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**The 15th
Sol Feinstone Lecture
on
THE
MEANING OF FREEDOM
by
Mr. Elie Wiesel**

29 September 1987

The United States Military Academy is pleased to sponsor an annual lecture series on the Meaning of Freedom. It is significant that this lecture program has been made possible by the generosity of the late Mr. Sol Feinstone, a dedicated American patriot whose commitment to the ideals of the American Revolution led him to devote many years of effort, as well as considerable personal resources to the collection of important letters, manuscripts, and books dealing with our heritage of freedom. His donation of these items to libraries and educational institutions ensures that the message which they proclaim will be preserved and transmitted to future generations of Americans.

Mr. Feinstone's abiding faith in a brotherhood of free nations of men has found further expression in several lecture series which he has endowed in order to permit prominent Americans to interpret The Meaning of Freedom.

The U. S. Corps of Cadets and the staff and faculty of the Military Academy are pleased to recognize the generosity and loyalty of this great American for providing a living endowment in the defense of freedom.

THE MEANING OF FREEDOM

Mr. Elie Wiesel

General Palmer, Mrs. Palmer, officers, cadets, I thank you very much for the extraordinary day you have given my wife and me. I have been to many schools, I have spoken to many students, but I hope you will believe me that today's visit will remain with me for many years. What I have seen moved me very deeply. I have seen young men and women dedicated to patriotism, in the most noble and human sense possible. I have seen you, who having chosen a path leading to humanity, have thus chosen to give up many of the advantages, many of the comforts, many of the blessings that students whom I have taught in other universities have aspired to attain. I admire you and I'm grateful to you students and to your teachers.

General Palmer, you are a writer, so am I, and I thank you especially for giving literature such a good name. However, I must make two announcements. One may be embarrassing. Among the 40 honorary degrees that I have received, all of a sudden I remember, one I received at the place which is not so popular here this week, Wake Forest. Also, knowing a little bit about your great tradition (I have done some research before), I am wondering if the Nobel Prize gives certain privileges to the Laureate; for instance, does the Nobel Laureate have the privilege of granting amnesty? I do not have the answer, but I am sure that General Palmer has the answer. As a Jew, and I am profoundly Jewish, I must tell you that we are now just three or four days away from the day that we call Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement, what you can call the way of forgiving, or the way of pardon, or the way of amnesty. So surely, you students will allow me to introduce a plea on your behalf to the only man who can do that.

Especially meaningful to me today is the fact that I am with you, officers and cadets, because in the depths of my memory, I reserve a special warm corner for American soldiers and their commanding officers. At the time when I thought I had witnessed the death of freedom and the extinction of humanity, I saw men, your predecessors and forerunners, men in uniform, who represented human sovereignty and human dignity. They were the first free men I saw since my imprisonment, and I shall never forget our encounter. Therefore, to speak about the meaning of freedom to me, tonight, means to speak about my encounter with the American army.

*The Fifteenth Annual Sol Feinstone Lecture on "The Meaning of Freedom," presented at the United States Military Academy on September 29, 1987. Text is an edited version of the address. Copyright 1988 by Elie Wiesel

That day we experienced together, the American soldiers and officers and I, a moment of destiny without parallel, never to be measured, never to be repeated. A moment that stood on the other side of time, on the other side of existence. We met then at the threshold of a universe struck by malediction; we spoke different languages; we were strangers to one another. We might as well have descended from different planets, and yet between the soldiers who arrived that day at that camp and the prisoners, a link was created, a bond was established. We became not only comrades, not only brothers, we became each others witnesses.

I remember, I shall always remember, the day I was liberated by the American Army: April 11, 1945, Buchenwald. The terrifying silence terminated by abrupt yelling, the first American soldiers; I remember them, their faces ashen, their eyes, I shall never forget their eyes. They looked and looked; they could not move their gaze away from us. It was as though they sought to alter the reality with their eyes. They reflected astonishment, bewilderment, endless pain and anger, yes anger above all. Rarely have I seen such anger, such rage contained, mute, yet ready to burst with frustration, humiliation and utter helplessness. Oh, they were the victors, and yet they felt helpless.

