planted

A report of the events leading up to and surrounding the arrest and committal to be tried before a judge and jury of 3 members of the Exploding Galaxy charged with being in possession of dangerous drugs.

Compiled by PAUL KEELER.
My hope in compiling this report is that if people know in detail the persecution we have been subjected to they will demand an inquiry into our case and we will be able to continue evolving our art unmolested, and in peace.

Dedicated to David, Annabel and the Children of the Galaxy.
(See appendix chart Nos. 1 to 8 for full statements from which the quotations on the opposite page are taken.)
"On the afternoon of February 17th Paul Keeler came to my flat and told me that there had been a police raid on the Theatre in Islington where... The Exploding Galaxy were rehearsing, in which four of the members of the group had been arrested. He spoke of a police conspiracy directed against the group because of their unorthodox way of living as a community. He said then that he expected there to be a further raid within a few days which would involve, as did the previous raid, the placing of unauthorized drugs by the police, in premises occupied by the group. I find it a matter of deep concern that this has now in fact happened, on the morning of February 23rd."

Michael Dempsey, Editor of New Authors.

"Meanwhile, a number of things, some odd, some downright nasty, had been happening. 16th February was a Friday. Between the Friday and the Monday Keeler expressed considerable anxiety to a number of people that the police might raid the house in Dalston. On the Thursday, 22 February, the house was raided and four members of the group were charged with possession of cannabis."

Mary Holland, the Observer 5th May.

"Mary Holland is to be congratulated on exposing the disgraceful harassment of the Exploding Galaxy."

Tony Smythe, General Secretary of the N.C.C.L.

"Fed up after a series of abortive raids, the police appear to have taken the easy way out and made sure there was something to find by putting it there themselves."

Kevin McGrath, Peace News, 10th May.

"The behaviour of the police in this matter seems to me to have been unfair and unjust and continues to be so."

Guy Brett, Art Critic of the Times.

"The affair has all the aspects of a police operation, brutally conducted to discredit a group of artists in the name of society."

Jean Clay, Art Critic of Realite

"I was deeply shocked and distressed, as were a number of my friends and acquaintances, to learn of the apparent vicious persecution to which the Exploding Galaxy are being subjected at this time. I wish it to be known that I feel bound to take every possible opportunity to voice my wholehearted disapproval of the present action of the police in this matter and that I do not intend to let things rest until I consider that there has been a return to a just and proper state of affairs."

Kenelm Cox, Artist and Teacher.
AN INTRODUCTION TO THE REPORT
by
Gerry Fitzgerald

TEQUAVERSAL f. is a TRANSMEDIA EXPLORATION of
unspecific and incongruous material and propositions, to point in every
direction and to show that single channels of communication are now
obsolete. It may include a number of kinetic dramas, some still unperformed and some
(at the moment) unperformable for reasons that will be apparent later. SHIMMERING
QUAQUAVERSAL f. was evolved in coloured ink on rolls of translucent acetate in kinetic
script, and it was hoped to exhibit these in an EXPLORATION OF SENSORY METAPHORS
at Indica Gallery last year. Unfortunately the gallery closed. Other parts, i.e. "a walk
in the cathode-ray tube", "the activated burr", the train announcement and "bees in
Antarctica", have been performed by the Exploding Galaxy in London at UFO, Happening
44, The Roundhouse, The Electric Garden, the Middle Earth, The Palais des Sportes,
Paris, the Margriethal Utrecht, Provadia, Amsterdam, Portsmouth, Warwick and
London Universities. And more recently at Blackfriars Monastery and the Museum of
Modern Art, Oxford.

Some of the propositions, i.e. scrudges, were evolved in so many houses, streets and
parks that it would be impossible to name them all.

The first TRANSMEDIA EXPLORATION was at the Middle Earth (Covent Garden) in
September 1987, and many scrudges and documents were exhibited at the Evolving
Documents exhibition at the opening of the Arts Lab, Drury Lane a month later.

Here is an excerpt from a document about the exhibition which was by way of a catalogue
note.

EVOLVING DOCUMENTS/EXPLODING GALAXY

TRANSMEDIA KINETIC DRAMA QUAQUAVERSAL AND CENTROCLINAL
ARE SOME OF THE WORDS OF A MOVEMENT IN ART AWAY FROM SINGLE
CHANNELS OF EXPRESSION TO SOMETHING IMMERSING AND RESPONSIVE.
WORDS HAVE THEIR OWN METAPHORICAL VALUE. THEY WON'T FIT LIKE
A GLOVE. INCONGRUOUS AND UNSPECIFIC OCCURANCES CANNOT BE PRE-
ARRANGED, REHEARSED, AND THEY ARE OFTEN POOR TRAVELLERS.
HAPPENINGS DON'T HAPPEN THEY ARE CONTRIVED.

AT THE CORE OF EVERY ART FORM THERE IS PURITY. SITTING ON TOP
OF EVERY ART FORM ARE MILLIONS OF TONS OF CENTROCLINAL INERT-
ADDICTS. DOCUMENTS CAN SHOW THAT THE SPIRIT DOES NOT LIE, HERE
IN THE ARTS LABORATORY AUDIENCES CAN SEE DOCUMENTS EVOLVING ...
THE EXPLODING GALAXY

Because the QUQUAVERSSAL f. and the Exploding Galaxy began almost at the same time it is impossible for me to think of one without thinking of the other. The direction which western avant-garde artists were taking towards the end of 1966 became so elemental that it gave almost no room for the spectator and artist to share in the experience. The art object quickly began to lose its ability to communicate in depth. Substances, scale and context could no longer be separated from the idea. Drawings for sculptures and environments however improbable remained drawings and the closer they came to being art-objects in their own right (particularly if they were put in frames) the less likely it seemed that the ideas proposed would ever be carried out.

EXPLORATIONS would be more kinetic than exhibitions and a more inclusive kind of art. For one thing, art galleries had such a specific atmosphere that only very solemn people could want to attend them. Funeral parlours have a similar effect. Object worship is self-evidently materialistic and is a poor way of relating to people. The morgue-like environment was the inevitable result and art, if it was to breathe, had to evolve outside of it.

Happenings lacked the spontaneity they claimed to have and also the time to grow into something really beautiful. Some kind of performance was required that could contain both elements. There also had to be places where these elements could evolve. John Hopkins started UFO at the Barley Club premises in Tottenham Court Road as a club for people to meet, dance, watch films and get to know each other. This was mixed media. Everybody went there and its popularity made it possible for a new kind of art to develop. David Medalla, the Filipino sculptor and bio-kinetic artist who had run Signals Art Gallery with Paul Keeler, encouraged the young people there to join with him in making dances and dance-dramas. This is how the Exploding Galaxy began. Their house in Balls Pond Road, Islington was the meeting place and soon the dwelling place, studio and centre of explorations for the Galaxy.
So much was going on that it was difficult for the Galaxy as a whole to organise itself into anything coherent enough to be understood by mass-media audiences and art and poetry audiences were too specialist to appreciate it. People came from Ufo to Balls Pond Road so that the house and the Galaxy were not always in accord. Some who did not express themselves in art saw the Galaxy as an easy way of life, or the house as a place to stay rent-free. Some wanted it to be a dance group. Another way of seeing it was as a work of art expressing itself in its own life and evolving the language of the media it consisted of - poetry, painting, sculpture, dance, eating, sleeping and living together. It was virtually ignored by the art world, viewed with amusement by children, irritation by adults and hostility by the police. (The National Assistance Board banned everybody living in the house from benefit). The "NEWS OF THE WORLD" reported intimacy on the floor at Ufo, and Ufo at Tottenham Court Road was closed for good. The same Sunday, "THE PEOPLE" asked - "WOULD YOU LIKE YOUR DAUGHTER TO GO TO PARTIES LIKE THIS?" referring to the Galaxy's event at the Electric Garden (now Middle Earth), and went on to say "if the answer is NO you get TEN out of TEN from this paper". A description of a dance in conjunction with Arthur Brown was in language that would more appropriately have described an orgy.

The "NEWS OF THE WORLD" also wrote about the Galaxy at their house in Balls Pond Road, calling it a "Hippie H.Q." The cult of the flower children and "photographs" to alarm parents were typical devices used in the article.

The Galaxy were nölive when approached by the Press. I myself spoke at length to reporters about our work, but they usually ended up telling quite another story.

The public wanted flower power, so they were to have it, even if it had to be invented for them, but even the paper with the "NAKED TRUTH" could not descend to such depths of distortion as was "THE PEOPLE"s next offering on the Galaxy. Flower children not being very appropriate to cold February the residents of 99 Balls Pond Road are now classified as Diggers and spongers.

On FRIDAY MORNING February 16th I was in the kitchen when three 'freelance' journalists came in. (John Dugger had opened the door to them, and brought them to me as he had not been with the Galaxy very long).

I was surprised by their complete lack of politeness. They said they wanted photographs (which they had already begun to take) and were writing an article about "Diggers". I told them we were not Diggers, and suggested other places where they might find some. I made them tea and tried to reduce the curious hostile atmosphere they brought with them. I said I would be happy to answer questions about the Exploding Galaxy and its art, which I did, but their lack of manners knew no bounds. I had to tell them a number of times to listen and make notes of my replies to their questions (they had a habit of inventing replies for me). I was disappointed to find that most of their questions were about money, and though I answered as clearly as I could and they pretended to be satisfied and more 'friendly' (they even promised to send us photographs they took) I found to my alarm and distaste the article (see page 53) with a distorted photograph (scissored contour) was a collection of lies and copy whose sole purpose was to generate hate and disgust in the mind of every reader. Note the libel-evading techniques used in the article. The Headline "FREE clothes, FREE lodging, FREE love - BUT YOU PAY!"

This is incitement alright, but it does not refer directly to the Galaxy and again "Food, clothing - even girl-friends will be shared" may be ambiguous from a legal point of view, but it is filth and nothing else. (Audrey Vipond was attacked in the street shortly after this article appeared, by hoodlums who had seen it and demanded a 'share'). I am reported to have said "None of us believes in any form of straight work". This is complete fabrication. The word "straight" is current 'drop-out' jargon, and is used here to give an air of authenticity to their story. Again "We believe in the art of living with people" is the sort of woffle more likely to come from their mouths - or pens - than mine, but it is followed by a more dangerous misquote "Money is unimportant compared with exploring the unknown". Unknown what? I suspect this 'void' like statement to imply the sort of psychodelic vagueness I have always been against.

"The girls there when I was visiting were communal property too, I am told". Miss Windsor does not tell us who told her, or for that matter what she means. Are the men the communal property of the girls? Perhaps Miss Windsor feels that sex should be paid for! She doesn't tell us what her own arrangements are. "Several of the Galaxy admitted they were getting National Assistance" - I see. None of the Galaxy were receiving benefit. A television programme "The World owes me a Living" in which Mike Chapman and some of the Galaxy appeared when they were receiving N.A., (shot three months earlier), caused a worsening in relationships with the local social security office. They later told me they would not

* See Appendix
allow benefit to anyone living in the house. The Galaxy were abroad from mid-November to mid-January. I came back in December owing to a passport renewal problem and received a payment from them. I knew the programme was due to be released shortly and I mentioned it. They told me I would receive no more benefit, and that others living at that address (99 Balls Pond Road) would have to find other means of support. (There were never more than three or four people receiving benefit at the same time, out of about fifteen that constituted the Galaxy). I never applied for Assistance after that interview. I know that when other members came back from Amsterdam, hungry and broke, they were unsuccessful with their appeals. So much for the hardsuffering tax-payer.

Where the Galaxy's money comes from may not be easy to see (there is so little of it), but there can be no question about where Miss Kay Windsor gets hers.

I told Miss Windsor and her assistants that we were in mid-rehearsal of the "Orange and Blue" kittenegram at a school in Grange Street, and most of the Galaxy had, in fact, left for rehearsals before we finished talking. Two hours later I learnt that Paul Keeler, Ulsee Bo, John Dugger and Eve Ridoux had been arrested for possession of dangerous drugs. The next few days were a nightmare. I, with the remainder of the Galaxy, felt that the house was no longer safe. Paul, Ulsee Bo, John and Eve spent Friday night in gaol. The next day when they came out of court on bail I took Ulsee Bo to the Citizens Advice Bureau in Charing Cross Road. It was closed. Sunday, in spite of everything, we gave a performance of the "Orange and Blue". The uncertainty of events brought us closer together, but few people thought that we would perform. There was an audience of about twenty people. I told them our plight and what we feared.

Six days later Ulsee Bo, John Dugger, Christian Ledoux and myself were woken by the police and arrested for possession of dangerous drugs. Ulsee Bo was held in Holloway for nine days, and John Dugger was taken to Ashford also for nine days. It might have been longer had our solicitors not managed to get a judge in chambers to revoke the magistrate's decision.

Ulsee Bo and John were both held in custody because they were already on drugs charges. If Paul had been in the house that morning with us, he would certainly have been arrested and our position would have been disastrous. Fortunately, he was in the country informing people of the first emergency. Legal aid was refused to the "Exploders" in the first case, and in the second the passports of Christian (French) and John (American) were withheld. Yet neither of them were allowed work permits, or assistance. In the second part of the hearing of the second case the charge against Ulsee Bo was dropped - as mysteriously as it had been begun. Christian, John and myself were told we had a case to answer. I was arrested with Ulsee Bo, but there was no explanation as to why the charge should be maintained against me. Curious this, as there was already a charge against Ulsee Bo. The first case came up in Old Street Magistrate's Court and is now dismissed (no compensation or apology). The committal proceedings of the second case were heard at Stoke Newington, and there was no mention of the first case.

Cannabis was "found" on three of the four floors of 99 Balls Pond Road on February 22nd this year. The public then are expected to believe that this group of people, six days after four of their members had been arrested and charged with possession of dangerous drugs, had more drugs in an overcoat pocket (63 grains), tucked under a mattress (23 grains) and in a paper bag, found in the basement, first floor and top floor, in that order?

I wish to make it clear that I do not indulge in smoking any kind of drug or cigarette. I have never known Ulsee Bo to use any drugs. Paul, Christian and John I was constantly with and I would have known if any of them had such inclinations. These drugs can only be enjoyed when shared with other people.

The people who call themselves the Exploding Galaxy have no need of phsyco-active or alcoholic stimulants, few use tobacco. The cannabis found at the Group Theatre in Grange Street and at 99 Balls Pond Road was put there by persons who wished to incriminate, discredit and break-up the Exploding Galaxy.

Our house has not been quite the centre of explorations it was. Neither Paul nor I have dared to stay in the house much for fear of another arrest (THIS IN ENGLAND!), but we have been on the move with other explorers, exploring, creating and informing as well as evolving this report.

September 1968.
PLANTING IS DIFFICULT TO PROVE AND HENCE EASY TO GET AWAY WITH.

In Part 1 of the report I attempt to show how the two raids on the Galaxy were not isolated incidents but were part of a whole pattern of police activity directed against the Exploding Galaxy.

Having raided the house twice and searched members of the Galaxy in the streets regularly without finding them to be in possession of illegal drugs, the police decided to try and break up the Galaxy by planting them.

I investigate the first raid in great detail. I attempt to show exactly how the drugs were planted by pointing out the mistakes and contradictions in police evidence.

I do not go into the details of the second raid because they are being explored thoroughly in the trial.

But by showing what happened in the six days between the raids I hope to make clear the connection which exists between them.

Throughout the text of Part 1 I have inserted photographs of the Galaxy. I hope that these photographs will inform the reader about our way of life and give an idea of some of the performances we have given. I also hope these photographs will act as points of rest in a text which needs patience and interest to read thoroughly.

There are small numbers throughout the text which relate to the appendix at the back of the report. At the beginning of the appendix there is a chart showing where the relevant passages are to be found.

In Part 2 I have selected the following propositions.

I hope that they will serve at least as an introduction to some of the ideas and aspirations of different members of the Galaxy and show the diversity of interests and languages contained within the Galaxy. I also hope that they will counterbalance the fabrications and distortions that have been made by the police and certain newspapers as to our way of life.

The Orange and Blue Kinetogram by Gerry Fitzgerald.

Members of the Galaxy were exploring this at the time of the raids. After the raids we explored it at Islington Town Hall, University College London, Blackfriars Oxford, The Museum of Modern Art Oxford and Portsmouth College of Technology.

It forms part of Fetishes of Sympathy and Symptoms of Agression which includes Goldie Fingers and the Bear One and The Train Announcement.

Fitz with other members of the Galaxy will be exploring this at the Arts Laboratory, Drury Lane and in Oxford this coming term. We hope also to publish a book of the Fetishes of Sympathy and Symptoms of Agression in the near future.

The Bird Ballet. A cosmic dance-drama, story by David Medalla.

The Galaxy spent four months of last summer evolving this ballet which lasted four hours and in which forty people took part. It was performed at the Round House on October 20, 27, 26, 27, 29. Parts of it were performed on the Galaxy tour to Paris, Utrecht and Amsterdam, November 1967 to January 1968.

The Buddha Ballet. A proposition by David Medalla and John Dugger.

This work came out of David Medalla's concept for the Biokinetik Theatre. Since May of this year it has been explored every Sunday (weather permitting) on Parliament Hill, Hampstead Heath. Many people, apart from the Galaxy, have taken part in it. We hope to continue explorations of the Buddha Ballet inside, during the winter. But at present we have not been able to find premises for this purpose. We are hoping to publish a book on the Biokinetik Theatre, with illustrations by John Dugger. For the report David Medalla has written an essay showing the evolution of ideas and descriptions of some of the explorations.

Michael Chapman has chosen two sections from this film which he is currently making with other members of the Galaxy.

New Forms in Poetry, by Edward Pope.

A speech which Edward Pope read at the International Poetry Festival of Struga, Yugoslavia, in September of this year. Edward Pope and Michael Chapman were the British representatives at this Festival.

Two songs by Edward Pope, a love poem by Jill Drower and a Proposition for a Kinetic Structure by John Dugger, complete my selection for this report.

It has taken seven months to prepare this report and great care has been taken to eliminate the inevitable misspellings and typographical errors etc. However we must apologize for any that have not come to light as we have just heard the date of the trial and feel that we must get this to press immediately.

Paul Keeler

PART I

TWO RAIDS IN SIX DAYS
Introduction

The Galaxy as a group of people do not smoke cannabis.

As individuals, visiting friends or on their own, some would enjoy smoking cannabis and others would not.

But when in the house, or exploring together, or performing together the Galaxy do not smoke cannabis.

This is not because of any moral dislike of cannabis. It is simply because the Galaxy has a tendency to be austerely in its habits. Few people in the Galaxy smoke ordinary cigarettes or drink alcohol. Only three of the eleven people in the house at the time of the second raid smoked cigarettes.

There is a further reason for the absolute approach the Galaxy has towards cannabis.

It is illegal.

The police who enforce the law prohibiting cannabis have made it quite clear on many occasions that they suspect the Galaxy of using it.

Members of the Galaxy have been searched regularly in the streets for over a year. But the police have never found any of them to be in possession of cannabis or any other illegal drug.

99 Balls Pond Road was raided twice last summer. Both raids were complete surprises, and on neither occasion did the police find any illegal drugs on the premises.

The Galaxy were well aware that they were a target for the police. Around this time 'International Times' wrote: "The Galaxy's communal flat has been the scene of some of the worst police harassment to date."

A notice was put up inside the door to make our position concerning drugs completely clear. This was done to protect ourselves from the danger of visitors entering the house with drugs.

99 BALLS POND ROAD.

I WISH TO MAKE IT ABSOLUTELY CLEAR THAT I DO NOT ALLOW ANY DRUGS UNDER THE DANGEROUS DRUGS ACT TO BE TAKEN AT 99 BALLS POND ROAD, IN THE HOUSE OR IN THE GARDEN.

THIS INCLUDES ALL TYPES OF CANNABIS L.S.D., HEROIN OR ANY OTHER DRUG WHICH IS AN ILLEGAL DRUG, SO WOULD ANYBODY ENTERING THE HOUSE IN POSSESSION PLEASE LEAVE IMMEDIATELY.

Paul Redn 25/7/67

A COPY OF THE HOUSE NOTICE CONCERNING DRUGS.
To begin with a few of the visitors would come in possession of cannabis, but they were soon told to go away, and after a while visitors knew our position and complied with it.

In Appendix I Part I there are statements by visitors to the house.

Only once was the rule broken by members of the Galaxy living in the house. This was an isolated incident, which is clearly explained in Appendix 2 Part III. The people involved were immediately asked to leave - which they did.

99 Balls Pond Road is a small house. It would be impossible for anybody to secretly smoke cannabis there.

In Appendix 2 Part II there are four examples, which are fairly typical, of police searching members of the Galaxy in the street.

In Appendix 2 Part I there are the accounts of the raids the police made on the house in the summer of 1967.
Section 1

BEFORE THE RAIDS
JOHN DUGGER  JULIA PRICE  GERRY FITZGERALD  PAUL KEELER

MIKE CHAPMAN  JUDITH PERTZ  DAVID MEDALLA  AUDREY VIPOND  PAUL KEELER  JILL DROWER  GERRY FITZGERALD

In the Orange and Blue Kinetogram at Islington Town Hall, a week after the raids.
Group Theatre

Group Theatre is a night school in Grange Street, Islington.

Its purpose is to give young working people an opportunity to study different aspects of theatre. There are classes in voice production, mime, acting and stage production. Three or four times a year productions are staged in the Theatre.

There are three teachers, John Dunn-hill, the director, Esmond Webb and Margaret Jordon. They are approved and paid by the Inner London Education Authority.

The building is owned by the G.L.C. and run by the Colverstone Recreational Institute, Mr. John Townsend, the Hackney Borough Youth Officer is directly responsible for the supervision of the school.

The classes and buildings are regularly inspected by Mr. Archer.
The Building

Group Theatre was originally built as part of a school. It consists of two floors.

The ground floor is divided by a curtain into two areas. The main area is used for classes and has several long tables and chairs in it. The smaller partitioned area is used as a wardrobe and make-up room. There is a kitchen area in the main part of the room. It is separated from the rest of the room by a counter.

There are two entrances to the building. One into the ground floor room, the second at the back of the building which opens onto stairs that lead up to the first floor.

The first floor room is a large open space used as the theatre. There is a small curtain across one corner of the room but behind it are chairs stacked about nine feet high.

The Galaxy at Group Theatre

On returning from a tour of Paris, Utrecht and Amsterdam the galaxy needed a place to rehearse Orange and Blue, a kinetogram by Gerry Fitzgerald. On being approached, John Dunn-Hill agreed to allow the Galaxy to rehearse in the building during the afternoons as it was not used then by Group Theatre.

John Dunn-Hill states:

"The following is an account of the agreement I made with Paul Keeler. The Galaxy will during two weeks of February use the upstairs studio of Group Theatre, for the purpose of rehearsal of "Orange and Blue". They will also have use of the cooking facilities of the downstairs room. A cupboard for the Galaxy's props will be provided in the upstairs part of the building as all other available space downstairs is in use by Group Theatre. ALSO IT IS TO BE STRESSED THAT ON NO ACCOUNT WILL THE GALAXY USE THE DRESSING ROOM SPACE DOWNSTAIRS (Partitioned Area).

Following the rehearsals there will be a performance on Sunday February 18th. Pending the success of the performance I will consider the continuation of the arrangement."

JOHN DUNNHILL for Group Theatre.
The Children

Julia Price States:

Hoxton where the Group Theatre was situated in what is often known as a rough area. From talking to two young men from the area who run a sort of Youth Club, I gathered that in this district often both parents in a family were working and after school the children would not go home, but stay on a play centre or otherwise roam the streets, where the most exciting outlet for their energy would be breaking windows and dodging the police.

One little boy I spoke to said he only had one meal a day, school lunch.

When the Exploding Galaxy began rehearsing at the Group Theatre, the children registered an immediate reaction. They would flock round us when we arrived call out at us, "Hippies", crowd round the doors leading into the theatre making it difficult to get in, and once we got in they would hang around the doors outside giggling and occasionally calling out or playfully pushing each other in. It was clear that they were fascinated and intrigued by us, as children are by strange new things, but still the only way they could respond to us was in this rowdy almost aggressive way.

As we continued to explore at the Group Theatre we met the children quite regularly, going and coming. They always showed great interest in us and wanted to know why we wore the things we wore and what our names were. One of the things about the Exploding Galaxy is that, as artists, we are concerned with communication, among ourselves and with the public. Anyone who is interested in what we do is our audience and there is a need and desire to try and communicate with them. So in a way, I think the children were quite surprised by our way of responding to them, which must have been very different from how they were normally treated by the adult world, or how they expected to be treated.

We answered their questions and talked to them. They soon decided on favourites whom they especially asked for, I remember Ulise Bo, Audrey and Andy Forrest. Once when I needed to go out to buy some things for the Orange and Blue three little girls accompanied me to show me the way.

Now it seemed only natural that instead of hanging about outside and in fact disturbing our explorations, the children should come in and be able to watch and even join us.

On one particular evening (the Wednesday) a number of children had come in. The kinetogram, "Orange and Blue" is played by, among others, people bouncing balls and it incorporates all sorts of interesting and shimmering things like density tents, pancakes, alienoms and scrudges. The Children and the Galaxy were playing with and exploring many of these things together.

We were interrupted by a woman who later said she was the supervisor of the play centre. Her words on entering were, "I want you OUT!" The children seemed uncertain what to do, whether to obey or not. During the pause, I or some other member of the Galaxy asked quite politely who she was and what authority she was exercising over the children. The woman was very hostile in her replies and kept telling us we were not to encourage the children to come in. We told her that we neither encouraged nor discouraged the children from coming in, but if they wanted to come we would not stop them. If she wanted to stop
them she could. The woman became very insulting, primarily about our appearance, calling us dirty and hence degenerate and insinuating that we were corrupting the children. I told the woman that I understood that she was responsible for the children and as such it was up to her to see they come to no harm. I assured her that they would come to no harm here with us, and invited her to come right in and see what we were doing. She refused to come in, and marched the children out very angrily.

Thursday 15th February

2 p.m. John Townsend states:

Miss Myers, the Headmistress of Whitmore Jn School, Grange Street, N.1. telephoned me to complain of a group of weirdly dressed people who were using the premises of Group Theatre adjoinging the School during the day time. She had received complaints from parents about children being attracted into the premises. I agreed to visit Group Theatre that evening.

10 p.m. John Townsend states:

I visited Group Theatre which was in normal session and spoke to John Dunnhill. He explained that he had allowed the Exploding Galaxy to use the premises during the daytime for a limited period for rehearsals which would cease on 18th February, 1968.

