

**ACTION REPORT**

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**In this issue:**

- Deborah Lipstadt asks permission to call off her High Court claim for all Mr Irving's possessions
- Traditional Enemy in New Zealand plots to stop him speaking there this September
- David Irving reports on his Internet expansion in the global fight for Real History
- Read these dramas and more, here in **A Radical's Diary**:-

*"Dual loyalties" perception hamstring the enemy for now*

# Outrage in New Zealand as "traditional enemy" calls for gag on David Irving



**Visibly dismayed**  
Zwartz, NZ Jewish leader



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## A brief report by David Irving to all his supporters:

*Writing continues on Churchill's War, vol. iii, and on my "Himmler".*

*Deborah Lipstadt was claiming all my possessions - but she is about to throw in the towel.*

*That's the reward for fighting back...*

*Thanks to you, my world wide circle of dear, dear friends.*

*David Irving*

### Indefatigable in their attempts to silence Real History

AUCKLAND, NZ. – According to press reports the traditional enemies of free speech plan to stop David Irving speaking in New Zealand in late September. In Australia, where their financial influence on Prime Minister John Howard and his party has never been denied, he has been banned since 1992. His NZ visit has been quietly planned for 12 months.

Visiting Wellington for the first time in 18 years to research in the archives for his Winston Churchill biography, Mr Irving will address the famed National Press Club on Real Problems of Writing on WW2.

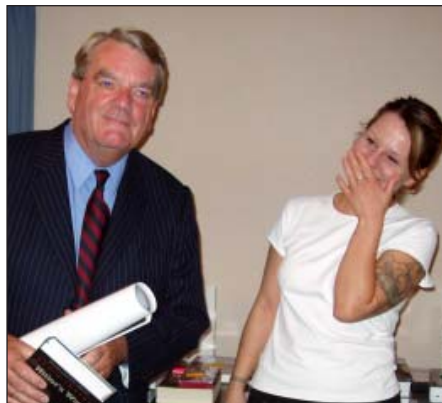
The invitation has outraged NZ's small Jewish community. It already feels under siege because two Israeli agents have been imprisoned for stealing NZ passports for terrorism purposes around the world.

That the two Mossad agents' accomplices were "Kiwis" who fled with their families to Israel has raised the "dual loyalties" bogey which plagued US Jews after the Julius Rosenberg and Jonathan Pollard spy cases.

New Zealand's tough prime minister Helen Clark ordered tough political sanctions against Israel, including cancellation of high-level visits.

The dismayed local community has fought back. In July one of their graveyards was desecrated; but even in New Zealand the public has become more mature, and a reader in the capital's *Dominion Post* stated in print that the Mossad were the most likely grave-smashers – a traditional ploy when they need sympathy.

At an emotional ceremony in the graveyard on July 25, the visibly dismayed head of the NZ Jewish Council David Zwartz pointed an accusing finger at Mr Irving (writing in Key West,



**Good humoured** David Irving's US summer tour ended with a well organised meeting in St Louis on July 1: a capacity audience heard him draw comparisons between the "liberation" of Iraq and WW2.

12,000 miles away) and appealed to the minister for Bio-terrorism, representing Clark at the ceremony, to keep the "two legged organism" David Irving out of the country.

That language was reminiscent of the Nazis, said Mr Irving. Others likened it to Churchill's description of Lenin being transported across Germany back to Russia like "a sealed plague bacillus" in WW1.



*A Radical's Diary*

BY DAVID IRVING

**K**EY WEST, JAN 2: phone call from the Robert H Jackson Center in Pennsylvania, excited at the prospect of my talking there in May.

I call London. Little Jessica answers, says a man phoned and told her I am a very bad person indeed. Nice folks. She takes it all calmly.

A John H. asks for details of a bank account to which he can transfer cash for the fight. I have to reply: "For security reasons I will not provide banking details to somebody I don't know."

My counsel reports from London that the claim by Deborah Lipstadt for all my possessions raises difficult issues of law –

**she has, however, involuntarily done you a considerable service.**

The exhibit is a target-rich area: Mike Whine [of the Board of Deputies of British Jews] is corresponding with Mishcon de Reya [Lipstadt's lawyers] about our affairs. Lipstadt is filled with shock and awe at how active you are in the USA; and the Trustee has gone against her own solicitors' advice in refusing to hand back your possessions.

I reply: "We have to prevent their getting the stuff they are asking for because of the confidentiality of the material. The Board of Deputies of British Jews is anxious to get insight into it."

Christopher Hastings publishes an article in *The Sunday Telegraph* about Churchill's income tax problems in 1942. I write him:

**Once again, Chris, when you need a Churchill biographer to quote, you turn to that a\*\*hole Andrew Roberts. Surely it is safe to quote me again now that your boss Conrad Black has been unmasked?**

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To contribute to David Irving and his fight against these sinister bodies use the envelope provided, or mail your support to

P O Box 1707, Key West, FL 33041 or go online focal.org/aid



## A Radical's Diary

Diary FROM PAGE 1

I have been working since 1970 on my Churchill biography, the third and final volume will come out next year. In the first volume (1986) I went into detail about his attempts to avoid income tax, which I researched in 1976 in the files of his literary agent (in the University of Oregon) and in 1977 in the Butler Library at Columbia University, New York.

When I first published these "somewhat unsavoury" facts in *The Evening Standard's* Londoner's Diary in the 1970s Winston Jr publicly called me a lunatic. Gradually the Real History of the period emerges however, no thanks to the conformist historians.

Incidentally, Adolf had similar tax problems: see the Introduction to the new edition of my "HITLER'S WAR".

I go to Mangia Mangia for supper, and leave in a huff as they have not taken my order within one nanosecond . . . peanut butter for supper.

Mrs Scheliga phones about an Eva Braun photo of Hitler she has, would I like to sell it?

**A**NORWEGIAN TELLS ME HE has found a website started by Deborah Lipstadt. She has posted on it hundreds of my private papers obtained from my voluntary Discovery. It is a serious contempt of Court.

I check the site – it is horrendous. "This website is a project of Emory University's Witness to the Holocaust Program and the Institute for Jewish Studies."

I write give them notice under the *Digital Millennium Copyright Act*, 1998, to remove all the private and copyright materials "failing which I shall apply all remedies available to me in law and seek punitive damages."

I reserve the right also to proceed against yourselves as website owners and Deborah Lipstadt for the publication of privileged materials obtained by Discovery (Disclosure), which is an egregious Contempt of Court under UK law.

The penalties for such contempts are rightly harsh, including imprisonment and damages.

■ IN A SNIDE EDITORIAL, THE *Wall Street Journal* has cited my "CHURCHILL'S WAR", vol. i: "Struggle for Power" on Winston's "unsavoury" tax problems. Proof that the WSJ, along with many other major newspapers, reads my website!

Abraham Foxman of the ADL has smeared me in a subsequent letter to the *Wall Street Journal*; that's good. He has made it his life's work to destroy me, and I'm still standing.

I write an e-mail to Bente in London: "Headache today, as [my assistant] decided to smoke a whole box of cigarettes yesterday, and won't listen to requests to take them outside. Six aspirins.

"Very chilly today. Mailed around 1,200 ACTION REPORTS so far. Heavy bike loads to the post

*List of Things You Are Not permitted to Say during Your Speech*: for instance, "You are not permitted to mention that a Mr Fred Leuchter took samples of the 'gas chambers' at Auschwitz, and that tests showed no significant concentration of cyanide residues."

I would then preface my talk by reading out *The List* verbatim. Later police versions ponderously avoided this:

"You are not to say that a certain gentleman took samples from a certain structure and that tests

my demand for its return. She wants it all.

The file holds surprises: "Lipstadt is a creditor of Mr Irving."

A creditor? But she herself had no costs; in fact I suspect that – rather like Lord Aldington – she was actually rewarded by various wealthy enterprises as an inducement not to settle the libel action I brought against her, given that I was asking for only token damages, and those to be paid to a charity.

The Trustees have offered my research collection (and all my private files) to museums, fortunately without any luck. They have to know where to fish before casting their line – I do, and they don't.

It is amusing that, notwithstanding that Prof. Richard "Skunky" Evans, Lipstadt's "neutral and objective" expert historian, tells his Cambridge students that my research is completely worthless ("I was struck by the level of animosity," wrote one student to me recently, "verging on hatred, [that] the professor displayed"), here we find Dr Tobias Jersak, one of his expert history assistants in the courtroom, stating, according to the document, the very contrary.

Mishcon de Reya wrote to the Trustee on Feb 4 [2003]: "He confirms to me that some of the material is potentially very valuable both from an historic and a collectors perspective. I am referring not to Mr Irving's personal papers such as his diaries (although some of his correspondence may have some intrinsic value)."

Lipstadt's lawyer has asked the Trustee to give assurances that it would not be "remitted" to me "under any circumstances."

In fact the five items that Jersak cites may have been "unknown" to this *Nichtswisser* [nitwit], but I have already donated copies years ago to foreign archives, including the Institut für Zeitgeschichte.

In other cases *Haig vs. Aitken* considerations apply: for example some notes that Jersak cites were given to me in confidence by Field Marshal Keitel's family, for my own private use, out of admiration for "the Englishman who wrote the book about Dresden." They won't want them put up for auction.

One ugly development is that the hatemonger Harry Mazal, no less, has stuck up his hand as an interested purchaser, and please can he read my private files to "assess their value"! God, how these folks network instantly among themselves.

Well, we know what Mr Mazal is up to. He has declared himself my sworn enemy, no less deadly in the United States than is the



**Abraham Foxman** of the Anti-Defamation League, New York. "He has attacked me in a letter to the *Wall Street Journal*; that's good. He has made it his life's work to destroy me, and I'm still standing."

office, two or three times a day."

**J**ANUARY 12: TODAY IS HERMANN Göring's birthday – it used to be obligatory to celebrate it in Germany. He would be 111 today. To celebrate, I post the German edition of my famous Göring biography on the website for people to download free. Publishers Bertelsmann and Rowohlt, who came under the usual pressures, no longer issue it.

On this date twelve years or so ago I addressed a large audience in a Munich beerhall; hearing whose birthday it was, the audience broke into a noisy rendition of "Happy Birthday, dear Hermann."

There's probably legislation against that sort of thing in place now. Even then, police officials would intercept me as I went into a hall and hand me a

*showed no significant residues of a certain substance."*

The audience still got the point. Finally, the List handed to me had a heading: "Confidential. Any attempt to read this document to the public will result in the immediate closing of the meeting and the arrest of the speaker." The game was up.

■ TODAY FOUR YEARS AGO THE three-month trial of *DJC Irving vs. Deborah Lipstadt* began in London. Yes, time marches on. It is sunny but chilly down here in the Keys. 3:15 pm. I cycle over to the Post Office. One cheque for \$10. But Bente has mailed to me from London the Witness Statement of Lipstadt's attorney Daniel Davis, in her latest application for all my stuff to be turned over to her.

It makes curious reading. She is worried that I may prevail with



DAVID IRVING SAYS: "See you in Cincinnati, this Labor Day weekend!"

Board of Deputies of British Jews in the United Kingdom.

All of these people urgently want to be left alone with my private papers, and given the ability to copy or make notes as they please. That is why I have gone to Court to prevent it.

**A**S MISHCON DE REYA HAVE acidly reminded the Trustee: in my November 2003 application I asked for *damages* against them for unreasonably retaining these research archives of mine. Conceding my case will necessarily involve them paying me damages too. *Was Gott verhüten möge*, as Germans used to say. All in all, the prospects for the new High Court battle seem to be shaping up nicely indeed.

■ A DONOR WRITES: "IT IS IRO- nic that the same people who have attempted to discredit you and your works as garbage, now are so fervently attempting to take possession of it for their own monetary gains. The whole business makes me sick."

One pm at the dentist, root plan- ing, then Dr Eaton takes over and fixes three fillings (I had mentioned only one); total bill is \$680, aaaargh. More tomor- row afternoon. I stagger out into the sunshine at three pm, it turns out to be four. Wrecks the afternoon.

Supper at Rusty Anchor. A chilly bike ride up to the next island. Bente phones from London. Jes- sica is wildly excited about her Tuesday interview at the new school. They also wish to see Bente. I reassure her that both will do well, in my view.

Long gossips with Jessica, who calls about registering her do- main name, and then with Bente about cash problems (it is the usual cliffhanger).

■ NICE LETTER FROM A PAM- ela Selkirk Panton in Australia: "You post an article on Himmler on your site which was written by my grandfather, Ronald Selkirk Panton. I am 15 and have never met my dad's dad. Though he was a presti- gious journalist in WW2 he has not had much recognition. Brit- ain regards him as Australian and Australia regards him as British. Apart from the papers in the National Library in Aus- tralia there is not much re- corded of his career. I was very happy to see his article in- cluded in your site. Thankyou!"

I reply: "How nice it is to find that one has famous grandparents! You will find I have also used your grandfather's writings in my book NUREMBERG, THE LAST BATTLE which you can download free from my website. Of course, I'm now banned from Australia, thanks to some stu- pid people down there. Not ev-

erybody likes real history."