I remember a black sergeant, huge, marvelous. I saw him cry, and I heard him curse; he saw the corpses, he saw the victims, he understood what no one would ever understand, that something had happened in history that had changed history, and in his helplessness, he simply cursed, and to me his curses became pure prayers. And then all the soldiers there, the officers, the privates -- they broke down, they wept, they wept and wept uncontrollably, unashamedly and strangely enough, they became our children then. For we, the twelve year old, the sixteen year old boys in Buchenwald knew so much more than they about life and death, about God and destiny, and above all about the meaning of freedom.

Yes, they wept. We could not; we had no more tears left, we had nothing left. In a way we were dead and we knew it. What did we feel? Only sadness, not so much for ourselves, but for the world. But we also felt gratitude, and ultimately it was gratitude that brought us back to normalcy and to society. We were free, and therefore we chose to express our freedom in the most noble way human beings can express their gratitude -- by transforming freedom into an act of gratitude. Hardly alive, sick, almost dead, these prisoners who had been hungry for weeks or years wanted to do something, and they carried the soldiers on their backs. They carried them on their frail shoulders, for those soldiers who were your predecessors as fighters for freedom, they were our heroes and they became our idols. Why? Because they were the first, the first men who were free and they were, therefore, the first men to discover the abyss just as we were its last inhabitants.

What we symbolized to one another, then, was so special that it remained part of our very being.

They indicated for us then humanity's most magnificent and solemn yearning to be free, and even more the yearning to bring freedom to those who are not free, and for us they represented hope. Though 6 million Jews had been annihilated, millions of brave men and women of other religions and nationalities were massacred by the Nazis and their collaborators. But we also remembered. We were duty bound to remember that to confront the fascist criminal conquerors, millions of American soldiers went to war on behalf of humankind. The fact that millions of soldiers wearing different uniforms, joining in extraordinary alliances united to fight together, be victorious together, and alas die together, seemed to justify man's faith in his own humanity in spite of the enemy. We thought of the killers, and we were ready to give up on man, but then we remembered those who resisted them on open battlefields as well as in the underground movements, and then we rekindled our faith in man.

At the time, thanks to that meeting we had with the American soldiers, we reconciled ourselves to the human condition. We were, can you believe it, naive enough to think that we who had witnessed for a while the domination of absolute evil would prevent it from surfacing again. On the very ruins of civilization we aspired to erect new sanctuaries for our children and yours, where life would be sanctified and not denigrated, where compassion would be practiced, not ridiculed. It would have been so easy to allow ourselves then to slide into melancholy resignation, but we chose differently. We chose to become spokesmen for man's quest for generosity, for man's need and capacity to turn his or her suffering into something productive, creative.

We had hoped then that out of so much torment, and grief, and mourning, and heroism on the part of the allies a new message would be handed down to future generations, a warning against the inherent perils of discrimination, all kinds of discrimination, racist, religious, or economic discrimination, and fanaticism, all kinds of fanaticism, whether religious, nationalistic or ideological. We were convinced that our memory would serve as a warning against poverty, deprivation, ignorance, oppression, humiliation and injustice and war, the ultimate injustice, the ultimate humiliation. I hope you don't mind my saying this, here at the place where you acquire so much knowledge about war, but I hope you understand me when I say I have faith in you, and I know that what you are studying, what you are learning, what you are acquiring is not for war, it is for peace. It is peace with honor, for honor and therefore based in, and rooted in, and conditioned by, strength; and yet if only we could invest in peace all the energies, all the creative imagination, all the passionate commitments, all the inventive ideas that nations and individuals have invested

in war, if only we could celebrate peace as generations of poets and dreamers have glorified war. If we could do in peace what we do in war, transcend to the present, transcend to the person, live for noble goals, work with our fellow men and women in solidarity, aspire to freedom and victory. I mean the victory of freedom not only for ourselves but for all people. If only this could be achieved, your future and mine would be less threatened, but it is threatened and we all know it.

