

David Irving's ACTION REPORT

January 20, 2004 AR#25

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In this issue:

- Deborah Lipstadt has asked the High Court to award her all of Mr Irving's possessions
- Traditional Enemy in USA tries and fails to stop him speaking: he taps into their plotting
- David Irving reports on the latest steps in his global fight for Real History
- Read these dramas and more, here in **A Radical's Diary**:-



**Israeli ambassador
Dror Zeigermann**
permitted by Mr Justice
Gray to attend the Lipstadt
Trial in London, complete
with armed bodyguards

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A report by David
Irving to all his
supporters:

*It is many months since
I last wrote, and so
much has happened -
defeated by sheer weight
of enemy money in the
High Court action
against Lipstadt in
2000, my London home
and archives seized in
May 2002. But work
continues on Churchill's
War, vol. iii, and on a
Himmler biography.
Now Lipstadt has sud-
denly struck, showing
her true colors: the col-
ors of Naked Greed.
I will fight back!
Thanks to my friends
worldwide.*

David Irving

"He is still active," complain her lawyers

Lipstadt to Irving: Happy Holidays, and now hand over all your possessions

Surprise London High Court move after four years

London, Dec 24 – David Irving's London office confirmed that a package arrived on Christmas Eve from Mishcon de Reya, the law firm acting for Deborah Lipstadt, containing an application in the High Court for the transfer to her of all Mr Irving's lifetime possessions, currently seized by the British government Trustee.

They have asked for the case to be heard on January 23. Mr Irving is currently writing in the United States.

The Trustee, Baker Tilly Ltd., confirmed this independently in a separate message to Mr Irving this morning.

Attached to the two-page application is a 150-page list of the items claimed, including books, microfilms, archives, and other possessions assembled by Mr Irving in a forty-year career of writing.

The Board of Deputies of British Jews is secretly behind this latest attempt to crush the British historian, as Court documents reveal.

Mr Irving, who completed a 10,000 mile road tour of US cities on Dec 23, said: "Nothing surprises people any more. The hate-filled tradi-

tional enemies of free speech are doing all they can to silence me and my writings, but they will not succeed. I have many friends too."

Lipstadt prevailed in a widely reported three-month libel action brought against



The law on her side? Lipstadt with friend

Possessions BACK PAGE



A Radical's Diary

BY DAVID IRVING

COPENHAGEN, DEN-
mark, September
19, 2003: The last
time I was in this
city was in 1965,
when I took a train
through it, to interview Col. Knut
Haukelid of the SOE for my book
THE VIRUS HOUSE, in Norway.

Several Scandinavians have con-
tacted me, asking to attend
tomorrow's little luncheon, includ-
ing some from Sweden.

Alex tells me that a (now former)
friend of his has been phoning
around the guests, suggesting
that they not attend, as I am so
"notorious." Three have cancelled;
their loss, not mine. I am not talk-
ing tomorrow about the Holo-
caust, whatever it was, but about
Adolf Hitler, whoever he was, and
the problems of writing factually
about him (and surviving after-
wards).

Excellent supper, in a restaurant
across the Nyhaven dock from the
house where another writer, Hans
Christian Andersen, once lived.

It looks like an office block to me.
Copenhagen has hardly been
damaged in the war. We'll have a
look at the former Gestapo prison
tomorrow, and at the site of a
children's school which a low-level
Royal Air Force attack flattened,
in the city's worst tragedy, when
we tried to breach the prison
walls in March 1945.

That slick phrase "collateral dam-
age" didn't exist in those times,
but the military's insouciance
about it certainly did.

Tomorrow too we'll go to a museum
which has some Heinrich Himmler
stuff, including his fake eye-
epatch, donated to the Danes by
Field Marshal Sir Bernard Mont-
gomery; I wonder what else
Monty had that he retained?

I am still hoping one day to locate
the diary of Werner Best, which I

Diary PAGE 2

Once again David Irving is asking for your support to carry on this new fight against Lipstadt and the sinister men behind her, Mishcon de Reya and the Board of Deputies

Use the envelope provided, or mail your support to

P O Box 1707, Key West, FL 33041 or easiest of all, go online at www.focal.org/aid



A Radical's Diary

Diary FROM PAGE 1

suspect is in this city. He told British interrogators that "the Danes" had taken it from him. My hunt for new documents never ceases. Best, one of the most brilliant National Socialist officers, was the Gestapo official who interrogated General von Fritsch in 1938, and then became governor of Denmark.

I WAKE TO FIND THAT MY sixth-floor hotel Copenhagen bedroom, which is on two levels connected by a spiral metal staircase, is on a level with the middle decks of a large ferry, *Pearl of Scandinavia*, which has throbbed into a dock fifty feet away, almost silently – you can feel the thud of its engines rather than hear it through the double glazed windows.

The rest of the boat towers thirty or forty more feet above my windows. Cars from Norway are clanking across the steel drawbridge onto Danish soil.

Alex picks me up with his driver. The Freedom Museum is well organised, and I take pictures of the Himmler eye-patch and other items. The operations of the Special Operations Executive (SOE) are well portrayed.

We drive across the town to the Shell House – still Shell's headquarters – of which the top floor housed the Gestapo cells holding the Resistance workers whom the air raid was supposed to liberate.

A small bronze plaque with the Royal Air Force crest names ten men with very English names, and bears just a date, March 21, 1945, but no other legend.

It commemorates a historic raid. Unfortunately one of the Mosquitoes crashed a mile away; the other pilots thought the blaze marked the target and unloaded their bombs there. It was a French convent school. A statue marks the site, showing a nun clutching two scared children looking up at the sky.

About forty hexagonal paving slabs surround the statue displaying, rather in the fashion of the Hollywood Walk of Fame, the names and ages of the 170 who died, the youngest aged four or five, the oldest a Sister born in 1869, without stating that they died in a British raid.

It seems odd, but I suppose that respect for the sensitivities of the English dictates a proper element of tact, rather like that monument on the beach at Timmendorfer Strand in northern Germany: it records the burial place of the seven thou-

sand refugees drowned aboard the liners *Cap Arcona* and *Deutschland*, sunk by a Canadian pilot of the 2nd Tactical Air Force in May 1945. It describes the victims as "concentration camp prisoners," which is rather less than accurate.

The folks meet me for the luncheon at the restaurant at one PM and to hear my talk on writing about Hitler. Nobody dies. Two guests have travelled from Sweden. Some bright questions at the end, and we'll do it again, this time with some students if we can convey the meeting time and place safely to them. We all know how the traditional enemies of the truth just *love* to let me speak.

So my visit to Copenhagen ends. Impressions – a bright, clean, bustling town; ancient buildings, palace guards with bearskins, Disneyesque palaces; and thousands of blonde girls pedalling around looking like Benté. I see no Blacks, and no obese people, but I do once glimpse a gaggle of hooded, cotton-shrouded Somali "refugee" women huddling along the sidewalks to nowhere in particular.

■ THAT IS THE REAL MYSTERY OF this last half century, ever since World War Two. Why have the European countries, with all the ugly lessons of racial conflict offered by the United States before them, inflicted this same injury upon themselves, and unhappiness on the newcomers too?

When the Black hordes of Tamils were first being flooded into West Germany through East Berlin in the 1970s, I ventured that this was Moscow's new ploy: they were replacing the old Marxist *Klassenkampf* with *Rassenkampf*. Nothing that I see now diminishes that view.

Marxism feeds on social discontent, and what better way to degrade one society than by inflicting another, alien, society on it, to destroy it from within?

BACK TO LONDON. I HAVE posted yesterday on my website the startling news that Presidential hopeful Wesley Clark, the general whom we all learned to loathe during the Kosovo war, has now gone under the eugenic knife as well as the cosmetic: the Jewish Telegraph Agency has announced his revelation that he was born Mr Cann and comes from a long line of rabbis.

Not to be outdone, Senator John Kerry reveals today that he had a Jewish grandfather, Fritz Kohn. Well that certainly would give both of them my vote if I were an American.

The New York Times today mentions my humble person in an article on how the IPC publishing group has laboured to suppress a gushing feature-article



Collateral damage A statue marks the site in Copenhagen, showing a nun clutching two scared children looking up at the sky.

which its *Homes & Gardens* published in 1938 about the H&G of Mr A Hitler, wellknown European artist and statesman.

Tom Zeller, a *New York Times* journalist, asked me last week what I would do if IPC tried to force me to take the 1938 article off my website; I replied:

My own website's policy is to reproduce articles but always giving full credit to the source (usually reproducing the masthead as an illustration – another violation, I suppose).

Ha'aretz, one of the world's best newspapers in my view, once protested; I said that my posting of an article published by them, some days later, was equivalent to my finding a copy of their newspaper on a subway seat, and taking it home to show it to others. They should not object to such a spreading of their fame. They lost no subscriptions thereby, probably the contrary.

If I suspect that an attempt is being made to suppress an awkward item – which I suspect may be behind the *Homes & Gardens* effort – then I dig my heels in rather more, and hold out as long as I could.

The problem is, as you know, that under US law the affronted newspaper can complain to the web hosting service and insist on the item's removal.

I have lost two web hosting services (Powernet in the UK being one) in consequence: they wrote to me that as a small ISP they could not afford the legal costs of responding to letters from high powered law firms, so would I please take

fpp.co.uk elsewhere, which I did (around 1999). Verio, in the USA, simply wiped the offending files off my website without telling me when outsiders complained.

The Anti-Defamation League objected to my using their logo as an illustration, and applied pressure to my web hosts; we then devised our own version of the ADL logo which is clearly a caricature or comment on it, and their lawyers evidently recognized that they had lost their last toehold and gave up on their attack.

I would add that in fighting any H&G attempt to suppress, I would plead (a) fair usage (b) First Amendment (c) matter of extreme public interest, given the identity of the home-and-garden owner involved.

In its article today, *The New York Times* has used my contribution like this: "British revisionist historian David Irving, who maintains an index of Hitler-related content on his website and believes that the Holocaust never happened, suggested he would be more intransigent if challenged."

True, but why the bit about the Holocaust? I have written neither a book nor article on that boring topic, and readers of my website know precisely what my position is: sceptical about some of the story, accepting some of the rest.

■ I AM TROUBLED TO FIND THAT I like more and more of what *The Guardian*, this left-wing liberal British newspaper has

to say; and its Sunday sister, *The Observer*. Perhaps I am really left-wing after all, a socialist, as was the aforementioned artist and statesman. He too would probably have liked *The Guardian* in its present colours.

I have never felt comfortable with the right-wing tag applied to me by less discerning elements of the *journalle*. I am not sure however if it worth going the whole hog and claiming to have Jewish grandparents as well. I tried it during the Lipstadt trial, in conversation with a *Jerusalem Post* journalist, Tom Segev, and I think I detected a hint of panic in his eyes.

GEORGE STERN COMES for supper, and much good conversation until eleven PM. His views on Iraq are different from mine; he shares the not uncommon belief that Muslims are expendable. Is that the Austrian Jew in him coming to the surface after all?

■ UP AT EIGHT, I TAKE JESSICA to school. Holding hands as we walk briskly to the bus stop, she happily discusses the best ways of killing people – “Inexpensive ways,” she adds.

I say, “Yes, it must not be too expensive. It wouldn’t do to have to tell the bank manager you need an overdraft ’cos you had to kill somebody expensively.” “Push them under a car,” she volunteers, and giggles.

The post brings a copy of Mother’s book *The Dawnchild*, which I thus see for the first time again in about fifty years. I will leave it lying around and see if Jessica gets into reading it. We want to republish it.

The new filing cabinets will be delivered tomorrow. Not an hour too soon, as all my shelves and cabinets were seized last May. We have to get some system going again.

John informs me that young Tony has been sent with his army unit to Northern Ireland, something to do with Intelligence; better than Basra, anyway. I am not happy. I would not want him to risk his life in that sh*tty little war of Tony Blair’s. I pray that the ghost of his mother watches over him.

■ THE BBC STARTS LIVE COVERAGE of the closing submissions by counsel in the Lord Hutton Inquiry. I settle down with a cup of tea and watch all day.

It reminds me of the day I delivered my own five-hour closing submission in the Lipstadt Trial in that same courtroom.

Indeed, one of the same counsel is there – Heather Rogers, barrister for the BBC journalist Gilligan. I feel very sorry for him, he’s been hung out to dry. Just as in the Lipstadt Trial Professor Richard “Skunky” Evans



Old lags In October 1979 David Irving dined with Albert Speer at the Frankfurt Book Fair, and asked when he would publish his real prison memoirs.

and his team scrutinised my thirty books for two man-years, detected nineteen “errors” (reduced to twelve by the judge, or less than half an error per book) and pronounced me a “falsifier of history” on the strength of them, here is a radio journalist being garrotted on the basis of one unscripted word spoken at six in the morning to a radio interviewer.

I feel less sorry for the late Dr Kelly, who seems to have slit his wrists, unable to take the strain of the media and government onslaught after he exposed Tony Blair’s mendacity. As the Government counsel cruelly put it, Kelly knew what he was doing. He was ratting to the press. He was a whistle blower. To do that takes physical as well as moral courage. The shelves all round Court 73 are empty today; for the first three months of 2000 they were filled with the red binders of Lipstadt evidence.

Jeremy Gompertz QC, the counsel for Dr Kelly’s family, inevitably pounces on the fact that what defence minister Geoffrey Hoon told the inquiry, on oath I hope (perjury!), is contradicted by the diary produced a few hours later to the Inquiry by Alastair Campbell, the “Martin Bormann” of prime minister Blair.

■ I DON’T LIKE HOON OR HIS type. This minister will surely hunker down and sweat it out until Lord Hutton pronounces

his verdict later this winter.

