

An Open Letter To All My Friends And Supporters
In The Wake Of Regina Versus Baron And My Spectacular Acquittal
At Southwark Crown Court, April 22nd To May 1st 1997

by Alexander Baron

It has often been said that it is only when a man falls on hard times or is in deep trouble that he realises who his true friends are. It was only after I was arrested and thrown into Brixton Prison on trumped-up charges that I realised just how many true friends I have. In the wake of my acquittal I am issuing this letter to thank you all, and to explain exactly what happened and why for the benefit of those of you who do not know. I realise that some of you would not wish to be identified publicly, but I am sure that you will each and every one of you recognise yourselves where you appear in the text. So what happened?

Very briefly, the background to this misadventure goes back to 1993 when I attempted to start a publishing company with a friend, an anti-Zionist, Orthodox Rabbi whom I had met some time previously. Because of the nature of the publishing house we attempted to set up, we made some powerful and totally ruthless enemies. On May 14, 1993, after a malicious complaint by one of these enemies - whose name has since become known to me - my flat was raided and I was arrested by an equally malicious police officer named Detective Sergeant Martin Chainey. My computer and other property were confiscated and retained for six months.

In the November 1993 issue of the scurrilous self-styled "anti-fascist" magazine Searchlight, a number of allegations were made against me which are still the subject of civil proceedings. On November 28, 1993, I was the victim of a brutal, politically motivated attack on my own doorstep.

In 1994, I issued a second libel writ against Gerry Gable, and also his printer, his distributor and a number of bookshops. As a result of this I received a number of out-of-court settlements and, using funds from these, I published two pamphlets which I mailed out to police stations. One of these pamphlets was a straightforward exposé; the other was a biting piece of satire which annoyed the same people who were responsible for the May 1993 raid. On August 6, 1996 my premises were raided again.

Prior to this though, Gerry Gable had been busy, and had made a malicious complaint to the Benefits Agency about my supposedly running a publishing business while claiming benefit. As some of you may know I have a long-standing musculo-skeletal problem going back to 1988. I suffer from chronic backache and have been registered disabled since the early 90s. For this reason I am unable to do a 9 to 5 job.

Gable's claim was a lie, of course; my only attempt to start a publishing business had earlier ended in failure. However, Gable also recruited the services of a benefit snoop named Rita Broad-

way, who is as nasty a piece of work as you could wish to meet.

Rita Broadway cut off my benefit and did Gable's dirty work in other ways that came out in court. In particular she made disgusting sexual propositions to me. As a result of this I sent a lengthy deposition to a senior police officer in which I itemised these allegations and documented them. Unfortunately, I wrote this deposition using some rather volatile language, and the next thing I knew was that I was arrested and charged with two counts of witness intimidation.

The arresting officer was a bent copper friend of Gable's, Defective Constable Julian Nemeth. In court it was proved clearly that Nemeth leaked confidential information to Gable and did his bidding in other ways.

After charging me with witness intimidation, Nemeth found himself in the embarrassing position of having no witness to be intimidated, so he decided to resurrect the August investigation, and raided and arrested both Morris Riley and Mark Taha. When he raided the latter's premises he planted a stolen credit card, clearly in order to pressurise Mark - a nervous individual at the best of times - into making a false confession. Mark though turned up for the interview at Belgravia Police Station with his solicitor and barrister, and Nemeth lost his bottle. Defective Constable Nemeth is now the subject of an internal Scotland Yard investigation.

Because one of the witness intimidation charges would obviously be thrown out, the Crown Prosecution Service added a threat to kill charge. They also added, subsequently, a charge of assault occasioning actual bodily harm. The basis for this charge was that the document I had sent to the police was shown to Rita Broadway by Nemeth, and she was so shocked by its contents that she suffered psychological damage. At the time of the trial she was still off work sick, ie she had been ill for six months on account of reading this document!

Exactly what was in this document that could have caused her more distress than many rape victims remains to be seen. The prosecution claimed I had been stalking her and had obtained information about her medical history, among other things, although it was unable to adduce a single document in support of this bizarre hypothesis. In her witness statement, Broadway had claimed that I had found out where she lived, but in court she refused to give out her address!