To paraphrase a philosopher's comment about culture, "the future isn't what it used to be." If we are not careful, the past may very well become our future, and that is why I have chosen to be a teacher. I have a passion for learning and a passion for teaching, and it is the same passion. To learn is to absorb, and to teach is to share. I love being in touch with young men and women, and at the same time I feel sorry for them, for we make them, we make you, responsible for a world you have not created. We make you responsible for the freedom in this land and in other lands as well. Is it a burden too heavy to bear? It is up to you, to us, to turn that burden into a privilege, and what a privilege it is to offer your contemporaries what they all need most, an atmosphere of freedom, an ambiance of freedom, a society based on freedom, a generation that defines itself in relationship to its thirst and respect for freedom.

The question of freedom has obsessed culture from its very beginning. You remember in the Bible Cain and Abel; Cain killed Abel. In our commentaries to the Bible, which are ancient, somehow our Masters take Cain's side. They say that actually Cain could have turned and maybe had turned to God saying, "Master of the universe, how could I have known the meaning of death? I have never seen a dead person before, but you knew what that meant. And if you didn't want me to kill my brother, why didn't you stop me?" Is it a question of freedom? Is it a question of man's freedom linked to God's freedom? What is the story of Cain and Abel if not a story of the first tragedy, the tragedy of freedom, freedom abused, misused?

I often reread the story of Cain and Abel, and I am always disturbed and frightened by its implications. Cain and Abel were brothers, the only brothers on earth, and yet one became the killer and one the victim of the other. What does it teach us? Does it teach us that it is possible to be brothers and yet kill one another? I would like to think that the lesson is also another one, that whoever kills, kills his brother. Created in God's image, man must obey the rule of imitatio dei and aim to be free like Him. Impossible yes, but it is his or her freedom to recognize that one must be free like God, one cannot free oneself from God. For a religious person the question of freedom is no question. For a non-believing person the question of freedom has no answer. Still, for the believer it is

possible, if not imperative, to envisage human freedom within the framework, within the vision of God's freedom.

Man is free, for God wants him to be free. All things are foreseen by God, we are told by our Masters, and yet we are free, free to choose every moment of our life. We are free to choose between life and death, between the next instant and death, between good and evil, laughter and tears, free to choose compassion over cruelty, memory over oblivion, beauty over ugliness, morality over immorality, and we are free to choose between freedom and absence of freedom.

Slavery can be imposed or experienced in a variety of ways. Is this true of freedom as well? I believe the answer to be no. Freedom espouses the entire human condition, for it is essential to the human condition. It may even be argued that freedom is what makes the human condition human. Though chosen by God to be the first believer, Abraham was free to reject that mission. He could have said thank you, take someone else. He was free to say that, but he didn't. Does it seem like a paradox? I am free not to be afraid of paradoxes.

The idea, I believe, is simply not to confuse divine freedom and human freedom. The two are connected, but not identical. God is free, and man must be free. Surely you have studied the Bible in this college as well, and you know that the first law after the ten commandments is the law against slavery, and I marvel at it. Any psychologist will tell you that the first thing a nouveau riche will do is to show off his or her wealth, to show that he or she is no longer poor. And the first thing a slave who ceases to be a slave will do is own slaves, to prove that he is no longer a slave. Here in the desert, a few weeks after bondage in Egypt, Moses, on behalf of God, tells the former slaves: no slavery, slavery is forbidden, and if a slave wants to remain a slave, that slave is to be punished, for I am free, but I am not free to give up my freedom. Freedom is what makes the person what a person wants to be, and no one should ever be a slave. Why? Because to be a slave is to recognize the validity of the law that the owner of slaves invokes, that there are differences between human beings, that some are superior to others, that some religions are inferior to others, that some societies are unworthier than others. All this is wrong.

Do you know why, according to our tradition, God created one man alone in the beginning? He could have created more; he had no problems with birth control. The reason is to prevent people to the end of time from claiming superiority over one another. No one is superior, nor is anyone inferior; we are all descendants of Adam; we all have the same grandfather; we are all children of God. But this is, of course, the ideal. There are people, there are regimes, there are ideologies that believe in imposing certain disciplinary measures to give the other person a feeling of inferiority.