I would hiss the two words “Crichel Down,” if they meant anything to anybody in government today. But I am curious about how this document, this diary, surfaced at the last moment – too late for counsel to cross-examine any of the witnesses about its content, including Campbell himself. In fact it reached the Inquiry in two tranches – the first being largely innocuous, the second containing the sentences which will surely wreck Hoon’s career.

How did the Inquiry obtain it? It had no powers to call for documents. The rules of Discovery seem not to have applied. If we stand back and view it from a distance, its most remarkable sentence is the statement that “TB” (Tony Blair) had insisted that the *proper channels* be pursued, rather than conspiring to hound Dr Kelly. “TB said he didn’t want to push the system too far. But my worry was that I wanted a clear win, not a messy draw, and if they presented it as a draw that was not good enough for us.”

I can’t help wondering whether that most-helpful sentence was not a Machiavellian late arrival in a diary written with a pen otherwise dipped in nitro-glycerine – whether Alistair Campbell and his master, in some late-night sitting, decided that in finest Gestapo fashion they might have to gun down one or two of their more expendable

colleagues, in order to survive themselves: Hoon is exposed as a liar and cheat, and indeed a perjurer; but Saint Tony’s posture is to be documented as having been above reproach.

I AM GLAD TO SAY AN ORIGINAL of the photo of me dining with Albert Speer in October 1979 at Frankfurt (*left*) is among the pictures rescued from the disaster of last May.

I have not seen it for years. Yes, Nazi ministers who have served their terms in Spandau seem almost saintlike compared with what now rules in Whitehall.

I also find the photographs taken of my first meeting with playwright Rolf Hochhuth in the *Stern* offices in Hamburg, forty years ago (*below*). We’ve been good friends ever since, and he often phones me – I cannot now visit him in Germany, and he feels under threat if he visits London. Odd world we live in, the great free democracies.

Jessica spends the evening tapping at her keyboard, building Javascripts.

■ UP AT EIGHT, TO TAKE JESSICA to school; she chatters about her website and discusses domain names. She wants to register pinkblossoms.com, but I fear that she will be inundated with the wrong kind of surfer.

I suggest something anodyne, like libraryresearcher.com, or london-transport.com. The trip to school is soon over, and I don’t think she’ll have her mind on math much this morning.

LUDOVIC KENNEDY, ONE OF the world’s finest military historians (see his history of the end of the *Bismarck*) is in trouble with the newspapers this morning. He has spotted what millions of other White Englishmen have also seen, the sudden and disproportionate proliferation of Black faces on our television screens.

Any policy of positive discrimination must mean of course that White candidates for the same vacancies of equal or better

Beginners In January 1965 Rolf Hochhuth (*left*) had just staged his first play, *Der Stellvertreter*, and Mr Irving had published his first book, *The Destruction of Dresden*. They met in the offices of *Der Stern*.





A Radical's Diary

Diary FROM PAGE 3

qualifications are being wilfully ignored and set aside.

While it is wrong (and probably illegal) to talk of immigration as polluting any nation's culture-stream, it certainly *dilutes* it: when millions of immigrants of one culture are injected into another, the latter suffers: public services specific to the host culture are diluted: schools (as witness the school system in Vancouver, BC, where English is now a minority language), restaurants, parks, cultural events, broadcast media, policing – all are hijacked by the newcomers, and the hosts are shortchanged in the process.

In England, the Bobby who for a century and a half could police the streets unarmed, now carries a Heckler & Koch, largely because of the Yardie scum carried in by the immigrant tide. Nobody is left truly happy.

The newspapers report the Ludovic Kennedy story with relish: it enables them to express vox populi, while mouthing hypocritical condemnation just in case. (The *Daily Mirror* once ran a headline: WE NAIL FILTHY PRINCE PHILIP LIE – because it gave them a chance to repeat the "lie" they were nailing.)

It has taken Ludo long enough to find this irritation beneath his tongue. I have often remarked that one of the delights of British late-night television used to be the black-and-white Scotland Yard programs of the '50s – Edgar Lustgarten's was one – which showed an England as it used to be. Police cars with bells, empty highways, country lanes and . . . well, enough said.

I once angered a judge, I think it was Mr Justice Gray, by having remarked, in a light-hearted speech ten years ago [September 19, 1992], that if Britain must have multi-ethnic news-casts it should be done with discernment. In my view, "our" news should be read by a male, preferably in black tie and tails, as in the BBC heyday of Lord Reith; the female newscaster might deliver the latest cooking and sewing news; and Trevor Macdonald should bring up the rear with the latest drug-busts and muggings.

In fact Macdonald, a Black, is one of the few well spoken British news readers, which would oth-

erwise count against him: see how Mike Smartt, the only newsreader able to talk the Queen's English without splitting his infinitives, has vanished from our screens.

Welcome to the world of Greg Dyke, the current BBC director-general; Dykespeaks reigns (yes, Dyke is his real name: if it were mine I would've changed it twice. Perhaps I have – readers will never know).

■ WHAT LUDOVIC KENNEDY HAS now spoken out about, giving the appropriate percentages, is positive discrimination gone mad. For months I have been irritating Benté by patiently anticipating the Obligatory Black in each newscast, English sitcom, or children's play.

No matter how absurd, a Black is parachuted into every scene, stuttering his lines in his impenetrable Brixton argot.

Of late, the sitcom scriptwriters are encouraged to engage Black actors in liaisons with White girls. Small wonder that Ludo has emigrated to Wiltshire (a county where, incidentally, my brother John is chairman of the Racial Equality Council).

American tourists visiting London often tell me how startled they are at seeing the mixed-race couples that stroll around; I respond that the females usually appear to be White girls from the less distinguished end of the Bell Curve (while White men from that corner of the Bell Curve appear to have congregated in the media).

I tell our tourist friends that they will have to walk a long way down Oxford Street before they see an English *man* with a Black girl: or come to that nowadays, an Englishman at all.

Psychologists will have to explain to me what it's all about. I have heard White girls exclaimed, "Once you've had Black, you never go back." It is a matter of taste I suppose. What consenting adults do in private, I mean: but does it have to be forced down our throats on television, night after night? This cowardly mania for political correctness is hissing steam into a pressure-vessel.

In this respect the United States are more rational – while preaching tolerance, they have Black schools, Black sports, Black television channels (UPN33 in Florida, for example), and much else; voices like Ludo's are not raised.

It is the element of compulsion which is obnoxious: Thou shalt have a grand, indeed irreversible, mixing-up of the races, and Devil take the hindmost.

■ IN WHICH CONNECTION ONE finding of the fearless Kevin Macdonald, professor at a California university, deserves highlighting. He has demonstrated that "pro-immigration elements in American public life have, for over a century, been largely led, funded, energized and organized by the Jewish community."

American Jews take this line, with isolated exceptions, because they believe, as Leonard S Glickman, president of the Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society, has bluntly stated, "The more diverse American society is, the safer [Jews] are."

Professor William Rubinstein of the University of Wales at Aberystwyth came to an identical conclusion about the immigration campaigning of Jews in this country in a paper which he sent me some time ago.

EVERISH BAD DREAMS ALL night: for example, grandson Tony a casualty in Iraq; later, I am in the USA, borrow a Town Car from my friends, and walk out to find it gone with all my baggage. The Mont Blanc pen lies in the dust beside where the car had been. The luggage had my laptop – everything I have ever written and all my work in progress. *Nachtigall ich hör' Dir trapsen.* Eight aspirins.

I invite Joel Hayward to come from New Zealand to lecture at Cincinnati in 2004 (I don't think he will accept):

The world has been following the saga with baited breath, and I have to congratulate you on how you have kept your head in the midst of such an onslaught. Well done too, finding such fine champions.

You may have noticed that I have established a file on www.fpp.co.uk containing all the relevant items. Three cheers for the Internet; allowed a free rein, it will eventually defeat and confound our enemies.

He does not reply.

■ A LENGTHY PERFORMANCE-anxiety dream about speaking to an audience of 2,500 (it looks like the University of Pretoria, – Tuckies); but first I have to get two shirts off their hangers, and everybody must wait.

I BEGIN PLANNING DATES FOR a US tour; it is a squeeze to fit in all the cities I want to, before Christmas. Another warm night; excruciating long dream once again about my laptop, lost this time in a luxury hotel in, I believe, Düsseldorf; I run back to the bathrooms, restaurants, etc.,

but nobody has seen it.

In the evening, I take Jessica to the Odeon in Leicester Square, the first time I've been in this movie theatre in over thirty years. We see *Finding Nemo*. I have never laughed so much in my life; the tears stream down my face throughout the film.

How many daffy, disorientated women have I known like Dory the Forgetful Fish; the audience howls at her sniffy comments, e.g. "What *is* it with Men and Asking for Directions!" – shades of Annette V and driving round bookstores in Glasgow in the late 1980s.

The plot takes unexpected twists, the characterizations are hilarious. There is a delightful Sharks Anonymous scene; the presiding shark, Bruce, speaks with a Sydney accent as he holds a meeting in the bowels of a sunken submarine amidst a minefield.

Jessica shrieks with laughter, but not at the scenes that tickle the adults in the audience. "What a pity Mummy didn't come with us," she says as we hail a taxi to go home. "She would have liked it too." Mummy has stayed at home to watch *Fame Academy* on the BBC. *Chacun à son goût.* Or, *jeder wird selig auf seiner eigenen Weise.*

■ THE SPEAKING AND BOOKSIGNING programme lined up for me in Hungary next month is staggering, with three or four fixtures a day for ten days.

In the mail, there is unexpected news from German foreign ministry. The ten year old ban on me has been lifted. "*Nach Auskunft des Bundesverwaltungsamtes besteht für Sie kein Einreiseverbot in die Bundesrepublik mehr. Die Einreisesperre wurde gelöscht.*" But – does that mean it is *safe* for me to cross into Germany? Or is a police ambush waiting?

I write to the German ambassador to thank him, and to Dr Gerhard Frey: "*Also durchgestanden. Nun Sturm brich' los.*"

THEN THIS COMES FROM Auckland, New Zealand: "I saw mention in a magazine article that you are planning a visit to New Zealand early next year.

I am a member of a British Israel World Federation group here, who sympathise with your views on history. Would you be interested in privately addressing our small audience? Thank you for your tremendous contribution towards the Truth.

What's going on? I at once agree. Is it genuine, though?

Bigger every year: History buffs wanting a different perspective on history meet every Labor Day weekend in Cincinnati for three days of unusual lectures and movies, and to meet good folks who think as they do. **Ask for a leaflet: Focal Point, P O Box 1707, Key West, FL 33041.**

I take Jessica to school; she forgets her sports stuff, so we have to do a U-turn and hail a taxi her to get her there in time. That's the stuff fatherhood is made of. What fun.

■ THE *EVENING STANDARD* HAS a review by Andrew Roberts of Traudl Junge's memoirs, published by Weidenfeld. I don't like Roberts; still, I write him:

I read your review of Traudl Junge's memoirs with interest, and for once it was an article finely written and without cant. A sign of growing maturity? It might have been generous to remark that I was the first writer she allowed to read her manuscript in the 1960s – I used them extensively in *Hitler's War* (1975–77); and that I donated a copy, with her permission, to the Sammlung Irving in the Institut für Zeitgeschichte, where they've been repeatedly rediscovered by lazier authors (dare I mention Ian Kershaw?) since then.

When I interviewed her she was still relatively unspoilt, and her recollections tallied with what she had written in 1948. Later, she went through a tectonic shift. It began visibly in the *World at War* TV series, when she began showing belated second thoughts, encouraged by the profit that Albert Speer had made from such tactics. In private, like Leni Riefenstahl, she remained unchanged until the end, and she sent greetings to our Real History function in Cincinnati the year she died.

Only three of the Inner Circle are still alive, to my knowledge: Otto Günsche, who burned Hitler's body; Walter Frentz, who took that ravishing photo of her, in an old people's home now and who was an eye-witness of the famous August 1941 Minsk massacre at which blood got spilt onto Heinrich Himmler's leather greatcoat; and Fritz Darges, Martin Bormann's adjutant, who was dismissed on July 16, 1944 over a famous incident with a fly.

After it repeatedly circled the conference room and landed on Hitler's shoulder, Hitler irritably told him to get rid of the insect; Darges, misjudging the situation, retorted that as it was a flying object, it was the job of the Luftwaffe adjutant.

Hitler: "*Sie kommen sofort zur Ostfront!*"

Darges was sent east, and four days later Stauffenberg's bomb went off just where he would normally have been standing. Traudl Junge confirmed the story to me, as did all Hitler's other adjutants.

Roberts does not reply; and somebody sends me a clipping from today's *Newsday*, reporting that Günsche has just died, on October 2. A fine life, well spent.

Günsche was a good man, with a strong sense of history. He refused to bow to the dictates of political correctness. I have related elsewhere how it was he who opened the door to Hitler's inner circle to me, after the son of Field Marshal Keitel introduced me in the late 1960s.

Günsche had never spoken to any

other writer before then. I still have the tape of the interview he granted me, and the ink sketch he drew of the layout of the bunker room as he entered it on April 30, 1945 to carry out the corpses of Hitler and Eva.

■ OCTOBER 14, 2003: WITH JESSICA to school, a joking, laughing, happy bus ride. Teasing me, she asks if she can go on her roller-blades tomorrow. I say, "Yes, and we'll ask the headmistress to look after them during the day, and clean and oil them before she gives them back to you in the evening."

Michael comes to pick her up, very excited, for their trip to Ireland. I go out into the street in my socks, and there is a shiny, heavy new car by the steps. But it is not Michael's. His venerable old car, standing behind it, looks very flakey.

It is twenty years old. He says he had the brakes checked yesterday. I hope he drives carefully, Jessica is now all we have.

She sits in front and automatically snaps on the seatbelt. Good girl. God protect her. Benté is very subdued in the evening, sits with me for a long time in the drawing room. It is very strange not have our little girl around. It'll be worse next week when I am in Hungary.