The jury saw through Rita Broadway the same way they saw through DC Nemeth and Gerry Gable. Gable's evidence was extraordinary. This self-styled leading "anti-fascist" who has many times accused myself and my friends of being Nazis, went into the witness box and claimed not only that he was in regular contact with up to a hundred members of the British National Party but that his "moles" in the BNP, Combat 18, etc, used racial abuse and openly incited racial hatred!

On the day the trial opened I elected to defend myself. The judge advised me against it, but there was no way I could allow anyone else to defend me, because I had such an intimate knowledge of the case and the circumstances which led up to it.

While protesting constantly that he was giving me far more leeway than he would any barrister, Judge Watts cut me off at every turn, and his summing up was so disgracefully biased that it amounted virtually to an instruction to the jury to convict me. However, he did advise the prosecution that they could not proceed with the assault charge (against my wishes), and he did allow me with the greatest of reluctance to put before the jury two examples of my literary style, which no doubt helped to convince them that the trial was politically motivated.

After deliberating for nearly seven hours the jury returned majority verdicts of not guilty on both counts, and I was a free man after spending six months in prison for using what anyone in his right mind would have accepted was a figure of speech against a woman who had subjected me to a campaign of denigration and abuse, and for writing a strongly worded letter to a civil servant accusing her, in good faith, of breaking the law.

Although there were a great many media representatives present when the verdict was returned, the only daily newspaper to report the verdict appears to have been the Morning Star. The full text of this report - which is fairly objective - is given below:

Court finds
rightwinger
not guilty of
attack, published in the Morning Star (Communist newspaper),
Friday, May 2, 1997, page 3:

RIGHT-WING political author Alexander Baron, who was under investigation by a Department of Social Security fraud officer, did nothing wrong when he threatened to "slit her throat in broad daylight," a Southwark Crown Court jury found yesterday.

He told the court that he had been the victim of a "hate campaign" involving fraud investigator Rita Broadway and anti-fascist magazine Searchlight editor Gerry Gable.

Ms Broadway said that Mr Baron's behaviour was tantamount to "stalking" and left her so distressed and concerned for her safety that she had to take six months sick leave from work.

The DSS began its investigation after a tip-off from Mr Gable that Mr Baron had allegedly failed to declare damages he won from a number of people connected with the anti-fascist publication while claiming income support.

"Thank you, thank you," he told the six men and six women who had taken two days to find him not guilty. "You have saved my life."

It was pointed out to me that I was acquitted on election day, so any relatively minor court cases would have been overshadowed by the big event. I have no doubt though that had I been found guilty of both or either of the counts on the indictment that I would have made the national press in a big way. Fortunately, this wasn't to be. Sometime after my acquittal a friend - who has access to a press wire service - pointed out that the story had indeed been picked up by major news sources, including, apparent-

ly, the Evening Standard. My age was given as 44!

Now I would like to record my thanks to each and every one of you. I will mention you in no particular order, but I will begin with the jury.

The jury consisted of six men and six women. Three of the jurors were white men, two of them young, one of them a pensioner, apparently. One of the two black men on the jury was a Moslem; the third non-white was a Sikh. Five of the other six jurors were white women, and the twelfth juror was a young woman of Oriental appearance. The jury foreman was an intense, intelligent looking woman of about forty, perhaps more (I am a very poor judge of ages).

I did not raise any objections to any jurors when they were sworn in, although in view of some of the language I used - I had repeatedly called the so-called victim a whore - I did think that it might not be such a good idea to have so many women on the jury. As it happens, this apprehension was totally misplaced. I would have liked the jury to have found me not guilty on both counts by a unanimous verdict, and in a lot less time than it took them, but I can't criticise them at all, including the one or two who dissented. They were obviously under tremendous pressure, but afterwards I was told by a barrister that the disgraceful summing up of Judge Watts may have been the straw that broke the camel's back.

I had against me two detectives, one with 15 years service and the other with 27. The judge had been on the bench for 16 years, and the so-called victim came to court in the guise of a frightened schoolgirl who claimed to have been living in a state of fear, even though I'd been in Brixton Prison for the past six months.

