 3,000-5,000 new arrivals, I'm thinking 500 to 1. I like those odds. Even 100 to 1 sounds good. I'd take 10 to 1, but this is so much more than that.

I'm *also* seeing men in pajamas dispensed throughout the crowds. Those are prisoners. Prisoners helping the Nazi's sort the newcomers. They must be in on it. The killings. There's way more of them than the SS. How is it that not one of them managed to pass a note or whisper into somebody's ear: "They're going to gas your ass"? Run Rudolf, Run! Imagine the ensuing panic. The stampede. Not only at the train station though. The wait for the shower house must have wrapped around the block. And then

there's Rudolf Vrba, staring out his window at the women and the children standing in line like an a-hole.

Vrba resolved again to escape. In Auschwitz he had encountered an acquaintance from Trnava, [Alfréd Wetzler](#) (prisoner no. 29162, then aged 26) who had arrived on 13 April 1942 and was working in the mortuary.^[86] [Czesław Mordowicz](#), who escaped from Auschwitz weeks after Vrba, said decades later that it was Wetzler who had initiated and planned the escape.^[87]



His escape from Auschwitz coincided with an old acquaintance from Trnava, in modern Slovakia, where the two were raised. **Alfred Wetzler** was his name, recognized as the other member of the Vrba-Wetzler report. We are told he worked in the mortuary. If you've read this far, then you too will know his job title designated him an *obvious* expert on the Final Solution. Well, somebody else named **Czesław Mordowicz** escaped from the camp weeks later. Decades after the fact he said that it was Wetzler who had initiated

the plan to escape, not Vrba. I can only assume Mordowicz was in the Auschwitz underground with Vrba and Wetzler, so why would he wait decades to tell us that? Is it because Vrba had gone around shooting his mouth off and taking all the credit?

We have already seen evidence of what the underground was capable of smuggling out of Auschwitz with the Sonderkommando photographs, *via* the Polish resistance and MI6. Well, Vrba and Wetzler had evidence of their own to hand off to the boys standing around the water cooler. It involved Hitler's plans for the Final Solution, carefully preserved within two metal tubes. The Nazi's were notorious for paperwork, you know. *Follow* along.

The information about the camp, including a sketch of the crematorium produced by a Russian prisoner, "Wasył", was hidden inside two metal tubes. The tube containing the sketch was lost during the escape; the second tube contained data about the transports. Vrba's account differs from Wetzler's; according to Vrba, they took no notes and wrote the Vrba-Wetzler report from memory.^[91] He told the historian [John Conway](#) that he had used "personal memotechnical methods" to remember the data, and that the stories about written notes had been invented because no one could explain his ability to recall so much detail.^[92]

The tube story doesn't pay off. They were lost in the escape, both tubes. *Bummer*. One held plans for the sketch of Wetzler's office building,

Crematoria, but we already have those plans. I've shown them. The Germans explain their designs in bold print. *Leichenkeller* simply means 'mortuary' or 'morgue', telling u that Vrba's escape partner was employed in the morgue. The loss of the tubes is a convenient excuse for having no gas chamber plans at their disposal, nor Final Solution paperwork to share, and why the two had no other choice but to write the Vrba-Wetzler from memory.

Even Wiki is pressed to admit that no one could rectify or explain precisely how the Vrba-Wetzler team could afterwards recollect the data. Vrba's excuse is cringeworthy. Thank Zionism he had the mind of a computer and was therefore capable of using "personal memotechnical methods" or else this entire death camp story would have been lost to history. Read between the lines and people were accusing him *then* of conjuring the details from the world of make believe. But that was before The Ministry of Truth played referee and settled the debate for all of history.