Somebody sends me an item from yesterday's Berlin *Morgenpost*: under pressure from this and other newspapers, the German ban on me has been reimposed. It's illegal under European law, so I must fight them in the courts if necessary. It is amazing, the lengths to which the traditional enemies of the truth



Lipstadt Must not win again

We again urgently need support to continue the fight to preserve Real History. We acknowledge all help.

Use the envelope provided, or mail help to P O Box 1707, Key West, FL 33041, USA, or, if it's easier, go online at:

www.fpp.co.uk/aid

go in order to silence one voice. It's very quiet without Jessica.

I send this letter to the Post Office:

I have mentioned before the problems being caused to us by a Post Office employee who has fashioned an unofficial rubber stamp marking our incoming mail ADDRESS CHANGED, RETURN TO SENDER.

This trick is causing us many problems. The enclosed envelope came from a Greek publisher, enclosing a valuable contract. The Post Office returned it to him because of the rubber stamp, although it was correctly addressed.

We nearly lost all further business with this publisher, but he sent it back to us at a third address evidently not known to the culprit at your sorting office. Please inform us of the progress of your investigations into this nuisance; it has been going on for six months or more, and that is six months too long.

OCTOBER 20, 2003: BUDAPEST. The last time I was here, in about 1979, the Janos Kádár regime was still in power. I was researching the anti-Communist, anti-Jewish, anti-Bolshevik, insurrection of 1956. My resulting book *UPRISING* appeared in October 1981, a sad year for my family.

I remember driving around London's East End in the Rolls all night on the Saturday before the book was published in London, on tragic family business, and stopping the car occasionally to pick up the early editions of the Sunday newspapers as they appeared, eager to see what the reviewers had to say. Post-war Hungary was a departure from my normal subject – World War II – and my regular readers did not like it. Nor did the London reviewers, and as I bought each successive newspaper that night, their reviews got worse and worse, culminating in a violent attack in *The Sunday Times* by Communist renegade Arthur Koestler – who later killed himself – and *The Observer's* review by Neal Ascherson, the impartiality of which can be assessed from its title, "A Bucketful of Slime."

■ WHAT THESE TWO AND OTHERS like them resented was the list of dramatis personae published at the beginning of the book at the suggestion of my London publisher Hodder & Stoughton; the editor there directed that I should identify the religion of each person, whether Calvinist, Jewish, or Catholic, as this detail seemed to play an important part in the unfolding story. Indeed it did; and as the top Communist leaders, secret police chiefs, and torturers, and the most despicable intellectuals in the story were all Jewish, while the book's heroes were almost without exception not, I can well understand the squirming

that went on in the Koestler/Ascherson households.

I GLIMPSED THE SPARE, BALDING figure of Mr Ascherson in the public gallery of Courtroom 73 on several days of the Lipstadt trial in 2000, and particularly on Judgment Day, when no doubt they came, like the carrion that feast on the battlefields (and like the armed Israeli ambassador), to gloat.

Their articles are long since waste-paper – the ink off them has dribbled back into the gutter from whence they fill their pens; my books however prevail, and will continue to do so into the coming centuries. Just see the prices offered for the rarer ones on the Internet!

On the plane to Budapest, I take out and read the introduction I wrote to *UPRISING*. It is the first time I've read it in a quarter-century; it is as though it was written by a different man; as, in a strictly biological sense, it was. All of our bodily cells renew themselves each seven years, so I am nearly four cell-generations distant from the David Irving who wrote the book. No matter, the writing then was strong, and it still is; my eyes may fail, but not my spirit. Not yet.

■ AT BUDAPEST AIRPORT AT TWO PM: I am met by publisher Tibor and his driver (another Tibor, a burly ex policeman). The city's suburbs are the ugliest I have yet seen: nothing in them has changed since the Fifties. Filth, squalor, peeling stucco, graffiti, stray dogs, exposed brickwork, grim faces, dust, and litter everywhere.

As for the book's promotion, Tibor tells me the familiar story: under pressure, local television stations have cancelled, bookstores are reluctant to take the book, distributors are having problems. A radio and a television interview are still lined up.

The Labour Party here is back in power. The last prime minister here was a self-confessed member of the hated AVÓ, the secret police. "And Jewish?" I venture, and the driver nods.

Most of the AVÓ officer corps were Jewish: which is why the worker's insurrection started on October 23, 1956 as a pogrom. If these *funkcionáriusok* are coming back into power, the wheel is turning full circle.

I check in to the Ibis hotel, formerly the Volga, at three PM. The hotel is of grim, ex-Soviet style. The room's phone lines are dead, the staff are surly. Ten days here is going to be worse than Pentonville.

By six PM I have checked out into a different hotel. Tibor tells me that we have now lost two more locations, at Győr and Szeged; the hall managements again capitulated under pressure.



Diary FROM PAGE 5

Never mind, alternatives have long been booked. We know the people we are up against, the same Traditional Enemies of Free Speech who've been fighting me for 30 years or more.

Dinner at nine with an interpreter, the publisher, and István Csurka; I'm told he's leader of a right-wing party, pleasant enough, but I prefer to choose my own dinner companions.

■ OCTOBER 21: IT TAKES FIFTY-five minutes to drive one mile along the Budapest Ring. There is not even the most primitive attempt at traffic engineering. No yellow gridlock boxes are painted on any major stoplight intersections, so everything just snarls. Aggression and foul language. The cost to the economy must be staggering.

At the theatre, a large audience is waiting, standing room only. Speeches by the book's translator and István Csurka. Book sales are brisk – though I don't profit from them. I speak for forty minutes on the problems of writing history, and special problems of the UPRISING book.

Favourable mention of the name of Miklós Vársárhelyi produces audible cries of protest. He's my personal hero, but it seems that in the 90s he sold out to the enemy and joined the staff of György Sörös, the billionaire financier who has bankrupted entire national economies with his currency speculations.

It is difficult to speak through an interpreter and to hold an audience's attention. The normal rules don't apply. Perhaps I must learn Magyar, before the train pulls into the station, and the Divine loudspeaker commands, "Terminus. All change!"

Drenched in platitudes, not a few of them my own, I arrive back at the hotel at midnight, and take to my bed almost at once. Nothing seems really to have changed in the twenty-five years since I was last here.

IN THE MORNING I BEGIN sketching the big speech for tomorrow. My theme will be, trust the people, not the governments: I speak x-language, but x-nation bans me: not the people, who want to hear me, but their governments.

Who are the government? I mean, who are they *really*? Is it your own government, or is it in the pay of foreign super powers? So my message to the Hungarian people will be: Retain your na-

tional identity. Do you really want to become part of a new European empire, controlled by faceless men in Brussels, in the pay of who knows whom?

■ TWO BOOK-SIGNINGS TODAY.

At the first, I autograph around 100 books in a combined coffee shop and bookstore – very pleasant. A visitor hands me a trophy from the revolution – a heavy (eight kilo) Tommy-gun wrested by his father from an AVÓ secret policeman and used to attack Red Army troops during the rising. There are twelve notches on the wooden stock.

At the second bookstore a tall, rather shy elderly gentleman edges forward to have his book signed, and mentions that twenty years ago he christened his oldest son David in my honour. He moves away before it sinks in. I catch up with him



Turned on its owners Wrested from an AVÓ secret policeman and used to attack Red Army troops.

just as he is leaving, to shake his hand and thank him properly for his touching act.

A message from Los Angeles tells me of a website called dead-aliveinfo.com, which lists more than six thousand people by various categories, such as fields of endeavour, birth dates, etc. "The category for *historians* includes only sixteen names. To my surprise, you are there – along with Hugh Trevor-Roper, Will and Ariel Durant, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and others. Conspicuously absent were the names of your conformist counterparts."

That's nice. A *Real Who's Who*?

■ BUDAPEST STILL. I SEE THAT in my absence for breakfast, somebody has surreptitiously entered the room; because when I return twenty minutes later the door is double locked, requiring two full turns of the key, whereas I had merely slammed the door on the latch when I went out. Nothing has seemingly been touched.

In fifty minutes I draft a reasonable speech for today's huge gathering on Heroes Square.

A Michael Veck asks:

I've read recently that the Operation Barbarossa was to destroy the Red Army and the Communist Regime. And not to occupy the Soviet Union, even though A.H. speaks in *Mein Kampf* of "Lebensraum". What was the goal of Barbarossa?

I reply testily: "Jeez!, you do ask questions. It would take a week to attempt an answer and as you'll know I have a lot on my plate this week.

In brief: Hitler never really knew what his goals were. That was the problem. He never drew a line on the map and said, There we stop. All his problems flowed from that failure. All you get..."

■ SOMETHING OF AN INFURIATING day. At midday Tibor telephones and asks me to be ready for pick-up after lunch as he is running late. I go downstairs at one PM and order salmon for lunch.

Almost at once his driver turns up. We drive to Heroes Square where a vast crowd is already building up in front of a good, professionally-built stage with big loudspeakers. Among many who come out of the crowd to shake hands with me is Sebastian G, the son of my old Slavic languages translator in London. She moved back to Hungary ten years ago. I ask how she is. "She died two months ago." Today is the anniversary of the 1956 uprising, the country's national holiday, and this is the day's biggest ceremony.

It is a great honour. It is a fine ceremony with hymns, poems, and a sonorous recital of the names of those executed. I am the first of three speakers. I go on stage to deafening cheers, and the interpreter takes the microphone to my right.

The crowd is the largest I have ever seen. It goes off perfectly, with rolling roars of boos when I mention the names of the evil men, Gerő, Farkas, Révai, and the dictator Rákosi. My concluding declamatory phrases are met with a colossal ovation from the ten thousand people now standing in front of me in the increasingly cold square. In this country, I am evidently very popular, I don't know why.

Le Pen speaks after me, twice as long, to further applause, tho' perhaps not as rapturous.

Then Csurka speaks for over an hour, while I sign hundreds of books. It is snowing lightly and bitterly cold towards the end; we are penned in the VIP cage unable to get out. A strange mixture of professionalism and amateurism. I have not met Le

Pen before; I was not told until yesterday that he was to be here; but I have nothing against him, so far as I know.

I find that I'm "expected" to speak again at the Congress Hall this evening. It is not in my program, and I will not go. I will attend the subsequent dinner, reluctantly, if invited. The publisher is unhappy at this mutiny, but I make plain that I have agreed to certain things, and he cannot just use my time as he sees fit. Quite apart from which, I am exhausted.

The dinner goes on until long after midnight. About a hundred present and no speeches. As I leave, Csurka announces that I'll be at a press conference with Le Pen tomorrow – a car will pick me up at my hotel. To the publisher, I send this:

I was not aware until yesterday Tuesday that Le Pen would be speaking on the same platform as myself. . . I am a writer, and not involved in any political parties or movements, and people cannot use my name or person as they want. This is why I will not be at the Le Pen-Csurka press conference tomorrow.

They are nice enough people, but I am NOT part of their political programme, and they have no right to assume that I am. I am here in Hungary to promote our book, and for no other purpose.

■ FROM LONDON, BENTE reports: "Jessica seems to be having a nice time in Ireland; they went pony-trekking yesterday, which she enjoyed. Very quiet here without her!"

I address five hundred students and others at the Technical University on the far side of the Danube in Buda, on "My research of Real History and freedom of speech". I sign a hundred more books there. Afterwards, dinner with Sebastian G. He agrees to talk at Cincinnati in 2004 about the Hungarian secret service.

An early start for Miskolc. Three people, chain-smoking the whole way, plus me, in the car. *Aaargh*. Progressively colder as we head east, with frost covering the fields. Nice little bookstore, jam-packed with people waiting with my book in their hands as I arrive. I sign autographs till my arm aches.

A police car stands guard in the main street, trouble having been expected. I go over and chat with the officers, and later send out our driver with a book signed for the *Rendörseg* (police) – for which the publisher makes me pay full price! At Debrecen, a two-hour drive away, I speak in the gloomy local MIEP hall (Hungarian Truth and Light Party), to an audience of a hundred; again, it is hard to speak with an interpreter, it slows everything down and you can't get any real audience enthusiasm going.

We arrive back in Budapest at 10:15 PM. Benté says Jessica is due back at five in the morning, no doubt covered in vomit.

I say smugly that is Benté's fault, for telling her about "car sickness" – it's all in the mind; I have been driven five hundred miles today, hemmed in by chain-smokers, and feel okay.

I DEDUCE THAT THE CLOCKS went back last night, after I spot time discrepancies.

The US tour is taking shape. An organiser reports in:

I would be more than happy to help you find a location for your December 20 meeting in Denver. I live in Littleton and would definitely recommend this area (or Lakewood). It is a convenient suburb of Denver and is in a good part of town.

At Szeged, the meeting has had to be moved to the Honved Club, as the first location has been squelched. The usual causes. The publisher is sour because I made fun of the ("ridiculous") Hungarian language in my talk yesterday; I said that any page of it looked like a bad case of measles, with all those accents on it. He says that several people took offence. I doubt it.

■ **THE SUNDAY TIMES** HAS TODAY thrashed Richard "Skunky" Evans' latest book. Thank you, reviewer Michael Burleigh. I think I sent him a copy of my **CHURCHILL'S WAR**, vol. ii: "Triumph in Adversity."

The turgid Evans tome has been published by Allen Lane, a Penguin subsidiary, as part of the deal they struck after he weaselled out of a contract to give them *Telling Lies about Hitler*, and sold it to Verso instead, I recall. He was also to be paid a huge advance for it – one million pounds? I must check.

■ **BELA L, BALDING EX-HUSBAND** of my 1970s interpreter Erika, comes for a drink. He's a virologist, was at a Tennessee laboratory in the 1980s, had an FBI "minder." A jolly, friendly fellow.