Friday 16th February

12 o'clock John Townsend states:

I visited Whitmore School and explained the position to Miss Myers. That the Galaxy Group would cease to use the premises as from 18.2.68 and apologised for any inconvenience the group had caused her. She explained that local parents had been complaining to her and were concerned that young children were being attracted into the building during the daytime. Miss Myers was extremely reasonable and understanding and accepted the position as the nuisance would cease from the Sunday.
Between 1 and 2 o’clock John Dunn-Hill states:

I proceeded to sweep the floor of the downstairs room, the entire floor was swept by me, the main space and behind the kitchen counter AND UNDER THE SINKS

2 p.m. John Townsend states:

I called in to see John Dunn-Hill in the Group Theatre annexe to inform him that Miss Myers was satisfied with the position and to confirm that the Galaxy would not be using the premises again after Sunday 18.2.68. I NOTICED THAT THE FLOOR HAD OBVIOUSLY BEEN RECENTLY SWEEP AND THAT THE ROOM WAS UNUSUALLY CLEAN FOR GROUP THEATRE.

2.30 - 3.00 p.m. John Dunn-Hill spoke to Paul Keeler at the Sturt Public House

Paul Keeler states:

John Dunnhill told me that there had been complaints about us from the school. He said he knew it was not our fault, but he could not risk trouble with the authorities. He said we could do our performance on the Sunday, but after that we could not use the building during the day. But we would discuss later the possibility of using it at weekends and during holidays when the children were not at school. I told him that I would inform the others of the Galaxy when they arrived and ask them not to let the children into the Theatre during the rest of the week we were there.

About 3.15.

John Dunn-Hill leaves for the London School of Film Technique, Paul Keeler goes to Group Theatre.

About 3.45

Eve Ridoux, Ulisce Bo arrive at Group Theatre, shortly followed by John Dugger.

Eve, Ulisce Bo and John go upstairs and start preparing the Theatre for Exploration of "Orange and Blue".

Paul Keeler remains downstairs.

About 4.00.

D. C. Kellett accompanied by four police officers and a police dog arrive at Group Theatre with a warrant to search the premises for drugs.
The Complaint

Paul Keeler states

D. C. Kellett told me that they had made the raid because they had had complaints from parents of the school that we had been "luring the children into the Theatre giving them pornographic photographs and smoking cannabis in front of them".

The allegation that we had been "luring the children into the Theatre" is I believe answered by Julia Price's statement explaining how the children came to be there in the first place.

I did not have to go far to discover how the "pornographic photographs" allegation started. Michael Chapman, poet, explains clearly on the next page.

In section 2 I deal with the allegation that we were "smoking cannabis in front of the children".

None of the parents who brought the complaints appeared as witnesses for the prosecution, neither did any of the children in front of whom members of the Galaxy were supposed to have been smoking cannabis.
Once upon a time
I felt frustrated
So I bought a parade
from Smiths bookshop
and masturbated.
Then I placed it
the parade in my fur
pouchbag which I bought
at Paris for four francs
in a flea market. After
the said parade had
been mouldering in my
fur pouchbag for a
number of weeks I pulled
it out, tore it up, handed
it out,
But let me relate
the circumstances
I was exploring some
life at the school mentioned
in this case at the time
and I was standing in
the kitchen, I think
musing over the parade
realising with a slight
lingering sadness that
in no longer precipitated
a hardness in my lingam
When all of a
moment some kiddywinks
started crowding the kitchen
door. So I went outside
chattering with them a
few minutes. When I
asked them whether
they wanted some naughty
pictures. At which hearing
this a lot of them broke
out into shrieks of
eager longing at which
I tore the parade into
section and distributed
them. Then a little old
lady cackled up and
herded the reluctantised
kiddys out onto the
pavement outside
the gate.

thankyou

Michael Chapman
Section 2

THE FIRST RAID

a. THE POLICE EVIDENCE

We knew what lessons he taught in a room where Keeler had initially been, the ground floor room, a large room like a classroom decorated with art. To all four, he began to shout, "Do you know what they want from you?" He pointed to the floor, "Don't just say no. Don't just say no. You can control your life, you can control your mind."

The clothing was searched but again no drugs were found. The room was searched by Sg.t. Shaw. No drugs were found.

I asked Keeler what he did in the weekends. He took it from a shelf and said, "You take it and you take it and you take it."

Keeler was handed a piece of silver paper which I found in his pocketfold.

Keeler at this stage said, "No, I didn't just throw it. I threw it down there."

I asked Keeler, "Do you know what you're doing? You're telling me, 'You're not allowed to have drugs, and you're not allowed to have drugs.'" He replied, "Yes, I do."

The search was continued by other officers and I saw Sgt. Shaw examining a bag in the vicinity of a room. I saw that part of the room he took three pieces of silver paper which he handed to me. I recognized Keeler's. I took possession of them.

I then began to search and beside a sink I found a bag containing the following documents - Exhibit 4.
Introduction

The two statements in this section are the only ones that the police made about this raid. I have presented them exactly as they were taken down by the court.

In my examination of the police evidence, when dealing with their cross examination, I have used the original question answer form. The full cross examination can be seen in Appendix 3 part II.

I apologise to members of the legal profession for addressing the solicitors as counsel throughout the cross examination, but I am afraid the error was discovered too late to be corrected.
On 16.2.68. at about 4.00 p.m. I went with other officers to school premises in Grange Street, N.1. Part of these was a separate building. I had a search warrant in my possession. I went to the door of the separate building and knocked. It was opened by defendant Keeler. I told him I was a police officer and that I had a warrant to search the premises for drugs. I showed him the warrant. At this point I was joined by other officers, and I said to Keeler, "Are you the occupier of these premises?". He said, "No, it is a place we come for practice". I said, "Who is in charge?". He said, "I am". I said, "Before we start to search have you any drugs here?". He said, "You know better than that you fat little round thing, strutting about here. What has happened to freedom in this country?". I said, "We will search in here first" (indicating the ground floor room from which Keeler had come). He said, "No you won't. We'll go upstairs where the others are, we can all watch you then. I know you bastards will plant stuff if you're not watched".

With other officers I followed Keeler to a first floor room - a type of studio. There I saw the other three defendants. I told them why we were there and who we were, and explained to them that the warrant entitled us to search persons in the premises for drugs also. I said to all three, "Have any of you got any drugs?". Dugger said, "Not me, I don't need drugs". Ridoux said "Paul never allows anyone here with drugs". Davie did not reply.

We searched all three but no drugs were found. I told Keeler we were going to search him and T.D.C. Borland did in fact start to search him. He began to shout and swear. He then took off his clothes and strewn them about the floor, until he was only left in his underpants. He said, "Don't plant anything will you. Fascist bastards, your minds stink".

His clothing was searched but again no drugs were found. The room was searched by Sgt. Shearn but again no drugs were found.

I took possession of a knife - I recognise Exhibit 1 as that knife. I took it from a shelf round a pillar in the room.

We then went downstairs to the room where Keeler had initially been - the ground floor room. A large room like a classroom converted. I said to all four, "Do all of you use this room?" Keeler said, "You fucking ignorant fascist bastard you know we do. Is that against the law?" Dugger said, "Of course we do, but we (indicating two women) only came this afternoon to meet some friends". Davie said, "You won't find any drugs here, Paul doesn't allow it". Ridoux said "You fucking cunt leave us alone". We began to search the room and as we did so Keeler said to the other three, "Make sure you watch them all. If they can't find it, they will plant it"

I stood in a supervisory capacity whilst other officers searched and after a short time Sgt. Shearn handed me a piece of silver paper which I found to contain cannabis.

Dugger at this stage said "His dog has just found it. I saw him drop it".

I said to all four "This is cannabis, a dangerous drug. Who owns it?". I cautioned them all and Keeler said "You fucking dirty minded bastards. That pug faced dog is as bad as you. I'll fix the lot of you for this. I'll put you all down. The others did not reply.

The search was continued by other officers and I saw Sgt. Shearn searching with his dog in the vicinity of a sink unit. From that part of the room he took three pieces of silver paper which he handed to me - I recognise Exhibit 3 as the three pieces. I took possession of these.

I then began to search also and beside a sink unit I took possession of the tin foil container - Exhibit 4.
From a window ledge near where Sgt. Shearn had found the first piece of silver paper, I found plastic container - Exhibit 5.

I said to all four, "We have found this container and these implements which appear to be connected with the making of cannabis. You four are all on the premises and none of you admit possessing it. To possess cannabis is an offence and I am arresting you all".

I cautioned them and Keeler said "You bastard, We'll see about this later in Court". Dugger said "You're not arresting me you didn't find it in my pockets". Ridoux said, "You fucking dirty lying cunts". Davie did not reply. At this point Keeler tried to leave the room but he was forcibly held by me and another officer.

Later a police car arrived and all four were taken to City Road Police Station where they were later charged and none made any reply. Later I placed all the items I found in envelopes which I then sealed. The first piece of silver paper and its contents handed to me by Sgt. Shearn I put in an envelope now Exhibit 2. On the 21.2.68 I took all the Exhibits to the police laboratory at Holborn.

AND THIS WITNESS ON OATH SAYS

DOUGLAS SHEARN
SGT. 45 'F'
Stationed at Hainault

On 16.2.68, about 4. p.m. I went with D.C. Kellett and other officers to school premises in Grange Street, N.1. We all went to a small building quite separate from main part of school. After D.C. Kellett had obtained entry, I followed him with police dog "Yogi", especially trained to detect certain drugs. I saw a man I know now to be the defendant Keeler. He was talking to D.C. Kellett at the doorway to the ground floor room.

They all went upstairs and I followed. In a first floor room I saw three other people - the three other defendants. I released my dog and began searching.

I saw Keeler stripping his clothes and throwing them round the room, but I heard nothing of what was being said.

I found no drugs in that room.

We all went downstairs to the ground floor room - a large room. Part of it is a kitchen.

There I released my dog and began searching. At the far end of this room the dog came to a carrier bag standing on the floor. He nosed around the bag. He picked something from the bag. I took it and found it to be a piece of silver paper containing a small piece of resin substance.

This I handed to D.C. Kellett. Dugger was with me at the time. Dugger said, "This dog just found it. I saw him drop it".

I continued to search with the dog until I came to the part used as a kitchen. Beside the sink I found three more pieces of silver paper. I look at Exhibit 3 - these are the three pieces. I found them to contain a resin substance and I handed them to D.C. Kellett.

After that I continued to search with my dog but found nothing of interest.
LEFT. SOUND POEM.
Liegahana and galaxy
dance to Mike Chapman's
'Mechanical Schoolmaster'
Hyde Park Summer 1967.

BELOW.
Gwendolen, Fitz. David.
Three of the nine Exploder
dancing in the Kings Road.
**THE EXHIBITS**

D. C. Kellett: *Or what are these alleged D. C. Kellett?*

Counsel: *Did you take any steps to ensure that fingerprints were not removed on the handle of the knife?*

D. C. Kellett: *No.*

Counsel: *Did you take any steps to ensure that fingerprints were not preserved on the knife handle?*

D. C. Kellett: *No.*

Counsel: *I examined the suggestions that could be made in connection with the trial today. There is no particular reason why I did not ask you to examine the fingerprints on the knife in the circumstances of this case.*

D. C. Kellett: *There are no particular reasons why I did not ask you to examine the fingerprints on the knife.*

Counsel: *Why not?*

D. C. Kellett: *I have never examined a knife for fingerprints. I have never examined a knife for fingerprints.*

Counsel: *Why not?*

D. C. Kellett: *I have never examined a knife for fingerprints.*

Counsel: *I found two of these knives at the scene of the crime.*

D. C. Kellett: *Yes.*

Counsel: *I found two of these knives at the scene of the crime.*

D. C. Kellett: *Yes.*

Counsel: *I found two of these knives at the scene of the crime.*

D. C. Kellett: *Yes.*

Counsel: *I found two of these knives at the scene of the crime.*

D. C. Kellett: *Yes.*
The Exhibits

AND THIS WITNESS
ON OATH SAYS

On 21.2.68. I received from D. C. Kellett of G Division a number of items. I examined them.

EXHIBIT 1 - The knife.
I FOUND TRACES OF CANNABIS RESIN ON THE BLADE OF THE KNIFE.

EXHIBIT 2 - An Envelope
I EXAMINED THE SUBSTANCE AND FOUND IN THIS SIX GRAINS OF CANNABIS RESIN THAT, TOGETHER WITH THE SILVER PAPER, HAS NOW BEEN LOST.

EXHIBIT 3 - 3 Pieces of Sliver Paper.
I EXAMINED TWO OF THESE - FOUND TO CONTAIN 16 GRAINS OF CANNABIS RESIN, THE THIRD CONTAINED AN UNRESTRICTED BROWN SUBSTANCE.

EXHIBIT 4 - The Tin Foil Container.
I FOUND IT TO CONTAIN 3 GRAINS OF CANNABIS RESIN.

EXHIBIT 5 - The Plastic Container
I FOUND TRACES OF CANNABIS IN THE PLASTIC BOX, BUT I FOUND NO TRACES ON THE RAZOR BLADE.

EXHIBIT 6 - The Pocket Knife.
I FOUND NO TRACES OF CANNABIS RESIN ON THIS KNIFE.

I TOOK NO STEPS TO ENSURE THAT FINGERPRINTS WOULD NOT BE ERASED.
Fingerprints

THE POLICE DO NOT TEST THE EXHIBITS FOR FINGERPRINTS.

By making fingerprint tests on the exhibits it would have been possible to ascertain who had been handling them. This would have been important in establishing a charge of possession.

D. C. Kellett cross examined:

Counsel: Did you take any steps to ensure that fingerprints might remain on the handle of the knife?

D. C. Kellett: No.

Counsel: Did Mr. Dugger ask you to?

D. C. Kellett: No.

Counsel: Why didn't you?

D. C. Kellett: There is no particular reason why I did or did not do so in the circumstances of this raid.

Counsel: Did you take any steps to ensure that fingerprints were preserved on the tin foil container.

D. C. Kellett: No.

Counsel: Why not?

D. C. Kellett: When one takes exhibits of this nature to the laboratory for analysis, instructions are clear that they are to be handled by a minimum of people. If one was to dust them for fingerprints there is almost 100% probability of losing the exhibit, by brushing it away with fingerprint dust.

Counsel: But this wouldn't apply to the handle of the knife, would it?

D. C. Kellett: No.

D. C. Kellett starts by stating that there was no particular reason why he did or did not preserve the fingerprints. He then goes into a long and complicated theory of why he did not preserve them. And finishes by agreeing that his theory would not apply to the handle of the knife.
Sgt. Shearn states that his dog found Exhibit 2 in a CARRIER BAG. This should have been a very important piece of evidence; the person who owned THE CARRIER BAG would have been clearly implicated in possessing the cannabis which was found in it.

D.C. Kellett cross examined

Counsel: Did Sgt Shearn tell you where he had found the cannabis?

D.C. Kellett: Yes

Counsel: Did you go and inspect the place?

D.C. Kellett: No.

Counsel: Did Shearn say anything about a PAPER CARRIER BAG?

D.C. Kellett: The sergeant mentioned a paper carrier bag.

Counsel: Why didn't you go and see it?

D.C. Kellett: I considered that a sergeant was quite capable of giving evidence of what and where he found it.

Counsel: Did you find out who owned it?

D.C. Kellett: I was unable to discover who owned it.

Counsel: Were you able to discover who owned the other exhibits?

D.C. Kellett: I was unable to discover who owned any of the exhibits except the knife. (The knife he refers to is Exhibit 6 which he took from John Dugger at the station).

D.C. Kellett says he was unable to discover who owned the carrier bag; but before he says he left it for Sgt. Shearn to deal with and didn't even go over and see it. So it would be true to say, rather than not being able, Kellett in fact did not attempt to discover who owned it.

This also applies to the razor blade container and the knife.
Ownership

WHO IN FACT OWNED THE ARTICLES ON WHICH AND IN WHICH THE CANNABIS WAS FOUND

EXHIBIT 1 - The Knife

John Dunn-Hill states:

The knife which the police found in the theatre upstairs was used for cutting bread and went missing from the kitchen cupboard some three months previous to the 16th. I can only imagine that somebody had taken the knife to cut rope in the theatre upstairs.

EXHIBIT 2 - The Carrier Bag

John Dunn-Hill states:

There were at the time of the police raid 4 or 5 paper carrier bags standing together in the dressing room part of the downstairs room. One of them contained soap powder, washing up liquid and some coffee. This belonged to me. Other carrier bags, also belonging to me contained costuming and props. One of the bags had some books in it which were used by Group Theatre and were the property of Esmond Webb and group Theatre.

EXHIBIT 4 - The Tin Foil Container

John Dunn-Hill states:

This was an empty food container which I had eaten from the night previously and had washed out to use as an ashtray. I washed it at approximately 1.20 in my process of cleaning up.

EXHIBIT 5 - Plastic Razor Blade Container

John Dunn-Hill states:

This belonged to a Miss Josephine Biscombe who left some of her personal toilet belongings at Group Theatre.

EXHIBIT 6 - A Pocket Knife. NO TRACES OF CANNABIS WERE FOUND ON THIS

John Dugger states:

At the police station I was asked to turn out my pockets. I did so explaining as I went the purpose and artistic value of each object. I surrendered with other things a pocket jack knife. D.C. Kellett said "I'll have that". I said, he could have it, but after I had opened it and had the blade surface checked by the desk sergeant. I opened the jack knife and examined the blade with the desk sergeant, (At his right side facing D.C. Kellett) explaining that the drugs produced as evidence were planted by D.C. Kellett and his men, and that I feared he (Kellett) would smear the knife with drugs. The desk sergeant was understanding and examined the knife closely. He then surrendered the knife to D.C. Kellett.
EXHIBIT 1 was found in the theatre upstairs

EXHIBITS 2 and 5 were found in THE PARTITIONED AREA

EXHIBITS 3 and 4 were found in THE KITCHEN AREA

The five exhibits were found in three completely separate areas. One of which had been swept and cleaned out by John Dunn-Hill 2 hours before the police arrived (THE KITCHEN AREA) And the other of which was not used by the Galaxy, (THE PARTITIONED AREA).

Exhibit 1 was on top of a pillar by a curtain which had been erected for a Group Theatre production.

Exhibit 2 was found in the carrier bag which was on the floor.

Exhibit 3 The two pieces of silver paper containing Cannabis were found separately beside a paint tin and a rubbish bin under neat the sink unit. ¹⁴

Exhibit 4 was on the draining board of the sink unit.

Exhibit 5 was on a window sill.

The five exhibits were found in 6 separate places.

The Galaxy Searched

The hand baggage of the Galaxy was on the floor in the upstairs theatre. ¹⁵ Other Galaxy belongings were in a cupboard that had been provided by John Dunn-Hill. The members of the Galaxy were searched thoroughly.

NO CANNABIS WAS FOUND ON ANY MEMBER OF THE GALAXY OR IN ANYTHING BELONGING TO A MEMBER OF THE GALAXY.

The Exhibits Found

D.C. Kellett was the officer in charge. He supervised the raid, questioned the Galaxy, took charge of the exhibits and made the arrests.

He had four officers under him who were only involved in searching.

AND YET D.C. KELLETT FOUND THREE OF THE FIVE EXHIBITS (Exhibits 1, 4 and 5) Sgt. Shearn and his dog found Exhibits 2 and 3.
THE PLACES WHERE THE POLICE ALLEGED THEY FOUND THE CANNABIS

UPSTAIRS

DOWNSTAIRS

P.T.O.
THE PLACES WHERE THE POLICE ALLEGED THEY FOUND THE CANNABIS

The partitioned area, used by Group Theatre (The night school) as a make up and wardrobe room and not used by the Exploding Galaxy.

In one of the carrier bags owned by either John Dunn-hill or Esmond Webb, both teachers at Group Theatre.

Under the sinks swept by John Dunn-hill two hours before the police arrived.

In a tin foil container washed out by John Dunn-hill two hours before the police arrived.

In razor blade container owned by Miss Josephine Biscombe, a student of Group Theatre.

On a knife belonging to Group Theatre kitchen, lost about three months before the raid, when the Galaxy were not using the building.

The Galaxy Searched

The bond bag of the Galaxy was on the floor of the costumes room. Other Galaxy documents were sent in the same method. The raid of the Galaxy was not expected.

No cannabis was found in the Galaxy at any time.

All witnesses are available.
The Curtain

The finding of the body of Mrs. C. in her apartment

Sgt. Sheehan states that he was the first person to open the door. He found the body and called the police. He did not notice any unusual circumstanc

The Dog

The counter

The dog is a small chihuahua. It was found in the kitchen area. It is believed that it may have been a source of stress for Mrs. C.

C. INCONGRUITIES AND OMISSIONS

The kitchen area was not properly partitioned. This allowed unauthorized individuals to enter the area. Mrs. C. was found in the kitchen area with a knife and a glass of wine. It appears that she may have committed suicide.

The finding of the body of Mrs. C. in her apartment

Sgt. Sheehan states that he was the first person to open the door. He found the body and called the police. He did not notice any unusual circumstanc
Openly Placed

THE DIFFICULTY IN ESTABLISHING WHY CANNABIS WAS IN THE TIN FOIL CONTAINER

On arresting the four members of the Galaxy D.C. Kellett stated:

We have found THIS CONTAINER and these implements which appear to be connected with the making of cannabis.
(By "making of cannabis" I understand D.C. Kellett to mean "preparing of cannabis" in order to smoke - It would not be possible to make cannabis with a knife, a razor blade and a tin foil container!)

D.C. Kellett stated under cross examination:

The cannabis I found was openly placed on a sink unit and in a tin foil container with an open top.
(By "openly placed" I understand him to mean that the cannabis was not wrapped in anything).

It is clear from these two statements that D.C. Kellett implies that the cannabis was being used.

D.C. Kellett found the container on the draining board where John Dunn-Hill had left it after he had washed it up.
The only people who were in the building between the time John Dunn-Hill left and D.C. Kellett arrived were the four members of the Galaxy. They were all searched thoroughly.
The police found on them no cigarettes, cigarette papers, tobacco, pipes or other paraphernalia with which cannabis can be smoked.
The building was searched thoroughly.
The police found no evidence of smoking: ash in ash trays, cigarette ends, etc.

JOHN DUNN-HILL HAD CLEANED ALL THE ASHTRAYS AT LUNCH TIME AND THE FOUR MEMBERS OF THE GALAXY WERE ALL NON-SMOKERS.

The knife - Exhibit 1, and the razor blade container - Exhibit 5, which Kellett said "appeared to be connected with the making of cannabis" were nowhere near the Kitchen Area. The knife was upstairs, the plastic container in the partitioned area downstairs.

SO THAT IF THE PIECE OF CANNABIS WAS NOT BEING USED THEN WHY WAS IT OPENLY PLACED IN THE TIN FOIL CONTAINER?

Cannabis is an expensive, illegal substance.
Teachers and inspectors were liable to walk into Group Theatre at any time.
It is unlikely that anyone would leave it lying around for all to see.

Underneath The Sinks

THE DIFFICULTY IN ESTABLISHING WHY THE CANNABIS WAS UNDERNEATH THE SINKS.

Underneath a sink is a very bad place to store cannabis as it is damp and likely to be cleaned out at any time. (John Dunn-Hill in fact swept underneath the sinks 2 hours before the police arrived).

The raid was a complete surprise. Paul Keeler was the only person in the downstairs room when the police knocked. The door has a glass window and faces the kitchen area, so Paul Keeler was in full view of the police when he went to open the door.
So that if he had had cannabis on him and had wanted to get rid of it he would hardly have thrown it under the sinks in full view of the officers standing at the door.
The Finding Of Exhibits 2, 3 and 4

The Curtain

Sgt. Shearn states that his dog on being released went to the end of the room where it found 6 grains of cannabis in the carrier bag.

BUT HE Omits TO MENTION THAT HIS DOG HAD TO PASS THROUGH A CURTAIN PARTITIONING THE ROOM.

Sgt. Shearn cross examined:

Counsel: Is there a curtain partitioning the room?
Sgt. Shearn: Yes.
Counsel: Whereabouts in the room is it?
Sgt. Shearn: It is to the right of the room.
Counsel: Did you go into the curtained part of the room?
Sgt. Shearn: Yes.
Counsel: Was it there that you found the first piece of silver paper?
Sgt. Shearn: Yes.

The Dog

Sgt. Shearn then states that his dog found Exhibit 3 in the KITCHEN AREA and D.C. Kellett states that he found Exhibit 4 on the sink unit.
So that between them they found 19 grains of cannabis in the Kitchen Area.

The kitchen area faces the entrance. The carrier bag was 25 feet away from the entrance in the partitioned area.

SO THAT THE DOG PASSED BY THE 19 GRAINS OF CANNABIS ON ITS WAY TO THE 6 GRAINS OF CANNABIS IN THE CARRIER BAG.

The Counter

The kitchen area has a coffee counter in front of it.
It is 9 feet long, 2 feet wide and 2 feet 9 inches high. It separates the Kitchen Area from the rest of the room and masks people standing behind it from below the waist.

Sgt. Shearn said under cross examination:
The part I referred to as the kitchen area is not partitioned off in any way.

THE KITCHEN AREA IS QUITE CLEARLY PARTITIONED OFF IN SOME WAY.
Openly Placed in the Tin Foil Container

After Sgt. Shearn handed him Exhibits 2 and 3, D.C. Kellett states that he started to search and found Exhibit 4, 3 grains of cannabis, openly placed in a tin foil container with an open top.

D.C. Kellett went on to say under cross examination:

- Unless one looked into the container one could not see the contents
- But equally:
  - If one looked into the container one could see the contents.

He continues:

- The container could be seen from the door.

So that we have AN UNWRAPPED PIECE OF CANNABIS in an OPEN TIN FOIL CONTAINER which could be SEEN FROM THE DOOR.
ONE ONLY HAD TO LOOK INTO THE CONTAINER TO SEE THE CONTENTS.

D. C. Kellett stated:

I stood in a supervisory capacity WHILST OTHER OFFICERS SEARCHED.

(By searching I understand him to include looking into things that could contain cannabis)

Whilst Sgt. Shearn found Exhibits 2 and 3 at opposite ends of the room, and D.C. Kellett supervised the raid, several minutes passed.

THREE OTHER OFFICERS WERE SEARCHING THE ROOM AND YET NONE OF THEM FOUND EXHIBIT 4

Questions

To sum up: If the police did find cannabis in the building then ..........

WHY DIDN’T THEY BRING FORWARD THE CARRIERBAG AS EVIDENCE OF WHERE THEY FOUND IT?

WHY DIDN’T THEY FIND OUT WHO OWNED THE ARTICLES ON WHICH AND IN WHICH IT WAS FOUND?

WHY DIDN’T THEY MAKE FINGERPRINT TESTS?

WHY WAS A PIECE OF CANNABIS STANDING OPENLY IN THE TIN FOIL CONTAINER AND WHY DID THE DETECTIVES TAKE SO LONG TO FIND THIS PIECE?

WHY WERE THE TWO PIECES OF CANNABIS UNDER THE SINKS?

