

Thom and I were inseparable at this time in our lives so I gave him a collection of note books and folders that were filled with what I considered to be my 'Works of Art'. When he left that afternoon, he took the note books with him. Apart from Radiohead's first album *Pablo Honey* released in 1993, I have again and again found my work on almost every one of their albums.

During 1994 to 1995, I was convinced that the Police were watching me. Through my own investigation and my research, I am one hundred percent convinced that Thom had hired a private detective to track me down, to take pictures of me and then trick his way into my apartment under the guise of a Victim Support Worker. I am sure that if I tracked someone down, spied on them, then sneaked my way into their house that I would be labelled a stalker and dealt with by the authorities.

Paying someone to do your dirty work for you is no different, other than the fact that you haven't got the balls to do it yourself. I bet you Radiohead purists hate my fuckin guts already. That may be the case, but please keep in mind that this is my life, and I can tell my story, my way. Thom will no doubt have his own version of events. You will not get to hear Thom's side of this story because he cannot argue with the truth. If his lawyers have anything to say about it, I welcome their challenge, nothing will be said, this is a can of worms that they will not want to lift the lid off, there will be no statements released, no legal challenge, zip, zero. I think that they call that behaviour, dignified silence. Where I come from, we call that cowardice.

In September 2013, I wrote a short letter to Thom's father, letting him know, that I was writing this memoir and asking him to inform

Thom of my whereabouts so his lawyers, if they so wished, could contact me to discuss this matter. Thom took the letter to his lawyers, Statham Gill Davies. They did their very best to shut me up with the help of the Public Protection Department at HMP Swaleside, where I was serving a ten year sentence for importing drugs into the United Kingdom.

Statham Gill Davies, not only failed to silence me, I believe they have failed Thom and the Band. I am a convicted drug trafficker with a lot to say. Why on earth would anyone want to be associated with this? Socially or artistically, several times I had tried to communicate with Statham Gill Davies. They issued me with a none contact request, in respect of Mr Thom Yorke, like I was some sort of crackpot super fan who was nothing more than a perpetual nuisance. Considering that I had made no attempt to contact Thom or the Band, (not

ever) since we went our separate ways back in late '92, I found their behaviour not only bizarre, it was yet another kick in the balls, the saying, 'Red Rag to a Bull' comes to mind. I became even more determined to publish this story.

I sent a seventy page synopsis to Statham Gill Davies in December 2013, entitled, 'Memoir of a Rock 'n Roll Criminal', the prelude to this auto-biography. Well they went ape shit. They threatened the Public Protection Team at HMP Swaleside with all kinds of legal action if I contacted them again, informing them to have me communicate with them only through a legal representative.

The Public Protection Team didn't have a clue what to do with me. They first blocked all my mail in and out of the prison. I had to get my solicitor to write to them complaining about the action that they had taken. A couple

of days later and I was frog marched down to the custodial managers office on E-wing. I was faced with the head of security, seconded probation and the public protection team. At first they tried to play hard ball to scare me into silence.

“Yer, mate, that worked.”

I didn't crumble despite their overwhelming presence. I remained calm and composed which threw them a little. They were no doubt expecting me to fly off the handle. Seconded probation finally conceded that, although this was an historic matter, they, the Ministry of Justice, could not be party to any grievance that I had with Radiohead or their lawyers. They then politely asked me not to contact Statham Gill Davies again until I left HMP Swaleside. To this, I agreed.