



## DAVID IRVING MEMOIRS: “AS I LAY THERE, DROWNING”

“AS I LAY THERE drowning, in my navy jersey and short brown overcoat, face down among the water-lilies and sticklebacks, and knowing nothing of foreshortening and refraction, I found that I still could not touch that bracelet. Feet came running across the field, and hands fished me out. They were just in time, or – *were they?*”

Did all that passed before my eyes since then ever really happen—the pink elephants at school, the prizes, *The Phoenix*, the blast of the steel furnaces in the Ruhr, the

photos of the Dresden pyres, the Pottersman Factor, the raucous beerhall audiences, my daughter’s coffin and the hate-wreath that came that night, the life-size bronze statue of a racehorse, the handcuffs, the Austrian cops with 9mm Glocks pointed at my head, and all the rest? Or were these just kaleidoscopic images in the blink of an eye, the life I *nearly* had but never did, flashing past in the last mortal second before it was snuffed out and the Lord gathered me up, still only five, into His arms?”

*Thus begin the memoirs which David Irving has been writing, and adding to, over half a century of meeting the famous names of the Twentieth Century and recording its Real History, and his fight, described without rancor or bitterness, to thwart the efforts of a few who tried to stop him.*