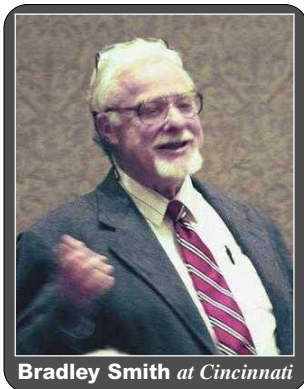


David Irving's

# ACTION REPORT

DISTRIBUTED FOR THE INFORMATION OF CONTRIBUTORS TO THE FUND



Bradley Smith at Cincinnati

**AR ACTION REPORT**  
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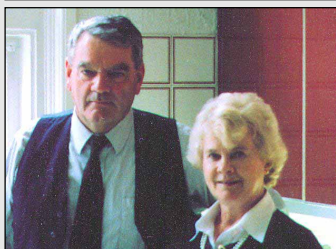
## War in Cyberspace

Assault by Censors on AR website. US Army blocking access

**Editorial** The Internet Gestapos are casting their net wider. A stranger e-mails us: "Unable to access your website by pulling up your name."

He writes: "I used to be able to

**Editorial** PAGE 2



FOR TWENTY YEARS until 1981 **Jutta Padel** (above) worked as David Irving's secretary. She transcribed for him the shorthand diaries of Field-Marshal Rommel, lying undiscovered in U.S. archives; he donated the transcript to the German government. Last month they met again, at his daughter's funeral.

### In this issue:

- Around the world, the enemies of free speech are trying to gag the Internet
- The U.S. Army has placed filters on its computers to stop officers surfing around
- Ignatz Bubis, leader of Germany's troubled Jewish community, in retrospect
- David Irving's preparations for Court Battle . . . and as always, **A Radical's Diary**:-

## Opening Session of Lipstadt Action draws closer

Jerusalem Post: "This trial will dwarf all others. . ."

London – The first hearing before Judge Gray of the action brought by David Irving against U.S. Prof. Deborah Lipstadt is set down for Nov. 4, in the Law Courts in the Strand, scene of many famous libel actions in the past century.

At this pre-trial review the court will set the timetable for the main trial, which is due to open on Jan. 11 – or Y2K plus eleven, as sceptics have gloomily pointed out.

Mr Irving is cautioning friends and supporters against undue optimism. He warns that he is up against a defendant backed by financial resources controlling millions of dollars, who have instructed one of London's most famous law firms, Mishcon de Reya.

There is already mounting concern in her camp that the writer may win on legal technicalities which, they point out, are always possible under the British legal system.

**A note on our new layout.** We have adopted this size and layout for U.S. Postal Service reasons and to facilitate downloads of the Internet Adobe version

"– Technicalities such as being in the right," comments Mr Irving.

The *New York Times*, which first hinted at this outcome in June, has made plans to follow the case closely.

London-based reporter Don Guttenplan is to publish a study of the issues involved in *The Atlantic Monthly* in January. The *Atlanta Jewish Weekly* is also printing a feature this week. *The Jerusalem Post* carried an a nervous article on Sept. 24, predicting ". . . This trial will dwarf all the others, because of its location, its adversaries, and what it portends for the future."

Focal Point Publications will post regular trial updates on their website: go to: [www.focal.org/lipstadt](http://www.focal.org/lipstadt)



BY DAVID IRVING

**A**LL DAY JILL WORKS on distilling the DRESDEN book.

I get it posted onto the Website just before midnight. Free, but that's in the spirit of the Web. I shall do the same with HITLER'S WAR very shortly.

An Acrobat version [.pdf] of NUREMBERG, THE LAST BATTLE. Post follows. Much praise already for DRESDEN posting.

Video of the 1948 newsreel arrives from Hamburg. I ask permission to put the Auschwitz segment on the Website.

Jill has started preparing GOEBBELS for the Website, another free download; the files we are working from are considerably longer than the published text; I edited them down at St Martins' Press's request, particularly the early chapters.

To a sceptic I reply:

**When my books first appeared (1962) there were no such things as computers. I'm going the Acrobat way. If people can't be bothered to get the free Reader download, then I can't be bothered with**

CONTINUED ON PAGE 3

## Opinion

**Editorial** FROM PAGE 1  
get you by typing in your name then your website will come up under "Real History."

Now it no longer appears. Only maligning information on a different website. Are you aware of this?

We should be angry, even alarmed. But we are not. Our enemies, the traditional enemies of free speech, have forgotten one thing: people who sit at computer keyboards are usually cleverer than they are, and can outsmart even the cleverest censors.

**Tip:** If you can't access us via our main website at [fpp.co.uk](http://fpp.co.uk), try our American mirror-site, housed on a computer seven thousand miles away, at [focal.org](http://focal.org); it has a clever page (go to [focal.org/proxy](http://focal.org/proxy)) that can thread a way for you to most any "censored sites." If focal.org is blocked, go to [fpp.co.uk/proxy](http://fpp.co.uk/proxy).

We constantly receive messages from all over the world – that Australia has temporarily blocked access, that German police are frantically intimidating web servers (the Internet "hubs"), that Portuguese servers installed filtering software.

One U.S. visitor using his university computer and trying to reach our FPP website found himself switched *automatically* to the website of the Jewish Defense League (a body classified until recently by the FBI as a terrorist organisation).

U.S. army officers in Bosnia find that their taxpayer-funded computers have been secretly rigged so that anybody trying to read our website gets switched automatically to the hatefilled New York website of the ADL ("Anti-Defamation League").

It seems as though the US Army and more than a few American universities have forgotten what we fought World War II for: The universal right to freedom of speech and opinion. **AR**

**Ignatz Bubis** who died last month was leader of Germany's minuscule community of 60,000 Jews – which now includes a substantial number invited to live there from the Soviet Union.

On Jan. 12 last year he celebrated his seventieth birthday in stately splendour at Schloss Bellevue in Berlin; the next day he celebrated it again in the centre of the real power in Germany, Frankfurt am Main. The lavish functions were attended by everybody who, as Dr Goebbels liked to put it in his diary, had "power and appetite" – the House Speaker, the President, the Chief Justice, the heads of the parties, and leaders of the religious and trades union communities.

He had succeeded Werner Nachmann, a former scrap-metal dealer, who headed the community from 1967 to his suicide in Jan. 1988 – after his death it turned out that

Nachmann had embezzled twenty million marks of taxpayer money to shore up his commercial empire.

Bubis himself heaped calumny on Nachmann in his memoirs, *Damit bin ich noch längst nicht fertig* (1996), admitting that "between 1982 and 1988 Nachmann stole almost twenty million marks of restitution funds for the victims of National Socialism," a crime which, Bubis pointed out, damaged "not only the image of the [Jewish] *Zentralrat* but that of the entire religious community worldwide."

With what glee right-wingers later cited the oleaginous funeral eulogies for Nachmann spoken by the odious President Richard von Weizsäcker and printed by the *Allgemeine Jüdische Wochenzeitung* on Feb. 5, 1988, just before Nachmann's thieving was discovered.

It was all rather reminiscent of the British establishment's oily praise for Robert Maxwell, publishing mogul, who jumped overboard one night rather than face the mu-

sic when his publishing empire began to collapse.

Which brings us back to Herr Bubis: several countries of the world might have found cause to exclude him, on account of his own record.

In Dresden, then one of the major cities of communist East Germany, in 1952 he was one of a 35-strong "gang of racketeers" (*Bande von Spekulationsverbrechern*) indicted for "anti-social, greedy and conscienceless behaviour" which had done serious damage to the community.

By racketeering in huge quantities of communities the accused, said the charge sheet, had lived a life of luxury. Bubis, declared by the court to have been their ringleader, was sentenced to twelve years jail and the confiscation of his property.

Right-wingers later found and published the criminal record. Bubis tried to claim that the sentence was ideological, handed down by a communist regime against an active opponent.

The present German government, which took over the records of east Germany, found no evidence of political opposition by Bubis.

In his own memoirs he described how he had managed a barter-organisation "in behalf of the Soviet military government."

He sold goods obtained from the Russians in exchange for precious metals like gold and silver. "I had a lot to do with the Russians," he wrote. The Russians gave him the Horch limousine of Nazi foreign minister Joachim von Ribbentrop (hanged at Nuremberg) to drive around in.

Fleeing justice in Dresden, Bubis turned up in west Germany and founded a real estate empire in – where else? – Frankfurt.

This made him a multi-millionaire by the 1970s and the target of extreme left- and right-wing opponents.

