

David Irving's ACTION REPORT

DISTRIBUTED FOR THE INFORMATION OF CONTRIBUTORS TO THE FUND

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- Kenneth Starr's grilling of Monica: Mr Hitler would have Ordered Things Differently
- Thoughtful article by New York Times on David Irving's coming legal battles
- Dr Frederick Toben writes us from his German prison cell
- David Irving's Legal Battles Approaching Court Climax. And as always, **A Radical's Diary:-**



A Radical's Diary

BY DAVID IRVING



OUR TAKE ON CLINTON — P.2

AR ACTION REPORT
online

www.fpp.co.uk/online.html

Despite the best efforts of the traditional enemies of free speech . . .

David Irving speaks this autumn in the United States

Louisville, Kentucky:

Sept 22, phone Lou Brutscher at (502) 893 2273

Cincinnati, Ohio: September 24-26. See you in Cincinnati for Real History USA [more on p.21]

Cleveland, Ohio: Sept 27, phone Erich Gliebe, (440) 230 0685

Kitty Hawk, N Carolina: jspencer @albemarnet.com

Miami, Florida: Oct 16, and

West Palm Beach, Florida: Oct 17, Jeff Wilkerson at (561) 642-9606 or jeffw@flite.net

Atlanta, Georgia: Oct 20, Larry Coty larry314@yahoo.com

San Luis Obispo, Calif.: Oct 28, David Isham (415) 479 4910

Or contact David Irving himself by e-mail at

info@fpp.co.uk

Ottawa thumbs nose at Judge's Order to allow David Irving to testify in Canada

"The Minister has not allowed you to return."

LONDON — The Canadian government has thumbed its nose at a sub-pœna issued by a Canadian judge ordering British writer David Irving to appear as an expert witness in Toronto, Ontario, on behalf of beleaguered revisionist publisher Ernst Zündel.

Zündel, subject of a rolling legal onslaught since the early 1980s, is charged with violations of Canada's laws on human rights — the strictest in the world — on account of the California-based Internet "Zündel site" run by Dr Ingrid Rimland.

Canada's Human Rights Tribunal issued an order for Mr Irving to appear before the tribunal.

But the writer, admitted by the District Court of Ontario as an expert witness on Hitler's Third Reich in April 1988, has been banned from Canada ever since he was ambushed in Victoria, British Columbia, in Oct. 1992, and deported on the perjured testimony of Immigration investigator Harold Musetescu. Musetescu left government employment under a cloud at the time of its Heritage Front investigations in 1994.

The Canadian exclusion triggered an avalanche of worldwide bans, effectively shutting the international historian out of other Commonwealth countries (which was why Musetescu was prevailed on by the Canadian Jewish agencies to perjure himself as he did).

Celebrity Challenge

To visit Canada Mr Irving now has to obtain ministerial approval — and pay a £300 fee for applying. If consent is granted, he is also has to repay the \$2,000 costs of his (illegal) deportation. Mr Irving, who has visited Canada some fifty times since first invited to appear as star guest

on the celebrity TV talk show *Front Page Challenge* in 1967, paid the fees, when he made his application.

Two days before he was due to fly to Ontario, the Canadian High Commission — situated in a building just fifty yards down the street from his Mayfair, London, home — issued a refusal, explaining:

You have not subsequently obtained the written consent of the Minister...

Referring to Mr Irving's \$22,000 fine by a Munich court in 1991 for "defaming the memory of the dead", the letter also stated:

"It has been determined that this is equivalent to the [Canadian] offence 'Public Incitement to Hatred'.

"Finally . . . there are reasonable grounds to believe that you will commit one or more offences in Canada."

In fact Mr Irving's German *Verunglimpfung* "conviction" was for stating that the Auschwitz gas chamber shown to tourists is a post-war fake — a fact repeatedly confirmed since then by the Polish authorities.

Moreover, as lawyers have pointed out, the main error in the Canadian letter is to say that he does not have ministerial consent; that is precisely what he applied, and paid, for.

A GARBLED MESSAGE from the BBC reaches me in Key West — they have "had a message from the Auschwitz mus..."

I can only surmise what the rest is: I am banned from the site, truly a scandal. Another "first"? Yes indeed. Without explanation, a brief refusal by the Auschwitz museum to let me anywhere near the site. What a disgrace for them. What are they hiding? What are they afraid of?

There are disturbing signs that the Australian government is blocking access to my Website. But every day now three or four new people around the world are registering to go on the mailing lists. Most impressive.

I e-mail to Benté:

I am about to set out on the great drive up to Canada and back.

Phone call from Barbara C., she has had a letter from a lady in Vienna who worked in her father's office (Arthur Liebehenschel, commandant of Auschwitz). Speaks highly of him, was *deprimiert* when the Poles sentenced him to death.

Benté faxes through from London the actual letter from Auschwitz, stating the ban: terse and without reason. How humiliating — for them!

AislinN phones around, getting e-mail addresses of newsdesks. I have a lie down in the Mosquito Room after lunch and then at five we send out a press release. What cowards the media are: great issues involving freedom of speech and historical research right under their noses, and — frightened to say so.

The veto itself reminds me of Nevada casinos which ban big winners; same now with Germany's Bundesarchiv and Auschwitz — they can't afford to let me in!

Pick up a rental Lincoln Town Car for the great odyssey at 5:30 p.m. Old-style one, thank goodness.

Opinion

WE REPRODUCE the following editorial comment by David Irving on the events in Washington, DC.

Mr Hitler would have Ordered Things Differently

“Jurisprudence?” No, Legal Prurience

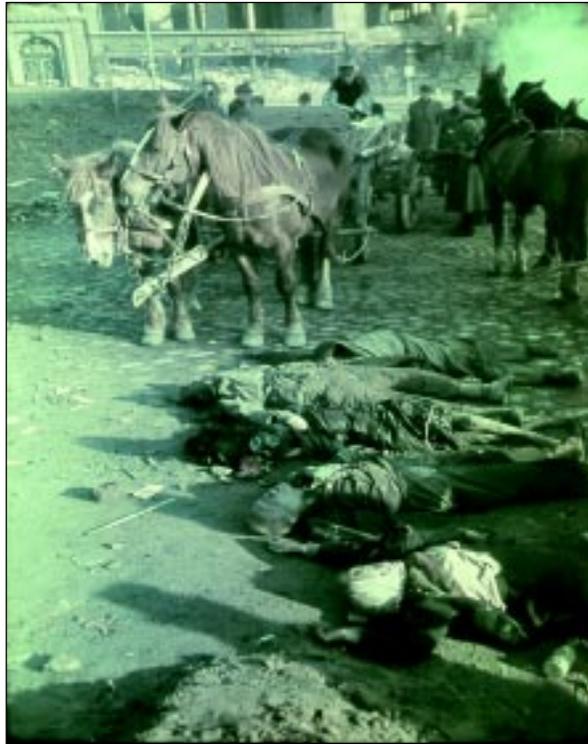
NOW THAT I AM BACK IN MY HOME city, London, I can say without fear of discourtesy that a lot of us never liked Bill Clinton.

Never mind the impenetrable tangle of financial and real-estate dealings in which he evidently engaged as governor of Arkansas, or the tawdry sale of favours to raise funds for his party. Never mind the granting of a plot in Arlington National Cemetery, resting place of heroes, to a dying friend, Ambassador Lawrence, on that man's perjured assurance that he had fought in the Arctic Convoy battles (Lawrence escaped the WWII draft as a student in California).

Bill Clinton is many things

- a man so concerned with his looks that he ordered Air Force One held athwart the main runway at Los Angeles International airport for an hour while his personal hairdresser fixed the bouffant hair:

- a commander in chief who dodged the draft, but is not squeamish about ordering other men



BY horse and cart the air raid victims were brought to Dresden's Altmarkt market square for public cremation: there were not enough survivors to bury the dead after the horrific February 1945 British air raid. (Photo: David Irving, APOCALYPSE 1945, Focal Point, London, 1995)

into battle:

- a president who cited the name of Our Lord and quoted from a Yom Kippur prayer to curry favour from those he asked for forgiveness.

ALL OF these things seem offensive to the common man.

And yet, deep down, all ordinary men must be

affronted by what the lawyers have now done for a second time to a U.S. president, indeed to the institution of the presidency. The English have never really understood Watergate, except that it spun off the hair-thin tripwires that provided sufficient purchase to pull down President Nixon.

Clinton ON BACK PAGE

LIKE Brigitte, the daughter of the commandant of Auschwitz Rudolf Höss, Barbara C., the daughter of his successor Arthur Liebehenschel, now lives in in the western United States.

Liebehenschel was hanged by the Poles for war crimes.

Barbara was only one year old when the war ended, but is in close touch with her mother Anneliese (who was private secretary to Glücks, overall chief of the concentration camp system) and sister, who both still live in Germany. Last September, B. visited Auschwitz, and wrote us this letter afterwards:

Can you tell me if the crematorium that I saw at Auschwitz I (main camp) was ever used at this camp? Even Anneliese said, “those were not there,” when she saw the pictures I took of the inside and outside? The originals at Birkenau were destroyed before the evacuation of the camp, were they not? I am busy working on my book, and yes, I took pictures at Auschwitz.”

David Irving replies: As you

Letters

Write to **ACTION REPORT** or to David Irving and his Fighting Fund (DIFF) at P O Box 1707, Key West, FL 33041, USA or to 81 Duke Street, London W1M 5DJ, England

know the authorities at Auschwitz have formally banned me from setting foot in their archives.

I wonder what they're trying to hide! It's plain that Auschwitz I, the *Stammlager*, has undergone a monstrous face lift since 1945, with many edifices erected there since the war. A crematorium with a chimney which is not even attached to the building — a dummy! — is one example. The “gas chamber” shown to tourists is another, as phoney as the magic castles at Orlando and Anaheim. That is why your mother Anneliese Liebehenschel did not remember them.

They were erected by the Poles in 1948, as they now admit.

It is a scandal, but anybody who breathes a word about the fraud out loud is persecuted, fined, and (in Germany, which doesn't have a wonderful human rights record so far this millennium) imprisoned.

Watch out, Travelers to Germany!

When K. and I went to Salzburg in the fall of 1997 we had to fly to Munich and continue on by train, there being no direct flights from Seattle. At Munich airport they took us out of line and went over our baggage with a fine tooth comb. I had nothing in my luggage that hinted of Holocaust denial.

This incident confirmed my suspicion that they are watching everyone. I am sure they were looking for something to put me in jail for.

Just another incident to be aware of. All Revisionists on the Internet should be aware of this.

D., Seattle

AR: D. is an active user of the Internet. It reminds us of once when we were leaving Montréal to drive to Boston; arriving at the Canadian border at 2 a.m., our car alone was taken out of the line, we were taken into a building, and through the window we saw to our astonishment the car being literally dismantled — door panels unscrewed, floors taken up, wheels dismounted, spare wheel deflated.

Fortunately we had sent all our stocks of narcotics, AK-47s, Nazi flags, hammer-and-sickle badges, and pornographic literature on ahead by Canada Post, and we had stored all our Gold Krugers in a Swiss bank, so the car was bare.

After two hours they handed the keys back to us, without a murmur of apology, and we drove on. We silently thanked Mr Bernie Farber and his cohorts for this visitation.

DAVID IRVING and ACTION REPORT, his irregular newsletter, ask all who have contributed to his global fight for Truth in History not to forget those like Günter Deckert who are in German prisons for the cause. Deckert will be 60 on Jan.9!

Günter Deckert, politischer Häftling, Staatsgefängnis, Schönbornstrasse 32, 76646 Bruchsal, Germany

I enjoyed your talk in Fort Lauderdale — PS: The School system in Dade coun-

ty, Florida, has implemented a filter barring schoolchildren from access to your site.

*Liana Stanton,
Miami*

AR comments: In Florida and other parts of the United States – the world’s last bastion of free speech – legislators now require colleges and schools drawing State or Federal funds for their computer equipment to install filtering software approved and designed by the New-York based Anti-Defamation League.

Since most students have access to unfiltered equipment elsewhere, at home, in Internet cafes, and at work, they tend to pay even closer attention to the sites the ADL does not want them to read. Regrettably, the overall result in our view can only be an increase in anti-Semitic feeling.

The Cincinnati conference on Real History

I was first introduced to your work by Professor Hartmut Fröschle of the University of Toronto. My wife was fortunate to have studied under him both in Canada and in Germany.

It was by his direction that I have begun my intellectual awakening. I look forward to the opportunity to participate in the upcoming conference, [SEE PAGE 21] and if possible, to meet you personally.

*Kheven Grubb,
Maryland*

Posters

Several weeks ago I received the HITLER’S WAR posters that I purchased through your Website. I was impressed with the posters’ quality and historical significance. Framed and displayed in my personal

library, they remind me daily of the importance of preserving the Real History you so admirably advocate.

For over 20 years, I have read and studied material dealing with all aspects of Hitler’s life. Your work remains my unchallenged favorite.

I would welcome the opportunity to attend one of your speaking functions. I know you are planning a conference in Ohio. Do you foresee any future functions a bit closer to North Carolina?

Wishing you all the best in your personal, professional, and legal efforts —

*Teresa A. Taylor
Wilson, North Carolina*

AR: Mr Irving will be speaking in North Carolina in September. SEE PAGE 1.

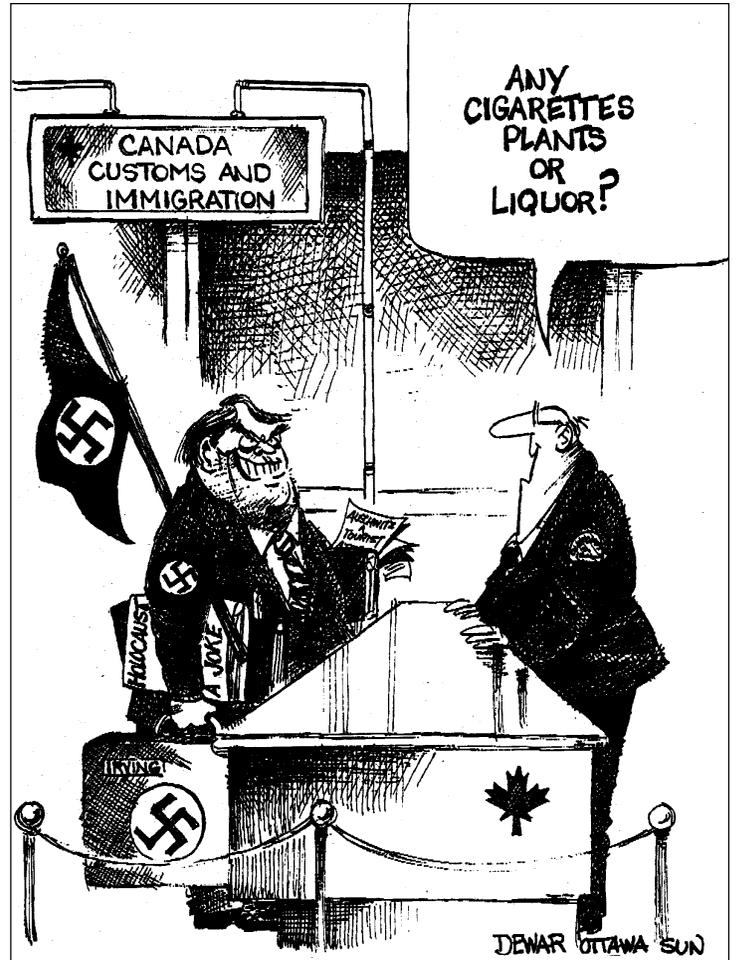
Damage Control?

I read the article in the *New York Times* concerning your legal action against Deborah Lipstadt [SEE PAGE 5]. This seems rather mild for the *Times*; I wonder if it is intended to serve as advance damage control – or merely to lull? It is noteworthy that the on-line article is linked prominently from the opening page, suggesting that they wish to bring it to the notice of readers.

As a daily reader of the online *New York Times* (though usually with teeth clenched), I find this all rather surprising.

*Philip Smith, Chicago
psmith@journals.uchicago.edu*

□ At last the Swedish edition of GOEBBELS. MASTERMIND OF THE THIRD REICH is printed. We are making an intensive direct drive to the



Swedish booksellers; we started only this week and already forty-three of the biggest book-shops have ordered – for Sweden that is a very good result.

*Valkyria Publishing,
Stockholm*

□ One quick observation – the Focal Point editions of your books [HITLER’S WAR, GOEBBELS. MASTERMIND OF THE THIRD REICH, APOCALYPSE ’45 AND NUREMBERG, THE LAST BATTLE], are of very high quality and well printed. Congratulations are due.

F I, Big Bend, Wisconsin.

Many thanks for your most interesting **ACTION REPORT**, containing so much information – not only on the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

Ottawa FROM PAGE 1

Mr Irving has protested to the Canadian High Commission:

• You state that the German offence of *Verunglimpfung* etc., “has been determined” to be “equivalent to the offence of Public Incitement to Hatred.” This is not so, and you are aware of the very high standards set by the Immigration Act which require that the conviction shall be for an offence which has an *exact equivalent under Canadian criminal code*.

• You state that there are reasonable grounds to believe I would commit an offence. No properly constituted court will accept this, given that I have never been charged with *any offence* on my previous fifty or so visits to Canada, and *no requests* for me to be so charged are evident in the files of the Attorney-General, which we obtained under your Access to Information Act.

Mr Irving adds: “Your decision is purely political, a violation of the Canadian Charter of Human Rights, and an affront to freedom of speech.” ■

Dictionary News

IN A Washington Post story headed “Top D.C. Aide Resigns Over Racial Rumor” Yolanda Woodlee, reports that the director of Mayor Anthony A. Williams’s constituent services office resigned after being accused of using a racial slur.

His offence? David Howard, head of the Office of Public Advocate, used the word “niggardly” in a Jan. 15 conversation about funding

“I used the word ‘niggardly’ in

reference to my administration of a fund,” Howard confessed. “Although the word, which is defined as miserly, does not have any racial connotations, I realize that staff members present were offended by the word.

“I immediately apologized,” Howard said. “. . . I would never think of making a racist remark. I regret that the word I did use offended anyone.”

According to the Post’s writer, when Howard, who is white, noticed the reaction to his use of the word, he apologized to his three-member staff, which is

made up of two blacks and another white.

Soon after the remark was uttered, the rumor mill started churning that Howard had used the word “nigger.” Howard said he has received numerous telephone calls since Jan. 15 from people in the community who had heard “I had made a racist remark . . . in fact unquotable here.”

The *Barnhard Dictionary of Etymology* traces the origins of niggardly to the 1300s and the words *nig* and *ard*, meaning miser, in Middle English. It also notes possible earlier origins in lan-

guages including Old Icelandic, Old English and Middle High German. There is no mention of any racial connotation.

Howard said the rumor that he had used a racial slur “has severely compromised my effectiveness as the District’s Public Advocate and in the best interest of my office, I resigned,” effective Monday.

More on this story:

AR ACTION REPORT
<http://www.fpp.co.uk/ActionReport/AR15/Dictionary.html>



Radical's Diary FROM PAGE 1

An e-mail from Beatrice in Brisbane, Australia:

"Daddy, A friend told me she saw in yesterday's *Courier Mail* that the BBC wanted to do a documentary on Auschwitz with you as narrator but the Auschwitz authorities wouldn't permit it. Is this true?"

Indeed. I set out at one p.m. and arrive at Tampa at 10:45.

Next day: a good function. About 100 there, good book-sales. Young men, well dressed in suits or blazers, standing impassively at the corners. No Skinheads, neo-Nazis, thugs, or jackboots in evidence – though no doubt the local press will tell its readers otherwise.

I am back at Key West at 5:30 p.m. Drive straight through, stopping once near Fort Myer and once in the Everglades.

Now the London newspapers are reviewing Ron Rosenbaum's book *The Hitler of History*; a nice reference to me by Norman Stone in last week's *Sunday Times*.

Ralph phones: under pressure from "the community" (unspecified) the Day's Inn at Rocky Point has caved in and cancelled our booking. The traditional enemy of free speech, busy as ever.

In the evening, we mail invitations to Canadians in Ontario and Québec to come to my Niagara Falls meeting.

N. writes me, "I have access to people in Moscow with one million captured Nazi documents they are selling." Problem is, an Israeli outfit is also after them. N. says he has seen 35 mm Soviet-made "microfilms" – in fact strips of film stapled together end to end. I warn of possible scams. N., a teacher, reads German, says he read one file of an SS man right through to 1944.

Drive back to Tampa. Our man has told us exit 18, but there is no such exit northbound; we have to go on a twenty mile U-trip over the bridge and back. I never fail to be stunned by people's ignorance of their own towns and highway exits. He has brought boxes of my GÖRING'S, the Lincoln buckles under the extra weight. Not a cubic inch of space left in it.

After checking one or two hotels we settle for a cheap one some way up Interstate-75.

Alas, I have burned out the teamaker yet again. Up at eight a.m. This to Benté:

At Tampa, arrived ten p.m. last night, and about to continue

journey north to Atlanta today, where I'm interviewing an elderly gent.

You'll be pleased to hear that Aislinn found a scorpion in her suitcase last night. She came trotting along the motel corridor and pounded on my door, would I go to her room and dispose of the animal. Had to tip out the whole suitcase, as it had buried itself inside. Wasn't big. Haven't seen her yet this morning, hope it didn't get her.