He knows the inside story of the US anthrax scare (Zack, Hatfill etc). Says that any anthrax spore can immediately be traced by its "fingerprint" to the laboratory that produced it. He could have done it instantly. A friend of his has a huge collection of anthrax types.

I tell him my suspicions about Erika's Intelligence work. He scoffs, says she was very nervous type, would never have been able to conceal it from him. Well, there were other things she concealed from him, which led to the divorce.

Apparently a Hungarian newspaper *Magyar Hirlap* has called me names. Needless to say, the author is Jewish.

■ **TUESDAY, OCTOBER 28, 2003:**



Writer's cramp Nice little bookstore, jam-packed with people waiting with my book in their hands as I arrive. I sign autographs till my arm aches.

The attacks multiply. There have been unkind articles in *Nepszabdsag* and *Magyar Hirlap*, but they are all written by the usual people and I am not too badly wounded.

I write to Benté:

My back is killing me this morning from sitting at an angle in an ancient Volkswagen for seven hours, while three adults chain-smoke. Aaaargh. Aaaargh!

We drove along a single lane highway to Pécs near the Serbian border, a mining town. Audience was rather lost in the large 500-seater Ifjúság theatre, dimly lit, real Soviet-era stuff. Hard to get any kind of atmosphere going in a talk in such conditions.

No pictures, as the interpreter who takes them for me 'stepped outside' as soon as the talk was over, evidently desperate for a cigarette.

It is a real epidemic, the nicotine addiction in eastern Europe. Drove back and arrived at the hotel at midnight.

Your bank's news just about capped a very grim day. . . I suspect that Barclays are doing their usual trick of sitting on their hands and whistling, and pretending they can't find the money.

The publisher comes at two PM and we drive out to Győr. Good meeting in a local hotel. Around seventy people in a tight room, only two chairs empty so far as I can see. It goes well, but the witticisms all fall flat by the time they are interpreted.

There is the usual obnoxious man in the front row who keeps bobbing up and down and flashing photos; I tell him to stop. There is also a rather wan-looking Eva, who can't afford the book, so I donate one and have her stand next to me for a photo.

At question time an elderly author complains that I have refused to accept *his* book. I explain it's in Hungarian, which I don't read; I don't know what's in it; and my luggage is regularly searched at both ends, so I have made a point of carrying only the barest essentials on planes with me. I relate the story of how my trunk went "missing" in the USA in 1995 – it enjoyed a little side-trip to Washington DC, where it was opened by all sorts of people.

After supper the Volkswagen breaks a fan belt and it is midnight before we get back to Budapest.

■ **INTERVIEWS AT THE HOTEL** with *Magyar Nemzet* and *Magyar Konservatív*; the latter is right wing. Today's newspapers say I was invited to Hungary by Csurka, which is not true.

The *Nepszabadsag* article today was written by Andras Mink. He says I'm a communist; yesterday's *Magyar Hirlap* insists I am a fascist. Living in the past. In the morning I am interviewed by István Kádár for *Demokrata*.

Hungarian Television has axed not just the interview due to be shown this weekend, but the entire programme, permanently, giving specious reasons.

There is an article about it in today's *Nepszabdsag*, the old communist party newspaper:

Certain analysts feel that the reasons offered by the chiefs of Hungarian Television are not the real reason.

They speculate that the real reason for the axing of the programme is that at the end of the October 26 episode the presenter announced that the following week's programme will contain excerpts from David Irving's lecture about the Holocaust.

However, there is no proof of this. It is merely speculation.

Of course, I have not talked about the Holocaust. That is not my topic. It is boring.

As for the USA plans, Chicago is shaping up well, with an exclusive sixtieth-floor restaurant booked on Michigan Avenue. Let's see the JDL's rioters try to get past the security there!

LONDON AGAIN. MICHAEL Howard has virtually won the Tory leadership from the feckless Iain Duncan Smith. Now Blair has real cause to be worried. In fact, Howard would have been my choice. Although a Jew, some years back he was the only European home secretary to refuse to sign on to Europe's Holocaust Denial legislation. Doesn't mean he can't change his spots however.

A Norwegian academic, Asle T, writes to me from Cambridge:

Shortly after the [Lipstadt] trial I had a seminar with Dr Evans ["Skunky"] in Cambridge where I am writing my PhD. I was struck by the level of animosity verging on hatred he displayed against your person and research, claiming inter alia that all the research that had been carried out was all 'worthless'.

I realise that the academic tone is rougher in Britain than in my native Norway, but nevertheless the eagerness to assert that if one has done one mistake all the research ever done is worthless, struck me as ill conceived.

Let's face it: It would be the nightmare of most academics to have every footnote ever written rummaged.

The malice of Dr Evans reminded me of the advice given to me by my history professor in Tromsø when as an undergrad I contemplated looking at the Holocaust: **'You are not Jewish and the only thing you will achieve is to part with your good name and be branded an anti-Semite'.**

Unfortunately also academia is playing up to the increasingly 1984esque political correctness of the international politics today.

I just finished reading **HITLER'S WAR** which I found thought provoking. I also enjoyed the **ROMMEL** biography. I do find the step by step hy-



A Radical's Diary

Diary FROM PAGE 7

pothesis more compelling than the 'take over the world' strategy generally taught in schools. I very much agree that WWII is a historical phenomenon that should be dealt with by historians like other phenomenon – this seems to be increasingly possible, although the trial was a blow to the academic freedom of expression.

I reply: "I expect you have read my website dossier on Evans. He is filled with hatred, I know only Christian charity."

Linda N has managed to convert the Quark XPress files of the new Hungarian book to pdf for posting on my website. I thank her for this great work, and add an afterthought: "One very minor thing. Around pages 18–20 there is a list of names. The word *zsidó* (Jew) is in bold face. Can it be unemboldened please throughout the list. That bold face was done by the publisher without consulting me, and will cause needless trouble."

■ A MESSAGE FROM F WARNS ME that he may have inadvertently infected my computers with a virus.

I reply: "Sniff. In fact as I told you we're all-Mac, and Macs don't get viruses. *Tee-hee*."

Asle T phones to say that he will come to London in February to do an interview for *Morgenblatt*. He says once again that Professor Evans struck him by the level of personal malice he displayed toward me – on being asked whether it was his desire to see me "removed from the world of published historians," Evans made plain that it was. If I'd known then what I know now about him, I would have had him removed as an expert witness, with disastrous consequences for Lipstadt's defence.

IN THE EVENING I DRAFT THIS letter to historian Sir John Keegan:

I was sorry to hear from my American friends that you have this evening appeared on *Booknotes* [a C-Span TV program] and attacked me, safe no doubt in the knowledge that I cannot defend myself.

One writes, 'Mr. Irving, – John Keegan is now on *Booknotes* with Brian Lamb. There have already been at least two call-in comments on you and your works. Keegan is not as vicious as others, but he still trashes your work.'

But later this correspondent reports: "John Keegan did say that you cannot be ignored, and said that Deborah Lipstadt's works were boring. He said

that you were *not* boring. However, he seemed to be agreeing with the court-decreed "anti-Semite" label.

"He used the term 'philo-Semite' and Zionist to refer to your accusers, which brought on a tirade from one such call-in, who began reading statements from the Lipstadt Trial.

"Keegan also said that HITLER'S WAR was your only book in which he had any interest."

So I won't now send the letter.

■ I WALK WITH JESSICA TO A RESTAURANT for lunch, then on to HMV for her to buy a record.

She chats brightly the whole way. In the afternoon and evening she is absorbed in her Mac. She talks about using I-frames; I know what "frames" are – I avoid using them, as search engines can't peer into them – but not I-frames.

I glance once or twice and she is deeply immersed in Photoshop 7.0, using brushes and layers, etc. She has ten layers on a file she is working on.

This morning she leaves it until half-past eight to leave for school, as she is "just taking down some FTP details."

I warn her that if she mentions FTP to her headmistress, she will retort: "Don't use that bad language to me." Jessica smiles scornfully: "FTP isn't bad language, it's File Transfer Protocol." (I know that, but I don't let on). We walk to the bus chatting about the various domain-hosting offers of rival ISPs. Where is her childhood going?

MAYOR KEN LIVINGSTON has withdrawn an invitation to Black professor Tony Martin to address a Black conference in London because he spoke at our Cincinnati conference in 2001. *Who am de bigots now?*

Professor Martin has protested to the organisers:

You called yesterday and expressed upset because a Jewish newspaper [*The Jewish Chronicle*, October 17, 2003] said that I spoke at a conference organized by David Irving. You also said something not entirely coherent about what you called 'holocaust denial.' About an hour afterwards you emailed me abruptly revoking Rosemary Emodi's five months-old invitation to me to address the First Voice Conference, on the basis of the concerns transmitted to you by your Jewish sources.

At 10:56 AM there is a phone call, "David Irving." "You are scum".

That's okay, then. "Caller withholds his number." Not very brave, these folks; they know mine, I don't know theirs.

Jessica tussles with "paths" and a "cgi" problem on her computer, and solves it by herself, after I fail.

I retire to bed mortified.

■ NOVEMBER 2003: I MAIL OUT 184 letters to my Ohio address list; but there is a postal strike in London, so how many will arrive by the seventeenth!

After breakfast a bad Trailing Lump thing develops on my throat glands. I am gradually falling to bits.

Dinner at seven PM at Simpson's in the Strand, organised by the Traditional England group with Tony Martin as special guest.

I naturally assume it is "our" Tony Martin, the Black American academic; but it turns out to be the Englishman sentenced to life imprisonment for shooting dead an intruder. He is a Norfolk farmer, with a reserve of wit which comes to the fore only during question time.

■ I TAKE JESSICA TO SCHOOL again. She has done a good project on Deciduous Trees; I pilfer one of her downloaded pictures to use as a heading for today's website.

Bill J [senior BBC television producer] calls for dinner. Lets me talk for hours, very nice of him. He is very interested in the Joel Brand stuff; I give him a copy of CHURCHILL'S WAR, vol. ii.

Everybody thinks I am rich, and he does too: with Bente and Jessica around, I am. In money terms, not. I shall become rich long after my death.

RAINING WHEN I GET UP TO take Jessica to school, so we go by taxi and I chat cordially with the Jewish driver all the way there and back. Give him a £6 fare and £4 tip, for which he is grateful.

I have *Gott mit uns*, it seems, today. At eleven-thirty somebody emails to me:

This morning at 7.50 on BBC Radio Four's 'Today' program they had the *Thought for Today* slot. Some woman called Anne Atkins was doing it.

She was defending Freedom of Speech and railing again the PC lobby. She said David Irving was a good example when 'he was criticised for questioning the extent of the Holocaust.' She said that whether one agreed with you or not you had a fundamental right to Freedom of Speech.

Just thought you'd like to note this.

That must have upset a lot of people's breakfasts.

■ I TELL JESSICA IT IS SAD THAT we have only one more "quality time" bus-ride together before I leave for the US. She asks when I will be back.

"End of January," I say, and add silently in Latin *God willing*. My counter-attack against the official Trustee who last year illegally seized all my possessions begins in the High Court tomorrow. Her solicitor has just emailed me a belated offer to negotiate, and I reply: "No

doubt we can agree certain points before tomorrow's hearing, which I propose to use just to ask for directions. Please draw up a short list of points you can agree in advance. I will attend at Court half an hour ahead, *i.e.*, at midday, to facilitate a discussion between us."

I AM AWAKE FROM SEVEN, then drift off back to sleep, awakened by an indignant Jessica at eight-thirty.

We rush to the bus stop and get her to school just on time.

Three different correspondents have sent me a dispatch of the Jewish Telegraph Agency in New York today, reporting "a pro-Irving protest" in Budapest:

Thursday, Nov 13, 2003 – Some 2,000 people rallied in Budapest to protest the cancellation of a TV show after it hosted Holocaust denier David Irving. Irving visited Hungary at the invitation of the far-right Justice and Life Party for the Hungarian holiday commemorating the anniversary of the 1956 revolution.

The show, *Night Shack*, aired on Hungary's state-owned public station and caused great uproar among liberal media and the public. The station quickly cancelled the program.

During today's protest, speakers, among them the head of Hungarian State Radio, denounced the socialist government for suppressing free speech.

Former Prime Minister Viktor Orban joined those who are protesting the show's cancellation, saying "This is not the first time that programs supporting Christian values are being attacked."

I post it on the website with this comment:

– Not much mention of this in today's British press; which provokes the question in my mind, why therefore does the estimable Jewish Telegraph Agency in New York, four thousand miles from Budapest, splash the story? What is their interest in the story, I wonder? – Just kidding, we all know the answer to that one.

Note however that

➤ as a punishment for filming its interview, the Socialist government cancelled the *program*, not just the show;

➤ for the JTA, in this context I am a "Holocaust denier" – not the author of a best-selling book on the anti-Jewish, anti-Bolshevik Budapest Uprising of 1956;

➤ and another minor correction: Although the left-wing and liberal *journaille* in Budapest has claimed the opposite, I did not visit Hungary at the invitation of the MIÉP party.

The invitation was issued by my Budapest publisher, who met all the expenses of the tour. If the press says 2,000 demonstrated, of course, the real figure may well have been substantially higher.

No, I just won't lie down. Five minutes late – I am in court.

We rapidly agree on directions, basically that the Trustee serve a witness statement within

three weeks, that we agree *categories* of documents, etc., by the end of January, and that a hearing of fifteen minutes is set down to be heard at noon on February 9 to decide whether a Judge or Registrar should hear my application.

At one point I say that today is the first time in eighteen months that the Trustee has deigned to respond in any substantive way to my complaints.

The Registrar says, "Well, now that you have made this application, they have to."

On the way out I inform the other side that this is the first of two cases I am bringing against the Trustee, the second being on account of her conversion (*i.e.*, theft) of my possessions.