WHY DID SGT. SHEARN FAIL TO MENTION THE CURTAIN THAT HE HAD TO GO THROUGH AND INSIST THAT THE KITCHEN COUNTER DID NOT PARTITION THE ROOM IN ANY WAY?

AND WHY DID THE DOG ON ENTERING THE ROOM WALK PAST THE CANNABIS IN THE KITCHEN AREA?

If, as the police alleged, the members of the Galaxy were responsible for the cannabis then ...........

WHY WAS THERE NO EVIDENCE FOUND ON ANY MEMBER OF THE GALAXY OR AMONGST ANY OF THE GALAXYS’ POSSESSIONS AND WHY WAS IT THAT ALL THE ARTICLES ON WHICH AND IN WHICH CANNABIS WAS FOUND BELONGED TO GROUP THEATRE OR MEMBERS OF GROUP THEATRE?

(49)
With SIMON reading a poem at the 'Invasion of Ideas' exploration, St Stephens Gardens, October 1967.

Listen to Fitz reading a kinetic drama at 99 Balls Pond Rd.
THE GALAXY STATEMENTS

Andy was in the room. The Police said him that he was not under arrest as he had entered during the call. I gave the call to the Theatre as Andy.

I asked a member of the Police Squad if I could go again to obtain my glasses and helmet. They refused.

Transport Police were called. We were taken away.

In his second statement John Dugger said, referring to Sgt. O'Shaughnessy’s report:

The Police also have... 2 other pieces of cannabis in the police station.

This is because at that moment he was telling the Inspector the sergeant told me that he had been behind the curtain.

Paul Keeler states:

Whilst I was talking to the Inspector the sergeant told me that he had gone behind the little office counter. I went over and watched in amazement as this man put a hand behind his back and not having another piece of cannabis he threw paper and then repeat the trick one behind a towel tip.

Paul Keeler added:

Three pieces of cannabis were discovered within about three minutes in three different places around the floor. One had been seen to be thrown on the floor. The other two looked to me as if he simply used the old magician trick of keeping the cards hidden in the hand.
Introduction

The four members of the Galaxy who were arrested and Andy Forrest who arrived during the raid, all wrote accounts of what happened. These accounts were all written separately. Four of them were written before the Galaxy heard the Police evidence at the committal proceedings and it is mainly these statements that I will use in this section. Any reference I make to the statements written after the committal proceedings I will put in brackets).

The first statement was written by John Dugger two days after the first raid. The second was written by Paul Keeler the evening of the second raid. He was in Gloucestershire at the time and was informed by telephone of the event. There was no other member of the Galaxy with him when he wrote it. The third was written by John Dugger whilst he was remanded in Ashford Prison. He did not have access to his first statement as it had been taken away with his other belongings by the Prison Authorities. The fourth statement was related by Ulisse Bo to her solicitor whilst she was in Holloway Prison. Again she could not consult with any member of the Galaxy.

In essence the statements all tell the same story. Although it is quite clear that each person saw what happened from a different standpoint. John Dugger saw clearly Sgt. Shearn "find" the first piece of cannabis but was so busy telling everyone about it that he did not see him "find" the second piece. Paul Keeler however saw clearly the second "find" but was only half watching what was going on behind the curtain so did not see clearly the first "find". Ulisse Bo was very confused and did not see either of the "finds" with any clarity. It is clear to me from these statements that the members of the Galaxy have recounted what they actually saw.

I would suggest, however, that the interested reader should at this stage look for himself at these four statements which are fully reproduced in Appendix 4 Part I.

The statements made by Eve Ridoux and Andy Forrest are reproduced in Appendix 4 Part II.
JOHN DUGGER STATES:

It was at the top of the stairs that Uisce Bo and I first encountered the Police. I didn't know they were Police at first until they pushed me back into the Theatre.

The Police searched the Theatre and our persons. On our persons they found nothing. They had Paul strip to his underwear. They found a knife - a paring knife, handed to one of the junior members of the squad. He held it by the blade. I pointed out to him that it was a bad action to hold the knife by the blade because he would leave his fingerprints on it. An older officer approached him and suggested that he should not hold the knife by the blade. With the exception of the knife nothing was found that could be called "evidence". We were then taken downstairs.

Paul was already in the workshop when I came in. Paul immediately asked me to watch the man with the dog, who was behind the curtains at the far end of the room. I walked over to the curtain and watched the sergeant. He was stooping over some baggage on the left side of the partition. He picked up an object, dropped it, nudged the dog, picked up the object again, turned it behind him, the dog lunged at it. The sergeant picked up the object, turned and asked if the luggage was ours. I replied no and I told him he had dropped something, he held it up and said "Evidence". I said I saw him drop it. He pushed past me and said that I saw nothing. He then handed the planted drugs to his superior. The man with the dog went behind the 'kitchen' counter and produced two more foils with what the Police said was cannabis. This was in the first three or four minutes the police were in the workshop.

The Police continued to search for another five minutes - during which we were arrested, shown the warrant, told to shut up and then told that everything we said would be used against us.

We stated that the drugs were not ours and I told them I saw the sergeant plant drugs behind the curtained partition. The only other 'evidence' that was found was a razor in a plastic box. They said we 'used the razor to cut cannabis. We denied all knowledge of the drugs. Paul attempted to use the telephone but was held back and then accused of assaulting an officer. Paul denied the charge.

Andy was in the room. The Police told him that he was not under arrest as he had entered during the raid. I gave the keys of the Theatre to Andy.

I asked a member of the Police Squad if I could go upstairs to obtain my gloves and helmet. They refused.

Transport Police were called. We were taken away.

In his second statement John Dugger said, referring to Sgt. Shearn "finding" Exhibit 3

The Police also found .... 2 other pieces of cannabis in silver paper.

I do not know exactly where they found them.

This is because at that moment he was telling Uisce Bo, Eve Ridoux and Andy Forrest what he had seen behind the curtain.

Paul Keeler states:

Whilst I was talking to the Inspector the sergeant and dog I noticed had gone behind the little coffee counter. I went over and watched in amazement as this man put a hand blindly behind a rubbish bin and bring out another piece of hashish in silver paper and then repeat the instance behind a paint tin.

Paul Keeler sums up:

Three pieces of hash were discovered within about three minutes in three different places on the floor. One lot was seen to be thrown on the floor. The other two looked to me as if he simply used the old magicians trick of keeping the cards hidden in the hand.
7 Important Differences — BETWEEN THE POLICE STATEMENTS AND THE GALAXY STATEMENTS

Stripping

THE POLICE

D.C. Kellett stated that Paul Keeler stripped all his clothes off and threw them around the room.

D.C. Kellett cross examined:

Counsel: Did you ask Mr. Keeler to take off his clothes?

D.C. Kellett: No.

Counsel: Why do you think he did?

D.C. Kellett: I saw no explicable reason for his taking off his clothes.

THE GALAXY

All four statements clearly state that Paul Keeler was asked to strip by D.C. Kellett.

The Knife

THE GALAXY

John Dugger stated that he expressed concern at the way in which the police were handling the knife, Exhibit 1. This incident is not recorded in the other three statements. (However, Eve Ridoux, Uisce Bo and Paul Keeler in their statements made after committal proceedings all say they remember the incident taking place).

THE POLICE

This incident is not recorded in either of the police statements.

D.C. Kellett cross examined:

Counsel: Did you take any steps to ensure that fingerprints might remain on the handle of the knife?

D.C. Kellett: No.

Counsel: Did Mr. Dugger ask you to?

D.C. Kellett: No.
The Conversation

THE GALAXY

John Dugger stated that he had a conversation with Sgt. Shearn behind the curtain.

The sergeant... asked if the luggage was ours.
I replied no and told him he had dropped something.
He held it up and said "Evidence".

Paul Keeler records in his statement that he heard the last half of the conversation and Usce Bo records that she was told about the conversation by John Dugger immediately after it took place.
(Eve Ridoux and Andy Forrest both record that they heard part of the conversation and were told about it by John Dugger immediately after it took place)

THE POLICE

Neither of the police statements record this incident.

Sgt. Shearn cross examined:

Counsel: Did Dugger say "You've dropped something".

Sgt. Shearn: No.

Counsel: Did you say anything to Dugger on finding the cannabis?

Sgt. Shearn: No.

Counsel: What did you say?

Sgt. Shearn: I called out to D.C. Kellett and I said "I found this" and held it up. HE JOINED US AT THE PARTITION AT ONCE.

This is the first mention of this incident. Neither Sgt. Shearn nor D.C. Kellett mentioned it in their original statements. Before, after finding the cannabis, Sgt. Shearn had simply said:

This I handed to D.C. Kellett.

and Kellett said:

I stood in a supervisory capacity whilst other officers searched and after a short time Sgt. Shearn handed me a piece of silver paper which I found to contain cannabis.

D.C. Kellett was standing in the centre of the main area supervising the raid. Sgt. Shearn "found" the piece of cannabis in the partitioned area. There is about 18 feet between the two places.

From these original statements it would appear, rather than D.C. Kellett going across to where Sgt. Shearn was, Sgt. Shearn went across to where D.C. Kellett was standing.

When D.C. Kellett was cross examined about the place where Sgt. Shearn found the cannabis, he said:

I did not go and inspect the place where Sgt. Shearn found the cannabis...
I considered a Sergeant quite capable of giving evidence of what (he found) and where he found it.....
I did not therefore go and see it.
The Accusation

THE GALAXY

John Dugger stated that after Sgt. Shearn "found" the first piece of cannabis he accused him of planting it. He then stated that when Sgt. Shearn handed it to D.C. Kellett he told D.C. Kellett that he had seen Sgt. Shearn plant it behind the curtain.

Paul Keeler and Uisce Bo both record that John Dugger told them and the police that he had seen Sgt. Shearn plant the cannabis behind the curtain. (Eve Ridoux and Andy Forrest also record this in their statements)

THE POLICE

Neither of the police statements record any accusation by John Dugger that the drugs had been planted (Although they record Paul Keeler's anticipation of a plant).

D.C. Kellett stated that John Dugger said, after Sgt. Shearn had handed him the cannabis


His dog has just found it. I saw him drop it.

And Sgt. Shearn stated that John Dugger said:


This dog just found it. I saw him drop it.

The Tin Foil Container

THE POLICE

D.C. Kellett stated that he found 3 grains of cannabis in a tin foil container and charged the Galaxy with being in possession of it.

THE GALAXY

NONE OF THE FOUR STATEMENTS MENTIONS THIS INCIDENT AS TAKING PLACE

Time Taken

THE POLICE

Sgt. Shearn stated under cross examination that 3 to 4 minutes elapsed between the "finding" of Exhibits 2 and 3.

D.C. Kellett also stated under cross examination that between 3 to 4 minutes elapsed but agreed that it could have been shorter.

THE GALAXY

Paul Keeler stated that both the Exhibits were found within 3 minutes of the police entering the downstairs room.

John Dugger stated that everything was found between 3 to 4 minutes.
The Telephone

THE GALAXY

Paul Keeler stated:

I tried then to leave the room through a door and enter the office in order to telephone a solicitor. A great burly detective blocked my passage. I tried to open the door and I was told that I was assaulting an officer. I was then manhandled out of the room into the office but I was not allowed to use the telephone.

John Dugger and Uisce Bo both record this incident.
(Eve Ridoux and Andy Forrest also record this incident)

THE POLICE

D.C. Kellett stated:

At this point Keeler tried to leave the room but he was forcibly detained by myself and another officer.

No mention was made by D.C. Kellett of the reason why Paul Keeler wanted to leave the room.

However, under cross examination, D.C. Kellett stated

Mr. Keeler did mention he was trying to phone his solicitor.
EVE RIDOUX

Paul Scott's sister that her brother Paul was the only man she could have as a husband entering the matrimonial room.

B.C. Kellner also stated under police examination that believing it was a woman elephant, he had agreed that it could have been animal.
e. THE RECONSTRUCTION

THE UPSTAIRS ROOM

In the upstairs room Sgt. Shears searched the cup, which contained the powder, and found no drugs. The contents of the cup were empty, and no drugs were found on them.

Sgt. Shears does not think it possible that the powder is a specifically seen drug, with no cover.

The dog remains on its leash for the rest of the case.
Introduction

The incident, which sparked off the complaint to the police, happened the day before the raid.

D.C. Kellett cross-examined:

The premises had been under observation that day, prior to us going there. NO PERSON OTHER THAN THE DEFENDANTS WENT THERE FROM AFTER LUNCH THAT DAY.

And yet before, under cross-examination he had said:

I CAN'T SAY WHO WAS IN THE PREMISES BEFORE 4.00 PM. (THAT DAY).

John Townsend and John Dunn-Hill both left the premises after 2.00 pm.

If observations were kept by the police they don't seem to have been very thorough. D.C. Kellett said that he found out that John Dunn-Hill was the leaseholder of the building on the Monday after the raid. He also found out on the Monday that Group Theatre was an I.L.E.A. run night-school. In his statement however he refers to it as "a kind-of studio" and it is clear that he had no idea people other than the "Galaxy-types" were using it.

As we have already seen the Galaxy were well-known to the police in that area. At least one of the officers in the raid on Group Theatre had been in the raid on the Galaxy house in the summer. At Group Theatre he asked Uisce Bo about David Medalla and made references to the raid in the summer.

I believe that when the police arrived at Group Theatre they were under the misconception that only the Galaxy used it.

In reconstructing what happened I have concentrated on showing what Sgt. Shearn and D.C. Kellett did at Group Theatre and what I believe them to have done later, at the police station.

I believe that they arrived at Group Theatre fully intending to plant members of the Galaxy with illegal drugs.

I believe this is the only way it is possible to explain the questions that have been left unanswered in the examination of the police evidence.

In reconstructing what happened I have used all statements in Appendix 3 and Appendix 4. At this point I would suggest that the interested reader should read Appendix 4 Part III.
D.C. Kellett accompanied by four other detectives and a dog arrive at Group Theatre. They enter the ground floor room, and are immediately taken upstairs by Paul Keeler. Sgt. Shearn however has had enough time to have a general look at the layout of the downstairs room. Sgt. Shearn has in his pocket several pieces of cannabis wrapped in silver paper. He is also the dog-handler.

THE UPSTAIRS ROOM

In the upstairs room Sgt. Shearn releases his dog, which searches the room and finds no drugs. The members of the Galaxy are also searched and no drugs are found on them.

Sgt. Shearn does not plant cannabis in this room because it is a completely open area, with no cover.

Before leaving the upstairs room Sgt. Shearn puts the dog back on its leash. The dog remains on its leash for the rest of the raid.14

In the diagrams that follow only the essential figures have been penciled in. It should be remembered that besides D.C. Kellett and Sgt. Shearn there were three other detectives who were searching the main area of the downstairs room.15
THE CURTAIN AND THE DIFFUSION OF ATTENTION PROVIDES SGT. SHEARN WITH THE COVER TO PLANT EXHIBIT II

Sgt. Shearn enters the ground floor room with his dog. He is followed, in twos and threes, by the four members of the Galaxy and the four other detectives. Andy Forrest also arrives at this time. There is a lot of confusion as the detectives set to work searching the room. Sgt. Shearn steps behind the curtain into the partitioned area.

He then takes out from his pocket a piece of cannabis wrapped in silver paper.

-------- BUT JOHN DUGGER SEES HIM

(63)
Paul Keeler notices Sgt. Shearn disappear behind the curtain and tells John Dugger, as he enters, to go over and watch him. John Dugger goes over to the partitioned area, enters and watches Sgt. Shearn who is trying to get his dog to pick up the piece of cannabis. The dog is reluctant to do so as it has been trained to "seek and find" cannabis, and not to be given it by its handler. However after several attempts the dog finally picks it up.

Sgt. Shearn suddenly realises that he is being watched and asks John Dugger if certain carrier bags which are on the floor belong to the Galaxy. Dugger replies that they do not. Sgt. Shearn, however, has already decided that it is in one of these carrier bags that he will maintain his dog found the cannabis.

John Dugger then says to Sgt. Shearn that he has dropped something. Sgt. Shearn holds up the piece of cannabis and says that it is evidence.
John Dugger then accuses Sgt. Shearn of planting the cannabis.
Sgt. Shearn pushes past him and enters the main area of the room.

SGT. SHEARN HANDS THE CANNABIS TO D.C. KELLETT
D.C. Kellett is standing supervising the raid in the centre of the main area of the room. Sgt. Shearn walks over to him and hands him Exhibit II.
THE KITCHEN COUNTER AND THE CONCENTRATION OF ATTENTION ON
D.C. KELLETT PROVIDE SGT. SHEARN WITH THE COVER TO PLANT EXHIBIT III

D.C. Kellett, because he now holds the piece of cannabis and is the officer in charge, becomes the focus for the Galaxy's anger. John Dugger relates how he saw Sgt. Shearn drop the cannabis behind the curtain. The members of the Galaxy accuse D.C. Kellett of planting them.

No-one notices Sgt. Shearn slip away in order to plant Exhibit III behind the counter in the kitchen area.

PAUL KEELER SEES HIM

Paul Keeler sees Sgt. Shearn disappear behind the counter and goes over in time to watch him pretend to take two pieces of cannabis, wrapped in silver paper, from underneath the sink, both of which had originally come from his pocket. He does, however, pick up a silver cake wrapper. (This became the third piece of silver paper which the analyst found to contain an unrestricted brown substance - cake mixture).
D.C. Kellett sees Shearn planting the cannabis and goes over to the kitchen area where Sgt. Shearn hands him three more pieces of silver paper.

D.C. Kellett places Exhibits II and III in a tin foil container which later becomes Exhibit IV.

D.C. Kellett now has in his hand four pieces of silver paper, three of which contain cannabis. He is about to charge the members of the Galaxy with being in possession of it, so he looks around for something safe in which to put the cannabis. He sees a tin foil container on the draining board which is just right for the purpose. He picks it up and puts the "evidence" into it.
D.C. Kellett cooks the Exhibits

Whilst at Group Theatre D.C. Kellett had picked up a knife and a razor blade container. He had also taken a pocket knife from John Dugger when they had arrived at the Police Station. He now proceeds to build a picture for the court, which would mislead people into believing that the defendants had been smoking cannabis when the police arrived at Group Theatre.

He smears the knife and inside the razor blade container with cannabis to make it look as though they had been used to prepare the cannabis for smoking. He does not smear John Dugger's knife because John Dugger had shown it to the desk sergeant on arrival at the Station, and he does not wish to involve the desk sergeant in his scheme. He then adds a final touch to the picture he is creating. He takes the tin foil container which he has used to carry the exhibits and puts three grains of cannabis, unwrapped, into it. This would mislead people into thinking that it was actually being used. He then wrote in his statement:

I said to all four "We have found this container and these implements which appear to be connected with the making of cannabis. You four are all on the premises and none of you admit possessing it. To possess cannabis is an offence, and I am arresting you all".

D.C. Kellett and Sgt. Shearn dress the Statements

Then D.C. Kellett by altering two incidents which actually took place attempts to mislead the court into thinking that Paul Keeler was under the influence of drugs at the time of the raid.

He had asked Paul Keeler to strip, but by omitting to say this he makes it appear that Paul Keeler stripped for no reason at all. He writes in his statement:

I told Keeler we were going to search him and T.D.C. Borland did, in fact, start to search him. He began to shout and swear. He then took off his clothes and threw them about the floor until he was left only in his underpants".

D.C. Kellett had stopped Paul Keeler from 'phoning a solicitor. However, this incident was changed in his statement to the following:

At this point Keeler tried to leave the room, but he was forcibly detained by myself and another officer.
(The point to which D.C. Kellett refers is just after he had made the arrests).

He makes many other alterations and omissions to what actually happened, but I will only list two as examples.

After John Dugger was arrested he asked D.C. Kellett:

Don't you have to find the cannabis on us to arrest us for possession?

D.C. Kellett changes this to:

You are not arresting me. You didn't find it in my pockets.

When Kellett showed Visce Bo the cannabis he asked her if she had seen it before. She replied that if that was cannabis it was the first time that she had ever seen it.

D.C. Kellett omits this from his statement.
The Problem

There is, however, one problem which D.C. Kellett and Sgt. Shearn now have to deal with.

John Dugger had actually seen Sgt. Shearn dropping the cannabis behind the curtain. He had immediately accused him of planting it, and had then related to everybody, including D.C. Kellett, exactly what he had seen. The other members of the Galaxy had also accused the police of planting them.

The two detectives deal with this problem in two ways. Firstly they make no mention in their statements of any allegations of planting made by John Dugger or any other members of the Galaxy. Secondly they create for John Dugger a statement which will agree with Sgt. Shearn's account of how his dog found the piece of cannabis, and which they allege they both heard him say.

D.C. Kellett writes, that John Dugger said: "His dog has just found it. I saw him drop it". Sgt. Shearn writes, that John Dugger said: "This dog just found it. I saw him drop it".

The assertion that John Dugger was bound to make in the court that the "I saw him drop it" related to Sgt. Shearn, and that he had made no mention of the dog, would therefore be unlikely to be believed by the court.

They also omitted all the other accusations of planting made by members of the Galaxy, some of which were undoubtedly couched in strong language. However, statements like "You fucking dirty-minded bastards", and "You fucking dirty lying cunt", when standing by themselves, sound like the usual anti-police slogans, which are bound to infuriate any Magistrate.

Their statements are now complete, and present the usual picture of a drugs raid.

It was now up to the court to accept their statements as the truth of what happened, and to dismiss the Galaxy's assertion of the truth as a lie.

The police, I believe, expected the Galaxy's allegation of planting to create the following thoughts in the mind of the Magistrate:

the police have found a quantity of cannabis ..... as well as several articles covered in cannabis ..... which had obviously been used for preparing it ..... as well as a piece of cannabis which was obviously being used at the time the police arrived ..... it is clear that the defendants were acting under the influence of drugs ..... Dugger actually saw Sgt. Shearn find Exhibit II ..... but he didn't accuse him of planting it at the time ..... the defendants' claim that they were planted is the usual hysterical afterthought that we have become so used to hearing in these courts .................................

In Section V we will see how the Magistrate did, in fact, react in this way, and in Section IV we will see how D.C. Kellett, by making a gross error, discovered that he had no case after all.
The police did not bring the carrier bag forward as evidence of where they found Exhibit 2 because they knew that it did not belong to a member of the Galaxy. Sgt. Shearn had already decided that it was there he would say the cannabis had been found. There was nothing else on the floor in which he could have maintained his dog found the cannabis so he did not bother to change his original story.

The police were only interested in arresting the members of the Galaxy so they did not try to find out anything more about the articles in which they maintained they found the cannabis.

The police knew that it was most unlikely that any of the articles would bear the fingerprints of the four defendants. That is why they did not bother to make fingerprint tests.

Sgt. Shearn used the only available cover in the downstairs room to plant the drugs; the partitioned area with the curtain and the kitchen area with the counter. That is why he left out the curtain from his statement and insisted under cross examination that the counter did not partition off the kitchen area.

There was never any cannabis in the building before the police arrived. That is why it was so difficult to explain the presence of the cannabis in the tin foil container and under the sinks. It is also why the detectives seemingly took so long to find Exhibit 4. And why the dog passed by the kitchen area on its way to the partitioned area.

I believe the seven important differences which were shown to exist between the police evidence and the Galaxy statements can only be satisfactorily explained by accepting that the cannabis was planted.

BUT MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL THE CANNABIS WAS FOUND TO BE ON ARTICLES BELONGING TO MEMBERS OF GROUP THEATRE BECAUSE THE POLICE DID NOT KNOW THAT THE BUILDING HOUSED A NIGHT SCHOOL AND THAT PEOPLE OTHER THAN THE MEMBERS OF THE GALAXY USED IT.
Section 3

BETWEEN THE RAIDS

a. THE POLICE MISTAKE
FRIDAY, 16th

Evening ........ The police take Ulisce Bo, Eve Ridoux, John Dugger and Paul Keeler to City Road Police Station.

Paul Keeler is stripped again, in front of the desk sergeant and six or seven other policemen. This time he is stripped naked.
John Dugger is stripped to his underpants. 22

Paul Keeler is finally allowed to call a solicitor, but his conversation is cut off in mid-stream by D.C. Kellett.

The men and women of the Galaxy are then interrogated separately.

D.C. Kellett's assistant questions Ulisce Bo further about David Médalla. 23

Paul Keeler is thrown on to the ground and kicked by D.C. Kellett and an assistant. He is later hit over the head with a magazine by D.C. Kellett's assistant. 24

D.C. Kellett refuses the four defendants bail, and they remain in custody overnight.

SATURDAY, 17th

Morning ........ The police take the four defendants to Old Street Magistrates Court.

The Hon. Guy Brett and Deny Drower arrive to stand bail. D.C. Kellett refuses Guy Brett as unsuitable, and attempts to dissuade Deny Drower from standing bail. Deny Drower, however, insists and is accepted. 25

D.C. Kellett sets the bail figure at £150 per person.
In the court D.C. Kellett misleads the Magistrate by telling him that the defendants live in a semi-derelict house.
(The house is a freehold property owned by Paul Keeler). 26

The four defendants are released on bail.

SUNDAY, 18th

Evening ........ David Sarch, solicitor to John Dunn-Hill, states: ... I left with Dunn-Hill for City Road Police Station. On calling there I asked to see the officer in charge of the case. A uniformed officer behind the desk told me that there was nobody available in the C.I.D. office, and invited me to leave a message. He handed me a message pad and on this I wrote out in block letters my name and particulars of my firm and the name of my client. I did not keep a copy of the message I left, but I seem to remember making it clear that Mr. Dunn-Hill ran a respectable establishment under the auspices of the local educational authority, that he had no knowledge whatever of any drugs ever having been used or left on the premises, and that the members of the Exploding Galaxy had only been given the use of the premises to rehearse for a few days, and Mr. Dunn-Hill had received catagoric assurances from Mr. Keeler and the other members of the group that they did not use or take any drugs to the premises.
MONDAY, 19th

D. C. Kellett cross-examined: I discovered who the owner of the premises was on the Monday morning.

David Sarch states: On the following Monday I telephoned Det. Con. Kellett who confirmed that he had received my message. I made a note in my diary of some words used by him in our conversation and they were: "NO REFLECTION WHATEVER ON YOUR CLIENT - I DO NOT PROPOSE TO CONTACT THE AUTHORITIES".
This refers to the educational authorities.

WEDNESDAY, 21st

D. C. Kellett states: On 21.2.68 I took all the exhibits to the police laboratory in Holborn.

By the time D. C. Kellett discovered that the building was a night school the police would already have written up their statements and sealed the exhibits in envelopes.

This new information would have made two things very clear to D. C. Kellett.

Firstly, that it was most likely the defence would call John Dunn-Hill as a witness.
And secondly, that he had an incredibly weak case against the four members of the Galaxy.