We drive on north toward Atlanta. Aislinn drives once or twice, but it is an ordeal for me. Once she turns out of a gas station heading on the wrong side of double yellow lines towards baffled oncoming drivers. She gets lost on I-185, stops the car across two lanes of traffic and climbs out, refusing to drive on.

We get to the Fagerberg household at six p.m.

Albert Fagerberg has heaped onto the table several folders, containing the papers of Tyler Gatewood Kent – the 1940 traitor in the US embassy in London, given to him by Kent's widow Clara.

I read through the papers for three hours, and then advise Fagerberg to donate them to the Hoover Library or Library of Congress. Among them are Kent's letters exchanged with his long-time mistress Clara Hyatt, of the Carter's Little Liver Pills family.

My ankle is now very painful indeed. I clamber down a mudslope to a Waffle House, and come back with coffees; I knock on A.'s door and give her one of them, then do paperwork until 2:30 a.m. again.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE; AT the museum they unscrew two yellowing original photographs, of Heinrich Himmler inspecting an anti-tank gun and a tank, from their frames (they were from Himmler's home, stolen by a GI); I scan them onto the Mac, and drive on at about four p.m.

I work all evening mailing out invitations to New Hampshire and Texas. Gradually catching up on the paper. Soup at a Shoney's.

So, off to Louisville. On the road alone and early like the old days. Arrive at eleven a.m. Excellent function of around 120 army veterans and their wives, up to generals' rank. My table neighbour is aged 85 and deaf as a post; he smiles benignly throughout my talk. I suspect that Deborah Lipstadt would call him a Skinhead thug too, since he has not got much hair. I deliver a talk on writing history, and book sales are not too bad considering.

Cincinnati at six p.m. A slew of e-mails to deal with. I drive all day to Monongahela, and drop in on Charles P., who brings his wife and (nine) children to see me. Work is proceeding on his Dachau Massacre book. Like a lot of authors, he likes the chase, but finds problems actually marshalling the materials. Supper with him at a steakhouse. Drive until the tank is nearly empty, and stop at Bedford at a little motel (\$27) and work until 1:30 a.m. I miss the tea-making machine. Interesting e-mail from an Austrian who has letters about the Dachau massacre.

Arrive at New York city, at the Kolping House at around six p.m. (memories of being a steelworker, living at the Mülheim/Ruhr Kolping-Haus!) It is a kind of German Catholic YMCA.

A number of friendlies already hanging around street corners, they help me with the boxes. The parking meter jams after I put in four quarters still showing only 25-cents; shortly, a traffic warden slaps a ticket on the car despite my protests. And a Noo-Yawk welcome to you too.

My host arrives, a slightly olive-skinned Lebanese with impeccable Cambridge English.

It is my first talk in Manhattan. Over 120 people have packed in, so tables are taken out to make room.

My host has the usual hang-ups. "I don't shake hands," he says sternly, as I proffer mine.

After the audience settles in, he makes a Clive Derby-Lewis type of introduction lasting forty minutes, while everybody shifts nervously.

I deliver a fiery ninety-minute talk. No time for discussion. I notice that one deluxe copy of GOEBBELS has walked off the book table by itself without saying goodbye to me.

I put the red cashbox containing what are in effect my entire life savings on top of the boxes in the trunk of the Lincoln parked in Third Avenue, slam it shut, and go off for coffee and a snack with audience members afterwards.

As I return to the car an hour later, toward midnight, I see to my dismay that the trunk lid is gaping wide open, and a small crowd is standing round – Puerto Ricans, Blacks, and other less appetising citizens of Manhattan's East Side.

I almost faint. Then I see that the red cashbox is sitting untouched, proudly glaring back at this crowd that has gathered at a respectful distance to see which idiot will have the nerve to snatch it: they all suspect a trap.

I grandly slam the trunk shut,

and drive off toward Boston. I stop at Milford, Connecticut, at 1:30 a.m. It has been another loo-oo-ong day.

ARRIVE AT NASHUA AT TWO p.m. Altogether five people attend my mass meeting here, including the organizer Peter, K. and his son. *Aller Anfang ist schwer*.

Set out around six p.m. for Niagara Falls, but every motel along the Massachusetts Turnpike and New York Thruway is sold out, and I end up driving non-stop 400 miles until five a.m. Park in the Denny's parking lot at Niagara Falls, and sleep for three hours on the front seat.

Walk down to the edge of the Falls; huge rainbows, steaming heat, bright sun. I send an e-mail to Benté:

I had a very pleasant walk (or rather limp, as my ankle is still killing me) round the rim of the Falls. Lots of children of Jessica's age there. What a pity you don't come on these adventures.

About ninety people hear me speak including many familiar old friends from Canada. Set out back to Boston at 10:11 a.m. Another long day's drive but I shall have to drive twice as far each day to get to Texas this week. A splitting headache when I arrive, not helped by the Discovery that the Boston television studio have left it to me to pay for the hugely expensive room they have booked (nearly \$300: over ten times my normal night's budget).

Phone message from L. to meet him for dinner at the Harvard Faculty Club. He shows me a listed headed "Harvard University, Widener Library Card File, August 8, 1998," which enumerates no fewer than forty-seven books by me in its stacks.

Downstairs for the film producer at 8:45 a.m. Fortunately he will pay the hotel. I am through with his film crew by 1:30 p.m., and heading south by two. Opinions differ about the quickest way to Texas; short of flying, that is. I opt for through New York city, then westwards. Stop briefly at New York for coffee, and reach Manassas, Virginia, after 500 miles at midnight. Check a dozen hotels for the cheapest rate.

Next day: This e-mail to Benté:

7:30 a.m. I have noted Jessica's needs, and will see if I pass a Barbie shop between here and Key West (which is 5,000 miles of driving); I drove 550 yesterday, and drive 650 today, toward Tennessee, I think.

On the road all day. Arrive at Nashville, my goal for the day, around eleven p.m. and check into a small hotel.

Set off again around ten a.m., and get to Dallas at eleven p.m. after about 700 miles today. With difficulty, I get my e-mails.

One comes from New York publisher Don Fehr; I could shriek:

As you may not know, I'm now Executive Editor at Basic Books.

The other week I had pulled down your GOEBBELS biography to (in connection to another book I am editing) and in thumbing through it I realized, again, that you are a helluva writer and that the book is a terrific read.

Have there been other developments on US rights after the St. Martin's fiasco?

I took the liberty of photocopying sections of the book and circulated them for discussion at one of our recent editorial meetings. It's the dead of August; I thought I'd liven things up some. In all likelihood this will be killed, but for the time being at least, I've been asked to provide more information to circulate. I assume you've got clippings on the book and the controversy.

Could you arrange to have a packet sent to me? - the Hitchens piece in *Vanity Fair* would be particularly useful.

I reply: "Wow, that is one thought-provoking letter. I was in New York two days ago, driving south from Niagara Falls and Boston to here (I am filming for The History Channel in Boston, and I speak to students and my supporters at Austin, Texas, tomorrow)." I continue:

GOEBBELS: First, as you may know Random House both expressed an immediate and strong interest in taking over the book GOEBBELS. MASTERMIND OF THE THIRD REICH, but after *The New York Post* leaked this fact after four weeks (and they asked for three copies by FedEx to read), Wassermann found he was checkmated.

Other, less prestigious publishers have since then asked to see the book, but I have not even let them have it to read, as I have taken the decision, which you may understand, that I would rather not have it published at all than by an "off Broadway" firm.

After eight years' very hard work, it is a very tough decision for me. It has brought me to the verge of ruin, but it is a matter of pride. I have fought back against the evil forces which killed it (namely the ADL) by publishing all the facts on my FPP-Website.

"I conclude, "I am in the USA until Aug. 22, then London again. The History Channel have asked me to narrate a film for them on *The Destruction of Dresden*, filming in London that week." [TV premiere: Sept.19]

□ I arrive at Austin, Texas, at 1:30 p.m. Over to a radio station at three p.m. The DJ, "Shannon," is a good questioner. Several callers, all hostile, including a very Jewish Holly, whose mother had suffered and wanted money.

I pointed out that her mother, like countless millions of others, had also thank goodness sur-

Under the headline Taking a Holocaust Skeptic Seriously *The New York Times* published on June 26, 1999 this report from London as a curtain raiser on its coverage of David Irving's lawsuit against the American professor Deborah Lipstadt.



DAVID IRVING, a writer who focuses on the German side of World War II, has brought a libel suit against a critic who described him as dangerous. [Michael Hentz for The New York Times]

vived; but did this not rather highlight the sloppiness of the Nazis who had had her mother and millions of other Jews actually in their camps, but allowed them to survive despite their extermination intent?

The very phrase Holocaust survivor is an oxymoron: nobody survives a holocaust, it is *whole*. I think that bit would have been above her, however.

As we drive off, we hear on the car radio the local Anti-Defamation League stringer yapping at Shannon by phone. The ADL had tried to force him to withdraw the invitation; then threatened to pressure his advertisers to cancel advertising - the usual tactics of these friends of Free Speech. Then they insisted on attending the programme; then they changed their mind. Shannon listens politely to the yaps and yelps ("We are all for Free Speech," says the ADL "heavy", "but..."), and as he puts the phone down exclaims, "What a pisser...!", not recalling he is on air. The ADL will not have advanced their cause.

I drive on down to San Marcos. A mediocre function, mostly young folk.

PAPERWORK UNTIL 2:30 a.m. as usual. Up at 7:20, and onwards to the east.

Dinner at New Orleans with T. He comments on the size of my

CONTINUED ON PAGE 7

Taking a Holocaust Skeptic Seriously

LONDON, JULY 25 — Can a writer who thinks the Holocaust was a hoax still be a great historian?

HE British writer David Irving's books have been praised by some of the most eminent scholars in his field. The military historian John

he is not a Holocaust denier because his comments "are true."

Keegan, who says Irving "knows more than anyone alive about the German side of the Second World War," considers his work "indispensable to anyone seeking to understand the war in the round." Gordon Craig, a leading scholar of German history at Stanford University, also calls Irving's work "indispensable." He adds, "I always learn something from him."

The case, which goes to trial here early next year, does more than raise the issue of free speech and test the evenhandedness of British libel laws; it poses disturbing questions about the practice of history.

Yet to Deborah Lipstadt, author of "Denying the Holocaust," Irving is a propagandist — "one of the most dangerous spokespersons for Holocaust denial" — and not a historian at all. It is a statement that has prompted Irving to sue her for libel in Britain. He readily admits that he has said "there were never any gas chambers at Auschwitz," but insists

There is some irony in Irving's legal action. In 1996, St. Martin's Press, under public pressure, canceled a contract with Irving for his book, "Goebbels: Mastermind of the Third Reich." His defenders assailed St. Martin's, arguing they were trying to muzzle his views. The Goebbels biography never did find an American publisher, but a London edition, brought out by Irving's own imprint, prompted Craig to declare: "Silencing Mr. Irving would be a high price to pay for freedom from the annoyance he causes us."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

The New York Times

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

The fact is that he knows more about National Socialism than most professional scholars in his field."

In a six-page essay in *The New York Review of Books*, Craig noted Irving's claims that the Holocaust never took place, and that Auschwitz was merely "a labor camp with an unfortunately high death rate." Though "such obtuse and quickly discredited views" may be "offensive to large numbers of people," Craig argued, Irving's work is "the best study we have of the German side of the Second World War," and "we dare not" disregard his views.

Yet is it contradictory to describe Irving, as the writer Christopher Hitchens has, as "not just a Fascist historian" but also "a great historian of Fascism"?

Irving's claim to historical seriousness rests largely, in Craig's phrase, on "his energy as a researcher." An indefatigable documents man, Irving spent years poring over Nazi archives, rooting out long-lost diaries and private correspondence and presenting his findings in vivid, readable narratives aimed at conveying World War II from the German point of view.

That effort has earned praise from many historians who are at pains to distinguish between the historian and the work. Eric Hobsbawm, the British Marxist historian, declared that Irving's politics were irrelevant.

"Most historians are politically engaged one way or another," he said. Asked if he felt awkward about resorting to the courts to silence his political intent, but by whether they critics after he had been produce work "You judge what they do not by the based on evidence."

Mark Mazower, a historian at Princeton University, pointed out that "if you restrict yourself to works produced in conditions of freedom, by writers with whom we can feel intellectually akin," you would be ruling out a lot of history. The real question, said Mazower, author of "Dark Continent: Europe's 20th Century," is how you treat such material. "After all, even the Nazi historians produced some useful information."

A similar observation could be heard from Raul Hilberg, author of the classic "Destruction of the European Jews." "I have quoted Eichmann references that come from a neo-Nazi publishing house," he told Hitchens in an article that appeared in *Vanity Fair* during the St. Martin's controversy. "I am not for taboos."

By the same token, these scholars recognize that it is absurd to expect historians to operate in a sanitized, value-free environment. Michael Geyer, professor of contemporary European history at the University of Chicago, said that Irving's values are

responsible for the ultimately debilitating flaws in his work.

Geyer, who specializes in military history, argues that Irving's very success in "understanding the Nazi generals as they were" brings its own pitfalls. First, there is the problem of consistency. "If you want to stay within the purview of the Nazis, you have to reconstruct what they did," Geyer explained in a telephone interview. "You can't just ignore some of what they did because it doesn't fit your point of view. Irving shuts down sources that do not suit his point of view."

Irving replied, "It may be unfortunate for Prof. Lipstadt that she is the one who finds herself dragged out of the line and shot."

What's more, said Geyer, Irving "does not keep all the actors in the picture." In his fascination with the Nazis, he overlooks the humanity of their victims. A good historian, said Geyer, needs empathy as well as intelligence.

David Cannadine, director of London's Institute for Historical Research, has also criticized Irving's "double standard on evidence." Reviewing the first volume of Irving's 1988 book *CHURCHILL'S WAR*, he accused Irving of "demanding absolute documentary proof to convict the Germans (as when he sought to show that Hitler was not responsible for the Holocaust), while relying on circumstantial evidence to condemn the British (as in his account of the Allied bombing of Dresden)."

Hilberg is well aware of the pressure to conform to an approved Holocaust narrative. His own work has been attacked in some quarters for the minimal role he allots to Jewish resistance. But while Hilberg defends Irving's right to publish, he distinguishes Irving's writing from "legitimate controversy."

"I believe in the freedom not to be responsible," Hilberg has said, "but that doesn't mean I endorse it."

There are, he said in a telephone interview, numerous continuing disputes among Holocaust scholars. For example, some say Hitler always intended to murder the Jews, while others say he did so partly in response to the fortunes of war. "Exact numbers, resistance — there are still disagreements," Hilberg said. "But to ignore evidence that points to certain conclusions — to claim there were no gas chambers at Auschwitz for killing

people! That is not a legitimate controversy."

To Hilberg, Irving's record as a collector of facts is beside the point: "You can create an illusion that is totally misleading by leaving things out, even though everything you say is true."

Irving himself insists he is not a historian of the Holocaust. "I regard myself principally as a biographer of top Nazis (and others)," he communicated electronically from his house in Key West, Fla. Asked for his response to some recent scholarship setting out the mechanism of Hitler's Final Solution, Irving replied: "Haven't read it. It's not my patch."

Still, he distributes a widely discredited book purporting to disprove the existence of the gas chambers. And he insists that while Nazi memoirs may be taken essentially at face value, the testimony of Holocaust survivors is relatively worthless. "Eyewitness testimony," he said in a speech last year at Washington State University, "is really a matter for psychiatric evaluation."

It is sentiments like these that prompted Ms. Lipstadt to warn historians and journalists away from Irving's work. That warning, Irving said, led to his troubles with St. Martin's — and to his decision to sue.

To get to court in the United States, a public figure like Irving would have to show that Ms. Lipstadt had acted "in reckless disregard" of the truth. But British libel law is different. Here, "the burden of proof is on the defendant," said Anthony Julius, Ms. Lipstadt's lawyer. "We have to prove that what she said was true."

"I feel like I'm living in 'Alice in Wonderland,'" Ms. Lipstadt said in a telephone interview. "It's absolutely backwards."

Asked if he felt awkward about resorting to the courts to silence his critics after he had been the cause of a free-speech campaign, Irving replied, "It may be unfortunate for Professor Lipstadt that she is the one who finds herself dragged out of the line and shot."

So is David Irving a historian? The question is "a little artificial," said Mazower, the "Dark Continent" author. "On whom do we bestow the hallowed title of historian?"

In Germany, where Holocaust denial is a crime, Irving has been convicted and fined for his views. But Britain, like the United States, has no such law. In her book, Ms. Lipstadt advised against using courts to suppress even those who would deny the existence of the gas chambers. "Legal restraints," she wrote, "transform the deniers into martyrs on the altars of free speech."

It will be up to a British judge to decide whether that label fits either side in this case.

Comments on the article:

NICE to know the press is still capable of some objectivity—once a year!

Vincent Lehman, Switzerland
vincent.lehmann@urbanet.ch

OF course you're 100% correct on the matter of "eye witnesses" versus physical, scientific, and documentary evidence or the lack of same.

Henry, henri@alaska.net
WONDERFULLY fair article. Best of luck with your battle against that scoundrel Lipstadt!

Lawrence V. Conley,
Wulfmaer@aol.com

I READ the article when it appeared on Saturday. I agree with you that it was "surprisingly fair," especially after reading Tina Rosenberg's 1996 article. Her article is filled with so many absurdities that one must wonder if any history book cleared by the *NY Times* and similar liberal associations can be read as non-fiction.

Kevin Beary KevinBeary@aol.com
YOUR work is important and even if not recognized now as to its value future generations shall be thankful for the efforts and sacrifices you have made to keep the truth alive.

Biophilos Biophilos@flinet.com
I THOUGHT it was surprisingly mild. The absence of the epithets "neo-Nazi", "antisemite" and "ridiculous" is an important development. It was a useful follow-up to Gordon Craig's review of your GOEBBELS, because he was not completely scandalized by your skepticism.

All of this represents what I would call a normalization of doubt about the "extermination camps" — because that is all that is really involved here. Nevertheless, you will note that the article in at least two places implies that disbelief in gas chamber evidence equals disbelief in "the Holocaust."

Name withheld
THE historians keep talking about tons of evidence, but you ask for one autopsy or forensic report, and they look at you like you are the most repulsive person on earth. Of course, there is always the Pressac book — if you can find a copy of it anywhere. The Pressac book has become the most repressed work to come out of the Revisionist-Holocaust fight!

David Kramer,
Dkramer3@exchange.ml.com
HISTORICAL studies of the 20th century would have been impoverished by your absence from the fray all these years. As an admirer from the left —

Alan Bickley Madison, Wisconsin
[abickley@chorus.net]

On the Internet: It seems that David Irving chooses what he wants to believe and then finds the evidence to support his theory — it's the easy way of doing history and very commonly practiced.

However, if Irving rummages around in libraries, unearthing new sources of information which are not elsewhere available, buying his books is worth it just for accessing this previously hidden source material. A double-edged knife.

Jason Leech



Radical's Diary FROM PAGE 4

nose (after the breakage) and I agree it has swollen; I can not afford surgery right now. His yappy little dog fusses around my ankles, despite my lamentations. The little beast looks like a lively pipe cleaner.

After the meal I drive to Gulfport, then to Biloxi. The Knight's Inn offers me a room that smells as though a rather larger dog than T.'s pipe cleaner has recently been there. The next one has an air conditioner that does not work (both hotels are run by Asians). Finally settle into an Asian-run place at Pascagoula, and go on-line around 2:14 AM.

The Texas function was a financial washout: eight or ten days' of all-day driving to speak to thirty people in the middle of nowhere between two cities (I was expecting another big Washington-state type of *university* function). What *poseurs*, to quote that radio compere.

□ I ARRIVE IN TAMPA ON MONDAY at four p.m. at Cafe H., and find it shut – it is shut every Monday. But I read again the e-mail and find that it has agreed to open specially for our private function: it does, an ideal setting.

The cafe owner is Regina, a wistful 26-year-old blonde born in Ingolstadt, Germany. She is in a flurry, as she has found that a waiter has stolen \$500 from the till last week; that kind of money makes the difference between paying the rent and not, she says. I slip a \$100 dollar bill into the GÖRING I give her as I leave around midnight for Key West – I decide to drive all night to make up for lost time.

Arrive at Key West at 9:50 a.m., not bad going. Total distance covered by car over 8,500 miles.

Don Fehr, the New York publisher, phones, is not over-optimistic. Tells me about the secret background of the St Martin's Press (SMP) affair. Their CEO Tom McCormack was in a power struggle with Michael Naumann [*now Germany's minister of culture*] of Henry Holt Inc. Naumann faxed to Holtzbrink, the Stuttgart corporation owning SMP, copies of all the dirt being published in the New York press about me, in an attempt to topple McCormack (who did eventually resign, after the fiasco with GOEBBELS).

I say that Naumann is the same man who bought CHURCHILL'S WAR, for Germany's Rowohlt publishing firm, then had me sent to prison for contempt of Court. I tell Don the whole

story. He is shocked at it too.

LEAVE KEY WEST FOR London, having been away from home for three months.