■ MARIA T. WRITES FROM CANADA:

**That Lipstadt is like a rabid dog who, having tasted blood, can't let go of her prey! Dad used to say that "they" would never rest until they have their pound of flesh - and even then, they would not be satisfied!**

**In my view, it is nothing short of miraculous that you have been able to defend yourself against the co-ordinated bar- rage of lies; to oppose with courage the accusations of the countless amoral minions whose primary raison d'etre seems to be to attack you in the media, in courts, and secretly in chambers and corridors of power; to out-manoeuvre these foes through your unparal- leled intellect and truthful ar- guments in courts full of "bribed", duped or frightened lawyers; to withstand physical and psychological assaults at great personal cost to you and your family - all for the cause of Truth and Freedom!**

**Losing your home must have been very painful to you and to your family. I**

**You must have asked your- self, "Why am I fighting?" "For whom?" "Is it all worth it?"**

**The answer is : Because it is the only honourable thing to do!**

She concludes: "I anxiously await the day when you will once again visit Canada - perhaps on a Victory speaking tour!"

■ A CALL FROM BENTE. Jes- sica has had her school inter- view, three hours. The head- mistress has just phoned a few minutes ago to confirm that they are *very* impressed indeed with her. They have no diplo- mats or transient children there, only children of perma- nent residents are accepted.

There is one Asian. I say that does not matter (Jessica is very liberal.) To my generation it matters, but not to Jessica's. Bente warns that the school fees are high, plus half a term deposit, plus new uniform, etc. I say that we will manage somehow when the time comes.

I've been paying school fees for 40 years now without a break.

Warren E. of the Robert H Jack- son Center phones. His family are down here, and I invite them to dinner at the Rusty An- chor. He gets my last copy of NUREMBERG, THE LAST BATTLE.

An Englishman is also present, a Florida habitué, looking sun- tanned and fifty but born in 1936. We swap recollections of comic books - *Wizard*, *Beano*, and *Dandy*. He can not recall the long-running serials about the Argentine millionaire's foot- ball team, or about the man with a wooden leg who turned up after each suspicious drown- ing story. He does remember Biggles (and "Ginger"), and Rock Rogan, the Spitfire pilot; none of the others.

I must ask him if he recalls "Wil-

son," the super-runner. Enjoy- able evening, the bill comes to around \$100. I cycle back alone along the Gulf shore to the cot- tage, freezing cold by now as the sky is completely clear.

Warren says he has forwarded the speaking proposal to the Robert H Jackson Center; 'mal sehen, he is now apprised by his En- glish friends on my "notoriety". Gradually sliding towards En- glish time again.

**I** SEND A NEW LETTER TO THE administrator of the website at Emory University with a copy of the first:

**I have received no acknowl- edgment of this email, and I have satisfied myself that at 5 pm this evening the website as described was still publicly posted on the Internet. Your legal advisers will be familiar with the terms of the *Digital Millennium Copyright Act of 1998*, and the posting of these items on your website without the permission of the copy- right owner is a clear violation of that Act.**

**For the purposes of com- pleteness I draw your atten- tion to the fact that the offend- ing website and its URL are registered in the name of Emory University. Records show that it was created on Aug 29, 2000, and was last up- dated on Oct 19, 2003: i.e., the offending materials have been illegally published for a mini- mum of 124+365+365+23 days.**

■ Midday to the local High School for Miami University's travelling medical fair; a rou- tine prostate examination - a nice girl student of about 22 sticks her finger up my bum, sheathed (I hope) in a rubber glove, doctor pronounces noth- ing wrong.

A crazy anti-Semite from Key Largo phones, wanting to read out press clippings to me. I cur- tail the conversation politely.

At 3:20 p.m I finally resume work on CHURCHILL vol. iii, hurrah.

Yesterday's *Frankfurter Allge- meine Zeitung* reports "proof" that Hitler gave The Order. It turns out to be the old Himmler note of Dec 10, 1942 which I first printed in 1977. I spend much of the day commenting in a reader's letter (which of course they won't publish).

More work on CHURCHILL. I boil four eggs, and eat them on half a pound of spinach for supper.

Awful night. Three hours' dream- load, and I wake to find the clock's hand has moved only five minutes.

Exhausting, endless night. I be- gin packing in detail for the re- turn home.

Being in a belligerent mood, this goes to a US attorney:

**Please give me one or two lawyers in Atlanta who can act against Emory University if I choose; Lipstadt has posted thousands of pages of my Dis- covery on her university web-**

**site - pages of my most inti- mate diaries, "compromising" letters, etc. They are (a) privi- leged (b) copyright.**

**I have given them written notice to take it all down, they haven't.**

■ RAIN DURING THE AFTER- noon, but I get in a good day's work on CHURCHILL again. Barrister emails this cheering word from London today:

**Just to cheer you up: yester- day, I represented a client who is a historian and academic lawyer working on the definit- ive edition of the *Trials of the Japanese War Criminals* in 104 volumes (not, perhaps, a fu- ture best seller!)**

**He spoke in the most lauda- tory terms of your work, and says that, having followed your case day by day online, you should have won on the merits. So you still have fans in the academic world.**

Before leaving Key West I mail to London a Zip cartridge of the latest diaries, CHURCHILL work and addresses; just in case tomorrow's plane home doesn't make it. - Afterwards it occurs to me that the hard drive has all my *other* diaries on it, and that is in my luggage.

This to Bente: "Fort Lauderdale this evening, Days Inn, a Dis- abled Persons' room on the ground floor; nice. It smells of disinfectant. See you shortly."

Rotten night: the room faces onto a major highway, is next to a noisy rattling lift; and drunken happy-go-lucky Blacks talk out- side until late.

**T**HE BRITISH AIRWAYS plane departs at 8:35 pm. Another horrible night, wedged into a line of foul smell- ing, talkative Italian peasants.

Share a taxi from Heathrow to Mayfair with two Australians.

I have the two big trunks, and a box as well; so taxi driver is grumpy, and the Aussies find themselves wedged into the back seat next to this evil smelling Englishman, who turns out to be the notorious writer that all Australia has heard so much about. One of them even volunteers my name - "You're Irving, The Holocaust Denier, royt?"

Jessica, now ten, is taller than ever, really shooting up. Bente is pleased with the cheap silver, turquoise, and opal stuff I have brought back from New Mexico. Barrister sends this nugget from Gray J., found in the tran- script of May 5, 2000, dismiss- ing our defence of "mainte- nance" as against the first de- fendant, Penguin Books:

**". . . it may well be that the sort of application that we have heard being made this morning by Mr Davies would have greater force when it comes to her [Lipstadt], and I think I have got to make every assumption in favour of Mr Irving on that. Am I making my- self reasonably clear?"**



Diary FROM PAGE 3

So she is *not* a creditor. At 2:38 pm doorbell rings, somebody asks for a hall porter, can he speak with David Irving? It is T., a well known journalist, who hands over a thick envelope. I wait for Bente to come home. It contains ten fifty-pound notes. Fortunate, most fortunate.

Drowsy most of the day. Jet lag. One-hundred-euro cheque in mail from Europe, Dr W., so that source now opens up: but how many will be stolen by our local Post Office thief?

My barrister and M. come for dinner, he is keen about Monday, thinks Mishcon de Reya may pull out when they see what they are up against. Unusual for them to make a mistake, though?

Having reviewed the photos from Cincinnati 2003, Sam R. writes:

**I am now doubly disappointed at not being able to attend. The woman in the red dress is positively stunning.**

I forward it to Ohio, writing to her: "You have many admirers."

■ ON THE WAY TO SCHOOL JESSICA chats with me in French. I teach her to begin sentences about *Je* with "*Moi, je...*"

Tempting email comes from a teenager (allegedly) with the *subject* line: "I'm a teenager from Oregon with something to ask."

**My name is Kathleen and I am a 17 year old student in Ashland, Oregon. I have taken college classes, and college prep History classes, and I have just recently become enthralled in the works and mind-sight of Mr. Adolf Hitler. You wrote a rather important article about the release of his book, *Mein Kampf*, in 2000 and I have some questions to ask you. I have a few questions about his book, and if you are associated with anyone who can help me further understand his mind-set and what really made him the monster everyone thinks he is.**

I would ask my history instructor, but he has already told me that his book will tell me everything I need to know. They don't sell it anywhere near me. I have looked.

And because I am under 18, I can not legally order things off the internet without my mother's credit card, and she won't allow that. Perhaps you can help me. Thank you very much, and I do hope to hear from you soon, Sir.

Cynical as I am, I smell a trap. I reply neutrally: "Yes, I know Ashland; sometimes I stay at Myrtle Creek, which appears to be visited by tourists only because of its Dairy Queen.

I direct her to the items about *Mein Kampf* on my website.

**Have a look also at items dealing with *Hitler's Second Book (Hitlers Zweites Buch)*, which has just been published in English, and I am sure you will find material you would like to use in the Introduction to that book. Gerhard Weinberg is a very responsible and reliable writer and historian.**

■ JESSICA IS FULL OF HER French studies. She says to me this afternoon, on the bus home, "I am really *motivated* to learn French!" – and proves it.

Our London mail is going steadily missing. Another cheque, a bank draft for £80 from Australia, is lost. I write furious letters to the Head Postmaster.

**I** WORK UNTIL 2:35 AM ON CHURCHILL. My drafting technique at this stage is to concentrate on major episodes like Québec II, or his trip to Italy in the summer of 1944, leaving the minor episodes to one side. That provides a chronological structure, a backbone, for the volume, and tempo and forward movement.

Then I shall go back from time to time to decorate that structure with detail and language, and weave in the side-stories. It worked with HITLER'S WAR – the first major episode I wrote was the Hess flight to Scotland – on the basis that what interested me most would be likely to interest the reader too.

I have invited John Ball to speak at Cincinnati, but he will be on a mining trip that weekend.

Today is the first court day to hear Lipstadt's application. I hope it doesn't turn into another cash drain. We are bumping along on empty at present.

■ IN JANUARY I MAILED out many ACTION REPORTS to my rest-of-the-world list; most have my new Hertford Street address. So far, only three responses have arrived. The Thief at work.

The story of the defeat of Sara Salzman's gang in Denver (AR#25) has caused much satisfaction. "You cannot imagine how I enjoyed the demise of little Sara," writes Kurt H., with a \$100 cheque. Irmgard S writes too, and adds a touching postscript: "PS, my husband doesn't comprehend things anymore, but he is a happy man."

Happiness in old age. How nice. Death is overtaking many of my supporters, and there is a sprinkling of obituaries in the envelopes I open.

Memo: *must finish vol. iii soon!*

**A** BRISK WALK THROUGH the High Court to the chambers of Mr. Registrar Schaefer. The upshot is that my application for the return of my library and archives to me is allowed to proceed, *simultaneously* with Lipstadt's which is designed to prevent it.

We argue that she is not a creditor, and that there should be a preliminary hearing on her lack of standing in this action.

The Registrar decides to turn the whole matter over to a Judge in open court, in a hearing which may well last three to five days – as my application has now been broadened to bring in the issue of abuse of process (the traditional enemy's real motive is to gain insight into my confidential records currently seized by the Trustee). It is certainly smoking them into the open.

Back at Hertford Street I read Lipstadt's bundle of documents.

They are in a quandary. I have demanded the return of all the "tools of my trade", which includes all my research papers and equipment. The Trustee's lawyers take a dismissive view, saying that a very strict view of the law "could confine Mr. Irving to only needing a pen and paper in order to be an author."

They recognize however that as a historian, different criteria apply. The solicitors have advised the Trustee, "Given the high profile" of this case "and Mr. Irving's contentious characteristics" – in other words I don't just roll over and lie down – that they should go to court again before disposing of any of my possessions.

Step forward Harry Mazal, who boasts that his corporation has been "honored" to support Lipstadt and provided research papers to her defense team. On Nov 14, Mr. Mazal confirms that seizing my collection would "greatly enhance" his archive on Holocaust denial.

**Acquiring the Irving collection would give us useful insight into the workings of deniers, anti-Semites, and neo-Nazis.**

Well, that is precisely the kind of motivation that the court found repugnant in *Haig vs. Aitken*.

As the date of this Court hearing approached, the Trustee's lawyers realized the risk that I might see some of these letters.

When Mishcon wrote at the end of



November that the Trustee's lawyers had "confirmed" that they were "equally eager to find a mechanism to prevent the release of David Irving's books and records to Mr. Irving," that dangerous wording was disputed by the solicitors ("for the sake of clarity").

Lipstadt's lawyers express their fury in one letter that I am still "incredibly active, talking, selling books, promoting conferences, making films, etc.," and she is described as "becoming increasingly impatient."

It turns out from another document that the Trustee admitted to her lawyers that their own legal advisers had counseled them that they should return to me my research library and my historical archives at once: the Trustee was "resisting" that advice. Let's see the Trustee climb out of that spiderhole in Court. Saddam Hussein will have found it easier.

**A**FTER THIS INITIAL COURT hearing, I walk over to an Argentinian steakhouse for lunch with my barrister.

He is in victory mood. We chuckle loudly as he recalls how he made Michael Whine, director of the Board of Deputies, squirm in court two years ago when he was defending a certain printer; he cross-examined Whine on the more pornographic contents of the Talmud. The printer was acquitted.

He suggests that we and the

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**War crime, 1945:** *Even the famous photo of the mass cremation of the bodies on the Altmarkt is my property.*

Trustees ask the Court to order Lipstadt to provide security for costs, given that she is resident “beyond the seas” and has shown herself to be a persistent contemnor of court Orders.