His case was further weakened when it was announced in court that the six grains of cannabis, allegedly found in the CARRIER BAG, had been lost by the police.

The carrier bag was the only article in which cannabis was allegedly found and which was not brought forward as evidence by the police.
Sgt. Shearn had been told by John Dugger that it did not belong to the Galaxy, and with this new information the police must have realised that it most likely belonged to a member of Group Theatre, perhaps even a teacher - which, in fact, it did.
b. THE GALAXY FEAR
Introduction

After the raid at Group Theatre all the members of the Galaxy feared that the police would attack the house.

The only way we could think of protecting ourselves from this happening was by telling as many people as possible of our fears. We informed not only our friends but also people who in the event of it happening would be considered reliable witnesses.

The following is a record of some of our attempts to protect ourselves from a second planting.
FRIDAY, 16th

Evening ........... Julia Price rings Annabel Drower and tells her about the raid on Group Theatre.

Annabel Drower states: I told my parents what had happened, and my father, although he knew none of the Galaxy personally sensed an injustice and agreed to stand bail the next day. 29

SATURDAY, 17th.

Morning ........... Annabel Drower states: The next morning before we went to Court he (my father) said that the Galaxy needed some protection from further persecution by the police. He made out an affidavit, which my mother typed out, stating the Galaxy's fears and said that if such a document were signed, dated and kept in the bank it might be useful evidence should there be another plant.

When we got to Court my father was involved in business about bail. I brought out the affidavit for the Galaxy to see. Some signed it, others wouldn't sign immediately because they weren't sure of the wording and wanted to discuss it further. In the excitement and confusion some people did not see it.

The matter was postponed, but wasn't taken up again in time. 29

Afternoon ........ Michael Dempsey, Publishing Editor of Hutchinson's New Authors Series, states: On the afternoon of February 17th he (Paul Keeler) came to my flat and told me that there had been a police "raid" on the theatre in Islington where his theatrical group, "The Exploding Galaxy", were rehearsing in which four of the members of the group had been arrested. He spoke of a police conspiracy directed against the group because of their unorthodox way of living as a community. He said then that he expected there to be a further "raid" within a few days, which would involve, as did the previous "raid", the placing of unauthorised drugs by the police, in premises occupied by the group. 31

Afternoon ........ Gerry Fitzgerald states: The next few days were a nightmare. I, with the remainder of the Galaxy, felt that the house was no longer safe. Paul, Usice Bo, John and Eve spent Friday night in gaol. The next day when they came out of Court on bail I took Usice Bo to the Citizens Advice Bureau in Charing Cross Road. It was closed.

Evening .......... Paul Keeler states: On Saturday evening many of the Exploding Galaxy met at 99 Balls Pond Road, which we consider to be our home. People expressed their fear at the house being raided and planted in exactly the same way as had happened at the theatre. The following day on Sunday we were to explore at the group theatre with a few people from the art world present. I said that it would be a good idea to tell people about our fears. 32

SUNDAY, 18th

Morning ........... Guy Brett, the Critic of The Times, states: I also want to record that on Sunday, February 18th, Paul Keeler talked to me here and expressed his fear that the Police would shortly make a raid on his house in Balls Pond Road, and he was uncertain what action to take. 33

Mid-day ........... David Sarch, Solicitor to John Dunn-Hill, states: I subsequently saw Keeler together with three other men at a Public House near the theatre. In general terms, Keeler and the others were adamantly that they had had no cannabis or other drugs

( 78 )
on them when the Police made the raid, they were all very indignant at the way they had been treated by the Police. They felt that there was no other explanation for the drugs being on the premises other than that the Police had put them there themselves. In this frame of mind, and having regard to the peremptory way in which they had been dealt with by the Police, they said that they feared that there might be a recurrence. I seem to recall that they asked me in general terms what might be done to prevent or safeguard them against possible planting by the Police. I couldn't see that there was much that could be done, and although I explained to them that I was there to advise Mr. Dunn-Hill and not them, and that no doubt they had their own legal advisors, I could not see what could be done to allay their fears. In the early afternoon I was again at the premises with Dunn-Hill when Keeler and the others came there. One of the other men (John Dugger) pointed out to me a space behind a curtain on the ground floor of the premises where some suitcases were lying or stacked on chairs. I seem to remember a demonstration being given by that man, as to how the policeman who was searching behind the curtain held his arm out and dropped something on the floor. There was also some mention of a dog at this point.  

Early evening .. Julia Price states: After the news reached me that Eve, John, Uisce Bo and Paul had been arrested at the Group Theatre, one of my first moves was to telephone my father who is a lawyer in the service of Her Majesty's Government. I was not able to speak to him then. An arrangement was made that he should ring me at the Group Theatre on Sunday, when we would be there to give a private performance of the "Orange and Blue Kinetogram". When my father rang, I had not yet arrived, but he spoke to Gerry Fitzgerald who expressed to him the fear that was on all our minds, the fear that since the police had planted us once, it seemed not only possible, but even likely that they would do it again, especially since the house we all lived in was so nearby. When I arrived at the theatre the message was given me that my father had rung so I rang him back. I talked to him, more about the recent arrests, and arranged to have dinner with my family on Tuesday.  

Evening .......... Gerry Fitzgerald states: Sunday, in spite of everything, we gave a performance of the "Orange and Blue". The uncertainty of events brought us closer together, but few people thought that we would perform. There was an audience of about twenty people. I told them our plight and what we feared. Michael Dempsey states: I duly went to the Group Theatre at about 9.0 p.m. on the Sunday, and about 12 people were present, including Brian Behan. At the Group Theatre, the rest of the Galaxy, including Gerry Fitzgerald, John Scott Dugger and Christian LeDoux were extremely agitated about the first raid. They were very annoyed that it had happened and felt that they were being persecuted. We had a demonstration of how the first raid had taken place. All the Galaxy seemed to be expecting a raid on the house in the immediate future and there was ... talk of evacuation.  

TUESDAY, 20th

Evening .......... Julia Price states: On Tuesday evening, the conversation centred around the topic of the arrests. I tried to rouse in my parents some kind of concern about the injustices that had been done. I was not so successful as I might have wished and became upset by their complacency, while they in turn resented my attempts to rouse them. They did,
however, admit that if what I said was true, it certainly was very shocking that the police should plant people with drugs in order to be able to arrest them. My father, furthermore, seemed to accept the idea as not at all improbable that the police did plant the evidence, but he was sure they had their reasons, I said I thought the whole country was in danger if the police could get away with such crimes, and if they had chosen us as victims, I thought myself and my friends living at Balls Pond Road to be in very grave danger. My father said something about "lightning rarely striking in the same place twice". When I asked him for advice as to what we should do to protect ourselves, he said the best we could do would be to invite some responsible person to the house who could be a witness in the event of further raids."

WEDNESDAY, 21st.

Afternoon .......... Julia Price states: It was acting on this advice partly, and partly because I wanted to see her anyway, that I invited to the house on Wednesday an old school friend of mine, Caroline John, the daughter of Admiral Sir Caspar John, Chairman of the "I'm Backing Britain" Campaign. She came in the afternoon with her dog Flossie and later went shopping to the local market with Gerry Fitzgerald.

Early evening .... Paul Keeler leaves for Gloucestershire to inform friends of the first raid.

Evening ........... Julia Price continues: She (Caroline) stayed and cooked supper for about 8 of us, and was there when a man came, saying he was looking for Gerry Fitzgerald, who happened to be out just then, although he came in later. The man sat down with us to await Gerry Fitzgerald's return. He tried to get information about ourselves from us for an alleged book that was being written by a hippy-girl from San Francisco. He was very vague about the nature of the book, but provided details of the vital statistics of the author. He also tried to take photographs of me but I stopped him, because he could not be precise about what he wanted them for. Later Fitz spent quite a long time talking to the man about his art. I got bored and left. But there was something insidious about the man none of us liked. He wore jeans, but they were very new. His casualness seemed studied. Moreover he seemed always to want to keep the conversation towards vaguely suggestive jokes. To our relief he left. Caroline, Edward, Judith, John Dugger, Fitz and myself went out for a walk. We thought of going to a park but there was only room in the car for 4 people. Much discussion ensued as we all wanted to go really. But we talked for so long that Fitz, who had a cold anyway began to feel cold, so he returned with John Dugger, while the rest of us went on. We returned later to the house. Fitz was comforting his cold with cocoa. We went to sleep, Caroline sleeping in the end of my bed.

THURSDAY, 22nd

Morning ........... Julia Price states: The next morning there was a knock on the door. Caroline went to answer it. I heard a man's voice say "Police". I thought it was a joke."
GERRY FITZGERALD AT THE SNAIL EXPLORATION ON PARLIAMENT HILL

The only responsibility of an artist is to remain sensitive to his environment by making concrete his responses to it.

Gerry Fitzgerald 1966.
Section 4

THE SECOND RAID
Early morning .... Eleven members of the Galaxy are asleep at 99 Balls Pond Road. They are Christian Ledoux, Audrey Vipond, Edward Pope, Gerry Fitzgerald, Uisce Bo, Valerie Huxley, Eve Ridoux, John Schofield, Julia Price, John Dugger and Judith Fertz. Caroline John is the only visitor in the house.

There is a knock on the door. Caroline John opens it. Detective Sergeant Rigby announces that he has a warrant to search the premises for drugs. He enters the house, accompanied by other officers. At the same time another group of officers enter through the back of the house, having climbed over the garden wall. There are fifteen officers and a dog in the raid.

The police alleged they found a piece of cannabis in a British Museum envelope in a top floor room. Christian Ledoux grabbed it out of the officer's hand. The piece of cannabis disappeared and Christian Ledoux was charged with obstruction.

The police alleged they found 23 grains of cannabis underneath the bed on which Gerry Fitzgerald and Uisce Bo were sleeping. They were both arrested and charged with possession.

The police alleged they found 63 grains of cannabis in the pocket of an over coat belonging to John Dugger, which was in the hallway of the basement. John Dugger was arrested and charged with possession.

I do not wish to go into details of this raid as they will be explored thoroughly in court.

I wish only to make four points which I consider to be significant.

1) Det. Sgt. Rigby was seen by Michael Sears, John Dugger's solicitor, and others at Old Street Magistrates Court on Saturday 17th February, when the four members of the Galaxy arrested at Group Theatre came up before the Magistrate.

2) None of the officers in the raid on the house had been in the raid on Group Theatre.

3) The police, when they arrived at the house, knew the names of members of the Galaxy living in the house, and also knew where certain of them were sleeping.

4) One of the officers said to Gerry Fitzgerald, when he was being taken in the van to Dalston Police Station after the raid, that one of their men had been in the house the night before.
THURSDAY, 22nd FEBRUARY

Morning ........ Uisce Bo, Gerry Fitzgerald, John Dugger and Christian Ledoux are taken to Dalston Police Station.

At first they are not allowed to make telephone calls, but later John Dugger is allowed to phone his solicitor. The others are not given permission to phone their solicitors. 3

Early afternoon... Uisce Bo, Gerry Fitzgerald, John Dugger and Christian Ledoux appear before the Magistrate at North London Magistrates Court.

Det. Sgt. Rigby objects to bail for Uisce Bo and John Dugger on the grounds that they are on a previous charge. They are sent to Holloway and Ashford Prisons respectively.

Christian Ledoux is granted bail of £150. On the condition that he gives up his passport to the police and reports to Dalston Police Station every day at 2.00 pm.

Gerry Fitzgerald is granted bail of £150.

THE NEXT WEEK

Early the next week two barristers, representing Uisce Bo and John Dugger, appeal to a judge in chambers to have the Magistrate’s decision on bail revoked. The judge revokes the decision.

SATURDAY, 2nd MARCH

Uisce Bo and John Dugger appear before the same Magistrate at North London Magistrates Court.

Uisce Bo is granted bail of £150 as her father stands bail for her.

John Dugger is granted bail of £300, with the condition that he gives up his passport to the police.

Uisce Bo said to me directly after she had been released that the police had said to her father that he should get his daughter out of that house because they were going to close it down.

On the next page there are two letters written by Uisce Bo to the Exploding Galaxy. The first, written on prison note paper, was sent from Holloway. The second, written on an envelope, was written shortly after her release from prison.
My dear Geneva I miss you all very much.

Today has been sad for me because none of you have been able to visit me. I have spent most of the day reading the New English Bible. This morning I took communion at 7:30 voluntarily.

From my window I can see the pale blue sky and puffy clouds floating by. The sounds of the birds sleeping in my beautiful tree are lovely because they are free to glide and flutter around they wish. How I long to find on the soft green velvet earth and breathe the cool pure air.

My surroundings in contrast are sense, ugly and stenching.

When I am alone for such a long time I doubt my mind. As the galaxy many things are against me. I have just read an article about the galaxy in the today's paper; it is so biased and untrue. Perhaps this is the way it was in the summer when so many people were coming and going out! I know that now the galaxy is much stronger and clearer and it is very important that someone who understands us and our art gives us some good publicity to counteract all the lies that I have read today.

I am sure most people will believe what they read simply because they have no reason not to.

I was thinking last night it might be worth to try to contact someone like Simon but he may see my pathetic towards us and

Dear Geneva, Beautiful Geneva

My heart is filled with disappointment to find no one is home. My parents insist that I go home until next week and to see I am no different & the way I have been today I am not sure if I am insane. But my heart is with you always, do not despair.

My 14:00 I have lots of news and will write
The Police have filled my father's mind with constant fear and I can't try to end this.

I love you always, always, always.

I shall sleep many tears until we are reunited.

I have wished so much to spend this evening with you.

I need you love and kisses and kid thoughts.

LOVE LOVE LOVE LOVE

ALWAYS

YOUR WISHBO

I hope next week you will meet my parents! I love you.

I have kept some food in the freezer, and I will tell

the bubble machine. My mother baked it for you, warm.

perhaps write a few of you to discuss on his programme and
tell what we are. I personally do not have them. All
but, the picture of the galaxy is threatened in many ways, I
know the galaxy, as it is now, I know there will always be an
emergent galaxy wherever the galaxy set way at this moment the big would

set in one day.

I submit my suggestions but know that at the present you are
done everything possible.

I hope with all my heart they

do not and we will see this

soon. The officers are friendly and

helpful and some of the girls are

very nice but to know that I

have done absolutely no wrong and

be left now engaged in like

dangerous or contaminated animals.

I am beginning to feel that

however much I protest my

mistakes how I will believe me.
EDWARD POPE AND QUQUADOG AT 99 BALLS
POND ROAD
when a magician meets a motor-car, they both see
each other, together they decide whether they touch or
part. for his body is as supple as imagination, and its
environment has become one living body.
Edward Pope & Typewriter & 1968
Section 5

THE COMMITTAL PROCEEDINGS

The police, having taken the depositions, will also take the sworn testimony of the witnesses and the accused. The proceedings will be conducted in public, and the accused will have the right to counsel, to cross-examine witnesses, and to present their own evidence. The judge will rule on all objections, and the jury will deliberate on the facts presented.

The judge will then pronounce the sentence, which will be based on the evidence presented. The accused has the right to appeal the decision if they believe it is unjust. The appeal process will be outlined in the local laws and regulations.
MARCH 9th and 11th

Uisce Bo, Eve Ridoux, John Dugger and Paul Keeler appear at Old Street Magistrates Court.
Mr. McGilligot is the Magistrate.

D.C. Kellett and Sgt. Shearn present their evidence. They allege that the four defendants were found to be in possession of cannabis at Group Theatre.

MR. MCGILLIGOT DISMISSES THE CASE AGAINST THE FOUR MEMBERS OF THE GALAXY ON THE GROUNDS THAT THEY HAVE NO CASE TO ANSWER.

However, five applications for Legal Aid have been refused by Mr. McGilligot, and now Mr. McGilligot refuses an application for costs, on the grounds that he does not think that it is in the public interest to grant them to either party in this case.

Towards the end of the hearing, when it was clear that the case was going to be dismissed, the Prosecutor said to Mr. McGilligot that he thought he should know that the defendants' solicitors were using as their defence the allegation that the drugs had been planted by the police. Mr. McGilligot said, amongst uproarious laughter from the court and the police:

THE CRY OF PLANTING HAS BECOME A STANDARD, I MIGHT ALMOST SAY STATUTORY DEFENCE IN CASES OF THIS NATURE.

MARCH 12th

Uisce Bo, John Dugger, Christian Ledoux and Gerry Fitzgerald appear before three J.P.s at North London Magistrates Court.

Christian Ledoux's charge has been changed from one of obstruction to one of being in possession of cannabis and obstruction. The police allege that they have found traces of cannabis in the British Museum envelope.

The police present their evidence. They allege that the four defendants were found to be in possession of cannabis at 99 Balls Pond Road.

The hearing is not completed, and the J.P.s. set aside April 10th to continue it.

Christian Ledoux's solicitor asks the J.P.s. to review his client's bail conditions. He says that having to report to the Police Station every day severely interferes with his work with the Galaxy. He stresses that the Police already have his passport, so that it would be impossible for him to leave the country.

The J.P.s. refuse this request, but change the time that he has to report from 2.00 pm. to 8.00 pm.

APRIL 10th

The hearing is continued.

THE J.P.S. DECIDE THAT UISCE BO HAS NO CASE TO ANSWER, AND COMMIT JOHN DUGGER, GERRY FITZGERALD AND CHRISTIAN LEDOUX TO BE TRIED BEFORE A JUDGE AND JURY.

Christian Ledoux's condition of bail is changed. He is no longer required to report at Dalston Police Station every day.
Uisce Bo owes her solicitor £150.

John Dugger owed his solicitor £150, but has paid £90 of this with the last of the money he brought from America.

Paul Keeler owes his solicitor £50.

Uisce Bo, John Dugger, Paul Keeler and Eve Ridoux spent one night in jail.

Uisce Bo and John Dugger spent nine days in prison.

John Dugger and Christian Ledoux had their passports taken away. Christian Ledoux’s was returned to him in August. John Dugger’s is still with the police.

Christian Ledoux reported to the Police Station every day for 48 days.

The charges against Uisce Bo, Eve Ridoux and Paul Keeler have been dropped.

John Dugger, Christian Ledoux and Gerry Fitzgerald will be tried before a judge and jury at the Inner London Quarter Sessions later this year.
Christian Love is the duty of every architect and citizen. It is the law of non-effective participation in the system of peace and justice, to use the technology currently available to make the world a safer place, rather than passively and mindlessly pectors.

David Medalla 1967

BEFORE IN THE GARDEN OF 99 BALLS POND ROAD
Section 6

DAVID MEDALLA'S VISA
David Medalla has lived in England for the last eight years. When he first arrived he lectured for the 'Freedom From Hunger' campaign. He started Signals with Paul Keeler in 1964, and was responsible for introducing kinetic art into this country. He is well known as an artist in the art world.

At the end of November 1967 he left England with sixteen other members of the Galaxy to perform in Paris, Utrecht and Amsterdam. By the end of January 1968 all the members of the Galaxy had returned to London excepting David Medalla. On the 26th February David wrote this statement from Paris:

On November 16th 1967 I went to the Foreign Office in London, at Petty France, S.W.1. to have my passport endorsed before I left for France. For the fee of £1. 2. 6d., which I duly paid, my passport was endorsed so that I could return to England before December 7th 1967 to complete a previous visit. Before the 7th December 1967 I was in the Netherlands. I wanted to prolong my stay in Holland as by then I had started an essay on Oriental sculpture, and I wanted to study the collections of Oriental art attached to the Rijksmuseum in Amsterdam, the Tropenmuseum (also in Amsterdam), and the Ethnology Museum in Leyden. As my visa to re-enter England expired on the 7th December 1967 I went to the British Consulate in The Hague. I enquired if it would be necessary for me to apply for a new visa, as I was given to understand by the Foreign Office in London that all I had to do was to go to any British Consulate abroad and my visa would be automatically extended. I was told by the British Consulate in The Hague that I had to apply for a new visa, and as this sometimes took three weeks to be granted, I decided there and then to apply for a new visa to re-enter England. I waited for my visa to be granted from December 7th 1967 to January 16th 1968 - a total of forty days - and during all that time Mr. Paul Keeler and I made numerous telephone calls to the British Consulate in The Hague. The only reply we received each time was "no word has yet been received from the Home Office in London"! The whole incident was beginning to develop into a kafkaesque situation. On 16th January 1968 I left Holland for France, as I had concluded my researches into the public collections of Oriental art in the Netherlands. Shortly after my arrival in Paris I wrote to the British Consulate in The Hague, telling them to inform me as soon as my visa is granted. I also asked them to inform me of any developments in my case, and specifically asked them to write to me c/o the Philippine Embassy in Paris. I received no communication from the British Consulate in The Hague. On February 9th 1968 I went to the British Consulate in Paris. There I was told that the Home Office had already written me a letter (which I had not received) asking for some information. I asked to see a copy of this letter, and then I made a reply, answering all the questions of the Home Office. One of these questions had to do with my financial situation in England, I told the Home Office that I had already instructed my bank (Glyn, Mills & Co.) to send them (the Home Office) a copy of my bank statement for the year 1967 to date. Another question was to do with the nature of what the Home Office called my "performances" in England. I told them that my public appearances in England are not "theatrical performances" in the accepted sense of that term, but are rather personal manifestations, like paintings or sculptures. The Home Office then asked for details about my "group" - I told them the Exploding Galaxy which I initiated in January 1967 is not a group with leaders and such, but is simply an informal gathering of artists and poets who share certain ideas in common. I also told them that the poets involved in the Exploding Galaxy (Edward Pope, Michael Chapman, Gerald Fitzgerald and Simon Shirley) are all British nationals. Finally the Home Office wanted to find out if I intended to bring my group to England! On this point I told them they had gotten hold of erroneous information. I was and still am travelling alone. From February 9th 1968 to now, February 25th 1968, I have not yet received any communication from the Home Office in London regarding my application for a visa to re-enter England. I have returned to the British Consulate in Paris and have telephoned them, but the reply I've received is that there is still no reply from the Home Office in London! I wonder why there is this delay - it's nearly three months since I originally applied for a visa to re-enter England.

David Cortez Medalla,
Paris, 26th February 1968.
Guy Brett in London contacted the Home Office in the middle of February and asked why there was a delay in granting David Medalla’s visa. The Home Office said that it was to do with money. Guy Brett said that if his financial situation was guaranteed were there any other problems. The Home Office said that further investigations had to be made into his case.

After the police raids Paul Keeler and others were very worried that the Home Office might use the impending trials as an excuse for not allowing David Medalla into the country. Ben Levy, Peter Townsend (Editor of ‘Studio’), Jean Clay (art critic of ‘Realite’), Guy Brett, Ken Cox, Dom Sylvester Houedard, Carassel Crosby, Jo Tilson, Michael Dempsey and Christopher Walker formed a committee. A petition was started which was to be handed to the Home Secretary and signatures from people in the art world were sent to Studio International. Ben Levy and Guy Brett composed a letter which was to be sent to ‘The Times’, signed by the members of the committee.


On Thursday 29th February, Leo Abse informed the Home Secretary of the case.

On the following day the Home Office rang up Guy Brett and said that they were surprised he was so worried about Mr. Medalla. Of course he was going to be granted a visa. It was at the end of the week and they said that if Mr. Medalla wanted to come immediately the airports would be alerted, and he could come on the Saturday and get his visa in London the following week.

The reason for the delay, however, was not disclosed.

David Medalla, with eight other members of the Galaxy, had been arrested, charged and found guilty of obstructing the Kings Road (see Appendix 1, Part IV). Apart from this incident he had a clean record.

However, the police knew he lived at 99 Balls Pond Road, and at the time of the raids they had made enquiries about where he was.

It is possible that the delay was simply caused by Home Office inefficiency, but it is also possible that the Home Office were acting on information given to them, concerning David Medalla and the Galaxy, by the police.

David Medalla arrived back in England on Wednesday 6th March.
What still remains hidden of what the various people who came together to form the "Exploding Galaxy" learnt from each other may have a profound effect on the future. It still remains hidden because the most vital element, the new languages by which it will be communicated, are still in the simplest stages of preparation. That the "Exploding Galaxy" is eager to enter into and transform for the general good the life of the community has, however, always been open for all to see. Never was there any need to be furtive, for there was nothing illegal in our activities, especially since we soon learnt that in order to communicate we had to become public, and that left no room for concealed private activities. Every one of us became a walking justification of his own life, and honesty became a necessity for those who wished to inspire others with the creative way of life. You might see one of us on a bus, wearing clothes that could neither be called respectable nor bohemian, but you might call them bizarre were it not for the sense in them, or you might call them jokes were they not also full of inventive imagination and poetry. People ask "why do you wear that?", "what is that?", "how do you live?" and we explain, in a simple way, how, by treating things in one's life with fresh imagination, by changing their purpose, like wearing a cushion for a hat, turning an umbrella into a newspaper, or a bus into a church, one penetrates the pretence that life is humdrum, and comes to see one's own life transformed into a part of the life of the imagination, the life that gives meaning and makes history. As you might guess, at first we were too eager to make our way of life known, and I believe it was our early over-enthusiasm that led to the disastrous events of this case. Our openness, although it was something never found amongst those who have to conceal drug-taking, led the police to regard us as the symbol of the drug-adoring "Hippies", whom we resembled in our unconventionality, and we became a target and an example. We hope to remain as an example. Also, our readiness to incorporate the fascinated children at the Group Theatre into our evolving ideas for exploring public performances provoked to some extent the first raid. We have learnt by our mistakes, and hope that our name is cleared in court, for amongst our numbers vegetarianism is more popular than tobacco-smoking, let alone illegal drugs.

Edward Pope
Summer 1968

(95)
THE CONCLUSION

The Attacks on the House

For those interested in the history of the Cayley's men's community to the 4th Floor have some

I am fully aware of the enormity of the charges which I have made in this report

At this point I wish to make it absolutely clear that this is not an attack against the

I have no doubt that the charges are true, and I have no doubt that the evidence

An unbiased observer will be unconvinced by the evidence. The evidence is not

The conclusion

After the issue of the 4th Floor, the Cayley's men's community on the 4th Floor

The evidence is not conclusive, and it is not possible to draw any firm conclusions

...
After the Raids

The most immediate effect of the raids was that for two months most of our time was taken up, either visiting prisons or Magistrates Courts.

Our work together was severely disrupted.

Before the raids we were getting to the point where in a short time we would have been able to exist by giving performances of our work. Since the raids there have been very few times when the whole Galaxy has been able to be together, and we have had to rely heavily on the generosity of our friends to keep alive.

I could not work on the report at 99 Balls Pond Road for fear that the police would raid us again, and that these documents would fall into their hands and be destroyed.

My fears were further reinforced when John Dunn-Hill told me that two policemen, answering to the descriptions of D.C. Kellett and his assistant, had called one evening at Group Theatre, and asked concerning my whereabouts. This was long after the Group Theatre case had been dropped, and shortly after Mary Holland’s article in the 'Observer' of the 3rd May.