At the British Airways desk, a snooty ticketing official declares my trunks overweight. I fish a big box out of one, rearrange the others, and remark audibly to other passengers who have the same problem, that Virgin Atlantic has never asked me to redo bags.

Overheard, evidently, because the official announces grandly that he is upgrading me to Business Class, and no sir, there will be no charge at all for the excess baggage. I am properly effusive and grovelling with my thanks.

So: in poverty, style, and comfort back to London.

□ Back at Duke Street. A Dr Norden, of Vienna, Austria, has phoned from his London hotel suite, wanting fifteen minutes of my time. Benté calls him back; the hotel says the room is booked to the firm of Goldstein and Blumstock. Uh-huh. He does not return our call.

I take Jessica to school, looking very smart in her new grey winter uniform, straw hat, etc. Wish the camera had film.

More documents come from Mishcon de Reya, Lipstadt's lawyers, for tomorrow's hearing. They start faxing through a 26-page Order, but I switch off the machine; they are not allowed to fax to me, as a litigant in person. The hard copy arrives by courier at six p.m. Their new Discovery shows Lipstadt *did* get most of her smears from the ADL.

I sit outside the Spaghetti House perusing the documents and reading up in Gatley [*the standard textbook on libel actions*].

Work until two a.m. Then up early again, and to High Court.

10:30 a.m. At the High Court in the Strand. It is a half-hearted attempt by Lipstadt to get my entire list of documents thrown out, inflicting on me the burden of producing a new list.

I do not believe I have met her lawyer the famous Anthony Julius before. He has the manners of a hod-carrier, tho' I doubt this sneering gentleman has carried a hod in his life.

Julius begins by addressing the Court on The Law – "GCSE-Discovery," as he contemptuously calls it, "for Mr Irving's benefit." Master Trench however is well briefed.

He reminds us – I had forgotten – that I was before him in my breach of contract action against *The Sunday Times*; and he adds, as his eye lights on a 1963 news clipping about Gerald Gable's conviction for breaking into my home on behalf of *Searchlight*, that he also had Gable before him, as a de-

fendant in the libel action brought by Alexander Baron, no less. *El mundo es un pañuelo*, as the Spanish say.

Baron and Gable are two hate-mongers between whom I have as much difficulty in choosing as between the evil Swiss bankers and their scarcely more likeable opponents, the WJC.

Master Trench mentions affably that he sees I knew Leo Gradwell, the Marlboro' Street magistrate in the 1960s (when Mr Julius was no doubt still pooping his diapers, which we should not hold against him of course).

"I used to appear before Gradwell," he reminisces – explaining that at that time he prosecuted shoplifters.

I interviewed Gradwell, a war hero, many times: like my father he was in the Navy; in the disastrous Arctic Convoy PQ.17 in July 1942, Gradwell commanded a minesweeper, a converted fishing trawler, with an RNVR crew.

When Tirpitz was believed to be just over the horizon, he ordered his crew to stack all available explosives in her fo'c'sle, and announced that they would ram the mighty battleship if she hove in sight.

I wonder how much mercy he gave shoplifters. Or what he would think of the country that England has now become.

Perhaps I should wonder too if he had his hidden hoard of Gold stacked away in a Swiss bank.

I know my father, a veteran of Jutland, didn't have much time to stop off at his local branch of the Credit Suisse as he commanded a gun-turret in, I believe, HMS Edinburgh.

In my opening observations I refer pointedly to Mr Julius's other hat – as lawyer for the Board of Deputies of British Jews, who have admitted doing all they can for thirty years to "monitor" my actions, and who are still beavering to destroy my legitimacy as an historian.

I ask Master Trench to bear this in mind each time he considers Julius's requests to see my documents, because – well, what I really want to say is that Mr Julius's other clients are a bunch of crooks who will stop at nothing, including organised violence, hatred, lies, and commissioning burglary, to get what they want.

Julius's tactics are ingratiating at first, he suggests to Master Trench that he hopes to shorten the proceedings enough for the two of them to have time for a game of Scrabble. (Presumably his million-dollar research has identified this as a weakness).

More worryingly, he develops the ploy of steamrolling decisions: "Well, that's agreed then. Now to item number ..."

Although the judge is wise to these tactics, once I do inter-

rupt and suggest, "It is *not* agreed yet. I think we ought to allow Master Trench to make the decisions."

They succeed early on in removing from my list papers identifying the nature of Louis Farrakhan, the Hizbollah terrorist leaders, and the Hamas (with whom Lipstadt has accused me of consorting).

Frantically trawling for evidence – the famous method, for which no doubt there is some Latin tag, of "No, we can't prove her lies, but we're hoping that if we prise open your private papers we may stumble across something really stinky about you" – they come across my correspondence with the historians Hugh Trevor Roper, Norman Stone, Gordon Craig and others.

I mock that Julius will no doubt describe these fine people, and Gradwell too if he can, as more of my "neo-Nazi friends". When I refer to historian Raul Hilberg as a colleague with whom I conducted correspondence years ago on the Hitler Order, Julius snaps that Hilberg is certainly no colleague of mine.

Well, let us have Mr Hilberg in Court then. It is an embarrassment to their case that so many famous historians treated me as an equal, corresponded with me freely, exchanged documents with me on a collegial basis, and ventilated opinions.

Back home, I receive e-mails from Oregonians conducting researches into the infamous local ex-skinhead and mobspitter gangleader Jonathan Mozzochi, upon whom Mr Julius is relying.

IN COURT AGAIN FOR DAY two from 10:30 a.m. Outside the judge's chambers I approach Julius and his huddle of fellow-lawyers – or should I say coven, as some of them are female? – and inquire if the jurat to their witness Jonathan Mozzochi's affidavit arrived overnight from Seattle. It has.

I ask the judge however if I may make submissions as to its admissibility, as it is deficient in significant respects; since, if I may quote Julius, his is a firm experienced in litigation, I am entitled to point to them.

Master Trench says: "Well, it did strike me as odd too."

I point out that Mozzochi has withheld details of his residence, describing himself merely as one "who can be contacted through the Coalition for Human Dignity in Seattle, Washington."

Trench pulls out the White Book to check: sure enough, under the rules Mozzochi has to identify his permanent or business address, and he has not. Before the Court can rule, Julius says: "It doesn't matter, we will withdraw the Affidavit then." He

Letters FROM PAGE 3

issue, as such, but on your stupendous activities as well.

*Thilo Bode, Munich
(ex-London correspondent, Süddeutsche Zeitung)*

Vanishing Trick

When it had miraculously disappeared from Australian library bookshelves and the girl at the *L'Express* office finally admitted, "I am not allowed to give it to you," you were kind enough to send me a facsimile of its article on Auschwitz [*L'Express*, Jan. 25, 1995]. I have used this in "Lies, Damn Lies, and Statistics" (Book V, chapter 28, pages 465ff) in my latest work *The Thirteenth Stone* (Fountainhead, Fremantle, Australia). Thanks...

*Lewis da Costa,
Fremantle*

AR: It is also on our Website at www.fpp.co.uk/Auschwitz/documents/Conan.html

Rectitude

You say your faith in the rectitude of our wartime cause has taken another beating. Mine faded away some time ago, I think when I met my wife, a German from upper Silesia (born 1927), and heard of her experience. I also, a few years later, came across your book on Dresden.

I read the Radical's Diary first, at a fast pace, feeling that I'm right there! The piece on the Swiss Gold racket was superb, presenting a noxious catalogue of the sort of extortionist methods used by the enemies of the truth.

Upon finishing the AR, I re-read your 1990 speech "We have Lost our Sense of Destiny." Tears of anger welled up in my eyes at your description of Churchill's cynical prolongation of the war at such an awful cost to our nation. However, your vision, as ever, inspired me anew to go on.

W O, Ilford, England

AR-Postscript on the Swiss Gold article. Abe Foxman, estimable national director of the Anti-Defamation League, admitted in a smirk-smirk article in *Forward*, New York, Sept. 4, 1998, "We Bludgeoned Them and Bludgeoned Them..." This article can be seen at <http://www.fpp.co.uk/Online/98/10/bludgeon040998.html> on our website.

**Radical's Diary** FROM PAGE 7

also agrees to notify me of Mozzochi's address. *Ho!*: I suspect he has also discovered what my "neo-Nazi" friends on the West Coast have now found out about his chosen witness's police record.

When they demand to see all of the Goebbels Diaries which I brought back from Moscow in 1992, I argue that I have invested in retrieving those Goebbels Diaries from the KGB archives the expertise of thirty-five years' work as an historian. Shall the enemy be able to lay hold of them just by saying, "show 'em."

Trench agrees: Julius and his experts must give strict undertakings not to make any use of the diaries for their own purposes.

All this serves to concentrate minds on broader issues than Julius's one-track parroting of smears about "neo-Nazis."

He even complains that in my affidavit I write, "Since the topic of gas chambers in Nazi Germany will be ventilated..." He takes the word *ventilated* to be deliberately insensitive, which of course it is not.

God – these people are so sensitive, it is a wonder they're not covered in a permanent and unsightly rash.

Yet they ruthlessly smear others who get in their way. He describes Fred Leuchter and others as "masquerading" as engineers, experts etc. I remark, "Rather like lawyers masquerading as historians."

The fresh Discovery now required of me will impose a crippling burden on my work schedule: I must produce all my own diaries, all telephone logs, correspondence, etc. I have nothing to conceal, but it is an immense time problem.

□ I notice today that there is a quiet young man taking notes behind us. He is representing Lipstadt's unfortunate English publishers Penguin Ltd, whom she has dragged into this mess by peddling her reckless smears against me. He now admits that Penguin did not have her book checked for libel before publishing it over here: the architects of their own misfortune, as a judge said of them a year ago.

I discuss this with my lawyer friends – more "neo-Nazis" – in the evening. They say that Anthony Julius is hated within the profession: a pompous ass with an overbearing ego. Of course if any-

body were say that, he would whimper: "Antisemites." In my case, it is not. I always thought Antisemitism was a spectacular National Forest somewhere.

As for Mr Julius, he is handsome, admirable, and no doubt endlessly kind to animals: a clever lawyer, funded by millionaires, defending a worthless hired charlatan.

AFTER PHONING MY LEGAL friends, I type this letter to Penguin's lawyers:

This action has now been progressing for two years. Today as you will know there was a lengthy hearing before Master Trench, and I spoke with a representative of your firm.

It is quite apparent to me that your client does not share the bitter hostility of Ms Lipstadt and Mr Julius. I would be willing to settle with Penguin separately quite independently of Ms Lipstadt on the following terms:-

Your clients would write me an open letter withdrawing the allegations made in the book by Deborah Lipstadt. . .

I would further ask your client as a token of apology to pay the sum of £500 to the British Limbless ex-Servicemen's Association in the name of my daughter. . . If your clients would agree to such a settlement I would suggest that there should be no order as to costs between us. . .

For the avoidance of any possible doubt as to the position between myself and Ms Lipstadt the terms of this settlement would have to be put into Tomlin form specifically reserving my right to continue the action against Ms Lipstadt.

I write up a diary account of the two days' Court hearings to post on the Internet; I am advised that I must get Master Trench's permission, as the hearing was in chambers.

□ JESSICA IS AN ABSOLUTE JOY as always, pattering around, drawing, questioning, writing.

I write an OpEd piece on the Clinton scandal, which I post on the Website. The site has come under electronic attack during the last week, particularly over the weekend, with somebody trying endless jiggery pokery to find the passwords. Several neighbouring sites have been corrupted beyond repair, and the server has shifted mine to a location with better firewalls. Quite an eye-opener.

In the morning the affidavit arrives from Portland, sworn by the wife of a Prof. of accounting law at the university's business school, testifying that it is she who organised my Portland meeting and not the unruly characters, whom I have never met, named by Anthony Julius's star witness Mozzochi.

She encloses an inter-office memorandum from the Bureau of Police, Portland, Oregon, about Mozzochi, identifying

him most satisfyingly:

Officer stops and questions two individuals reportedly yelling threats in downtown Portland. Both subjects are known SHARP skinhead associates.

One is named as Mozzochi, the other as Michael Shawn Stogner, stated to have a violent criminal record. And Mozzochi is the gentleman who alleges, on Lipstadt's behalf, that my talks are organised, attended, and guarded by Skinheads. *Ho!* I hear a flapping of wings, as chickens come home to roost.

At 3:30 p.m. back at the High Court. Mr Julius himself is away in New York, perhaps seeking further smear-dossiers, ahem, evidence, from the ADL. I ask that the first affidavit submitted by Mozzochi, on which their arguments last week hinged, also be ruled as deficient, since it too is bereft of any kind of residential address for that gentleman; Lipstadt's lawyers meekly agree.

The Order drafted by them is also found to be defective, since it does not include the court's rulings protecting my rights to the Goebbels Diaries which I retrieved from Moscow. This is small beer however.

The formal business is dealt with swiftly, since I have told Lipstadt's representatives that I am in broad agreement with their proposed timetable. Representing Prof. Lipstadt, Harriet Benson, of counsel, makes the usual plea, about the agony that her client is suffering, and that this should be curtailed; one wonders how many innocent people are suffering because of the reckless lying in her client's book, *Denying the Holocaust*, which is required reading on many university campuses.

His head cocked, Master Trench listens to arguments from both sides, and fixes the ultimate date for exchange of witness statements in April 1999

[The exchange has still not taken place by July 1999].

I do hope that Mr Julius's millionaire friends don't run out of steam before then; the death of tax-fraudster Octav Botnar in his self-imposed Swiss exile may have shaken their financial strategies.

Ms. Benson calls for sanctions against me for reporting the interlocutory hearings in chambers, and for having posted delicate references to herself and her client in my ACTION REPORT pages – I called her "a real ***" in one passage of this Diary last year.

Today (*see below*) Ms Benson is the soul of wit, charm, and fragrance (though still alien to the common courtesy of shaking hands). She makes much of *Hodgson vs. Imperial Tobacco Co., 1998 one WLR 1056*. Sev-

eral quite ugly words are banded about: contempt of Court, injunctions, even prison. I say that the advice tendered to me is that it is open to the Court to permit me to report on the proceedings to my worldwide supporters, and indeed to the public at large.

Ms. Benson protests that every single document they serve on me is immediately posted on my Website. This is true. In interlocutory hearings, she pleads, solicitors are accustomed to dealing with opposing solicitors who understand the tacit rules of behaviour; in Mr. Irving, they are facing –

“– A loose cannon?”, I volunteer.

Master Trench dictates a careful decision: The Plaintiff – that is I – has prepared a diary description which purports to describe what took place, and he is bound to state that I have described those two days “not inaccurately.” I have used however “somewhat extreme language,” and the defendants are objecting to that. “It is not my function to decide what is good or bad,” he dictates, “but whether I have the jurisdiction to do anything about it.”

He has consulted written authorities. Formerly, he reminds us, the position was that any publication of these proceedings could be held to be a contempt. The position is however “not as heretofore.” Reaching for the law books, he finds, what Ms. Benson did not, that recent European rulings take precedence over *Hodgson*.

Reading from a new judgement by the Master of the Rolls, he finds that while the public has no right to attend such hearings, what happens at them is no longer confidential, and that to disclose the goings-on in chambers does not constitute a contempt – so long as the comment does not prejudice the administration of Justice.

It is of course open to Lipstadt to appeal to a higher Court.

HOW THESE PEOPLE HATE the Internet and the freedom of speech it allows!

We all troop out at 4:30 p.m., the lawyers for Prof. Lipstadt looking rather chastened. Penguin Ltd turn down my proposal.

I am left with the problem of how to describe Harriet Benson today – to do otherwise would be cowardice in face of the enemy. (See above).

I am reminded of a trawler skipper who told his bosun he didn't want to find once more in the ship's log that the captain was drunk again; stomping onto the bridge the next day, he opened the log and found the entry: “Today the cap'n is sober.”

□ Up at 7:30 a.m. to begin searching for the new Discovery

items for Lipstadt. Then off to Mishcon's for the second round of inspection of *her* secret documents. These results: [. .]

[I am not allowed yet to publish the content of Lipstadt's Discovery documents; I describe them in general terms as shocking, for the world wide conspiracy to defame and destroy me which they reveal.]

Letters come from Lovell White & Durrant, defending Gitta Sereny in my other action, demanding that I remove from the Website references to their letter approaching me about a settlement; I do it painlessly within five minutes.

□ Jessica spends several hours on the computer, designing and printing invitations. I lunch alone with her and take her to Grosvenor Square in the afternoon for her first tentative sorties on the bike.

She finds several stationery trees, which can not complain, and one stationery sleeping woman, who can and does. I puff around the square holding her by the scruff of her dress, and she manages two or three wobbly runs. She is enthralled by it all, and eager to carry on.

I spend several hours scanning my 1992 diaries onto disc, as I shall have to with all the typed diaries, to aid our Discovery. Happy moments re-reading the spring 1992 days when I first got to know Benté.

I COLLECT JESSICA FROM school at three p.m., then to Grosvenor Square again with the bike; she now rides it for two or three minutes at a time, mowing down dogs, pedestrians, trees – everything in her path. Whale of a time.

Historic moment. I say to her, “Once you have learned to ride a bike, like today, Jessica, you never forget for the rest of your life.” She says twice, as she pulls on the brake, “Now I've got the hang of it, Daddy.”

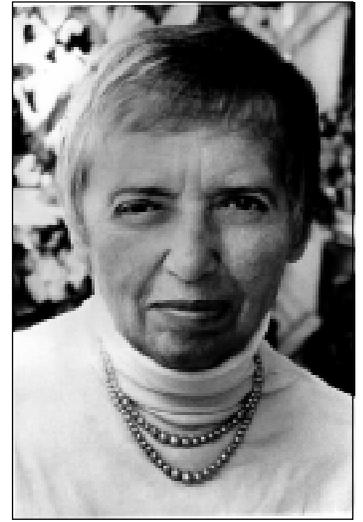
What she wants to show is that she has got the hang of saying “got the hang of,” I think.

Scientists still can't explain the principles of physics on which a bike's motion depends. But the infant brain picks it up, and the information, or rather the instinct, clings like a barnacle.

□ After that it's Let's Scream at David Irving time. At ten p.m. I phone Rebecca Sieff – for the first time since April – and get a terrible shrieking-at because of the last Radical's Diary.

I say, is it not all true? Yes, she says; but that's not the point.

I have included about her smoking, and about her turning up here with her boyfriend wearing a large solitaire diamond ring, etc. I point out that that is



BRITISH writer David Irving is suing American Prof. Deborah Lipstadt (left) for lies about him contained in her book *Denying the Holocaust*, which she wrote at the commission of Vidal Sassoon, Yad Vashem, and similar agencies.

The trial of the action in London's High Court is due to start on Jan. 11, 2000 and is estimated to last three months. Lipstadt's lawyer Anthony Julius, senior consulting partner of the London law firm of Mishcon de Reya, dabbles as an author himself; he wrote a book exposing the antisemitism of T S Elliot. Internet surfers can follow the trial on <http://www.fpp.co.uk/Legal/Penguin/PenguinIndex.html>

In 1996 Austrian-born journalist GITTA SERENY (right) published in *The Observer* and in other newspapers around the world an article attacking David Irving disguised as a review of his biography *GOEBBELS. MASTERMIND OF THE THIRD REICH*. The photo is by her husband Don Honeyman. Read the trial dossier on <http://www.fpp.co.uk/Legal/Observer/ObserverIndex.html>

Answering one critic, David Irving writes: “Of course I don't sue people for criticising my opinions. What my critics ignore is that Lipstadt or Sereny accused me, among other things, of being a neo-Nazi, of speaking in public of ‘our Führer’, of destroying or stealing the Goebbels plates from the Moscow archives, of cheating on a colleague, of distorting and manipulating translations and documents, and of working hand in glove with the Hamas, Hizbollah terrorists, and Louis Farrakhan. Nothing to do with historical opinions.”

precisely what she told me. She has had the most terrible bollocking (her words) from her father, from Jacob Rothschild, and others. I say, “You'll have to learn to stand up for yourself.”

After mature reflection, I put back onto the Website the items I have, out of decency, expunged. If true, why not? *Hart, aber ungerecht*, as Field-Marshal Milch once said to me.

Postman brings a package from D., a bookseller, of Portugal; he has had his lease cancelled by his landlord, a bank, after he had a window display of my books. *La lotta continua*.

At four p.m. two faxes come from Mishcon de Reya. Mozzochi's address they now give as the PO Box of Coalition for Human Dignity. Not good enough (he himself deposes that he has left that organisation!) *Ho-ho*. I fax a letter to the High Court to pre-empt any ambush by them.

□ Broadcast news is full of a wild hurricane bearing down on Key West, “the worst for fifty years.” No doubt there is much hugging and panicking going on amongst the conchs.

Hope my two bikes are okay. Bus to Edgware Road, and buy paints, to start repainting the guest room. First I must re-plaster patches in the ceiling. Time flies. Thirty years since I moved in here to Duke Street.

I work on the Website until one a.m. I post US Holocaust Museum book extracts, which credit my HITLER'S WAR with having started the whole international historical debate on the Holocaust in 1977. That's what I always said.