And not only that: given that her university is refusing to dismantle her website, which is a flagrant contempt of Court orders, I shall ask the Courts to issue a bench warrant for her arrest when she next comes here. The tipstaff can pick her up at Heathrow.

■ A FREDERICK TAYLOR SENDS me a copy of his book *Dresden, Tuesday 13 February 1945* which Bloomsbury Publishing are to publish shortly; he writes in a sneering letter, “We disagree about many aspects of Dresden’s story, as you will see, and I’m sure our politics don’t have much in common either.” I riffle through his book’s pages, and admonish him:

**You have in fact lifted a very great deal of material from my book *The Destruction of Dresden*, which was first published forty-two years ago.**

**The route maps, the damage map, the transcripts of the radio traffic, etc. Even the famous photo of the mass cremation of the bodies on the Altmarkt is my property, the photographer Walter Hahn assigning exclusive rights in all countries outside the Iron Curtain countries in 1963.**

**It would therefore have been courteous to include my name and pioneering work on this subject in the *Acknowledgments*; no doubt you had reasons not to.**

**It is not the way that I do things, I am glad to say.**

■ LETTER FROM DIETRAM Z., remarking that I did not ac-

knowledge \$100 he sent in December. I send this furious email to the Post Office:

**Yet another letter has come this morning, this time from a friend in Canada, saying that he sent \$100 to this address in December and noting that I have not acknowledged it. It has of course been stolen in your sorting office like the rest.**

**A**T ELEVEN AM TO SEE SURGEON Mr Ramsay in Harley Street. Very elegant and well-spoken. He remarks, “You’re going to live at least another twenty years.” He tells me that Lord Moran, Churchill’s physician, was known to the St Bart’s “mafia” as Corkscrew Charlie – he was a heavy drinker.

I repeat the “twenty-year” estimate to Bente, and she looks a bit stunned. I say: “Better lay in some Strychnine then.” “Or Arsenic,” she says.

David “Ratface” Cesarani publishes a rude attack on me in today’s *The Independent*, anniversary of the Dresden raids.

■ IN A PHONE CALL, MY BARRISTER reveals two developments: (a) the Trustee’s solicitors have told Lipstadt’s that unless agreement is shortly reached they will have no alternative but to advise the Trustees to return to me all the items as claimed; and (b) it has been discovered that Mishcon’s “expert” Dr Tobias Jersak, who has been allowed in to the warehouse holding my seized historical archives, has been caught red-handed trying to remove some of the more valuable items; in other words, Professor Evans’s hired expert is a common thief.

My barrister sees no legal reason why I should not publish this story under the heading, “Thieves Fall Out.”

**I** TAKE THREE ASPIRINS FOR A headache, and bad dreams result. Inevitably the secret thieving of my seized archives files is oppressing me.

One dream illustrates itself with a black-and-white clip of rats scurrying out of a sewer and gnawing at bags of wheat. I think the rat analogy is good.

On waking, I realise the “rats” clip was from *Der ewige Jude*, one of Dr Goebbels’s more pervasively evil movie products released in Sept 1940 (which I’ve never seen); the clip has often been shown in documentaries about Nazi propaganda on TV.

At six I get up to check the mails. A thousand-dollar donation has come from a total stranger to help the next stage of the fight against Lipstadt’s gang. That leaves us with only about eight thousand more to find. We may get her a small but private suite in Holloway prison yet.

I also find that Larry M. has emailed a story from a Cumberland newspaper, dated Feb 13, about how rats have destroyed the farm of a David Irving (no relation) in Cumberland. He comments: “Not you . . . but I thought you might appreciate this news story of David Irving’s losses due to rats.”

“Rats”? *El mundo es un pañuelo*. I reply: “How extraordinary. I just woke (6 am) and decided to add a comment about Lipstadt’s rats gnawing at my archives tomorrow! And then I find your email.”

The weary machine crashes before I can send it.

[The story reads: “26 COWS ELECTROCUTED AS RAT CHEWS UP CABLE

“... Mr Irving [the farmer] says he initially thought heavy rainfall had caused the accident, but on closer inspection, he found a rat had gnawed through the cable supplying electricity to scrapers used to clean the shed.

“Mr Irving says: ‘The whole lot became live and the place was full of steam. There were nearly 60 cows down on the ground, and 26 didn’t get up, basically.’”]

■ I NOTICE THAT TODAY’S KEY West Global Priority package has not arrived. At 9:43 am the Post Office phones: Their morning delivery man has noticed that the package has been tampered with, and has turned it over to him for further action.

Ray W. of Post Office security comes at midday. The package has the entire flap torn open. I say that the thief has been employed at least two years by them, so they can eliminate any newcomers; I suggest delicately that he may wish to consider particularly extreme leftwingers and Jews; he says they already adopted that position, as it is unusual for thieving to be targeted on one person.

**E**MAIL FROM COPENHAGEN, where I am to speak in a few days’ time. Trouble is brewing there: “I have spoken to the Danish police and we’ll have a police escort during your visit.” I reply: “I hope they don’t escort me to the German frontier. . .”

I will stay at the Angleterre, biggest hotel in Copenhagen. He sounds nervous, I am not. “Hello there,” writes a Mr Lewis,



## Diary FROM PAGE 5

"I posted off a cheque for HITLER'S WAR a month ago but still have not received anything. I'm hoping it hasn't been lost in the post?"

I send him the book free, with this reply: "Dear Mr Lewis, I'm mailing the book to you today, even though we have not received your cheque. There is a thief at work in the post office, and they have not yet been able to catch him."

I write to Louise Brittain, one of the two Trustees, who are now very much on the defensive. "In your letter of Feb 6 received today, you state that you do not recall providing us with a written undertaking not to sell off my possessions without giving us two weeks' notice.

"I attach a copy of a letter from your solicitors DLA dated Feb 3, 2003 giving this undertaking that *'the Trustee would not dispose of any items she has removed from the Property without giving Mr Irving 14 days' notice. No such items have been disposed of.'*

"Kindly confirm," I add, "that this is still the position: that you will give notice, and that no such items have been disposed of (other than those seemingly stolen by your expert valuer)."

■ TWO PM FLIGHT TO COPENHAGEN. Inside the terminal a noticeable police presence – ten armed officers in each baggage hall; their chief says he knows who I am, and radios a message to those outside. Protestors have been cleared out of the airport buildings.

The 6:30 pm Danish Television bulletin announces: "Police expect disturbances because of Holocaust denier" – sic. At 9 pm Danish Television bulletin shows the airport interview:

[*Den berygtede engelske historiker, David Irving, ankom i dag til København*] "The notorious English historian David Irving, today came to Copenhagen". Note how the *Holocaust denier* becomes the *historian* when they show the Interview.

I sleep fitfully; difficult climate, strange room, etc.

A. says he tried two other locations; both asked if the planned meeting has anything to do with "Mr Irving", and refused when he admitted that it did. They do not want violence on their premises and I really can't blame them.

But two television programmes have asked for interviews. He

has told them he will ask me. He doesn't get it. I educate him, "Alex, it doesn't matter if I can't speak to fifteen people in a room, if the outcry results in my speaking to fifty million people on television!" The programs cover all Scandinavia. He seems simple minded sometimes. He is very nervous, has to be led through every step.

I go downstairs at one pm. Two police officers in the hotel lobby, to provide round-the-clock security. That embarrasses me; I don't feel I need that kind of security. They know differently.

The first TV team is laid-back. They were also at the airport. The second asks more abrasive questions – about the Holocaust. I say I haven't written about it – I find it boring – but I'll answer questions; the shootings on the eastern front happened, but even Judge Gray found it baffling that while these are documented, there is no documentary evidence of gas chambers, or of Auschwitz as being a "factory of death."

Responding to a question, I say I have hundreds of friends here in Denmark, including many academics who would like to hear me address university audiences, but all fear for their careers if I am invited. That is what universities are for, I say, to hear both sides.

I am not interested in money: I will be very rich long after my death; I will have the satisfaction of knowing that it is my books that are being read in the 22nd century, not those of my opponents. The books by the conformist historians all draw heavily on my biography, HITLER'S WAR, I add; but I have not drawn on any of theirs.

\* \* \*

At two pm an unexpected visit. Pierre H., 87 years old, not known to me, brings two big packages: the diaries – *Terminalkalender* – of SS *Obergruppenführer* Werner Best.

They are now in secret Swedish archives. He was in the Danish resistance, is highly interested in my work. I am effusive with my thanks; the diary will be of great help in the Himmler biography I am writing.

■ ALEX IS IN A STATE OF NERVES. The hotel has informed him that his Visa card is cancelled. Phone calls establish that every other card he carries has also been cancelled following calls "from him" reporting them lost during the last 24 hours.

He is a state of rage, I am more laid back; it is his cards that are affected, not mine. I tell him that ten years ago the Deutsche Bank tried to cancel my account, which I first opened in Essen in 1959 as a

steelworker, but backed off when I had German lawyers threaten them with a lawsuit. There is something wrong with the other side's History, if they resort to methods like these to protect it from exposure.

UP AT 9:30 AM, THE SUN beaming in across a sea of Danish rooftops. 1:05 pm I go downstairs. Waitress reveals that the police informed the hotel of our intention of having the meeting there and has instructed them not to allow it, because of "trouble."

Alas, this is thanks to A., who trusted the police with the information yesterday evening. He is a novice. I lay it on him gently that the police have obviously leaked it to the enemy. Nobody else knew. He is abject with apologies. I ask what happened to the newspaper interviews: more apologies.

We hail a cab, to drive over to the Hotel Angleterre. A. asks why, and I say there may be stray enemy who will see us there which will disperse their forces.

A. unfortunately has no alternative location readied. A novice, as said. Once I ask him, as I am cramped in the back seat: "Can you see if we're being followed?"

He says we're not, but we are: a car with four heavily built men in their forties or fifties in it, wearing working clothing, open shirts, pullovers etc., has tailed us over to the Angleterre. As we pull up there, near construction barriers, their car screeches to a halt, and three of them jump out; one aims a film camera, as the other two start running over.

I shout to A., "Back into the cab. Quick!" We pull away just as the men reach it; the driver, suitably bribed, shakes them off by cornering several blocks at speed.

A. is rattled, but I am not: "That will convince them that we're planning something at the Angleterre after all," I chuckle. Over at the Radisson, Eric tells him a large police force is now surrounding the hotel.

ICHECK INTO THE AIRPORT Hilton around 3:30 pm. Two or three hours later A. comes and says that Danish radio has contacted him to ask about a report that "Mr Irving has been assaulted by leftists outside the Angleterre." So it is pretty plain that the men's job was to rough me up while the third filmed the fight and the fourth manned the getaway car. Just like the Richoux episode, July 12, 1992, with Bente.

Back in London. At 3:21 pm I send this email to Post Office: "I am now back in Hertford Street, having been in Copenhagen over the weekend. We are now missing *three* packages

from Key West, Florida."

Tidying up, this letter goes to Dr Christian Lindtner, "hero" of today's *Ekstrabladet* article:

**As you know, I spent four days in Copenhagen, for two meetings which we had many weeks preparing. Without consulting myself as speaker or A. as organiser you invited three or four extra friends.**

**We naturally assumed that you personally vouched for the integrity of each one, and that you knew them all by name. One of them struck me as odd and that's why I refused his request for a photograph.**

**It now turns out that he was hostile journalist using a false name. The result was that the enemy was informed of all (or most) of our plans, causing great loss and anxiety to myself and cost to the police.**

**We take very great care with our security measures, because personal safety is involved. Your extraordinary carelessness in inviting these friends is unforgivable, and you will not receive any further invitations.**

■ EVELYN P. ASKS WHY WE DID not respond to her latest missives. I send her letter to the Post Office: "A lady in Edinburgh wonders why we have not acknowledged her letters. They have all been stolen from our mail: she is out of pocket and so are we."

Larry M. informs me that our latest ACTION REPORT was on offer for \$7.50 on eBay. I check up: it is our old friend Harry Mazal who has bought it.

No mail at all comes this morning. I tell the Post Office.

Persons have contacted me about publishing my books in France. Alas, I think they're extreme right-wingers, not a route I intend to take.

AT TWELVE NOON EXACTLY we walk into the Court.

Registrar Jaques again hears the case [*Deborah Lipstadt vs. David Irving and the Trustees*]. The hearing, set down for fifteen minutes, lasts two hours. It revolves around the question of my historic "archive". Is it valuable or not? An expert shall decide.

It is immaterial anyway, as it is certain that the archive will be returned to my possession eventually, as a result of my application of Oct 15. But today I do not speak: I am a silent spectator in the back row of the Registrar's Court room.

Andreas Gledhill, counsel for Lipstadt, speaks well, but on balance my own is better – less clipped in his manner, though slightly indistinct in his elocution. The barristers are both experts in the Chancery division, but have different styles. The final decision after much argument back and forth is this: that the "expert" will be an academic historian appointed by Lipstadt; but that Lipstadt

shall pay his costs. That will run into thousands of pounds. My barrister makes effective use of the fact that Lipstadt has published on her university's website several thousand pages of the documents which I provided by way of Discovery – including my private letters and diary pages of the most private nature, which were never in the public domain.

