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Subject: M`I,5`Persec ution ` Be rnard L evin e xpresses his v iews

Posted by [eimvefiv](#) on Tue, 01 Jan 2008 12:56:44 GMT

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The article of which part is reproduced below was. penned by Bernard Levin for the Features section of the Times on 21 September 1991. To my mind,. it described the situation at the time and in particular a recent. meeting with a friend, during which. I for the first time admitted to someone other than my GP that I had been. subjected to a conspiracy of harassment over the previous year. and a half.

> There is a. madman running loose about London, called David Campbell; I have  
> no reason to believe. that he is violent, but he should certainly be  
> approached with caution. You may. know him by the curious glitter in his  
> eyes and a persistent trembling of. his hands; if that does not suffice, you  
> will find him attempting to thrust no fewer. than 48 books into your arms,  
> all hardbacks, with a promise that, if you. should return to the same  
> meeting-place next year, he will heave another. 80 at you.

>  
> If, by now, the police have arrived and are keeping a close watch on. him,  
> you may feel sufficiently. emboldened to examine the books. The jackets are  
> a model of uncluttered typography, elegantly and simply laid. out; there is  
> an. unobtrusive colophon of a rising sun, probably not picked at random.  
> Gaining confidence - the lunatic is. smiling by now, and the policemen, who  
> know. about such things, have significantly removed their helmets - you  
> could do. worse than take the jacket off the first book in the pile. The  
> only word possible to describe. the binding is sumptuous; real cloth in a  
> glorious shade. of dark green, with the title and author in black and gold  
> on. the spine.

>  
> Look. at it more closely; your eyes do not deceive you - it truly does have  
> real top-bands and tail-bands, in yellow,. and, for good measure, a silk  
> marker ribbon in a. lighter green. The paper is cream-wove and acid-free,  
> and the book. is sewn, not glued.

>  
> Throughout the encounter, I should have. mentioned, our loony has been  
> chattering away, although what he. is trying to say is almost impossible to  
> understand; after a time,. however, he becomes sufficiently coherent to make  
> clear that he is trying to sell the books. to you. Well, now, such quality  
> in bookmaking today can only be for collectors' limited editions. at a  
> fearsome price - #30, #40,. #50?

>  
> No, no, he says, the glitter more powerful. than ever and the trembling of  
> his hands rapidly. spreading throughout his entire body; no, no - the books  
> are priced variously at. #7, #8 or #9, with the top price #12.

>  
> At this, the policemen understandably. put their helmets back on; one of  
> them draws his truncheon and the. other can be heard summoning

> reinforcements on his walkie-talkie.. The madman bursts into tears, and  
> swears it is all. true.  
>  
> And. it is.  
>  
> David Campbell has acquired the. entire rights to the whole of the  
> Everyman's Library,. which died a lingering and shameful death a decade or  
> so ago, and he. proposes to start it all over again - 48 volumes this  
> September and 80 more next. year, in editions I have described, at the  
> prices specified. He proposes to launch. his amazing venture simultaneously  
> in Britain and the. United States, with the massive firepower of Random  
> Century at his back in this country, and. the dashing cavalry of Knopf  
> across the water, and no. one who loves literature and courage will forbear  
> to. cheer.

At the time this article was written I had. believed for some time that  
columnists in the Times and other journalists had been making references. to  
my situation. Nothing unusual about this. you may think, plenty of people  
have the same sort of ideas. and obviously the papers aren't writing about  
them, so why should my beliefs not be as. false as those of others?

What makes this. article so extraordinary is that three or four days  
immediately preceding its publication, I had a. meeting with a friend,  
during the course of which we discussed the media. persecution, and in  
particular that by Times columnists. It seemed to me,. reading the article

sentences, when he writes, "The madman bursts into tears, and. swears it is  
all true. And it is." Although I. did not "burst into tears" (he seems to be  
using a bit of poetic licence and exaggerating) I did try hard. to convince  
my friend. that it was all true; and I am able to concur with Mr Levin,  
because, of. course, it is.

At the beginning of the piece Levin reveals a. fear of being attacked by the  
"irrational" subject of his story, saying "I have. no reason to believe that  
he is violent, but he should certainly be approached with caution".. This  
goes back to the. xenophobic propaganda of "defence" against a "threat"  
which was seen. at the very beginning of the harassment. The impression of a  
"madman running loose". who needs to be controlled through an agency which  
assigns to itself. the mantle of the "police" is also one which had been  
expressed. elsewhere.

as having "died a lingering and shameful death a decade or. so ago" shows  
clearly what sort of conclusion. they wish to their campaign. They want a  
permanent solution,. and as they are prevented from achieving that solution  
directly, they waste significant resources. on methods which have been  
repeatedly shown to be. ineffective for such a purpose.