Long call from Barbara K., from Ontario, about my giving evidence there that Holocaust revisionism is not “hate propaganda”. I am banned from Canada – triumph of the traditional enemies of free speech – but yeah, why not. I have to apply to the local embassy, for which application there is a \$400 fee. If I am allowed in, I also have to reimburse the deportation costs (around \$1,900).

In the mail, postmarked Sept. 29, Mishcon finally supply a copy of the Lipstadt document No. 500 I have issued the High Court summons for.

To the Court at three p.m. Master Trench is practice master today and does not have enough time for everything. On Mozzochi's affidavit, Master Trench hears both sides. I argue that I do not believe a P O Box is enough. The rules are quite plain.

I have lived at the same address off Grosvenor Square for thirty years, I say, and I have had the same phone number for thirty years. To attack my name, Deborah Lipstadt has produced



Radical's Diary FROM PAGE 10

two scandalous affidavits written by a U.S. Pacific Coast fly-by-nighter, who gives only an "accommodation address" (Master Trench's word) for a job which he has since left by his own admission, and who appears to have a police record. Julius makes a rather weakly stated plea that no doubt the Coalition operated from a P O Box for fear of firebomb attacks. Whatever the reason, Master Trench throws out both affidavits. He doesn't normally take this line, he adds, but they contain "allegations [which] are strongly made" and should not be allowed to stand.

The result is that the names of four alleged rightwingers listed by Mozzochi are removed from my Discovery obligations. It is the general smear effect of the affidavits that concerns me.

Anthony Julius, unwilling to give up too easily, reminds the Court that under Order 24 I am obliged to discover all my dealings with these gentlemen anyway. "Only if they are rightwing extremists," I point out. "And we had only Mr Mozzochi's word for that."

An Australian tells me his server has blocked access to my site.

My Australian server, One.net, is blocking access to your web site. I am confronted with the word "Forbidden" when attempting to access info from your page. It appears the thought police are on the march. . .

A LATVIAN SUPPORTER from Papua New Guinea drops by, and presses an envelope with five hundred dollars into my hands before fleeing with his native wife (who discreetly waits downstairs in a Black cab for him).

Young photographer comes, Belgian, seeking commissions from Focal Point. He shows me his work: grainy, washed-out colour images of rock stars; some very repulsive to behold indeed. I find myself wondering if they liked their own photos, and what their parents would say? I cannot use his work unless he changes his style.

Long talk with K. about Discovery. I must include all the material that Ernst Zündel sent me, listing it as "not opened and read". Agreement on Zündel's earlier nuttiness ("flying saucers from the South Pole").

Air Commodore Probert phones; was at the Air Ministry's Air Historical Branch when I researched there in the 1960s. Is writing a biography of Air Mar-

shal "Butcher" Harris, and will come and see me in the New Year. Hugh Sebag-Montefiore then comes to see my PQ.17 files. I like him a lot. Turns out he's Jewish. Archbishop S.-M is regarded as the black sheep of the family, for having converted to Catholicism. I loan him my folders on ENIGMA.

I send this fax to Mishcon de Reya, Prof. Lipstadt's lawyers:

Complying with the Order, particularly the more detailed searches, is taking longer than we had anticipated. We have 55 boxes, each of two cubic feet capacity, to search for each paper item; each box holds some three to four thousand pages of paper; there is no short way.

I have two staff members working at it, as well as myself, and we have worked methodically at it without break ever since the Order was made.

The disruption to our normal routine, not to mention my writing obligations, has been substantial. We have completed the tape list, the book list, the amendments to the previous list, and are currently searching for the remaining items of which you have requested Discovery.

The affidavit is ready for me to execute, but at this rate it will be the end of this week before we are through the tunnel.

Even then it is unlikely that the diaries will have been adequately processed to surface the materials you have asked Discovery of: There are twenty to thirty thousand pages of diaries for the past two decades, all of which have to be examined.

I am having the diaries mechanically scanned to make them machine-readable, but it all takes time. I regret the delay, and can only ask for patience.

□ Odd things are developing with the BBC's plan to film me for a "Storyville" documentary on the suppression of free speech. I send them this e-mail in the evening:

Can you please give me a two line reason why the [Nick Fraser] interview is to be filmed in the open on Saturday?

I am wise to the ways to the BBC and other television companies, to the point of paranoia.

If the intention is to make me appear a rootless outsider, hence the filming outside, I won't go along with it. I have perfectly good premises here at Duke Street, with a study where I am normally filmed. ... As said, two lines in writing, please.

In the evening I check the e-mails. One is a message from the BBC explaining (unsatisfactorily) the arrangements for tomorrow.

Up at 9:15 a.m. with a headache. Black cab to Hyde Park. Nick Fraser turns up. I refuse to be filmed at the Holocaust memorial. Nick says the Imperial

War Museum refused to allow me to be filmed there, muttering something about "problems" they had after letting us hold the launch of CHURCHILL'S WAR, vol. i on H.M.S. Belfast in 1987.

Interviewed for an hour, in a biting wind, drizzle and sunshine, at Speakers Corner.

It goes moderately well, except they spring a minor ambush – a printed Monopoly-style game board, called *Pogromly* (Pogromly, but in *Fraktur*), with gas chambers and jackboots, which they claim to have bought off neo-Nazis in Germany; as they left, Customs at Frankfurt asked what it was and, told they were flying to England to film somebody, the officer said: "Would that be Mr Irving?"

Asked about the board, altho' momentarily nonplussed, I say it is probably manufactured by *agents provocateurs*, and I tell Fraser of the hired Skinheads who trooped into the front rank of my audience at Halle in Germany in 1991 and gave the Hitler salute and shouted Siegheil. It looks of suspiciously good-quality manufacture.

Fraser says he interviewed the head of the *Verfassungsschutz*, Germany's leftwing FBI, who dislikes me.

I reply: "Can't say I like him much, either." I remind Fraser he's on a BBC contract and will say nothing to jeopardize that; while I am free as a bird, constrained only by the limits of my own courage. At the end, I say I find the Holocaust boring. "But you write about it!"

"No I don't. I never have. The reason the others make so much of it is that they are making money out of it, *billions* in the last year or so, and it is the only interesting thing that has happened to them in three thousand years; they are using it as an adhesive to keep their splintering people together."

He found that tasteless: So it is; much that is true is just that.

Work eight hours on Discovery. Lunch with Benté and Jessica. Jessica's reading is progressing by leaps and bounds, she wants to know what every word is. Today she pointed at a *Miami Herald* headline. "Daddy, What is j-e-w-s?"

What indeed? Hope she never has the same harrassment, the same grief as some of them have given me these last twenty years and more.

Then she spots **H-I-T-L-E-R**; I explain to her that he is the man who used to own her Birdie Spoon, and leave it at that. The other word is easier.

□ I've nearly completed going through all the CHURCHILL boxes; interviews carried out for the book *in 1973*. Ouch.

But it is the only way to turn up the more abstruse stuff the Lipstadt lawyers are asking for. A sad e-mail comes from H., whom I have phoned once or over the last few months. He has cancer. I reply at once

Das ist ja übel, und ich bete für Dich. Vieles hängt von der Willenskraft ab, und nachdem ich Dich kenne, weiß ich, Du hast mehr als genug davon. Ich würde wieder sehr gerne mit Dir klönen (Lübecker Jargon!) und vielleicht komme ich dafür mal nach Hawaii.

Bin Ende April sowieso in LA. Uns geht's gut, dem Kind besonders so: Jessica ist 4jährig, verschlingt alles an Büchern, was ich kaufen kann. Es ist jetzt two Uhr morgens, ich arbeite jeden Tag stundenlang an der Website.

Eine fabelhafte Erfindung. Hätte ich ohne Deine Hilfe buchstäblich nicht aufbauen können.



I HAVE A CURIOUS DREAM AT about seven a.m. I am on the quarterdeck of HMS Marlborough as the photo of Father is being taken.

After the first picture, I step forward – wearing a raincoat, I think – and hug him. I can feel the warmth of his body. I wake up soon after. I wonder if dying is like that – you meet your parents again, and hug them

Hugh Sebag Montefiore calls round, and I give him stuff on PQ.17 and ULTRA. While he is here, at 4:39 PM a slightly Jewish voice, anonymous, phones, asks how many Jews died in the camps during the war.

I state it is a problem of definition. What does he mean, "Died." He says, "No longer alive." I say, between one and two millions. He says, "More than thirty thousand anyway, the figure I've been told." (He also uses the phrase *Holocaust denial*, which puts him firmly in the enemy camp.)

I carry on working until three a.m., ten hours on Discovery: going through the second-copies files from left to right. I am exhausted. Bad dreams all night. Court hearings, etc.

My back is breaking from sitting at this computer day after day for around sixteen hours day. And – no writing is getting done, week after week. I package books for America. Out in the rain to do shopping. Then work on Discovery from mid-day onwards. I am going through 1983–1984 now.

Work until 3:30 a.m. Total yesterday on Discovery, about twelve



Jessica's reading is progressing by leaps and bounds,

hours: the 1993/4 Day Books, around eight linear inches of A4 letters. I am determined not to let them wash me away with their Discovery demands.

Cleaning-lady Dawn says, "Is that the final colour scheme in the guest room?" The ceiling *is* a rather shocking pink, I admit to myself. I ask what she finds wrong with the colours. "A bit bland, aren't they?" she says in her Scottish accent. Eight hours today on Discovery.

I doze two or three times on the sofa. Seven more hours work on Discovery today: I am searching for individual documents, a time-consuming business.

Letters go to everybody who is anybody at Mondadori [*the biggest Italian publishers*] protesting at their delay in paying me. It is evident they have a policy of slow-paying their authors.

More hard work reading through boxes of Fighting Fund correspondence in case there is anything it from the eight gentleman listed in the Court Order. Eight hours work, 7,000 pages sifted. All other work at a standstill, apart from two hours on the Website.

☐ Go to bed with a terrific headache at two a.m. (Monday); head really banging. At 6:10 pm I find in *The Sunday Times'* own Discovery a letter I wrote to [Editor] Andrew Neil on June 12 [1992], stating that I have "borrowed" two plates (in quotation marks) from the Moscow archives, but will be returning them next day.

It is awkward, and I shall have to discover it immediately to Sereny's lawyers: Though of course what her word "borrowed" leaves out is the addendum, "I shall put them back

into the Moscow archives" tomorrow, which shows that "borrowed" is what it meant.

I write this letter to her lawyers at once (6:26 pm):

The enclosed item has surfaced this evening during our preparation of further Discovery in another action; I do not believe it is included in our previous List.

It is found by chance among documents discovered by Times Newspapers Ltd in my contract action against them (i.e. it is from their files); and it is clearly proper that I should supply this copy of it to you in advance of providing those other documents you have requested. Please acknowledge receipt of the document and this letter.

I have worked around five hours on Discovery today. Benté is scanning diaries all morning.

12:25 am phone H. in Hawaii.

He's not feeling good. Had a look at our Website. I say again, without his help I could not have done it.

Work all day on Discovery, until my eyes droop. Also three hours painting the ceiling in Jessica's room. Alexis works five hours on clippings searches for Discovery. Benté four hours on diary scanning.

Sleep until nine a.m., when staff start arriving: Alexis, Benté, then R., who works all day on search-engines and operational analysis thereon. Discovery: Benté works on sorting the videotapes (three hours); Alexis on clippings (five hours).

I WORK LITERALLY ALL DAY on Discovery, ten or twelve hours right through.

Then two hours during the night on the Website, and deal with the sixty or so e-mails that have come during the day. No time for meals. Two hours at

midnight painting Jessica's bedroom ceiling. It takes ages to prepare and then clean up afterwards.

I have to reorganise the entire publishers' correspondence into chronological sequence. Six feet of file boxes, some 20,000 letters to check through.

What a nightmare task, and no doubt they know it. I have done no productive writing for weeks. I have had no income whatever for three months.

However, we have a few surprises lined up for Prof. Lipstadt when the time comes.

I carry on working all day and evening, through to 5:10 a.m. on Sunday morning. Around three a.m. much noise from outside, the street full of first- and second-generation Black English, shouting and laughing drunkenly as they climb into their expensive cars, the wine bar in Davies-street having closed its doors. North Mayfair has plunged into an abyss.

Finally resume work around 10:25 p.m. My right arm and shoulder are aching badly; I do the page-turning standing up, as it is excruciating to do it sitting down. And with ten file boxes of document still to go through, there's a lot of "page turning" to be done.

Susie Töpler phones at one p.m.: *The Daily Telegraph* reports that Pedro Varela has been given a five-year jail sentence. Another victim of the enemies of free speech.

DURING LUNCH WITH Benté I decide to write a letter to *The Times* about Blair's plan to bomb Iraq: a war crime. [*The Times* rejects it, *The Daily Telegraph* prints it in full: SEE PAGE 2]

Our money is running low.

I work on Discovery (ten hours) during the day and night, again until 4:10 a.m., with the last two hours on the Website. I am losing track of day and night, and of time itself.

This fax goes to Ontario.

Ottawa has not yet responded. I think they are going to refuse.

I have made provisional air arrangements, but . . .

Work on Discovery all afternoon, and evening, and night.

Back from Selfridges next day at 7:20 p.m., there is a wad of stuff spewing from the fax machine, a Summons from Mishcon re Discovery. All evening until two a.m. on Discovery, then on the Website.

Bed at 4:10 a.m. Rise at 11:30 a.m.; when I go into the kitchen wrapped in a towel, I find a kindly old gentleman of 72 there, waiting patiently for me. He has brought a £50 contribution for the fund.

I labour all day on Discovery, until four a.m. on Sunday: Fourteen hours. Exhausted. Up at midday for Sunday lunch with Benté and Jessica, then resume at two p.m., and work right through the day and night, fourteen hours solid, until morning, Monday, on Discovery and affidavit

I send Benté down to the High Court at four p.m. to give Master Trench the affidavit I will be using tomorrow. Resume at ten p.m., and all night until 7:30 a.m.; get the whole Discovery task complete, and the affidavit, and ready for printing.

Lie down for two hours, and am wakened by Benté at 10:15 a.m., and print everything out. Down to High Court, arriving at 1:50 p.m.

Anthony Julius, James Libson, and Andrew Bateman and others are there, grinning in triumphant anticipation. They are not pleased to see I have complied with the Order.

Hearing lasts until four p.m., with Trench's 3:15 p.m. case not materialising (a female attorney pops in, unopposed, to get a repossession order on a house). On my Summons for directions, we reach rapid agreement. Lipstadt is listing six historians and three political scientists as expert witnesses. Still seems like they hope to make a Moscow Show Trial out of it.

The tough part concerns the Irving Diaries. I have asked Master Trench to reduce the Order, as being oppressive.

He sees no way of doing that. I have lugged my 1969 diary in to the courtroom as an example of the size of the problem.

Julius says that if I am incapable of reading my personal diaries right through (a task that will take me six months), they'll be



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glad to do it for me! I seize on this, but say that such access must be carapaced by an Order of the most draconian sort.

"We must not forget," I say, "that we are dealing with a firm of lawyers who also act for an organisation which has been my sworn enemy for thirty years and have done all they can to destroy me."

□ Back at Duke Street at four. Jessica and Benté arrived home a few minutes earlier from school, where Jessica has been a giraffe in her first school pantomime.

She is desolate that I could not come and see, and I am sad too: these are life's milestones, and – thanks to Prof. Lipstadt – I have missed one of them.

So the Discovery phase is over. Tired. As tired as the radio-operator of HMS Amethyst in the Yangtse River. I try to stay awake for my family, but as I sit on the sofa my head rolls over two or three times, once with a perceptible snap. So I go to bed at nine p.m. Drained, but now over the watershed.

UP AT MIDDAY, FEELING groggy. A bad night, with wild dreams – aftereffects of all the documents I have read: I am sitting at a dinner in the United States with a surprisingly young looking Heinrich Himmler at my right. I remark on his evident youth, and ask how old he now is. I can hear my brain calculating. Himmler says, "Seventy-five." I reflect: doesn't look a day over forty. Outside, we have difficulty starting my car in the snow. I think it is ironic that Himmler of all people has got into the USA, while his SS minions and camp guards are forever being outed and ousted. Altogether an exhausting night.

There is still no response from the Canadian government. I have put a teaser on my Website, reproducing the *Ottawa Sun's* vicious November 1992 cartoon which attacked me, just as the immigration "trial" was ending.

Work ten or twelve hours right through the night, now arranging the files of Discovery for "their" inspection, and (from four a.m.) arranging inspection room, etc. Bed around six a.m.

Lipstadt's lawyers then come late, around 10:30 a.m.

In the evening Himmler's son-in-law phones: the candid photo I have expensively bought is not of the late Reichsführer; they have compared it with many others.

Still no decision from Ottawa. This is absurd.

At 3:45 p.m. however the decision

comes, negative, and for palpably absurd reasons. I draft this message to the Canadian High Commission:

Your letter of Dec. 3 states two grounds for the minister's continued refusal of my application for entry, even though subject to a witness subpoena issued by a Canadian Court. Neither ground is adequate:

1. You state that the German offence under which I am convicted, of *Verunglimpfung* etc., "has been determined" to be "equivalent to the offence of Public Incitement to Hatred." This is not so, and you are aware of the very high standards required by the Immigration Act which require that the conviction shall be for an offence which has an exact equivalent under Canadian criminal code.

2. You state that there are reasonable grounds to believe I would commit an offence. No properly constituted Court will accept this, given that (a) I have never been charged with any offence on my previous fifty or so visits to Canada, and (b) no requests for me to be so charged are evident in the files of the Attorney-General, which we obtained under your Access to Information Act.

Your decision is purely political, a violation of the Canadian charter of human rights, and an affront to freedom of speech. The Court will note that you waited until the very eve of my scheduled departure to inform me of the decision, although the application was made five weeks or more ago; I am entitled to construe this delay as being designed to ensure that no Canadian Court could be called upon to review the decision in good time.

Work on Website until 5:59 am., Friday. Eyes propped open

I have now had cause to re-read my 1993 diary, and read of Jessica's birth, five years ago to this day. What an innocent source of pleasure she has been through all these hard times. What an inspiration. Then far into the night on Website and publishers' brochure again, until six a.m.

Jessica's fifth birthday, but we can not afford a party for her. She is a bit bewildered.

Bob R. sends me an encouraging exchange between historians, earlier this year. On an Internet discussion group a Prof. Michael Kater wrote (dismissing the Christian Gerlach Discovery of an entry in the Himmler Diary): "So it looks as if David Irving can still not shell out his money."

I now repeat on my Website the famous \$1,000 offer for any wartime document proving Hitler knew of the Holocaust. Maybe there *is* one, out there, but I doubt it.

□ I work until 4:20 a.m. and am up at ten. Benté has left for

church, where Jessica is singing in a Christmas choir. She takes some photos [SEE PAGE 13]. She is very proud of Jessica; we all are, we *all* are.

In the evening, my Mainz lawyer phones, proposing that I ask the Munich judge for a *Strafbefehl* (something like a plea bargain). I inquire what count has he in mind?

Volksverhetzung, he says: I am indignant: not only am I not guilty, but if I agree to that, the traditional enemies of free speech will at once use it to get me barred from the USA.

These December days it is dark already at 3.30 p.m. Complete copying three sets of documents for Tuesday's hearing. Three hours' work. At 3:01 a.m. I phone H. The cancer has spread to his shoulder blades, but he's in no pain.

WORK UNTIL 5:05 A.M., but lie awake until seven worrying about about today's hearing. Awake again from nine a.m.

Bus to the High Court at one p.m., and the hearing begins at two. My two summonses (asking that Deborah Lipstadt verify her discovery-lists by affidavit) are earlier than that served by her lawyer Mishcon de Reya's Anthony Julius (demanding the Irving Diaries); I let Julius open the batting.

Master Trench observes that Davenport Lyons, acting for the other defendant Penguin Books, have not appeared today – they appear content to let Mishcon do the work.

Julius smirks that this is so; he implies that they do well to leave matters in his hands.

All parties have reached agreement on my providing all my personal diaries for inspection, says Julius, except that I am *now* demanding a guarantee in the amount of £50,000 to ensure that Prof. Lipstadt does not make illegal use of them.

The judge takes my point, namely that with Lipstadt domiciled in the USA it will not be possible (for First Amendment reasons) to enforce any judgment or sanction a British Court may impose in the event of a violation (unless she should set foot in Britain subsequently).

MY OWN SUMMONS concerns my insistence that Prof. Lipstadt be required to verify her two lists of documents by swearing an affidavit.

I remind the Court that she has required me to serve a new list and verify by affidavit, to which I readily agreed, although the task of "discovery" has inflicted a colossal two-thousand man-hour task on me and my staff since August, involving the re-

examination of my entire collected files of thirty-five years. But it is an obligation under the rules which I have most punctiliously discharged.

Her own discovery has been wanting. I take the Master through a file of seventy pages of letters and lists, which establish that very early on I identified a certain document, No. 500 in her list, as being of significance; and that I repeatedly requested

(a) that this document be properly identified to me, with its attendant papers – it is a lengthy report clearly generated by a foreign agency; and (b) that I be provided with a copy of this and other items.

Not until Sept. 29, *after* I served a Summons, was this document eventually provided.