Registrar Jaques directs that the new expert shall be allowed into the warehouse in Brighton to assess my archive's value, but that we are to be allowed to supervise. Quite right too – no more thieving of my files.

We leave the Law Courts at two pm, well pleased. The other side – both Lipstadt and the Trustees – will now appreciate that I am a fighter, and don't take things lying down.

One ironic *novedad*: Lipstadt will be unable to visit England so long as she continues to violate what used to be called the "implied undertaking" – given on using documents disclosed under Discovery rules – unless she wants an unfriendly visit from the High Court tipstaff, who will escort her straight to Holloway (or Pentonville, as the case may be).

■ SATURDAY. I SEND THE DAILY thief report to the Post Office. Persecuted New Zealand historian Joel Hayward – whom Dov Bing and others hounded out of his position as Senior Lecturer in Defence and Strategic Studies in New Zealand – reports in.

"Dear Joel," I reply:

**The whole world has been following the saga with baited breath, and I have to congratulate you on how you have kept your head in the midst of such an onslaught.**

**Well done too, finding such fine champions. Three cheers for the Internet; allowed a free rein, it will eventually defeat and confound our enemies.**

Dr Hayward now responds in more detail.

**Please accept my apologies for criticising you in 2000. I was then going through hell and, perhaps like a lot of others who followed your trial, felt bothered by your ditty.**

**I remain convinced that the number of citation and transcription errors in your works are very few and far between. I am saying precisely that, by the way, in my forthcoming autobiography.**

I amplify that for his benefit:

**The enemy (Professor Evans, whom you know) claimed to have found "nineteen" errors, after spending twenty man-years scrutinising all my books (thirty books). The judge reduced the figure to twelve. Not bad going: half an error per book.**

**But it makes me a "falsifier and manipulator."**

■ I DECIDE TO START WRITING a chapter about Josephine for

### School run

*"Bente is up this afternoon, thank goodness, looking beautiful and well. She wants me to drive her to the school too to pick up Jessica. I say Jessica will be over the moon, and she is."*



my memoirs to preserve her memory and honour her courage. I complete eight pages by 2:29 am, when I go to bed.

Up at eight am and take Jessica to school by cab; she looks pale and unwell today. Cab drivers, the Soul of England-As-Was.

Bente joins us upstairs for part of the evening, looking better. She is beautiful when she is well.

She even watches a movie with us. Today is a relaxed day again; I do virtually none of the jobs on my to-do list. We're down to our last ten pounds and searching pockets for coins again. *Quoi de neuf*.

Midday: a message comes from Tibor G., publisher of FELKELES, the new Hungarian language edition of my 1981 history of the anti-communist, anti-communist Budapest Uprising of 1956.

The first edition has sold out but they've run into problems:

**The printer who printed the first edition has been put under pressure. Nevertheless we have finally found another printer and they are promising to deliver in a few weeks' time, approximately end of March.**

The old enemy methods. If they can pressure my publishers, they do: they forced Macmillan Ltd to destroy their entire stock of my books in July 1992.

If they can't, they intimidate the printers. After our Swedish publisher lost every printer for my GOEBBELS biography, they signed up with the biggest print firm in Denmark; that firm then cancelled, explaining they had come under pressure.

In England too we lost the printers of both HITLER'S WAR and GOEBBELS after both firms – the most prestigious book manufacturers in the UK – came under pressure.

Then Biddle & Co., in Guildford, tendered a satisfactory estimate for reprinting my NUREM-

BERG, THE LAST BATTLE; we arrived there by appointment, with the production film and brasses, but after half an hour the production manager was called out, and returned to say that his bosses had ruled that they were not to print any books for our firm, Focal Point Publications.

■ "WHAT US, A GLOBAL CONSPIRACY?" It reminds me of my attempt to bring a libel action against the Prime Minister of Australia, John Howard, for saying on Melbourne radio that I had a string of "criminal convictions" around the world.

I had to abandon the attempt after every firm of solicitors who accepted the instructions withdrew – one of them apologizing, e.g., that his Jewish secretary had threatened to resign.

Which reminds me of the prestigious London law firm of Goldsmiths who accepted my instructions to act in the appeal in the Lipstadt Trial – and then pulled out, because their senior partner, Mr G., had . . . etc.

**B**ENTE IS UP ALL EVENING, looking much better; even comes with me to fetch Jessica, a real treat for the little mite – who is no longer little: she's shooting up like asparagus, and I have a standing joke that I must buy some coarse sandpaper to wear down the top of her head and the soles of her feet a bit.

Up at 8, a chilly morning, biting wind; I take Jessica to school. She thrusts her warm little paw into mine as soon as we step out of the front door. She's looking very pale, however, does not get enough sunshine.

News bulletins bring graphic pictures of a shocking incident in Madrid: nearly two hundred commuters killed by ten bombs

placed in or under commuter trains including two at Atócha. It's a pity no journalist thinks of putting it to Mr Sanctimonious Blair or Mr Lugubrious Straw that bombing railroad trains is something which the British and American strategic forces have been practising with some expertise in recent wars.

I remember the vivid images from the camera in the nosecone of a cruise missile as it streaked towards a train on a bridge in Kosovo – the final image being of terrified faces looking out of the train's windows. The brave pilot came round as the stricken train lay crippled on the bridge, and punched a second missile through its rear, along its length, ensuring the death of, one suspects, rather more than a hundred passengers.

Was not NATO's Secretary-General at the time of these outrages against the people of former Yugoslavia a mousy Spaniard, Javier Solana, who tried to mask his insignificance behind a dagoo's goatee? Did he not rejoice in front of the television cameras over each successful bombing raid?

And wasn't the former Labor politician, who followed him, Lord Robertson, that rotund little Scottish redhead, equally repulsive in his sniveling justifications of these mass murders?

Last year I posted on my website a shocking thirty-minute video of a US gun-ship attack on a mosque in Afghanistan; the soundtrack has the laconic drawl of the American gunners as they kill each shadowy figure trying to flee through the surrounding countryside.

It is the hypocrisy of these politicians that grates. They rely on the short memories of their voters: and it is our duty, out here in the real world, to remind, even if we cannot hope to see them called to account.

■ I SPEND THE AFTERNOON AND evening down in Wiltshire, scanning a box of old photos which my brother John has inherited from Uncle Harry.

There is a score of photos from an old album of his father's, who was headmaster of a school in Oxford for forty years; his wife was Clara Cawdell, whose mother was a daughter of Sir Charles Napier.

The box also contains yellowing press clippings of the 1920s, covering my father's adventures in the *Discovery*. The *Oxford Mail* prints photos of the ship and her crew as she departs for the Antarctic.

I get back to London at 10:45 pm, and to my pleasure find Bente is up and about.

My website ranking has slipped in recent months to No. 28,854. We're still ahead of the ADL site however and have around



Diary FROM PAGE 7

70,000 readers each day.

**O**FF TO AMERICA TOMORROW. Bente sits up with us both in the drawing room, looking beautiful.

I get up at five am by mistake. Emory University's lawyers have sent a tough response.

**The posting of the material on the Emory University web-site does not violate any copyrights which you may own, whether under the laws of the United States or the United Kingdom. Placement on the Emory web-site is fully authorized by the "fair use" doctrine of American law, 17 USC. 107.**

**See also the judgment in case number 199/0459/3 (Hyde Park Residence Ltd (Appellant) and David Yelland, et al. (Respondents)), in which the court explains *inter alia* that it will not enforce copyrights in works that are immoral or scandalous, injurious to public life, public health and safety or the administration of justice or which incite or encourage others to act in a way contrary to public life, health, safety or the administration of justice. must know.**

**In sum, Emory is fully authorized under the laws of the United States and the United Kingdom to continue to post these materials on its web-site.**

**Emory will vigorously defend its rights and take all appropriate measures to assure, among other things, that it recovers all expenses incurred in defending any frivolous proceedings or litigation.**

**Please govern yourself accordingly.**

I spend the afternoon and evening putting more pages and photos into the genealogical file of the website.

What an illustrious, adventurous family.

**I**HAVE BEEN PUZZLED BY THE unexplained reference to American "civilian contractors" which has cropped up ever since four of them were killed in a SUV in Fallujah last week.

The pictures were probably as gruesome as the sights to be seen in Iraq after we, the "coalition of the willing," dropped our napalm on villages or sent cruise missiles into family villas where Ahmad Chalabi's henchmen had wrongly whispered we'd find Saddam Hussein and his friends.

What precisely is a "civilian contractor," however? We are familiar, from *The Godfather* and *Sopranos*, with the notion of putting a *contract* out on some-

body; and these people seem to have been killers in the recent past, as their *curriculum vitae* includes employment by the Special Forces, or Seals, or whatever names Commandos nowadays operate under.

My problem: In military and international law are they combatants, protected by the 1949 Convention, or are they not?

Since the four hapless victims were said to have been escorting a food convoy (in itself a curious occupation for able-bodied men being paid rather more than the average US "grunt"), it's a fair guess that they had more than pea-shooters and slingshots in their pockets.

Why are the press not commenting on the odd fact that the Pentagon is employing "civilian contractors" as soldiers in plain clothes, who in the eyes of international law are *francs tireurs*, liable to be summarily executed if caught.

During the 1944 invasion of Normandy – oops, "liberation" was the approved word there too – the Americans adopted the tactic used by the Germans in their own occupied territories: young French women had to bare their right shoulder, and if a bruise was seen on it – resulting from a poorly handled rifle recoil – they were deemed to have engaged in unlawful combat, and shot on the spot.

The law becomes very murky when the military arms civilians, and sends them into a battle zone undistinguished by uniform or insignia. Why weren't four US soldiers sitting in that SUV, escorting the "food convoy" that day?

**A**LL EVENING WORKING ON CHURCHILL'S WAR, vol.iii.

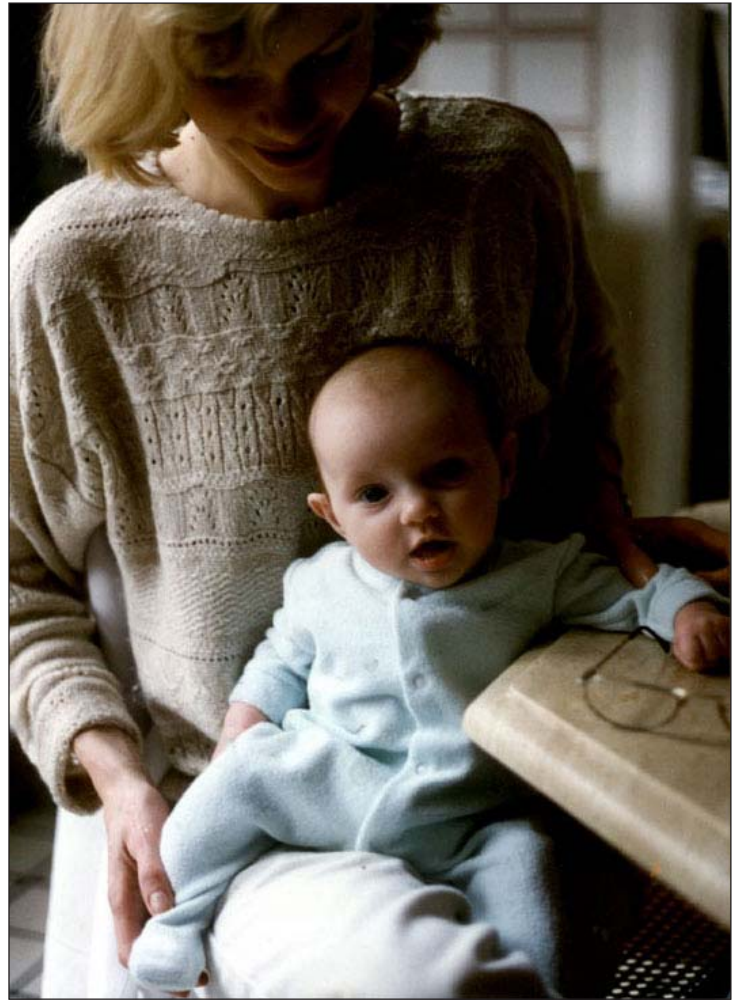
I have begun exploiting the handwritten diaries of Admiral Sir Andrew B Cunningham which Susanna Scott-Gall pre-read for me in about 1986. Nearly twenty years have elapsed since then.

I signed the Churchill contract with Alan Brook at Michael Joseph Ltd in October 1972: so I have been toiling at it for thirty-two years so far.

That winter of 1986/87 Susanna and I made our first trip out here to Key West, after the heating in Duke Street broke down and the Grosvenor Estate said it would take three months to fix; I offered three months in South Africa, but she was politically correct – a *Guardian* reader, as I have myself now become. So – Florida it was.

While down here I completed RUDOLF HESS, THE MISSING YEARS. I last saw that manuscript in the suitcase I propped up next to a cab outside the Algonquin in New York, while I went back in for other cases.

When I came out the suitcase had



**The Table** where I wrote my books. I have a picture of little Jessica, just four months old, on her mother's lap sitting at its edge.

gone, stolen by a fast-working footpad. It was filled only with worthless junk: blank paper, shirts, and the like – but also, I realized, the only copy of HESS. I was stricken. The MS was lost. "Not to worry," said Susanna brightly. "I took a Xerox of it yesterday, and mailed it to the German publisher."