The policemen also said to John Dunn-Hill that three known drug-addicts were living at 99 Balls Pond Road. 

I have also been told by a girl who visits the house that the police informed her parents and the headmistress of her school that known drug addicts were living at 99 Balls Pond Road. 

The Attacks on the House

But for those members of the Galaxy who have continued to live at 99 Balls Pond Road a new hazard has arisen.

The Galaxy has always been aware of its delicate situation as regards its immediate environment.

It is fair to say that many of the local people view the Galaxy with suspicion, but it is also fair to say that most people had accepted the Galaxy's existence to some degree. Balls Pond Road must be one of the noisiest roads in London, and it was significant that a house with so many people living in it did not add to the noise. There were no radios or television sets to keep people awake late at night, and we had very few complaints from neighbours living either side of us.

Last summer, after the raids on the house and the 'News of the World' article about the house, which came out about the same time, we had trouble from hooligans in the area. They used to shout outside the house, and some of them would bang on the door. On several occasions stones were thrown at the windows.

After the two raids in February and the 'People' article the attacks re-occurred, but this time in a much more violent way. One night a group of drunks broke into the house and assaulted Christian Ledoux**, and the stones now became cement rocks and bricks. The windows of the house have been shattered three times since the raid by such missiles.**

After one of these attacks I telephoned my solicitor and asked him to phone Dalston Police Station, inform them of the attacks and ask them if we could have some kind of protection against a continuance of them. I told him to stress that I was very worried that not only people in the house might get hurt, but that the missiles might go through neighbour's windows and frighten the elderly people who lived either side of us.

He telephoned the desk sergeant at Dalston Police Station who said that he was well aware that these attacks were taking place, but couldn't do anything other than tell the constables on the beat to keep a special look-out.**
Six Conclusions

1) For over a year members of the Galaxy have been continually harassed by members of the police force.

2) IN FEBRUARY CERTAIN MEMBERS OF THE POLICE FORCE CONSPIRED TO BREAK UP THE GALAXY BY PLANTING MEMBERS OF THE GALAXY WITH CANNABIS.

3) The publicity, (reports of the arrests in local newspapers), and local people seeing the members of the Galaxy being dragged out of the house by the police has led to a deterioration of relations with the local people, and has incited hooliganism.

4) The People article has had a similar effect.

This article was defamatory. The Galaxy took legal advise about the possibility of suing The People. Bernard Symons advised that the article was indeed defamatory, but that it was impossible to get legal aid for such things, and that it was an expensive procedure. The Galaxy was unable to proceed because of lack of funds.

5) It is possible that there is a direct link between the police raids and The People article.

6) The delay in granting David Medalla's visa may have been because of information given to the Home Office by the police, concerning David Medalla and the Exploding Galaxy.

I am fully aware of the seriousness of the charges which I have made in this report against the detectives who were involved in the two raids on the Galaxy.

At this point I wish to make it absolutely clear that this is not an attack against the police force as such, but against certain members of the police force (where possible, I have named them), whom I believe have grossly misused the power that has been entrusted in them.

NOTHING LESS THAN A FULL PUBLIC ENQUIRY INTO THEIR BEHAVIOUR WILL UNEARTH ALL THE FACTS OF WHAT HAS HAPPENED.

I have printed everything that has been made available to me.

An unbiased enquiry into the movements of the many officers involved in the raids would, I believe, bring to light evidence to show that the picture I have presented is not an exaggeration of the truth.
performers may be unspecific in number but basically

| ORANGE         | A man and a girl | KINETEGRAM IS MEDIA about the It is a letter elements of drawing in the form of a played in orange As a drawing the material on made. I.B.M. rescued from a original is about the material developed out of pens. I have tried of the graphic cannot be the same. medium to another bound to remain clutter other things These become incongruous the material is way. Metaphores currency and they can as well as verbal. |
|----------------|-----------------|-----------------|------------------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| BLUE           | ditto           |                 |                        |                 |                 |                 |                 |                 |                 |
| Punctuation    |                 |                 |                        |                 |                 |                 |                 |                 |                 |
| Microphones    | Two people      |                 | elements of drawing   | in the form of a | played in orange |                 |                 |                 |                 |
| Lights         |                 |                 |                        |                 |                 |                 |                 |                 |                 |

| BOUNCING BALLS | at least two    |                 | the material on made. I.B.M. rescued from a original is about the material developed out of pens. I have tried |
| FOLLOWING SPOTS | both with orange and blue and red and green colour |                 |                        |                 |                 |                 |                 |                 |
| PROJECTOR      | and slides of allerons, pancakes and scrudges and many other things in full colour. (desirable) |                 | It developed out of pens. I have tried of the graphic cannot be the same. medium to another bound to remain clutter other things These become incongruous the material is way. Metaphores currency and they can as well as verbal. |
| MICRAPHONES    | (these give an intimacy to the sounds which may be lost otherwise) Two with long leads and sensitive enough to pick up the sound of the ball bouncing. |                 |                        |                 |                 |                 |                 |                 |
| Tape recorder  | not essential but desirable |                 |                        |                 |                 |                 |                 |                 |
| Dictionary     | not Websters or any that includes the word CENTROCLINAL |                 |                        |                 |                 |                 |                 |                 |
| SCRUDGES       |                 |                 |                        |                 |                 |                 |                 |                 |
| Wearables      | light in colour but not orange or blue because of the lights. Unspecific and metaphorical attachments may be worn by Orange. Blue should wear fashionable shop clothes at first. Later she can improvise something simple and more evolved. |                 |                        |                 |                 |                 |                 |                 |
The spacing of the dialogue with sound punctuation gives the action a more 'poetic' than realistic form. Each element is given an equal emphasis. This is why it is called a 'Kinetogram'.

The opening part - Besides Scrudges... may be a tape recorded voice (preferably coming from all over the place) accompanied by projections of montages in full colour of what the voice is saying all round where it is being performed.

Blue and Orange are Man and Girl. Either way. Though Blue was originally a girl. The difference in their voices is a musical element. The dots are percussive. Two plastic bouncing balls, one bigger than the other follow Blue and precede Orange, until Blue gets lost.

The first ball should have a higher pitch to correspond with Blue's voice and it should be dropped so that the spaces between the bounces are heard decreasing clearly and rapidly except where !!!!!! need emphatic bouncing and where Blue gets lost. Here lots of balls of all sizes and colours may be bounced.

so it is like a kind of ball game where the sound and movement are of prime importance. Dancing and bouncing. Orange and Blue both laugh and the balls create and accompany the laughter rhythms. The lights also move and flicker in sympathy. MR. A.D. MITTON

appeared just where I put 'slowlord'. Terms like CHARGED, PROPERTY
EMPTY
EXPIRED
TOTAL RENT DEBIT
LAST
LAST
LAST

and ACTIONS and ACTIONS

are distributed liberally throughout the whole sheet. Happening 44 was an all night club in Scho (Thursdays and Saturdays) where pop groups, poets and dancers performed.

Quaquaversal should be pronounced QUAKEversal except when Orange says 'quauversal in centoclinal language'.

10?,
GOD

GOOD

GET OUT Southern
HUSH

WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?

I DON'T UNDERSTAND

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

YES and keep to your own COLOUR what are you saying over

SCRUDGES?

I'm writing

WHAT DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?

YOU DON'T KNOW COMING OUR TOWN TELL ELM (BUT WER'S TELL ELM)
you still haven't answered
my question ...................... WHICH question?

SSCRUDGES!!!!!!!!!!

Oh. S... Oh I can't tell you about them when the set up is so

CENTROCLINAL.

Oh Oh there you go again
its no use talking to you
There's no such word. CENTRE ...... ter ........ CENTROCLINAL.

(dictionary is consulted but
the word is not found.)

I KNEW IT !

DON'T talk to me ...................... that's ... .

that's just one dictionary.

A more comprehensive one would have it.

You're so slow! Your words ......
you don't make sense and
you can't explain yourself.
You're..... you are absolutely hopeless ....

DON'T. Don't you.... alright what were you
going to say? ...................... QUAGNRA i.e.

QUAGNRAVERSAI in
centroclinal language.

QUAGNRA means pointing
in all directions. Centroclinal
is the opposite. You'llprobably
find both in Websters dictionary,
you are words taken from geology.
SCrudges, I doubt if you'll find
in any dictionary. They relate to
SCrudging which is something a
QUAGNRA person that
is non-linear orientated, expe-
riences when squeezing the (by
hand or on foot) naked interior
spring of a mattress or by watching
two pieces of tissue paper fucking.
There would be more room for both
of us if we weren't caught in this
centroclinal trap.

There's some truth in what you
say but I don't know about the
scrudges but there are very
good reasons for keeping to our
own sides, own colours...... At
least we know where we stand.
p...privacy...property...and ....

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Alright...there! allsorts of things, things relating to yes action and actions. NINE XPLODING Galaxies arrested charged summoned fined obstruction WHAT? the highway Kings highway Rd. CHELSEA? BUNS! one after another crowds cheers hap hap hap explode but the very same day that evening in Happening 44 KARTEMAK of arrest. how's that for quickspeed slowword MISTER A. D. MITTON?

Now I'm getting lost .................. Get lost! ..................

.................................................................

I still don't understand you.......... I still don't understand you

Oh! ...................................................... Oh!

Oh? ...................................................... Oh?

Oh .............................................................. Oh!

I'm no longer blue

You are really but you're in my place so you feel orange ........ well could I be orange if I went back to my own place? That's just what's happened to you but it can be either way like the way I am now quaquaversally. I'm blue in both places although I'm really orange

NO ORANGE. IT'S QUITE EASY. MAYBE

AM I BLUE NOW ............... NO... you are orange same as me.

You........ BE BLUE ............... WELL! I'm BLUE

F!A!N!T!A!S!T!I!C!
Blue (still orange) watches him whistling the first two bars and begins clumsily yet gracefully to do likewise.

There is a curiously meditative note in the rendering and the atmosphere is elevated by this. For a moment it might be pure magic but already there is just the slightest trace of discomfort in orange's movement. It is as though having reached this point he does not know what to do next. He is a bit flustered but still philosophical.

Blue (still orange) radiating a new confidence dances towards him and they both dance for a bit to break the tension.

They are standing quite close together looking for different reasons into each others faces.

The orange light deepens to a deep red .......
NO TWO ELEPHANTS ARE THE SAME

The feeling is of evolvement and equilibrium. There is no 'punctuation'. The lights and balls are used as signals and echoes. Orange and Blue now might be any colour. They argue quaquaversally. Gestures and words seem to contradict each other but there is an air of great concord between the two colours.

Orange looks away from Blue as though he has just become aware of something. He walks out of the red pool of light and immediately finds himself in a green pool of light. He looks around inspecting it for a moment and then examines himself in it. He finds the transformation puzzling but not unpleasant.

"It is the trunketing and ducting of; it is

their trunketing and ducting you —

Trunking, — you hear ma petty chou.

Whose?

Mon semblance sans sense.

Corridor Transmedia

Yes!

Oui, Corridor!

L'elephants random.

Don't be cross Transmedia!

trunking!

Quelque chose?

Monstrance! Cathedral wings
overleaning aisles of cloistershells!

Non!

Non!

But you said you don't like bullfighting.

ah oui. I suppose it is because they were before your time.

Noon". (She nods as she says this and crosses into the green pool of light).
Blue, if she is aware of this
do not register any surprise.
She stretches herself and lets
her arms drop loosely by her sides.

I wish

(the balls now roll
across the floor making a
swishing sound)

I wish

(as above)

Yes? (The red light
illuminates orange just long enough
for him to reply.)

(as above but he
is silent and stands in the shape of
a question mark)

Nothing.

Yes. (as with first reply but
red light stays on)

(dim white light as Blue begins
to speak changing to a brilliant
shimmering orange light which covers the whole space. There is a sound of rain from above.

At Noon, in the Orange rain

you can see ...

Orange

(lights flicker
and alternate
in sympathy)

Blue

e tc.

they hop
in opposite
like
d ic

away
d irections

g angaroos
You could sell fridges to the Eskimos quite easily. They would use them the way we use cupboards. Start a craze for the New Ultra Cupboard love. The Japanese mania for west-modernisation is a reaction against Imperial hara-kiri that exploded with the bomb. Japanese businessmen express it in playing golf all over the place like American presidents - if you can’t beat ’em join ’em.

The Hippies free-speech mania is a reaction against American presidents so golf is out and love-ins in. But how much more human is a love-in than a Japanese golf match? Golfers don’t worry about free speech whether they are ‘turned on’ or off. £ s. d. is a universal medium amongst those that have it. If you can be ‘turned on’ with more of it, might as well play golf. Japan, U.S. U.K. same. I can’t see how free-speech or free acid even would make any difference. We may soon have L.S.D. on N.H.S. (some have already had it) but never beef steaks. Steaks, pads and human beings are best medicine.

Nobody has every stopped me from saying anything yet and you can do most things here in an uncreative way for money that will keep you in the steaks, pads and human beings orbit. So why wont creative work pay? It is an exploratory and metaphorical response to media that have a direct affect on the senses. It could still pay. If people paid for experiencing it but that’s not what happens. You might as well ask why the space trips don’t pay. We can’t shoot rockets full of rich businessmen to the moon and if we did they’d ask for their golf clubs and the Hippies would have a ‘love-in’ in the Sea of Serenity.

There would be steaks, pads, human beings, incense, acid, pot, free-speech, an Intersatal Times as much exploitation and as little exploration as ever. I can’t see everybody doing what they want if some want to make a profit out of others. It doesn’t matter who they are. Their all salesmen whether they’re pushing psycho-active drugs or Wonderloaves.

No, Wonderbrethren you could make edible bread but you prefer to make money. Psycho-dealers usually offer a dream (chemical) but are concerned with the wrong sort of prophet.

Performance art is mostly trite. Most bandwagon art is and depends more on the admen than anything else. This brings us to the question. If art cannot be practised as a pure activity why practice something else and call it art. Why not call it expanding capitalism.

Brand-name art transforms nothing when you take away the names and publicity. Institutions cohere all along the line. Humans don’t have to be institutions to be useful to each other. If you’ve got something somebody needs give it. That’s creative. If you can do something nobody else can do. do it. That’s creative. Art lecturers monopolise a huge proportion of our Art-education-or-whatever-you-like-to-call-it-funds (public) pretending to have something to offer which is more relevant that art itself. Creation is instruction. Art of the moment (if you know where it is) is more important than past art once you know about the past - its all around you.

Psychedillation has some therapeutic value. So has golf but art is another thing and so is LOVE.
Exploration of sensory metaphors

Allowing that a work of art might include anything from imitation to celebration, may contain neither or a bit of both, the path from the idea to its realisation and eventual reception is almost infinite in character and density and any factor may become the emphasis so that at its completion it is so far beyond the notions of its maker that it wrenches him out of the orbit that gave it its birth to a point finally beyond itself. The point is the beginning of another. There is no blue-print for a real sense language. It has to be made, it has to be experienced, it has to evolve, it has to change. All occur simultaneously. There is no order, no chaos, no strategies. It is because it was begun or nothing. More or less is impossible.

This exactness-condition is the astonishing and most important but least emphatic element that distinguishes a work of art from anything else. It allows no emotional bias to intrude and it aims at none. There is no taking sides. In spite of this, many artists persist in making 'asides' and references to one another in their works as though there was some mysterious aesthetic dialogue going on between them. Incest and professionalism. Homages and thinly veiled titles are the traditional method for this carry on and it produces much the same effect as a boring after dinner speech complete with abdominal rumblings. A mixture of wind and water. To put up with the practice is to prolong the speech. There is no sin more deadly than boringness though originality the new 'original sin' is the most objected to and least predominant of our passions.

Strangled cries in muted colours is a craft that sustains itself by appealing to the elements in an affluent minority that feel most guilt. No exploration here. Still, kinetic and visual research is still in its infancy and by the way it is going it will probably stay that way. A kinetic device will demand our attention and when it's got it leave it at that. What remains to be done apart from checking on the seams? But can an idea (even a well made one) hold our attention beyond its capacity to confront us in a public gallery? If the object seems to whistle 'so what' at us we might shrug but I doubt if anyone would organize a protest march about it. If not moved, do nothing but if nothing is done we might as well all go home. No, human industry is ignored at our peril.

If we cannot see or feel what is going on somebody is suffering. Some sort of attempt at getting through is necessary. Ignoring it is cruelty. The position at the moment does not allow for such considerations as to whether there are lines to be drawn or conclusions to be reached on one issue or another. Putting things into compartments itself requires considerable effort which when seen in isolation usually seems to be effort wasted. This is because we are made more aware of an absence than a presence. The gesture is one of holding back.
The very regularity of things makes them futile and transforms them from being infinite in quantity and potential to a few with little or none. Rapidly they become one monotonous claustrophobic condition.

If it were possible to imagine a continuous burr accessible to all the senses, activating and subduing them simultaneously, and capable of being experienced separately (it is imaginable but not in infinite terms) the burring would deprive us of any options and blur the point of our encounter with it from any experience of it later on and so achieve by saturation an impact apparently comparable to a series of events. The few remaining points by which we could assess our responses might centre around the kind of action we could make during the experience and the regularity of the burr might increase in importance to the point that the only action open to us would be that of its maintenance.

This is the process of addiction.

If our senses are to function normally they must be open to explore new and unfamiliar avenues of experience of a non-saturative kind. Curiously this becomes more difficult as mass-communicative techniques increase. To the extent that we participate in mass media we are a mass. We might as well all have a British Standards Institute label and a fixed price. The cost will be our powers of perception.

It is difficult to see what the connection is between the price we command and the senses at our command but if we deprive ourselves of unchanneled experiences we inevitable deprive others. We are encouraged to exploit, not to explore. How can we seriously regard ourselves as responsible human beings when we are part of a machine exploiting one receptor to the detriment of another.

Unless we can respond to other human beings in the fullest sense of the word we are not responsible. This is not to suggest that we should have a sort of balanced diet of experience which would neutralise us altogether. All societies provide that sort of thing - parties, concerts, exhibitions and public functions. The annual firms dinner, first nights, private views and worst of all commemorative lectures - in fact any lectures - are sense-depriving processes that act as brakes on our consciousness and they are all fundamentally the same thing. Nothing happens in these anti-events. They cement us into our positions in the hieratic structure.
Sinewed into the soundstructures of The Bird Ballet are a number of poems, including a Walls Resonatory firmamentum-sky by Gerry Fitzgerald; Pennylane, a soundpoem by Michael Chapman; Shimmeringharem-mirroringmadra poem by Simon Shirley; Echoing Pebbles’ Song by David Medalla; a Stormairra by Edward Pope; Kineticaopenpysiodal Poem by Gerry Fitzgerald; Signali: animaldrinkingbrine poem by Simon Fraser; Spottedfeathers, a poem by Malcolm Le Maietre; a Humming song by Jane Ellis; a hump by Colin Coecklough; The Cry of the Owl by Michael Chapman; and The Surveyors’ Metallic Minuet evolved by Christian Ledoux and Malcolm Le Maietre.

The Bird Ballet has 24 circumnucleuses of which two (Cx 7, Storm Freakout, and Cx 13, The Underworld) will feature pop groups and kinetic dramas. The pop groups and kinetic dramas will change in every performance. Among the pop groups participating are The Crazy World of Arthur Brown, Graham Bond, The Soft Machine, The Dreamland Express and The Sign of Shiva. Judith Pettz (flute), George Tapner (clarinet, alto sax and recorder), David Keene (tabla), John Taylor (vina), Robert Hartley (tambora), Bernard Gilson (guitar), Dick Duden (trombone); and Paul Keeler (found percussion) will provide the musical densities. Paul Keeler also acted as the eyes-and-ears for the explodingexplorers.

Mudimasks, mudras, mantras, dance-movements, sound-costumes, kinetic-props, moti kalasam, music for The Bird Ballet were evolved individually by the explodingexplorers. The sneumaticman was made by Lionel Miskin. Ken Cox made the bright envelopes. John Cox, Sheridan Cookey, Gerald Jenkinson and Adam Minrod are evolving the light-show. The following explorers are evolving the Bird Ballet: MICHAEL CHAPMAN Pisces, property developer, comorant, King Condor, owl. SHERIDAN COAKLEY, lightshow. COLIN COLCLOUGH Libra, flamboyant, streaking hummingbird. JOHN COX Leo, builder, kingfisher, lightshow, birds-scarecrow. DICK DUDEN Taurus, mad farmer, eagle, trombone. JILL DROWER Cancer, Indian Roller, Golden Palmweaver, Good Flower. JANE ELLIS Pisces, white swan, bird of paradise, pusher-bird. GERRY FITZGERALD Capricorn, scarecrow’s voice, parrot, cinematocapaparrot. ROBERT HARTLEY Taurus, tambora, penguin. VALERIE HUXLEY Leo, flamingo, oriole, the little white bird. GERALD JENKINSON, lightshow. PAUL KEELER Cancer. Mr. Puffin, the comet-scarecrow, eyes & ears of the Bird Ballet. DAVID KEENE Aquarius, tabla, penguin. JOHN KOUMANTAKIS Scorpio, builder, seagull, kingfisher, eagle, guru-bird. CHRISTIAN LEDOUX Taurus, a disease, undertaker, surveyor, razorbill, laughing hawk. MALCOLM LE MAISTRE Aries, a disease, undertaker, assistant surveyor, toucan, peregrine falcon, peregrine falcon’s ghost. MELINDA MARTIN Taurus, raven, parakeet, witch-bird. ADAM MINROD, lightshow. DAVID MEDALLA Aries, yellow wagtail bird, story of the Bird Ballet. JUDITH PERTZ Pisces, flute, vulture, penguin. EDWARD POPE Gemini, albatross, vulture, birds-scarecrow, snark-hunter. JULIA PRICE Aquarius, plainchant, crow, Mrs. Puffin, evil flower, tickertape-bird. EVE RIDOUX Libra, flamingo, lyrebird, Mrs. Owl, teacher-bird. ANNABEL RUTTER Taurus, egret, blue-faced honey-eater, falconette. SIMON SHIRLEY Aquarius, spoonbill, woodpecker, peacock, WHICH-bird, guru-bird. ROY ST.-PIERRE Sagittarius, builder, seagull, bearded vulture, guru-bird. GEORGE TAPNER Sagittarius, clarinet, alto sax, recorder, penguin. JOHN TAYLOR Virgo, vina, xylophone, penguin. AUDREY VIPOND Taurus, nurse, stork, paradise whydah, scarlet ibis. JOCELIN DE WARREN WALLER Capricorn, flamingo, guinea fowl, teacher-bird, Chinese Phoenix.
the bird ballet

Cs 1 DEATH OF THE MAD FARMER WHO HATED BIRDS

Morning. End of autumn. Mad farmer patrols his farmlands, grieves the Scarecrow, sees and shoots dead a strange white bird. He is about to shoot another bird, a crow, when farmer is struck by diseases. Farmer dies. Arrival of farmer's heirs: a property developer, a parson and a social worker. Undertakers and farmer's heirs bury the dead mad farmer.

Cs 2 SCARECROW AND SNOWMAN

Night. End of winter. Frightened Scarecrow tries to keep the Snowman from falling asleep. When snowman falls asleep at end of winter they melt into water on the first day of spring. For thirty years the Scarecrow has obeyed his maker the mad farmer's wish: for thirty years the Scarecrow has frightened the birds away from the field. But now the last night of his 360th winter, the Scarecrow is afraid. A crow and a raven pass a yellow wagtail bird and the raven says to the crow: 'It is for the yellow light of a passing motor car. To calm his nervous excitement he often adorns his yellow plumage with a golden leaf.' Now the Snowman is wakening up, and the Scarecrow really wants to help him to the raven and crow: 'Snowman, give up your pipe and hat to the Scarecrow. Snowman, Raven and Crow expect a new friend. The Snowman slowly melts into water as dawn breaks.'

Cs 3 FIRST DAY OF SPRING

Crows and Raven wake and see the Scarecrow sleeping alone in the middle of the farmland. Crow and Raven know the mad farmer is dead. They hate the Scarecrow and covet his golden straw. Silently they hope towards the Scarecrow, but before they reach the Scarecrow, the yellow wagtail birds appear and frighten them away. The yellow wagtail birds are strangely attracted to the Scarecrow's golden straw but not for reasons of fear or hate or greed.

In a survey of the property developer, a mad farmer's heir, and his assistant: they work for the property developer, one of the mad farmer's heirs. Surveyor and his assistant dance a metallic minuet while measuring the land. Assistant surveyor notices some gold dust on the ground: the yellow wagtail birds have flown there. He reports this fact to his boss. Surveyor denies it, thinking the assistant surveyor is going potty in the head. 'Gold dust,' surveyor laugh, 'they're not yellow but gold! What assistants surveyor to summon the builders.

Cs 4 BUILDING DANCE

Enter builders. Enter property developer, parson and social worker, the dead farmer's heirs. Builders-densityargument. Heirs-density-argument. Cop on moped summons horses to tea. At the end of the building dance, the builders notice the Snowman entangled in the rushes; they remove his scarf and dance with it.

Cs 5 WADING BIRDS

The yellow wagtail birds swim towards the sea. Enter wading birds. The wading birds fish and preen themselves. Spoonbill and Flamingo notice the Snowman entangled in the rushes; they remove his scarf and dance with it.

Cs 6 STORM DANCE

Seabirds swim in a spiral dance. Storm breaks. Scarecrow is torn apart: his straw is blown to the Gurburids' Cliffs; his pipe is seized by a cyclonic wind and thrown to a forest near the Persian Garden; his coat is whirled by a strong current towards the Galapagos Island; the albatross and the Cormorant seize the Scarecrow's hat and trousers.

Cs 7 GENERAL FREAK-OUT

Pop group. Audiences-densities.

Cs 8 ESTUARY KRYPTO

After the storm the albatross and the Cormorant, but without success, using the Scarecrow's hat and trousers to fly away to the sea; the Scarecrow's hat and trousers are blown down to the shore, and the albatross and Cormorant are blown down to the shore, and the albatross and Cormorant along and tells them of a plan to cheat Mr. Puffin of his hut by using the hat and trousers. Albatross, Cormorant and Mr. Puffin of his nest, his feathers, and his fish. The albatross and Cormorant指 that Mr. Puffin is not a fish. Mr. Puffin, Razorbill, Cormorant and Albatross divide the fish when the yellow wagtail bird appears. Mr. Puffin tries to sell the hut and trousers to the yellow wagtail bird, but after a hurry points out to the albatross that the hat and trousers belong to the Scarecrow and not to the Razorbill. Razorbill, furious, chases after the yellow wagtail bird, who flies away to the Galapagos Island.