We know that to affirm his superiority the dictator treats others as inferiors. To manifest his power, the oppressor feels the need to emphasize the weakness, the vulnerability, of others. To assert his vanity, the ruler thinks he must humiliate others. The tormentor needs to torment in order to assert his authority. The victimizer cannot live, cannot function, cannot fulfill himself unless he is in a position to terrorize and torture his victims. Far away from them, without them, the victimizer would feel impotent, useless. In the final analysis the torturer becomes the slave of his victims and his own slave as well. A slave to his own base instincts and passions, the torturer needs to hear the outcries of his victims to draw strength and courage from their martyrdom. In other words, only someone who is not free, someone who is unable or unwilling to appreciate the blessings and the beauty of freedom will deny freedom to those who surround him or her. Someone who seeks to attain freedom will do so only through the freedom of his fellow human beings. That is why we, our nation, believe so much in freedom.

Now what is freedom? What is the meaning of freedom? Obviously it is not the same to the torturer as it is to the tortured. Freedom to the slave is not the same as freedom to the owner of the slave. Freedom to Stalin was not the same as the freedom his victims in the millions conceived and aspired to. Freedom in the simplest human terms means to appreciate the bread and the wine on the table. It means to dream about forests and stars, and not about a piece of bread. It means simply not to see the world through bars. It means, ultimately, not to depend on the jailer whether to get up in the morning and when to go to sleep at night. Freedom means to go to bed without fear, and to wake up without anguish. It means to see in each other a source of wonder and not of suspicion. It means to consider life a source of beauty and not a burden.

I know that this image may sound idealistic to you. So what? Freedom is not a given; it is something one must constantly fight for. Freedom is not even given by God. Freedom belongs to the human domain. It is up to us to fashion it, and shape it, and nourish it. The goal must be to attain freedom in its broadest sense, which means to condition it by your freedom. I am not free because someone else is imprisoned. I am free because someone else is not imprisoned. My freedom is determined and conditioned not by the imprisonment of others, but by the freedom of others, and, therefore, as long as there are people in prison in dictatorial lands, in communist dominated lands, as long as there are people who are not free, who suffer because their freedom has been taken away from them, I am not totally free. Freedom is a gift to be shared, and not a possession to take and bury within oneself.

Of course, I know that you will ask me or you will ask your teachers how we can envisage a life of absolute freedom when we are so interdependent in our society? And my

answer, my tentative, timid answer would be that dependence is something else. One can be free and yet depend on someone else. I depend on the baker for bread, I depend on the printer for my book, I depend on my students as a teacher, and I depend on my readers so I can write.

May I, with your permission, tell you in parentheses an anecdote, a true story which I cannot resist telling? I met tonight, among my gracious hosts, a beautiful lady from Israel who said that she wrote her baccalaureate dissertation on one of my books. I won't even tell you which; I am not here to sell books. It reminded me of a marvelous story. Are you studying Kafka here at West Point? I hope yes. It has nothing to do with military matters, but it has to do with freedom. Kafka, surely you know, was a great writer, and he was not recognized while he was alive. He himself was convinced that he was not a good writer, and he who wrote the ultimate tragedies was convinced that he wrote comedies, so you can see the whole thing is a misunderstanding. In addition to all that he was sick; he suffered from tuberculosis and, therefore, every summer he would go to a spa. One year he came to a spa, and he registered in the hotel as Franz Kafka. The innkeeper said "Kafka, Kafka, the name rings familiar." Kafka, being modest, said it's impossible. The man said maybe your father was here. Kafka didn't like his father, so he said impossible. He went to his room and lay down. Half an hour later there was a knock on the door. The innkeeper asked, "Mr. Kafka, do you happen to be a writer?" Kafka says "Maybe, why do you ask?" The innkeeper says, "My son says that you are a great writer." Kafka says, "Tell him it's not me." The man goes out, comes back. "My son wants to meet you. You know, Mr. Kafka, if you please, my son is a nudge; take him, receive him, he will leave you in peace; if not he will go on bothering me, I will bother you." So Kafka said let him come in. In came a very bashful student:

"Mr. Kafka, this is the greatest day of my life."