■ IN THE EVENING I PHONE LOU B in Kentucky. He says that the Veterans of Two World Wars club were downright offensive to him when he asked for a repeat invitation, and that the St John's School has also come under pressure not to allow me to talk on its premises; so that seems to rule out Louisville.

Yesterday I mentioned on my website that I have lost my copy of Hitler's *Lagebesprechung*. By today no fewer than ten people have written offering to get one for me. That's the power of a big Internet website!

NOVEMBER 16: THE GREAT US tour begins. I solemnly shake hands with Jessica as I leave for the airport.

The British Airways check-in desk detects that my big trunk is one kilo over the limit. The woman says the baggage handlers will go on strike, and asks tartly what I propose to remove – and what I will do with it. "A book," I say, "and that's reading matter, which I am allowed." That shuts her up.

Long flight, nearly nine hours. Very crowded, not much room to type. The immigration officer at Chicago comments on the book I'm carrying. I explain I've had to take one kilo off the luggage. He says, "You could do with taking one kilo off yourself too." Uncalled for, but right.

I rent a Hertz car, a new and heavy beast, three inches taller than me, and drive into Chicago. A crabby old woman at Radio Shack, with a tight perm crimped into her iron-gray hair, is sniffy about replacing the broken battery-charger for my phone. She says it's an "obsolete model" (I bought it last year), and I must buy a new phone. I don't. At the airport and US Customs I pick up a hundred-kilo box of my books that has arrived from Hungary, and fill up with \$14.50 gas at Champaign; I am now down to two dollars cash in my pocket. Muddled dreams all night, but I

am up at six-fifteen. I parcel up boxes for shipping over to the west coast, and after lunch load the car in pouring rain. My brown Church's shoes do not like squelching around in the puddles and mulch outside the warehouse. The car takes the final load of about 900 kg of boxes well however. I drive on eastwards towards Indianapolis in the rain at four PM.

From Grosvenor Square, Benté writes: "Lots of police around due to President Bush's visit." I am well out of it.

I reply: "Cleveland... Good function last night, I'll tell you more this evening, as I have to drive to Cincinnati. Drove four hundred miles yesterday, driving four hundred more today. Still jet lagged."

■ PEOPLE ARE STILL REPORTING on that Keegan interview:

John Keegan was featured last weekend on C-Span (political cable TV channel) for two hours and acknowledged your research was one of a kind, and essential to understanding the war; he curiously used the term "unoriginal" to describe Lipstadt as both historian and author (a reference to her supporters?), but says that he thinks your handling of Jews in your book is deplorable (my paraphrase) . . .

On a whim, I did a Google search on "British historian". The results were dominated with links to your books, court case, etc. You are becoming part of history yourself.

BY AFTERNOON I AM ALREADY sleepy. Benté phones, waking me while I'm snoozing in a highway rest area. I check into the Drawbridge at Cincinnati; a massive headache overtakes me, from last night's poncing around in the rain loading the car.

The headache worsens all evening. John F, a local organizer, comes for dinner and arranges a Sunday evening meeting right here in Cincinnati.

He has just returned from four months as a reservist in Iraq; he drove a brigadier around all day. Is scathing about the war, Private Jessica Lynch, etc.

Says the US are building big military and naval bases as part of a permanent presence. Raison d'être of the campaign.

The headache is now a real hum-dinger, it takes me to bed at eight PM. It worsens all night, with sweating, shivers, hallucinations, bad dreams. Bitter vomit taste in my mouth. A mild touch of flu, I hope nothing more. I'll take it easy today.

The military show here is not as good as it used to be.

Few high profile dealers present, or good items on sale.

Tomorrow will be very quiet, as most dealers have already packed up and left, and half the tables are empty.

Bed early, at nine PM, as I am still jetlagged. Wild dreams ensue – I am driving through Ohio, and the clouds fall apart above me, in a straight line ahead, like the Red Sea opening, as A Sign! I am in Court, ordered to see the Sarjeant – I presume he has an olde-worlde spelling, and since his location is secret I am led through a myriad of tunnels, ventilator shafts, and roof spaces to his office, but he is not there.

It is very exhausting to have to endure such dreams all night.

■ TODAY I MUST MAIL OUT INVITATIONS to all my friends in Texas. I am running late with the mail-outs. A message comes from Los Angeles about a carol service on December 8. I ask for precise driving directions. "You will recognise me, tall, fly-splattered, dishevelled, and flat tired (that is just the car)."

Tongue starts swelling after I eat a bag of chips. Hah! – an obvious connection. Horribly uncomfortable, as my mouth fills with the swollen tongue.

I write to Joel in California: "I hope we can meet. I have located a gentleman with spliced-together 16mm home movies of Hermann Göring totalling, he says, two one-hour reels: they were obtained from a GI who got them from the Berghof ruins; black-and-white, but they also contain around ten minutes of color footage of Hitler."

■ I WRITE A LETTER TO JESSICA:

Soon you will be ten. I can't believe it is ten years since you came into the world. How happy you have made Mummy and me, both then and ever since. We are so proud of you, and of how well you are doing at school.

What pleases Mummy most is when the teachers tell her this, and about how you are the most popular girl in the whole school. This is something that has to come from within yourself; we can't help, or tell you how to do it.

I am still driving every day huge distances in America. I hope we can soon move into a larger home so you will have your own room – to make a mess of. Then we will have to have a serious think about whether you can have the Mac in your room, or in the "public" areas.

I tell everybody here about how clever you are on the Mac, and your present is going to be the domain name and web hosting. I also authorise Mummy herewith to give you a new ten pound note. Don't settle for anything less!

I CHECK OUT OF THE HOTEL at two PM, and drive south. Somebody phones just as I approach the Interstate fork and I miss the exit to Louisville; I do not realize until ten miles further on, so I carry on and cut across Kentucky on Route 22 and lose an hour that

way. Pleasant undulating countryside however, which one would not normally see. At ten-thirty PM I check into a *very* cheap motel (\$29) just before Nashville, Tennessee.

A message alerts me to the fact that I have not yet notified any of those who registered for tomorrow's Atlanta function. Aaargh! I do so around eleven PM They will complain. Worse, I realize I have still not even arranged any location for two talks next week, in Albuquerque and Oklahoma City.

Set out for Atlanta, a journey of about 350 miles. I drive all day in heavy traffic (tomorrow is Thanksgiving Day). The room has already been set up, a horseshoe table and smaller rear tables seating around 50 or 60. But at least seventy are present, most of them strangers. I have not expected so many because of the holiday.

I begin my talk this time with an episode reported by the *Washington Post* and other newspapers on April 11, 2003: when Allied journalists invaded the abandoned home of Tariq Aziz, the urbane Iraqi deputy prime minister, they found a copy of my HITLER'S WAR among his bedside reading: a pity, I say, that Bush's generals had not read it too, then they might have anticipated more of the guerrilla war tactics now being developed by the Iraqis.

Under pressure from the Jewish ADL my books have been taken off the set reading lists at West Point and elsewhere.

■ NOW FOR NEW ORLEANS. I drive through horrendous rain and arrive at Hammond, north of New Orleans, at four PM.

A good meeting here. Up at six AM by mistake, as it is light and a passing freight train blows a deafening blast on its steam-whistle, then rumbles endlessly past, shaking this bedroom.

An hour earlier I have had another strange and ominous dream, a product of these ridiculous security checks in US airports – a nation now scared of its own shadow: a ticket agent calls over an official, my baggage is taken away from me (Rome airport, June 1992!) and I am taken aside into an interrogation area that looks like a theater's backstage, with girders, cables, black-painted walls.

The official is friendly, tells me to lie down on my back, then jumps up and down a couple of times on my stomach ("Is that okay?") as a security check. I am then led into a small movie-or lecture-type theatre, upholstered from floor to ceiling in dark blue-black velour; an audience begins trickling in for what is to be my interrogation.

At this of course I begin to enjoy the event; I pace from side to



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side of the small stage, I ask for a microphone so that everybody will be able to hear – an act of thoughtfulness which brings a round of appreciative applause; and I ask if I can have a transcript. Yes, says the Man Who Is In Command, but not for publication on the website.

I assure him I will give whatever written undertaking is needed. “You will note we have a couple a German speakers here,” he says, and the balding man in the left end of the front row, holding a clipboard, nods, being one of them. I ask the man next to him who he is. “Come off it, Irving,” he says, irritated, “I’m Commander Nevins.”

The name rings a bell, I don’t know if he really exists. I worry about missing the flight, and the people who will be meeting me, and having to rebook, costing another three hundred pounds or more; but I decide the entertainment is worth it.

The dream ends before the interrogation begins; I am sure I’d have found it no problem.

I ARRIVE BY CAR IN HOUSTON, Texas, at five PM, and find that the evening’s location, Alvin, is twenty-four miles south of the city, and the instructions are ambiguous. I drive down the highway, past an airport – I wonder which it is, then see a familiar sight on the far perimeter: a building with twenty-foot high lettering, PRICE COMPRESSOR COMPANY.

That takes me straight back fifteen years – to Billy Price and his secret room of Hitler memorabilia (“The good news is that at least fifty per cent is genuine,” I told him – he was shocked). It’s a weekend and he won’t be there today.

I have predicted an audience of ten here in Alvin, and that is what I get: in all of southern Texas, just ten friends now.

“Driving Sunday up to Dallas,” I report to Benté. “Long journeys ahead now.”

Up at seven AM. I finally fix a location for Albuquerque for December 3, three days hence! Another gloopier.

I SET OUT FOR OKLAHOMA CITY at midday, and arrive – after an idyllic drive across warm, undulating, yellowing prairies – at five PM at the location, a motel some way out along the city’s NW Expressway: it is a seedy, Asian-owned fleapit. A large elderly man seated in the

reception area, smoking heavily, leaning with both hands on a stick, introduces himself as the local organizer. He reminds me strongly of my father in the months before his death, approaching total ruin from smoking and obesity.

The room he has hired, for all of thirty dollars, is on the second floor, with no elevator. I am generally rude to everybody for half an hour, and sweat half a ton of boxes upstairs, leaving many in the car in the belief nobody will turn up anyway.

I am wrong. To my surprise the room is packed, and we have to set out more chairs. I start with a reference to the Jewish Telegraph Agency’s smear in 1995 that it was I who supplied “the

ton, Texas, are dire: I look on the point of death. Haggard, dishevelled, perspiring. This bulletin goes to Sacramento:

“I have today sent out 350 letters to my California list; I hope there is only *one* Tony Roma’s restaurant in Sacramento?” (No matter, as it turns out).

I arrive at Albuquerque after a second day’s journey of around five hours across a totally treeless, flat landscape, which gradually climbs to 5,200 feet.

Sunny but decidedly chilly after the sun sets. Young Mat B. phones from Seattle, and persuades me to talk there as well, although it will mean a nine-hour drive on to Idaho. I like Seattle, and announce this new location on the website.

the astronaut. I give her a copy of HITLER’S WAR. She confirms that Robert died (of Alzheimer’s) at the end of 2000 (Social Security records show that he died on December 26, 2000.)

I ask if they have any mementoes of their father. She knows nothing of the significance of his work other than that he was “in the war”. I do not explain what it was that he found in 1945.

ONWARD, SOUTHWESTWARDS, to Arizona. I check into a motel seven thousand feet up, and at around eight PM I send this email to London: “I am now in Flagstaff after a spectacular drive, the last two hours past magnificent mountains in the sunset, and a



Concrete feat The Hoover Dam – what a breathtaking achievement, built over six years from 1931 to 1936. One end is in Arizona, the other in Nevada: the Pacific Time Zone begins here.

trigger mechanism” for the bomb which Timothy McVeigh used against the Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building.

So McVeigh’s attorney Stephen Jones stated soon after, on Sacramento Television; he subsequently apologized in writing to me – he had now realized who I was, and had found that he had my books on his shelves – as had Tariq Aziz of Iraq, who was reading HITLER’S WAR when George Bush launched his war of aggression in April this year.

That story launches me into the talk; none of my audience dies, so I can consider the evening a qualified success.

NO TALK TOMORROW, JUST two days’ solid driving over the desert to New Mexico. I will do the California mail-out tomorrow.

The photos taken here at Oklahoma City show me looking roughly okay; those at Arling-

I check into a Sheraton hotel in Albuquerque. My room costs \$109, the meeting room \$150, plus tax, plus other charges; just three people turn up, so we have a nice private gossip for two hours. *Aller Anfang ist schwer*, the Germans say.

IT IS NOT THE FIRST TIME I have been to Albuquerque: on the morrow, I navigate across the city to the home of Robert A. Gutierrez, on Ranchitos Road. G was the mysterious CIC colonel who got all Eva Braun’s private possessions in 1945, including her photo albums, her diaries, and her bundles of letters from Adolf, and brought them back to Albuquerque; most have been missing ever since. On the trail of these relics, I visited him in December 1973, exactly thirty years ago, and again in 1987.

Now I speak with his daughter-in-law, who has been married 27 years to Robert’s son Sidney,

Navajo Indian reservation. I held them at bay.”

At Tucson another blooper looms. A radio station is advertising me as speaking at a breakfast in Phoenix at eight AM tomorrow. That is 130 miles north of here. I advise Donald P: “It is highly annoying, as I am talking until ten PM here and packing boxes until midnight. How on earth has this happened? The station has not made any contact whatever with *me*.”

Two hours loading boxes into the meeting room. I have no idea how many will come tonight. James B organizes, and worries me by saying that Judge Robert L, who is coming with his wife and another, is a George W. Bush fan who will wreck the talk. In the event he does not, though I have a certain amount of informed voice-booming and finger-jabbing to contend with.