Cs 9 THE GALAPAGOS ISLAND

A patriarchal ruled in name by a benevolent but sleepy Kingfisher. The real power on the island is the bishop, a kingfisher, met with quackishness who dreams one day of activating the beautiful and the resilient island birds. The femalebirds of the island are sensuous and vain. The mocktorous Toucan, the island's military bird, driner is a group of lies. The poor overworked woodpecker is the island's sole source of income. One day the woodpecker finds the Scarecrow's shredded coat which has turned into a shrinking densigymn. The woodpecker brings it to the Bishop who presents it to the King. The King, feeling magnanimous, orders the Bishop to award the woodpecker with papayas, bananas, mangos. Alas! there are no papayas, bananas or mangos left in the tropical island. The Bishop then thinks of a plan and advises the King: why not hire out the shrinking densigymnost to the island's birds in exchange for papayas, bananas, mangos? An announcement is made that the birds are activated, the coat is hired out, the King's Treasury is reimbursed. All the birds take turns in wearing the coat, in exchange for fruits, with the exception of the poor woodpecker who can't fly. The Toucan attempts to wear the coat away from the King and the Bishop but is fooled. The Toucan decides to abandon his dreams of rebellion and joins the Bishop and the King and the femalebirds of the coast. The woodpecker, disguised, emigrates from the island. The yellow wagtail bird arrives and learns from the kineticocephaloparaparot the whereabouts of the Scarecrow's pipe.

Cs 10 THE PERSIAN GARDEN

A matriarchy ruled by a Queen Bird of Paradise. Her husband, the Peacock, is a lover of the good life. Their children, the Hummingbird, the Paradise Whydah, a Guineas Fowl, a Lyrebird. They are psychedelic birds and spend their time gathering flowers: they turn on nectar, honey and pollen at the close of day. One day the Hummingbird swallows a pomegranate and loses his head. The Paradise Whydah and the Guineas Fowl discover the Scarecrow's pipe in a bush. They quarrel over it, the lyre bird and the Indian Roller join in the fight. They stop quarrelling when they hear the muezzin's call. Their father the Peacock gives each bird a stem of the quissabout, and the birds turn on while their mother the Bird of Paradise hums a song for their afternoon high. The yellow wagtail bird arrives and is welcomed by the Peacock and the Bird of Paradise. Their children entertain the yellow wagtail bird with a badminton game and a mock sword dance. After the game and dance the yellow wagtail bird notices the stars in the sky. He tells the Peacock and the Bird of Paradise that he must go so he is bound for the Gurburids' Cliffs. The yellow wagtail bird notices the hummingbird and learns that the latter has lost his hum. The yellow wagtail bird supposes it is the Bird of Paradise that he takes along with him to the Gurburids' Cliffs where he could recover his hum. The Peacock at first demurs but finally consents when the Bird of Paradise promises to make the experience the envy of the entire species. The yellow woodpecker and Hummingbird depart with the Scarecrow's pipe.

Cs 11 THE PEREGRINE FALCON

The Hummingbird and the Yellow Wagtail Bird fly over a desert and some extinct volcanoes. They pass the night floating on a cloud. Morning comes, and they fly over the edge of an active volcano. They are spotted by a Peregrine Falcon above. They are caught by the Peregrine Falcon. The yellow woodpecker and Hummingbird fly upwards to the cloud. They drop the Scarecrow's pipe which the Peregrine Falcon picks up.

Cs 12 THE BIRDS OF PREY

The Hummingbird sees the Peregrine Falcon dancing with the snake's pipe. Unable to wrest the pipe away from the Peregrine Falcon, the Laughing Hawk summons the other birds of prey. On one side of the volcano are the King Condor and her retinue of female birds of prey. When the female birds of prey see the
Peregrine Falcon with the pipe, they aban-on the King Condor and go to the Peregrine Falcon. The King Condor, furious, challenges the Peregrine Falcon to a fight. The Falconette, who loves the Peregrine Falcon, tries to persuade him not to fight the King Condor. But the Peregrine Falcon is proud, and accepts the King Condor's challenge. They fight. The Peregrine Falcon is wounded fatally. In the midst of the fight the Crow arrives, picks up the Scarecrow's pine and flies away with it. The wounded Peregrine Falcon is attacked by the other birds of prey, vultures, eagles, hawks. As the Peregrine Falcon dies, the volcano erupts.

Cs 13 THE UNDERWORLD
- Pop group: Kistneric. Smirning grudges with disinfectants.

Cs 14 THE DENIZENS OF THE BIRD-UNDERWORLD
- The kingfisher, the pushed bird, and the jackalbird perform a Hypnoedic Needle Dance. (This dance will not be performed on Children's Day, October 29th.) The Supernovas Slogan is slain by the Gangster-Bird. The Ticker-tape Bird announces the Death of the Peregrine Falcon. The news is received with joy by the Queen Voodoo Bird, but when she learns that the Ghost of the Peregrine Falcon cannot enter the underworld as he is unable to enter the sun, she forbids the Falcenette to follow him. The Queen Voodoo Bird sends the Witch Bird to the outerworld to help the Ghost of the Peregrine Falcon get some straw.

Cs 15 THE SCARLET IBS AND THE PERRERGINE FALCON'S GHOST
- At the front of the Gurabird's Cliffs are the entrance to the underwater world and the path to the top of the Gurabird's Cliffs. These are guarded by the Scarlet Ibs and her helper, the Golden Palm-weaver. The Ghost of a Dead Eagle arrives, lights some straw, and enters the underwater world. The Ghost of the Peregrine Falcon, accompanied by the Falcenette, follows, but is unable to enter the Underworld. The Scarlet Ibs tell them that straw from the Scarecrow must first be strewed to light some fire so that the Ghost of the Peregrine Falcon can regain his flight. The Golden Palm-weaver tells the Falcenette that there is some straw from the Scarecrow lying on the Gurabird's Cliffs. The Ghost of the Peregrine Falcon attempts to fly to the top of the Gurabird's Cliffs, but fails. The Yellow wagtail bird and the Humming Bird arrive; they are implored by the Falcenette to help her get some straw. They tell her they'll see what they can do for the Peregrine Falcon's Ghost; they depuit and ascend the cliffs. The Crow arrives, accompanied by the Witch Bird disguised as a swan; they all fall the Falcenette and the Ghost of the Peregrine Falcon of a secret vent in the cliffs where they can go up to the top. Crow, Raven, Falcenette and Peregrine Falcon's Ghost enter the secret vent and ascend the cliffs.

Cs 16 THE CRY OF THE OWL
- Night falls on the Gurabird's Cliffs. Somewhere near the top an owl sings his song to the moon. Mrs. Owl tells Mr. Owl that their little owlets and owlings are hungry. Mr. Owl leaves the nest, finds some food and brings food back to the nest. When the owlets and owlings have been fed and put to sleep, Mr. Owl and Mrs. Owl make love.

Cs 17 THE GURABIRD
- Dawn on top of the cliffs. The Gurabirds wake up, dance to the four winds, and celebrate the rising sun. The White Swan and the Stork arrive with the little White Bird, whom the Gurabirds and their female attendants welcome with a song: how to tell nourishing flowers from poisonous ones; how to build a nest; the importance of camouflage; noise; and flight. After the White Bird has been instructed in the essentials of bird-life, the Stork leads it to the Hummingbird arrival. A Gurabird is attending to the Hummingbird, who is introducing its young to the American White Bird.

Cs 18 MIGRATION DANCE
- One of the Gurabirds resumes its former form of woodpecker and flies around the world summoning all the other birds to come to the Gurabirds' Cliffs for the Trial of the Scarecrow. The Raven and the Crow re-enter the Underworld and summon the Queen Voodoo Bird. The birds assemble on the cliffs. The Scarecrow is reconstructed.

Cs 19 THE TRIAL OF THE SCARECROW
- When some of the birds have shown that the Scarecrow spent his 30 years on the mud farmer's farmlands frightening the birds away and thus denying them food, the Gurabirds decide the Scarecrow is an evil being. They decide that the Scarecrow's straw should be divided equally among the birds and the rest of the Scarecrow's property be returned to the farmlands where the mud farmer who hated birds stowed it and left it to the birds. The Swallow bird tells the Gurabirds that the Scarecrow is not altogether an evil being. The Yellow wagtail bird then tells the White Swan and the Stork to step forward and tell their story.

Cs 20 THE CHINESE PHOENIX AND THE WHITE BIRD
- The White Swan and the Stork step forward and tell their story. Once, when the Scarecrow was still a young child, his father the Swallow flew from the Moon to the Earth to give birth to the Scarecrow. Then the Swallow returned to the Moon and the Scarecrow spent some of his straw in the form of shooting stars. The Scarecrow makes a friend with the White Swan on the moon. They have agreed to fly together. The Scarecrow got some gold dust from the Scarecrow, the White Swan got some straw from the Scarecrow. The Hummingbird sees them and utters a warning: it's too late! Then the Scarecrow agrees to take the Straw to the Scarecrow. The Hummingbird tells them that they must not go too far, he will follow them. The Scarecrow agrees.

Cs 21 THE COMET-SCARECROW CIRCLES THE EARTH
- Circling the earth the Comet-Scarecrow collides into the Witch Bird. The Crow goes mad, imagining the Comet-Scarecrow everywhere. He sees and greets the different birds he has seen. The wading birds, the galapagos birds, the birds of the parsw garden. Winter arrives. The Comet-Scarecrow sees the Ghost of the Peregrine Falcon and the Falcenette still lingering on the bottom of the Gurabird's Cliffs. The Comet-Scarecrow sends some of his straw in the form of shooting stars to the Peregrine Falcon's Ghost. The Peregrine Falcon's Ghost catches fire, resumes his flight, and is welcomed by the Queen Voodoo Bird. The Hummingbird tells them that they must not go too far, he will follow them. The Hummingbird tells them that they must not go too far, he will follow them. The Hummingbird tells them that they must not go too far, he will follow them.

Cs 22 THE FALCENETTE AND THE HUMMINGBIRD
- The Yellow wagtail bird and the Hummingbird, flying back to the Persian Garden, see the Falcenette asleep on the cliff of the Gurabirds Cliffs. The Hummingbird steps to cover the Falcenette with some branches. He gathers some berries for her. She wakes up. They fly in love. The Hummingbird and the Falcenette fly to the Persian Garden.

Cs 24 THE PENGUINS
- The Comet-Scarecrow flies over the Antarctic and sees a flock of flightless black-and-white birds. They are penniless members of the ballet. He has not seen them before so he asks them who they are. They wave to him and tell them they are the Snowmen whom he has known in the farmlands. When snowmen met on water on the first day of spring they float to the Antarctic and become penguins. Dhanaas by the Yellow wagtail bird. Final freakout by the birdexploders.

Story by David Medalta
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PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE BIRD BALLET BY RAY STEVENSON.

No 1. Jocelyn de Warren Waller, a flamingo, Audrey Vipond, a stork, Eve Ridoux, a flamingo in the Wading Birds.

No 2. David Medalla, the yellow wagtail bird.

No 3. Gerry FitzGerald, the kinetic copacabana parrot in the Galapagos Island.

No 4. Gerry FitzGerald, the Parson and Julia Price, Plainchant in Firmamentum Sky (The funeral of the mad farmer.).

No 5. Eve Ridoux, the stork, in the birth of the White Bird (C.S. 20).

No 6. Simon Shirley, the peacock, and Colin ColClough, the humming bird in the Persian Garden.

No 7. The Persian Garden.

No 8. Judith Pertz playing the flute.
The army of Mara prepares to attack the Buddha from the Buddha Ballet, a proposition by David Medalla and John Dugger. Parliament Hill, Hampstead Heath, May 1968.

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ARTUSCI MORDNI

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SAKYAMUNI was once asked by a disciple to explain the duration of a kalpa (an Indian measurement of time comprising the creation and destruction of a cosmic system). The disciple wanted to know how long does a kalpa last. The Buddha replied with a simile: Imagine, he said to the disciple, a large piece of hard Benares stone four cubic leagues in size. Imagine further that at the end of every hundred years a man would come and wipe the surface of the stone with a piece of the finest Benares muslin. The stone would be worn away long before a kalpa came to an end.
Last December 31st, 1967, exactly twelve months after I had originally conceived the Exploding Galaxy, I thought of a three-day dance-drama that would take place in the streets and canals of Amsterdam. The drama is a simple one; it concerns a blonde virgin-girl of sixteen dressed in white (tiny electric lights concealed in her dress); a young man, aged about twenty-one, tall and handsome, with a wild look in his deep blue eyes; a fur coat, rich and magnificent in texture and colour, which the young man presents to the girl; and a host of monsters and demons, ten thousand in number, dancing on rafts and barges lit with flaming torches floating at twilight along the canals of Amsterdam.

The drama never did take place, although I imagined every detail of it, every mask, costume, gesture, movement, sound. The limited material resources of the Exploding Galaxy, plus the fact that none of us then staying in Amsterdam had sufficient magic to muster together ten thousand monsters and demons, meant that my concept of a dance-drama that would unfold in the streets and canals of Amsterdam would remain a mere proposition.

However, no artist is satisfied with making only verbal propositions without attempting ways of realising his propositions in tangible dimensions. I am no exception. In, my case, moreover, propositions which I thought I had long ago abandoned because I did not find their immediate material realisation, have an unpredictable way of re-emerging, often greatly transformed, at other places and times. Thus my idea of a three-day dance-drama for Amsterdam gradually evolved into my proposition for the Biokinetic Theatre.

I wrote a text outlining the various articulated structures utilizing the elements in motion and the possibilities for continuous audience participation in my proposed Biokinetic Theatre in Paris, in January 1968. Towards the end of March I returned to England. I brought a copy of my text on the Biokinetic theatre to London; but upon my arrival I noticed that the old communal rhythm of the Exploding Galaxy which in the past had propelled us into all sorts of exciting explorations, was seriously disrupted by the two police raids on the Galaxy, so that, for the time being, I saw little possibility of immediately trying out some of the concepts I have outlined in my proposition: for the Biokinetic Theatre.

John Dugger suggested that we publish my text on the Biokinetic Theatre. He offered to print the text on separate large sheets of handwoven paper using the silkscreen process. To illustrate the text, John commenced a series of multi-coloured drawings which beautifully portrayed the spiritual symbolism of the Biokinetic Theatre. To print the book would entail the expenditure of a large sum of money which neither John nor I nor any other member of the Galaxy possess at the moment. And so our proposed book on the Biokinetic Theatre remains another project awaiting realization.

In the first stages of our collaboration John and I paid frequent visits to the Oriental art collections of the British Museum and the Victoria and Albert Museum. John’s idea was to adapt ‘Oriental perspective’ with its multiple views in illustrating the different plans and inter-penetrating structures of the Biokinetic Theatre. I concurred readily with this idea as I find the Renaissance-type of perspective with its one central point of view, rigid and constricting. Fluidity of space is one of the qualities of my proposed Biokinetic Theatre, and I feel that any illustrations to my text should suggest this flow. It was exhilarating to look at the Indian miniatures, Tibetan thankas and Chinese scrolls at the Victoria and Albert Museum and the British Museum. Of course, we did not confine our almost daily visits at these two museums to the perusal only of paintings; we examined the artefacts, textiles, statuary, ceremonial paraphernalia and manuscripts of the different cultures of Asia. We were especially attracted to those Oriental schools of art which were originally nourished by Indian thought.

A year ago, the performances of the Kerala Kalamandalam troupe of Kathakali dancers which I and other members of the Exploding Galaxy saw in London, sparked in me a great interest in Indian culture. Seeing Kathakali was one of the most profound experiences of my life. I can remember one other occasion in the past which aroused in me a great feeling of spiritual liberation: when I heard for the first time, as a boy of fourteen in New York, The Passion of St. Matthew by Bach.

Kathakali and Bach may seem at first a strange combination. Indeed in form, technique and presentation, in content and in details of composition, they are vastly different from one another. But in essence, I believe they are similar; and their effect on the receptive person is essentially the same.
Experiencing Bach and Kathakali, at different and crucial moments of my life, meant for me the growth of an insight, the flowering of an awareness. Both experiences confirmed my belief that the highest art is that which infuses with a vital rhythm the inert materials (the elements) of a chosen medium. This vital rhythm in a work of art corresponds to the prana, the breath of life. It is generated by every great work of art; it is the unifying principle that resolves the conflicts and oppositions of polarised elements in the chosen medium. It initiates in the receptor (the person responding to, 'receiving' the work of art), the experience of transcending the mundane plain of existence.

During each Kathakali performance that I saw ('participated in' would be a more apt description), for a Kathakali performance is a spiritual sacrifice in which the 'spectator' does not sit and stare passively at the spectacle before him, but is hypnotised by the musicians and the actor-dancers into active participation on the imaginative plane in a magic rite of creation), after each Kathakali performance, and many days afterwards, I experienced an indescribable feeling of spiritual equilibrium. The technical complexity and mathematical precision of a Kathakali play are ultimately mere scaffolding for the momentary construction and embodiment of a fantasy, an illusion -- -- -- in this case, the maya of performer and spectator, of everyone and no-one...
Gesture and symbol, related organically generated metaphors, kinetic and omnidimensional, radiating vibrations which set in motion within me a cosmic play of psychic events.

Kathakali inspired me to explore in depth the sources of Indian culture. I re-read, with better understanding, Heinrich Zimmer's beautiful book on the myths and symbols of Indian art and civilization. With increasing wonder I explored the immense storehouse of Indian thought. I felt like Aladdin entering for the first time a vast cave filled with the most magnificent treasures.

The Vedas, the Upanishads, the Puranas, the Mahabharata, and the Ramayana, Kalidasa, Jayadeva, Tulsi Das, Sankaracharya, Nagarjuna, Santideva, the Shastras, the Tantras and the Sutras (both Hindu and Buddhist), the sublime Bhagavad Gita and the Dhammapada -- truly the literature of India is divinely inspired! Even the crudest translations could not dim the light which shone from those profound pages. I can't remember another period of my life when I was inundated with so much beauty and joy.

Filled with quiet amazement, in a spirit of humble admiration, I began to approach the mysteries of Hindu and Buddhist art. My own art I began to relate to the art of the past -- the art of Borobodur, Khmer, Amaravati, Gandhara, Mathura, the Gupta, the Chalukya, the Pallava, Elephanta, Ellora, Ajanta, Sanchi, Khajuraho, Konarak, Mahabalipuram, Pollonaruva, Pagan, Tung Huang, Sokkuram, Kamakura.... I began to evaluate the ideas expressed in my kinetic constructions in relation to the ideas expressed in the old sculptures of Asia, and gradually I realized that what I have tried to express is, in essence, from what the past artists of Asia have expressed so eloquently in their art. The only difference lies in the materials and techniques that I use, which incorporate simple principles demonstrated by modern science, and the materials and techniques used by the anonymous masters of Asia: wood, stone, clay, jade, bronze, gold, silver and other metals, materials and their corresponding techniques which belong to the traditional language of sculpture.

For several months I sought eagerly, in museums and galleries, supplemented by reproductions in magazines and books, all available examples of Oriental art. By luck the Exploding Galaxy spent the winter of 1967 in Holland; there, at the Tropenmuseum and the Rijksmuseum's Gallery of Oriental art in Amsterdam, and at the Museum of Ethnology in Leyden, I came into contact with some very beautiful examples of Asian art. My stay in Holland was followed by two months stay in Paris where almost daily I visited the Musee Guimet and marvelled at the sublimity of Oriental painting and sculpture.

Eventually it was the art inspired by Buddhism which gained my deep attention. Outside India, Hinduism inspired some very beautiful examples of art and architecture: Angkor Vat in Cambodia was dedicated to Vishnu, and the Chandi Lara Jonggrang in Prambanam, Central Java, was sacred to Shiva. However, it was Buddhism in its two aspects, Theravada and Mahayana, which eventually engaged for several centuries the imagination of a vast majority of people in Asia. Buddhism was a pure bright flame that set fire the creative fuel provided by numerous generations of Oriental artists. The glow emanating from that fire is still capable of illuminating modern minds, of inspiring modern ideas, of revealing hidden aspirations and endowing them with creative force.

John Dugger and I, inspired by the beautiful examples of Buddhist art that we saw in London, started to study the meaning of the triiratna -- The Three Jewels of the Buddha, the Dharma and the Sangha. Eagerly, we read what books on Buddhist thought and art we could find: translations of Pali texts and Mahayana sutras; the Jatakas (stories concerning the previous lives of the Buddha); literature inspired by Buddhist ideals such as the Noh plays of Japan and the poems of the Tibetan yogin Milarepa. What amazed John and I was the discovery that Buddhism, in its manifold manifestations, is an inexhaustible source of dynamic metaphors capable of continuous regeneration. Artistic concepts which we only vaguely surmised, we began gradually to understand in the light of Buddhist thought. An example is the concept of peebale sculptures which I evolved last year (1967). It occurred to me that the concept of peebables is directly related to the Buddhist concept of skandhas, the five 'sheaths' or inter-related processes which constitute a sentient being. I was therefore surprised to discover later on, that in Laos, the people celebrate the anniversary of Sakayamuni's birth by going into the streets, sprinkling water on each other, and peeling each other's clothes. It was wonderful to learn that my peebale concept was anticipated many years before me.

And so, inspired by the Buddha, John Dugger and I conceived a proposition which together we offered to the Exploding Galaxy. We entitled our proposition The Buddha Ballet, for we envisaged our proposition as a dance-drama based on the life of Gautama Buddha and on the Dharma which he preached for the first time in the Deer Park at Sarnath over two thousand years ago.
The first two explorations of the Buddha Ballet were held indoors, towards the end of April, at Shoreditch and at Covent Garden. After the second exploration, John and I agreed that we should evolve the Buddha Ballet on Parliament Hill, Hampstead. Since May until now, September, every Sunday afternoon (except on rainy days), the Exploding Galaxy and its friends have been evolving the Buddha Ballet on Parliament Hill. Only on one occasion since May did we explore the Buddha Ballet away from Hampstead Heath; that was after this year's legalise pot rally at Hyde Park Corner when we explored in the rain in front of about three hundred people the circumsequence of the temptation of the Buddha by the daughters and army of Mara.

Some of the explorations of the Buddha Ballet on Hampstead Heath have been very beautiful. The latest one involved people going into the forest of Kenwood, climbing trees, moving through ferns and calling each other throughout the wood with animal and bird-sounds. In addition to the life of Sakyamuni, which forms as it were the nucleus of the Buddha Ballet, we have also explored Hindu legends and stories and the fables of the world's races. Born a prince in the Kshatriya caste, Prince Siddharta in his palace must have been entertained with all sorts of theatrical spectacles before he renounced the worldly life to become a mendicant. It is reasonable to surmise that the Prince Siddharta was familiar with the ancient literature of India. We have therefore adapted stories from the epic poems of India, the Ramayana and the Mahabharata, whenever these stories prefigure and illumine the symbolism contained in the incidents of the Buddha's life.
One such story, from the Mahabharata, is about how four of the five Pandava brothers, driven by great thirst, died after having hastily drunk the water of a poisoned lake without first answering the questions posed by the guardian of the lake (Hindu dharma disguised as a bird), and how they were brought to life by their eldest brother Yudhisthira after he had successfully answered all the questions posed by the guardian-bird. This story seemed to me to be related, in a metaphorical sense, to the story of the five ascetics who were Sakyamuni’s companions in the early stage of his search for liberation from the wheel of re-birth and samsara.

The five Pandava brothers correspond, on a symbolical level, to the five senses of man; Krishna, their friend, is the mind, the manifestation of the divine in man, the principle of cosmic equilibrium which brings about Spiritual Poise, the supreme goal of Hindu thought. The ‘death’ of the four Pandava brothers correspond to the periodic ‘death in sleep’ of four of man’s senses (hearing, seeing, smelling, tasting, all of which ‘die’ when a man goes to sleep); only Yudhisthira the eldest brother (symbolic of the tactile sense) escapes this death and is able to bring his four brothers back to life.

The relationship of Krishna to the five Pandavas should not, of course, be interpreted as exactly the same relationship of Sakyamuni to the five ascetics. In the Mahabharata, the five Pandavas are always friendly to Krishna; at no time do they summarily reject him as the mendicants rejected Sakyamuni shortly before the latter achieved enlightenment under the Bo Tree in Gaya. The striking similarities and subtle but important differences in the symbolical matrices of Buddhist and Hindu mythologies can be explained by the fact that Buddhism originally sprang from the soil of the old Brahminical culture of India and gradually evolved in a different direction from orthodox Hinduism. Medieval Hinduism in fact absorbed Buddhism in India, till finally the Buddha came to be considered as one of the avatars (divine incarnation) of Vishnu.

We explored the Mahabharata incident mentioned above in the following way: after telling the story to the people gathered on Parliament Hill, we invited volunteers from the ‘audience’ to five young men then took the parts of the five Pandava brothers; a boy of twelve played the role of Hindu-Dharma-disguised-as-a-bird; while various boys and girls played different animals living in the forest surrounding the lake. People standing about became the trees while eight girls played the poisoned water of the lake with the help of a sheet of green polythene which they rippled at suitable intervals during the unfoldment of the dramatic action. To establish the symbolism behind their roles, the five Pandava brothers went separately into the crowd and acted out their respective senses which they individually symbolized. Thus the youth playing Arjuna looked into the eyes of the people in the audience, Bhima listened to the audience’s conversations, occasionally ‘throwing sounds’ into the air which he would ‘catch’ while moving among the audience; the youth playing Yudhisthira touched the bodies of the people in the audience; while the two youngest Pandavas, who are twins in the story, alternately ‘tasted’ and ‘smelt’ the audience. During all this time, the people in the audience were encouraged by the five Pandavas to smell, taste, touch, hear and look at each other. Only when the audience was sufficiently articulated and actively involved in the sensory exploration of one another, did the drama proper begin. The people in this exploration were mostly strangers to one another, but by the time our exploration was ended, new channels of communication opened up amongst us.

Whenever a great number of people are present on Parliament Hill we would explore a circumstance which would involve the participation of many persons. The choice of a circumstance is usually made by John and me on the day of an exploration. All the incidents in the life of Gautama Buddha offer possibilities for total audience participation. The story of Sujata the milkmaid who offered a bowl of milk-rice to Sakyamuni shortly before he commenced meditation under the Bo Tree, is an incident we’ve explored several times. For this circumstance we’ve utilized a sound-poem by Michael Chapman, Bubbles and Bodhisattvas, and the volunteers from the audience played the roles of milk, rice and bobbles. The beautiful story of Mucilinda the Naga King protecting with his hood the Buddha during the flood released by Mara, is another story which we’ve explored several times. This incident offers immense possibilities for anyone who wishes to play the part of a denizen of the naga king’s realm to evolve for himself or herself the costume of a fabulous water-serpent. Indeed, all the circumstances denoting the Buddha’s life are full of possibilities for the making of beautiful costumes and kinetic sculptures, and we hope that in time, those who join us in our explorations of the Buddha Ballet will do just that.