Meeting with the Jewish Council [edit]

See also: *Slovak Jewish Council*

Vrba and Wetzler spent the night in Čadca in the home of a relative of the rabbi [Leo Baeck](#), before being taken to [Žilina](#) by train. They were met at the station by Erwin Steiner, a member of the Slovak Jewish Council (or [Ústredňa Židov](#)), and taken to the Jewish Old People's Home, where the council had offices. Over the following days, they were introduced to Ibolya Steiner, who was married to Erwin; [Oskar Krasniansky](#), an engineer and stenographer (who later took the name Oskar Isaiiah Karmiel),^[109] and, on 25 April, the chair of the council, Dr. Oskar Neumann, a lawyer.^[110] The council was able to confirm who Vrba and Wetzler were from its deportation lists.^[111] In his memoir,

Vrba and Wetzler were able to find their way, with the help of the Polish underground, to the Slovak Jewish Council. It is there where their manuscript was penned, and [Oskar Krasniansky](#) who translated it. *Pause.* The Holocaust Encyclopedia tells me that there were many Jewish Councils during The War. Only they knew them then as *Judenraete*. The Germans established Jewish Councils in various ghettos with the intended purpose of ensuring that Nazi orders and regulations were implemented. I'm telling you this because there were many of them. Not just one. If Intel intended to work with anyone, you figure it might as well be these guys. *Whoop-de-doo*, you tell me, "It's all conjecture." Just wait until we get to it. The Intel department, that is. I had suspected their involvement but wasn't dreaming big enough.

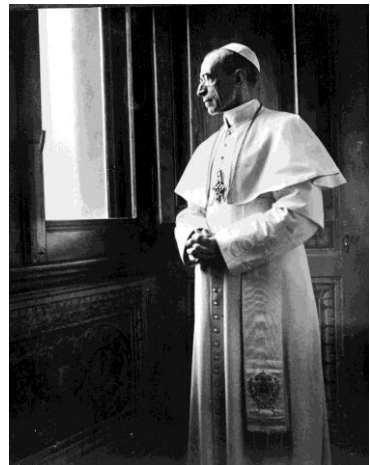
Remember how Czeslaw Mordowicz escaped from Auschwitz only weeks thereafter? He didn't do it alone. Somebody named [Arnošt Rosin](#) joined him. The two crisscrossed the country, hiding out under bridges and in

barns, much as Vrba and Wetzler had done, and then ended up with **the same Slovak Jewish Council**. What are the chances? Why do I suggest as much? Well, I *checked*. The team of Mordowicz and Rosin were handed a book deal of their own, and once again, it was Oskar Krasniansky who sat at the typewriter. Of all the ghettos in and surrounding the Fatherland, it had to include Krasniansky. I can find practically nothing on this Oskar Krasniansky fellow. He doesn't even have a Wiki link. *Whoop-de-doo again*, you tell me. Well, that's not even the half of it.

At the request of the Slovakian Jewish Council,^[165] Vrba and Czesław Mordowicz (one of the 27 May escapees), along with a translator and Oskar Krasniansky, met **Vatican Swiss legate Monsignor Mario Martilotti** at the Svätý Jur monastery on 20 June 1944.^[166] Martilotti had seen the report and questioned the men about it for five hours.^[167] Mordowicz was irritated by Vrba during this meeting. In an interview in the 1990s for the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum, he said Vrba, 19 at the time, had behaved cynically and childish; at one point he appeared to mock the way Martilotti was **cutting his cigar**. Mordowicz feared that the behaviour would make their information less credible. To maintain Martilotti's attention, he told him that **Catholics and priests were being murdered** along with the Jews. Martilotti reportedly fainted, shouting "Mein Gott! Mein Gott!"^[168] Five days later, **Pope Pius XII sent a telegram** appealing to **Miklós Horthy**.^[169]

The Slovakian Jewish Council had connections it seems. At their request, Vrba and Mordowicz met **Monsignor Mario Martilotti**, a Swiss legate for the **Vatican**. Not bad for a group of old men in the ghetto. Oskar Krasniansky went with them. Why him again? I thought he was just a translator. Seems like the right sort of connection if an audience with the Vatican is your thing.

Our Controllers love filling our heads with stories whenever possible. This one has Martilotti disliking the young cocky 19-year-old Vrba. But then look what happens. **Vrba concocts a story**. Why would he do that? To maintain Martilotti's attention. Well, *dub*. Isn't that the purpose of every fiction? It says: "he told him that Catholics and priests were being murdered along with the Jews." He only mentions three categories. Catholics, priests, and Jews. If the first two are invented, one should wonder about the credibility of the third. Again, recognize what is being relayed here. Vrba was



successful in nabbing the attention of **Pope Pius XII** but only with *fake* news. From this point moving forward, the narrative snowballs.

