

David Davis

A Hive by Landru



Deserted Island in the middle of Pacific

24 June 2013

Dear Mr Davis,

I understand that you are a very busy man, but I would still like to tell you my story. I do hope you will find time to read it. I am not looking for sympathy. I just want someone to know the truth.

In 2004 I became very upset after a relationship break-down and thought about taking my own life. I don't usually feel this way but I was very disappointed about how my life had turned out. I was working as a Support worker and teacher of sign-language in Oxford. I was also very fed up about getting old (I was nearly fifty) and I was suffering from long periods of migraine. I just felt as if my life had been a failure.

As I consequence of this I sought help from someone on-line and was able to persuade them to send me an old fire-arm. When it arrived it was in pieces and I was too afraid to touch it. I had never had anything to do with such things before. It was actually a museum

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piece and was welded in parts, so it was not actually able to work. I just stored it away in pieces under the floorboards. I didn't really know what to do with it.

In 2005 I began living on and off with a local Health Visitor. I found her a bit difficult to be with sometimes but I persevered and thought my feelings might one day grow. I didn't tell her how I had been feeling. She was very loving towards me but I just couldn't respond in the way she wanted. She had two small children who I treated with the utmost care and devotion at all times.

Our relationship came to an end because of my inability to be comfortable with her physically. Our relationship was never quarrelsome or abusive, although I did discover she had been seeing other men from the internet when I couldn't give her the intimacy she deserved.

I continued to go back to the house even when our relationship was over. Sometimes she would order me away and then the next minute she would ask me if I would be staying the whole week. She knew that something was wrong, but I just couldn't tell her what it was because I didn't want to disillusion or disappoint her.

Near the end of our relationship when she had started drinking a lot I admitted one offence of non-sexual 'exposure' when a shop assistant who had been serving me on the High Street looked into the changing area and saw that I was partly unclothed. The incident lasted approximately 2-3 seconds. She simply handed over the trousers, turned and walked away. I was arrested two weeks after the incident and dragged in handcuffs through the crowded shopping mall to the Central Police Station and held for over ten hours while the person I was supposed to be looking after wondered where I was.

I was never able to explain what had happened to my former partner, who comes from a very good family, although I do know that the police went round to her home, where I still had some of my property, to tell her I was a sex-offender. She finished with me by text on the same day.

As a consequence of admitting the offence of 'exposure' I was given a three hundred pound fine, ordered to attend a sex offender's treatment programme every week for two years (at great personal

cost and difficulty-it was about fourteen miles away from where I was living and working), and due to a recent amendment to the law placed on the sex offender's register for five years (if I had been under the age of 35 it would have been for three years! A very important fact).

Every week I attended the course I argued with the Treatment managers who thought that any act of exposure was a sexual offence and an extremely serious abuse of women. I told them that the human body was not dirty or indecent and that due to the nature of my job I saw people naked every day, and it never upset me. I also told them that if a woman of a similar age had been seen semi naked in the changing room her life would not have been turned upside down, and she would not have had constant visits from the police or been ordered on a course.

I do a lot of mountain biking and am a former body-builder. I was reprimanded for my attitude and for wearing shorts when I came to the group. They accused me of deliberately showing off and warned me that if I cycled over in shorts again I would be in breach of my Court order, and that they would take me back to Court. When I told them that among my previous girlfriends had been a Senior Probation Manager and a serving police-woman they accused me of being a 'fantasist.'

I still continued to visit the home of my ex-partner and check on my belongings. My former partner knew I was going there. She told one of our friends about me. She told some of our friends that she'd had me banned from the town (where I was living) and she continued to send me the occasional text message like: 'fuk off u impotent loser!' and 'squishy little white dick.' I tried not to take any notice. She reported me after she had seen me in the supermarket where we had shopped together.

In 2007 I sent her father, who was a Professor of Literature, a copy of my most recent book of poetry. When she got her hands on it she handed it over to the police as a form of harassment (most of the work inside wasn't about her, but was work I had been assembling for some years, based on my experiences). I thought it would be my final work before I died. Shortly after her son saw me locking the door one night from the top of the stairs and told his mum. This is the same little boy I

had carried in my arms to bed each night, and read him his bedtime stories.