The Jataka stories, over five hundred in number, are also beautiful subjects for exploration. We have explored so far two Jataka stories: one about the Bodhisatta giving a portion of his flesh to a hunter-king in pursuit of a bird. The latter story incidentally was used by Shakespeare in The Merchant of Venice.
There are also certain canonical texts of Buddhism, both Theravada and Mahayana, which lend themselves beautifully to exploration by many people. The popular text entitled The Questions of King Milinda we evolved several times on Parliament Hill by asking as many people as possible to form the different parts of a chariot and the different parts of the human body. Of all the explorations we have done so far, the ones based on The Questions of King Milinda were most reminiscent of the pictures of Hieronymous Bosch. Very Bosch-like too was an exploration we did of the Wheel of Transmigration, with its different lokas (the realms of the six classes of sentient beings) and the images of pratitya-samutpada (the chain of causation as expounded by the Buddha). We based this particular exploration on Tibetan paintings of the Wheel of Transmigration. According to tradition, the original model of the Wheel of Transmigration was painted over the gateway of the Ve luvana Vihara at Rajagriha on the personal instructions of Gautama Buddha.

The Buddha Ballet is still in its first stage of evolution. Only a handful of those who joined us on Sunday afternoons on Parliament Hill have understood the purpose of our explorations. However, John Dugger and I believe that in time, the Buddha Ballet will grow and flower into a great social art, created by everyone for no-one.

David Medalla’s mask of Mahakala (All devouring Time) evolved for the circumsequence on The Wheel Of Life in the Buddha Ballet.

Audrey Vipond as the Moon in a costume of polythene moonbeams which she evolved for the Buddha Ballet.
Graham Steven's Inflatable at the Buddha Ballet. Parliament Hill.
The Wheel of Transmigration, The Wheel of Life, consists of four concentric circles; from the centre to the circumference these are:

The first circle, the hub of the wheel, contains three animals symbolizing the three poisons, the root-causes (betsu) of unenlightened existence. The animals, each biting the tail of the one in front, are: a cock (or dove) for greed and lust (loba); a snake for hatred (dvesa); and a pig for delusion (moha).

The second circle (not illustrated in the Tibetan temple fresco, reproduced above) is divided into two equal segments, one white and one black. In the white segment, those sentient beings whose volitions were healthy, ascend joyfully to the realm of the gods. In the black segment, those whose volitions were unhealthy, plunge terrified, headlong into hell.
The third circle is divided into six segments; each segment is a loka or realm for each of the six classes of sentient beings. Avalokitesvara, the Bodhisattva of Compassion, appears in each of these six lokas in a different colour and form. The lokas are (in clockwise order): devaloka, or the realm of the gods (Avalokitesvara appears in this loka as a White Buddha playing on a lute, the melody of impermanence to the gods to arouse them from their complacency and from the illusions of transient pleasures); asuraloka, or the realm of the asuras, Titans corresponding to the energies of nature, who are fighting for the fruits of the Wishing Tree (kalpataru); to the asuras Avalokitesvara appears as a Green Buddha brandishing the flaming sword of Discriminating Knowledge which cuts through doubt, confusion and ignorance; pretaloka or the realm of the pretas, hungry ghosts filled with restless passions and unsatisfied cravings, with bloated bodies and spindly dried up limbs; whatever they drink turns into fire and the little they are able to swallow through the narrow gullets of their thin necks causes them unspeakable tortures; Avalokitesvara appears to the pretas as a Red Buddha, bringing spiritual food and drink which will not turn into poison or fire, spiritual treasures which will liberate the suffering pretas from the terror of unquenchable desires; next to asuraloka, at the bottom of the wheel, is nirayaloka, the realm of infernal pain, here the sentient beings with unhealthy volitions undergo all kinds of tortures, the inevitable reactions of the evil deeds; Yama, the King of Dharma, an emanation of Amitabha the Buddha of Infinite Light, holds up before the infernal beings the mirror of conscience, in which every infernal being pronounces his own judgement; Avalokitesvara in the form of a Smoke-coloured Buddha showers the infernal beings with healing ambrosia to relieve their pains; the nirayaloka is followed by the realm of blind instinct and fear, the realm of animals who surrender, willy-nilly, to natural necessities and subconscious drives; to the animals Avalokitesvara appears as a Blue Buddha holding before them the Book of Knowledge that they may gain from it the faculty of articulate speech and reflective thought without which the undeveloped mind is trapped in darkness; finally, the sixth loka is the realm of man, the realm of budding consciousness, of purposeful activity and higher aspirations; in this loka Avalokitesvara appears as the historical Buddha Sakymuni wearing a yellow robe, bearing a staff and begging bowl (the symbols of the religious life, which man alone, of all the six classes of sentient beings, is fully capable of living).

The fourth circle is divided into twelve segments, each representing one of the twelve nidanas or links in the process of conditioned co-production (pratitya-samutpada), forming the chain of causation and dependent origination. In clockwise order from the top, the twelve segments are: 1) a blind man with a stick, symbolizing avidya or ignorance; 2) a potter with wheel and pots, symbolizing samskaras or the formative psychological factors; 3) a monkey climbing a flowering tree, symbolizing vijñana or the initial flash of consciousness arising in the mother's womb at the moment of conception in dependence on the last flash of consciousness in the previous life; 4) a boat with four passengers, one of whom is steering; these symbolize the five skandhas or 'heaps' which constitute the psycho-physical personality; the boat is rupa (the body); the four passengers are vedana (feeling), samjña (perception), samskaras (non-volitional mental phenomena), and vijñana (consciousness) who is steering; 5) an empty house with six apertures symbolizing sadavatana or the six sense organs (touch, vision, hearing, smell, taste and mind); 6) a man and a woman embracing, symbolizing aparita or contact in the sense of the mutual impingement of the sense-organs and the external world; 7) a man with an arrow stuck in his eye, symbolizing vedana or feeling, whether painful, painful or neutral; 8) a woman offering drink to a seated man, symbolizing trṣa (thirst and craving); 9) a man gathering fruit from a tree, symbolizing upadana or grasping; 10) a man and a woman making love, symbolizing clinging and bhava or becoming; 11) a woman giving birth, symbolizing re-birth; 12) a man carrying a corpse to the cemetery on his back, symbolizing old age, disease and death, the roots of sorrow.

Mahakala, the Monster Time, wearing a headdress of skulls, is peering over the rim of the outermost circle, clasping the Wheel in his teeth and between his legs and arms. Above the Monster's head, outside the Wheel, floating on clouds to the right, the Buddha compassionately points out to all sentient beings the way of liberation and salvation from the sorrows of conditioned existence.
Whitchwood Be Your Right
Looking At Him
He's AfF Le F. o!
O, Ai Le$t.

Resse In Black
Is Short & Black
And I R. Lose Is Blue
And While He's Going
Do Yew Think He's
Are Sucking New
Idt Score His
His Boy's Name
He's Coming Near
French Looking Came INN

He Chatters Awfully Bad
Aw I don't Like 11 O1

1 Stick His Bandaged
ElE, Orn Wir A Champ
A Correct Description
Of That Poor Tramp
Brown Dead Loveless
Who Just Came
TRILLION

Eyes Gold Rimmed
By The Sage Of
Scorps For Lead
Stumps For Less
No Arms To Rear
Mother's need
AN INCANTATION OF THE INCORPOROUS

A Film Being Made by Myself Michael Chapman
And others of the exploding galaxy.
here R 2 Sections of it.
They've created...
Here Are 4 Ladys
Or At Least
I Think There Ladees
The 1 On My Left
Which Wood Be On Your Right
Looking at her from My Place
Is Dressed In Black
Her Shoes Are Black With Buckles
Her Legs Mauve White
With Dusty Stockinged Mould
She’s Just Walked Over To My Fence
Short Hair French
She Chatters Walking
Stick And A Bandaged Knee
Is A Correct Discription
Of The Other Ladee
Brown Dead Hare
Glasses Gold Rimmed
By Hermaphrodites Age
Not Stumps For Legs
But Arms, Oh Those Arms
To Rearm Any Motherneedin Grandson
Moudeaged She Was.

Scribing Very Unmeticulously
Tramps
Tho’ Know Tramps Are There Now
But Were Before
The Police Took Them Home.

Here Look Mabe
There R4 Tramps
Or At Least
I Think Their Tramps
The 1 On My Left Ducks
Whitchwood Be Your Right
Looking At Him
Is Dressed In Black
Is Shoes R Black
And Is Legs Is Blue
And Which Of His Saws
Do Yew Think The Flys
Are Suckin New
Said The Next
In The Rew
Look He Juust Gout Up
He's Coming Hear
French Lookin Hare
No Deaux
He Chatters Awfully Beard
Aw I don't Like To Look At Him
Said The Next Ladee
A Stick An A Bandaged Knee
Eld Orn Wir A Clamp
Is A Correct Discription
Of That Poor Tramp
Brown Dead Loveless
Who Just Happened
To Be A Poetess
Eyes Gold Rimmed
By the Sage Of Apolloaire
Stumps For Legs
No Arms To Rearm
Any Motherneeding
A Muddleaged Grandson

Actually There Are
Only Two Tramps
But Like The Rats
Running Across The Cornfield
They've created
Too more Already

TOO MORE MAN

BLONGEN
BLATT
FART
FANFUEREZ

A VISUAL
SENSUAL
Smellful
Sounding
Instrument

One Of The Musical Instruments In the Film
I can see a pig walking around a field with a diaphragm drawn over it with different cuts of the pig written within some of the spaces. Underneath there are many different pictures appearing with the different parts of the pig cooking and different parts of the pig disappearing. It is an advertisement for southern Polish pig. Now there is no pig but the sound and maybe some unwanted parts are still wandering around in the guise of a pig. Then like the mouse who was a snail who had lost his house. A chicken barks a cat trumpets a pidgeon brays and objects become all the things they ever were within the infinite of transformation.

Extracts from the film

Michael Chapman.

Norman Megs
Yiddish Expert
John Dugger explaining the movement of "WINDOM" (His proposed Beach series of kinetic structures) in the back garden of the Galaxy house in Dalston.
NEW FORMS OF POETRY

In traditional society poetry had its special place also the other arts, religion was the basis of life and was communicated in a traditional form. Agriculture, architecture, music and trade were all expressions of art, and the life of the peasant was beautiful. Today religion is breaking down, and government and education are taking over. Agriculture is slowly being destroyed and with it the health of the people; architecture has become unsympathetic, popular music is banal and insensitive and trade has become mean and criminal. All this destruction is gradually flooding into Yugoslavia from the West. Now poetry must come out of its old form and become the new basis for spiritual expression. In the poetry-book in a bookshop it is less and less able to communicate with the people; and the poetry popular among poetry-lovers in towns becomes worse and worse, for the old forms of communication are dying. Poetry can become the new government, the new education; but in order to do so it must take on new forms.

The new forms are also old forms. This is because art has been healthier than it is now. I believe that every human being is able to learn how to make poetry, not just in one form, but in any form, and that to have learnt this is enough to keep a person alive in body, mind and spirit. It is poetry that brings abundant agriculture; this is why people once used magic or prayed to God in order to produce plenty. So poetry today is moving to forms such as SONG, DANCE, DRAMA, COSTUME AND ARCHITECTURE. One day soon this poetry will spread and become the language of all people, since they will begin to see that it is more pleasant and more alive than the old, dying languages. For this reason I make all my life an attempt to communicate to other people the elements of poetry— a simple language, imagination and sensitivity to beauty. I want to make this plant a song; and therefore I write my poems so that they can become songs and dances and can be performed anywhere. If I write them down I write them as a painting, and I always consider also my own appearance. In this way metaphor will reach every part of life.

Edward Pope

written in Yugoslavia September 1968
Song

when the bounds of blong
the boundless bounds of blong
rebound with blong songs
the wind is blong

a maiden bounds along
bonds for boundless blong
the wind sings her a song

"from blong boundless
o blong along with me"

now who belongs to who?
and who is bound to what?

unwind abundant blongs
the wind is blust

Antimony    Cinnabar

music on request to
11 Acton Lane, Chiswick,
London W.4.
Song

weigh it all down,
  o no no no.
weigh it all down,
  o no no no.
do not let me lose thy love,
  lose thy love,
  lose thy love,
do not let me lose thy love:
as a leaf is free
  to jump from tree
to tree

do not let me lose thy love:
as the monkey
  loves
  the monkey
  with his scrawlane toes
  in her othise ears
weigh it all down,
  o no no no

unlimentary cunahabat. music on request from II Fellow Lane,
celebration of a morning walk

I should love to ride with you
and rest amongst the berries
and smell the earth
in your autumn leafy ship

and we shall float
in billowing currents
and I shall bury my head
in your sails
and enjoy the fruits you provide

And we'll be gently borne by morning mists
in your autumn leafy ship

with love from jill
JILL DROWER, the golden palmweaver in the Bird Ballet.
THE APPENDIX
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Appendix 1

I have recently read a book that has been expressed by the originality of its views and has been described as one of the most important and valuable contributions to literature in recent years. The book dealt with the history of a particular society and its development over a period of several centuries. It was written by a scholar who has spent his entire career studying the society and its members, and he has done an excellent job of presenting a comprehensive and well-rounded picture of the society as a whole.

In the book, the author argues that the society was characterized by a strong sense of community and a deep commitment to tradition. This sense of community was fostered by the way in which the society structured its institutions and its relationships with other societies. The society was characterized by a strong sense of cooperation and mutual support, which was evident in the way in which its members worked together to achieve common goals. The author also notes that the society was characterized by a strong sense of individualism, which was evident in the way in which its members valued their own personal freedom and independence.

The book concludes with a call for a renewed commitment to the values of cooperation and individualism, and it encourages readers to consider the lessons that can be learned from the history of this particular society. The author argues that these lessons are applicable to contemporary societies, and that by adopting the values of cooperation and individualism, we can work towards creating a more just and equitable world.

In summary, I believe that this book is an important contribution to the study of society and its development over time. It provides a valuable perspective on the history of this particular society, and it offers insights that can be applied to contemporary societies.
PART 1

STATEMENTS BY VISITORS TO THE GALAXY

(a) STATEMENT BY BRIAN KALLEN - PHOTOGRAPHER

I met David Medalla and Paul Keeler at the Electric Garden. I was interested in taking pictures of The Toy Ballet and what later came to be known as the "Bird Cage Ballet". I was interested in the Galaxy's art in general and wanted to know more about it.

I asked Paul Keeler if I could stay with the Galaxy a few days and if I could take photographs of them at 99 Balls Pond Road. Paul Keeler said he had not allowed any photographers before to stay in the house, but he believed that my interest was sincere and I could stay. I assured him that I would only present my pictures to serious magazines and that I would not misrepresent the Galaxy.

I stayed in the house for about 10 days and at no time did I see any evidence of drugs being taken there. I especially took a photograph of the notice prohibiting drugs in the house to show clearly the Galaxy's approach to this question.

I presented my photographs to my agency with the understanding that they were to be used only by magazines which were seriously interested in the work of the Galaxy.

Several months later the photographs were returned to me unused.

Brian Kallend.

(b) STATEMENT BY PETER BROWN

I have known Mr. Paul Keeler since about June 1967. At that time he was living at No. 99 Balls Pond Road, Hackney, where I have visited him and various of his friends at least a dozen times during the past year.

I know that Mr. Keeler has been making strong efforts during the time I have known him to keep out of his house both drugs and any people who would appear likely to be carrying them. I fully believe that these efforts have been successful. Mr. Gerald Fitzgerald informed me about August 1967 that Mr. Keeler had recently ordered out of the house two friends who had been living there and who had been found to have drugs in their possession. I have also heard many times disparaging remarks made by the inhabitants about one or two other characters who had tried to bring drugs into the house, and who had been asked to leave.

On not one of the occasions that I have visited 99 Balls Pond Road have I noticed evidence of any illegal drug in the house, nor of any people behaving as though they were under the influence of drugs.

Peter Brown.

(c) STATEMENT BY THE REV. BRO. SIMON TUGWELL

I have known the Exploding Galaxy, as such, since the beginning of January of this year, though I have known Paul Keeler for very much longer - we were, in fact, at school together. I visited them at 99 Balls Pond Road while I was in London exploring possible points of contact with the hippies, the Underground, call it what you like. Amongst other things, inevitably, I discussed the use of various drugs with quite a lot of people, though this was only one aspect of my enquiries. I was interested in the Galaxy as an interesting experiment in community, and in collective art, as well as being a fairly prominent name in the "scene" I was visiting. I do not remember whether or not we discussed drugs at all, but I certainly saw nothing which would lead me to believe that any drug-taking was going on.

Since this initial visit, I have visited Balls Pond Road on one other occasion, and the Galaxy have visited me at Oxford, where they stayed for a month or so at the end of
the Trinity (University) Term. I have found them extremely interesting as an experiment in community, and have been particularly interested in the recognised parallel between them and a religious community. I have had some religious discussion with them and believe them to be quite sincere in claiming to have a certain religiousness in their way of life and art. Further, I got the impression that they were having quite a healthy influence on some members of the University (junior members), conducting discussions and so on, and trying to awaken people to a more aware, and deep, appreciation of life, in its pleasant and unpleasant aspects.

Since their court case, I have inevitably talked with some of them about drugs, and I have found their attitude responsible, even severe at times, though I am aware that some of them have used, perhaps do use, cannabis and LSD on occasion — though I should emphasise that I know this almost entirely at secondhand, and I have no personal "evidence" of drug-using by any of those at present accused.

For what it may be worth, it is perhaps worth remarking that some of the older, and very respectable, members of my community have been favourably impressed by the members of the Galaxy whom they have met.

In brief, I am persuaded that the Galaxy are bona fide artists, though on this point I have no competence to judge really, I find them an interesting, perhaps even important, experiment in community living, in self-education (for lack of a better phrase), and I think it would be fair to credit them with a genuine, though perhaps rather naive, religious aspiration — and on all of these points I may, perhaps, claim some, however little, competence.


(d) STATEMENT BY JOHN BINNINGS - PHOTOGRAPHER

I have recently met Paul Keeler and his group of artists, and have been impressed by the originality of their work. From what I have heard them say concerning the use of drugs it would appear that they have completely renounced their use. I also believe that in making this statement they are completely honest. Subsequently I was astonished to hear that there have been charges levelled against this group for the unlawful possession of drugs. I believe this incident took the form of a raid on the premises of a school, a part of which is used as a theatre and was on loan to Paul Keeler and his friends.

It seems that there was at this raid a certain amount of unpleasantness during which a police officer was seen to "find" a certain amount of drugs in a place that two quite independant witnesses saw to be cleaned, just before the police arrived.

This of course leads one to the most amazing conclusions that I personally find loathsome in the extreme, as would all other private individuals in this Kingdom I am sure.

Now apparently, not a week later, the police have conducted yet another "raid" on these individuals and have again sought to incriminate them quite wrongfully on the same charges.

It now remains for me to say that not only have I lost faith in what I thought was a truly marvellous Police Force, but also in the society which permits this type of action to continue.

IN DISGUST,

John Binnings.

STATEMENT BY GAVIN OSBORNE MILLAR

Gavin Osborne Millar will say:

I live at 15 Florence Street, London, N.1. I am an assistant produce at the B.B.C., and work as a director of films for the programme Release on B.B.C. 2., which is a weekly programme dealing with matters relating to music, the theatre, painting and the arts generally.

In July 1967, I was working on the series of films for B.B.C.1. entitled 'The Impresarios'. On of the programmes dealt with the London underground movement in the arts. We interviewed and filmed such people as Alan Ginsburg, Jim Haynes, at the Arts Laboratory, and the Exploding Galaxy.
I first met the Galaxy when I went to see them in rehearsal at Covent Garden. Paul Keeler invited me round to their house at 99 Balls Pond Road, and in July 1967, I went there with six or seven electricians, cameramen, in order to make a film of them for use in the programme.

I spent two days in the house working filming, and generally living with the Galaxy. I and the other members of the film crew spent two nights there, and we slept in the same way as the Galaxy.

During the two days I was there, I spoke to most members of the Galaxy, and observed closely the way they lived. At no time during those two days did I see any member of the Galaxy smoking or taking any type of drug. I do not remember anyone even smoking cigarettes. I am quite certain that no marijuana was smoked at any time. I would certainly have noticed it if it had been smoked.

While I was at the house, Paul Keeler told me about two occasions on which the police had raided looking for drugs, but had found nothing. He told me that it was one of the great rules of the establishment that drugs were not used. He told me that the house was his property, and that he would be liable if drugs were found, and that furthermore, the use of drugs would interfere with the Galaxy’s artistic achievements.

It struck me very forcibly that the Galaxy had no concept of personal property. Everything in the house was used by the community. Anyone who had any money shared it with the others. There seemed to be no concept of separate rooms as such. Furthermore, there seemed to be a great deal of borrowing of clothes. I never saw any one member of the Galaxy wearing the same clothes twice. I got the impression that when they got dressed they simply picked up whichever clothes were nearest, or whichever clothes they felt in the mood to wear.

STATEMENT BY MICHAEL DEMPSEY

Michael Cornelius Dempsey will say:

I live at 81 Cadogan Gardens, London, S.W.3. I am the publishing editor and director of New Authors Limited, a subsidiary of Hutchinsons Books. I also write freelance book reviews for the Times. Until December of last year I was the sales room correspondent of the Illustrated London News.

I have known the Exploding Galaxy for about one year, and have known Paul Keeler very well for about six to eight months. My impression of the Exploding Galaxy is that they are aiming at an art appropriate to the time in which they live. They occupy an extremely important place in the history of art. The important principle in art is now the principle of kinetic art. We live in a time of great change and flux, in which values change at great speed. No set standards remain for long. Unlike the 18th Century, when painters could put paintings structurally together to pander to the assumptions of society, the order and stability of life, now artists must adapt to the impermanence and ephemeral nature of existence. Kinetic art is simply an extension of action painting, and of pop art.

The Exploding Galaxy carry kinetic art into a composite art form known as transmedia. The Galaxy question the categorisation of art into various separate forms, such as painting, poetry, sculpture, etc., and try to synthesise these into one general form of artistic activity.

I was extremely interested in the work of the Galaxy. I had been invited by Paul Keeler to a small private show, which the Galaxy were giving at the Group Theatre in Islington on the third Sunday in February. The Group Theatre was raided by the Police on the Friday before the show, and Paul Keeler was arrested with three others on charges of possessing dangerous drugs. On the Saturday, Paul Keeler came to see me at my flat in Chelsea, and told me about the raid. He told me that he had been beaten and was very distressed, and that the police had behaved extremely badly. He told me he would like me to know how worried he was about the attitude of the police, and thought that the police were not really interested in drugs, but in persuading the Galaxy to leave the area. He said that the Group were being victimised. He also told me that he was sure the Exploding Galaxy would be raided again, and feared that this would be at his house. He wanted to know whether the house should be evacuated.
I duly went to the Group Theatre at about 9.0 p.m. on the Sunday, and about 12 people were present, including Brian Behan. At the Group Theatre, the rest of the Galaxy including Gerry Fitzgerald, John Scott Dugger and Christian LeDoux were extremely agitated about the first raid. They were very annoyed that if had happened, and felt that they were being persecuted. We had a demonstration of how the first raid had taken place. All the Galaxy seemed to be expecting a raid on the house in the immediate future, and there was again talk of evacuation.

I have had several conversations with Paul Keeler in the past. Many of these conversations were about drugs. I have been told on many occasions that the Exploding Galaxy were against the use of drugs. The reason is that the aesthetic, physical and emotional plane on which they were living would be ruined by the taking of drugs, which was an extremely negative way of life. I know, as a fact, that it was one of the Galaxy's basic precepts that people who were part of the Galaxy did not take drugs. The two things were completely incompatible.

STATEMENT BY ROBERT HARRIS

77 Platts Lane,
Hampstead, N.W.3.
Phone, SWI 2308.

3.9.68.

Dear Sir,

A few months ago I was asked by the Editor of UNIT magazine (issue 9 of which I have enclosed) to write about a group of people called the Exploding Galaxy.

It has recently been brought to my attention that several members of the Exploding Galaxy are now in serious trouble regarding drugs charges brought against them by Scotland Yard drugs squad. I have little knowledge of the circumstances of their arrest or of the subsequent charges made against them but I have been asked to write a letter in respect of the circumstances under which I wrote my article and the situation as it was then and this I am pleased to do.

The inspiration behind the Exploding Galaxy was David Medalla who, with Paul Keeler, was director and administrator of the group and their affairs. Both David Medalla and Paul Keeler possess the gift of being able to orientate the ideas of a large group of people from completely different environments and direct these ideas towards a logical and creative end. Medalla's influence on the work of the group is particularly strong. He has an exceptional knowledge of the Arts and is a highly gifted sculptor having held exhibitions of his work in many galleries all over the world. He is also a brilliant dancer and choreographer.

Although I did not agree with, or perhaps fully understand, all that the Exploding Galaxy were trying to do, I was in no doubt as to their honesty and sincerity. I would like to stress that at no time during the five weeks I spent writing my article for UNIT magazine, did any of the group have any contact with drugs of any sort. Indeed, Paul Keeler insisted that this should be a very strict rule. To my knowledge no member of the Exploding Galaxy was involved with the buying or selling, or taking of drugs in any form whatsoever. This I vouch in all honesty.

My only additional comment is that perhaps under pressure of the irrational, vicious and totally inexcusable attacks against the group which were published in one or two of the popular Sunday newspapers, leading to public opinion against the group expressed in actual physical attacks and damage to their house by bricks and stones thrown through the windows, (at one point, a group of people broke into the house and did considerable damage to the group's property) it was deemed to be a situation where justice had to be seen to be done and popular opinion justified. It would be very wrong if the Exploding Galaxy were being victimised on these grounds.

Yours faithfully,

ROBERT HARRIS
Editor, TIME OUT.
PART II

(a) LETTER FROM CARESSE CROSBY

Can Cosme,
Ibiza.
April 12th, 1968.

Dear Paul,

Your letter of 27th February has just caught up with me after an aller-retour to
Cyprus, Beirut and now Ibiza.

Indeed the treatment of David by the authorities is outrageous and since you write me that
all the charges brought against the Exploding Galaxy were false and unjust I do indeed
want to add my protest and appeal to those of the committee set up by Guy and others.

I hope that by now the appeal has been successful and that David is back in England.
I heard exciting and glowing accounts of your tournee in Europe and only regret that
you never got to Rome - I kept hoping that I would hear from you and that you had
found a stage and a home.

I will be returning to Rome in a few days and will be at the Hotel Ingleterra - 1ra
Boca di Lioni - I won't be out at the Castle until May 1st.

Such terrible and frightening things are going on all over the world just now, that it is
good to know that the Galaxy will continue to explode and that you and the others are doing
everything possible to help David to continue his brilliant work.