Bubis managed to prevent the staging of leading playwright Rainer Werner Fassbinder's work *Der Müll, die Stadt und der Tod*, claiming that the play's grotesquely anti-Semitic passages were aimed at him, as no doubt they were. **AR**

## Letters

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

**You are indeed a brilliant historian.** I'm presently doing a Master's in Law and so I have a special interest in the trial at Nuremberg. I have also noticed that you have a case in front of the British courts right now.

When a man of your stature speaks people listen. Are you absolutely sure that there were no gas chambers? I find it incredible that you can't come to Canada. I look forward to reading more of your books. Best of luck in your legal adventures!

Michael Wocjik

➔ Yes, it is incredible that I have been banned from Canada since 1992. You'll find the file on that at <http://www.fpp.co.uk/Canada/CanadaIndex.html> on my website. I cannot comment on the gas chamber story, of course, until the Lipstadt Trial is over.

Revisionism has extracted many concessions: The "Jewish" soap has gone; the four million killed at Auschwitz have become one million (and will reduce still more); Dachau no longer has any gas chambers, etc. I take it you are at Carleton University? Have you downloaded my free copy of my NUREMBERG, THE LAST BATTLE yet? It is at <http://www.fpp.co.uk/books/Nuremberg>

Of course you don't get the forty pages of colour pictures of the trial ...  
David Irving

**DAVID IRVING** and ACTION REPORT, his irregular newsletter, ask all who have contributed to his global fight for Truth in History not to forget those like Günter Deckert who are in German prisons for the cause. Deckert will be 60 on Jan. 9, 2000.



**Radical's Diary** FROM PAGE 1

them. Book sales won't suffer (a) they're mostly out of print; (b) students will prefer to read and quote from (my) online books, as they can copy and paste. In my view anyway.

I phone the Institute for Historical Review (IHR) about a mail-out; they can mail out 12,500 leaflets about Cincinnati.

Drive out to Heathrow at five to collect Benté and Jessica on their return from Denmark; I take a home movie of their arrival. It would be nice to visit her parents, but – we know that Denmark sometimes acts as though the Wehrmacht is still in occupation. Benté does not spot me, Jessica does. Both looking very beautiful indeed.

Today there are 30 emails. One from a lady in Indiana offering 2400 self supporting acres in Southern Ind [Indiana] to be offered to white power groups and individuals esp vets who make up over half of the homeless. YehAmerica, where the draft dodger sleeps in the White House and the vets sleep in the streets.

She gives her address, but she sounds very much like an *agente provocateuse* to me. Why me, O Lord?

□ A DR DAVID MEIER ASKS:

Did you do the translation of Reinhard Gehlen's memoirs into English? Did you have contact with him at the time?

I reply:

I did. His memoirs published in German were a heap, purchased blind (unseen) by Peter Ritner of World Publishing Co. Ritner later exited from the company, taking an unusual and rather direct route from their 100th floor of the Empire State Building to the ground.

I like to think that Gehlen's memoirs, as worked over by me, had nothing to do with that primitive attempt at flight. When Ritner saw the useless book he had spent \$200K on, he hired me to put meat on its bones; I interviewed Gehlen ten or twenty times on tape, and fleshed out

the MS with chapter and verse. In the process I reviewed all the clippings files on him and discovered the rather odd fact that chapters of his book were almost identical with articles in Dr Gerhard Frey's newspaper *Deutsche Soldatenzeitung*: either Gehlen had lifted (pirated) them, or he was the original author for Frey, writing under a *nom de plume*.

Gehlen then chopped out a lot of what I put in, on security grounds. I put all the interview notes into my papers (the *Sammlung Irving*) at the Institut für Zeitgeschichte, which I can no longer reach (banned from German soil since 1993).

**A**N ABUSIVE EMAIL COMES from Professor Arthur Butz, of North-western

University, objecting that I described John Bennett of Australia in my last **Action Report** as an "Aussie meathead," because he called me in the wee hours.

I could have commented of course that as a tenured professor Butz has a rather cushioned existence, with no doubt a pension at the end of it all. Instead I reply:

Had John Bennett not repeatedly committed this infraction, he would not have earned the title.

A meathead in my book is somebody who will not learn.

Perhaps that includes us all, but I at least try not to phone people around the world in the wee small hours of the morning. I have a short enough night as it is, without being phoned on the hour and half hour by my many thoughtless friends around the globe. . .

I work until 3 a.m. putting in a rolling-link Javascript on the front page of **AR-Online**.

□ CHARLES PROVAN PHONES, delighted to speak at Cincinnati on the 1945 Dachau massacre. Things are shaping up well; I just hope we now get the numbers.

Alois S. congratulates us on the free Adobe book uploads.

Dear Mr Irving, I would like to present my congratulations for the excellent quality of your .pdf files. The use of embedded fonts and clean ty-

pography makes the result really impressive! I don't know what impact these files will have on your book sales but it is surely a kick in the a\*\* for the enemies of Real History and free speech.

I reply and explain:

Many thanks for your kind remarks. After I noticed that the FBI Website and other important Websites (among them, the Smithsonian) used .pdf files, I investigated and realised that you can produce very clean files in that format for free downloading.

One of my staff is currently preparing GOEBBELS in .pdf. *Trotz Verbot, nicht tot!*

We attach importance to clean typography and the hyperlinks.

You will notice that we use a generous leading (space between the lines) which would be impossibly extravagant in a printed (paper) book; this is to discourage Far East pirates from printing the .pdf files as books.

I think that over the years it will help to spread my books. It is my modest contribution to the world we live in.

Students will be able eventually to read all my 30 books in .pdf files (and very few books by my rivals are available in this manner).

Your letter of encouragement suggests to me that I am doing the right thing . . .

An abusive and obscene e-mail from "nazi-hunter" [sic] threatening to wreck the Cincinnati function. It reads:

The infamous nazi-wannabe piece of sh\*t "historian" has organized a "Real History" conference in Cincinnati September 24-26. This scumbag \*\*\* nazi pederast deserves a proper reception.

Accordingly, we are in the process of ascertaining the exact location, timetables, and schedules, of these proceedings. These will be published, together with the phone numbers of the hotel and organizers. We will also detail what our further actions will be.

I take it to be the work of Peter

Stahl (alias Gregory Douglas). Islamic radio in Iran phones asking me for an interview. I refuse, and hang up. Mark W. has given them my number.

**W**ITH BENTÉ TO GROSVENOR Square. Jessica has her pink bicycle, on which she now pedals crazily around the flower beds. She has learned suddenly to balance, "got the hang of it." She zooms madly up and down the paved surface, past Benté who sits facing me, smiling proudly. She whooshes past with no feet on the pedals, then no hands. My heart too bursts with pride and joy about this little girl (and about Benté too).

Set out with Jessica as driver's mate to Dartford with a load of books for America at three p.m. but traffic is heavy and we won't make it by 4:30 so I turn back.

Larry M. e-mails a picture of his five year old Sarah, who died last year. I reply:

Thank you so much for your kind letter and for the picture of Sarah, which came through bright and strong and which I am printing tomorrow for Jessica, who is always with us. When I go out with Jessica, as I did today, I am always mortally terrified that something may snatch her away.

□ This worrying message comes:

I have received several reports about a possible confrontation with ARA in Cincinnati in connection with your "Real History" weekend on Sept. 24. People have written me that the ARA is gearing up to getting ugly, and some have expressed concern that, if you are caught unawares, bad headlines for the cause of truth in history might result.

The ARA is, in fact, a creation of Jewish interests.

We know this via an ARA dropout. ARA has replaced the JDL [Jewish Defense League] which gave the Jewish community a bad name because of the name, "Jewish."

They are a Marxist anarchist street gang for hire, to be used by more-or-less remote control – just like B'nai





### Radical's Diary FROM PAGE 3

Brith did it in their campaign in Toronto, where BB supplied legal advice, signs and press contact as well as organizational support in their campaign against Ernst for several years.

Cincinnati is ARA Central Command Office. Money and directives come from a Jewish law firm who acts as a conduit in Cincinnati. ARA had their national (possibly even international) get-together there - marches, speeches etc. in 1996-97. They had demonstrations there where several of them were arrested. They are one ugly bunch.

The Cincinnati Police Intelligence Unit seems to have penetrated this outfit at their last gathering, and the cops there did a superb job in boxing in or containing the illegal activities of ARA hotheads to a minimum.

Up at 8:30 or so. I go out with Jessica to Grosvenor Square, and she pedals madly around the perimeter for fifteen minutes.

AROUND LUNCHTIME OR just after I finally open the first of the thick blue binders of expert reports served up by Professor Lipstadt. This one contains reports by Professors Roger Eatwell, Funke, and Levin.

I know none of them, and having read into the reports suspect my life has not been deprived of much. I spend the whole day until around midnight reading the first binder, 500 pages or so of double-spaced typescript.

