

January 17, 2006

To Waterloo Legal Services

Your Reference JC/Clifford/7350687

Dear Sirs,

Regarding your letter of January 16 in the above matter. Before I go any further let me say that I am not amenable to any threats issued by Donald Clifford, be they direct or indirect, legal, physical or supernatural – like the Voodoo doll he sent me recently. I am though aware of the excellent work done by free legal centres, and by spelling out the facts of this case I hope I can save you wasting precious time and resources which you could devote to some worthy person. Firstly, if you have not read the book I suggest you do so, it will open your eyes to the sort of person Donald Clifford is. Now, to begin at the beginning.

I was put in touch with Clifford by James Todd, and we decided quickly to write and publish his autobiography. Unusually I managed to find a publisher very quickly, a printer of my acquaintance who runs a small publishing outlet as a sideline. Then we set about writing the book, which took a lot longer than it should have. This was partly due to hardware problems and partly due to my physical condition, but largely due to Donald Clifford. As you will see from the book, he told me a pack of lies about his title, and we spent weeks chasing up false leads including visiting Lambeth Local Studies Library. As things turned out, this actually added to the charm of the book, but the fact that he lied to me is pertinent. Lying is what Donald Clifford does best.

The other interminable delays were due to his having the attention span of a gnat. He would turn up at my flat, we would work on the book for an hour or two, then he would say come on Al, I'll buy you some breakfast. Then when we had eaten and I would suggest returning to the book he would say he'd had enough for the day, and off he would go. I don't mind admitting that I had plenty of meals out of Clifford, but as he will no doubt confirm, he never gave me a penny in actual cash.

When the book was finished I E-mailed him the final draft, not the first draft he had received. Shortly before we went to press he phoned me and pointed out a minor grammatically error on page one hundred and something. As Clifford's spelling is atrocious, and bearing in mind what I said about his attention span, I take this as proof that he read the entire book cover to cover very carefully. In view of his later claims, this is an important fact.

When he prints books, my printer friend usually does print runs of a thousand upwards, but as we were uncertain of demand he suggested that he contract it out to a digital press, who ran off a two hundred print run for eight hundred pounds. He assured me that in the event of there being substantial demand, he would be able to print a larger run himself within two weeks.

We agreed a publication date of August 2, and Clifford and I sat down to dream up some good ways to drum up some publicity. Unfortunately there were two big stories that denied us possible press coverage, first there was the Boxing Day tsunami, a story which ran for months, and as we came up for publication there were the London suicide bombing outrages. All the same, we came up with one good idea which revolved around a cricket bat signed by every member of the Surrey team which Clifford procured from one of his contacts. He will tell you about that. The plan didn't fall through, he simply took the bat and used it for another purpose.

When the book was printed, Clifford insisted on collecting the entire print run himself, and went down to Uckfield by train and humped four heavy boxes back to London. He left the printer with about a dozen copies; he gave me about twenty to thirty, six of which were consumed by Legal Deposit, one for my records. He kept the rest, about a hundred and sixty or a hundred and seventy copies. He will confirm this, although I doubt he told you during your consultation.

Clifford told me he intended to mail out review copies to several TV and related media outlets. I talked him out of this and instead we sent out a press release. I told him that if he sent out review copies they would be ignored; if the press want copies, let them pay for them I said. I told him specifically not to mail out or give out any copies before publication date. He said he had to give a copy to his psychologist; I agreed to this. Later he told me that he had given away dozens of copies to his doctors and friends. As far as I know he did not sell one.

To date I have sold three copies. Two were ordered by a Lambeth resident, whose name now eludes me but who met Clifford at an Alcoholics Anonymous meeting. The third copy was sold recently at a political meeting. I had an inquiry from someone who said he saw the book advertised on a poster in St Thomas's Hospital. Although he didn't actually order a copy, the fact that Clifford put up adverts all over Lambeth is significant.

At Clifford's suggestion I advertised the book on Ebay – for which I paid – and on Usenet. There was no interest. I had some correspondence with Gardners, who are the largest specialist wholesaler in Britain, and who have purchased publications from me before. I was in the process of negotiating a small order with them when stupidly I copied one of their E-mails to Clifford, who sent them a long, rambling E-mail full of spelling mistakes. Realising he was a nutter they tarred me with the same brush, and I heard no more from them.

Two months after publication I was still working on ways of drumming up publicity, and he was enthusiastic. Suddenly though his manner changed and I received an abusive E-mail from him telling me not to contact him again. When I phoned him shortly afterwards someone else answered his phone, and I heard him say in the background "Tell him he's got a wrong number. I don't talk to paedophiles." I have since learned that he has been spreading all manner of lies and rumours about me, and has for instance poisoned the mind of James Todd, a man I have known for years.

Shortly after that, Clifford began telling people that he was unhappy with the book as it was published, that I had cut it down to half the size, and even contacted someone else to rewrite it. I would refer you to what I said above about Clifford reading the book prior to publication, and how he promoted it tirelessly to his friends and doctors.

With regard to royalties, we had no written agreement, but there was a verbal agreement that the publisher should recover his investment before either of us received any actual payment. The publisher is still eight hundred pounds out of pocket, and as Clifford has in effect stolen almost the entire print run, he has a bloody nerve to make demands of me, of the publisher, or anyone.

If you want confirmation of the above I suggest you contact Mr Hancock in person on 01845 764707. If you confront Clifford he will no doubt eventually admit that everything I have stated here is true, the same way he admitted – eventually – that he is no more the Lord of Lambeth than I am.

I have in the past described Clifford as a likeable rogue, that was the big selling point for the book, and one he endorsed enthusiastically along with the slightly tongue-in-cheek style. The truth though is that he has become a lot less likeable over the past few months, as you will doubtless find if you have substantial dealings with him.

All the above aside, if Mr Clifford comes to an arrangement with the publisher to repay him, and if he issues a public apology for and retraction of all the lies he has told about me, I would be willing to resume our collaboration to see if anything can be salvaged, even at this late hour.

With regard to the “advertisement” on Amazon, this is not an advertisement as such, at least it was not placed by me. I registered the ISBN with Whitakers – or whatever they call themselves now - I also sent them a press release. It is this that was published on the Amazon site. I have no intention of even attempting to remove it, and in the event of Clifford failing to respond positively to the suggestion in the above paragraph I will sell the remaining copies of the book for whatever I can get.

**Yours Sincerely,
A Baron**

**cc Londinium Press
James Todd**