I also advise the Master that in March I requested under Order 24 that Prof. Lipstadt produce her correspondence with certain named agencies and entities in the United States, Canada, London, and Israel, and that Mishcon de Reya studiously ignored this request for six months – and that it was only after I served a Summons that, three or four days later, her lawyers provided a very comprehensive list of these documents, which seemed to suggest that these very documents were on their premises all the time.

Taking the Master through this new list and some samples of the documents thus obtained, I say that there can not have been the slightest doubt in Mishcon's mind as to the discoverable nature of these documents, yet they have "looked at the wall and whistled" for six months. Certain of these documents, I add, refer to other important items which I also require to see, and these have also yet to be provided.

In short, the manner in which the lists and copies have been provided has been dilatory, deficient, obfuscating, and (I submit) deceptive – a reference to the fact that the letter accompanying No. 500 was backdated to Sept. 28, the day before I issued my Summons, but it was actually *postmarked* Sept. 29, after it was served.

Julius argues his case well, as is to be expected. Unlike myself, he is eloquent, forceful, and coherent. He pleads that it will be wrong to blame Prof. Lipstadt because of the shortcomings and inadequacies of her lawyers – which draws the obvious rebuke from Master Trench that in my eyes as Plaintiff there is no distinction between them. Julius produces again the precedent, *Allan v Swan Hunter Shipbuilders Ltd*, and reads a passage from Malik & Matthews which suggests to him that I may not even rely on

Order 24, rule three of the Rules of the Supreme Court.

However, the weakness of that argument lies in the ensuing lines, which Mr Julius has the courtesy to recite (as I will otherwise do so myself):

“Where the Court is not satisfied with the adequacy of a List produced pursuant to rule 3(1), or fraud is alleged, or the existence or authenticity of documents is in issue, or privilege is claimed is in issue, or the Court wishes to impress on the parties the importance of full and frank discovery, the Court may be inclined to order a verifying affidavit.”

I remind the Court that for six months Mishcon “hid behind a bush” and did nothing on my requests for documents – a perhaps over-colourful language which the Master swiftly and properly condemns. The Court may think it useful to remind her of her very serious obligations under discovery.

Master Trench agrees, and orders that she now file and serve an affidavit verifying her lists.

It is a new victory in battle, though not the war.

I anticipate that it will cause Mishcon to realise that they do have further discoverable documents after all – perhaps even on their premises.

Master Trench asks me about costs. I say: “I ask for no order as to costs.”

His eyebrows shoot up – I want to say that I’m moved by the Christian spirit, this is Christmas, the season for good-will; but, struck with paranoia lest this cruel accusations of anti-semitism, I pack my papers, say “Thank-you, Master,” and withdraw.

It is teeming with rain, and I splurge on a taxi back to Duke Street.

NEW YEAR’S DAY 1999: Work through the night until 4:30 a.m. Up at 11:30 a.m., after lying watching the clock with one eye for ten minutes and deciding whether to bound out of bed or not. Resume work at 1:30 pm.

Benté phones at 12:30 p.m., they’ll be back from Denmark this evening, D.v.

Aislinn phones to wish a happy New Year; but still sounds sour otherwise.

Dr. John Fox phones, he will testify, tho’ he’s aware of the risk. He will supply as an exhibit the



Jessica, 5, sings Christmas carols with her school. She can be seen peering out over the white sheet of paper

minutes of the Yad Vashem committee meeting at which Ben Helfgott called for secret pressure to be applied against my publisher Macmillan Ltd. Now that will be something!

This e-mail to R., about Website passwords:

I want to establish a secure director on this site or my alternative site established in California (but not yet active). Into this secure directory (a c.g.i. file?) I want to upload legal documents which are still *sub judice*, so that my legal friends around the world can comment on them and give me advice.

I would then e-mail or fax to them a password to “unlock” the mystery file or directory. But it must not be possible to hack into the file laterally or directly, without password access. I think it is going to need some Java again, and something on my ISP as well; right? If the file is not secure I might face prison for contempt of Court.

A whinge comes from Michael Shermer, whom I refuse to help any more with his articles. He stamps on my face, to earn pathetic fees. I reply:

You forget that I have now read, from her files, your correspondence with her. I have always played with a straight bat, *mit offenem Visier*, as the Germans says.

☐ Like a total idiot I work right through the day and then through the night, as I struggled to install password protection on the Website; the Java-scripts each have minor flaws, it turns out.

So I will install them initially as dummies, leading nowhere, to exhaust the pranksters. When I next look up from the computer screen it is 8:15 and past dawn. Benté is getting up, and Jessica.

I work again until 5:30 a.m. on this and that. Disastrous. Sleep for a few hours, then up again at midday.

R. has come and is doing the scanning I left out for him. But he is ponderous and not very time-efficient. He takes long times-out, watching the screen rebuilding, or sipping tea.

Three phone calls from German historian Dr. Schmiede of Mainz; he wants the source of a quote in *Hitler’s War*. I eventually run it down to the Helmuth Greiner Diary (the original pencil draft). He can not believe the German government archives have banned me. Well, if their cowardly press doesn’t mention it how would he know?

Work until 7:30 a.m., all night again; up at one. Last day of Jessica’s school vacation; she’s rumbustious as ever. Boots up the computer, launches Photoshop 5.0, scans her *101 Dalmatians* book cover, makes a dozen colour prints. All aged just five years and one month.

Rise at 1:30 p.m. Quiet house, as Jessica is at school.

[*Rumours arrive that our scholarly opponent has concealed important documents in a certain location.*]

11:40 p.m. I phone [lawyer] in Atlanta. He says we can apply to a US judge for a Motion to Enter. Lock-up storage normally has a padlock to which only the renter has a key.

I write this letter to Prof. Deborah Lipstadt’s solicitors Mishcon de Reya:

Further to my letter of December 30: while I have no doubt that you will scrupulously advise your client on her O.24 obligations permit me to state that my interest is solely to insure proper Discovery of a quantity of relevant

papers which your client has not included in either list so far. I would prefer not to seem to have ambushed your client into swearing a document improperly.

☐ I send to Prof. Kevin Macdonald this e-mail:

As you may be aware I am suing Prof. Deborah Lipstadt in the British High Court in libel for her book *Denying the Holocaust*, which is published in the UK.

I have been the victim of a ten (or even twenty) year onslaught against my reputation organised by the ADL and other similar agencies worldwide. I have uncovered much of the documentation revealing this campaign, by various legal methods. I propose to deal with this ongoing attack on free speech and debate as part of my legal process, and having read pages of your latest book, in which you refer to the fate of my biography of Dr Goebbels (on which I researched for eight years!) in the USA, I am considering inviting you to come as an expert witness, covering the materials dealt with in your book, when the trial begins in twelve or eighteen months time.

I work all evening on Susie Töppler’s witness statement, then right through the night until 8:30 a.m.; the dawn comes up, and Jessica is standing next to me in her night-dress, asking why I haven’t gone to bed. Benté is very placid these days. Seems content at last?

Prof. Macdonald (California) says he will testify.

I am due in the ugly-Court tomorrow at 10:30 a.m., a piffling amount, but difficult to deal with on top of everything else. Once HITLER’S WAR is back in print – it is being scanned for this at this moment – all that



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will change dramatically.

I TAKE JESSICA TO SCHOOL, and it is pouring with rain. Then by bus to the Court Lipstadt's young lawyer James Libson and female counsel are there. I mention that the Lipstadt affidavit is due today, and he says yes, it will be served. I repeat my offer of a few extra days, saying we are getting evidence that there has been "massive concealment". He says I should make a specific request for the records

I point out she must be aware of her obligations by now. He asks if *The Observer* are still making conciliatory noises. I say they did, but only for a while.

I pick up Jessica at 3:30 from school; she is very pleased. We make a detour through Selfridges toy department on the way back. Mistake, as she fastens her beady eye on a Barbie Walkie-Talkie set at £18.00

I talkie her out of it and walkie her home.

Fax from Libson, ending: "If you have evidence as you say please serve it now in order that it can be addressed in Prof. Lipstadt's affidavit rather than making the threats you have made in correspondence." I reply:

Responding to your fax message, of course I uttered no threats; on the contrary, I offered you an additional seven days to consider whether or not to serve the affidavit which is due today, or to press your client once more about her obligations. If you wish to serve the affidavit as it is, there is of course nothing I can do to challenge it until the hearing of this action, when your client can be cross-examined upon it.

At 6:30 p.m. Mishcon's fax through the Lipstadt affidavit. Mystifyingly, it is not sworn or signed (but Libson said this morning

"she has *sworn* her affidavit": slip of the tongue?) They say in a covering letter that the jurat and signed front sheet will follow. Why? They have had four weeks... and they wrote in their earlier fax, this morning, "We are in a position to serve Prof. Lipstadt's affidavit today." Clearly they weren't. So what is going on: is she having misgivings?

I pick up Jessica again, and this time she wheedles out of me a Barbie torch at Selfridges.

In the evening she writes a two-page diary entry about how she now has a torch. Her handwriting is enough to put an adult to shame. I burst with pride and joy over this little girl.

Work until very late, although I don't mean to. In fact I work right through to six a.m.

again, wrestling again with Java-script. Up at 11:30 a.m. Mail brings the affidavit from Lipstadt, still unsigned.

Phone discussion with [...] Terms of the Summons, and decision to postpone issuing the subpoenas against [*identities omitted*...] until we have a trial date.

Down to the High Court, issue Summons against Mishcon, and then on to deliver it at their office by hand. Bus back.

As I walk up to our front door, who should come out of the hairdressers below my study but David Frost! Has his hair done there. He claps me on the shoulder, and says I am looking fit, which is true; I say the same to him - a lie, he looks fat, puffy-faced and sallow as ever. Twenty-two years since that fateful Jun. 9, 1977 *Frost Programme* with Prof. Gerald Fleming and Robert Waite about HITLER'S WAR. Seems like yesterday.

I work late again. Send this e-mail to Beatrice in Australia, the little stranger:

By my calculations you are either 20-something or 30-something in a day or two, so this letter is just to say Happy Birthday, and to ask when you are coming back to London for a while. I shall be in Key West for three months from May 9, so don't come then (to London). I may be in New Zealand in September, as I've been invited to lecture at a university there, so perhaps I'll swim over to Brisbane and say hello.

We had a quiet Christmas - as usual, we couldn't afford a Christmas tree. But things are gradually looking up again. Paloma comes round sometimes with Adam, who is turning into a very bright boy indeed. Jessica, just five, writes long letters to everybody in better handwriting than mine.

I am attaching a picture of her singing Christmas carols with the school choir in a Bayswater church. Lots of love, Papa (here's another

picture, of her with her best friend Mia, a little Japanese girl)

B ED AT SIX A.M. E-MAIL plea from K., to support a campaign on behalf of a French publisher, held in a Lyons police cell for 27 hours while his publishing firm's computers, records, discs, etc., were cleaned out by the police.

I chicken out:

Normally I would be happy to join in the hue and cry over Monsieur Plantin, but, until I know more about who he is and what he publishes, I cannot. For all I know it may be child pornography, or outright sedition, or instructions to manufacture bombs.

I may sound like a stick in the mud, but - I simply have not heard of Jean Plantin before, and do not know who he is. If I campaign on behalf of complete strangers, it devalues the currency. Non?

We simply do not know enough about what Plantin has been up to. Powder dry!

Phone Susie Töpler about her witness statement. No reply. Pilkington Ltd's lawyer phones; Dr. Arnold will supply a witness-statement as requested. That's good. Then Susie phones from Germany: she has been thinking hard, and does not want to sign anything. She begins to explain that this is because she works for an institute which is *sehr bekannt in Deutschland*, but I say quite simply, "Dann lassen wir es," and hang up.

I am livid. Nine years' friendship up the spout. This moral cowardice is hard to take, particularly when it is at my expense. She phones back, but before she speaks I say, "*Es hat wirklich keinen Zweck,*" and hang up.

I post the Kurt Aumeier document on the Website.

In Court. Master Trench orders James Libson to pay me £100 costs! What glee! But they are going ahead with their application for an injunction.

At 4:55 p.m. two girls come, on behalf of Davenport and Mishcon, with *their* witness statements. Mishcon's fill three ring binders, and are initially very intimidating: major statements from Prof. Vladimir Tarasov, other Russians, etc. However, I see that they have not got the key Russian witness, [*the KGB archive chief*] Bondarev. I work putting them on the Website all weekend!

T HIS APARTMENT'S ELECTRIC lights have been flickering increasingly over the last four or five months; today there is a whiff of burning in the fax-machine area.

I can't really make out what the Russians are testifying to: their statements appear to cover eve-



rything but the kitchen sink, and leave me almost unmentioned. A lot about Elke Fröhlich, however, God bless her.

The electric lights flicker, then go right off. The main switch-box turns out to be corroded and warped inside, with badly burnt prongs. I turn off all but the most essential items and work on until five a.m., and am up at eleven. Repeated power failures. J. Brand Ltd send an electrician, who will do the job tomorrow morning.

All witness statements uploaded to Website by midday, and the first shriek comes almost immediately from Mishcon, telling me to take them down. They quote Order 32, r 2A, but there is no such thing; they mean Order 38, r 2A.

Discussion about this with my legal friends, who urge me to tough it out. They say to put in an affidavit laying it on thick and rotten about the Mozzochi fiasco as justification. But moral justification alone will not be enough to set aside Rules of Court, methinks. We shall see. I may have to unload the documents tomorrow.

I work until five a.m. on the Website and the affidavit. A cheerful Black electrician comes at 8:45 a.m., hammering and drilling all morning. Bleary eyed, I am up at eleven to complete the affidavit and its annexes. A whoop from the

Obituary

AR regrets reporting the deaths of these, our late friends and supporters: **Gertrud Noske**, of Gadshill, Ontario; **Prof. Klaus Herrmann** of Montréal; **MA Kane** of Kingston, Surrey, UK; **D Rodd** of London NW6; **Fred Nanke**, of Toronto; **Donald Cox**, of Ontario; **Bill Gardiner** of Oregon; **Fregattenkapit. Victor Oehr**, of Bonn, Germany; **Ben Swearingen**, of Texas; **Hildegund Zehmke**, of Ulm, Germany.

May their souls rest with the Lord in peace



David Irving working outside his rented Key West cottage, June 1999

Michael Hentz for
The New York Times

kitchen, as the power comes back on at 11:40 and the fax machine churns out ten pages from Mishcon de Reya: they have made an appointment this afternoon for a judge in chambers to hear their application for an injunction against my Website. The judge will be Mr Justice Moses. Peals of ironic laughter from my staff. I say that I am sure that Moses J. will bend over backwards to be fair.

It is 3:30 p.m. before our case comes on. Mr Justice Moses is perhaps the same age as me, elegant, educated, and quietly spoken, murmuring simply "Yes," from time to time as he takes each point in. We settle in three rows of seats – I take a seat on the left hand of Moses, Mishcon's team of four lawyers and a barrister [trial lawyer] on his right.

Their barrister deftly sets out Mishcon's case: I have offended repeatedly against the Rules, he says, by posting the most intimate documents from Prof. Lipstadt's Discovery on my Website last spring. This is common ground, and I unposted them within hours of Mishcon protesting. There are just placeholders at present, marking where the embarrassing documents once were: the documents themselves will be replaced as soon as they are read out in Court during the

trial. The barrister smoothly continues: they served Lipstadt's witness statements on me last Friday at five p.m., and by yesterday, Monday, at nine a.m., they find that I have posted all thirteen statements. This, they claim, breaches Order 38, rule 2A, para. 11, which indicates that witness statements are confidential and can not be used for any other purpose than the proceedings, until the trial begins.

Mr Justice Moses at once seizes the salient points. He has read my very full affidavit, opposing the Mishcon application; how, he asks the barrister, can Mr Irving conduct inquiries into these witnesses and their credibility, if he is not permitted to show those statements to anybody else?

It is clear that this morning's peals of Homeric laughter from my staff were not justified, and that my confidence in the Court's integrity is. I lay aside my pen.

The barrister replies that it would surely suffice for me just to *list* the names of the witnesses: that is already a concession.

Eventually the judge invites me to speak. I have placed the 1945 General Bruns interrogation report from my Website (testimony of 1941 mass shootings of Jews in Russia) on top of my bundle, and he asks why;

I remind him that Mishcon have quite gratuitously referred to me as a "Holocaust denier" at the start of their affidavit, and that I need scarcely elaborate further. He takes the point.

On the Lipstadt documents produced in Discovery the law is clear, and I do not argue. They cannot be published. Period. Until the trial.

On the witness statements, however, I argue that I have a right to regard posting them on my Website to ask my readers for facts about these witnesses, e.g. the communist agitator Daniel Levitas and Prof. Tarasov, as a proper use for these legal proceedings.

Somewhat to my consternation, Judges Moses expresses horror that I have appended a rather smudgy photograph of Mr Levitas as a footnote to his witness statement. I reply that people who were indignant at his methods of standing up in the middle of my Atlanta lecture, and slowly photographing every section of the audience, will need to be reminded that this is the man, if they are not aware of who Levitas is. I argue that it is not enough just to list the names: my readers must know what their separate allegations are, e.g. that I called members of the Washington State University "assholes" at

the April 13, 1998 lecture (I did not, as the video will show, but two of Prof. Lipstadt's witnesses, no doubt wholly independently of each other, state that I did!).

Mr Justice Moses rules that I should only summarise those parts of the statements which I wish to test. Another concession, although to make such a selection, of course, puts valuable tactical information in the hands of my opponents.

I say, "I cannot see what Prof. Lipstadt is complaining about. I posted her entire Defence to my Writ, and left it uncontested for six months before I posted my Reply" (although it was served on her the very day after her Defence). I add: "Now I have posted her entire witness statements, without altering one dot or comma. I would far prefer to have my witness statements posted in full, rather than in a bowdlerised or edited form."

The Court does not agree.

Rejecting Mishcon's typescript draft injunction, Mr Justice Moses invites us to withdraw to draft a suitable Order.

At 5:30 p.m. we are back in his chambers. He whittles the Order down still further. Mishcon have applied for an Order that I give them a list of all my staff who have had sight of their documents; I object that they



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would hardly want to provide me with a list of all *their* staff. Chop. When I ask him to add "unless already in the public domain" to the order that I not post any of the documents appended to the statements - if they add, e.g. a clipping from *The Daily Telegraph*, they can hardly claim that is privileged, he asserts that it belongs to the collection made by the witness and is privileged as well. Chop.

I must say I find this hard to grasp. Anthology rights in a bundle of documents? But there we are. He asks me if I have any further submissions, and I do: on costs, which will probably not run to less than £7,000 for this application.

I point out that my own affidavit ends with a request that if successful I ask for no order as to costs. He has moreover drastically cut back the Order as originally sought by Prof. Lipstadt - "Less than fifty per cent of the original remains," I venture to say. I am about to ask for an order for "costs in the cause" when he takes those precise words out of my mouth.

Most satisfactory, and my high-powered legal friends congratulate me loudly during the evening. Mr Justice Moses has now disposed that it is quite in order for me to post relevant extracts of Lipstadt's witness statements on the Website. His demeanour has confirmed my faith in the integrity of the British judiciary.

I am owed four hours' sleep from last night alone, and catch up on the sofa in the evening. Jessica tramples up and down on me on various pretexts.

AT ELEVEN P.M. DON Bustion phones. *The New Yorker* Feb. 1, 1999 edition has published a review of the new Boston film about Fred Leuchter, entitled "The Friendly Executioner" and makes a passing reference to the "loathsome" Mr Irving being interviewed in it. I have been called worse.

[*The quote is: "He [Leuchter] is embraced by the loathsome British historian David Irving - described by Ron Rosenbaum, in his book, 'Explaining Hitler,' as the Führer's 'chief post-war defender' - who extolled the 'gruesomely expert author' of 'the Leuchter Report' and labelled its results 'shattering' and 'truly astounding.'*]

I have Deborah Lipstadt and her book to thank for this international bile machine. The author's name is Mark Singer. Well, some

of us get named after sewing-machines, and others after prophets. We can't all be called Moses.

□ Two girls and a young man come and serve the Moses Order and formally warn me I face prison if I violate it. Friendly enough afterwards, as we search for missing documents. What a farce the law is. I am sleepy in the evening.

To the Passport Office to get a new passport, it has to be one of the new plum-coloured "European" ones. A sell-out.

From L. comes a plaintive e-mail request to know if there is anywhere on the Internet that he can find what I posted, and then removed, about Bernie Farber.

Achtung. I was warned some months ago that L. is a double-agent: this seems to clinch it. I work until far into the night and send this e-mail reply at 5:34 am:

Being served with a High Court injunction, with all the warnings read out in front of witnesses about going to prison if there are ("further") infractions and violations, makes one a bit jumpy. They've had me in jail for Contempt of Court before, in 1994. And that was accidental. So I must not even seem to be looking for that forbidden material.

I will shortly post the gist of it, but I've got to rake it over with a very fine tooth-comb indeed first...

I place on the Website a good item about the defence witness Bernie Farber, who turns out to advocate torture against Palestinian political prisoners, in his own writing (so he can't claim he is misquoted). What a hoot:

Wonderful thing this Internet is. Somebody on the other side of the world reads what I have posted yesterday about the Canadian gentleman Mr Bernie M Farber, one of the witnesses on whom Prof. Deborah Lipstadt (Emory University, Atlanta, Ga.) will rely in her defence of my libel action: Oops - turns out that Mr Farber is a public advocate of torturing prisoners. Not a very fashionable view.