I am alarmed that my private diaries for 40 years, some 60 volumes, have been allowed into the

hands of experts overseas, over whom the British courts have no jurisdiction, and at the end of the day I write a letter to Mishcon de Reya [Lipstadt's lawyers] asking if these experts have been warned about the implied undertakings [of secrecy].

I also note that Mishcon have provided Professor Levin with Mr Jonathan Mozzochi's two affidavits, although both were ordered *struck out* by Master Trench as defective. This seems a clear wrongdoing to me, and they earn a sharp letter of rebuke and a request that they remove those passages, failing which I shall ask the Court to order them to.

Irritating is that they have cherry-picked the references to Mr Duke visiting me (with his nubile girlfriend Christy).

The sentences which make plain that Mr Duke came to me as a budding author, that I then made suggestions about editing his literary work and advised him to find a mainline publisher, and passed his name to my literary agent for that purpose, are overlooked.

As edited by Professor Levin, my diaries reveal me as the kind of person whom I for one would certainly not have liked to associate with!

❑ I SPEND UNTIL 2 A.M. READING the first six months of my 1995 diary, and this restores my self-esteem: many historic episodes, large and small, like Jessica's first steps; the grudging admission by the Auschwitz authorities to *L'Express* in January that the gas chamber shown to tourists is a fake (*L'Express*: »Tout y est faux«) - another great revisionist victory; and the shocking phone call in Feb. 1995, with word that poor, overweight old Tom Norman, Wheezy Tom who had spent two weeks with us in Key West at the end of 1994 and was setting up our mail-order bookstore in N. Carolina,

had been found slain, shot execution-style in the back of the head while he slept, etc.

Two of the Professors have pounced on my nonsense-poems hummed to Baby Jessica ("I've got a pretty dressica / But now it's in a messica!"). Those will rebound on them if they use them in court: Wait and see!

One of the Professors comments on the content of the Website, and its high "traditional enemies" profile (which they wrongly equate with Jewish). What do they expect? The Website was launched soon after the writs were served, with the aim of providing funds and Intelligence for the two big court actions (which are shortly to be joined by a third).

If they object to some of the (newspaper) items I have posted, they should see those that I have rejected!

PHONE JOHN FOX TO DISCUSS revelations of Himmeler diary, Dec. 1, 1941.

Professor Toby Graham writes regretting that he has had a stroke and cannot speak (on Churchill) at Cincinnati after all. I invite Count Tolstoy.

Dinner at a restaurant. Kevin H. is there, which disturbs my plan to read more of Professor Longerich's epic statement. It is pure guff so far: I return home, my brain deadened with professorial waffle, my ears ringing with clichés. Not much to fear from his testimony.

❑ UP AT SEVEN A.M., UNABLE TO sleep; Viking Ltd. deliver new office bookshelves, mahogany finish, they look good. At last we can restore order after two years of chaos (Discovery).

Mishcon have refused to remove the offending passages from Levin's statement, based on the two "forbidden" Mozzochi affidavits. I phone my legal friends, and they agree: Issue a summons.

To High Court at midday to do

so. Only now it is called an Application, and the fee has increased by eighty percent.

RUMOURS HAVE BEGUN circulating in Germany that I am dead. Gerd Sudholt phoned in alarm two or three days ago. He hasn't phoned me for years, and pirated my HITLER'S WAR with Dr Fleissner's help, so he may have hoped it was true.

I reassure him. Today a letter comes from a retired Lieutenant: Same thing, and "Please tell me that it's not true."

I reply, "Reports of my decease are premature and exaggerated. Who invents them! I presume, the traditional enemies of the truth."

It's a familiar method of intimidation by proxy. I do not fear being bumped off either - yet: "they" will wait until after the two High Court trials, or at least the first one.

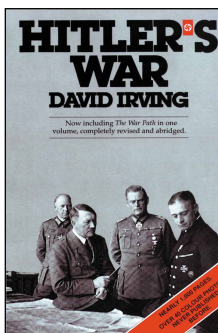
Reinhard T. e-mails me from California about the History Channel's television documentary on the fake Hitler Diaries. "You were never mentioned while I watched. They may have given you some recognition at the beginning of the show but I doubt it. It consisted of a bunch of people claiming that they suspected them to be frauds. It looks like you are destined for the memory hole."

To which I reply: "Indeed. I am told that if you see the newsreel coverage of the *Stern* press conference, Apr. 1983, you can see me as the person denouncing the diaries are fake. But no name is given! For the real story (in case you did not see it) go to my Website: <http://www.fpp.co.uk/bookchapters/Torpedo/RunIndex.html>."

❑ TOLSTOY HEDGES HIS BETS about Cincinnati; has another date, otherwise he will come.

I reply:

**I should have mentioned**



It's back! David Irving's standard Hitler biography *Hitler's War*, updated and better printed than ever, will be in the bookstores in December. Available in the UK at £29.95, and in the USA for \$50.00. Mail Order from us (see back page for address) or by e-mail from [info@fpp.co.uk](mailto:info@fpp.co.uk).

that the 200 people attending include most of my heavy-weight backers. They would undoubtedly be proud to assist you in your cause, after a well delivered address on the subject of your battles.

I have of course read the Ian Mitchell book as well as your own, and wrote letters to *The Times* and *The Telegraph* commenting on the scandalous perversion of justice that has occurred. My own action against Lipstadt starts on Jan. 11, no judge yet assigned (hope it's not Judge Davies).

FOR MY UPDATING OF HITLER'S WAR I have over recent days been dipping into GOEBBELS. I am immodest enough to say that I find myself unable to put it down. I think it is the finest I have written so far. Eight years in the gestation: eight days in the suppression! Thank you, Mr Abraham H Foxman and other well-wishers of free speech.

Drove around all afternoon with Jessica to builder's merchants, then to Sainsbury's. Very pleasant, in the sunshine, listening to her girlish chatter.

Quiet day. I am still reading Longerich. He claims to have worked in forty-four archives, but there is little trace of it in the report; his reference notes are to published volumes – as though he sat in a library all his life, plucking volumes off the shelves and reading what was thus placed before him by other Peter-Longerichs in past decades.

In other words, he has not added one iota to the sum total of human knowledge. Needless to say, no reference to the large David Irving Collections in any of the German archives.

□ *The Times* reports BORMANN ASHES ARE BURIED IN THE BALTIC. I put the story on the Website with this footnote:

Martin Bormann was one of Hitler's most industrious henchmen, in a milieu where the hardworking triumphed over the indolent and malcontent. Hovering in the background, or seated inconspicuously at meals, Bormann had his notepad always ready to take down his Führer's remarks, convert them to com-

mands and order them executed.

Hitler mentioned one day that he had no shade to stand in as the thousands trooped past his summer home at the Berghof to see their Führer.

Next day, he found a full grown lime tree standing there for him: brought in Bormann. He became indispensable. His private hatred of the Catholic church and of the Jews became the mainspring in the campaigns which were to prove the eventual downfall of the Nazis.

The body of Bormann was eventually dug up after brilliant sleuth work by my friend Jochen von Lang, *Stern* journalist [born Piechocki, *Vertreter der SS beim RMfVdP*, who boasted that it was his voice on Berlin radio that announced the death of Hitler], in the 1970s. Buried next to it was found a second male corpse with a wedding ring – the date engraved inside identified it as the corpse of Hitler's SS doctor Ludwig von Stumpfegger, as I confirmed with Stumpfegger's brother, then living at Ingolstadt.

The two men had broken out of Hitler's bunker on May 1; trapped by Russian troops beneath the Lehrter railroad bridge, and dazed by a tank shell detonating just yards away, they swallowed their cyanide pills as Hitler had ordered all his staff to do.

Dental evidence on Bormann at first seemed conflicting, until the doctors realised they were looking at the jaw the wrong way up.

In his expensive leather greatcoat, which was stripped off the body by a Russian soldier, was found a pocket diary, which my Moscow friend Lev Bezymenski later published.

These pages provided important evidence that the *Hitler's Last Testament* talks published by Trevor Roper in the 1960s were fake.

But that is another story.

A couple of hours sitting in Grosvenor Square in the sunshine reading the Longerich reports, marking them up, and watching Jessica pedalling around



Martin Bormann: From *Hitler's War* (photo Frenzt)

on her pink bike and making friends with other families.

I write to one of my experts:

Yes, as you may recall in my abrasive (and as yet unanswered) letter to Van Pelt I asked him why he never bothered to make the drive down the road from Waterloo, Ontario, to Washington DC to have a look at all the verbatim Höss testimonies on microfilm there – something which I, a non-Holocaust scholar, did out of sheer curiosity.