"But why" says Kafka?

"What do you mean why, because you are Kafka."

"How do you know?"

"I know."

"So what," says Kafka.

"But Mr. Kafka, you are the great writer, you changed my life."

"Did you read any of my books?"

"Yes."

"What did you read?"

"The Castle."

"You read The Castle?"

"Yes."

"Where did you get it?"

He said, "I bought it," and Kafka says, "Oh, it was you?"

What Kafka teaches us really is the absence of freedom on the part of the individual and, in a way, the

dehumanization of the system. He was a prophet, he realized that there could be a system, a machinery in which a person could be caught, and just because of one word, one word, a casual word, his or her whole life would be changed and doomed.

I believe, of course, individual freedom implies collective freedom. An oppressed community limits the freedom of its individual members. In fact, a community is oppressed when its members, or some of its members, are not free. Now when does a person know that he or she is free? Is freedom by definition boundless and limitless? The problem seems more accessible, if not soluble, when it relates to nations. A nation is considered free when its political independence is not challenged by any outside entity. When a people loses its sovereignty as a result of foreign intervention or occupation, it has a right, a sacred duty, to employ every possible means to win it back. A religious group that is coerced to reject its belief, or to change its practice, has the right and the obligation to resist. A community whose members are discriminated against, such as in South Africa, that community may seek to change the system and to abolish it, but there is a difference when it comes to methods. I do not believe in private groups' violent methods. I believe a nation has the right to use violence -- and war is the ultimate violence -- to defeat violence. I believe that our nation in two world wars has shown an incommensurate amount of attachment to honor by going to war against dictatorships, fascism, and inhuman regimes. But individuals have no right to resort to violence.

Here I come, of course, to a phenomenon that you, cadets, may have to deal with when you are in command in certain areas of our land or in other lands. I speak about terrorism. You know, you will know, how to fight war. Has anyone taught you, can anyone teach you, how to fight terrorism? Terrorism today is evil. It is the evil of the 20th century's second part, and terrorism today is ugly. Not only is it criminal, not only is it vicious, but it is ugly because it is the ultimate aspect of the cruelty of man towards his fellow human beings. Once upon a time, at the beginning of the century, terrorism was romantic. There were terrorist movements in Italy, in Far East Russia, where individuals tried with violence to overturn the regime in the name of peace and humanity and democracy.

There is a story which Dostoyevsky has already described and which Albert Camus has turned into a play, and the story is a true one. I think it happened in St. Petersburg, which today is called Leningrad. A terrorist group managed to arrange a foolproof assassination attempt aimed at the governor of the city. There were terrorists at every corner, and that day he was supposed to have gone to church alone, and the plot was staged, schemed, planned perfectly. He couldn't have escaped, but then at the last moment the terrorists realized that he wasn't alone. He had

his children in the carriage and, therefore, those who were charged with throwing the bomb didn't throw the bomb.

Today's terrorists are not as romantic. Today's terrorists want to kill children. Maybe they want to create more outrage, but they seek out innocent people, men and women and children; helpless, defenseless children. The problem is that not enough outrage has been heard against them. Oh, yes, during an attack, during an assassination attempt which succeeds or not, there is outrage. But we live at such a fast pace, so many events follow one another so quickly, that yesterday's news is yesterday's news.

I wish we could do something. I don't know how to deal with it militarily, but then I am not a military person. But I would like the international community to do something about it. I would like the international community somehow not only to outlaw the terrorists, but to expel them from civilization, to expel them from society, to brand them as outlaws. I would like a summit conference devoted only to terrorism, because this is the most serious and the simplest and, unfortunately, most effective weapon of tomorrow. Can anyone of you, generals, colonels, guarantee that in the year 2000 some individual will not invent a miniature atom bomb? Twenty years ago a computer had to occupy a whole office; today you have pocket-sized computers. Why couldn't a pocket-sized atom bomb be developed one of these days, one of these years, one of these decades? I believe that freedom has limits, and I believe that terrorists have gone beyond the limits. They have used their freedom to violate freedom. Therefore, the meaning of freedom is to preserve it for the sake of humankind.