What rotten luck Lipstadt and her star lawyer Anthony Julius are having with their witnesses: first there is the West Coast gentleman Jonathan Mozzochi, who turns out to have had a police record as a skinhead gang-leader...

Now, I am reminded that on page 18 of Ellen Jaffe McC-Lain's book *Embracing the Stranger*, BasicBooks, New York, 1995 ("an in-depth survey of the social factors and stereotypes in the Jewish community and your society at large that may affect the intermarriage experience") the author speaks of Prof. Lipstadt's trenchant opposition to the intermarriage of

Jews with gentiles.

"Although people like Deborah Lipstadt, the Emory University Prof. who has written and lectured widely on Holocaust denial, have exhorted Jewish parents to just say no to intermarriage, much the same way they expect their children not to take drugs, a large majority of parents and (more than a few rabbis) are unable to lay down opposition to intermarriage as a strict operating principle."

In a piece mockingly titled, "Guess Who's Coming to Dinner?" one Canadian noted on June 28, 1996 on the Internet: "It seems that it is other people's exclusionary chauvinism Deborah Lipstadt disapproves of; she damns it as 'racism' and what-not. . . . Different strokes for different folks, I guess."

I guess so too: in fact I guess there is a streak of hypocrisy in most of us. Here in England, we are fighting racism tooth and claw: yet nobody dares murmur, at least out loud, about the Black Police Officers' Federation that has been formed.

In Miami, where I shall be next week, the local newspaper *The Miami Herald* - one of the five great newspapers of the United States - regularly runs display advertisements from a marriage agency which rejects all non-Jewish applicants. Personally, I too am happy the way I am born; uh, hold on there, is that a racist thought too?

ALEXIS COMPLETES SCANNING the Kurt Aumeier interrogation. It has cost nearly £100 in labour to do! Thought-provoking expense, and is it worth it?

Like a bad penny, who should ring the doorbell at seven p.m. but T., anxious for a gossip. Must have known I'm going away. He has got to be a plant. 3:30 p.m. pick up Jessica; she earns one Loveable Bear. Down to High Court at midday; I get a Mar. 12 date for the restored summons against Lovell White (re Sereny), but the Order I have drafted against Lipstadt is defective and I must re-type it.

In the afternoon Mishcon return my documents. They are in a shocking state, and I am speechless with dismay. I write them at once:

Damage to my Papers. In front of witnesses here I have now opened and examined the boxes of documents which your staff returned, and I am deeply concerned by the condition of both the boxes and their contents. Three-quarters of the archive boxes will have to be replaced; the fitted internal boxes were in some cases ripped open at the bottom, instead of the top.

Your print room has ripped volumes, taken spiral bound files apart, and broken the backs of bound volumes. More serious is that the file contents have been tossed back into the boxes in total disarray, and have frequently been placed in the wrong numbered files and

boxes, making nonsense of the indexing which I have worked six months to create. If you wished to sabotage my documentary case, you have done so very effectively.

I am particularly concerned about the torn and battered state of the papers, which your staff sometimes just wrapped in rubber bands and tossed into the boxes. Since I am negotiating with an American university to acquire my papers, this vandalism is unforgivable. I have instructed my staff to buy replacement archive boxes and to replace the damaged boxes and labels but it will take months to sort them back into the proper files.

My entrusting my original records to you was a serious misjudgement on my part, and I now have the greatest misgivings about the condition of my diaries and tapes.

And I write to Lovell White, representing Gitta Sereny:

I do not feel it would be proper to delay issuing this Summons for further directions. With respect, you might continue asking for further documents and letters-within-letters for months, and indeed for years to come, and complain each time at how long it takes me either to find them or to ascertain that they are lost without trace or transferred to foreign archives.

□ I have a huge backlog to deal with before leaving London in a few hours' time.

I work all night. Jessica shows up sleepily around 7:15 a.m., baffled that I have got up so early. Her Mama explains that I am leaving for America in a few minutes time. "Is it Thursday, then?" asks Jessica. It is, and already she is spelling out her list of desiderata, most of which involve Barbies.

Benté asks my phone number in Key West. I say she is to give it out to nobody - anybody with a computer can find out the street address of any phone number in the United States. I want to write in peace.

I stay awake until the Virgin Atlantic 747 is aloft, then drop off into several long and unsatisfying sleeps; my head snaps forward, I slump into the seat, I miss the meals, I wake, I read a book - I have started Hannah Arendt's *Eichmann in Jerusalem* - then fall asleep again.

I work for three hours on the Website until the battery runs out. Once or twice I go to the rear and look down through almost solid banks of white snow clouds onto the southern tip of Greenland, then Gander as we fly high overhead.

MIAMI AT 3:15 P.M. A ten hour flight and hot-wet-flannel hits you as you step out into this climate.

Hertz refuses to rent a car to me, so I walk in sweltering heat round to Avis, five dollars cheaper. A car which in Eng-

land would be luxury in size rents here for \$26 a day; in England it would cost ten times as much. I call in at Office Max: A packet of 500 regular white envelopes costs \$3.39. How cheaply the Americans live, in every aspect of their lives.

I head off down US.1 to a month of total anonymity.

It is still light here at seven p.m.; in England it is dark at four. At the Rusty Anchor at nine p.m., I have a quick bite of fish and chips. Smiles all round. Here everybody knows me, but nobody knows my name.

I pick up the keys of the tiny cottage I have rented for a month – it is smaller than the brick slave-quarters I saw years ago at the plantation in South Carolina where they filmed *Gone with the Wind* (Goebbels' favourite Hollywood movie).

Aaargh: none of the keys fits the door. Numbed by exhaustion, I slump in the car's front seat instead, and fall fast asleep.

Awake at seven a.m. The car's windows are steamed up. I drive to the Croissant Shop for a snack. I am totally anonymous; one of the town's nameless visitors. A comforting, velvety famelessness.

At eight a.m., Roger at the estate agency sheepishly admits that he mixed up the keys. I carry the heavy trunks of equipment into the cottage, and set up my office to write.

I rescue a bicycle from under the tree where I chained it in August; it is beginning to rust, and I take it to a bike shop for minor repairs. Several times I stop at the barber shop. Each time the sign has advanced an hour: *Back at 2:30* becomes *Back at 3:30* and so on. At five p.m. he is at last in.

"How much off?" he asks.

"All of it," I say, "Right down to the bone. I don't want anybody recognising me down here."

I go on line. There are 42 e-mails to deal with. I go over to a Cuban Restaurant for a snack.

As I pay, the middle-aged waitress, with whom I have conversed in Spanish all evening, sidles up to me: "Excuse me señor, but aren't you a writer? Isn't your name Irving?" She continues, "I am in Spain some years ago, and I read a book with your picture in the cover. *La Guerra de Hitler*," she confirms. Aaargh.

I escape as fast as I decently can. Later I return and slip a two-dollar tip into her hand. The game is up: She knows my name, and I can't have people putting it around that David Irving doesn't tip handsomely.

I ask one of the locals what damage was done by Hurricane Georges in August. He drawls, "Nothing, but now there's chickens everywhere." I fail to

grasp the connection, and foolishly say: "Chickens? Where do they come from, then?"

"Eggs," he snarls. Aaargh again.

I am ill from ten hours of breathing in the Virgin Atlantic passengers' assorted infections. A truly awful night, awake on and off, feverish, hallucinations, senseless meanderings of the mind, thirst, pains, aches, coughing up rusty-coloured phlegm – in short all the signs of a return of that pneumonia. *Lo que me faltava.*

This e-mail to Benté:

It is now Wednesday. I feel listless and apathetic. I haven't eaten for three or four days; I ordered the usual breakfast at Harpoon Harry's this morning, but left nine-tenths of it, as I could not face it. I think I have beaten it however, with the aid of about 100 hypochondradene's [aspirins] so far.

I had another bad night, and am perspiring and feverish all the time. My living costs so far are minimal: \$2.50 per day!

□ I see that Christopher Browning is in London giving evidence for the prosecution of a Yugoslav (alleged) war criminal. He would make an interesting opponent.

I finally resume work on editing *Churchill's War*, vol. ii.

Lunch at Higgs Beach. Crazy family with a barking dog. Everybody irritated by it. When I express mild annoyance, her macho husband threatens a punch up; she stands up on leaving and tips a bowl of garlic soup over me, to general astonishment including my own. Have a nice day to you too, sir.

Mishcon fax that the Lipstadt trial is set down for Jan. 11, 2000, to last an estimated twelve weeks.

E-mails start arriving like artillery: from one Brian Behrend, comes this *highly* suspicious letter:

I am a high school student at York Suburban High School in York, Pennsylvania. Recently, we had an homework assignment that dealt with the segregation of schools. We were supposed to describe the position of a senator in the 1950's for segregation and a senator against segregation. For the senator for segregation, I gave him a racist point of view. He is quoted as saying, "If you allow blacks in educational institutions where whites are, it will have a negative effect on the whites' education because blacks are less intelligent." My teacher circled the "less intel-

ligent "part of the writing and wrote "no" next to it. My teacher then proceeded to use my paper as an example of poor logic for the homework assignment. My teacher says that politicians during the 1950's were not openly racist and would only use Plessy versus Ferguson for justification of segregation. I disagree with him and believe that there were openly racist politicians. However, my resources are limited and I have been unable to find conclusive evidence to substantiate my claims. Could you please provide me with any information that would

corroborate my position? I specifically need quotes that would verify openly racist statements that involve senators claiming African Americans are less intelligent. I am concerned we are not learning the full truth about our past. Thank you for your time and any help that you may provide. Sincerely, Brian Behrend

I respond as I do to all *agents provocateurs*.



Josephine, the oldest of David Irving's five daughters, has battled her illness heroically for twenty years.

FOUR WIENERS FOR SUPPER. Disgusting. Up at 2, 3, and four during the night; lying awake worrying about expert witnesses: How many will agree to stick their necks out?

I decide to ask Otto Günsche if he will come over and testify: but he must now be very old. What a challenge, to have one of Hitler's staff, facing up to the David Cesaranis and the other liars. I last saw Günsche at Hoffnungsthal in Nov. 1982.

Would they stage violent street riots against him: probably, because that is the way they work. But for the sake of Real History, it is worth a shot. Finally asleep around 5:30 a.m., and up at nine a.m. The headaches that have plagued me all month appear to have receded.

Cycle out to the Rusty Anchor for fish and chips. A threatening E-mail from [Canadian agitator] Warren Kinsella, saying HarperCollins had not paid libel damages to Racon either – their insurers had. Yeah, and HarperCollins had not paid premiums for that? Right. I post his response on the Website without comment.

Fax from London, the latest from Gitta Sereny's lawyers Lovell White Durrant: clearly very angry about my new moves for directions ("and don't post this on the Internet!"). I respond sweetly.

□ This letter then to my legal

friends:

The last two weeks the e-mail has produced letter after letter from around the globe of an evident *agent-provocateur* nature.

Previously there is nothing like this. I do hope that, in their desperation, the lawyers opposing me are not stooping to such methods. Today's offering is an apparent world-wide inquiry: "Who is the most important man of the 20th Century?" I do not answer. Other strangers over the past few days have inquired, "Who is responsible for World War II?" "Is the 1939 Gleiwitz incident real, or staged by the SS?"

At K-Mart, I search for a Tie-Dye Barbie for Jessica.

This e-mail comes:

Could you pls inform me if there are any publications dealing with the duties and or activities of Dr Rudolf Brandt or Karl Wolff. Regards - Richard Parkes

I note that *both* characters figure in the Lipstadt Defence, and I reply:

Very sorry, I know of no such publications. Rudolf Brandt was hanged after the war; Wolff struck a no-prosecution deal with the Americans, in return for ending the fighting in Italy in 1945; the deal did not spare him from the German courts however. You'll find bits of Brandt's stenographic diary on my Website...

A quiet day, editing *Churchill's War*, vol. ii, thank goodness. I work on the garden table until one a.m., with a table-lamp on a long cord.

This e-mail comes (from Stavros Elias, another *a.p.*?) –

"I am an A-Level Student studying History at Southgate School. I study history and must produce an individual assignment mine is entitled, "Was there a systematic Nazi Plan to exterminate the Jewish race from 1933 and how significant is Hitler in this?" ...Etc.

WORK UNTIL MIDNIGHT bitten to pieces by mosquitoes. Benté sends a message scornful of one of our friends. I reply:

Gosh what a wimp he is. [...] I repeat, what a wimp. Jessica has more guts than he has (and she's only five). Her Barbie has more guts than he has. You have more guts than he has. Etc etc. Lots of love D.

□ Pensive most of the night. What my opponents indulge in is Virtual History, as opposed to Real History. That phrase, it really describes the antics of the opposition "scholars." Finally up at seven a.m. Terrific rain-storm begins, I just manage to get things inside in time.

I leave Key West tomorrow with no debts here, which is nice. Gradually emerging from the dark forest of the threat of insolvency; in one or two months



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we'll have the new HITLER'S WAR out and cash flow again. Down to Higgs Beach, but cafe deserted in the rain.

Pick up a Buick at the airport.

I leave for Miami airport at eleven; at Toys R Us near Homestead, I find the requisite Barbie backpack and lunchbox for Jessica; at Computer Village I buy two Mac games for her. Running-costs of an infant, around \$100.



I land at Heathrow at eight a.m.; taxi to Duke Street. Alexis lets me in, photocopying documents for Penguin's lawyers, Davenport Lyons. How depressing; London in March, gloomy, cloudcovered and only 5 or 6° C.

Bed at three a.m. Terrible pains during the night: I wake, the room is reeling, when I roll over I black out, become nauseous, I stagger to the front door, clutching at walls and doors and furniture, to unlock it in case I have to phone for help. Then I throw up (first time in fifteen years or so). Horrid feeling. I narrow it down to the raw sausage roll from the corner-store which I ate unheated as a snack. I fall asleep, wondering if I will wake.

Somebody rings the doorbell, but as they do not show on the monitor I do not respond.

Work until four a.m. Up at midday, and at six p.m. I commence work on Lovell White Durrant's latest list [*the Sereny libel action*], a huge job. Work until five a.m. I find a lot of items, easier now the files are organised. Mishcon have trampled on a lot of the box contents, unfortunately: Index cards ruthlessly shuffled, inverted, turned round, etc. I work until five a.m. (spending the last two hours scanning a 1970 article I wrote on the PQ.17 libel action, for the Website).

Dawn and Alexis appear around 9:30 a.m. Alexis copies around five thousand pages, and I take them by cab to Davenport Lyons at five p.m.

Post list to Lovell White. Phone their Mr Tench; he's still foot-dragging, so I may go ahead with that Friday summons after all. Then down to the High Court, to try for a date for the summons against them.

Peter Stanbridge comes for lunch to pick my brains about Hitler's bunker. Up at five and seven a.m., can't sleep. It's the seventh anniversary of the day I returned from South Africa in 1992, and found this fair Danish girl living

here (Benté).

IT APPEARS THAT THE Nicholas Fraser television programme will be transmitted by BBC-2 this Saturday. No doubt the stunt with the *Pogromly* board will feature prominently.

The Times publishes my job advert, and the phone is ringing all day. I start interviewing at 2:45 p.m., a Pakistani girl, Romany S.; sharp, but does not excite. Asked if she smokes, she answers, "Not really – occasionally." The sallow skin and sunken eyes unfortunately tell another story.

Air Commodore Probert comes at three to talk about "Butcher" Harris; that throws our timetable of interviews into confusion. Elaine P. comes at four p.m., left no impression. Then Claire H., very blonde and brassy, PR-orientated, currently in the pop music industry, *aaargh*, not a whisper of finesse. Very talkative, gesticulates a lot.

At six I interview Rebecca Wallersteiner, who turns out to be the daughter of the Wallersteiner who beset me in Vancouver in 1986. I thought the name had a familiar ring (he claimed to be SIS, etc). She begins by saying she had a maternal grandfather in the SS, a *Sturmabannführer* whom the Czechs liquidated after May 1945; her paternal side is all Jewish – she has a real Barry-Scheck nose.

She herself is Catholic, raised in a Convent. She is followed by Ravinder Kaur, a diminutive, muscular Punjabi, at 6:45 p.m. Perhaps she should not have said "martial arts" when I ask her sporting activities. Gaunt, smokey eyes; I suspect she smokes too. These Asians are going to take over this country, with their brains and bustle.

Message comes from D:

I have just noticed a trailer for something called *Fear and Loathing*, a series on BBC2 that is to be broadcast on Saturday evening I believe at 6.05 pm. The subject is supposed to be the Far Right in Britain. There is a 5-10 second sequence of film of you...

This is interfaced with a riot scene and a full screen swastika. I just wondered whether you knew?

I did not. At all. Long live the traditional enemies of free speech!

I continue interviewing all day and into the evening. Eventually, as usual, I start telling phone callers that the position is taken. None really stands out apart from one garlicky French girl, but her qualifications are mostly negative.

Prof. Donald Watt writes me,

via Key West: is too ill and old and beaten to give evidence for me; a very friendly letter, though; he *would* swear an affidavit. At 4:13 p.m. I take a phone call from a man to the unlisted line which I use exclusively for the advertisement: "Is this the phone number of David Irving."

"Yes." (He then hangs up). Now what can that be? The advert did not mention my name.

At 5:15 p.m. Tanya D., an Indian girl born in Kent, arrives for interview; 22, solicitor, finished training, excellent schools, well spoken. I warm to her, and decide to hire her and a Liverpool girl as assistants until the Lipstadt trial begins. She is giggly and over-enthusiastic, but if I use them in tandem they will encourage each other, I hope. I send out letters to the unsuccessful interviewees.

Phone call from historian Peter Witte, Germany. Friendly discussion of sources on Heinrich Himmler. He will now edit the Himmler pocket diary for 1943-4. He regrets the campaign against me, is a believer in free speech, even though he admits he does not share some of my opinions. *Meinetwegen*.

Saturday evening. Brother John phones to say "well done". Uh-oh. He has just watched the BBC2 television programme – I did not watch, having other things to do. He says he's left the Liberal Party since Paddy Ashdown came out for lowering the homosexual age of consent.

At 10:16 pm anonymous Hungarian phones the unlisted number to say he agrees with me about Auschwitz. (How has he got the number?) Would very much like to talk to me "for a couple of hours". I groan, and ask him to phone again in three or four days' time. (He never does).

□ I have resigned myself to losing Duke Street. What a pity. Another month and it would have been much easier. Still, I shall fight to the last moment.

A Mark S. sends me this message about the BBC programme:

What a pompous, jumped-up little arse he [Nick Fraser] is! Really, what with all his puppet-like movements and gesticulations, he is quite a sight!

I send this letter to Fraser and the BBC's Director-General:

When you approached me eighteen months ago, on Oct. 20, 1997, you asked for my co-operation in your projected programme for "Storyville" about, you said, the suppression of free speech, with emphasis on the number of bans imposed on me by countries around the world. You interviewed me late last year, and it struck me that your interview had no connection whatever with that topic.

Last night, I am told, you screened on BBC2 at nine pm a programme about the Far

Right, in which you used this material, and which had nothing whatever to do with the subject you told me about. (I did not myself see it, but I have read the news reports). I do not consider myself a member of the Far Right; and I would not have agreed to participate in such a programme, as was probably clear to you. Can you please elucidate when the switch was made in the project – and why I was not informed?

Long day, harrowing problems to deal with.

Birthday. Eleven a.m. at the High Court. Master Hodgson is quite harsh, refuses to hear the summons for [*Sereny*] directions as it is too long; he adjourns it, allows a day's costs against me assessed at £100. Tough. I say: "It is worth it if it makes the point to the defendants that I will not allow this to be protracted much longer by them."

At one p.m. Benté phones, and puts Jessica on the line to sing Happy Birthday to me. A packet arrives with original photos from Himmler's private family album (in private US hands). A ten-year old Himmler. Blinking owlishly through spectacles. Mass-murderer to be. And an SS Reichsführer, visiting a Jewish home in Russia in 1941. Sensational.

I take Jessica over the road to Selfridges to buy stickers. I give her a few coins as pocket money. She carefully sorts out the pennies from the pounds, and gives the former back to me saying, "I can't use these."

E-MAIL FROM DANIEL Dees, who's organising a phone-talk by me to Canadian college students in Ontario tomorrow afternoon. He says:

I must admit my asking you to speak with us has caused a great deal of emotion among our school. I have gotten a lot of rude comments, and angry opinions directed towards me. I understand, to an extent, how you feel. I find it so upsetting that one cannot discuss these topics in an open environment. I (and others in the school) simply want to hear what you have to say. I hope it will go well. We all look forward to it.

Message from former Imperial College contemporary Douglas Owen, to whom I reply:

There were ten of us in that Year, called the Preliminary Year, at the Royal College of Science. Several of my best friends are already dead – Roger Loveman of cancer many years ago; Mike Gorb [a Jewish student] was killed mountaineering a year or two after he left Imperial College.

I lost touch with almost everybody. Occasionally some pop up, like you! I am still very much in harness, as you'll see from the Website.