This trial certainly offers a chance to bring all the Höss materials out into the open, including Eichmann's comments on the Höss memoirs, which I am sure I can borrow in the original from their owner for the occasion.

I have nearly finished reading Longerich's report. He... bleats toward the end that even now (after sixty years!) we have no real evidence as to how it all happened.

Perhaps in that case Germany should stop locking up scholars who "look askance" (*schief schauen*, to quote the famous Jul. 16, 1941 memorandum), then! The evidence he quotes for the shootings in the east is watertight, and I do not dispute that. None of us does, right?

His star source is [SS General] von dem Bach-Zelewski. Now, what happened to Mr Bach-Z after the war, then? Did he survive? Uh, you say he died in his bed, at a ripe old age? You say he was relied upon by the Americans, and the IMT, and by Mr Longerich and countless others, this Nazi war criminal and mass murderer who gave orders for the liquidations of tens of thousands?

What kind of deal did he cut with the Allies then, this worthless piece of uniformed crap?

The evidence that Longerich produces for "It was done on Hitler's orders" is all from German court verdicts of the 1960s and 1970s.

Really safe, given a country where the Minister of Justice humiliates, publicly excoriates, and dismisses judges who get the wrong results, or sends them on "sick leave"; where a defence lawyer is beaten to a pulp with baseball bats in the court precincts, or lawyers are arrested and fined for defending their clients, un-

der those same laws of defaming the memory of the dead, etc.; and where defendants are not allowed to produce witnesses and documents.

I think the traditional enemies of the truth are going to regret the day they commissioned Deborah Lipstadt to libel me.

IN THE EVENING I FIND A fax from Count Tolstoy: his Russian speaking tour has fallen through, and yes he will speak at Cincinnati. That's fabulous.

Replying to a good message from my experts I write:

The Pelt statement is voluminous, ca. 500 pp., and illustrated with good facsimile documents. I am waiting for the lawyers to send me a diskette of it, to which I am entitled under the Rules.

Harald Turner document: My instinct is, it is probably genuine. It was first thrown at me by Gitta Sereny in 1977. I noticed the typed-in [SS] runes, but considered it was a one-off attempt by Turner. It must have taken a hell of a long time, and did he do that with every letter? One wonders if there are any other Turner letters to compare it with. The paper is an odd size, US letter size, which is in fact very odd. That I have NEVER seen in archives before.

Oddly enough, I bumped into Turner's daughter in Torremolinos in about 1970. She was pretty bitter about her father having been hanged. I have her address somewhere (Marburg I think).

I must read up my diary on that talk with her some time. I was not interested in the Holocaust then (in fact it was not even called that then) and am not now.

The extraordinary thing about the BP decodes is that they support the revisionist line the whole way.

Just one instance: I was excoriated for printing the Nov. 30, 1941 Himmler phone call to Heydrich from Hitler's bunker, ordering *keine Liquidierung* [no liquidation] of a Berlin transport of Jews. But they had already been shot that morning on arrival outside Riga. Now we find (a) a furious Himmler, hearing of this shooting, signals [SS General] Jeckeln twice on Dec. 1, 1941, telling him he has over-



### Radical's Diary FROM PAGE 4

stepped the *Richtlinien* [guidelines], and ordering him to report to Führer headquarters at once to explain himself! (The intercepts of the two signals are in PRO file HW16/32).

Tail between his legs, Jeckeln turns up at HQ on Dec. 4, 1941 as ordered (Himmler diary, just published), and the shootings of German Jews stop for many months (now where was all the hype about THAT in the press! Nowhere.)

JESSICA SCAMPERING around. I work until 3:30 a.m. on a seven-hour job, scanning the *Völkischer Beobachter*, Jan. 31, 1939 edition (it's been hanging on my office wall these last twenty years), correcting tones, etc.

If the argument by Professors Levin, Evans and the others is that by having met and talked with D., V., E., and others I have become tainted, and that I am in the words of Professor Lipstadt also an extremist thereby, I shudder to think of the damage I have done, scattering my vicious extremist pollen around the world in talks with thousands of innocent liberals like the philosopher Karl Jaspers, with whom I spent an afternoon together with the no less liberal playwright Rolf Hochhuth (my *Dutzfreund* since Jan. 1965); people like Hugh Trevor-Roper, CIA chief Bill Casey, etc., etc.

In fact like some AIDS-infected flight-attendant I must have cut an unwitting swathe of extremism through the entire liberal world since 1959 when I first came out – as alleged by the Board of Deputies of British Jews and its Gestapo-like army of sneaks and “monitors” – as a mild fascist.

□ An exchange of messages during the forenoon with Tolstoy. I write:

I am telling individual audience members this:

“I'm delighted to say I have persuaded Count Nicolai Tolstoy to address the Real History function this year on “A British War Crime: Censorship and the Historian.”

He is the author of two great books on the 1945 British repatriation of Russians and Yugoslav civilians to their deaths at the hands of the Reds, with the secret connivance of Harold Macmillan and British army generals. The story of the massacres was hushed up, and one of the generals, who is now Lord Aldington, sued Tolstoy for libel.

It was one of the most famous British libel actions of all time. The government concealed the archival records proving that he was right until the day the trial ended – when the missing files mysteriously returned to the Public Record Office...”

Count Tolstoy confirms:

This is quite correct, except that Douglas Hurd kept the material secret until threatened with exposure nearly a year later by Thames TV. The original cover-up was ordered by Geoffrey Howe, who had been appointed a Director of Sun Alliance by Aldington as Chairman!

Then disaster strikes. Count Tolstoy tells me Russia has just contacted him to go ahead, and he is withdrawing from Cincinnati.

□ JESSICA SHOWS ME A FLOPPY disc she has labelled with a *101-Dalmatians* label she has printed; she has dragged a number of her files onto the disc. Then she prints out a fax to J. [another of our secretaries] and sends it. It reads, “When I grow up I am going to look for lots of cats.” Not bad for a five year old.

The History Channel announces the DRESDEN film, but adds the, now obligatory, slur and shinkick:

**WORLD PREMIERE! Inferno: The True Story Of Dresden (Sept. 19): On the night of Feb. 13, 1945, Allied planes began Operation Thunderclap, a 24-hour bombing raid over the German industrial city of Dresden in the hope of delivering a knockout blow to break Germany's spirit.**

The bombing of Dresden

caused a drastic loss of life and provoked worldwide horror and controversy. What were the wartime circumstances that caused the Allies to believe such a brutal attack on civilians was warranted? Experts from both sides, including controversial neo-Nazi David Irving, reflect on the motives of the attack.



Jessica: back at school

I protest to the film production company Termite Art at once:

I am shocked to see that the History Channel in advertising the DRESDEN film refers to me as a neo-Nazi. I find this poor return for the unpaid work that I put in on assisting your staff on this project. . .

I am sure that your people who know me have not attached this label to the program, and that the guilty party is somebody else who has an agenda of his own.

□ UP AT 4:16 A.M., CAN'T SLEEP, worrying about Benté, the Lipstadt case opening speech, etc. I go online, check the position of my other Websites and USA-mirrors, ready to start using them next week.

I finish my reading of the reports by Longerich and Browning. They are good, but full of shocking lacunæ.

A Mr May offers a manuscript:

I am writing a book about the use of wiretaps by the U.S. Army to control members of Congress, who opposed the Vietnam War, and other scandals related to that conflict.

None of our members of congress seem to be interested in considering an investigation of this outrageous subversion of our constitution.

I reply: “I would certainly be interested in hearing more . . .”

Benté has been up for most of the afternoon and evening, and sat outside with us at lunchtime for a while.

I work until 1:30 a.m. listing my archive boxes of 9,000 *Judenfrage* documents for the Sereyny case; nearly complete box No. 1 (of three). A useful exercise in many ways.

Now that was research, spread over nearly thirty years. What Longerich and the other “scholars” have done is sat in a library and read other people's books.

Up at eight a.m. Jessica is already up, says Mummy is sick again today; it doesn't seem to worry the little mite one-hundredth as much as it worries me.

A STRANGER EMAILS ME: “I used to be able to get you by typing in your name then your Website will come up under “Real History.” Now it no longer appears. Only maligning information on a different Website. Are you aware of this?”

I answer:

No I am not aware of this, and it seriously disturbs me. What kind of maligning information then comes up, and which is the Website to which you find yourself directed?

It may be that you are using a university or college computer with filtering software surreptitiously installed by the college authorities, which has been provided by a company called SurfWatch or CyberPatrol, which is designed to act in precisely the Orwellian way you have described.