Eighteen years down the highway of this life, I am now finally reading the Cunningham diaries. Like the Hess book, they have miraculously survived. I'll post them on my website over the next week or two.

Under April 13, 1945 I find this extraordinary entry:

**The Prime Minister mentioned that [Heinrich] Himmler appeared to be trying to show that he wasn't so bad as painted and . . . if it would save further expenditure of life he would be prepared to spare even Himmler. I suggested there were plenty of islands he could be sent to.**

So Churchill was prepared to "spare Himmler's life?" That'd have put the cat among the pigeons with his Zionist friends.

As things turned out, Himmler was frog-marched into a special house in Lüneburg on May 23, 1945, a day or two after his surrender to British forces; and within an hour of his arrival he had been conveyed from life to death under circumstances which still bear investigation – I noticed that page 2 of the 1945 Second Army diary, which relates this episode at length, has been retyped on the same

typewriter as used for pages 1 and 3, but by a different typist. Why?

■ RUSSIAN PUBLISHER VECHER has made a meager offer for HITLER'S WAR, UPRISING, and HESS. Parforce UK Ltd rejects it as "too small by a very large margin." Bente also says there are two letters from the Trustee, one to her, and one to me. To the latter I reply:

**You raised further questions about how I am paying for solicitors, etc., and I told you of my circle of friends around the world. You have now asked for details of all those who have given me more than £500.**

**With respect, you are not entitled to ask me to identify friends who choose to give me sums of money, whether £500 or £4,999, to see us through this difficult time, pay school fees, and the rest. If you think differently please be so good as to advise me of the authorities on which you rely.**

**Please confirm that as per the undertaking given in your fax to Amhurst, Brown, Colombotti on June 24, 2002 and confirmed to me on February 3, 2003, no items have been disposed of from the stored possessions without my first being given two weeks' notice – i.e., none at all as yet.**

They make no reply. In the mail are a couple of small cheques, and from my barrister the Trustee's witness statement in my Court application.

■ ONLY NOW DO SHOCKING FACTS come to light: the Trustee,



breaking the solemn undertaking she gave to me in writing, has already sold off many treasured possessions.

Accordingly at 2:06 pm this letter goes to my attorneys:

**I am very depressed to read that the Trustees have sold off valuable items for pennies on the pound without telling me.**

**For example an antique *écrivain* – the only item left me by my Mother – they have sold for £5. ‘Unframed paintings,’ by my daughter before she [died], for £10. A marble table, purchased seventeen years ago for £1,500, for £35. My desk, bought for £2,000 in Harrods many years ago, for £110 (and what has happened its highly personal contents?)**

**Printing cartridges, worth over £500, for a total of £18. Clearly tools of the trade, how can they argue differently?**

**In each case we would have paid ten times to regain possession of these, if we has been given notice.**

Possessions accumulated over the years as a struggling writer have been secretly sold off for a little over £300; I am depressed by it for much of the evening.

The octagonal marble table, my pride and joy: how many books I wrote on that table! It was cool and heavy and stable, a delight to work on. I have a picture of little Jessica, just four months old, on her mother’s lap sitting at its edge pinned above my typewriter at this moment.

The big partner’s desk! Little Pilar’s paintings.

All sold off for pennies, to punish me for daring to take legal action against Deborah Lipstadt and her friends, and certainly with no benefit to them.

The Trustee’s balance sheet reveals that after selling off my apartment, home for 38 years, for rather under its million-pound value, they have swallowed up so much on their own legal fees that there is nothing whatever left for Lipstadt and Penguin Books Ltd, who ordered the seizure in the first place.

At 11:36 pm before going to bed I send a bitter letter to my attorney:

**You cannot understand the grief that losing such items though this treachery has brought. What relief or claim for redress do I have in this case? It is all just so shocking.**

A humid morning down here in the Keys. I write to Bente in London: “Spent a very depressed night, awake most of the time about the sale of those items. The TV cabinet was sold for £5! It cost £375 when new (from Selfridges). There must be criminality in it somewhere.”

■ THERE SEEMS TO BE A SIGN on Highway US.1 that I miss when I drive down here – one that reads, KEY WEST AHEAD, NORMAL TRAFFIC RULES DO NOT APPLY, DRIVE DEAD SLOW, NO NEED FOR TURN-SIGNALS.

Two days ago I disaffected Vicky [*my latest assistant, from Colombia*] by commenting on her slow driving up Whitehead Street – she managed to stay behind a sloooow gaggle of bicycle tourists the entire two-mile stretch to the post office.

She flew off the handle, flounced off, and I guess that’s the last we’ll see of her.

When I worked in a Billericay woodwork factory, Samuel Wernicke & Co., for some months as a child, I first encountered the system of holding a week’s pay “in hand.” It sure prevented people from quitting.

It taught me not to quit, and I’ve been a non-quitter ever since.

I spend several hours outside until it rains, refurbishing the old Yalta 1945 chapter, drafted about ten years ago. It reads well, but differently from my present style.

Breakfast at the Banana Cafe with the gang. We agree that that Condoleeza Rice put on a much better performance before the Sept. 11 Inquiry than we had expected; she was very professional with her evasions. Perhaps a bit too clever. Her lip-trembling opening statement, like a sophomore chosen to deliver the valedictory, contrasted with her iron responses to the tougher questions.

There are certain signs, bits of body language, that can reveal when a witness is fudging or lying. She unconsciously tugs at the lobe of an ear, or strokes one finger down her cheek close to the nose, like wiping a tear, as she answers.

But there are also giveaway phrases. One Commissioner asks Condoleeza if she recalls the title of the Presidential Daily Briefing (PDB) of Aug. 6, 2001. She pauses, her eyes expressionless, then says: “I be-

lieve it was . . .” – “I believe it was in the cookie jar.”

I WATCH GEORGE BUSH’S televised remarks at Fort Hood, Texas, to a pool of hand-picked poodles of the press. He says that if that PDB had said that Osama bin Laden was planning to attack New York and Washington, and to fly planes into buildings, he would have been ready for him.

Fatuous! A little bell tinkles in my memory, and George Bush turns into Idi Amin. Another bell, and I realise why. *Ker-ching!*

A friend of mine, Gerd Heide- mann, was among the first journalists to get into Idi Amin’s office after his overthrow, and snaffled from his desk a blue official file, labeled *Property of the Republic of Uganda*, and *Top Secret*. An inch thick, it was the verbatim transcript of the official Court of Inquiry into the Israeli raid on Entebbe airport.

He gave it to me. There were all sorts of parallels with Sept 11. Idi was taken totally by surprise. (Israeli commandos had landed three large transport planes on the runway, uninvited, fought a running battle with the Ugandan army, rescued hostages held in the airport by Palestinians, bundled them into the planes, and taken off into the night sky).

Binyamin Netanyahu’s brother was one of those killed in the operation (I offered the file to Israel years later, but they were sniffy about accepting it).

A SA COURT-DESIGNATED “racist” I could not help chuckling at the exchanges. A Condoleeza was nowhere to be seen, just a bunch of dim-witted Blacks onto whom the buck has been passed.



**An officer and a gentleman John Irving (left) and Harry, his younger brother. John, a naval officer, explorer, and adventurer, photographed at Devonport naval base, a few years after taking part in the famous Battle of Jutland in 1916; Harry became an eminent professor at Oxford university.**

lieve it was . . .” and gives the precise title.

The “I believe” is a seemingly harmless phrase, what the Germans call a *Floskel*, which a witness unconsciously uses when she has been caught.

“Where was your hand at that

A lieutenant in the Research Department (for Research, read *Intelligence*) was asked what he was doing when the shooting began.

“I was downstairs in de basement torturing ah sahspect.”

He ran upstairs, saw men in uni-

form (“their faces were black”), took cover in a lady’s lavatory, and panicked when somebody knocked on the door. “I shot at him through de door. Unfortunately it was not an Israeli.”

The Ugandan Army colonel responsible for perimeter security was next called to testify.

“Colonel,” said the barrister, and one can almost hear his West Point tones ringing round the courtroom.

“Colonel, tell us what – in your expert opinion – led to the success of the Israeli operation?”

“Dey did not tell us dey was coming. Dey take us completely by surprise. Nobody tell us. If the Israelis had told us dey was coming, we would have been ready for them.”

What a pity we won’t be seeing George Bush’s testimony to the Sept. 11 inquiry on TV.

■ TERRIFIC TROPICAL THUNDER- storm during the night. The smoke detectors start to whistle frantically seconds before each lightning strike, as the static electricity builds up all around. It’s like World War Three.

At 8:45 pm I send a witness statement to my barrister:

**I am currently three years into a definitive biography of SS chief Heinrich Himmler, for which of course I shall need to use all the same archival files, books, microfilms, and documents which I collected for my biographies of Adolf Hitler, Rudolf Hess, Hermann Göring, Joseph Goebbels and other top Nazis, and the evidence files amassed for the Lipstadt trial, which bore so heavily on the Holocaust and Himmler’s other “achievements.”**

**These materials were and are indispensable for my work. But all of these have been wrongly seized by the Trustee and she has refused or ignored on several occasions my written requests for their return.**

**I am currently two-thirds of the way through my lifetime project, a Churchill war biography. . .**

From the mid 1960s onward I visited the archives of the world collecting the source materials for these biographies of Churchill and the Nazi leaders. Specifically, I worked in archives in Canberra, Moscow, Ottawa, Washington, Berlin, Koblenz, Paris, Rome, New York, Abilene in Kansas, California, and elsewhere.

As many of the principal characters were alive, I interviewed them and compiled transcripts of the interviews.

Many of the papers were given to me by either the surviving top Nazis or Churchill’s own staff to copy in confidence. Some of the papers were bound into blue volumes, others microfilmed before being donated to archives, while still others were housed in ring binders in my study.

I also collected hundreds of war-reference books which I often annotated in the margin, or card-indexed. Most of these are now long out of print. Still others, like the hideously ex-



Diary FROM PAGE 9

pensive multi-volume printed edition of the Goebbels diaries, bought in for the Himmler project, I have not yet had time to unpack.

To exploit this vast archive I spent forty years compiling finding aids, microfilm catalogues and a card-index of tens of thousands of cards.

White cards were source-references, pink contained text extracts, green were extracts from the 90-volume typescript German Naval Staff war diary (held in Washington's classified naval archives, where my wife and I read every volume), blue were air force references, yellow were *Judenfrage* citations, orange were collected for the Goebbels biography.

At least half these cards (roughly, 1942-44) were seized by the Trustee. She has refused requests that she return them.

Reviewers have consistently commented on the quality of my archival research. Its value to me is beyond price: it is an indispensable historiographical tool, which I have spent forty years constructing.

Its value to any other author would be only a fraction as much. He would need to be working on the same subjects, and allowing himself the same time frame to write. Authors don't do that nowadays. The late Lord Halifax can count himself lucky that Andrew Roberts granted him 18 months for a biography.

Besides, these opponents have loudly proclaimed that I manipulate and distort to write my history, and how can they now purport to place any monetary value on the archive compiled by such a person?

Thanks to Lipstadt and organisations associated with her since 1990, I find myself banned permanently from Germany, Canada, Australia, and other countries; I am told that I am now *persona non grata* in the KGB archives in Moscow; and the last time I tried to enter Italy in June 1992 I was turned back there as well.

■ I WATCH MORE OF THE SEPT. 11 hearings during the day.

Nobody has yet asked, and no witness has volunteered to answer, The Big Question:

"Can you think of any change that might be made in US foreign policy in the Middle East, that could have made the United States people much safer in the long run, and at far lesser cost to the taxpayer?"

Ariel Sharon is due to visit the White House the next day. Being just about to shake the hand of The Devil's Lieutenant, it is perhaps not surprising that at his evening press con-

ference George W Bush seems more slow-witted, than ever. Some journalists ask tougher questions, and more than one is unscripted (*don't expect to get invited here next time, fella!*) One asks the President if he can think of any mistakes he has made since election.

After snapping that he wished he had had written notice of *that* question – implying that the other questions have been on notice – Bush mumbles he can't think of any right now.

He makes no mention of the thousands of innocent Iraqis killed. He is in Iraq for freedom, peace; freedom and peace; and peace and freedom, and other combinations of those words, which just empty out all meaning even as he speaks them.

To my memory Iraq was at some semblance of peace before the American bombers and cruise missiles arrived – it was a lot more peaceful than "the coalition" have made it since.

Somebody asks, "Mr President, why are you and the Vice-President insisting on appearing *together* before the Commission?" He answers insolently that the Sept. 11 Commission has invited them: the equivalent of "To get to the other side."

The questioner points out that the Commission invited them to appear *separately*. George Bush again ducks the answer.

There is no properly established criminal court in the world that would allow witnesses to testify in tandem like this.

I HAD AN EMAIL A COUPLE OF years back from a US Army officer in Croatia. He had tried to log on to my website, he said, and got a screen advising that my website was deemed "not mission-related," and that any further attempts would be reported to his superiors.

Things have changed since I worked as a clerk-stenographer for US Air Force Strategic Air Command in 1960. The slogan then was "peace is our profession." Now it would be Peace-'n'-Freedom. Not freedom of thought, apparently.