I lecture by phone to the Canadian college class in Ontario. A caustic and incorrigible history teacher called Rita, with all the usual legends. An almost inau-

dible male lecturer. Several good questions from the pupils, e.g. why not believe the Auschwitz eye witnesses, as I used eye witnesses in writing the Dresden book, etc. Later this e-mail comes from Daniel Dees:

I think you'd be interested in a poll that we conducted after class. Before we spoke to you, 85% of the students dismissed what you had to say. After our conversation, believe it or not, 95% of the students felt you were on to something, and that your knowledge warrants more research on the "holocaust" topic. We only had ONE teacher totally dismiss you.

I thought you should know this because you have had a great effect on the way we perceive the holocaust. Your comment on how the holocaust should be remembered as innocent people dying, and not because they were Jews, really stuck with a lot of people.

So did your comments on the so called "death camps". For all it's worth, you've been very effective.

A Mr Gregory Livschutz [of gregorylivshutz@yahoo.com] sends this one-word welcome to my e-mail: "Lier." I reply, "Learn to spell."

□ S. reads the Lipstadt pleadings all day. Says that Victoria Sharp's Defence would have been thrown out in Bar School for its length.

Easter Sunday. Up at 8:10 a.m., resumed work on the backlog at 9:10 a.m. E-mails have poured in now from North American pupils assigned to write about Anne Frank. Whatever her tragic fate, there is something obscene about this brainwashing now going on in schools all over the world. I doubt that Anne herself would have approved of it. It is Orwellian, Goebbelsian, – it is Nazi in style and method. All of the messages are composed in the same slightly illiterate style.

Today there is this message from a Samantha, evidently in the eastern USA:

Dear Dave, – Hello my name is Samantha and I am doing a report on Anne Frank and I am wondering if you have a timeline that you could send me.

She gets what is now my standard response.

I am not an expert on her, and I cannot provide a timeline (try one of the Holocaust Websites); she died in the typhus epidemic that ravaged the Nazi concentration camps in eastern Europe at the end of the Second World War. [...] With best wishes for your paper, and don't forget to keep me informed of what mark you get.

Needless to say, they never do...

screened the movie for Fred in December and he is very pleased. We also had a screening in January at the Sundance Film Festival, where it is well received.

We are now trying to clear the various film clips that we would like to include in the film. One of the clips is of you and Fred at the hall in London where Fred is scheduled to speak.

Thames Television, which has the rights to that clip is asking for thousands of dollars for a (9) second clip. We would like to include this event in the film, but we cannot pay a ridiculous fee. Would you have any footage of that event?

I reply:

I am shocked to hear that Thames TV is asking for a fee from you. They flatly refused our request for a fee for the exclusive right to film the event, which we granted to them in return for a strict undertaking not to reveal details of the location or event to anybody else. Their producer Sushma Puri promptly notified the police about the event, with the desire of securing better newsworthy material, namely Leuchter's arrest and deportation.

I write to Dr Joel Hayward in New Zealand about his statement. He responds with an unhelpful e-mail having clearly had second thoughts – and having read mine:

My guess is that you think I am trying to worm out of testifying at your trial. This disappoints me, especially in light of the flak I have taken from Jewish groups in recent months after posting to the Wehrmacht Discussion Group a letter defending your WWII scholarship. I have always told you that my ability to testify is determined by my teaching, admin. and research workload here at Massey University, which is currently very high. My original "yes" – and I still have that e-mail – is a tentative yes, not a firm yes.

I send him this well earned response:

May I take it therefore that your tentative Agreement has at the last moment turned into a firm No. I say "at the last moment," because these witness statements are due on April 28, and I had had no alert in the intervening months from you to suggest that you were pulling back.

I must be able to plan clearly. This is a lawsuit with multi-million-pound costs at stake.

Another David Cole, it seems.

I make up a parcel of videocassettes to send off for duplicating. The highly complicated covering letter is just complete when Jessica strolls in, decides she wants to use the Macintosh, and calmly zaps it off the screen. Five year olds! But the new version of the letter is better, so she is perhaps right.

research, *namely the raw unedited film taken by a Thames TV news cameraman of my speech at Halle for their documentary of 1991* – precisely the tapes Thames TV denied to me they had. I have been looking for these ever since 1993.

A triumphant phone call to E. about this blunder. He advises that I must issue an immediate summons against Lipstadt, demanding a new affidavit on her discovery, sworn this time by a partner of Mishcon.

I suspect that the provenance of the tapes is the Board of Deputies of British Jews, because one tape has an old pencilled label on its case, reading "Yes Minister-programme about Jews and Muslims." God, they are sensitive people.

Whatever; the videotapes should have been included in their Discovery; there has been possibly even a contempt of Court, as Prof. Lipstadt manifestly swore a false affidavit. I get the girls to investigate a legal precedent in *Lonrho v Fayed*.

The counsel whom Lipstadt has at present instructed is Andrew Caldecott, QC, who is at One Brick Court (chambers whose flagstones I have of course trodden frequently in the past, since it is "one of the two leading defamation sets"). Caldecott was called in 1975 and took silk in 1994, which puts him in the 47–50 age-bracket perhaps.

□ To Hamley's with Jessica in the afternoon to buy stickers, the latest craze. She now reads books including the Bible at high speed. She has taken to gazing around restaurants looking for other families with children of her age; then she boldly goes over and strikes up a conversation with them. No fear, that child.

8:30 a.m. wakened by a phone ringing. It is 2GB Radio, Sydney, Australia, wanting to interview me tomorrow morning on Fredrick Toben's arrest by the Germans.

The newspapers show the cruel photographs, taken from television cameras mounted in the nose cone of the Nato missiles that blasted a Yugoslav train in Kosovo. The newspaper explains that the Nato pilot bravely launched the first rocket missile from several miles away (his nationality is not to be revealed says the *Daily Telegraph*, adding however that he is not British, which rather narrows the field).

The first bomb-camera photo shows scared human beings looking out of the windows a millisecond before the high-tech missile and its load of rocket fuel roast them to a crisp; rather curiously, the second picture shows the train a hundred yards further on, a blazing

wreck. Reading the small print reveals that the American pilot, realising he has missed the bridge, has come round and launched a *second* missile – again hitting the train.

As I study the photo, the BBC is broadcasting Britain's prime prat Tony Blair announcing that all the "war criminals" are to be brought to justice. *All* of them?

Three p.m. train to [...]. Discussion with – Ltd who will be printing Focal Point's books. Tour of their pre-press department. Useful guidelines.

Ghastly news on our return of a fresh Nato "mishap" in Yugoslavia – the bombing of a refugee column this morning has killed seventy Albanians; the television shows hideous scenes reminiscent of the Falaise Gap in August 1944, with the difference that the dead, mutilated, and dying are not soldiers, but peasant men, women, and children. Even so, it must have been only a fraction of the suffering inflicted on the German and Jewish refugees from the east in 1945.

Television brings this holocaust into the front rooms of ordinary people. So it seems much worse. Blair wriggles and lies, and suggests the Serbs shelled the refugees themselves, to incriminate Nato. Yeah, right. Simultaneously, the newsreel has pictures of sobbing peasants describing how the "Allied" planes had come in and rocketed their tractors and farm carts.

Let's see how Nato's street-porterish spokesman "Jamie" Shea – he managed to split two infinitives in one sentence yesterday – slithers out of this one at his press conference. He does to the words of the English language what the American airmen of US General Wesley Clark now do to Yugoslav civilians: he mangles them beyond recognition.

Hitherto Clark's airmen have only proved adept at bringing down ski-lifts and cable cars in Italy; so I suppose hitting moving farm carts does represent some improvement in their aim.

Benté tells me that her friend David Wirt, No. 2 on the staff of the US Naval Chief in Europe, has been promoted on the strength of these victories.

I ask what that means. A big pay-rise, she says; and an extra gold star.

"A gold star?", I say. "That's what Jessica gets at school for spelling right."

Some people never grow up – unless they are burning alive children of Jessica's age, in the name of Nato's humanitarian mission.

IN THE EVENING, AN E-MAIL from Scout Productions about their film of Leuchter:

We are very close to finishing the movie about Fred. We

TO MY HUGE DELIGHT IT turns out that Lipstadt's lawyers, Mishcon de Reya, have inadvertently sent to us three videotapes from their own



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PHONE E., THEN THIS SIGNIFICANT letter goes off to Mishcon:

Further to my letter of Thursday, April 15, 1999 we confirm receiving all videos listed in the first paragraph of your letter of April 8. ... I shall shortly write you again about the videos sent with your letter of April 8.

Ho-ho. See them in Court! At three p.m. I go down to the High Court, and get an hour's appointment on Friday. We look through our Australian files for the evidence that Mishcon knew I was looking for precisely those videos for years.

Heather T. comes today to use the Big Mac. A stunning blond of thirty, with high Slavic cheekbones and a megawatt PhD intellect – she speaks fluent Russian and half a dozen other languages – she has been “seeing” a certain gentleman for six months, who earns million-dollar bonuses each year as a broker but, she laments, he does not have much real time for her; she just gets talk about money. He squanders it like water, flies her everywhere first class, etc. (By this time I have guessed that he is Jewish.)

She has finally flounced out on him last night, and this time it is final. He called out, “What about all those presents I gave you!” She asked, “What presents!” “The sunglasses,” he blusters, “the ... uh,” but he could not remember any others.

H., Latvian-born (her grandfather died on the Eastern front somewhere: she has a faded photo of him in an SS-style uniform – can we tell from the badges what the unit is?), said, “I never realised how much those people network,” meaning the Jewish community. “Every Friday I cooked dinner for him. The whole evening was taken up with a round of phoning, around the whole network.”

She is an instructor at the Royal College of Military Science at Shrivenham in Wiltshire, lecturing on eastern European security services.

THE ROGUE MISHCON VIDEOS: I now infer that the TV camera concerned was that of Mathias Schmidt, an undercover cameraman who figures on the Munich police dossier against me in 1991, volunteering his tapes as a “witness.” Public-spirited of him. One of Ewald Althans' friends (which raises questions as to his sexuality too, I suppose).

All day working on the necessary research into the files. Mounds of paper everywhere. The affidavit is masterly, and at 1:43 a.m. I

download E.'s draft skeleton argument. It still needs some work but I thank him in these terms:

Having read the authorities I know many of the tricks of the trade, but not as many as you, o master! I could have done half of it, but not the brilliant half, and not the rhetoric. Many thanks. The girls are going to enjoy this.

Bed around 2:30 a.m. Thus begins another hard week.

□ Up at 8:30 a.m. I send S. to the Law Courts to get the Summons sealed; she serves it on Mishcon at three p.m.

Fax then comes from them, timed 2:45 p.m., claiming immediate return of their three “privileged” videocassettes. Interesting to know on what grounds they claim privilege (there aren't any). Later, a fax comes repeating their demand, and inquiring in wounded tones why I have issued the Summons.

On Friday all will be clear to them.

A BBC Talk Radio producer phones: can I appear on tomorrow morning's Drive-Time to talk about Hitler's 100th birthday. Although I do not share the BBC's custom of celebrating that man's birthday, I politely I point out that it is his 110th, not 100th.

Never mind, they would like me to talk about Hitler, the new Reichstag Building opening in Berlin tomorrow (I wonder what German history “scholar” overlooked the significance of the date) and, no doubt, the Balkans. They say they'll phone me for the interview at 7:30.

I don't cancel any plans. I tell my staff that it is odds-on that the BBC will phone in an hour or two to cancel – somebody'll be checking the card-index right now, and he'll look up with an “Uh-oh!” That's been the practice of this great bastion of British democracy and free speech over the last few years: usually at the last moment, when it is most inconvenient. A total broadcasting blackout on me.

To help them along, I put this alert in small print onto the front page of my Website newsletter AR-Online: “Listen to David Irving on BBC Talk Radio: 7:30 a.m. April 20.”

□ We finalise the legal argu-

ments for Friday's hearing. The main precedent on deliberately concealing documents is a case called *Landauer*. The judge in that case threw out Landauer's entire defence because of the concealment. Landauer was represented by one Eldred Tabachnik, QC; now where have I heard that name before? Oh yes, he's now a head honcho of the Board of Deputies of British Jews. It's a small world. Of course, being a lawyer is no guarantee that a man is not also a crook: seventeen of nineteen Watergate defendants

were attorneys; as were nearly all the Nazi concentration camp commandants; and Clinton and Blair. Need I say more?

This letter goes to Mishcon de Reya:

Responding to your query about side (b) of the September 1992 microcassette, although I

have not had a chance to review its contents again, I have now determined that a few days after that function Mr Julian Kossow of *The Jewish Chronicle* approached me about the sequence of events, and I voluntarily loaned the tape to him for his newspaper to review and use as it saw fit.

That characteristic act of generosity seems to destroy any privilege that I might have argued existed in side (b).

I claimed that privilege because it is not a tape of me speaking, so its relevance appears questionable, and that is still my position.

2. I have received by fax your letters of today's date, timed respectively 2:45 and 6:36 p.m., in which you state that the three “rogue” videos are privileged. Please state your grounds for claiming privilege in them. From their labels all three are prima facie discoverable documents in this action, and they clearly originated before this action was commenced.

At 2:40 a.m. I phone H. in Hawaii, to wish him well. His cancer has not taken him down in body or spirit yet. I'm delighted to hear he's going to be in Seattle on the same day I am.

Up at 7:30 a.m. for the BBC phone call. Nothing happens. At 8.00 a.m. female from BBC Talk Radio phones: “Is that Mr Irving? I am afraid we are not going to be able to give you the time that you deserve on this morning's programme.”

I say, “Thank you,” and hang up. *Quoi de neuf*. The BBC does not of course do such programmes on the fly, everything is mapped out hours in advance. The Board of Deputies of British Jews or some other traditional enemy of free speech has no

doubt monitored the front page of AR-Online and rung the appropriate alarm bells.

It's an odd world at this *fin de siècle*: Free speech for me on Australian radio and TV, again and again – but unable to enter the country. Free movement about the U.K., but nameless gremlins stifle my access to the broadcast media (or trick me into appearing in a slime-fest).

Heavy work day completing the affidavit and exhibits; swear them at 5:30 p.m.

John Bennett phones from Australia around three or four a.m.; I am still working, but suitably abrupt. What's wrong with these Aussie meatheads that they can't work out the time difference? Up at eight a.m. This fax goes to an American who has complained about the anti-Irving caricature on my letter:

We [English] tend to take attacks on the other cheek, with a touch of whimsy like Noel Coward. That cartoon attacking me was published in 1977 in England's most serious left-wing national newspaper, *The Guardian*. My way of dealing with it is to use it ever since (I bought the rights)... An American would send in Apaches or Tomahawks – we respond with different methods.

Finnish television showed the odious Nick Fraser BBC film last night.

FRIDAY, DAY OF THE COURT hearing on the concealed videocassette evidence.

Exactly 200 incoming e-mails are waiting for me to deal with. But I spend all morning with the girls finalising the documents, skeleton argument, and authorities. I have printed out colour copies of the video labels, just in case Mishcon's fail to bring the originals as they have undertaken.

To the High Court at three p.m. with S. At 3:30 p.m. my opponents march up – James Libson, a rather hushed Anthony Julius, a female solicitor, counsel, and a couple of trainees. No hands are shaken; there are no introductions.

Boors, the lot of them. It's going to be a costly day for them.

I lead off with our skeleton argument. Master Trench has read enough to recall that this raw videotape footage includes my famous Nov. 9, 1991 open-air speech at Halle.

I begin by stating that much of what we are to deal with is unrefined *Style and Hollander*. I explain that that is a textbook (tho' not an authority) which I have found illuminating, as a layman, for its disturbing advice to lawyers, for instance on how to *avoid* helping opponents to establish the truth of a matter.

They are advise: Never allow a third party to bring documents



Bente with Jessica, our pride and joy

to your office, in which case they are discoverable – always inspect them at the third party's premises in case any of them may actually help or even exonerate your opponent.

I make a jibe about the morality of lawyers which has the judge murmuring, "Quite, quite," and S. wincing and trying to hide behind our mound of files. Being the only non-lawyer in the packed room I can afford the remark.

I point out that I am a small, powerless, litigant-in-person, totally ignorant of the law, up against a wealthy, conniving, clever, cunning, and unscrupulous firm of solicitors, so I have to rely on the protection of the Court from fraudulent methods such as these.

This is not the first time that Lipstadt's lawyers have tried to hide documents from me, I recall: I remind the Court of the saga of Document No. 500, and of the entire categories of documents before that – all of which have only been produced after I served summonses on her. Master Trench inquires about No. 500 – "What is that?"

"That is a secret 25-page report on me, Master, compiled by a Canadian Jewish body," I explain. Thus they have now proven that I cannot expect a fair trial (one of the prerequisites for the defence to be struck out).

As for the three rogue videos which have triggered today's action, I add, it is an Act of God that has led the Enemy to bounce their ball over my fence; now they are pleading to have their ball back. God had disposed that the ball bounced my way; it is for Master Trench, as God's servant, to ensure that these wicked lawyers are punished and I am protected from such machinations in future.

S. winces again. The pile of files in front of her is not high enough to hide behind.

Around 4:20 p.m. the judge looks at the clock, and asks how long we expect this hearing to take, as he has an invitation to a party at four-thirty, to celebrate the Issue of the Last Writ (as from Monday, new Rules come into force). I offer to withdraw for a while, but he says: "No, I'd prefer to carry on here, this is much more interesting."

He is clearly angry that Lipstadt failed to identify these videos in her lists. "How can a litigant trust the assertion of privilege if he does not know what the

documents are?" he asks. And: "How is Mr Irving to know what documents to challenge on privilege if you do not even list them?" "I really think these videos should have been listed," he repeats.

Then: "I can understand the Plaintiff's suspicion, but I don't think it goes so far as to say that the Second Defendant acted in the way set out in the summons."

That is, fraudulently. He will therefore not order Lipstadt's defence struck out, since James Libson in his affidavit has successfully fudged the crucial issue as to whether those videos we obtained were "copies of originals" or "originals of copies."

Instead he invites Mishcon to set out in an open letter to me a list of any other documents that they have up their sleeve, to enable me to challenge them.

Anthony Julius leaps to his feet and instructs counsel to request that the Court state explicitly a finding that Deborah Lipstadt has *not* sworn a fraudulent affidavit. I interject that James Libson has tried to the very 11th hour to pretend that all three videos are privileged, when they aren't; that he has pretended that they are copies, and thus privileged, whereas their type reveals that they are clearly originals, from inside the actual newsreel camera. I add that Mr Libson has given an undertaking only yesterday to bring the original videos to the Court today, which undertaking he has not kept.

That sinks them, and Master Trench pronounces that he will *not* declare that Deborah Lipstadt has not sworn a false affidavit "fraudulently and with intent to deceive me".

This is highly unpleasant for the defence.

There remains the issue of costs. Master Trench has already made plain that, given what he has heard of Mishcon's behaviour, "This will have a bearing when it comes to any application for costs." Mishcon themselves suggest that no order for costs be made. My own costs are minimal; theirs again probably of the order of ten thousand pounds.

This complaint about Mishcon's goes at once to the Office for the Supervision of Solicitors.

This firm of solicitors had inadvertently sent three videos to me, which they had not properly discovered to me in the above matter. Prior to a

hearing of my application for a suitable Order before Master Trench today, they demanded the videos' return.

I wrote to them yesterday (enclosure) stating my willingness to return to them the original videos on their undertaking to produce them in Court today. This undertaking they breached, and did not bring the videos to Court.

This is a serious breach which is not without consequence for the conduct of this case and I ask that you apply the proper sanctions against this firm and inform me of what steps you have taken.

I work until two a.m. on paperwork.

UCOMES, UNINVITED; I toss him out after ten minutes. I strongly suspect who's behind him.

A Mr Leon Simmons also sends to me persistent queries about the Holocaust. I reply:

Leon, – I am up against a law firm that is unscrupulous, cunning and devious (as witness their attempts to conceal video cassettes that would have benefited my case).

I suspect that they are bombarding me with e-mails from around the world in an attempt to prise some incautious remark from me which they can then take out of context, splice together with others, and use.

Rather than try to identify the culprits, I place all such e-mails, however innocent they may actually be, in a folder marked: "agents provocateurs", and give only the most anodyne reply.

ON SATURDAY [APRIL 24] an other nail bomb has detonated, this time in Brick Lane, a street in the East End of London where the signs are written in English and Urdu.

According to the newspapers, an ethnic passer-by saw the sports bag, picked it up, and placed it in the trunk of his car.

We have this gentleman's word for it that before the shock of seeing his car thereupon blow up before his eyes, he had taken the bag "to the nearest police station" but found the doors locked; whereupon, he says, he returned, carrying the bomb, meaning to drive it to another police station with more amenable opening hours.

I suppose the East End always has bred rather odd characters, but I must remark upon the sense of public duty of this gentleman who, finding a sports bag identical to the one con-

taining the nail-bomb that has just devastated Brixton, did not leave it well alone, but picked it up and placed it in the trunk of his expensive car. This gentleman is last seen in the newspapers being "interviewed by police" – in any other circumstances he would be regarded quite improperly as a bag snatcher.