If you'll give me the facts I'll do what I can to follow it up. I am grateful to you for alerting me to this latest outrage against free speech, perpetrated evidently by its traditional enemies.

Today's London *Sunday Telegraph* includes an interview with Professor Anthony Clare by one Anna Picard (since a new series of Clare's radio pro-

gramme 'In the Psychiatrist's Chair' began this morning). Toward the end of the interview, she writes these words of undisguised hatred:

...With the notable exception of Paul Johnson, whom he disliked profoundly but refused to go on record as to why, Clare feels a fondness for his subjects - even if that is rarely reciprocated. "I read things and sometimes I'm thinking, 'I don't much like this person', but you cannot talk intimately to someone without getting a clearer understanding of why they are the sort of person you think they are."

Even the Holocaust revisionist "historian" David Irving?

"You got a feel of how little David Irving became big David Irving. It was less of a mystery. That's all you can ask."

But to be around such misery on a daily basis, and then to compound the stress with interviewing Nazi sympathisers?

Clare's face became a soft, sorrowful blank.

"That's the mystery of the human condition. On the one hand we need to believe there are monsters. On the other hand you meet the monster and he or she is a human being. That's the problem. If they were monsters it would be easy, I tell you! In my work you meet monsters, but they don't look like monsters and whole chunks of their lives aren't monsterish. They start the same way as you or I." ...

Now Professor Clare, as he likes to be called, is well known to me. He is the BBC's "Frasier". In 1982 I was one of the first six personalities whom he invited to sit in his eponymous Chair to be grilled as though by a psychiatrist (which is indeed his profession); the terms being, "no holds barred" - one was not allowed to duck any questions.

I was puzzled when I saw Clare's hit-list - the six names included the playwright Arnold Wesker; George Brown, one of my favourite ministers, later ennobled as Lord George-brown, who stumbled out of office having (a) drunk a bit, (b) upset certain people; the failing actress Glenda Jackson, now a notorious left-wing

member of Tony Blair's government, and some others equally well known. In fact I was the only person I had never heard of, so to speak.

In the interview I revealed candidly my views and my aspirations for the future, as I then projected them (never dreaming of the magnitude of the International Global Conspiracy that was even then girding to do battle with me).

I also spoke so bluntly and, alas, cynically about the female of the species that friends and enemies told me for years afterwards that they use to play the tape at cocktail parties, which I took as a compliment.

Clare however turned out to be an unreconstructed sh-one-t, as my Hitler-respecting friend Alan Clark's delightful wife Jane would have put it.

During the interview, he asked cruel questions about my daughter Josephine - one of the real heroines of my family, permanently debilitated for the last twenty years and now half paralysed, legless and totally disabled.

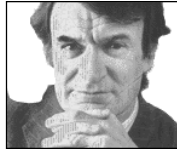
The BBC was decent enough to omit these painful moments.

When Clare asked permission to reproduce the six programmes in a money-spinning book in 1984, I granted it on condition that out of respect for my family's privacy he again omit all reference to them.

Not only did he leave them in, but he included also passages omitted from the original broadcast and, in an Introduction, this "scholar" added the nudge-nudge, carefully-crafted-because-of-the libel-laws wink-wink words:

"Finally, there is the issue of Irving's family history of mental illness."

There is no such family history, and under pressure from my lawyers - Peter Carter-Ruck, no less - his publishers apologised, excised the odious sentence from all future editions, and paid legal costs. So Mr



Clare: Frasier

Clare has lost no love over the name Irving since then. I am a "monster"; or not, whichever way one chooses to interpret his weasel words.

AND WHAT CAN WE SAY about *The Sunday Telegraph*, whose Features section publishes this disgraceful item today?

I remember when the newspaper was founded in 1963; its editor was Mr Donald McLachlan, a wise and gentle man, a naval officer who became a close friend and mentor.

His newspaper serialised my first book, *THE DESTRUCTION OF DRESDEN*. Then it serialised my second, *THE MARE'S NEST*, about the Nazi V-weapons. Then it serialised my third, *THE VIRUS HOUSE*, about the Nazi atomic bomb project - still the standard work on that subject.

When he drove off a Scottish mountain road his death was a stunning blow to me.

The editor of *The Daily Telegraph* at that time was one Maurice Green. He assured me once in a public controversy (over a play by Hochhuth) that he treated all parties in the affair with equal dispassion; a week later however *The Private Eye* obtained and published an internal *Telegraph* memorandum, which ruled that "the David Irving in the Hochhuth controversy" was on no account to be referred to as "the historian".

It was an act of pettiness that I am glad to say has long since been reversed and atoned for by the great newspaper.

*The Sunday Telegraph's* NEW editorial staff now has a penchant for works about the Holocaust - a word which, I might add, did not exist in 1963.

When challenged as to why they had not reviewed my latest work, after her predecessors had accorded glowing reviews to my thirty books, their literary editor, Miriam Gross, stated that they would NOT be reviewing any of my works.

My staff member who spoke with Gross noted at the time that she was a haughty c-zero-w.

OPEN UP THE NEW WEBSITE *focal.org*, incorporate some neat new Javascripts. Fall into bed exhausted at four a.m., and up again at 8:50 a.m., as S. is working today.

In the afternoon I hear her spelling out her name over the phone to Mishcon de Reya's staff - complaining that we have still not been supplied with the Pelt diskette - and I admonish her never, ever, to reveal her identity to such people, as they will be vindictive enough to destroy her career in the Law later on.

Jessica has yesterday extorted from me a promise to take her to Hamley's, which promise she cashes-in today; however she buys a (Barbie) camera, £14.99, using her own money - a large collection of bronze coins she has been hoarding.

Afterwards we sit in Grosvenor Square; I read more of the Pelt monograph while Jessica takes photographs of flowers, leaves and, reluctantly, of me.

M. SPENDS AN HOUR GOING through my 1991 and 1992 diaries; he finds I describe him as moist-knickered, and his mother as "a daft old bat," and roars with laughter. The 1992 diary is full of glimpses of the first months with Benté.

D., one of my legal friends, has never written a diary, and does not understand why people do: but I do - for a lone writer, it is an act of penance, of self-discipline.

It is like the escapement of life's daily mechanism: *tick, tock*.

Each page of the diary once written brings closure to that day and preparation for the next.

He begins to understand my proposed High Court tactics ... On [...], he thinks Professor Levin will find he has been ambushed by it. True.

Benté is up most of the day, preparing Jessica for tomorrow's first day back at school.



### Radical's Diary FROM PAGE 7

Around five p.m. M. phones – the radio has announced the death on Sunday of Alan Clark from a brain tumour: already buried in a private funeral. Even as I was writing about him.

I work until two a.m. Benté asks me to take Jessica to school; smart in her uniform of grey jacket and dress. Bursting with pride, I take two pictures of her on the school steps.

The newspapers are full of Alan's death at 71: four whole pages in the *Telegraph* alone. They make rather a lot of the old rogue's sometimes mediocre books – *Barbarossa* was a bit of a pot-boiler, but his was a character which certainly illuminated the whole of the London political scene.

**A**T TEN A.M. MY SISTER phones, sounding subdued, with word that Josephine has gone, yesterday. I am calm at first, but shaken and very, very sad. God has gathered my oldest daughter up into His arms: why did He have her suffer so long first? Twenty years of nightmares, of agony, of hatreds from uncomprehending bystanders, of pain and emptiness.

I phone her sisters, even reaching Beatrice in Brisbane, Australia. I say, "God has finally taken her."

When University College Hospital phones, matter of fact and bright, I interrupt: I do not want details.

For me, Josephine is the little girl on my lap, the girl pointing at the flowers, the girl in the sea.

I say I will be in touch with them about the arrangements; they say, not with us – with the Coroner.

I phone *The Daily Telegraph* to put an announcement in tomorrow's paper:

IRVING. On Tuesday, Sept. 7, God suddenly and mercifully gathered into His arms our eldest daughter Josephine Victoria Irving, the beloved mother of Anthony, after enduring a long and indomitably borne illness.

Thirty-six years ago I put the announcement of her birth in the same newspaper. What pride! A year or two ago, doing Discovery for the Lipstadt action, I came across the newspaper's bill for that bit of boasting, and sent it to her as a memento.

I am stricken all day, grief repeatedly welling over inside me.



I shut down the Website, leaving only a memorial to Josephine on the screen.

□ I COLLECT JESSICA FROM school at 3:35 p.m. Happiness bubbles out of her. We drive to the bank, then to Sainsbury's, then to the Mars shop to buy a Disney comic.

I say, "Were the school teachers impressed with your reading?" "They said they were very impressed with my *writing*," and proudly shows the badge they have smudged onto the back of her left hand.