War Refugee Board publication [\[edit\]](#)

Further information: *Auschwitz Protocols*

The Vrba–Wetzler report received widespread coverage in the United States and elsewhere when, after many months delay, **John Pehle** of the US War Refugee Board issued a 25,000-word press release on 25 November 1944,^[d] along with a full version of the report and a preface calling it "entirely credible".^[180] Entitled *The Extermination Camps of Auschwitz (Oświęcim) and Birkenau in Upper Silesia*, the release included the 33-page Vrba–Wetzler report; a six-page report from Arnost Rosin and Czesław Mordowicz, who escaped from Auschwitz on 27 May 1944; and the 19-page Polish major's report, written in December 1943 by Polish escapee **Jerzy Tabeau**.^[1] Jointly the three reports came to be known as the Auschwitz Protocols.^[181]

The **33**-page Vrba-Wetzler report received widespread coverage in the United States and elsewhere, but not until it was first released by **John Pehle** of the US **War Refugee Board**. Plant a red flag on that. Why 33 pages and not, *say*, 29 or 35? Seems suspicious. I'm onto you, Vrba-Wetzler report. There's Mordowicz Rosin again and their 6-page report, complete with a 19-page report **Jerzy Tabeau**, making up what has come to be known as the Auschwitz Protocols.

The **War Refugee Board**, established by President **Franklin D. Roosevelt** in January 1944, was a U.S. **executive agency** to aid civilian victims of the **Axis powers**. The Board was, in the words of historian Rebecca Erbelding, "the only time in American history that the US government founded a non-military government agency to save the lives of civilians being murdered by a wartime enemy."^[1]

The War Refugee Board was established as an **executive agency** by President Franklin Delano Roosevelt. That's just another way of saying the War Refugee Board was a federal agency housed within the executive branch of the Federal Government. Not the legislative nor the judicial. No, the President of the United States. The **Department of Education** is an executive agency, but so is **NASA**. You see what I mean? Indoctrination on steroids. Read a paragraph down and you'll find that Hollywood celebrities were called upon for its promotion, but also, that Eleanor Roosevelt was all over it. Remember when Eleanor wrote the forward to the Diary of Anne Frank? *Mm-hmm*, the War Refugee Board was at it again.

The *Washington Times Herald* said the press release was "the first American official stamp of truth to the myriad of eyewitness stories of the mass massacres in Poland".^[182] while the *New York Herald Tribune* called the Protocols "the most shocking document ever issued by a United States government agency".^[4] Pehle passed a copy to *Yank* magazine, an American armed-forces publication, but the story, by Sergeant Richard Paul, was turned down as "too Semitic"; the magazine did not want to publish it, they said, because of "latent antisemitism in the Army".^[183] In June 1944 Pehle had urged **John J. McCloy**, US **assistant secretary of war**, to bomb Auschwitz, but

No surprise, the typewriters were all over the report like white on rice, hoping to back up the Government agenda. The Washington Times

Herald did their part, as well as the New York Herald Tribune. Neither even cared to hide the fact that it derived from a government agency. You couldn't get away with something like that today without a heavy-handed dose of cynicism, but I'm sure The News wasn't lying to anyone back then.

We then read that Yank magazine passed up on the offer, being too conservative and the report "too Semitic" or whatever. *Hilarious*. What better way to paint the Media as a "free press" than to have the Military snub their own Intel? Follow the breadcrumbs. Believe me, the trail is a short one. The Military is provided for by the **Department of Defense** and the Department of Defense is part of the **executive branch**, like The War Refugee Board. Never mind the fact that the Media is the propaganda wing of the military-industrial complex. You see, all we are ever given is the illusion of choice.