The jury showed both commendable intelligence and courage in seeing through the veneer of a thinly veiled political frame-up, and telling His Honour to get stuffed. I would like to have shaken hands with each member of the jury personally, but the judge wouldn't permit this so as I was led from the courtroom I shouted to them that they were wonderful people - as they are - and that they had saved my life.

I have no doubt too that they noticed that my chief persecutor, DC Nemeth, had attended every day of the trial since he gave evidence and was sitting waiting for what he believed was the inevitable guilty verdict so that he could gloat at me visibly. I drew the attention of the jury to this in my closing speech, and I have no doubt that this too helped influence their verdict. Thank you once again, members of the jury.

Next I would like to thank my legal team, in particular my solicitor Edward Goodman, my barrister Michael O'Maoileoin, and the lovely Mia Prashad. My legal representation was a bizarre amalgam of unbridled enthusiasm and crass incompetence. Ted came to Belgravia Police Station on the night of my arrest and arranged for Mr O'Maoileoin to attend Horseferry Road Magistrates' Court the following day. (He had attempted to contact another barrister, Mr John Orme, in the first instance, but he was unavailable).

During the preparation of my defence it became clear to me that the only person who could conduct it was myself. This was because of the intimate knowledge I had of all aspects of the case and the events leading up to it, and of the principal witnesses. I made it clear to Ted fairly early on that I would be conducting my own defence, and he told me that the correct procedure was to sack him and Counsel the day before the trial. In the event, I sacked them on the day of the trial.

Ted advised me against acting for myself, and both Counsel and Mia thought I was mad. They told me on one of their last visits to Brixton Prison that if I did so I would be found guilty and get sent down for ten years. I have no doubt that had I allowed Michael O'Maoileoin to represent me I would have been convicted. Throughout the time I was in Brixton both Ted and he especially misled me wilfully, always with the best of intentions. I was particularly annoyed that I had been told that the trial date would be January 17th, but this was merely a hearing for pleas and directions. Mia seemed genuinely to believe that this was the trial date, which did little to boost my confidence in her. Having said that though, she did a lot of work running round collecting important documents.

I won't comment further on the competence or otherwise of my legal team, but will point out that while I was in Brixton both Ted and Counsel did an enormous amount of work on both the criminal case and the ongoing civil case. Work for which they were mostly not paid. I received a letter from the Legal Aid Area Committee dated 18-DEC-96, the date of the committal, to the effect that I had not been granted legal aid because "The committee did not consider that there were any circumstances making the case unusually grave or difficult." This was a most curious thing to say because making a threat to kill with intent carries a possible ten year tariff.

Ted and Counsel also prepared a bail application to the High Court, for which they were not paid. I would also like to thank Counsel for the advice he gave me immediately prior to the trial. When he realised that I was determined to embark on what he considered a suicidal course he dug out some important case law for me and explained exactly what I had to do. A lesser man might have taken umbrage at some of my - at times undiplomatic - criticisms, and I am most grateful to Mr O'Maoileoin that he rose above this sort of thing.

Although he was not part of my legal team, Mark Taha did an enormous amount of running around for me and visited me in prison until advised not to. He suffered not only the indignity of Defective Constable Nemeth trying to intimidate him but of this little scumbag rummaging through his film collection and harassing one of his relatives. Mark also dealt with my correspondence, paid my rent, sent me money and did other things. I am fully aware that I do not deserve a friend like Mark who in the past two years has suffered the indignities of being smeared as a homosexual, a Nazi and, incredibly, a child molester. While I was in prison one of my contacts sent me an article that had been posted to a German "anti-fascist" Internet newsgroup in which it

was claimed that Mark propositioned young boys!

The author of this piece of sewage was a little shit named Graeme Atkinson, who is, surprise surprise, European Editor of Searchlight. Atkinson has claimed at various times to have been approached by Bulgarian Intelligence (which led to his being sacked by the Morning Star) and to have been instrumental in foiling the mythical plot to bomb the Notting Hill Carnival (which Searchlight agent provocateur Ray Hill incited).