There are today in the world so many violations of freedom on so many levels. There is torture being practiced in many lands, and if there is one aspect of humanity which makes me ashamed, it is the aspect of torture. That today there are regimes both on the right and on the left where torture is an official state policy, like Iran, makes me ashamed. Because torture is worse than death. The person being tortured dies a thousand times before he or she dies. I believe that freedom should, therefore, appeal to us, and appeal to us with such strength that our moral fiber should be awakened whenever a person anywhere is tortured. We should scream. Those who are not free need us. I have seen it, I have lived it. The worst feeling of the prisoner is to be forgotten. The feeling of the victim is that those on the outside don't care, and often the torturer uses this as another means of torture: What are you fighting for, why are you holding out, no one cares? If we don't care about those who are imprisoned, about those who want to leave their country or to live freely inside that country, namely the Soviet Union and other communist dominated countries, if we are not their brothers, if we are not their keepers, then we are guilty, and then our freedom is meaningless.

Existentialist philosophers believe that man is condemned to be free. We must forever choose. Not to

choose is also a choice said Albert Camus. Not to choose means to remain neutral, and that is the wrong choice. Neutrality is never the answer, not when issues of dignity, freedom, or human sovereignty are involved. Neutrality never helps the victim. It only helps the tormentor, the oppressor, the victimizer, the executioner. Neutrality begets indifference, and that is the ultimate sin. To fight indifference is the sacred commandment that has motivated my work and my life. Indifference to evil is evil. Indifference to evil offers evil greater weight and larger possibilities.

How is one to recognize indifference? Indifference is the inhuman side in all of us. It is the dark side of the human condition. It belongs to the other side of humanity. The opposite of love is not hate, but indifference. The opposite of art is not chaos, but indifference. The opposite of beauty is not ugliness, but indifference. The opposite of culture is not ignorance, but indifference. The opposite of life is not death, but indifference to life and death. The opposite of peace and freedom is not war and slavery, it is indifference to all of them.

Now what have we therefore learned from our memories, from our experiences, from our traditions, irrespective of their origin? We have learned that when human rights are violated we should not say that what is happening to another country is that country's business. When human dignity is at stake, other people's business is our business. When freedom is at stake, it is our business. When people suffer anywhere, it is our duty to redeem that suffering. When people are dominated, oppressed, it is our duty to speak up. Oh, I'm not sure we can open all the jails, but at least we can denounce the jailer. I am sure we cannot feed all the hungry children in the world. Nor can we assure freedom to the entire planet, but at least we can extol and exemplify the virtue and the power and the poetry of freedom.

As a Jew, of course, I drew my arguments from my tradition, but I have never believed that to be Jewish means to exclude myself from the human society. Quite the opposite. The more Jewish I am, I hope, the more Jewish my message and the more universal its appeal. It is as a Jew that I can speak to you. It is as a Jew whose memory of bondage and suffering is old that I can speak to you about the thirst for freedom that you and I must always share. Ideas, actions, beliefs, lessons, memories, they all have meaning only if freedom has meaning. They all have meaning only if they are conceived and rooted in freedom, or at least if they constitute a passionate appeal for freedom. That freedom cannot be limited. A limited freedom is a contradiction in terms, as is the illusion of freedom. True freedom is defined only in the terms of the present. To aspire to freedom is already an impulse or an act justifying our faith in freedom. But to say I accept absence of freedom now, or a limitation of freedom now, for the sake of tomorrow, as most dictatorships do, as most totalitarian

ideologists claim, that is not the right way, for it is a mortgage. We are mortgaging the future of freedom and we are mortgaging our future as well. My friends, I'm sure you have learned the essential lesson of life. You and I know that the battle for freedom cannot wait until tomorrow. Thank you.