I SET OUT FROM TUCSON AT around midnight, and haul into



Farming idyll A farmstead nestling in a valley in southern Idaho. Air travellers crossing the continent will never see scenes like these, pictures that portray the real heart of America.

Phoenix at two-thirty AM, after dozing for half an hour on Interstate 10. The hotel is right next door to this evening's venue. I sleep a few hours with an eye on the clock; up at seven AM, and drive over to the Beef-eater Restaurant for this morning's unplanned (by me) Breakfast Club meeting.

I speak for an hour on Hitler, Churchill, and – this time – Pearl Harbor (tomorrow is the anniversary). Heavy travel expenses these last few days have depleted the cash in hand.

Good audience in the evening, and I am all packed again by ten-twenty PM. Long drive tomorrow over the mountains and desert to Las Vegas.

LATE IN THE EVENING, DON phones from Las Vegas: An enemy mole has infiltrated my list, and tomorrow's restaurant location has cancelled after two days of harassment by local Jewish bodies. The lovers of free speech!

I am in a quandary. If Las Vegas is off, it will be easier to drive straight to California from here. I must assume however that Las Vegas goes ahead. I will be on the road, too, and unable to notify my list of any new location. The "mole" may well be on that list anyway.

At 9:25 am Don phones, very verbose, and agrees with my new proposal for Las Vegas.

Leaving Phoenix, I get lost in road works for an hour. Eventually I find Route 60, then Highway 93. It opens out into naked desert and mountains, dotted with hosts of candelabra and prickly pear cactus, some of the taller sentry plants being rather incongruously propped up by wooden stays, and the Joshua Tree Forest, etc.

The last hundred miles begins as flat desert, traversed by mile after mile of this dead straight road; then it goes over a rim, and there are mountains suddenly and deep canyons and lakes, thousands of feet below.

At four PM I drive over the Hoover Dam and take several

photos from both ends. What a breathtaking achievement, built over six years from 1931 to 1936, just colossal!

The new security checkpoints at both ends seem rather puny: single police officers eye the drivers of each car, and wave them through unexamined. That should save the Dam.

In fact it would probably take a nuclear device to bring it down.

The Dam is on the Nevada border, so clocks go back an hour: my little speaking tour has reached the Pacific Time zone.

■ IN LAS VEGAS AT FIVE PM LOCAL time, after a six-hour drive, I thought it would take four. I like this city. Most United States cities are unintentionally vulgar, this one's vulgarity is deliberate, and it works.

Discussions by phone with Don about the alternate location. I get calls from three mysterious new "friends," whom I have at first to suspect of being moles.

They invite me to supper however, and since they all turn out to be either steroid-stuffed, or have tattoos and shaven heads, and one even has Richard Wagner's *Ride of the Valkyries* as a ring tone on his phone, I'm satisfied on balance that they do not include a mole, anyway.

I contact Mat, organizing in Seattle: "You are leaving it very late to notify me of the location. I must send out letters today at the latest, for Canada!"

Don phones, he will now speak with the new location – which we have already announced. At 11:20 am he phones again – the restaurant is already booked for tonight. So that's out.

He becomes loquacious, and I have to curtail him. I report to Benté: "Looks like we've lost Las Vegas, the restaurant is having a wedding reception tonight (know what they are?). No alternative. Five hundred mile drive for nothing."

Don says: "I am waiting for a call back from Arizona Charlie's." But at 12:31 PM he says "Arizona Charlie's" has not got enough waiters. So I book a

meeting room myself in the restaurant at my own hotel.

I go over at four PM to the Hard Rock for an interview with a journalist, Jeff German (I had misheard his name as "Gammon," which upon analysis seemed to put him in the clear).

Nice enough guy, turns out to be a reporter for the *Las Vegas Sun* but very obsessed with the Holocaust. He winces when I say I find the subject boring; I have never written a book or article on it, I say, and I tend to flip to a different channel whenever it comes on the TV – and I suspect that he along with 95 percent of the US viewing population reacts the same way. This is before I figure out that he is in fact himself Jewish.

At five PM Don is in my hotel's reception area. The front desk has already received calls protesting about the evening's meeting and threatening violence. The clerk seems unworried, and is telling the callers that the management has gone home for the day and there is nobody they can speak to.

A full house of guests arrives. Three police cars stand at each end of the alley (we did not invite them). Journalist Jeff German shows up and takes copious notes.

Then Brian F comes, ever the businessman, and to my silent fury, while I am talking, he props up on a table a 1939 wreath from the German Consul in Paraguay for the funeral of the *Graf Spee* victims, which he wants to sell. The journalist will proclaim that "Nazi flags" bedeck the room I spoke in.

NEXT MORNING I LOOK into the source of the leak. After excluding donors to the fighting-fund and people known to me for years, three suspects emerge. Let's see what shakes out of this.

I will zap all three off my list.

During the day one responds and I clear him. He was the gentleman who arrived late, he says.

I now mail out invitations to my Canadian friends in British Co-

What Jamie McCarthy wrote to the Pyramid Brewery:

December 13, 2003

From: Jamie McCarthy
P O Box 20394, Kalamazoo,
MI 49019 269-552-9894
jamie@mccarthy.vg

“To whom it may concern,
I am one of an international group of volunteers who combat lies about the Holocaust and other forms of antisemitism, chiefly on the internet, The Holocaust History Project.

It came to my attention this afternoon that your brewery has been selected as a meeting place this Monday for an unpleasant Holocaust-denier and antisemite named David Irving. Obviously it is up to your company who you choose to allow to hold meetings on your premises, and I do not want to tell you what to do. Sending this letter will be the extent of my interest in this matter. But in the interest of making an informed decision, and to be prepared, you should know a little about Mr. Irving.

Irving brought and lost a libel suit in his native England four years ago; the judge in his decision noted that Irving “is an active Holocaust denier; he is anti-Semitic and racist and he associated with right-wing extremists who promote neo-Nazism.”

He has been a featured speaker for the National Alliance, called “the largest neo-Nazi group in America” by Klanwatch.

Robert Harris notes in his book *Selling Hitler* (1986) that “Irving was arrested by the Austrian police in Vienna on suspicion of neo-Nazi activity and deported from the country; he is still banned from entry.”

Other countries Mr. Irving is banned from, according to disinfo.com, include Australia, Canada, Germany, Italy, Israel and New Zealand.

He has been quoted as saying: “Hitler was the best friend the Jews had in the Third Reich.” “I don’t see any reason to be tasteful about Auschwitz. It’s baloney, it’s a legend.” “I say quite tastelessly, in fact, that more women died on the back set of Edward Kennedy’s car at Chappaquiddick than ever died in a gas chamber in Auschwitz.” And he has remarked sarcastically: “I’m going to form an Association of Auschwitz Survivors, Survivors of the Holocaust, and Other Liars, or the assholes.”

These quotes can be found at our webpage. If you have any questions, please feel free to contact me at the telephone number or email address above. I would request that you please not share my contact information with Mr. Irving or his associates; I’ve gotten email bombs and annoying phone calls from that crowd before.

Sincerely,
Jamie McCarthy.”



A Radical's Diary

Diary FROM PAGE 11

lumbia (exactly one hundred letters), and set out at eleven AM for Los Angeles.

After a meatloaf lunch at "Peggy Sue's 1950s Diner" at Yerba, in the Mojave desert, I arrive at the appointed restaurant in Sherman Oaks at four.

The manageress of this smart restaurant greets me with the words, "Oh no, you phoned in two days ago to cancel your function," and she shows me the register. Our entry is crossed out in red, CANCELLED.

I frostily explain that *we* have not cancelled it. The traditional enemy has; I do not advise her of that. The registration has been made in T's name, so how they have identified it I don't know.

One rather odd event is a blank phone call at around four PM. I phone back, and a voice identifies the caller as "Tony Roma's Restaurant in Sacramento."

That is Saturday's scheduled location. The voice denies having called me, despite my pointing out I have just pressed the call-back button. Why would Tony Roma's be calling? Only one possible explanation.

Fortunately the private room here at Sherman Oaks is still available, and we go ahead.

We soon fill the available table space, and more seats have to be brought in. The usual problem with the check at the end: it comes to me to pay, including taxes and tips, which people always forget. That leaves me several hundred dollars out of pocket each time.

■ THE NEXT THREE DAYS ARE ALL major California functions: south of Los Angeles, in San Francisco, and in Sacramento. With long distances in between. And I have no help. Then a day's pause while I just drive north to Portland, Oregon.

So far, the weather has been *gnädig*.

Coffee with Harry, who provides a roof for the night. The *Las Vegas Sun* has published a good, fair story, so my trust in "Gammone" is vindicated. I reproach Don P however: "You see the problem caused when 'people' (*i.e.*, you) phone the previous location to protest at their cancellation; it goes down badly, and does no good."

Harry's two Hispanic housemaids assume that my shoes and blazer, found tossed aside in the sitting room, are his and have removed them to his bedroom closet. It takes some time

for us to find them.

I notice a camera on the coffee table that is identical to mine, and comment on it. Harry says it's probably his son's. I am ten miles down the San Diego Freeway before I realize that the camera is mine, removed along with everything else from the blazer pocket by the maids before they hung it up.

I arrive at Mimi's at one PM, and have lunch with Mark W, looking slightly thinner – a haircut enforced by his new lady enhances the effect – and we talk for an hour over lunch.

When the waitress, a withered old retainer by whom however Mark seems disproportionately taken, interrupts to inquire if everything is alright, I say: "It was, until you interrupted our conversation. Please go away. And don't interrupt again."

Mark is shocked. I don't understand these American customs, even after all these years.

A call from Sacramento confirms that Tony Roma's has cancelled under pressure. Their pretext is that the roof has caved in under storm damage. My friend there puts in a call under a different name to ascertain if they have a meeting room available for "Sunday." Oh yes, they say.

To the traditional enemy it is a game, and they do not realize that every time they attack people's freedom to speak, and to listen to others speaking, they are turning more ordinary folks against themselves.

After locating this evening's large function room south of Los Angeles, with somewhat greater difficulty than the US Army is having in finding Osama Bin Laden, Omar Mullah, and Saddam Hussein, I spend an hour carrying the half-ton of boxes inside.

It's like Feeding the Five Thousand. They never grow less. The first people arrive at five PM. Aaargh. I shoo them away and tell them to come back at six, official doors-opening time.

Mark speaks for an hour, pre-empting much of what I am going to say myself; heigh ho. I then speak for an hour, and nobody dies. He makes wind-up gestures towards the end (he later denies he did) and I do so; so the audience misses out on the peroration, which was not very good anyway.

"What did you think of your talk?" he asks rather mysteriously. "Was it one of your best?"

The audience of rather under one hundred is pleased anyway, and many bring in collections of my books to sign, which is nice – some going right back to THE MARE'S NEST (1964).

Persuading the remaining people with difficulty not to "assist" I load the boxes, grab a coffee at a Denny's, and set out north toward midnight, thereby turn-

Denver Jewess Sara Salzman was the brain behind plans for the disruption of Mr Irving's December 22, 2003 visit to the city.

In doing so, she risked federal prosecution for conspiring to violate the civil rights of his audience. As a Holocaust professional and webmaster (she has claimed that her Holocaust website gets Six Million "hits" each month) she expected to get away with it.

Her gang laid plans in several directions. All failed. One of the earlier, less violent projects was to infiltrate into the audience her husband, whom she described as a big – *i.e.*, obese – man, and have him purchase an Irving book; he would then produce the cancelled check to claim that the British historian was "violating his visa status."

Her computer records show that she sent over fifty emails to Denver Jewish groups asking for support.

Most responded cautiously, asking what Abe Foxman's Anti-Defamation League was doing about the visit.

The answer was, nothing. The ADL had burnt its fingers badly when it authorized illegal wiretaps on a Colorado couple and publicly smeared them as anti-Semites.

A Denver court ordered the ADL to pay \$9.75 million in libel damages; the organisation's appeal was dismissed in April 2003. Even for an organization as wealthy as the ADL (annual budget, \$50 million) that kind of award hurts.

They were not keen to fetch Salzman's chestnuts out of the fire, if she deliberately provoked trouble in Denver.

Sara's chief accomplice was a former New York City cop and jailer, Rich Miller.

She emailed him frequent updates on the plan, with headings like: "T-minus 13 days to Irving." The ex-cop would reply to her, "All is going well at my end."

To Black journalist Dani Newsum, who had written a particularly nasty OpEd piece in the *Denver Post* headed "nazi swill is coming to town," Sara also fed this information:

We've got a minimum of ninety people who will be demonstrating in front of the (as-yet-undisclosed) location. If anyone has any media contacts, especially with the local TV stations or Fox, please let me know. I will be working this week on contacting various media folks. I'd especially like to reach Peter Boyles at KHOW and Enid Goldstein at KNRC

"Let's get the British bastard!"

(radio), and anyone at the TV stations."

As the organised efforts to undermine Mr Irving's lecture tour – on the comparisons between World War II and the war in Iraq – began to bite, from Las Vegas onwards, Salzman gloated:

Good news from the front lines: Irving was supposed to speak in Seattle on Monday night. He announced the location, the Pyramid Brewery, and one of the members of Holocaust Project wrote a letter to the location. [SEE BOX ON PAGE 11]

Showing where she expected most of her support to come from, Salzman left stacks of pamphlets at Denver's Jewish gift shops.

On December 15, with five days to go, her leaky laptop received this message from her ex-cop friend, announcing that he and his squad would be ready for action on Saturday. They were evidently expecting violence:

Things are warm and heating up quickly. We are prepared and ready for the event on Saturday. Our group of four will be equipped with cameras, signs, FirstAid supplies, water, and snacks.

Worried about what she called "a mole in her ranks," that day the Holocaust-obsessed Sara had another mole – "Michael Wilde" – send this message to Mr Irving:

I saw the article in Westword magazine and I'm real interested in hearing your talk. We read about the Holocaust in school, but I can't believe all the stuff we were told. Will you be saying anything about it?

