

The Truth About Exaro

By **Alexander Baron** - Feb 21, 2016



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Launched in October 2011 as a website dedicated to investigative journalism under the bold slogan HOLDING POWER TO ACCOUNT, *Exaro* is run by Mark Watts, who likes to present a stern, intellectual face to the world. *Exaro* claims to be in the forefront of exposing especially rape, child sexual abuse and even child murder, yet to date these bold, eye-catching headlines have led to what exactly?



Mark Watts (Twitter)

Here is Watts presenting **his usual, stern intellectual face** to a morning television programme in which the two female presenters lap up his drivel about former Prime Minister Edward Heath being at the centre of a paedophile ring operating from Dolphin Square near the Palace of Westminster, the evidence for which is...an anonymous head case known as Nick.

The allegations against Heath in particular have not come as a surprise to him, he says, we've been "investigating" this for two years. And found what? A gullible New Scotland Yard detective who swallowed these fantasies hook, line and sinker. The name of that individual is well known, but it will not be given here. Now for the truth about Edward Heath.



Sir Edward Heath was Prime Minister 1970 – 1974

Born at Broadstairs in 1916, unlike our current great leader Call Me Dave, Ted Heath came from humble stock, his father was an artisan. Awarded a scholarship to Oxford, he graduated in 1939. Heath had three passions in life: politics, music and yachting, probably in that order, certainly politics was his first love, and politics loved him. Elected to Parliament as Conservative MP for Bexley in 1950, he would serve continuously until 2001 when he was Father of the House; whatever one thinks of the man or his politics, that is quite a record of service; he died in 2005.

In 1965, he became Leader of the Conservative Party, and as has been **pointed out elsewhere**, trouble was already brewing in Northern Ireland. All senior Conservative politicians were potential IRA targets, and Heath had Special Branch protection round the clock from then until his death.

In 1970, he became Prime Minister, ousting his great rival Harold Wilson, and in 1974 was ousted by him in turn. Then he was replaced as Party Leader by Margaret Thatcher, turning down a post in her Shadow Cabinet, and that was effectively the end of Heath the high flyer.

A world class yachtsman and an accomplished keyboard player, on one occasion he conducted the London Symphony Orchestra. His personal life had one desideratum: a wife. It is extremely unusual for a Prime Minister to be unmarried, so obviously

scandalous tongues wagged. In 1974, Barclay James Harvest even **recorded a song** in which John Lees alluded to Heath (anonymously of course) as “a sailor oh so gay”. If though there had been a nanogramme of truth in that claim he would never have become Party Leader much less Prime Minister at a time when homosexual acts between consenting adult were illegal and then although legal still taboo, even after the Wolfenden reforms.

Ted Heath died a wealthy man; **he left** £2,500 to his housekeeper. In view of his full diary and armed bodyguard, the question must be asked, at what point did he sneak off to sodomise and murder boys at Dolphin Square, and why have a squad of detectives spent two years and more *investigating* scurrilous gossip and the delusions of head cases like “Nick” when they could have been out investigating real crimes, including rapes?



Lord Leon Brittan (Foreign and Commonwealth Office)

The late Leon Brittan is another politician who was targeted by *Exaro*. The non-case against Brittan has been discussed [here](#) and [here](#). The Police Commissioner has [since apologised](#) personally to Brittan's widow over the way the false rape allegation was handled. It is now conceded this allegation was false, but what does not appear to have been conceded is that the woman who made it lied. What is *Exaro*'s take on this? In November, it brought forward [two witnesses](#) to corroborate the claim of the pseudonymous Jane that she had indeed been raped by Brittan. Well, sort of. These two witnesses are also anonymous, and we have no credible evidence that they even exist. We should not forget also that these allegations were first made in 2012 and concern events that are supposed to have happened in 1967.

At one time, if a woman had turned up at a police station and claimed to have been raped 45 years ago, she would have been shown the door, and rightly so. Anyone who doesn't understand why should read up on [statutes of limitations](#) which sensibly exist in other countries but not here, so any deranged female – or male as in some of the charges levelled here – can come forward with the most outrageous allegations against anyone, and the accused will then be required to prove his (or very occasionally her) innocence. Assuming he does, what of the false accuser? Not one of these historical false accusers has been prosecuted, not one.