I was sent to prison for two years for possession of a fire-arm without a license after the police raided my holiday home (the police kept adding numbers on to the number of rounds found with it from a handful up to thirty).

I received six months custody for sending the poetry book, and eighteen months for the night her son saw me locking the door. A painting which I had done for my ex-girlfriend, and which had hung on the wall above the fish tank for years, was taken down and destroyed because they found a note on the back saying: 'You gave me a dream of a happy home. Something I have never really had, and I gave you this little picture which I mistakenly thought would be my last.'

While in prison I suffered an unprovoked attack from behind by a man who said I owed him a Mars bar. Against the wishes of the prison staff I called in the police, who gave the man a 'Caution.' I had been covered in blood and needed hospital treatment.

Upon my release I was ordered to live in a hostel along with drug addicts and serious sex-offenders. This continued for month after month. On the first day of my release the police turned up and accused me of committing another offence, which I had not done. I was only released when the video footage in the bookshop confirmed my alibi. I saw a file bearing my name which said: Sex offender, Dangerous to women and children, written on the front. When I complained they said the only reason they could find for me having 'danger to children' written on my file was the night when Benji saw me simply locking the front door.

While at the hostel the residents were invited to do a talk about the work they had done. It was part of a programme to get us all working again. I was the only one to speak. I told them about my work as an Instructor in Occupation therapy, about my work at the 'Samaritans,' and about my duties as a British Rail Signaller. I was accused of making all the other residents feel inadequate by the staff. One young man offered to talk about his job, but the staff said that 'drug's dealer' didn't really qualify.

When I returned to Norfolk to be near my mum, a retired schoolteacher (and step-father, who was suffering from bone cancer, but who has sadly just died) I was prevented from going to church by the police who had been contacting every single person I knew or who had been on my e-mail or phone because they said I was a serious sex-offender. I was told that I had to sign every hour at the desk in the new hostel even if I was ill, or be recalled immediately to prison.

I was given a warning after walking a girlfriend (a local businesswoman) to her car one evening after we had been to a music concert because I was a few minutes late for my signing. Three warnings and you were back in prison to the delight of the Probation staff. The staff wanted to know her name and where she lived so that they could send the police round and tell her all about me. I continued to ask the police and Probation why I was a MAPA level 3 when I had not been charged with either a violent, or a sexual offence.

Just before Christmas 2008 I was late back from a healing group I had been attending at Norwich Spiritualist church and the Probation staff were going to get me recalled back to prison in the morning. I went on the run, and eventually ended up living in a caravan a few miles away from where I had been living in Oxfordshire.

I was close to friends I had been prevented from seeing. I was also able to visit my old doctor and dentist. One of my old work colleagues had nearly died after a serious stroke. I was able to visit him and thank him for all his kindness and friendship during my time inside.

I returned back to my girlfriend's house one night to see what had happened to her. Some of my property was still at the house but some of it had disappeared.

I meant her no harm. I certainly didn't intend to frighten her or any of her family. She was openly masturbating on her computer in front of her two children to strangers on the internet. I was very shocked and saddened by what I saw. Her son saw me in the garden. Against my better judgement I rang her an hour later. A policeman answered and put on a funny voice. I wasn't sure if it was her or not, but I told them I was very sorry about what had happened, and that I never meant to hurt her. I hadn't had the opportunity to explain what the fire-arm business was all about without the police going over there to tell her I

was going to kill her. I wanted to clear the air of a grave misunderstanding.

Two days later I was arrested coming back from the bike-shop in Banbury. Even though I did not resist arrest in any way I was dragged from my car and beaten at the side of the road by two burly young officers and returned to prison. I tried to make a complaint about my injuries at the time but the prison staff were very obstructive and I had enough to deal with. I felt very tired and under stress.