For the innately suspicious, however there are however other noteworthy features of this "Nazi nail bomb" story. It comes at a convenient moment to divert attention from Nato-mangled civilians in Serbia, where "Butcher" Blair's brave bomber offensive has just wrought such famous victories as flattening an evil TV make-up girl beneath tons of Belgrade studio debris, in a building-pancake oddly reminiscent of the Alfred P Murrah Federal Building in Oklahoma City.

So who did plant the nail-bomb in Brixton? Combat 18 – a fictitious "rightwing extremist" body which I believe has as much flesh on its bones as Mr Abu ("they seek him here, there seek him there") Nidal? After all, Combat 18 is evidently boneheaded enough to phone in its claim to having fathered the Brixton Bomb from a pay-phone in the street where Stephen Lawrence's alleged racist killers lived. Duh?

Perhaps the Brick Lane weapon was planted by the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency – trying to take the heat off their President. He was that very day speaking at Littleton, Colorado – a town which I know well, having spoken half a dozen times to ordinary Americans at a bookshop in its centre. Mr Clinton spoke in presidential tones of people who try to make politics by using violence, even as his high-tech bombers were doing precisely that to the Littletons of central Europe.

□ Or are the real culprits of Brick Lane to be sought nearer home: Whom do such "Nazi nail bombs" really benefit? A clue: Home Secretary Jack Straw hints at once at laws to clamp down on the right wing, revisionists, and "extremists". London's newspapers this evening announce that a vigilante body of five hundred "armband-wearing" young men will patrol the streets of Southall, the Indian

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22

REAL HISTORY, USA

COMES TO CINCINNATI • SEPTEMBER 24-6, 1999.

See prospectus enclosed with this issue of Action Report (North America only)



Radical's Diary FROM PAGE 21

suburb of London, from now on: would they be a million miles from the Community Security Trust, we wonder?

Are these bomb outrages an uglier manifestation of the synagogue-daubing self-mutilation sometimes practised by such bodies when they need to attract attention to themselves?

Whatever: I am proud to offer from my own pocket one thousand pounds to add to the police reward offered for the capture of the Brixton Bomber, if (and only if) he should turn out to be a bona fide member of "Combat 18." I feel my money is quite safe.

HECTIC DAY OF FILING and boxing ready for tomorrow's big new journey. I send Tessa home early at one p.m., being a good employer – but not before she has spotted that the air tickets have us flying out of San Francisco to Seattle, not from Los Angeles; United Airlines refuse to amend it, tho' it's the agency's fault.

We arrive at Los Angeles at 2:30 p.m. Thanks to this ticket foul-up I cannot rent a Lincoln. To the Atrium at five p.m.; gradually the room fills to bursting, with around 200 people. I speak for an hour on Churchill and de Gaulle.

Over to San Dimas in mounting drizzle, getting lost on the free-ways; then off to the Fairplex exhibition grounds for the militaria show. Horrid arena, vast spaces, long lines of people, finally setting up at four p.m. Stay until seven, \$300 sales. *Not* worth the effort.

□ I am still awaiting a response to my complaint to the Office for the Supervision of Solicitors. Out of the blue I receive an e-mail from a Tony H., a stranger surfing the Internet for the low-down on Mishcon de Reya, as they broke a formal undertaking to his firm too, with very serious consequences:

In 1996 [he writes] Mishcon de Reya represented our company in a commercial transaction. Due to a dispute with new investors into our company, Mishcon de Reya served an injunction on us as directors and also on our company. It was a wasteful litigation that lasted two years. We as directors won our case in Feb 1998.

A legal expert tells me that for a firm of Mishcon's eminence to be guilty of three separate breaches of Law Society rules is the most serious situation that such a firm could ever hope to face. The complaining firm has lodged a sub-



L.A.: To the Atrium at five p.m.; gradually the room fills to bursting, with around 200 people

stantial claim with Mishcon's insurers in respect of losses incurred through their conduct. "If you find the above to be of any interest," writes H., "please let me know."

Off northward up Route 101.

Television news reveals that back in Britain the alleged Brixton Bomber has been caught. He is named David Copeland. Very interesting. The police announce at once that there is no question of any rightwing links.

Methinks my reward is safe.

E-mail from Bjorn H. in Norway:

The "documentary" "Journey to the Far Right" was sent on the Norwegian state owned television channel NRK one (audience usually 800,000 - 1,000,000) yesterday May 1 between 21:35 - 22:00.

THIS E-MAIL GOES TO Benté from Ellensburg, Washington state, where I am to speak to students of Central Washington University:

Bitterly cold here and I have only shirts. No jacket or pullover. I hope to see H. in Seattle tonight. Beautiful landscape and scenery here, fantastic drive over snow-packed mountains yesterday to here.

A fine meeting. I feared the hall was too large and too many chairs put out, but every chair is occupied, and 200 students or more pack in, with many teachers to hear my lecture.

Tessa alas is too scared to take photographs of this huge and literate throng. D. took some however. Only one hostile questioner, although students or strangers have been handing out the usual "Coalition for Human Dignity" smear sheets all week on the campus. The hostile stranger – too mature to be a student – challenges me about the "Ku Klux Klansmen" and other people he or others have, he said, espied handling "security" at my Portland and other functions several years ago. I make mockery of him, and ask the not impertinent question: "Why should it be

necessary for me to have 'security' at my lectures?"

He arouses little sympathy from the audience. Some very intelligent questions are asked, and some good looking students are rewarded with large HITLER'S WAR posters: I point out that (a) they can annoy the pants off their parents with them, and (b) nobody can paint Hitler moustaches on them, as he already has one.

I send this e-mail to Bente:

Has Jessica still not cracked the code messages I sent her?

We leave Ellensburg at 4:40 p.m., with T. driving; I fall fast asleep for an hour. We drive straight to the hotel at Seattle airport, though through blizzards as we cross the mountains.

H. and his wife arrive around ten p.m. I have supper with them and a long talk. H. is looking as fit as a fiddle, though his eyes are sunken and his skin slightly sallow. He is taking a Chinese herbal remedy which certainly appears to have aided him. I am so pleased. He says, "The cancer is now all over my body." It does not show.

Breakfast and another long talk with him, plagued by a female at the next table who yells into her cellphone for over an hour. What a plague on civilisation. E-mails come from students who were at the talk yesterday, very flattering. How nice.

In the evening we drive up to North Seattle, for the function in the Old Country restaurant. Very successful, over seventy people packed into a room for 44, including many old friends.

E-mail from Jessica, solving the puzzle, to which I reply:

I am at Seattle which is a town on the other side of America. . . Lots of people in America already know about you and ask about you. I tell them that you are as clever as your Mummy.

□ Arrive at Portland around six p.m. and check into conference room for tonight's talk. After I finish loading the boxes into van afterwards the hotel staff refuse to give me keys to my

suite, as it is not booked in my name; I do not know the name of the man who booked it for us. I settle down in the freezing parking lot for four hours.

Unable to get into the suite until two a.m., when they admit their error. Leave around mid-day for Grant's Pass.

This e-mail goes to Benté.

I have stopped for the night in a little wooden motel in the heart of the Giant Redwood forests, heading south from Eureka to San Francisco. What an inspiring drive! The manager, a woman from Manchester, recognised me at once: "David, isn't it?" – I stopped at the same place last year, heading north.

Make sure Jessica solves the puzzle.

Jessica e-mails me the answer to the backward-words puzzle ("I am looking forward to coming home and seeing you and Mummy, lots of love, Daddy.").

I reply:

There is a six year old girl at this hotel and she is very clever, but I do not think that she is as clever as Jessica.

I did not think that you would be able to solve that puzzle. I am sure that mummy is not able to do it! Now I will have to think of an even more difficult puzzle for you to solve!

Seven p.m. up to Los Gatos, and we arrive at R.'s after the usual nervewracking drive along precipices. His new Russian-born wife looks better than in the pics. I try out my Russian on her. She has brought over the most hideous pitbull terrier, with eye problems, and it follows them around all day like the ghost of the Soviet Union.

KEY WEST AT LAST. UP AT 8:30 a.m. E-mail from Jessica: "Dear Daddy I forgot to tell you that I want a Happening Hair Barbie as well."

I reply:

I called in at the computer shop in Miami yesterday morning before I drive down here in the motor car, and I looked at all their games and I found one called The Lion King Activity Centre, which has a lot

of Lion King games, puzzles and printing things to do.

I will have a look for Happening Hair Barbie here in the shops in Key West. I am also sending to you a book of pictures of the beautiful forests of trees that I saw here in America. I was at the beach yesterday where you first learned to walk.

A letter comes from a school teacher:

I am a history teacher doing some preliminary research on behalf of one of my A-level students (our school is not yet "wired", so I am conducting this from my own Internet connection at home).

She is planning on conducting a Personal Study on the historiography of Hitler's involvement in the Holocaust. I have examined your extensive site but have failed to find the following:

i) What, in a nutshell, is your view of what the Holocaust is, and how many Jews died, and how?

ii) What, in a nutshell, is your view of Hitler's involvement in the Holocaust?

I realise that these questions are probably answered somewhere in your site, but I confess I failed to find them! I have found the views of your opponents, but not those of you yourself.

I would not expect a detailed reply from you: any relevant URLs would be much appreciated. - Yours, Paul Harrison

I reply, amending my standard letter:

Since you have asked clear questions, I will be happy to correspond in greater detail; but for the reasons stated above please first identify to me your school and its telephone number, in case I wish briefly to verify your bonafides! Sorry to sound suspicious, but...

SUPPER IN THE EVENING with Sam and Jane at Bubbaloos. - An anonymous e-mail correspondent has sent to me the file on which a disgruntled British secret service agent has released the names and resumes of over a hundred British secret service agents. I scan it briefly: none is among my friends, I am glad to see.

Although most of the names are probably long known to whatever enemies Britain might have, I still think the man is a cad, and I have no intention of copying his action.

I receive this disapproving message about our Website's humorous "Charles Darwin Award" last week:

I read this [he writes], and thought of the families and their grief. I recently lost a 16 year-old son and know the pain of losing a child. The mother who reported her 23 year old daughter missing would be shocked to know that her daughter's death is being used as a joke on a web page by a famous and respected historian. With all due respect, I found it sad - not funny.

I am sorry that he is offended by the story. I must say precisely the same thoughts ran through my mind, as a father.

Every family has its share of woes [I reply to him]. My oldest daughter is alas ill and has lost her legs in an accident. She is one of my five favourites nonetheless (I have five daughters, all equal in my eyes.) She has had this affliction since 1980: a very brave girl.

Benté e-mails:

Forgot to tell you that some old German dictionaries arrived, if that is of any interest.

Yes indeed, they are needed for the trials. Interesting letter from Don Guttenplan, of Hampstead, who is writing about the Lipstadt case for *The New York Times*. I decide to help, if he is genuine, which he must first prove to me.

Up at seven a.m. Guttenplan replies by e-mail:

Given your perfectly understandable caution, I have asked my editor at the *Times* to send you a fax confirming this.

I reply:

If you contact my staff (Bente) in London they will give you access to my well ordered clippings files, which include masses of reviews including the Sept. 16, 1996 review of GOEBBELS. MASTERMIND OF THE THIRD REICH by Prof. Gordon Craig in the *New York Review of Books* to which you refer. While you are welcome to look, while at that address, at any of my Discovery, we cannot show you the defendants' Discovery yet, which includes a number of interesting items establishing what I shall claim is an international conspiracy by a number of (alas) Jewish organisations to defame me and "destroy my legitimacy as an historian," as one of their documents admits.

Almost at once the *NYT* fax comes, and I send him another e-mail:

As a starting point: you will notice that although a litigant in person, which is a more fearsome beast in the English courts than in the American, I have largely prevailed in the interlocutory actions.

The most recent, in which I tried to get Prof. Lipstadt's defence struck out because her solicitors had concealed important video evidence, will interest you. You will have correctly surmised that I and my staff are working to produce an informative Website for the general public for when the trial begins.

I cannot count on the newspapers to report fairly, or in full. Incidentally, her solicitors are a most charming and urbane group of people. At the first hearing, over a year ago they clustered frigidly outside the courtroom door and refused to shake hands.

I rather fancy that now that they have delved into my entire private papers, including 59 volumes of my private diaries, they find that I am anything but the monster depicted by those who pushed Lipstadt into libelling me.

□ A rather sharp new Internet surfer contacts me.

You do not appear to acknowledge that the Holocaust occurred with the full knowledge and acceptance of the majority of the German people.

I reply:

... having read extensively in the files of (a) intercepted German code communications (b) intercepted German mail sacks (c) captured private diaries of German soldiers and others (d) Gestapo morale reports on civilians, there is NO proof whatsoever that the average German was aware of what was going on - whatever it was.

MISHCON ARE DEMANDING a copy of the London university rag magazine *Carnival Times*, which I edited in 1959.

I reply:

It is forty years (and one month) since I last looked at this satirical university magazine, *Carnival Times*, and I am dubious that the Court will agree with you that it is relevant to the issues pleaded.

We have in our files one issue in a very fragile condition. Your firm have not shown much respect for treating

original documents carefully. We will undertake to provide to your clients a clear photocopy of the entire magazine, and to have the original in Court. I should add that not all the articles were written by myself...

Up at 7:50 a.m. after a restless night, overshadowed by worry for poor Benté.

E mail from Don Guttenplan:

If the Holocaust is, as you said in your e-mail to me, not your patch, why bother to read the Van Pelt [book: *Auschwitz from 1270 to the Present*]. And on what grounds do you dismiss Dwork (since this is her patch)?

I reply:

Since I apprehend that it is very likely that Prof. Van Pelt will surface in seven days' time as one of Prof. Lipstadt's expert witnesses, and yours are probably the kind of questions that will arise in Court, I am not going to answer them substantively at this stage. I expect however that Van Pelt's book, which is a deservedly widely sold book, has been bought by thousands of readers for whom the holocaust is not within their patch, and you can count me among those.

Dwork disqualifies herself by her uncritical use of sources (assuming I have correctly identified which parts she wrote, and that is not difficult).

The *NY Times* journalist persists:

But you still haven't told me (I'm afraid my masters at the *Times* are insistent) how you would describe "your patch".

This is my answer:

Steve Spender described me as "a British historian, David Irving, perhaps the greatest living authority on the Nazi era," The *New York Times* review of books, March 1977. I am content with that generic description.

The *Times* in London on March 14, 1971 already wrote "David Irving takes his place in the first rank of historical chroniclers".

I would describe myself in those terms, were I immodest; I would add that I regard myself principally as a biographer of top Nazis (and others). Clearly, the holocaust is only a corner of that patch. ■

Seattle: over seventy people packed into a room for 44, including many old friends



A Letter from a German Prison Hell. . .



Dr Fredrick Toben, director of the Adelaide Institute, inspected the site of the Nazi slave labour camp at Auschwitz, Poland, last year. In April 1999, visiting Mannheim, he was arrested by the Germans – because of what he writes in Australia on the Internet.

Fred Toben writes us from “Free Speech” Prison Cell



ADELAIDE — Adelaide Institute director Dr Fred Toben has written after his first four months in a German jail – held without trial on account of materials on his Australian Website, to which notorious German prosecutor Hans-Heiko “Freisler” Klein had taken exception.

Toben, an Australian revisionist, was arrested in Klein’s Mannheim, Germany, office in April 1999.

Lawyer Dr L Bock confirms that the indictment was filed with the Landgericht, or Provincial Court, on June 21, 1999; he has one month in which to reply. His trial is not now expected to be before October, 1999 therefore.

There was speculation that Dr Toben was expecting to be arrested when he met Herr Klein in the Prosecutor’s office – and even courted prosecution; Dr Toben’s office has denied this.

In an article published on Feb. 22, 1999, written before leaving Australia, he stated that he did not seek to confront the law or challenge it directly; he did however expect to visit Klein for purposes of discussion. They had met previously without threat of arrest.

The Adelaide Institute charges that their director Dr Toben was the victim of entrapment. Alexander Downer, of the Australian Foreign Ministry, has refused to challenge the decision to arrest Dr Toben, but has extended to him the normal consular service due to any Australian citizen.

Freedom of speech on the Internet in Australia, notes the Institute, has

been threatened by the passage of an Internet Censorship Bill on Jun. 30, 1999, despite opposition from many campaigners for free speech, notably Electronic Frontiers Australia (EFA) which described the censorship Bill as “draconian”.

Would do it again

A letter received from Dr Toben’s German jail cell shows that he is determined to maintain his commitment to free speech:

“I am in my fourth month in a prison cell, and although I’m still here, I would do it all over again. Only now do I understand the true value of free speech – in the past having belonged to the talkers. But talk about free speech is cheap.

“Now the real fight is on, and Adelaide Institute and its supporters are showing the way – *viam monstrare* (a reference to the Adelaide Institute motto, “to show the way”) into the global electronic village, lit up by the flame of truth.

“The evil forces of censorship may have succeeded in passing the Internet Censorship Bill, and would-be smalltime dictators may label us “racist”, but we shall continue to provide uncensored historical material.

“Our only criterion is truth-content, and in the Internet-library of the universe, we shall soon become irrelevant if we tell lies!

“Mature adults do not wish to be told what they ought to see and read. The dictators who want to enslave our minds fear the Internet because it gives us our humanity – the freedom to think and speak.

“Those who say we indulge in ‘hate’ talk by raising historical issues, ought

to see and read. The dictators who want to enslave our minds fear the Internet because it gives us our humanity — the freedom to think and speak.

“Those who say we indulge in ‘hate’ talk by raising historical issues, ought to tell us where we are lying.

“We maintain that there is no proof that Germany systematically exterminated German Jewry in homicidal gas chambers during World War II. Why cannot Mr Jeremy Jones [of the Executive Council of Australian Jewry] show us or draw us a homicidal gas chamber? Or show us the alleged four insertion holes in the alleged homicidal gas chamber at Auschwitz-Birkenau? Or just shut up and admit that there is no proof, and his is either ignorant of historical facts or worse still, lying.

“Thank God for the liberating forces of the Internet – and I thank all those individuals who have supported our battle financially and morally. On paper and on the Internet we have won this war.

“The final battleground is in the law courts, the most difficult one ... even in

Germany, truth is no defence [a reference to the fact that, after a challenge to the Adelaide Institute Website by the Executive Council of Australian Jewry to the Human Rights & Equal Opportunity Commission, the Commission refused to accept factual historical evidence, because “truth is no defence”]

“This makes any court case a joke, and immoral. Where truth is no defence, the lies flourish. Where lies flourish, evil triumphs and good people begin to suffer and hurt.

“This is not what is in Australia’s best interests.”

The Adelaide Institute would like to thank many supporters from around the world for their financial and moral support. These statements are a rallying cry for revisionism as we enter the Twenty-First Century, — Geoff. Muirden, Acting Director, Adelaide Institute

Clinton FROM PAGE 2

Thinking, decent people understand the latest manufactured scandals, about the White House, the Oval Office,



and Miss Monica Lewinsky, even less.

It is true, they reveal the president as surrounded by the most appallingly incompetent advisers.

If he had stepped forth earlier this year, when the scandal first broke, and admitted that there was substance to the allegations but that, since a young lady’s reputation was at stake, he proposed to remain silent; or if he had, later on, admitted telling lies, but advanced in self-justification the same reason, namely he had wanted to protect her reputation (rather than his) — in effect whitening the lies — he would have proven unimpeachable. As said, he is poorly advised, and if he survives this crisis, heads should surely roll.

WHAT REMAINS after the millions have pawed over the report by Independent Counsel Kenneth Starr is a very nasty aftertaste indeed — the dim perception that all of this has been done less for the purification of the presidency, than for the entertainment of the masses; less to advance the cause of democracy, than to satisfy the sophomoric lingerie-level interest of Starr and his fellow inquisitors.

The famous Starr Report has more Kinsey about it than Kenneth. He could have saved the American taxpayer the \$40m allegedly spent so far: he could have slotted a handful of his own quarters into a machine at an adult-video arcade and given himself the same thrills in private.

Instead, armed with all the pow-



ers of the Grand Jury, the threat of jail for contempt, and the suited muscle of powerful teams of lawyers, the insu-

ferably smug Independent Counsel and his gang, who would never dream of taking up with a young and comely office flirt themselves — yeah, right—, have put their collective lawyers’ eye to the keyhole, to take a long, lingering, four-hundred-page peep at what one consenting heterosexual man and a young woman get up to when they, foolishly, imagine themselves beyond the prying eyes of outsiders.

THERE REMAINS a historic lesson, which the President of the United States (and his advisers, who are now jumping the Clinton ship in rat-like droves) will not like to hear:-

If this had been the Third Reich, Starr, and not Clinton, would have found himself in hot water. Adolf Hitler would have seen to that. In a Nazi regulation* that is rarely quoted (it is in my Hitler’s War), one which Heinrich Himmler and the Reich Ministry of Justice issued on Hitler’s orders on August 11, 1942, it was forbidden to interrogate women under any circumstances about their sexual relations with men. The lawyer-hating Führer had gained the impression, the new regulation said, that prosecutors conducted such interrogations purely for one purpose: their own sexual gratification. This is an impression, sad to say, which lingers around the whole Starr Report.

* German Federal Archives, Reichsjustiz-Ministerium files, R22, file 1085 vol. ii.

AR

AR ACTION REPORT online

Latest on this case: visit our Website at <http://www.fpp.co.uk/Australia/Toben.html>