I catch glimpses of CIA Director George Tenet's testimony before the commission. He is not an impressive figure – he has the fleshy, thick-lipped features, gestures, and narrow vocabulary of a provincial plumber.

What was he before? Not a lawyer like Bill Casey, that I warrant. A British trade union steward has more intellect than he. His mouth lolls slightly open when at rest. He occasionally speaks out of the side of it, like a Hollywood gangster.

Fifty percent of his statements, if not more, are clichés, including "don't throw the baby out with the bath water," all accompanied by the same ingratiating

smile. How depressing for Americans to realize that their security is in his pudgy hands. What a difference Ambassador Cofer makes: shrewd, intellectual, articulate, and believable, his every word inspires confidence and respect.

■ THE HORRORS OF FALLUJAH. It is unlikely that we shall ever see any courts martial like the one which followed My Lai.

What was then an outrage, an atrocity, has now become the commonplace, the dollar-currency of war. Harmless American tourists for the next generation will not have to look far for the reasons why they are despised around the world. Bush has squandered the legacy of Jimmy Carter.

I now do most of the writing on the final volume of CHURCHILL'S WAR in the afternoon and evening, as soon as the sun has moved off the surface of my table. At least here I have a table. In London, the Trustees took away my only desk, my only table, and my only chairs, in May 2002: "We are always called in for high profile political cases like this," they had advised me a month earlier.

A FRIEND IN FINLAND THIS morning sends me an article with this paragraph:

**A journalist who attended a meeting at which Alan Dershowitz suggested legalising torture noted that the really shocking thing was that not one person in the audience replied that it might be wrong.**

**Even in this country [England], some no longer consider such views unacceptable.**

**Respectable universities would think twice before inviting someone like David Irving to speak, but Oxford, London and others welcome Professor Kamm to spread her views that it is fine to 'terror-kill' the innocent as long as you 'have the capacity to harm them as badly in some other way or for some other reason'. The boundaries of respectability have rarely seemed so fragile.**

I shall be speaking at the University of Denver this September, but that invitation is a rarity. Only seldom do such invitations result in my finding myself before a student audience.

I think Cork was the most recent: I got within 100 yards of the building before the university decided it was too dangerous. Busloads of the traditional enemies of free speech, from all over Ireland, had arrived, and one thousand packed into that final 100-yard stretch.

I was invited four times in 2000 and 2001 to speak to Oxford's famous Union. Each time the invitation was canceled, because the police said they could not protect the building.

Once more the students invited. This time the General Secre-

tary of the Association of University Teachers, David Triesman, announced he would enforce a global boycott against Oxford University, as his newspaper, *The Jewish Chronicle*, unashamedly boasted.

LIPSTADT'S COUNSEL, THE not incapable Richard Rampton QC, asked me what I meant by *patriotism* (which I offered as an alternative to "racism"). I said that one possible definition was the duty to respect what one had inherited from ones ancestors.

I have spent a couple of days, while clearing up down here in the Keys, thinking about England, and pondering on my ancestors, and precisely that duty of patriotism.

My brother inherited the papers of our father's younger brother, who was a famous professor of inorganic chemistry; he seems to have been a bit of a Lefty, and why not? I fear I am slewing that way myself.

To my surprise and envy this uncle, Harry, the professor, earned a half-page *Daily Telegraph* obituary. He was the earnest and learned one; my father the adventurer, author, warrior, explorer, and scamp. A remote bay in the South Sandwich Islands is named after him.

I have now compiled these dusty photos into a Web gallery, and learned new things about *their* father, my paternal grandfather.

He was headmaster of a famous school at Oxford for forty years, and died at 62. The obituaries reported that he was "admired and respected by the thousands of boys who have passed through his hands."

Now, that is an epitaph one can honourably strive all ones life to achieve. It recalls the last harrowing line of the movie *Goodbye Mr Chips*: the retiring headmaster is shuffling down the cloisters for the last time, and hears someone remark, "What a pity he never had any children." "Children," Chips exclaims quietly. "Children? I've had thousands of them."

And here he suddenly is, before my eyes: a faded, brown photograph of a schoolmaster, writing at his desk. Hello, Mr Chips. My grandfather, and I never knew you.

COUNT MACHIAVELLI ONCE wrote, "Never allow your nation to be dragged into a war by immigrants."

Now the Iraqi immigrants have lured the great United States into this morass. Once again, as was that of the British Empire in 1939, a country's foreign policy is hijacked and manipulated by invisible immigrants with an agenda of their own.

In Iraq, the *casus belli* was the existence of sinister and myste-



**Grandfather, Mr Chips** *The obituaries reported that John Irving was an Oxford headmaster “admired and respected by the thousands of boys who have passed through his hands.”*

rious Weapons, never closely defined or described but which, it was implied, could target Britain, or foreign British bases, if not the United States, themselves. Countless innocent lives later, this turns out to have been totally untrue.

The only lame excuse offered so far is that Saddam Hussein did not make it plain enough that he had not got these Weapons. Try that one on the Judge:

“Okay, so I wuz wrong. I smashed the guy’s door down, shot his old lady and the kids, and broke his arms until he opened the safe. It’s not my fault it was empty. Not guilty, Yer Honour!”

A decent prime minister, one for whom I would vote – or an honest president – would now do the honourable thing: admit the error, pull out, apologise, mop up, and offer to compensate for the damage and suffering inflicted on an innocent nation.

What I see now happening – if I screw up my eyes and stand back far enough from the TV screens – is the great American economy being dragged into ruin; just as Ronald Reagan and his brilliant CIA chief William Casey destroyed the Soviet Union by forcing them into an arms race they could not afford.

Fallujah has shown the Americans at their worst. Willing to wound but afraid to strike, eternally the mark of the bully.

Their forces have become accustomed to killing at extreme range, like a video arcade game. Videos can’t hit back.

Urban warfare is different, as Hitler could have told them. “Avoid Voronezh,” he told his generals in August 1942. “Don’t get sucked into street fighting.” The generals disregarded him, months were lost, and Stalin-grad and ultimate defeat were the price he paid.

■ THE US PRESIDENT BLEATS about “illegal” pictures of coffins of the US dead coming home. Wisely, the British Army always buried its dead in the theatre of battle; that has now changed. Dead GIs too are now brought home – carried off the planes feet first, as the soldier “keeps on marching.”

President Bush now tells the American public that to “respect the privacy” of the grieving families, pictures of coffins should not be shown.

That excuse carries as much weight as his original claims about the Weapons, the uranium from Niger, Saddam’s “nuclear” ambitions, the mobile weapons laboratories, and all the other bellicose guff that he and the Pentagon have spewed forth to justify what is, in simple terms, a war crime.

Parading the coffin is traditionally the last mark of respect for a soldier; John F Kennedy’s was paraded down Pennsylvania Avenue in 1963; two years later, Winston Churchill’s was paraded down the Thames in a navy launch, while millions lined the river banks.

My father’s, wrapped in the Brit-

ish flag, was borne in a hearse through the streets and lanes of North Wales, and I saw a lone British village policeman, a bobby, swing to attention and snap a smart salute as it passed by, an unforgettable moment in my life, forty years ago.

In my book on the Nuremberg Trials I quote the last letter written by a general to his wife – he had been granted the uncomfortable privilege of knowing the precise hour when he was to die. He bade her to listen to the clock on Nuremberg’s St Lawrence cathedral:

“When the hour strikes,” he wrote, “all my friends will be gathered around you. On a gun carriage rests my coffin, and all the Germans soldiers are marching in procession – out in front the fallen, with the living bringing up the rear.”

That was Alfred Jodl, about to be executed by a US army hangman for conspiracy to launching an unprovoked war against sovereign countries.

George Bush believes in bringing home the coffins of soldiers who have died for him by the hundred in the airborne equivalent of a Waste Management truck. That is the picture that he did not want his voters to see.

One would like to think that sometimes he and Tony Blair lie awake at night, ashamed of what they have done.

■ BACK TO ENGLAND TONIGHT.. I cycle over to the airport. Avis offers me a Cadillac for \$55,

how can I refuse? At least I shall drive up to the Overseas Highway in style. I set out at two pm. British Airways upgrade me to Club class. That’s nice. Still can’t sleep. I work, stay awake most of the night. London. At three-thirty I drive over to fetch Jessica. Nice school, good uniform, good-class parents, from what I can see. Her voice becomes more twee each time I return; she’s shot up another inch.

**U**NEXPECTED LETTER from Stephen W. about the dossier I posted with pictures on the Web.

Your grandfather, John Irving, was my father’s headmaster. My father held him in great esteem. Two of the teachers in the photographs . . . taught my Dad. He never forgot them. They contributed much towards making him, and so many other boys, true Britons.

He often used to recite poems to me, learned during his days at the school: Kipling’s *Ballad of East and West*, Newbolt’s *Play the Game*, and Scott’s *My Native Land*. At the start of the Boer War he enlisted, and his education was 25 years in the British Army. He was one of the most generous, good-natured men I have ever known.

It’s nice for some of us to know where we came from. Incidentally, I usually start the day clicking on your website. Your manly stance, as historian and fighter for the truth, acts as a daily inspiration.

Not everybody agrees. At 3:09 pm there is a phone call, anon: “So the Arabs are ‘intrepid,’ you f\*ck?” He has a common London or Jewish accent. Startled, I say politely, “I beg your pardon?” But he’s not intrepid enough to offer his identity.

**H**E HAS FOUND THE WORD *intrepid* in my reply to a recent reader’s letter. I wrote (not for the first time):

Don’t be misled by those who say Mohammed Atta, *et al.* were “attacking the United States.” If they had wished to attack Americans there were more symbolic targets of attack (the Statue of Liberty, for one); and more cost-effective methods, *e.g.* they could have sent their nineteen kamikaze warriors to nineteen American shopping malls with anthrax, or with belts of high explosive.

As it was, this 2001 “Pearl Harbor” (or Port Arthur, if you’re an historian) by nineteen intrepid young Arabs brought down all seven buildings of the World Trade Center, and ruined three major airlines; and their deed has turned most of the civilized world against Washington – and damn near brought down the US economy too.

I work on CHURCHILL until 1:30 am (July 1945, Potsdam, A-bomb. Interesting questions arise: *e.g.*, precisely who at Potsdam knew about the Japanese surrender attempts and the Hiroshima decision?



## A Radical's Diary

Diary FROM PAGE 11

JESSICA HAS DIFFICULTY WITH her maths homework, it was covered by lessons before she arrived at the new school. She spends an hour next to me, patiently listening to solutions in algebra and statistics.

Aftab M. sends me the text of the Geneva Convention, and the horrible report by US General Taguba on the atrocities committed by British and American troops in Iraq. I work until three am scanning the latter's text, and post it on our website.

Up at 7:55 am to take Jessica to school, then revert to bed for a while.

My barrister refuses to act as counsel in my next action, for negligence, against the law firm Amhurst, Brown, Colombotti, as he does not want to act against a firm which instructed him. Fair enough. But he should have said so a year ago.

At 12:08 pm: anonymous Jewish caller, "You lost, scumbag, you –." Nice folks.

UP AT EIGHT. HARD WORK UNTIL eleven, then drive to Sussex for this evening's talk. First to Lady M.'s to collect her and her friend, then to fetch my barrister outside The Oratory, then down to Arundel. I last heard of Arundel on holiday as a nine-year-old in Southsea, in the summer of 1947: that was the Joan Woodward murder case.

I collected all the press clippings on the search for the murderer – my clippings books have all been seized by the Trustee. The police knew who the murderer was but couldn't nail him.

My passengers are like schoolchildren on a summer outing. We stop for a coffee at a gas station; the forecourt is in uproar at the new prices, up 3p at 81p a liter (about \$5 a gallon). The proprietor explains in a thin, reedy voice that his coffee machine does not work; my passengers vanish for half an hour towards different patisseries, before I can stop them.

Lady M. hasn't seen green fields for years; wants to see *furrows*. The barrister lectures her that farmers plough in the winter, not late spring. A look at the map reveals how crazy our local people are in fixing Horsham as the rendezvous point – it is 40 miles from Arundel, when the meeting point should be *walking* distance from the lecture! As we enter Arundel I tuck away

all visible signs of my ownership of the car – the Westminster permits, etc., to the puzzlement of my naïve passengers; I explain I am thinking ahead. We find the Norfolk Arms already besieged by an enemy rabble, and every window on the first floor crowded with people hanging out to watch the sport.

I drive straight past, unrecognized, and park opposite the Castle to send out a reconnaissance. Lady M. phones the Arms; the receptionist informs her that there is no meeting booked today (a lie).

I suggest we drive straight back, as we've not been told the alternate location. B. struggles back fifteen minutes later, has spoken to a helpful young "nazi", as she says, and there he is coming up the hill even as she speaks.

He doesn't look like one of ours. He has a black crash helmet, a ring in one ear, and the puffy features of a homo. I instruct her to lock her doors and windows.

Arundel is not an easy town to exit from; we park opposite a police station five hundred yards from the Arms. I have a cold drink in The Hart. Turns out that this pub is in fact the alternative location. I am not pleased, as I want to return to London.