News coverage [\[edit \]](#)

Details from the Vrba-Wetzler report began to appear elsewhere in the media. On 4 June 1944 the *New York Times* reported on the "cold-blooded murder" of Hungary's Jews.^[153] On 16 June the *Jewish Chronicle* in London ran a story by Isaac Gruenbaum of the Jewish Agency in Jerusalem with the headline "Bomb death camps"; the writer had clearly seen the Vrba-Wetzler report.^[154] Also on 16 June the BBC World Service reported in Germany, on its women's programme at noon, the murder in March of the Czech family camp and the second Czech group the Vrba-Wetzler report said would be killed around 20 June.^[155] The broadcast alluded to the Vrba-Wetzler report:

In London, there is a highly precise report on the mass murder in Birkenau. All of those responsible for this mass murder, from those who give the orders through their intermediaries and down to those who carry out the orders, will be held responsible.^[156]

The New York Times got in the action. They all did. It is the *Jewish Chronicle* who took it up several notches when running a story by **Isaac Gruenbaum** of the **Jewish Agency in Jerusalem** who ran the headline: "Bomb death camps." *Pause*. I've been sitting here for the last few minutes trying to figure out how bombing a prison camp would be a good thing when we've already seen what happened at Bergen-Belsen. The allies bombed Nordhausen to hell and then had the audacity to claim that the 10,000 or so dead were of the Nazis doing. Not only that, but they also even blamed the Germans for not burying them upon arrival.

You could argue that bombing Auschwitz would stop the gas chamber operation, but you and I know deep down inside that those nozzles were dispensers of water. And anyways, they would then blame the dead unburied bodies on the Germans, after the smoke had lifted. I would *suggest* the brighter idea would be to destroy the train routes, stall its cargo

on its tracks, but then they would just kill the passengers and blame that on the Germans. Don't think they'd sink that low. What I just described happened. Perhaps we'll get to that one day.

Meanwhile, it is the **BBC** which lays it right out there, the kangaroo court that would soon be known as the Nuremburg Trials. Their statement has been given *above*, but I'll deliver their dribble again. It reads:

In London, there is a **highly precise report** on the mass murder in Birkenau. All of those responsible for this mass murder, from those who give the orders through their intermediaries and down to those who carry out the orders, will be held responsible.

The Nazis have already been held responsible based solely upon the report of two escapees working for the Polish underground, *via* British Intelligence and the Vatican, and *now* The Ministry of Truth. They phrase it as a "highly precise report." Well, that's reassuring. Must be a reference to Vrba's "personal memotechnical methods." Best to take their word for it.



The most important part of the Vrba-Wetzler report is the one which our Controllers purposely leave out and arrives decades afterwards. By his own testimony in court, **Rudolph Vrba concocted it**. No, I am not

making this up. A few lines down and you'll hear it from the horse's mouth. The numbers. The gassings. The Nazi documents. *Invented*. Also, there were "typing errors." Remember his claim that thousands of women and children were marched directly from the train platform to the gas chambers? I showed you a picture and you struggled seeing it in any other way. You can thank Vrba for that. Again, you'll hear it from the horse's mouth. They were being taken to the camp's bathhouse.

Here's the article, line for line, uninterrupted.

Book 'an artistic picture'

Toronto Sun, January 24, 1985

Survivor never saw actual gassing deaths

A concentration camp survivor yesterday admitted he never witnessed anybody being gassed to death and his book about Auschwitz-Birkenau in only "an artistic picture ... not a document for a court."

Rudolf Vrba, now an assistant professor at the University of B.C., **told the Ernst Zündel trial that his written and pictorial descriptions of the Auschwitz crematoria and gas chambers are based on "what I heard it might look like."**

Zündel is charged with knowingly publishing false information about the Holocaust that harmed or was likely to harm racial or social tolerance.

Defence attorney Doug Christie, of Victoria, challenged Vrba's earlier testimony that he saw a Nazi SS soldier in a gas mask pouring poison gas into a low bunker connected to a Birkenau crematorium.

Vrba yesterday admitted he was never inside that particular bunker, after Christie suggested it was the roof of a mortuary Vrba had seen, not a gas chamber.