My daughters are flying in. Their mother says in a flat, quiet voice, "Our children are not supposed to die before us." During the night large numbers of messages of condolences come in. I read some at 3:20 a.m.

I must take Jessica to school. Do so at 8:35 a.m. after a frantic hunt for the rental-car's key (Jessica has hidden it down a sofa, as she pleads to go to school on her little pink bike.)

My twin brother phones, having read the announcement. I chuckle at the thought of somebody who reads the Death Announcements in the *Telegraph* each day and looks immediately for his own name. He has not got a phone.

At Farm Street Church, I talk with Father O'Halloran. The church agree to hold the requiem mass on Tuesday.

Still no certainty as to where

poor Josephine will be buried. I am still swept by fits of grief during the day.

Afterwards, drained by it all, I have a coffee alone outside the Spaghetti House. The car-alarm of a vehicle parked next to us starts to yelp, and keeps wailing at three minute intervals for half an hour. A selfish flaw which seems unique to English cars and their owners.

Three strangers cross the road, and I recognise them belatedly as daughters Pilar (first time home in two or three years, back from Madrid), her cousin Miguel, and Paloma.

We talk over funeral arrangements. The tailor shop manager gets into a car, sees me sitting there, cranks her window open, screams, "Sieg Heil," several times and gives the Hitler salute. In Germany, she would be arrested for that. Where are the (German) police when you need them!

**M**ORE CONDOLENCES come in off the Web, many from strangers. Does that enhance their worth, or render them worthless? I check in the evening, around 200 visitors to each of the funeral pages, including one identified as "rel14.religion.emory.edu" – an American university e-mail system. Now, who is professor of religion at the Emory University, Atlanta? Surely a coincidence.

Perhaps Professor Lipstadt hopes that Josephine's death has momentarily incapacitated me: I would like to say that she is wrong – but I cannot. It has devastated me, and reduced me to a tenth of what I was. After the funeral, however, I shall return to the battle against the traditional enemies of the truth with redoubled vigour.

Mr F. of the undertakers [morticians] comes; the business has been in the family for three hundred years; they handled the "arrangements" for Admiral Nelson.

In a quiet businesslike way we go through the details.

A hundred more messages of

condolence have come. But one e-mail reads:

**This is not a hoax or some kind of scam to extract sympathy and money?**

The enemy mentality.

□ I UPLOAD TO A QUIET CORNER of my Website the 1948 newsreel [of the Krakow Auschwitz trial], and notify my consultants:

**I have confidentially placed on my US Website two versions of the 1 minute 20 second January 1948 German newsreel report of the Auschwitz trial in Krakow – the newsreel clearly states that "nearly 300,000 died" at Auschwitz.**

A long letter comes from E., on his own feelings of guilt when his mother was taken away, as he was just twelve. I reply:

**I was very touched by your long letter about your mother, and recognised your grief and your guilt for not waving back to your departing mother. We all have such moments of deep guilt, in retrospect.**

**Josephine will finally leave us on Tuesday morning. I have laboured for two days now to make the service something memorable. It is in one of London's most fashionable and beautiful Catholic churches.**

**I am a novice at all this, and hope to remain so. But I am dreading the day, I have to confess.**

I sit outside a restaurant in Duke Street for more five hours in the evening reading the Robert Jan Van Pelt report. The bearded owner of the Italian Suit Shop assaults me physically, hurling obscenities and spitting at me.

I see that in his expert report, Pelt has accused me of posting the Kurt Aumeier report on the Website only after I knew that [law firm] Mishcon de Reya had discovered it earlier in 1999. To which is to be remarked: (a) I did not even know until reading those lines that they had seen it. (b) I explicitly drew his attention to it in my letter of May 1997 to which he never replied; several others have since drawn his attention to that letter in e-mails, to which he also never replied (I also sent him an

email, also with no result).  
 (c) I published that letter in full in Action Report; and on my Website in 1998 (d) I have made no secret whatever of the Aumeier report, on the contrary, I immediately shared it with historians, including my notional opponents, drawing it in writing to the attention of Dr Gerald Fleming. *Ein klarer Fall*.

Read more Pelt during the evening, about three hours. It is heavy going.

**H**ALF AWAKE MOST OF the night, worrying and sorrowing. Up at 7:22 a.m. This email to Ion Trewin, managing director of Weidenfeld's:

Dear Ion, - It would be a pity if Alan [Clark]'s diaries did not end up in print, as he no doubt intended. (I knew him quite well, and he sometimes dropped by here: with catastrophic results in 1992). If you really can't find anybody to decipher the handwriting, I have gained some expertise over the years in reading other people's difficult diaries for publication (Goebbels, Rommel, Göring, Milch, Dr Morell - and Hitler!), not a few of them published by your own illustrious firm; and the page I have seen reproduced did not appear too difficult. . . . Goebbels's was the hardest, I admit. We're just releasing that book tomorrow as a free download (in Adobe Acrobat .pdf format) on the Internet, by the way: my gift to academia.

Mishcon's send another fax: still playing tactical games.

□ I HAVE THE GRAVEST TREPIDATIONS about tomorrow's service.

I spend two hours reading my 1969 handwritten diary for clues to Josephine's character: Her rivalry with her sisters; her red-faced temper if I annoyed her. Paloma's early lisp; Beattie's halting first words. Josephine's fine art, the teach-

ers' praise. I teach her to draw trees better, to put more detail in her houses. She remembers seeing two men walking on the Moon, not three. - Also some items of interest for the litigation.

I shall have to repeat this harrowing, bittersweet reading exercise on all my other diaries. Bed around one a.m. A difficult day before me, a really horrendous one ahead.

□ JOSEPHINE'S FUNERAL. UP AT seven; I work on mail and prepare for the midday reception here. A sad day begins with Jessica appearing, telling me, "Mummy is very, very, very sick. She told me to say."

It is dark and overcast outside, and pouring with rain, the first time in weeks: I heard the rains start during the night.

At 10:20 a.m. I am already late and drive round to Farm Street Church. The hearse is waiting outside, with Josephine in her final box. Four pallbearers shoulder the



**Irvings** The largest gathering for years. Above: Wing Cdr John Irving with younger brother David

coffin, while I wait outside in the rain; I alone follow the coffin in, slowly pacing down the aisle, and take my seat.

It is all so hard to bear. I find that if I look up at the stained glass windows, I can avoid choking. The choir sings beautifully from their loft, from Fauré's *Requiem*; and the organist plays majestically.

I read from the Old Testament, the Rev. Mike Mellor - Josephine's local vicar - from the Gospel.

It is the largest foregathering of Irvings for thirty years or so. Toward the end of the service, I deliver an Address, speaking

in these terms:

This is the hour that every father must dread. The moment when he must dispatch his own daughter on her last journey.

We are aided in this awful moment by the upbringing that we all have as Christians, by the knowledge that for Josephine this is the moment of victory over death.

Josephine has lived half of her life in the sunshine, and half in the shade.

I remember so well the moment on Apr. 1, 1963, when the telephone finally rang with the news of her birth. I had called several times before, but for two days there was no news. Now the phone rang, and the doctor's quiet voice said, I remember the words so clearly, "It appears that you have had a little girl."

We discussed, Pilar and I, what to call her. We had made no plans. Until that moment we had had no idea what the baby would be - in those days you were not told.

We chose two names - Josephine, and then Victoria: Victoria, because April 1, the day she was born, is La Dia de la Victoria in Spain.

I shall have to answer for that choice in the High Court next year, as my opponents in the litigation [Professor Brian Levin] have deemed it particularly offensive that I should call a daughter Victoria for that reason.

Over the years that followed, I watched as she grew up - and I wrote.

For over thirty years I have kept a very detailed private diary - rather like my good friend Alan Clark, though rather different in content. And last night at home I decided to spend a few hours alone, reading one year's diary, the diary I wrote precisely thirty years ago in 1969, when Josephine was nearly six. It is a diary full of happiness, as she turns out to be a very talented child indeed.

She and her three sisters all went to the French Lycée; I proudly record the praise of her teachers - she jumps a year at the Lycée, she is so gifted - her accomplishments in art, and reading and writing. She gets her first bicycle, and rides it without the side wheels.

ONCE, I record, she asks me in puzzlement how there can be life after death. What does it mean? At first I am nonplus-

sed by the question, but I answer: "Josephine, when we die, we are remembered by our friends and by our family. And then by their friends and family, and that is one way in which we live on after death."

In her last year at the Lycée, while at the examinations, the disaster befell her, and she began the illness which overshadowed the rest of her life. She was a bright girl, and she knew what had happened, and sometimes she asked me, "Daddy, why does it have to be me?" I replied, "It is the Lord's will."

