

## The "Nick" saga is a fascinating one

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The entire "Nick" story reflects far more than simply the bizarre events on the surface.

It is a synopsis of the entire False Allegations Industry, which started in the last century, even before I became a major player in it 18 years ago.

Gossip over the garden wall. Witches drowned in ponds. Humanity searching for stories, creating monsters. The night of the broken windows, shattered glass.

As society grew, and the media grew, and technology advanced, this was bound to happen. We needed good stories. We wanted Kudos and the fall of the mighty - preferably physically attractive specimens who had made a lot of money. Build them up; tear them down.

To do so, use the fragile as ingredients. Paint scenarios. Sell tabloids.

And, sure enough, idols could be shown to have feet of clay. The bigger the statue, the more golden the star, the more spectacular the crash as it fell like the Saddam Hussein monument to pride; hubris fallen, dragged down by the masses. Hey, since the Guillotine we've never seen anything like it.

Targets were bound to get bigger. 18 years ago, when Max Clifford came up with the idea, born from the sperm of football players but far bigger than that, with his allies - police wanting increased budgets and promotions, lawyers wanting cash fees, judges wanting positive headlines - they tried with pop stars like Simply Red and The Jam and settled on a gay or bisexual one; Jonathan King. That worked but strangely it didn't really catch fire. Perhaps I wasn't big enough. I certainly wasn't pretty enough. They tried later with Cliff but that's another story.

It took off with Jimmy Savile, helped by him being dead. But dead celebs, though easier to destroy by definition, were often less fun and, to be honest, less good stories. Corpses tend not to run and run. And the media prefers runners.

As I predicted years ago, closet gay Edward Heath was a terrific story but it had to wait until after his death so the media threw in a few live ones to give the tale legs.

Mistake. Sometimes live people fight back.

Enter the hero of the tale - Harvey Proctor. He was having none of it. He'd been through it before and he was mad as hell and he wasn't gonna take any more.

He threw open the media window and he screamed at the top of his voice.

And the media, which always falls for a good story (it is the only thing that matters) reported it despite it killing a good story. Because this was a better one.

They came for me again. But I'd been through it before too. I was not gonna take anymore either. I shouted too (when I wasn't giggling; I sometimes find even tragedy hard to take seriously).

And now, with the spotlight on it, the entire False Allegations Industry started to crumble. Even the Edward Heath drama was beginning to fall apart. In my case, the legal situation improved as the light of truth emerged. Ditto Cliff and others. The Yew Tree was poisoning itself.

Poor deluded "Nick" is really a victim too. Just not the victim he thought he was. The victim of the media, of the police, of

lawyers.

I only wish I could take it all seriously.