Vrba also admitted some of the thousands of women, elderly and children he claimed were marched directly to gas chambers upon arrival might have been going to the camp's bathhouse.

“Yes. Some of them actually went there (bathhouse) and more went to the gas chambers,” said Vrba, who claimed many babies were gassed to death.

Vrba said his 1944 drawings of the Auschwitz camp layout were inexact and Christie suggested Vrba didn't even know where the bathhouse was located.

Christie said new arrivals had to march between two crematoria to get to the bathhouse, but Vrba insisted the area ended in a “closed road” and “nobody ever came out of there except smoke.”

Vrba, who escaped the camp in Poland in 1944 with a mission to warn one million Hungarian Jews of their impending slaughter, insisted he'd made accurate [“within 10%”] estimates of 1,765,000 mass-murder victims up to that point.

He said some narrative passages in his book *I Cannot Forgive* are based on accounts from others.

One Vrba account says it took 90 minutes to burn a corpse, another said it took 20 minutes.

“I also include things I heard from reliable sources,” Vrba said, explaining the changes in his later report.

Vrba's 1961 affidavit quotes a Nuremberg War Crimes Trial document as relating to Auschwitz gas chambers and claims it backs up Vrba's account.

When Christie pointed out that [“Nazi government”] documents say nothing about gas chambers, Vrba replied: “It might be a typing error.”

Vrba, whose book states the total Auschwitz death toll was 2.5 million, testified Holocaust historians Raul Hilberg and Gerald Rietlinger were limited by “historical discipline” when they made lower estimates — 1 million and about 850,000 respectively — and did not have the benefit of Vrba’s eyewitness experiences.

Vrba also said increasing estimates of the Auschwitz death toll in the decades after World War II “just shows that better scholars with better methods are constantly improving the information.”

He defended “errors in good faith” in his 1944 Auschwitz accounts, which he made two weeks after escaping, as due to “great urgency” to warn Jews.

The short of it is that Rudolph Vrba lied. He lied. And everyone, from the Jewish Council and the Vatican to the BBC and the New York Times and the Executive Branch of Government, and most importantly of all, the Zionists of Jerusalem were in on it. But only the Nazi’s were held accountable. Why would anybody else though? His ending statement explains it all away. His errors were made at the expense of the Germans so that the Jews could win the day. We have a phrase for that. It’s called Psychological Warfare.



TEN years ago (and *some* change), I was at the *height* of my ignorance. I visited Washington D.C. regularly as a city of divine beauty and inspiration—stars and stripes bleeding from my eyeballs. I’ll never forget that moment I visited the Smithsonian’s Holocaust Museum for the very *first* time, somewhere in the proximity of 2007, and there was a man standing near the entrance handing out information as to why we’ve been lied to about *everything*.

The guy was just standing there off to the side—totally passive. He wasn’t shouting. He wasn’t getting into anyone’s face. He just stood there with a sign that read something along the lines of “THE HOLOCAUST WAS A HOAX,” or something to that effect, and was willing to speak with anyone who engaged. And let me tell you, I have rarely experienced so much *hate* as I did while entering that museum. Therefore, I have a good picture of what I’m in for after publishing papers such as this one. People were shouting, grinding their teeth, calling him horrid names. He was probably even spat upon.

I didn't dare approach him—not *yet*. I simply watched people fling hate as a substitute for all the gas-chamber pooh they were feeling. The plan was, I'd comb through the museum and then engage him on my way out. I hadn't prepared for kind words. Upon finally exiting two or three hours later, the man was gone.

Not that I haven't looked for him. I've passed through Washington D.C. now dozens of times, and with every successive visit, whenever I'm in the vicinity of the Holocaust Museum, I keep a careful lookout for the HOLOCAUST HOAX man.

To this very day, I think about him often.

A little over a decade ago, I was so blinded. Pre-conditioned and programmed. We're talking completely lost to the heliocentric globe machine as to think to myself: "Now I've seen it all. Finally, I've beheld with my own eyes the canker-breath, douchebag of the earth." And *now* that Washington D.C. has essentially become the very seat of HaSatan on earth, I believe him to be one of the bravest men I ever *might* have known.