I tried to represent myself in Court over the breaking of my restraining order. I was charged with breaking it by phone contact only (one undisputed landline call, and one disputed text-message-I argued that anyone could have sent it. There were no witnesses to the text message). Nothing I did was either malicious or threatening. I received one and a half years in custody for the phone contact and another year for not telling the police a change of address because I was on the sex offender's register due to the 'exposure' years before. I had to serve the full two and a half years in prison.

The policeman who had been visiting my ex girlfriend, and who had bragged about spending time with her on more than thirty occasions sat there grinning at me when I received my sentence. I had asked him in cross examination; "What have you done to discourage the idea that I would ever harm my ex-girlfriend. You know that it's absolute rubbish!" He refused to answer.

I was told that the good references I had managed to gather would not be admissible because I had not presented them prior. Added to the two and a half year sentence was the time I had been on-the-run.

There seemed to be no end to the nightmare. My friends in Oxford, most of whom were members of the academic community there (some were my old employers), were appalled at the severity of my sentence but continued to visit me and support me throughout. I was abandoned by my own family.

In 2010 upon my release I was prevented from travelling down to London on an all expenses paid trip to give a talk on the Southbank in front of leading figures of the Establishment after winning a national award for a collection of poetry because the police and probation

services said I was too dangerous and I might try to contact my ex-partner.

My life was subject to a range of constraints and it was impossible to have a normal existence. Once again I was forced to live in a probation hostel along with violent criminals, drug dealers, and child sex offenders. I was recalled to serve yet another year in prison for going on a library computer, even though I had not made any attempt to contact my ex partner, and I had told my probation manager I was doing a job search.

When I returned to prison I was placed on the Main wing. I had young men trying to set fire to my cell and making the most obscene comments and suggestions. Some of them threw urine and semen in a can at me through the door.

I was moved to a Sex Offenders' prison. I asked why I was in a Sex offender's prison when I had not committed a sexual offence, and I was not on the sex offender's register. A month before the end of my sentence the police came into prison and applied for a SOPO order. They told the Magistrates I was a dangerous sex offender who was going to attack a member of the general public or my ex girlfriend and commit a very serious sexual offence such as rape (I found that someone in prison had written on my file that I was a 'rapist') as soon as I got released. As a consequence of getting the order they were able to place me on the sex offender's register for life. I found it very difficult to get anyone who would represent me.

The police and Probation dept sent one of their 'experts' over to interview me. He asked me three questions:

Q. Do you intend to harm your ex girlfriend?

A. No!

Q. Do you intend to hurt either of her children?

A. I wouldn't hurt either of them in a million years. I have told you this a thousand times before.

Q. Do you think you will ever repeat this behaviour with anyone else?

A. I started a friendship with a local businesswoman and ended it when I found she was still in a relationship. She treated me fairly. I stuck to my word, and would never try to force someone against their wishes anyway.

He wrote in his report (for the Court):

Mr A is a dangerous psychopath who is likely to cause his ex partner or a member of the public serious harm...

When I came out of prison I found out that the police had been round all the people I knew, including my relatives and any prospective neighbours, to tell them that I was a dangerous sex offender. When I went to my writer's group the police turned up and nobody wanted to talk to me even though my sentence was already over.

Even though my sentence was over the police and Probation service still kept treating me as if I was in prison and kept referring to me as a sex offender. In January 2012 I was arrested at the hostel and taken away in handcuffs. The police accused me of breaking the SOPO order by going on a social networking site. If I had broken it I would have been sent to prison for a further five years. It turned out that I had simply forgotten to log out at the Central library, and someone had gone on to use my session on the computer.

I was unable to visit my mother and step-father without the police constantly turning up to poke their nose in, which meant that I could no longer visit them.

I never received a reply from Ken Clarke who was then trying to reduce the number of inmates.

In order to make a fresh start I tried to get over to Ireland where I had some relatives. I was stopped and searched before getting on the ferry, and stopped at the other side by the police as well, who told me I was a sex offender, and I would therefore have to sign on and tell them where I was at all times. All my relatives or associates would also have to be informed. I turned back because I didn't want to embarrass my sister who is a Drama Teacher, and like the rest of my family, has never been in trouble in her life.