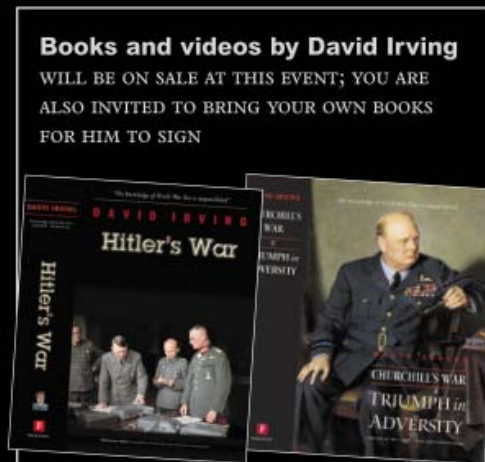
John O. helps me load boxes of books up into the upstairs room at the back of the pub, and sets up chairs. Five minutes later he returns with the doleful news that the mob is on its way.

They come thundering up the stairs, ignoring O.'s polite requests to desist, and demolish the room while I am held in a corner. An unwashed young woman shrieks. Another man comes in wearing a leather jacket with studs and a Mohican haircut, with the hair glued up in vertical spikes, coloured alternately pink and orange; he looks even more gross than that tollbooth attendant on the Mass. Turnpike two years ago.

While their burly ringleader spits mouthfuls of sputum at me – a mistake as the police take away the products for DNA checks – the rest methodically destroy the room. The ringleader comes within inches of my face, raises his fist with two fingers out, as if to jab me in the eyes (*almost*: he knows the law), and screams, "If you were younger you'd be on the floor by now."

"With a dozen of you and one of me," I suggest, "that sounds *really* brave."

FROM CHICAGO TO PORTLAND to Copenhagen, and now quiet little Arundel in Sussex, these pleasant people, these supporters of Deborah Lipstadt and her like, all follow the same



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washing-list of instructions, and don't seem to realize it. I see the man in the black crash helmet and ask him to call the police. He looks at me blankly and joins in the destruction. So I was right.

The police arrive, and make arrests. Our rental car has had its tyres slashed and bodywork vandalized. The police confirm that they are holding several of the thugs. Will I aid a prosecution? Not a difficult decision. After a while, a handwritten note in block capitals arrives on the police sergeant's desk: it is from a Mrs Goldstein over the road – she has witnessed the vandalizing of the car, and gives a good description of the man with, as she puts it, "the black top."

At Gatwick airport I am fitted out with a new car, and return to London. Bente asks diffidently what kind of an afternoon it was, as in Had a Good Day at the Office Dear, and why I am wearing a different shirt. "Not

much out of the usual," I say, and go downstairs to shampoo as thoroughly as I can: because who can say that one of these thugs was not HIV-positive?

ON THE WEBSITE I ANNOUNCE: "David Irving speaks in Newcastle Tuesday." It is of course a blind, designed to baffle the enemy and waste their time.

2:23 pm an American voice phones: "This is Roger Pilker of the *Sacramento Bee*. We just wanted to know if you are the pathetic fraud that you are," – and hangs up. I wonder what has led to this?

Up at 7:50 am and take Jessica to Queen's Gate. She snaps on her seatbelt automatically. She's really happy at the new school, and today when we are talking about her Mummy she flashes a smile at me that is so beautiful that I will remember it for the rest of my life.

Our short apartment lease is ending. I spend two hours packag-

Front page: Caravaggio's 'Beheading of Holofernes'

Background image inspired by a color photo of the cremation of air-raid victims at Dresden's Altmarkt on August 25, 1945, by Walter Ha

FOCAL POINT PUBLICATIONS PRESENTS

David Irving's sixth annual conference

# Real History, USA

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## Real History flies in again

THIS Labor Day weekend, the first in September, David Irving marches back into Cincinnati with his sixth annual Real History conference at the Marriott Hotel.

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*Students get a special deal, so do groups of 2 or more. If you didn't get the brochure (above) with this ACTION REPORT, please contact Mr Irving at once.*

*You can download the program and registration form at [www.fpp.co.uk/cinc/2004](http://www.fpp.co.uk/cinc/2004).*

### → Down Under FROM PAGE 1



The NZ press quoted Mr Irving as saying he would be traveling to the country on a British passport, and "not wearing dark glasses and on the stolen passport of a paraplegic."

(Mossad had elected to rob cripples of their identities as they are unable to travel and thus don't apply for passports.) ❖

**Readers in Australia or New Zealand who want to hear Mr Irving must contact him by telephone at USA 305 923 6259 before mid Sept. 2004 or by email ([Focalp@aol.com](mailto:Focalp@aol.com)); and keep their eye on [focal.org/speaks](http://focal.org/speaks) for updates and changes.**

ing her toys which have accumulated in the drawing room over the last two years, and dusting the shelves, etc.

■ AT 11:30 AM TO COLLECT LADY M. from Gloucester Road, then drive to The Athenæum. I find a parking spot right opposite; a Mayfair permit has its uses. She has been bombarded with the usual Establishment protests for inviting me; that makes me uneasy, my policy at present is to keep a low profile – until vol. iii is ready for publication.

Good lunch, and a very interesting talk by four-star General Devereil, Iraq, Northern Command, on innovations in warfare. I ask his views on the American use of "civilian contractors" and he expresses proper unease about it.

THE PALM BEACH POST REPORTS that a journalist will "help" William Manchester complete his third volume of Churchill. I must get my own vol iii out before then.

I take Jessica to school, and see another happy smile. I fetch her at five; in the car, she teases me that she has scored very poor marks today in English – then bursts out that she got 93 percent, and is top of her class with her latest essay.

Yes, a professional writer's daughter is duty bound to excel in English. Or is she? I remember the Spanish ambassador telling me some years ago over dinner of his humiliation that his child had failed "O"-level Spanish at a London school.

Bente is up this afternoon, thank goodness, looking more beautiful than ever. She wants me to drive her to the school too to pick up Jessica; Jessica will be over the moon, she has always said that is her greatest dream.

■ A POLICE OFFICER FROM FARNBOROUGH contacts me by email:

**I am interesting in finding out the date, time, and location of your proposed talk in the area in order to ensure your**

own security, especially after the problems encountered in Arundel last week.

I reply: "Because of the security problems experienced in Sussex I am holding over the Farnborough talk until October. I will approach you before the date to see what we can do to avoid problems."

The moment I give them the details they will frighten off the location. The police are often the problem, not the solution.

Dominic Carman, the son of the late George Carman, the famous libel barrister and QC, writes: "I am interested to know your view of the British National Party and its chances in the forthcoming elections."

I reply: "I know only what I read or see on TV; the media appear to take Nick Griffin quite seriously."

He now vouchsafes:

**It may be of little comfort, but my father considered Mr Justice Gray's judgment to be flawed in the Lipstadt case.**

I reply:

**I would have loved to brief your father in the case, but funds were just not available. Richard Rampton was good, but won by crooked means: e.g., amending the defence at the last moment to include 'racism' and 'antisemitism', neither of which was pleaded in the original Defence, and about which the book made no mention whatsoever! Most odd that Gray J allowed that to go forward. It heavily prejudiced the flavour of media reporting.**

**I followed all your father's cases. . . The defendants poured around six million pounds into the Lipstadt courtroom.**

At five pm I add, "A further comment on the BNP. I saw their spokesman on *Newsnight* last night; he made the worst possible impression, uncouth, ill-informed, and pudgy. The very stereotype that the enemy of the BNP try to promote. They really need to get a graduate type to speak for their interests in the media."

Eight pm, dinner at Lady Renouf's. John Gouriet and wife come toward midnight. M. rather infuriates by her habits of smoking and taking snaps of everybody. Baron Roderic von Bennisson is there too, friend of the German ambassador; and my barrister, who comments tartly on my sloppy dress (pull-over with hole, loosenecked shirt, white socks, brown shoes. I remind him all my clothes have been seized by the Trustee, which shuts him up.

■ BENTE COMES WITH ME again to pick up Jessica, and I am able to snatch a few nice pictures of the historic moment in the school yard.

All day sending out emails and letters of invitation to potential speakers for Cincinnati. Many won't even bother to reply, that's the problem. Swift refus-



**Archival institution** Modern Military Records expert John Taylor. At eighty-three, he still serves researchers in the National Archives each day. His brain is a human file-cabinet, complete with index cards.

als come from Professor William Rubinstein of Wales and from Jim Bacque ("I think you know why." – Not really).

**T**UESDAY, JUNE 1, 2004. Restless night, I keep waking to look at the clock in the dark, as I have an early flight from London to Chicago.

I finish loading the car and leave at 10:30 am, after solemnly shaking hands with Jessica.

At the airport at eleven am. A big shock here as the charge due to Avis is £1,900-plus, instead of £700 or so – the vandalism in Arundel being to blame.

Heavy traffic chokes the highway into Chicago eleven hours later. On the Interstate heading south I check into a cheap motel, \$37. Hooray. Sleep.

There is an infuriating smug and insulting email from Professor Martin Lally, of New Zealand, whom Joel Hayward suggested I invite. Lally blames me for inviting Richard E. last year.

So much for Lally's beliefs in free speech. I had no idea what E. would say, and say so: "I am very sorry now that I extended the courteous invitation to you. The air fare to Cincinnati would have come out of my pocket, and that would have clearly been wasted. I will ask

Joel some time to explain why on earth he recommended you." Shortly I get a warning email from a Gillian L: "Dr Lally circulates all his email correspondence very widely. You might want to be careful not to become dragged into a widely read dialogue that others can use against you. Good luck."

■ OVER TO THE BIG BOOKEXPO event at McCormick Place, where we have taken our usual stand. I meet several foreign publishers during the day.

This teasing email goes to Bente at 8 am: "Desolate to hear that Jennifer Lopez has got secretly married, so my whole trip to the West Coast is pointless. . .

**Tell Jessica [I add]: In Chicago yesterday morning I ate a huge muffin; it was in a soggy wrapper, and dripped onto my fingers and lap, there was so much fat in it.**

**So: muffins means pudge.** By road I carry on via Detroit and Cleveland to Niagara Falls. I walk over to the Falls and take some pictures.

This typewriter's keyboard is now in a parlous state. The space-bar, of all keys, isn't working. Reminds me of when I was writing about Field Marshal Rommel, and the "m" was defective. No space-bar is worse.

Work all evening, while keeping an eye on the televised state funeral for Ronald Reagan; very moving, and Nancy appears genuinely grief stricken at the end, prostrating herself across the coffin and weeping. A great way to go, if you gotta go.

**T**HE USUAL ON-TOUR PSY-War starts. At 9:09 am a blank call comes in from Ontario – 705 444 2237; then another call, immediately, from UNIDENTIFIED, a man says "Bingo" and hangs up. I call the 705 number back, after ten rings a machine says "Lisa and Roy are not in." Evidently Lisa and Roy aren't very bright. I leave a message that I have noted their name and number. I realise during the night that I haven't sent out invitation letters for Baltimore and Washington. Hopeless. A heavy morning's work ahead.

I get all the letters posted by midday, and set out east for New Hampshire. A long drive all day, along the tollroad thruway, then through mountain lanes of small-town America. Very picturesque. Arrive at 9:15pm.

Up at seven-thirty am, and send this to Bente about our imminent move. "Make sure you res cue all sheets and towels which



are ours, God knows few enough after the Duke Street disaster.”

To Michael Piper, who will speak at Cincinnati on Willis Carto (my own idea):

**Please make necessary travel arrangements for Labor Day weekend. We would prefer you to speak Sunday or Monday, as Saturday is reserved for speakers needing technical equipment.**

**Let me emphasise that the talk is to concentrate on Willis and his achievements; it can deal with The Edison Bequest, but ‘dirty laundry’ ... should be left unwashed.**

I spend the afternoon with Joe C. driving round Cambridge, Massachusetts, looking for a new keyboard. A scramble then to get the books up to the third floor for the Harvard meeting.

■ **OUR FORMER FRENCH AU pair** Catherine d’A. turns up. I haven’t seen her for 35 years. A little meal afterwards with her in a street cafe; She has weathered well, though the bloom has gone. Her *Fronch* accent is still atrocious, and I suspect she lays it on deliberately thick for the Americans.

I tell her of all the things since she came and went. She has been through two husbands, and had four sons. An enjoyable

evening of reminiscences. I tell her of Josephine, and of Jessica’s smile a few days ago, the one “which I shall remember the rest of my life.”

Beautiful warm day, in the high eighties, and tomorrow I shall work in the university library at Boston University for a day.

Up at 8:05 am CNN televises the 9/11 Commission, we hear the voice of Mohammed Atta and others. A small pursuit plane reports seeing “black smoke” from Flight UA93 over Pennsylvania; questioned by the controller, “Smoke from the plane or from the ground,” the pilot replies, “From the plane.”

The Boston University special collection is now rightly called the Howard Gottlieb Archival & Research Center. It is his creation. I spend the day reading the Cecil King diaries. At one pm Dr Gottlieb arrives and invites me into his office. He is gracious about my having led them to the Tyler Kent papers, which they have recently augmented.

Just as for the last twenty years, I resume work reading the Cecil King diaries, the last six months of 1943, in seven hours.

Bente phones after an hour – the removal men want £350 to take the sofas down to Wiltshire; I say that’s scandalous, we could post them cheaper by mail.