It should not be forgotten that Leon Brittan was also said to have been a member of this ectoplasmic VIP paedophile ring, and along with [Cliff Richard](#) a visitor to [Elm Guest House](#). Other so-called informants include the pseudonymous Darren and the sad but exploited [Richard Kerr](#). None of these men has provided anything more than words, and the excellent BBC *Panorama* documentary [on this subject](#) – to which Watts refused indignantly to contribute – totally discredited them as well as raising other questions, in particular should New Scotland Yard sack its detectives and replace them with reporters, because the BBC was able to find evidence that totally undermined the claims of the star *Exaro* informant in a fraction of the time detectives have spent on their so-called investigation.

The credibility of the allegations made by Nick and others had already been seriously dented in August last year when Harvey Proctor gave [a spectacular press conference](#) during which he revealed the full extent of the allegations made against him personally.

Proctor may not have buggered underage boys but he certainly buggered the idiots who swallowed all the sensational garbage churned out by the tabloids.

On the death of Leon Brittan in January this year, Watts and two of his co-conspirators **whined that**: “Those who allege that Brittan raped them were upset by the tributes [paid by the high and mighty]”. These people deserve to be Sectioned, not *upset*. All of them. Like Edward Heath, Brittan was a man who had a full diary throughout the 1970s and 80s, when he was supposed to have been raping, torturing and murdering boys – where is the evidence? One nutter making the same allegations as another nutter does not constitute corroboration, not when this nonsense has been all over the Internet.



Kenneth Clarke (Image Credits : Ministry of Justice)

Another politician, who was the target of innuendo rather than outright calumny, was veteran Ken Clarke. When fantasist Ben Fellows accused Clarke of indecently assaulting him, Mark Watts went to court to publicise what has been called **a second allegation**

against Mr Clarke, something that was excluded from the Fellows trial by the judge. Clearly, Watts wanted his gullible readers – and the jury – to not only hear about this allegation but to believe it to be true. The reality is that since the advent of social media it is possible to find the most outrageous claims against virtually any politician or public figure. Some of these idiots, liars and fantasists even report these false allegations to the police. Showbusiness people are likewise targeted by sickos, and have been since the 1921 Fatty Arbuckle scandal down to the present day with the false rape allegations against magician David Copperfield and singer-songwriter Conor Oberst in 2007 and 2013 respectively, the latter being a public rather than an officially filed false allegation.

It should be noted that in spite of his acquittal, Fellows is a serial fantasist and/or serial liar who has made gratuitously false allegations against at least one major figure in the world of music, a man whose name will not be given here, as well as against others in the field of acting.

It is so-ooo easy for anyone to make historical allegations of rape or anything else. Come to think of it Mr Watts, what were you doing in 1988? The answer to that question is starting work on the *Hull Daily Mail*, which begs the question did he come into contact with fruitcake Dianne Core who was peddling Satanic abuse nonsense on Humberside at that time, and even published a **book** about this chimera?

Recently, Watts and his motley crew held a meeting at which one of the speakers was the **certifiable lunatic Esther Baker**. She is the woman who crawled out of the woodwork awhile back to accuse a politician (who shall remain nameless) of raping her in the open along with several other men. And where were the police when this was happening? Well, one of them was standing guard over her. Can anyone believe this lunacy? Yet Baker has over 2,000 followers on Twitter while **Dave Nachmanoff** has just over 600. There must be a lesson there for nascent storytellers.

Mark Watts is the author of a book entitled *The Fleet Street Sewer Rat*; some might consider that an apt description of a man who has spent the past two years tarnishing the reputations of greater men than he could ever aspire to be. The truth though is that Mr Watts is a snake oil salesman; he and his website have promised much but delivered absolutely nothing.

Exaro has now been thoroughly discredited, the mythical VIP paedophile ring has not materialised, and its informants are nutters. Where does it go from here? Incredibly, it was intended to be a commercial website; the money behind it appears to have come entirely from one individual: hedge fund manager Jerome Booth. Here is a word of warning for Mr Booth, the fact that you are so wealthy and relatively high profile makes you a target for nutters too, as well as flim-flam artists like Mark Watts. If the police turn up on your doorstep ten years from now and inform you a *survivor* of sexual abuse has accused you of raping her at an unspecified location at an unspecified date between 1988 and 1991, you will know who to blame.

*This opinion article was written by an independent writer. The opinions and views expressed herein are those of the author and are not necessarily intended to reflect those of **TheLatestNews.com***

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