It was not much of an answer, but our Christian faith helps us in such ordeals.

It was the Lord's will. I thanked the Lord then, and in later years, that He had placed Josephine, with this appalling illness, in our family, where she would be cared for, and not in some other family inspired by less Christian values. We cherished her, but allowed her her own life, at her own distance, while constantly keeping a watchful eye and a caring hand over her.

In about 1982 she made the acquaintance of the famous concert pianist John Ogdon. John had won the Tchaikovsky Prize of the Moscow Conservatoire - joint first with Vladimir Ashkenazy. The same debilitating illness had befallen him. In an odd way, his crouching, bent stature looked rather like Josephine's. He would invite us round to his Chelsea home, and he played Wagner sonatas to her all afternoon on his Steinway grand piano.

He consoled Josephine that many people afflicted with this illness are very great and accomplished indeed, and we only had to search for the Van Gogh in her too.

Josephine was unique, and we shall sorely miss her. But her going is cause for Christians to rejoice. As the Dutch poet wrote, whom I shall here only paraphrase: Each of us is an individual. We sail the oceans of life alone, a little white sail on a vast and sparkling sea. And the time inevitably comes when the sail begins to sink. For a brief instant, many eyes are fastened upon that sail, as the waves close around, and then over its tip, and there is a gentle murmur of "There she goes." And so we say of Josephine, "There she goes."



### Radical's Diary FROM PAGE 9

**But at the same moment that murmur is engulfed in a mighty cheer, a roar from unseen multitudes in Paradise: "HERE SHE COMES!"**

❑ I REPEAT, "HERE SHE COMES!" and lay my hand on the coffin at the side of which I have spoken. As the choir's voice rises, singing *In Paradisum*, my throat now closed, my eyes stinging, I walk back to my pew. The little congregation stands, the pallbearers lift Josephine to their shoulders, I turn sideways, she passes by. I fall in behind. In the driving rain outside I stand in the street, watching as they fill the hearse with so many flowers that they cover the roof as well. I kiss the coffin, the door closes, and the cortège drives off out of sight. There she goes.

It has been a hard day, and it is not even half over. I write the diary. Life's escapement has clicked another notch.

**T**HE LAST GUESTS LEAVE around two p.m., and I drive Jessica, at her insistence, back to school. She has done well, and cheered us all out of our darker thoughts.

At four a girl from the undertaker's telephones: A late wreath has come, what shall they do with it? I say, "Send it round here." A courier delivers it at five: a costly funeral sheaf of white lilies and white roses, certainly larger than any that our family could afford.

It is not from a well-wisher. The card reads, "THIS WAS INDEED A MERCIFUL DEATH. PHILIP BOUHLER AND FRIENDS." Reichsleiter Bouhler ran the T-4 operation from the *Führerkanzlei* – the euthanasia ministry, Hitler's "mercy killings" of the crippled and in-

sane. He died by his own hand in 1945, escaping the gallows.

I have become inured to the greasy hatreds of the traditional enemy; but common sense, or foreboding, replaces anger. This may be the start of something even uglier. I photograph the wreath and card of "condolences". S. establishes that the flowers were bought at The Bloomsbury Florist; the buyer was White and well-dressed, and gave his number as [...], Grays Inn Road (the law office district); or in Farringdon Road, where the Lefties hang out. It is a fake.

❑ ALL MORNING SEARCHING FOR missing papers for this afternoon's Court hearing. Then to the High Court. Mishcon's now reveal, when asked, that the Pelt report is on a Macintosh disc, which they can't read. Seems like we get one lie after another from them.

Two p.m. At first Deputy Master Chism, the judge, is inclined to agree that Master Trench should hear our application on the Mozzochi affidavits, but Mishcon's produce a few pages of the transcript of the hearing, and say that Judge Gray could surely consider this matter too on the basis of the transcript; the judge inquires whether I have been shown these pages, at which I interject firmly: "No I have not, and Counsel is aware that if she makes an *ex parte* application on notice like this she has an obligation to provide me in advance with any documents she intends to introduce in proof."

In other words, more sharp practice by Mishcon's. *Quoi de neuf*.

To the Bloomsbury Florists. They are apologetic. The man said he broke his wrist, so could not write the order himself; he paid cash and asked them *not* to phone the undertakers to ascertain the time of funeral.

**H**EADACHE BEGINS BANGING away inside me in the evening.

Bloomsbury Florists phone, and

deliver flowers to make amends.

Half an hour later there is a reporter from the *Daily Mail*, Kate Ginn. She asks my comments on the item in today's *Evening Standard*: the newspaper reports the opening of the Coroner's inquest. I tell her of the hate-wreath.

However she has come with her own agenda – and an eye-popping décolleté, in case I do not let her in. Then a photographer turns up. All highly predictable. The *Mail* prints nothing, which is a relief.

❑ DON GUTTENPLAN OF THE *New York Times* comes at 2:30 p.m. Jessica bounces in several times during the four-hour interview. She brings in "contracts" for me to sign, involving promises to buy an item she has seen on TV. I am going to scrap that box.

After he has gone I complete the upload of GOEBBELS, with a note that it is in memory of Josephine. Now people all over the world can read it, for free. I am receiving scores of messages of sympathy: I wish she could see them.

Somebody inquires about the dedication to "Michael" in the GOEBBELS book. I reply:

**Michael was the 14 year old son of an American friend S., who lived in Johannesburg and moved in 1992 to George, on the Indian Ocean – A house backed by mountains. They lost Michael within two weeks of their arrival. He was a fine boy, and this was my way of saying thankyou to the S.'s for their kindness.**

I take Jessica to school for the last time for several weeks, quite sad. She chats gaily

about the "contract" she has with me, which involves me buying her an Animal Hospital for her birthday which is, she reminds me, Dec. 5.

I say yes, I remember very clearly the day she was born in 1993: When she appeared, I say, I asked her her name and she replied: "My name is Jethica."

"I don't lithp," she squeaks.

**B**ENTÉ SMILES FAINTLY once or twice at Jessica's antics. I sit for fifteen minutes with her before it is time to leave for the airport. She looks in repose, and quite beautiful again. It reminds me of how she looked in the hospital when Jessica was born.

The Delta plane to Atlanta, Georgia, takes off around 1:30 p.m.; a very grungy McDonnell Douglas plane, with fat Black stewardesses. All because I have had to factor Los Angeles into this trip.

As the plane soars into the clouds, I have a sudden sense of being nearer to Josephine; and all the way over the Atlantic, a nine hour flight, I keep having half-forgotten images of the thirty-six years I knew her.

She is in the afterlife. She is with the angels. How unimaginable is the pain of losing a daughter, indescribable the emptiness, until you have been through it yourself.

❑ ONLINE FOR OVER AN HOUR at Atlanta; I set out at 7:30 a.m.; breakfast at Chattanooga, midday lunch at Knoxville, Tennessee. I drive all day to Louisville. I buy a stack of new



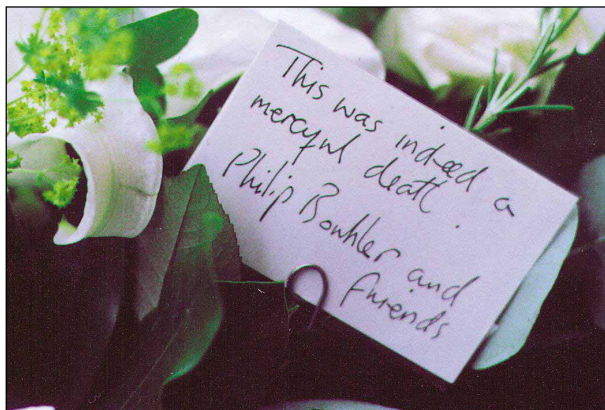
shirts for \$5 and \$7 each, and dark trousers. Function at the St John's Academy.

□ CINCINNATI, ARRIVE AT MID-day. At three p.m., the guests start registering in a steady stream. Twenty or thirty come from Canada, and Maureen W. from Australia: a real Down-Under type, and I invite her to dine tonight at the "Captain's table," so to speak. To date the tollfree phone has not rung once as a result of the IHR mailout. It has obviously not yet been delivered. Three thousand wasted dollars.

I open Real History, USA, with a rousing speech at 6:30 p.m. — already running half an hour late, as everybody has enjoyed the opening social gathering so much. Bradley Smith follows with his warm-up; speaking in the warm, gentle voice of the Prairie Home Companion radio personality from Minnesota, and with the same kind of dry, easy-natured wit, he brings the audience into the right spirit, although some are scratching their heads a bit over his deeper relevance and inclusion.