I told the Irish police that I was not a sex offender and that I had not committed a sexual offence. An officer of the PPU said that if I had not come back they would have had to spend the next six months looking for me.

When I returned I was completely homeless. The Probation department told the council I had been suitably re-housed (in a hostel along with violent criminals, serial sex offenders and drug addicts) and that I had thrown it back in everyone's face. Their idea was certainly

to keep me in the system, shipping me from hostel to hostel for the rest of my life. I was never able to get a fully independent assessment. I ended up living in an old caravan but was constantly being harassed by the police. I had rows with them time and time again in front of the other residents because they wanted to know what I was doing and who I was talking to.

I was eventually re-housed by the council due to my poor health. Even though I had not touched or threatened anyone, or been convicted of a sexual offence, I had served five years in prison. When I went to the flat they had found for me I discovered that the police had been round telling everyone I was a dangerous sex offender. When I took my shirt off to sunbathe one nice day the Site Manager came out to tell me a complaint had been made about me. I spoke to the Scheme Manager who said that I was perfectly free to sunbathe in the garden when it was sunny. I asked the Site Manager why she was so concerned about me sunbathing. She said that I had been in prison for 'exposure' and that the situation might "escalate." I made over 35 complaints against the police in 2012, which were eventually upheld by the IPCC, after the police kept saying it was nothing to do with them, and invited down to the police station in Aylsham to talk to them. I was interviewed by a gentleman who said he had just changed his job to be head of the investigation unit (but who had been head of the PPU-Public Protection Unit (who, in their own words, were a law unto themselves) and were the exact same people who had been constantly harassing me and making my life so impossible. I was interviewed by him with two of the officers who had been harassing me sat at his side. The police side-stepped all of my complaints and at the end produced a file about the exposure and began reading from it. They told me that I didn't like hearing the truth. I said that I had been charged with breaking a restraining order by phone contact only over four years ago, and that I was there to discuss my complaints against them, not about an exposure which was over and done with years ago.

After seeing Anne Owers' (IPCC) staunch defence of the police on Newsnight a few weeks ago I can quite understand why the police run rings around us.

I have found it impossible to find any work. The police have appeared whenever I have gone for an interview. I noticed when I went to sign-on that it said 'Dangerous to women and children, Sex-offender' on

the screen. When I complained and asked them to remove it they said that they had to listen to a higher authority. This happens wherever I go. The police are still snooping into my private e-mails and pestering me wherever I go.

I am unable to get car insurance and I cannot travel anywhere without prior notification. A recent change to the law allows the police to view all my bank statements and all my transactions. I am unable to put an end to the past.

The police continue to pay me unscheduled visits out of the blue. Each time I ask them to leave me alone and tell them I have nothing to say to them. I keep insisting that it has nothing to do with them who I am seeing. On their last visit they searched through my home taking photographs, even though I had not broken any laws, and snooped through all my personal possessions. They said that they wanted to discuss how many years I was on the Register for. I showed them the charge form in which it clearly showed the phone contact four and a half years ago. I told them that it did not make any mention of a sexual offence. They replied that I had once been convicted of 'exposure.'

I originally wrote to Chloe Smith who said I should write to the IPCC. My local MP Keith Simpson said that the police are left to deal with sex offenders. I told Mr Simpson that I cannot go on being labelled as a sex offender. I cannot get help from a Solicitor because I can't afford a good one and because most Solicitors will not represent anyone labelled as a Sex Offender.

I come from a decent law-abiding family and was educated at a reputable Catholic Grammar School in Yorkshire. This is not the kind of life I would have chosen for myself. I have avoided nasty uncouth people all my life.

It is only a matter of time before I have another enormous row with the police at my doorstep. I just wondered if you knew what was going on in this caring and tolerant society we now have....

I am not arguing that my behaviour has been beyond reproach, but that I am underneath a decent caring citizen (if somewhat foolish and prone to risk taking) and that whatever I have done deserves to be treated with some kind of proportionality.

Yours Sincerely,
Blunderchook



David Davis