Wilde's application failed to make the genuine guest list for Denver, because it failed certain criteria. Sara's keyboard handiwork confirmed this decision.

("In cases like these," Mr Irving proposed to the Denver organizer, "we find the address of a gay bar and send the suspects to wait there all evening.")

Mr Irving sent "Wilde" a standard reply, but added that he was not talking about the Holocaust, and had never written about it.

No matter. Irving had to be silenced. Sara hammered out this message on her keyboard to her conspirators: "We're in the loop."

(She added a surly comment: "Interesting that Mr. Irving can

How emails from a badly leaking laptop scuppered the violent plans of the traditional enemies of Free Speech in Colorado

afford a tollfree cell phone number in US.”)

Meanwhile she sent a wad of leaflets to the Denver TV and radio stations, her fingers busily typing out more lying smears on her porous keyboard:

David Irving, an anti-American [sic], anti-Semitic, Holocaust denier, will be speaking here, and there will be a group protesting his visit. Information about this protest has been reported in Dani Newsum's Blog 'Nazi Swill is coming to town'.

Unfortunately, Mr. Irving (to reduce the possibility of press coverage [sic]) will not announce the location of his talk until a day or two before.

Risking a final libellous smear, Salzman added:

David Irving's followers are the same kinds of people as those who killed Alan Berg. It's vital that we let him know he is not welcome in Denver. Sara Salzman 303-617-9412.

Meanwhile she had learned from “Michael Wilde” that he had asked Mr Irving by email: “Do you have a place yet for your talk?” To their delight, the author had answered (“currently on the road in Wyoming”) – less than frankly, as it would turn out – “Yes, north Denver, and you will be informed later today.”

That confirmed what they already “knew,” because he had inserted a fake line to that effect at the end of the *Moscow Daily News* report posted on his website, namely that he would be speaking somewhere near the new Denver International Airport.

It was now D-Day minus 1 – Friday, December 19, 2003. Sara typed this report at 11:16 a.m.:

Irving has posted an article on his web site. . . The last sentence says: 'Irving speaks at a hotel near Denver airport on Saturday.'

If anyone wants to start calling hotels near the airport and ask if someone with the initials "A.H." has booked a conference room for a meal and lecture, please feel free! Sara."

She received confirmation from a fellow plotter that the most recent update was “some-where near the airport.”

She congratulated him: “We’re getting closer. My husband is going to call Irving’s cell phone after 3:00 p.m. today.”

Mr Irving’s phone registered an incoming “no caller ID” call at 3:10 p.m. – but the call did not reach him in Wyoming. She and her plotters had to rely on their wits, and on her leaky laptop.

Late on that Friday evening, Mr Irving sealed the Denver plotters’ fate with this message to their mole “Michael Wilde”:

Here is tomorrow Saturday's location by email: please keep it under your hat. Tell no-one. We have booked a room at the Denver International Airport

“... it puts it in an area where the wimps at the Anti-Defamation League and the nutballs at the American Civil Liberties Union can, if either decides to get off their fat asses, intervene in a meaningful way.”

**Sara Salzman,
Denver**

Marriott (the actual address, if you're coming by taxi, is 16455 East 40th Circle).

The Marriott Corp have never let us down yet (as you know we have just held our fourth international Real History weekend at their Cincinnati airport location) so they don't bow to pressure.

We have asked the hotel to deny any afternoon function taking place. The booking is under a less than obvious name, as you will see when you arrive.

I suggest you come between twelve and one, when I shall arrive; we'll have a meal and then I will talk. Looking forward to seeing y'all there.

At 1:35 a.m. Sara sat at her laptop and hammered out a new message to her gang. She quoted Irving's message to “Wilde,” then finalized their plans:

So here's what I suggest: We all meet in the parking lot of the Marriott. Since Irving isn't going to be there until one, we don't want to clue him in too early. So let's meet around 11:15–11:30.

Our person taking pictures will have to be in the lobby of the hotel, since lots of other people will be coming and going. One of us will go in and scope it out, figure out which “room” Irving has rented (my guess is under a name with the initials A.H.), and then our photographer can stake out a place to take pictures that isn't too obvious . . . otherwise the hotel will toss us.

Referring to the ex-cop Rich Miller, she suggested: “*Rich, I'm sure, can fill us in on what's 'legal' to do. . . . Let's get the British bastard!! Sara.*”

She then switched off her laptop, and turned in for the night, while dreams of sweet violence danced in her head.

At ten on Saturday morning, the big day, she issued final “legal advice” to her gang, provided by “our legal advisor at the Holocaust Project,” on what to do if they fell foul of the law and whether to comply with the Marriott's order that they leave:

My own answer to a security guard is 'Call the police and have them tell me that' and answer that you are 'Exercising your constitutional rights.'

This puts on record what happened and what is involved.

Second, it puts it in an area where the wimps at the Anti-Defamation League and the nutballs at the American Civil Liberties Union can, if either decides to get off their fat asses, intervene in a meaningful way.

The next day, she and her (“big”) husband got “off their asses.” When they downloaded her emails on Saturday morning, ex-cop Rich Miller had already sent in his own take on the forthcoming confrontation:

Let us give this racist, Nazi, Hitler lover, and Jew-hater a big Colorado unwelcome.

The weather will be perfect, the location is ideal, and our cause is moral. See you all at The Marriott Hotel at approximately 11:30 AM today. The Marriott Hotel is located off Interstate 70, Exit 285, Airport Blvd. North.

If you need better directions, please call the Marriott at 303-371-4333. Please do not mention David Irving. We do not want to give him a heads up as to what we have planned. –Rich.

Memo to Sara Salzman:

Buy a new pantiliner for your laptop, it's leaking blue ~~pink~~ ink everywhere, and you don't know it. –Rich

ing the second great corner of the tour. After driving about 150 miles I check into a lone motel in the desert, about fifty yards from Interstate 5, south of Bakersfield, at 2:20 AM. The car's meter is now reading 7,300 miles since Chicago. Another lo-o-oo-ng day.

D ECEMBER 11, 2003: THE hotel must have been quite high up in the mountains, to judge by the room- and the regular gasoline- prices, \$1.95 a gallon!

An hour dealing with paperwork. A total of 506 people have now registered on our website to be informed of my talks; five hundred points of light, the Internet is a formidable weapon.

As I set out at ten AM to continue this modest odyssey, a blizzard begins, with ice building up rapidly and reducing visibility. As the road then drops 3,000 feet into the valley, the air-temperature rises to about 55°F, and stays there all day. I click on the cruise control and hold it at eighty for the entire trip.

The Interstate drives straight as an arrow for hundreds of miles north-westwards past endless golden-white prairies and then through the great citrus estates – the baby oranges, mandarins, and lemons are already burgeoning on stubby bushes.

At one point a pungent odour filters into the car, and we come upon its source, a vast herd of cattle, at least half a million of them, shoulder to shoulder on ordure-blackened, damp fields, standing morosely around and waiting for something. The stench is indescribable.

Coming up over the mountains into Oakland, I see an extraordinary sight: the naked hilltops are covered with literally hundreds of giant modernistic windmills; some are motionless, others winding majestically in the breeze. I grab pictures.

The city of San Francisco is lost in mists as I come in over the Bay Bridge; far off to the right, about thirty miles away, only one pillar of the Golden Gate bridge is visible.

These highways are all becoming very familiar to me now, and I must find others to explore. Around four PM I pull up by our meeting place in downtown Front Street.

The new manager, a Polish-Italian-American, is ingratiating. We can use the big-screen TV in the rear meeting room; this is a plus, as the video of Leni Riefenstahl's long-lost 1933 oeuvre *Victory of Faith* is certainly enhanced at that scale.

More and more people pack in to hear my talk after dinner. Again extra tables and chairs have to be brought in.

The final check is \$945, the total collected from the diners only



A Radical's Diary

Diary FROM PAGE 13

around eight hundred. Heigh-ho. I fetch the car from the parking garage fifty yards away and become hopelessly lost as I emerge from a different exit than the one I came in by.

It takes twenty minutes to find the restaurant again. Locals whom I ask about Front Street all give me wildly diverging directions.

■ FINALLY I DRIVE OVER TO SACRAMENTO, and it is one-thirty AM before I get there. "Very tired," I write to London. "I am here for two days, thank Goodness."

The Seattle organizer Mat writes:

Please let your supporters know that this event is under different management than the last fiasco. With our ultra-solid back-up location, this event is a guaranteed "go."

He has fixed it at the well-known Pyramid Brewery, with a local museum as the alternate. He reports: "The museum's event coordinator was *totally* dismissive and unconcerned with my warnings that our event may draw controversy."

TWO BLANK CALLS COME IN from a Toronto area code, on the other side of the continent. And there is one "missed call" while I am out, from 973 854 6117. A call-back gets the automatic response, "You have reached a number that has been disconnected or is no longer in service."

It is either the good guys, or the bad guys, probing.

The Idaho newspapers are now making a fuss about my coming. The usual suspects are behind it (years from now, perhaps, they will wail: "Why us?")

After finding a Sacramento post office to mail out belated invitation letters to Seattle and Idaho, I drive over to the new location around four PM.

D is already there, setting up tables and getting in food. But this library location is twelve miles away from Tony Roma's, the original cancelled restaurant, it is pouring with rain, and I know that few people will come in the circumstances.

It is far better to rent a meeting room downtown, which I'll pay for, than a remote one like this.

■ THE EVENING IS AN UNEXPECTED low point, which becomes even lower as I stop to fill the car afterwards in readiness for tomorrow's onward drive to the north. The car door slams, with the key inside. I stand for over



Winds of change Coming up over the mountains into Oakland, I see an extraordinary sight: the naked hilltops are covered with literally hundreds of giant modernistic windmills; some are motionless, others winding majestically in the breeze.

an hour in freezing rain until a Hertz tow-truck comes.

Tomorrow and Sunday I drive 863 miles to Portland, then two hundred more to Seattle on Monday. This to Benté: "Today I get to drive through the giant redwoods! Hooray."

I arrive at Grant's Pass at five PM, getting ticketed by a traffic cop north of Medford for doing eighty-five; I can't complain.

■ AT ONE-TWENTY PM A MEGAN phones to inquire about Seattle. I have no "Megans" on my list; she confesses that she is of the Pyramid Brewery in Seattle, venue for Monday's function, and that somebody has just phoned to inquire if there is a function there on Monday.

It is obvious that all is not well, and I phone Mat to say so. It turns out that a lunatic right-wing Internet forum has yesterday announced the precise location, ostensibly to "help" us.

Ten minutes later, Mat phones me back: the Pyramid has cancelled – local Jewish bodies are threatening to boycott them with all their bar-mitzvahs, weddings, and other functions.

Mat is bullish, as the alternative location will stand firm. Only now do I learn its name, the Nordic Heritage Museum.

Mat insists that it is a venerable local institution, chronicling the history of seafarers in the Pacific North-West's history.

I say that is immaterial – to the media it will sound like a place that David Duke himself has established, just one step short of an Aryan Heritage Museum.

Find a Marriott, I say, I will pay the charge for a meeting room. Grudgingly he concedes the point, and phones two hours later that he has booked one next to the famous Space Needle. I ask him to lay on coffee too (I will pay); if people have driven down from Canada, that is the least we can do.

I SEND THIS MESSAGE TO THE lady organising in Portland for tomorrow:

We have lost every primary location since my Las Vegas function last week. . . Can you

ascertain very tactfully if everything is still okay for Sunday (tomorrow) night?

Somebody chides me: "An airport hotel might have been better than the city centre. Portland has a Jewish mayor and *The Oregonian*, the major paper, is owned by a Jewish family in New York City. . . I'm not surprised at the harassment – just at the extent of it."

I set out north from Grant's Pass at eleven AM, a hard drive in snow and rain. The Portland hotel is elegant, but again it is hard to reach. I report to Benté later: "Drove through blinding snow and a wet blizzard . . . small audience, nice luxury hotel. Off up to Seattle tomorrow, then turn the final corner back to the east and Chicago."



Talk to the hand "I am just about to watch an important program."

■ FROM PORTLAND I SEND THIS message to the British official Trustee, against whom I have started court proceedings:

I am currently eight time zones west of London. I received a few days ago a copy of the Registrar's order, and I am surprised and perplexed that it makes reference to a meeting between us scheduled for December 16, when I am in Idaho, as the Registrar was aware that I return to the UK at the beginning of February.

I have set out with all proper particularity the categories of the possessions whose return I am demanding, in my Application to the Court.

You have made no attempt to respond with proposed categories of your own.

Exceeding the powers vested in you, you and your agents acted as though the court had never handed down the ruling in *Haig vs. Aitken*.

A phone call comes from the restaurant in Colorado, to agree Saturday's lunch menu. A long drive lies ahead before then!

Mark W. sends me a page from a website called Stormfront about my little tour. They intend to post a recording of my LA talk on the Internet. I am furious:

They have blown locations in advance [I respond], and cost me a lot of trouble. I have nothing in common with these people, and want out of whatever they are doing.

■ I ARRIVE AT SEATTLE AT THREE PM. The function has been booked as the "North-Western Scandinavian Architecture Appreciation Society," so there may be no problem. My room looks out directly onto the "Space Needle," Seattle's rather obvious trademark.

The first friends begin to arrive from Canada already at four-thirty PM, including one elderly and incoherent Canadian-German. Staff at The Pyramid, the old location, are telling arrivals there that *we* have cancelled the function; not helpful.

Gradually the room here – prepared optimistically with forty chairs – fills and twice as many chairs have to be brought in.

An incorrigible Polish-American asks if he can take photos; I limit him to three, as he has a proff camera and I know these types – if I don't say No firmly, he will be stepping all round me on the podium throughout my talk, flashing and snapping away and destroying the audience concentration.