**I** ARRIVE AT THE NEW JERSEY speaking location at 5:25 pm, very late, and finish setting up as the first guests arrive. A nice crowd, around ninety, with a father bringing his two offspring, 17 year old Erinn, very cute, and her brother Derek.

I take Erinn aside and warn her quietly not to take these things too seriously, and to keep to herself her own revisionist views, if she has any, at school if she wants any future.

The young man who introduces me is rather carried away by the standing ovation at the end of my speech; he produces a wad of typescript papers from his pocket and delivers “for a few minutes” a half hour oration on organisation, etc., during which I see my post-speech book sales visibly melting away.

Manhattan next. I depart for New York City around midday. I get a shoe-shine – the black Church’s shoes have never looked better. Good audience. The first address is by Kenneth Love, an ancient, deaf, but highly interesting former *New York Times* journalist.

Back at Pompton Lakes around midnight, drenched in sweat from unloading and loading half a ton of boxes, as usual. This email reports to Bente:

**Tomorrow afternoon the location is a private home in Baltimore, around 350 miles south of here, and then Mon-**

**day evening a big dinner in Washington.**

**After that a week working in the archives, thank goodness. Am getting very tired, and old. Had a cafe con leche in Mambi’s – a dirty and bustling Dominican cafe in the shadow of the George Washington Bridge that goes across the Hudson; really cute Latin girls working there, all bust and bottom. Dominicans, I think.**

**But, do they have attitude!**

There is a horrendous traffic jam just after the Delaware Memorial Bridge, and it takes ages to roll five miles to the toll plaza. I comment on this to the woman in the booth, saying “forty-five minutes to pay two bucks!”; she snarls “a\*\*hole” at me, before I can move on, chastened.

On the other side of I-95 I see another inexplicable jam of four lanes of traffic backed up for ten or fifteen miles, caused so far as I could see by a lone car broken down in the slow lane, with a man standing next to it importantly holding everybody up! Welcome to Sunday, have a nice America.

My host in Washington, DC, is Ned, a government employee. He is a film buff. I ask him about the precise Humphrey Bogart quote from *Casablanca*, “Of all the places. . .” as I use it in my talk (about how soon-to-be-beheaded Nick Berg ran into that friend of Zacharia Mousaoui in a bus in the Oklahoma desert and let him use his laptop, allegedly).

I dream I have reached the opening of Cincinnati and realize I have invited no speakers. How to fudge round *that!*

Up at eight. Under the door Ned has pushed a slip of paper: “*Of all the gin joints in all the towns in all the world, she walks into mine.*” – Rick Blaine (Humphrey Bogart) after Ilsa László (Ingrid Bergman) comes into Rick’s in *Casablanca*.

I am now about 3,000 miles out from Chicago, according to the meter, and still only one third of the way round the circuit.

Bente phones. Landlord is allowing us to keep our sofas in the new flat and he will remove their tatty ones.

■ **PAUL M., MY LAWYER, EMAILS unexpectedly:**

**Mishcon de Reya have written to advise that Lipstadt wishes to withdraw her application.**

**The contentious issue is whether she should be liable for the gratuitous costs consequent upon her intervention.**

I reply: “By her intervention she has caused serious legal costs to be inflicted on me. In addition, she has caused the hearing of my application against the Trustee to be delayed, with further injury to me.

“We always regarded her intervention as frivolous. She has a literary income in England, and if we are granted an Order, we

can garnish that: *Irving vs. Penguin Books* – it has a familiar ring.

■ **NED INVITES US TO DINNER.** I scoff a 22-ounce steak, tell the waitress, “My compliments to Mr Porterhouse.”

At the National Archives building in Maryland I find references to a diary of John J. McCloy, a wartime secretary of defence. Then archivist John Taylor walks in, more bent than ever; his memory has sagged a bit since we last met, names being the first casualties in the battle against time. He is delighted to see me and we chat about many things; Anthony Cave Brown is still around, he was on the phone last week but Brown “could not come in” – probably too fat to get into a car. I last saw Brown when I invited him to dinner with Carla Venchiarutti in K Street in 1976.

I inquire after the “PRIME-POTUS files,” which I first asked for thirty-five years ago when I began researching the Churchill biography; they are now open, he concedes, and he produces the catalogue information.

His brain is a human file-cabinet, complete with index cards. I comment on his lively good health, and he volunteers that he has never drunk a coffee in his life – then corrects himself, he did once drink a cup in an airplane over the Grand Canyon, and disliked it. “Probably Instant,” I volunteer.

We chat about old friends Ladislav Farago, dead these many years; and Dr Robert Wolfe (retired ten years ago). “Mendelssohn?” – “Long dead,” and so it goes on. He knows all about the Robert Kempner files found by Walt Martin in Philadelphia, and asks about the status of the Robert Gutierrez trove; I say I went to see his family in Albuquerque in December.

Smiling, I guess his age at eighty-three; he says, “Spot on!” He comes in at six each morning, then has breakfast in the canteen and works a full day.

What a man. He recalls bumping into me coming into the archives building in Pennsylvania Avenue many years ago with “a good looking blond on my arm.” I told him that I had had “a life of crime” in writing. The quote rings true, not the other bit..

He throws out many clues about new files now available: nine million pages from the CIA are coming in at the rate of a million a month on CD-Rom. The library, he sniffs, keeps regular hours, closes at five pm. The MID files, indexed on microfilm M.1194, contain FBI materials on Churchill from between the wars.

■ **TODAY I MUST SEND EMAILS** and letters of infatuation to my

Wilmington, North Carolina, list.

At the coin laundry in the condominium, I screw up some yappy woman's things – the machine has halted “unbalanced,” so I unload it. The shrew takes my last four quarters off me to repeat her own washing load, then yaps at me all over again.

A quiet day of paperwork. I phone London and dictate directions to Jessica for moving the DSL line. She explains that there's no point talking with Mummy, as “she's a *technophobe*.”

I post letters to Florida, and drive all day to North Carolina.

**O**N TO ATLANTA FOR SUPPER afterwards, then on again again at ten-thirty pm, heading for Chattanooga.

At Louisville, I chat with Saleh, the Iraqi restaurant owner, for some time after my talk about the tragedy of his country, and leave around 11:35 pm. I check into a hotel somewhere after Louisville, with three hundred miles left to drive to St Louis, or rather more than I expected.

At St Louis a very good audience has turned up despite the sweltering heat, around a hundred, and book signings are good. I'm on the road at 11:30 pm.

I find a lone hotel around one am; the now usual Asian-run fleapit. “Does the room have a phone?” “Oh yes Sir.” “Does the phone work?” “Oh yes Sir.” “Is it switched on?” “Oh yes Sir.” – The phone is however a cheap Panasonic extension phone, and it is impossible to run a computer. I can not go online. Bed around two-thirty am.

\* \* \*

That ends the eastern tour circuit. I take off at nine-thirty am, Chicago time, and land at Tampa in Central Florida.

I now detect that credit cards, ID's, driver licence, etc., are all missing – stolen or lost. I phone Bente to cancel the UK card; I never use it, but it is needed. After speaking in Tampa, I drive on, stopping at hotels and motels all the way down to West Palm Beach, looking for acceptable accommodation. Asians everywhere. They get black looks from me.

**I**T IS THE FIRST TIME I HAVE travelled Florida 80, the Palm Beach Highway from west to east.

It is almost empty of traffic, and most picturesque, flanked by endless ranches, fields of citrus trees, and sugar plantations.

A huge storm-cell brews over to the north, with a mile-wide cylinder of torrential rain linking low, menacing, black-bellied clouds with the Everglades below. Multiple lightning flashes

## This new announcement on David Irving's website explains the site's history and its importance in the battle for Real History

**I**F YOU ARE A REGULAR visitor to the David Irving website – and there are over 70,000 each day – you go there because it is free, and independent. That's important to me too.

This huge free publication is all my own work. As of mid-July, 2004 the website had 11,095 items, totalling 338.5 megabytes.

It has taken six years to build (the first newsletter was posted on it in July 1998, including the news that the Auschwitz state archives had just banned the BBC from filming a documentary with me on their “holy ground”).

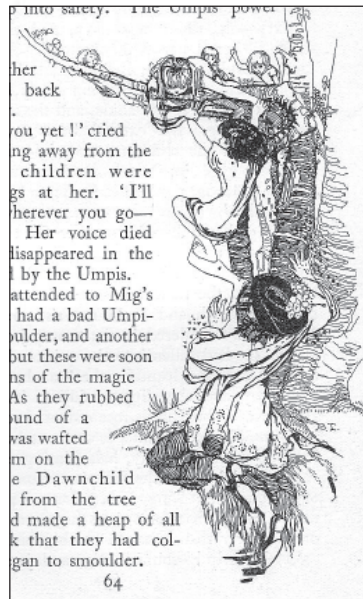
Building this ramshackle edifice has involved me in many hours' work each day or night; I have burnt several candles at both ends, and I have kept it up even when I am on the road.

Before that I had to learn HTML

and other Web “languages” necessary to build an attractive site.

In addition to the daily digest of news from around the world, about four years ago I started posing on it copies of all my books in *pdf* form, including those long out of print, so that students everywhere who cannot afford to buy them can still access them and use them – completely free. I accept the risk that “pirates” may print and sell them, but I have taken certain steps to make this less likely.

**F**rom the e-mails which I receive from Asia and the Third World, I see that my effort has not been wasted. With the help of friends I shall eventually post all foreign language editions of my books too (in a week's time, we shall post the complete



**A different age** “*The Dawnchild*” was a major children's fantasy book of the 1920s.

Educated at the Slade School of Art in London and a professional illustrator for *The Radio Times* and other journals of the era, Beryl Irving had a unique style. Through the Internet several readers contacted David Irving and reminisced wistfully about this book, which they had once read in their childhood.

Mr Irving obtained a copy only recently; it was printed in 1920 by Butler & Tanner, in Somerset – the same printers who manufactured his own flagship work, “*Hitler's War*” (Millennium Edition, 2002).

periodically streak to the ground. What a spectacle to watch in the evening twilight.

I have a lot of trouble downloading my messages; the connection also refuses to work from the Hilton at WPB. I finally get it fixed, download 300 messages, deal with them, and topple into bed at 2:15 am.

I set up in the hotel's Areca Room. The room fills to capacity including several youngsters, one wearing a *Der Stürmer* t-shirt, which does not please. An extreme US organisation called Stormfront has gratuitously announced the location of my talks on its website.

That is precisely what lost us the Seattle location last December. Annette G. sends me the remaining *Dawnchild* illustrations. What style Mother had as an illustrator! One of the greats.

**■** THE LONG DRIVE IS ALMOST over. I phone Jessica from Florida City, and congratulate

her on coming second in swimming, as Bente told me two days ago. I joke, “I presume there were more than two swimmers?” She says, “Three!” chuckles, then confesses, “Four, actually.” What fun she is.

Benté says she saw a mouse in the kitchen this morning. Screamed and screamed and screamed. I say: “The mouse? Screamed?” She is not amused.

**K**EY WEST. BENTE PHONES happily for ten minutes from London.

Jessica, it seems, has brought home an excellent school report; it abounds with honeyed words and phrases like “an auspicious start,” “courtesy,” “popularity,” “brightness,” “motivation,” and “eagerness to learn.”

The child herself is unimpressed, but that's standard for all children; she knows she's okay, and that's good enough for her. But for us, her parents, it's real music, a symphony, to our ears. ❖

German edition of *The Secret Diaries of Hitler's Doctor*).

No other author or historian does this: None! But I see it as a sure path to the eventual victory of Real History. Even as the outraged traditional enemies of free speech were successfully pressuring my British and foreign publishers – Macmillan Ltd, Bertelsmann, Mondadori, Planeta, St Martin's Press, etc., – to stop publishing my books, in about 1992, the Internet was already taking over.

The World Wide Web has ambushed these enemies and all of their greasy accomplices, and taken them by surprise.

There are still forty-two of my books in the university library at Harvard, the Widener; but elsewhere the enemies have succeeded in pressuring librarians to destroy my books – West Point, The Citadel, Annapolis, and other institutions have complied with these demands.

Often, the Internet is the only safe place, the only learning sanctuary, where it is possible to read my books and essays now.

**T**HIS ALTRUISTIC TASK RELIES on the generosity of my readers who continue to make irregular or regular donations.

These enable me to expand this huge site – in August 2004 we shall have to upgrade its size to “unlimited”, which means we can post large important items, but also more cost each month.

In the background, too, I also have to augment and maintain the legal war-chest to enable me to fight in the courts those same enemies who are determined to shut me down for good.

The biggest actions will come at the end of 2004. In May 2002, when I was away from London speaking on the Pacific coast of the USA, these enemies seized my archives, my study, my home, and everything down to my last sheet of paper, microfilm, and paperclip. This was the price of defeat in the Lipstadt Trial. I am fighting back.

THIS year's annual Cincinnati weekend may well be the last, as I always have to subsidise it partly from our own funds. Besides, it takes three months to organise.

Many readers make modest but regular contributions to this battle by mailing cash or a check, or by using the secure form on the website. Others make more sizeable but necessarily anonymous contributions. Some have indicated they will support the battle with legacies (but these people are good friends and that date must wait as long as possible).

If you have not yet contributed to this battle, weigh in your mind the great good that it is doing. I thank them all – and you.

– David Irving