My feeling is that the audience does not want a heavyweight lecture right off, first evening; Smith is perfect, pure candy floss (though we could have done with more about his Campus Project).

I pluck two or three salient points from his talk: his reference to his epiphany, on reading a 2,000-word article by Robert Faurisson in *Le Monde*, has reminded me of Miklos Vasarhelyi telling me in 1979 that it was reading *Animal Farm* that converted him from



**The Wreath** The oldest of David Irving's five daughters battled her illness for twenty years; in 1999 she was half-paralyzed, a legless cripple. Reichsleiter Philip Bouhler headed the Nazi programme for killing the disabled. He died in 1945.

a prison-seasoned Communist minister to brave, risk-everything anti-Communist revolutionary in the 1956 Budapest Uprising.

I mention the effect of reading the Leuchter affidavit on my own views, in 1988. And since Smith has made much of two pig stories, I bring the house down with Lady Grover and her pig-with-a-wooden-leg. After dinner, Peter de Margaritis speaks on Rommel and the Sixth of June 1944. A surprisingly adept speaker who holds the audience despite the late hour; he proves his mettle under questions from the audience. He turns out to have been a good choice.

As I leave the function room around 11 p.m. I glimpse the sallow-faced, rather pansyish K. huddled over a payphone speaking to somebody. I send Catherine Weeks over to "phone" from next to him, but he stops in mid-sentence as she appears and hangs up. I suspect he is passing word of the location to somebody. Or

perhaps simply reporting in.

**T**ODAY IS THE MAIN CONFERENCE day; once again we begin and end late.

The auditorium is soon packed, not a spare chair to be had. Joseph Bellinger talks about the suicide of Heinrich Himmler; couldn't have happened to a nicer guy, but the whole thing does stink. As I point out in summing up, the notion that Himmler could have concealed the capsule in his mouth, a 1.5 inch long glass ampoule, for two hours while answering questions under British interrogation is ludicrous. It seems that SS General Prützmann and Gauleiter Paul Giesler died in the same manner.

It all looks very like a hit squad was operating against top SS officers; most of them no doubt richly deserved the death penalty, but it is a pity if Churchill gave orders for these hits; like a small-time hoodlum, he had them "whacked."

Then comes the treat, from 11:30 to 1 p.m. John Sack lectures

on the theme: "Revenge and Redemption" (the lecture he was invited to give at the US Holocaust Memorial Museum in Washington; the invitation was withdrawn). In 1945 tens of thousands of German prisoners were beaten, tortured, and killed in concentration camps established in the new Polish territories. Sack has revealed this in his brilliant book, *An Eye for an Eye*.

Particularly enjoyable, the role of Lola the concentration camp commandant — how she agreed to cooperate, then refused, then threatened, then denied (but Sack found the papers appointing her as commandant of Gleiwitz camp).

He has done fine research, and speaks brilliantly, one of the best speakers for a long time. After lunch we show the History Channel's documentary *Inferno in Dresden*: It is well made, very moving, and with good chunks of my interviews, as well as of Air Commodore Probert. Afterwards I talk briefly about the writing of the book *THE DESTRUCTION OF DRESDEN*, on which the film is largely based

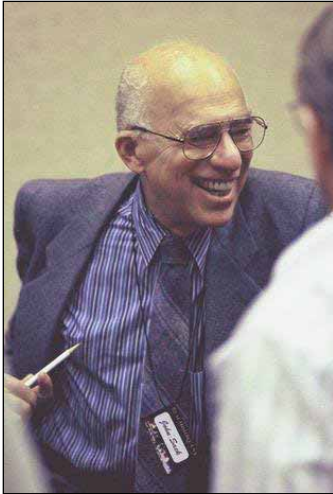
Brian Renk lectures then on his *bête noire*, Professor Christopher Browning, and *The State of the Evidence for the "Final Solution"*. He draws on his knowledge of Browning's present position, and even L. says he is appalled at Browning's deceptions, as revealed.

The formal dinner is held in the ballroom. I deliver my after-dinner speech on *The Perils of Public Speaking*; followed by Doug Collins, who speaks as a Veteran of the wars of Dunkirk and the Canadian Human Rights Commission.

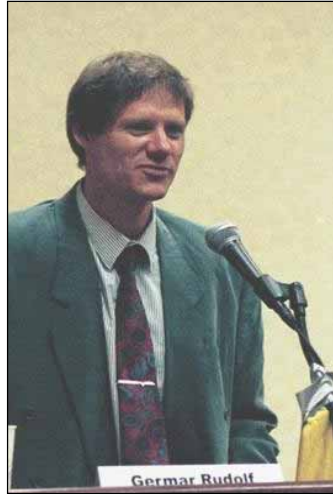
His speech goes down well. The whole day is a brilliant balance of speakers, and nobody leaves early.

□ INSTEAD OF STARTING AT TEN next morning it is closer to eleven a.m. when Russ Granata begins his *Activity Report* from Carlo Mattogno, based on the 20,000 documents they





**Real History, USA** John Sack, fearless author of *Eye for an Eye*, meets delegates. Right: Gernar Rudolf, scientist



**Focal Point Publications** is now accepting registrations for the Cincinnati 2000 weekend (Sept. 30 – Oct. 2). The function includes an extra day and a daylong riverboat cruise. Registrations accepted before Dec. 31, 1999 will qualify for a 25% discount on the registration fee of \$300, which includes the grand dinner (couples: normal rate \$250 per person, three or more \$200). Address at top of page, or 81 Duke St, London W1M 5DJ; or info@fpp.co.uk.

## Focal Point: History in the Making

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### Radical's Diary FROM PAGE 11

have retrieved as copies from the Moscow secret state archives on Auschwitz and the other Nazi camps at Majdanek, Struthof, and from the Prague archives too.

Gernar Rudolf delivers a scholarly and scientific address, illustrated by slides, which I have entitled Ordeal by Ire: How arriving at a *politically incorrect* chemical conclusion can just about ruin one's career in modern Germany.

It is two-thirty when he finishes, and I call a lunch break until three-thirty. Charles Provan finds a nearly full room for his talk, Massacre at Dachau, the inside story of the US Army's worst W.W.II scandal. His figures are lower than I believe the evidence would support (Colonel Buchner's own book talks of 540 killed, while the official inquiry talks of only seventeen here, four there.)

At four-thirty it is all over. Great congratulations all round; a hugely successful function, cheers when I mention that next year we'll include a riverboat cruise.

Farewells around 6 p.m. A fleet of stretch limousines, paid for out of my own pocket, carries my guests away to the airport and train station.

At seven we all go out to dinner in Cincinnati; I invite John Sack and a couple of others tag along; we go to the Mecklenburg Inn, but the food is atrocious. The "sauerkraut" tastes like nothing on earth, the mettwurst is bland and unpalatable, and they have added broccoli and other vegetables. The surly and hostile waitress adds a compulsory eighteen percent tip, snarling that we are part of a party of more than five (others, paying separately, have joined at the other end of the table!)

Catherine Weeks has done immensely well, blossomed into an efficient ground manager for these events. I see well for the future (but I catch her smoking, which shocks me).

I arrive at Cleveland 4:30 p.m. Big function in the evening. I report to Benté in London:

**I am currently in Cleveland. I leave for North Carolina, a two day drive, tomorrow. Very successful function this evening here. . . . I have begun dictating the opening speech.**

ONE OF OUR GUESTS HAS published an Internet newsletter with a very full account of the Cincinnati function.

This compromises next year's security and much else. I admonish him: "You will have surely noticed at the foot of the programme the note stating that no members of the media were being invited or allowed to attend, and that any delegate seen giving interviews to the press would be thrown out. . . ? Was that not plain enough language?"

The Internet is an odd animal. In response to a bleat from that journalist, which is offensive and rude, I reply:

**If we do not allow the media to be present, it is because we do not want ANYBODY to re-**

**port what goes on behind those closed doors. Common sense also should have dictated that I do not want opposing lawyers to have my tactics spelt out to them in writing. You will no doubt have read how worried they were, as per the *Jerusalem Post* article. . .**

I arrive back in Key West having added 2,700 miles to the tacho of the rental car in nine days since Atlanta.

An "arrival" message goes to London:

**Arrived here last night at eight p.m. with a beautiful sunset seizing the western sky as I crossed the Seven Mile Bridge.**

**It lasted half an hour, getting more and more vivid. I could see the people in other cars that passed me (!) absolutely transfixed by it.**

**I have thought of poor Josephine a lot, far too much, during the last nine days of driving across America.**

**There is now a violent thunderstorm raging and drenching downpour, Quoi de neuf (it is of course the weekend).**

Decks thus cleared for work.

I have today resumed work on the final updating of HITLER'S WAR.