ABOUT THE SPEAKER ...

Elie Wiesel is a distinguished scholar, author, and humanitarian. Mr. Wiesel was born in 1928 in Sighet, a remote town in the Carpathian Mountains under Rumanian rule. The only son of a Hassidic storekeeper, he led the cloistered life of a Talmudic student until the spring of 1944, when the Nazis arrived and deported the Jewish population. Mr. Wiesel spent time in the Nazi concentration camp at Auschwitz, where his mother and youngest sister were killed, and later in Buchenwald, where his father died.

After the war, Mr. Wiesel settled in France, where he studied philosophy at the Sorbonne and worked as a journalist. In 1956, he came to the United States and settled in New York. To supplement his modest income from his job as a correspondent for an Israeli newspaper, he became a staff writer for the Jewish Daily Forward, a Yiddish newspaper, and a correspondent for a French magazine. Mr. Wiesel became an American citizen in 1963.

Mr. Wiesel's first novel, Night, published in 1958, was an indelible account of the Nazi atrocities as seen through the eyes of a teenaged boy. Since then, Mr. Wiesel has written 30 books, whose subjects have ranged from biblical studies to an examination of the plight of Soviet Jews. He has become a major force in American literature, where his theme of seeking faith in a world so cruel as to make faith difficult, if not impossible, has attracted the attention of Christian as well as Jewish theologians. Throughout his career, Mr. Wiesel's novels, essays, speeches, and lectures have born witness to the horrors he experienced as a boy and have spoken tirelessly of the need to rescue the Holocaust from the silence of history. But Mr. Wiesel's eloquent testimony is not reserved for those who have suffered in the past; his concern for today's victims of oppression is as intense as his dedication to those with whom he suffered. He has worked to help Soviet dissidents, Cambodian refugees, the Miskito Indians in Nicaragua, and starving children in Africa.

Elie Wiesel's words of witness have made him one of America's most honored citizens. He has taught at the City College of New York, at Yale, and at Boston University, and has received over 40 honorary doctorate degrees from distinguished universities throughout the world. He has had dozens of international awards bestowed upon him, including the Congressional Gold Medal of Achievement. In October 1986, he was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in recognition of decades of humanitarian work. The Nobel Committee praised Mr. Wiesel as "one of the most important spiritual leaders and guides in an age when violence, repression, and racism continue to characterize the world. Wiesel is a messenger to mankind: his message is one of peace, atonement, and human dignity."