Another person who was not a member of my legal team but who I would like to thank is John Orme, who would have represented me in the early stages of the case but for his answerphone. On my release he told me that he had sent me in some law books, which didn't materialise. He wasn't the only person to have experienced this, which I can only put down to administrative problems at Brixton.

Morris Riley was another friend in need. Morris literally bombarded me with letters while I was in Brixton, sent me money, visited me, and visited London twice during the trial, in which he gave evidence. He also suffered the indignity of being not only arrested by Nemeth but charged with an imaginary offence, due partly to Nemeth's ignorance of the law and partly to malice. Part of Morris's evidence was given in camera due to the Official Secrets Act, and although the prosecuting barrister tried to ridicule what he said about a certain document, she did not totally undermine his credibility with the jury. I would also like to give a mention to Morris's editor friend.

A special thank you must go to my Moslem friends, in particular to David Pidcock, Leader of the Islamic Party of Britain. I had asked that he be called as a character witness at the trial. Unfortunately, he was unavailable on the day. I was disappointed, naturally, but afterwards he told me that a small group of them had prayed for me at the time. Well, somebody heard! One thing David Pidcock most certainly did do was to arrange for two fellow Moslems to visit me in prison, one of them a non-practising lawyer. I am most grateful to both these men, whom I will not name, and to all my friends in the IPB. And to a certain Rabbi, who will remain nameless!

Many thanks also to my friends in and around the Christian Council For Monetary Justice, in particular to Kevin, who wrote to me at length. Kevin has been very ill recently and has undergone major surgery. It gives me no pleasure to learn that my friends sometimes suffer worse misfortunes than me. Thanks also to David Rees who visited me in Brixton, both in his capacity as a prison religious visitor and as the friend of a friend.

My Libertarian friends have also supported me, not only through this most difficult time, but through my previous troubles. They have been rewarded with smears, most lately they have been accused of promoting paedophilia!

Members of the nationalist movement have also supported me, in particular the British National Party and readers of Spearhead magazine. About the only thing I have in common with them is an intense loathing of Gerry Gable. That notwithstanding, people on and around the nationalist fringe have written to me, sent me

money, and encouraged me. I would like to mention especially Nick; the two men who attended my trial and one who ran me home in a minicab; Keith; Steve from Barnet and the other Steve; the man who wrote to me from Gosport; the man who wrote to me from Cambridge; the Catholic Fundamentalist from Downham Market; the correspondent of the English National Movement; and Harold from the USA.

I would also like to thank the gent who wrote to the Governor of Brixton from Petersburg, Virginia.

I would like to thank my neighbour for taking in my mail and my housing association, in particular Karen Goldsmith, for bearing with me.

Thanks too to "Essex Man" who sent me in books and did other things for me.

A special thanks must go to my MP Piers Merchant, about the only Tory I would vote for. He chased up something very important for me.

I would like also to mention some of the people I met in Brixton Prison. Several members of the staff were very helpful to me, in particular Dr Labinjo (I think I've spelt his name correctly) who told me to fight them all the way. Thanks too to Mr Sas, and to SO Waring for the letter he wrote to Bromley Council. Other members of staff - screws as they are often called - have helped me in numerous ways, and I have no complaints whatsoever about the prison service, only the people who put me there.

Some of my many cellmates also showed me that just as lowlife can be found in high places, so can humanity be found in low ones. A special mention must go to Larry; and to my last cellmate, Christoph, a devout Catholic, who also prayed for me.

There were though a few people whose behaviour both disappointed and saddened me. One man whom I know slightly told Mark Taha that I was mad and that he didn't want anything further to do with me, and that simply on account of my being arrested.

Another was more than a little upset that he had been harassed by that slimeball DC Nemeth. I can only say to the former that I had expected better of you, and to the latter that I can understand. The fact is that we live in a virtual police state, and the likes of Nemeth are able to ride roughshod over almost anyone they choose. Rita Broadway is cut from the same cloth as Nemeth, yet at the time of the trial she had, as stated, been off work sick for six months, simply, she would have the court believe, on account of reading one document. She is living proof of the old adage that all bullies are cowards. There must be a message there for the underclass, although for obvious reasons, I wouldn't like to elaborate further!

Alexander Baron
Sydenham,
London.

May 16, 1997