Alas, he sits in the front row, and shortly gets up and saunters out; when he returns I suggest he might like to sit in one place, preferably at the rear – which triggers an extraordinary tirade from him, he has just gone out to pee, humans have to pee don't they, you too, Mr Irving, etc., until the audience howls at him to sit down. – The travails of a travelling speaker.

UP AT SEVEN. "I'LL REPORT later today," I write lamely to Bente in London. "Long day yesterday, and I've a 350 mile drive through the

mountains to the next location in Idaho. There seem to be just as many boxes however."

I stop at noon-thirty near some mountain lake to phone her. Jessica answers. It was her birthday a few days ago and I ask her how it feels to be ten. "What do you mean?" "I mean, for example, now you can boss nine-year-olds around. . ."

"Daddy," she exclaims, "I am just about to watch an important programme. I'll get Mummy."

I can hear the start-up music for *Buffy* in the background.

■ AFTER DRIVING ALL DAY I ARRIVE at four at the Mark IV hotel in Moscow, Idaho. The insolent manager informs me he's cancelled our booking as "he hasn't enough kitchen staff."

When I ask to speak with his lawyer, he phones for the police to remove me from the hotel for "disruptive behaviour."

Two scrawny young females with notepads are hanging around outside, local journalists. Will I go ahead elsewhere?

"That's for me to know and you to find out."

The town lives up to its name.

Three of Moscow's ten police patrol cars pursue me down Main Street – at a stately ten miles per hour – and serve a Trespass Notice on me at the hotel's request.

The cops are very friendly, say they have a duty to uphold law and order if there is a protest demo against me: "We're only carrying out our orders, sir."

I say: "Saddam's officers are probably saying the same thing."

"Nice comeback, that," says one, admiringly.

I check in at the University Inn and download messages. I have sent a picture of yesterday's

blizzard on the Interstate to London. An unusually solicitous Benté writes: "Try to drive carefully! Take care." I reply: "You suddenly realised I am the breadwinner, right?"

She responds: "You've got it!" – a dreadful Americanism.

The snow since Portland has made driving very worrisome.

OUR MOSCOW ORGANISER, Alfred H, has seamlessly relocated the function to a local hotel, which I have paid for in advanced some weeks ago as an alternate.

I warn that the traditional enemy is bent on rioting. But it seems they cannot locate this new address (nor however can most of my audience).

Getting tired of all this, I deliver a sharply abridged version of my talk. The handful present includes a university professor (no friend, I am later told), a local newspaperman whom I have allowed in despite my aversion to them, and a plain-clothes police officer with a radiotelephone. It reminds me of Germany, where officers also had to watch on my lectures.

■ TODAY I AM JUST DRIVING south through Idaho. I slip heavily on ice crossing to the reception desk, thumping my back badly, and limp all day.

We have obtained the letter written by hatemonger Jamie McCarthy to the Pyramid Brewery in Seattle to get them to cancel our function [SEE PAGE 11].

This pest has lost them a lost of business while doing us no real harm. I advise him: "Your letter, because it induces them to violate a lawful contractual agreement, commits a tort, an offence. Get legal advice before you do it again."

IN DENVER THERE IS A GANG plotting violence to disrupt my penultimate engagement there. Their ringleader [SEE PAGES 12-13] is Sara Salzman, a local Holocaust specialist; she has bragged to the press that she intends to make my visit to Denver as "nasty" as possible.

Forewarned is forearmed. Thanks to expert friends not a million miles from Ft M – and to Bill Gates' shortcomings in providing proper email security for PC's – we immediately hack a handy "keyhole" into the directives Mrs Salzman issues.

In future she should go Mac, or pay for better firewalls. I expect my keyhole to enable me to identify her moles and lead her entire greasy gang somewhat astray when Saturday comes.

"In cases like these," I advise my Denver organiser, "we find the address of a local gay bar and pack off the suspected enemy moles to wait all day there."

As stage one, I post on my website the full report appearing in this morning's *Moscow Daily News*. To mislead the Salzman gang I temporarily add a fake sentence at the end, reading "Irving speaks at a hotel near Denver airport on Saturday."

I also change the identity of my car in the *Daily News* item.

■ AFTER A MORNING OF PAPERWORK I set out from Idaho, and drive steadily south all day.

Not much wider than a country lane, Highway 95 goes initially over high plateaux and treeless prairies covered with snow. There is rarely more than one other car in sight. Before Lewiston, the road plunges unexpectedly several thousand feet to cross a river and valley, and there are spectacular views of the town as the road swoops

down the mountainside in hair-pin bends.

After two hours I pause at White Bird for coffee with Alfred H, last night's Moscow organiser, and his family. We share a quiet chuckle at the discomfiture awaiting the traditional enemy in Denver. Then straight down to Boise, the state capital, and on to Mountain Home, where I try two motels.

At the first, a sleepy Asian is manning the desk. I turn on my heel, explaining politely, "I no longer stay at Asian-run hotels in this country."

This is not a racist remark; it is merely the sad experience of such hotels' filth and lack of maintenance. In part thanks to special financing provisions, the Asians are taking over the motel industry in the United States; and with some (few) exceptions, they are destroying it with speed.

The man runs out after me declaring, "I'm not an Asian" – but in a strong Pakistani accent.

It is not for nothing that a new hotel sign is burgeoning: AMERICAN OWNED AND RUN, it says.

At the next motel, it is clearly an Asian running it, and the reception area stinks of week-old curry. "Jeez!" I exclaim, and back out. I check into a Sleep Inn at the next exit.

■ AN AWFUL NIGHT. SOMEBODY is playing his television until three or four AM. Weird dreams about car auctions. I am feeling very tired now. Perspiring heavily this morning, although it is below freezing outside.

I set out for Salt Lake at 8:45 AM. A beautiful drive across the rest of the southern Idaho desert. Prairie after prairie – I set the cruise control at eighty for hours at a time, and encounter

Sprint phones don't work here *Driving through Wyoming is like crossing an unpopulated moonscape. Stunning geological features abound. Table-mountains on every horizon, with sheer rock faces showing millions of years of different strata; giant rock formations thrust up out of other strata like thumbs through a pie-crust; there is not a tree in sight, and only a few shrubs dot the bare landscape, which is covered by a wispy, yellowish, grass-like fuzz.*





Diary FROM PAGE 15

virtually no traffic.

Two people phone around 11 AM for details of this evening's location in Salt Lake; one, "Dave," meets my criteria, and I unhesitatingly give him the details.

The other, "Justin", who has an ignorant-sounding voice, with-



Hate wreath "This was indeed a merciful death. Philip Bouhler and friends." Bouhler, Hitler's euthanasia (mercy killing) chief, killed himself in 1945.

Possessions FROM PAGE 1

her by Mr Irving in the High Court in Jan 2000, after she smeared him as a "Holocaust denier." Her US backers (including the American Jewish Congress, Edgar Bronfman, and Steven Spielberg) and Penguin Books Ltd poured \$8 million into the courtroom to pay witnesses and hire a team of conformist historians.

Lipstadt is currently completing a book on the case entitled *My Struggle*.

As her backers were not party to the action, she made no application for her costs at the end of the trial and Mr Justice Gray, who heard the action and Mr Irving's appeal against the costs awarded to Penguin Books Ltd, wisely made plain in his remarks that she would not have been granted them if she had.

AS PART OF THEIR PRETRIAL attempts to destabilise Mr Irving, a strategy of which Lipstadt boasted in talks in the Middle East, staff at the law firm Mishcon de Reya paid for an anonymous hate-wreath to be sent to the September 1999 funeral of his oldest daughter, a cripple, with a card gloating at her death (above).

Her counsel Richard Rampton, QC, justified this hatred cross-examining Mr Irving in the High Court libel action. ■

holds his surname and says vaguely only that his interest in "the trial" had drawn his attention to the function; I tell him to call me again at five and I will decide whether to give him the location. I arrive at Salt Lake unexpectedly early, around two PM.

With difficulty I find the restaurant, Tucci's, an upscale Italian joint, far too open, in a trendy shopping-mall eight miles south of Salt Lake City. I know at once that the evening may run into trouble with the traditional enemy. A poorly cooked lunch arrives; it is indigestible, and I leave most of it.

"Justin" phones again, and I tell him I have decided not to identify the location. (He has failed to meet several criteria.) After he pleads convincingly, I relent and tell him, in strict confidence, where to come, adding that I trust him to tell nobody else – an error as it turns out.

A few friends finally navigate their way to this difficult site. Travis M, the organizer, admits he has not seen it before. I point at once to the drawbacks: poor food, picture windows on three sides of the "private room," a difficult location, etc.

Two men outside start handing out an offensive Nizkor leaflet to incoming customers. One is no doubt the lying "Justin". Half an hour after I begin my talk, the manageress interrupts and says nobody told her we were going to hand out leaflets.

I reply that these two louts are nothing to do with us, and security is called to remove them.

The enemy doesn't like that at all: Fifteen minutes later, the manager is receiving furious phone calls, demanding that our meeting be halted. Professor Ernst R., a noted neurologist of the University of Utah, goes to negotiate, but it is clear that we are going nowhere further.

At 11 PM I set out for Denver, five or six hundred miles to the south-east over the Rocky Mountains. I have to be there by around ten AM on Saturday. I drive all Friday across Wyoming in telephone-silence, as Sprint phones do not work anywhere in Wyoming (or in Colorado either, as it turns out).

The road is almost dead straight for hundreds of miles – I twice cross the Continental Divide at 7,000 feet. I raise the cruise control setting to eighty-five, and rarely have to tap the brakes to slow down.

It is like driving across a totally unpopulated moonscape. Stunning geological features abound: table-mountains on every horizon, with sheer rock faces showing millions of years

of different strata; giant rock formations thrust up out of other strata like thumbs through a pie-crust; there is not a tree in sight, and only a few shrubs dot the bare landscape, which is covered by a wispy, yellowish, grass-like fuzz.

From an isolated highway restaurant in this desert I call London. Jessica is sitting in front of her computer as always. "Slouching," she happily confirms.

I arrive in Denver at nine PM, and blunder around for forty-five minutes looking for a hotel in Aurora, a suburb of the city.

I at once check the "keyhole." Sara Salzman has still not located tomorrow's location – which is right here in Aurora. From Salt Lake, she has received an email confirming that "Justin" was indeed the enemy's mole there. He seems to have illegally taped his two phone conversations with me.

Mrs Salzman and her unsavoury cronies have fallen for the disinformation I planted in the *Moscow Daily News* item.

She has now advised all her gang members that I am to speak at a hotel "near Denver airport" on Saturday, and they expect to learn the precise location shortly "from their mole." They will, they will!

It is not hard to identify him: he is calling himself "Michael Wilde," and he alone receives this from me toward midnight:

Dear all –

Humble apologies for this late notification, but I was travelling through Wyoming from Salt Lake all day and Sprint never told me when I signed up with them that they had no coverage whatsoever in Wyoming. By the time I reached Colorado this evening it was too late to call.

So here is tomorrow Saturday's location by email: please keep it under your hat. Tell no one. We have booked a room at the Denver International Airport Marriott (the actual address, if you're coming by taxi, is 16455 East 40th Circle).

We have asked the hotel to deny any function taking place. The booking is under a less than obvious name, as you will see when you arrive.

I suggest you come between twelve and one, when I shall arrive; we'll have a meal and then I will talk.

Looking forward to seeing y'all there.

I think that strikes the right note, while plugging obvious loopholes in advance.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 2003: At ten AM a glimpse through the "keyhole" reveals Sara Salzman instructing her gang to head out to the airport Marriott at one PM. *Tee-hee*. Our actual location is miles

away in southern Denver, and we're meeting at mid-day.

While she and her herd of thugs stampede out to the beautiful new International Airport and charge frantically around inside the Marriott, we have an excellent lunch and a fine afternoon. Not a sign of the enemy. I leave around five or six PM for the east, as it is already dark.

■ THE TOUR IS NEARLY OVER. I drive for many hours across the darkened plains and prairies of this beautiful country. I feel close to God, and close too to Josephine. The sky is jet black and moonless, but dotted with myriads of stars.

At one stage, about a hundred miles dead ahead to the east, there is a sudden vertical streak through the sky, falling as fast as a streak of lightning, ending with a brilliant, vivid, lime-green mid-air flash about the diameter of the Moon: it must have been a meteorite hitting the atmosphere and burning up.

I check into a Kansas motel and write this message to Benté:

Very brief report. Denver meeting went well, finished five PM, set out at once eastwards, drove four hundred miles, and I am now somewhere in the middle of the Kansas prairies, and about to go to sleep, 1:15 AM local time.

Tomorrow about eight hundred miles to drive to Illinois.

The snow and ice are melting. I send pictures of yesterday's highway to Benté: "Now you see why I like driving in this country. This was Wyoming. Like nowhere else on Earth."

Before leaving, I also report Sara Salzman's latest effusions to Benté, with a message headed: "Who's a clever boy, then!"

Their shouts of "We've got him!" and "Let's get the British bastard!" must seem premature to Salzman's gang this morning.

I now also thank the local Denver organizer and reveal to him my "keyhole" and the last messages it has disclosed – "Just to round off our relish," I add, "Makes me feel a tad guilty (not)."

It is nine PM before I reach Decatur, in Illinois.

My own message box contains a pathetic last bleat from the Salzman gang's mole –

Mr. Irving, why did you lie to me?

You gave an address for the Denver location of your speech and I waited there for two hours, and you never showed up.

Do you think this is funny?

Maybe the Jews are right about you. – Mike Wilde.

I reply at 10:24 PM: "You believe they might be wrong?", and go to bed. ■



david irving says: "Thanks – See you in Cincinnati, Labor Day 2004!"