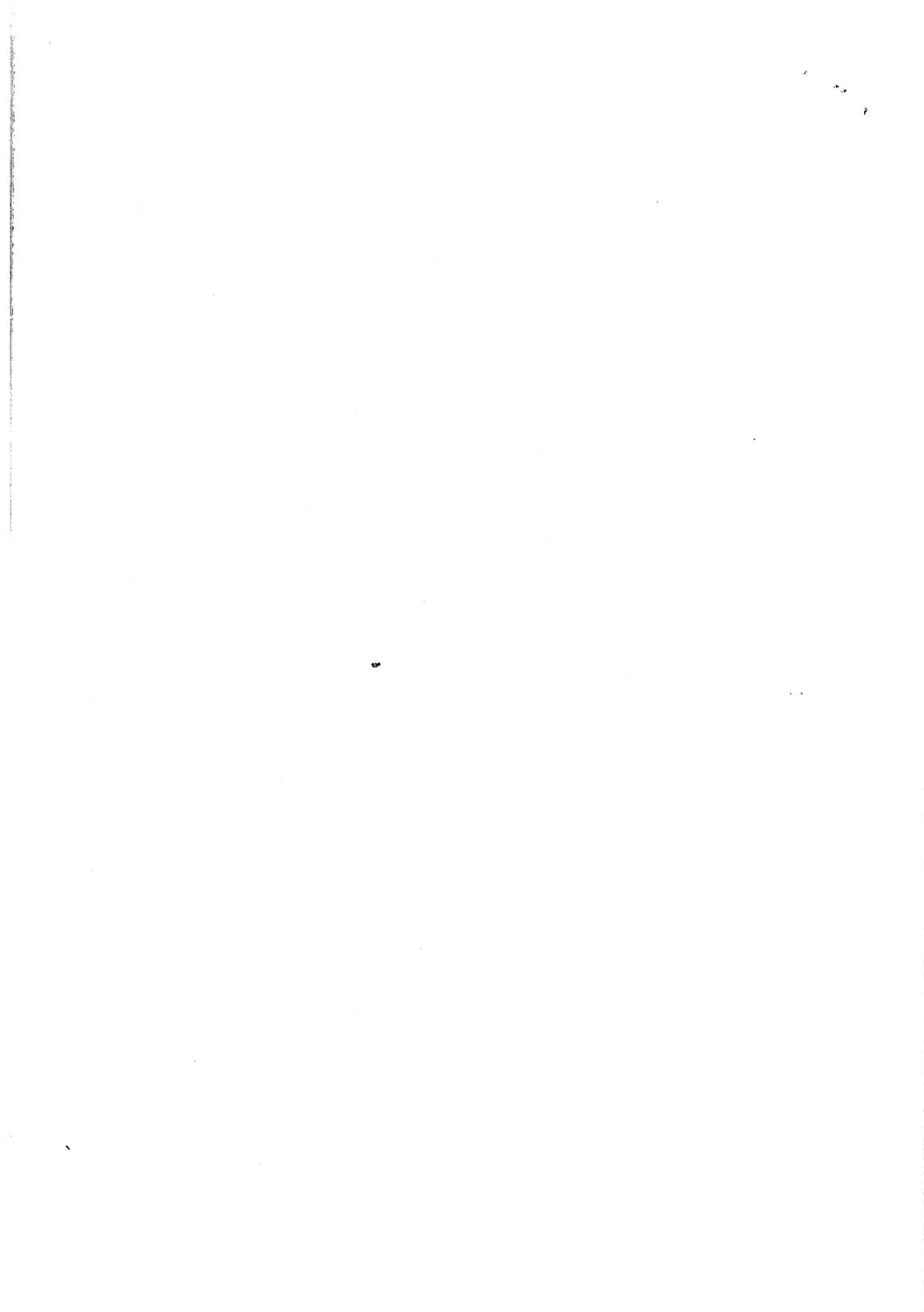
PAST FEINSTONE LECTURES

- 1971 - General Harold K. Johnson
- 1975 - Rear Admiral Jeremiah A. Denton, Jr.
- 1976 - Herman Wouk
- 1977 - Sidney Hook
- 1978 - Vernon E. Jordan, Jr.
- 1979 - Barbara W. Tuchman
- 1980 - Alistair Cook
- 1980 - Isaac Bashevis Singer
- 1981 - Carl Sagan
- 1982 - George F. Will
- 1983 - Hanna H. Gray
- 1984 - Milton Friedman
- 1985 - Daniel Patrick Moynihan
- 1986 - Tom Wolfe



Dr. Sol Feinstone, (1888-1980), Founder and First Director of the David Library of the American Revolution, Washington Crossing, Pennsylvania, presenting to Major General J.B. Lampert, Superintendent, USMA, a gift of an original George Washington Letter (24 February 1965).





SOL FEINSTONE'S CREDO

DEDICATED TO

The Judeo-Christian commitment of self-sacrifice for peace on earth, and the brotherhood of free nations of free men;

The Spirit of '76, a struggle of free men to remain free;

The immigrants who came after the revolution and helped build our country in freedom;

The underprivileged of all races who, by uplifting themselves, will raise all mankind to a higher humanity.

MY DEFINITION OF FREEDOM

In the beginning there was the void of sameness; the spark of life made everything different.

The stamp of sameness is the stamp of death.

Freedom to me means a social order based on individual freedom to live differently and to dream differently. I dream of a Brotherhood of Free Nations of Free Men.

Sol Feinstone

