The mob lunged towards me, screeching and grabbing, and I knew that if I fell, I would never get up. I’ve stopped expecting mercy from anyone whose motto is ‘Be kind’ but the event last week was terrifying. I was sure in that moment, on the New Zealand leg of my ‘Let Women Speak’ tour, that the trans activists who surrounded me would trample me to death if they could. They gather in menacing groups to intimidate us and hurt us if they can, just to prevent us speaking a simple truth: that women don’t have penises, men don’t have vaginas, there is no such thing as non-binary and transitioning children is abuse.

We started these talks at Speakers’ Corner in Hyde Park, London and have now taken them around the UK and across the USA. The format of the event is a gathering with a microphone and amplification, livestreamed to my ‘Kellie-Jay Keen’ YouTube channel. Women can finally say what they want, protected by the group. It’s a genuine free speech event. Sydney, Brisbane and Perth events saw a few hundred women in total attend and speak about the impact transgender ideology is having upon their lives. They were afraid and yet defiant – they’ve had enough. There were tears and a triumphant resolve to bring our society back to a place where the truth has more value than virtue-signalling.
The turn towards violence came in Melbourne at our largest gathering. The police had done a pretty fine job of protecting women with buffer zones between us and the rabid trans activists. But this gathering included competing groups of woman-hating losers: trans incels to the left of me and Nazis to the right, and here we were stuck in the middle and blamed by the media and politicians for the Nazi salute that occurred. I’ve been asked following that incident whether I have sympathies with the far right, but seriously, who does? It’s a vile ideology and frankly anyone convinced by it in 2023 is pathetic. John Pesutto, the leader of the Liberals in Victoria, repeated dangerous lies about me and suspended Moira Deeming MP from his party for her association with me.

The Tasmanian event was pretty horrifying. The women who spoke were visibly terrified and an angry mob drowned out their voices with hysterical screams and cult-like mantras. Following the event, I was called ‘a Terd’ – a play on ‘Terf’ – in the Tasmanian parliament. This storm gathered pace and in New Zealand it was magnified a hundredfold. There was a case brought to the high court to try to stop me entering the country and their media started a constant spew of lies, insisting I was a dangerous anti-trans Nazi. At the border I had a two-hour interrogation and search, one hotel cancelled my reservation, and in another a threatening note was slid under my door while I slept. I had been told I would be protected by the police. That couldn’t have been further from the truth.

The big event, the one that has been in the news, was in Auckland, and the minute I arrived I felt rising fear. As the car pulled up I could see the thousands gathered to oppose me. My security gathered around me and we pushed through the hateful mob to the centre, where the local organisers and attendees were who had come to speak. Where were the police? Not one officer was in that crowd; not one officer was there to protect the brave women who turned up. Within seconds a man had tipped tomato soup all over my head. I continued to live-stream. But over the next few minutes the mob took on a life of its own. A frenzy grew until it was a deafening swell, a modern-day ‘Burn the witch’. Men started ripping down the barriers and charging forward. ‘The police aren’t coming,’ said my head of security. ‘We have to get you out.’ This meant placing me in the centre of my security and some stewardesses, women who had volunteered to help, pushed through the baying mob. As we moved, we stumbled. I knew that a body on a floor is fair game and ripe for stomping and kicking. When we eventually got to the outer edge of the park, the police did step in and helped get me to a car. They took me to the nearest police station where I was guarded for six hours before I had an escort of three officers to the airport. They didn’t leave until my plane took off.

That day I was told emphatically by each police officer and security that had I fallen I would have been killed. Women were injured that day, women who you may never hear about. You will never know their names. They didn’t get to hop on a plane and leave; they have to stay and live in a country that has told them their lives are not worth protecting.