I have been to Cyprus to talk with Makarous again, but for the moment the idea of the
World Man Centre on Cyprus is getting opposition from the Militarists of Greece - what
we all need and have so little of is Time.

Love and best wishes to you all.

CARESSE CROSBY.

(b) LETTER FROM CAPTAIN G. LONGWORTH

c/o Figi Airways,
Suva,
Figi.

11th May, 1968.

Mary Holland,
"The Observer",
160 Queen Victoria Street,

Dear Mary Holland,

Ref. Paul Keeler and The Exploding Galaxy.

Your note in 5th May Observer about the "Exploding Galaxy" was properly shocking.

Even if it is not possible to feel very different as a result of changing habits and dress
and a few rules, I'm all for anybody trying. Even more, I'm against knocking
experimentors, in life and in art, especially physically. So here is a small contribution
to the knocked experiment. Please forward it.

I hope the Galaxy will still be Exploding next year when I pass through the U.K. - I'd like
to see it.

Yours sincerely,

GORDON LONGWORTH.
Mary Holland is to be congratulated on exposing the disgraceful harassment of the Exploding Galaxy and the latest sinister trend in the generations war. The fantastic number of orders for our pamphlet ‘Arrest!’ has convinced me that there is more disquiet about relations between the police and the young than I had imagined. ‘Know your rights!’ is the most appropriate advice we can offer young people.

The NCCL does investigate and take action on individual cases. Your readers could help in this vital work by joining.

Tony Smythe,
General Secretary,
National Council for Civil Liberties,
4 Camden High Street, N.W.1.
STATEMENTS ABOUT THE ART OF THE GALAXY

(a) STATEMENT FROM KENELM COX

3, The Park,
Kingscote,
Tetbury,
Glos.

22nd February, 1968

Dear Sir,

I have known a number of members of the Exploding Galaxy since shortly after the formation of this important dance group. From my own position as a sculptor and teacher I have always had the highest regard for their pioneering spirit of adventurous exploration.

This spirit has enabled them to make a number of historically important breakthroughs in the contemporary international art world, which are beginning to be appreciated by an ever-increasing number of discerning observers, critics and enthusiastic supporters. I cannot speak too highly of their fundamental honesty, artistic integrity and basic seriousness of purpose.

As a member of the exhibition committee of Arlington Mill, a gallery which enjoys a great deal of support in this part of the world, including encouragement and financial support from the Arts Council, I am pleased to say that we have welcomed performances by members of this group during the last exhibition season, and have every hope that we may be able to do so during the coming season as well.

I was deeply shocked and distressed, as were a numbers of my friends and acquaintances, to learn of the apparent vicious persecution to which they are being subjected at this time. I wish it to be known that I feel bound to take every possible opportunity to voice my wholehearted disapproval of the present action of the police in this matter, and that I do not intend to let things rest until I consider that there has been a return to a just and proper state of affairs.

Yours faithfully,

Kenelm Cox.

(b) STATEMENT BY BARRY LANE

Museum of Modern Art,
Pembroke Street,
Oxford.

14th June, 1968.

Dear Paul,

I must let you know that we did enjoy the Galaxy evening that Gerry organised last Sunday. It also proved to be pretty popular. Would you therefore like to consider returning in the autumn term with the full Galaxy with all props, etc.? I imagine something splendid could happen.

Thanks for calling in to contact me.

Yours,

Barry.
(c) STATEMENT BY S. SZCZELKUN

Portsmouth College of Technology,
School of Architecture,
111, High Street,
Old Portsmouth, Hants.

To whom it may concern

I would like to recommend the transmedia group "the Exploding Galaxy" for the work they have done in the past year in the college of technology.

This has been concerned with exploring the possibilities of a total art form, and is considered by many people to be the most important work done in this field.

We are hoping that the Galaxy will be able to perform a major work in Portsmouth this autumn.

S. Szczelkun.
(co-ordinator Portsmouth Arts Workshop)

(d) LETTER FROM JEAN CLAY

On the sixteenth of last February, the Group Theatre in London (directed by John Dunn-Hill) was invaded by the Drug Squad with a police dog. Three packets of hashish were seized and four accused. The circumstances of the operation were sufficiently suspect to render belief that it was instigated by the police.

This impression is reinforced by the repetition of the same actions, six days later at the Exploding Galaxy of David Medalla. Further packets similar to the first, were taken and again four people were incriminated. It is difficult to believe that, warned by the events of the sixteenth, the Galaxy would have retained drugs, even if they used them, which they strictly deny. The matter has every aspect of a police operation brutally conducted to discredit artists, in the name of society.

David Medalla who was in France at the time of the incidents, was refused a British visa, in spite of repeated applications. His situation was extremely difficult.

The problem as always is the clash between art and the police, between creative activity and the moral order. Unfortunately, the situation is very real, as is brutally manifested here and more insidiously elsewhere.

We must align ourselves fully to public outcry which is increasing in the press and British political circles, as well as among artists.

A committee of support has been formed in London, composed of Peter Townsend, Guy Brett, Michael Dempsey, Benn Levy (ex-Member of Parliament), Joe Tilson, Dom Sylvester Houedard, Ken Cox and Christopher Walker.

Letters of protestation ought to be despatched as quickly as possible to the Home Secretary, c/o, Studio International, 37, Museum Street, London, W.C. 2., who will forward them.
(a) FOR THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF CIVIL LIBERTIES BY EDWARD POPE

THE EXPLODING GALAXY

Accused
Audrey Vipond/Judith Pertz/Leighana Morris/Chrissie Revelle/Glynis Earl/
David Medalla/Edward Pope/John Kumanturakis/Gerald Fitzgerald

Charge
WITHOUT LAWFUL AUTHORITY OR EXCUSE WILLFULLY OBSTRUCTING THE FREE
PASSAGE ALONG THE HIGHWAY ON 22ND JULY 1967 AT KINGS ROAD, S.W.3.

Tried at
Marlborough St. Magistrates Court on 24th July

ALL THE DEFENDANTS PLED NOT GUILTY, & ALL WERE SUBSEQUENTLY FOUND
GUILTY AND ORDERED TO PAY £2 EACH. THE FINES WERE ALL PAID.

ALL THE ACCUSED contribute to and participate in an unspecific group concerned with
liberation and sensitivity of the environment, and particularly interested in change in
social and aesthetic spheres. The group calls itself the Exploding Galaxy. So far its
central form of self-expression has been in dance/drama/poetry presented in a direct and
spontaneous way, though its aspects are unlimited. We often dance in parks and other
public spaces, but although we often have trouble with the police we hardly anticipated arrest
in this case. What we were doing in the Kings Road was chiefly as publicity for an evening
we presented in a West End club this Sunday, but we have been planning actual performances
for popular streets such as the Kings Road.

What was actually planned for Saturday afternoon in the Kings Road was for as many exploders
as possible to move along the road dressed in a colourful way and by their dancing and free
approach to activate the boring lives of the pedestrians in general and in particular to interest
them in our Sunday event by distributing pamphlets, talking to them, and perhaps by selling
tickets (WHICH WE DID NOT IN FACT DO). Other exploders were doing the same in the
Portobello Road, etc.
What actually happened was that some of us were followed by crowds of photographers as soon as we emerged from our car onto the Kings Road. We had arranged to meet others outside Chelsea Town Hall, and as soon as we had sat down outside the Town Hall, before we had started to dance or to act in any way differently from other people outside the Town Hall (except in so far as we were dressed unusually), a large crowd of about 100 people gathered around us. The police witness Court subsequently admitted that we were only causing an obstruction in so far as we brought a crowd, since once people had passed through the ring of watchers they had no difficulty in passing through the space we occupied.

In this situation of having an audience and an empty space in front of us we reacted in a way which is spontaneous and natural for people of our kind. A girl started playing a flute, the rest of us began hand dances, etc., and we festooned a tree with pieces of chiffon of various colours. It was more of a natural reaction than an attempt at publicity, though one girl started to distribute pamphlets to the crowd.

Then P.C. 381B appeared, walked through the crowd (as if to prove that there was no obstruction) and said "Come on. Break it up." He made a very vague attempt to move on both the crowd and the dancers. He addressed no one specifically, did not inform us that we were causing an obstruction nor that there was a likelihood of our arrest. Our first reaction was to stop dancing, but to stymie the policeman by squatting against the wall and softly chanting. The crowd hemmed us in and the policeman broke away and left. We had no reason to suppose that he was not satisfied with the new situation, and he had in no way made clear what he wanted beyond having said "Break it up" to no-one in particular. Soon all those we were waiting for had arrived and we began to move on. A police van came along the street about five minutes later, identifying us by our way of dress, and quietly picked us up, except for David Medalla whom they treated violently, having got the idea that he was trying to avoid arrest by mingling in an open air art exhibition, two others who came voluntarily into the van to give the rest of us support, and several who avoided arrest. John Kuma turakis (known as Rakis) was not even involved in our earlier scene, but they found excuses for arresting him, of which more later.

So the chief points involved were - THAT THE OBSTRACTION WAS CAUSED SIMPLY BY THE WAY WE WERE DRESSED THAT THE POLICEMAN FAILED TO WARN US PROPERLY.

The important points from the point of view of liberty were that - DAVID MEDALLA WAS HANDLED WITH UNDUE VIOLENCE (with reference to the belief of the police that he was trying to avoid arrest, none of us were expecting arrest, especially not five minutes after moving on, and David is an internationally famous sculptor, whose interest in art exhibitions is likely to be genuine) AN ATTEMPT AT SPONTANEOUS AND POSITIVE REACTION, AND A RARE COLOURFUL MOMENT IN THE SICK LIVES OF ORDINARY PEOPLE, WAS DELIBERATELY VICTIMISED (none of the audience was arrested, though some of them even joined in the dancing)

THE POLICE CLEARLY WANT NOTHING, WHETHER OR NOT IT IS AGAINST THE LAW, TO GET BEYOND THEIR CONTROL. THIS IS NOT LIBERTY.

THE POLICE WANT TO MAINTAIN THE CITIZENS' LIBERTY TO CONTINUE HIS FUNCTIONS. BUT THOSE WHO WANT TO LIBERATE PEOPLE TO A NEW DEGREE OF LIBERTY ARE DENIED THEIR LIBERTY.

WE GLADLY TAKE RESPONSIBILITY FOR PRESENTING PEOPLE WITH THINGS THAT MAKE THEM REACT AGGRESSIVELY, BUT ULTIMATELY WE ARE FIGHTING FOR THEIR LIBERATION AND THUS FOR THEIR LIBERTY. IN THIS SITUATION THE ATTITUDE AND ACTIONS OF THE POLICE BECOME VERY DANGEROUS.

We should like either one or two of us to appeal against the judgement since it creates a frightening precedent. The magistrates appeared to be interested in stopping a kind of behaviour which they called "a new fashion" by fining us.

During the trial we put forward the above points, but with insufficient clarity and force, since it is difficult for us to put across what we are trying to say in the nervous atmosphere of the courtroom. We were all tried together, and many of our friends were watching in the Public Gallery. We could call no witnesses, since all our witnesses had heard some of the evidence from the Public Gallery. We have also a photograph of David Medalla being handled by the Police.

Please contact us at

EDWARD POPE,
c/o The Exploding Galaxy,
99, Balls Pond Road,
N.1.

(11)
IN THEIR HEARTS
THEY KNOW WE'RE RIGHT
(YOUR INACTIVITY PUT THE STONES INSIDE)

The never-ending battle to wrest the usage of our public parks away from the people whom we pay to maintain them saw a rare victory on June 18th.

On that day some kids collected in Regents Park in front of the open air theatre and were sitting around on the grass. Several of them were associated with the Exploding Galaxy, London's hope for anarchy in dance.

After a bit the idea of playing around with some dance ideas was seized on and Jack Moore and David Medals began directing the kids in some movements. When this happened on the Sunday afternoon Regents Park regulars turned their deck chairs in the direction of the group, and in a short time a crowd of about 150 had gathered. The rehearsal continued.

Then the inevitable park巡an arrived and said, "You'll have to leave the park. No performances are allowed." The people explained that they were not giving a performance, there had been a scuffle announcement and no preparations. They were simply playing in the park.

"I see, then you refuse to leave the park," said the park fun trying to prejudge the situation. He went away. The rehearsal continued. The crowd had now grown to about 250.

Soon however, the park fun returned with an S.S. type (Jackboots, helmet, gauntlets, etc.) and instructed him to throw the group out of the park. At this point an appeal was made to the crowd by one of the dancers. "These men say we must leave the park because we are creating a disturbance. Are we disturbing you and do you want us to leave?" The crowd answered with a very loud "No!" and cries of "Leave them alone, it's nice." Finding no support whatsoever from the crowd whose afternoon they were ruining, the police turned to the dancers and in vain searched for a leader of the group. After a short conference the park fun man left and the stormtrooper stayed, strutting about and being some

PLAY IN THE PARKS
YOU MUST
YOU CAN
extent harassed by the crowd to go away.

Michael Crawford arrived and explained that he was a poet and was invited by the crowd to read. He read and everyone liked it—including the stormtrooper (at last, an offence! an offence!). As Michael was about to read a second poem—the park fuzz arrived with ten policemen, instructing them to throw the dancers out. The dancers explained that they were a group of individuals who were playing in the park which is what these parks, which cost a fortune to maintain, are intended for; and, as individuals, if the park fuzz wants them out he must explain to each of them why he is throwing him out and deal with each person separately. There are no leaders.

The crowd at this point became aggressively indignant and several schoolteachers and several housewives began asking and telling the police to go away, that they have come and ruined what was otherwise a beautiful Sunday afternoon of playing and relaxing in the park. At this point the crowd had grown to well over 400, the grass had been trampled and the sunshine which the kids had come there to enjoy had been blotted out, so the kids moved to Primrose Hill leaving a bunch of very foolish policemen with a very irate crowd which they themselves had created.

Michael Crawford was not charged because he had been incited to read and anyway the policemen would have got thumped if they hadn't laid off him. Several of the schoolteachers took the policemen's numbers, and names and addresses were collected from the crowd for a possible complaint.

The parks are for playing in and play must not be restricted to children. Park keepers have got to learn to relax and remember that parks are not just for looking at, and that kids are citizens.

When you go to play in the park be careful that you don't disturb anybody and remember that you have more than a right to be there. Do not litter. Don't play radios or tape recorders unless you are well away from disturbing anyone. If you see anyone being turned out of the park for no apparent reason go to his aid. If you are being molested by park attendants go to a nice square who speaks his language. Make sure the park attendant understands that he is infringing on your rights to enjoy the parks you pay for. Don't be angry at his ignorance and try not to let your difference make him angry. If you are genuinely harassed, explain your situation to some squares and get their names and addresses as witnesses. Remember the park fuzz's aim is to make his living off that park with as little work as possible and that hating beatniks usually comes second.

It will help anyone who wants to make a complaint, but doesn't know how!!

(c) DAVID MEDALLA DANCING AT HYDE PARK CORNER DURING THE POT RALLY 1967
EXPLORING GALAXY

The news items about the Exploding Galaxy — London's love-anarchist dance company — would fill a page, but an abbreviated list gives some idea.

Their communal flat has been the scene of some of the worst police harassment to date. They no longer bother to put the door back on the hinges and offer the police tea (unfortunately, there is seldom any tea to be had, but the thought counts). They, like almost all experimental theatre groups, have little or no money and a secure free place to live is what makes life possible for them. The police actions to deprive them of this constitutes state censorship of the lowest form. To deprive artists of their most basic necessities in order to suppress what they have to say ... and Jennie Lee couldn't give a shit and has probably never heard of the Exploding Galaxy anyway ... this puts them even more at the mercy of the laws and the meanness they stand to enforce. Since the fiasco in Regent's Park (see issue 16) numerous encounters with the police over playing and rehearsing in public have occurred despite the fact that the Royal Shakespeare Company and other legal art establishments have this privilege.

But the final bit is all good news. Last Sunday, they gave a performance which must constitute London's most liberated theatrical performance in history. Unfortunately it is impossible to describe the performance without endangering the Galaxy, but let it suffice to say that never have so many been so nude so early and for such good reasons. Arthur Brown gave what looked to me like his best performance to date and inaugurated pornographic pop in London. Singing while wailing on the floor with four galaxy nudes, he reached the all-time high in revolting music. The evening progressed with pop music, electronic music, films, mime, dancing on and off the stages and love (sacred and profane in both extremes) flowed like come and the Sunday weather was beautiful. Felt the Galaxy and love them soon. They are our best.

J. HENRY MOORE

They share a house, owned by Paul Keeler, where they have lived, without electricity, for the past five months. The house has been the subject of regular police raids and following an article which appeared in 'The News of the World' earlier this year heavily criticizing both the people of the Galaxy and their activities, giving their North London address, they have received harrassment both from the police and the general public. The 'International Times', however, was not slow to speak on their behalf. 'A secure and free place to live is what makes life possible for them. The police actions to deprive them of this constitutes state censorship of the lowest form - to deprive artists of their most basic needs in order to suppress what they have to say."

Indeed the police have been neither skilful nor tactful in their handing of the Exploding Galaxy in recent months, but this appears to have done little to suppress the extroversed and enigmatical personality of the group or the remarkable talent of some of its members.
They had been getting 1 am a leader and have found money.

APPENDIX 2

A few streets further on, outside a large industrial building, we saw some large boxes which had been part of a warehouse in the city. The boxes were very excited and we were performing that morning in the electric shower and therial has really been big. It was about 12 o'clock, and I said, 'Why don't we go in and see what's going on?'

We began to sing it up in order to make it easier. Fitz jounced into one of the boxes and we all started singing and dancing. We were all very excited and we were really happy about this because we were performing that morning at the Electric Show and the music was really big. It was about 12 o'clock, and I said, 'Why don't we go in and see what's going on?'

A man in white clothes walked up to us and said, 'Excuse me, gentlemen. Would you mind if I come in and see what's going on?'

We all said no and let him in. He was a very kind man and we all started talking to him. He told us about some of the music that had been played earlier and how it had changed from one of open hostility to ensured interest. The sun was now rising, and we climbed themselves to the window and watched the city as we walked.

We arrived at the point where we had started earlier and I said, 'Okay, let's go back and see what we can do.'

We started walking back and I said, 'Okay, let's go back and see what we can do.' We started walking back and I said, 'Okay, let's go back and see what we can do.' We started walking back and I said, 'Okay, let's go back and see what we can do.'
PART I

RAIDS ON 99 BALLS POND ROAD PRIOR TO THE 22ND OF FEBRUARY 1968

(a) ACCOUNT OF RAID ON THE 31ST MAY 1967 BY PAUL KEELER

I was woken up at about 8.30 am. by a plainclothes detective. There were four or five other officers in the room as well. I asked them what they wanted. The detective said they had detained a young man at Dalston Police Station who had been sitting in the front yard of 99 Balls Pond Road and had been acting strangely. They asked me if they could search the house. I asked them if they had a warrant and they said that they did not. I then told them that as far as I was concerned I would be happy to give them permission to search the house. They searched throughout the whole house thoroughly and found nothing. They then asked me to go to Dalston Station with them to see the person who had been detained. Fitz accompanied me. At the Station we saw the person whom they had detained. It was somebody who had been brought back by several of the Galaxy to 99 Balls Pond Road the previous night. One of the Galaxy had had a birthday party and this young man had been given LSD. Fitz, who had been at the party, strongly disapproved when he heard that the LSD had been administered to a young person under such conditions. The young person did not react well, as this was the first time that he had taken LSD, so that Fitz thought that it would be better for him to be taken back to Balls Pond Road rather than go to his own home in such condition. Fitz stayed up all night looking after the young person until in the early morning, he fell asleep. The young person then wandered out into the yard, and was taken to the Police Station. We explained these circumstances of how the young person came to the house to the police. I then advised them most strongly to have him sent to a hospital as I felt it was very dangerous for him to remain in the cell. Fitz and I talked with the police for quite some time as this was our first real contact with them. I told them that I did not allow drugs to be taken or be brought into my house. We left after being assured that a doctor would be called to see the young person.

(b) ACCOUNT OF RAID AT THE BEGINNING OF JULY 1967 BY CHRISTIAN LEDOUX

Most of the Galaxy had spent the Sunday afternoon at Parliament Hill exploring a ballet. I went to bed at about 12, but many people stayed awake in the basement.

Early in the morning I heard a big knock on the door, peeped out of the window and saw many policemen forcing their way in as soon as they had knocked, breaking the door open. One detective came to my room, on the top, and asked me to dress and go down to the basement. This was the first police raid I witnessed in a private house.

I found myself in the basement room with about five people. I did not talk to the police at all at this stage. Some people were asking to see the warrant, which was produced very late in the course of the raid. There were at least four detectives in the room. One with a dog. I think we all felt very quiet and humble. Nobody made a scene in that room. Only one young boy of 14 being flippant and argumentative. The police did not bother. They just silently searched systematically everywhere (suitcases, bags, clothes, boxes, fire-place, jugs and mugs, electric meter and so on). They did not undress the people in the room I was in. (There were no girls in that room).

A stranger from the Galaxy, called Barry, whom I did not know, was found in possession of drugs. He was asked if he had a prescription and he said yes. The drugs were in little bottles in a well-arranged bag. Nobody in the room I think knew he had drugs with him. The drugs were in the form of pills, which kind I don't know.

Other police officers were in the kitchen next to the basement room. I could see them. They were talking to the girls who were completely undressed by two policewomen in the basement bathroom. The policemen could see them naked if they wanted to through the windows. The girls were the laughing-stock of the cockney policemen and the strict and severe policewomen. The police were threatening them to get their National Assistance cut-off. At one stage when the basement room had been thoroughly searched, I went into the kitchen to see my girl-friend whom I hugged. I talked to her, asking what the police had done to her. The cockney detective, who was talking to her with a policewoman, told me to "fuck off" and as I did not leave surpassed himself by shouting sharply "bugger off".
I complained to the leader of the group. Then, when they had searched all the rooms, I asked the leader if they had found anything because I would have to report that to the owner of the house, Paul Keeler, who had left an hour before the raid to work on a film. He said they had found nothing.

They had been asking if we had a leader and took our names.

PART II

FOUR EXAMPLES OF POLICE SEARCHINGS OF MEMBERS OF THE GALAXY IN THE STREET

(a) PAUL, FITZ AND SIMON ARE SEARCHED IN MAY 1967 - BY PAUL KEELER

Fitz, Simon and myself were walking back from visiting some friends in Ladbroke Grove. It was about 5 o'clock in the morning. We walked down Wigmore Street, and stopped to look in the window of the Scripture Union Shop. There was a full-sized camel standing in a scene of sand surrounded by bibles. We found this most incongruous, and laughed for several minutes.

At the end of Wigmore Street there was a flashing yellow light on one of those heavy wooden pyramid supports, and we looked at it for a short while. I told the others how it related closely to the sculptures of Takis, the Greek artist, who I had exhibited at Signals. Just as we were moving off a police car containing four officers drew up beside us and one of the officers asked us what we were doing looking at the light. We explained. He then asked us if we were thinking of taking it away. I said of course not. The car moved off and we continued our walk.

A few streets further on, outside a large industrial building, we saw some large boxes which had inside them yards of white computer tape. This had been left out for the dustmen. We were very excited about this because we were performing that evening at the Electric Garden and the tape was an excellent attachment for one of the kinetic dramas we were preparing. We began to pick it up in order to take it away. Fitz jumped into one of the boxes and was delighted because it was exactly the right size for a human being to lie in. It was in fact a metaphorical coffin. We thought of ways of taking one of these back to Balls Pond Road as it might have proved useful for a future kinetic drama. Suddenly we heard a roar from down the street, and two policemen came running towards us, shouting at us to put the things down. We were quite amazed and did so immediately.

They came up to us and demanded what the hell we thought we were doing. We explained. They said that they had followed us down Wigmore Street and considered that we had been creating a disturbance and acting suspiciously. They then searched us. As they were searching us the police car drew up and one of the policemen in it said something like "Oh you're having trouble with this lot too". The policemen who had stopped us made some remark and as the police car drove off, a detective in the back of it shouted back to us "Been to a hippy love-in?" One of the policemen with us said to the other angrily "It's just the sort of remark he would make." I understood the policeman was annoyed because he felt that the detective in the car had made it clear to us that the police suspected us of having drugs. It was of course by this time quite clear to me that this was why they were interested in us. A third policeman then joined the other two. They took our names and address, which we gave as 98 Balls Pond Road. One of them started searching Fitz's bag which had in it his poems and the documents he was working on. The policeman took out the Quaaversal F and asked him what it was about. Fitz spent about 20 minutes explaining to them about it and the work the Exploding Galaxy was involved in. By now the atmosphere had changed from one of open hostility to amused interest. The sun had now risen, and we asked them if there were any cafes open where we could have some breakfast. They directed us to one in Covent Garden. Finally we asked them if we could take some of the tape for our work. They replied firmly, but pleasantly, that we could not. We then departed.
Leighana, Edward and myself were just inside an alleyway off Fleet Street. There were two mirrors opposite each other and I was demonstrating to them the part on the Quaquaerial f. when the Quaquaerial f. was standing between two mirrors. Three men smelling of whiskey came up to us. (They were still smelling of whiskey when we arrived at the Police Station, and I pointed this out to the Station Sergeant). I did not think at first that they were policemen. They demanded to search us. They commented on the fact that we were not wearing shoes, as though by not doing so we were committing an offence. They said that they thought that our behaviour was suspicious. I refused to be searched and demanded to be taken to the Police Station. I pointed out that they seemed to be intoxicated, and that I took no drugs of any kind. They were very annoyed at my refusal to be searched. One of them grabbed my arm in a very harsh way. Another one said "He's right. If he wants to go to the Police Station he must go". The one that had my arm grumbled and said that I was causing a lot of unnecessary trouble and making hard work for them. I pointed out that it was they who were causing all the trouble. They then decided to take Leighana as well, although she had already been searched, because she was an American. They had also searched Edward and although he wanted to go with us they would not allow him into the van, so he had to walk to the Police Station.

At the Police Station I pointed out my complaint to the desk-sgt., who seemed a friendly person. I told him I was an artist and had been disturbed unnecessarily. I objected to the idea of being searched in the street, and I pointed out that this was the fourth time within the space of a couple of weeks that I had been stopped by policemen for no good reason. They asked us about the events that took place at the Electric Garden. It was clear that they had read about our performance there in "The People". I told them that we had performed at the Garden, and that they should come and see for themselves what we were doing. I turned out my pockets and they questioned Leighana about her citizenship. Then we left.

When we were asked for our names and address we all gave 59 Balls Pond Road.

Late on a Wednesday afternoon Edward, Julia, Fitz and I went to the market to buy ingredients for making bread.

There is a little recess in a hording by the pavement near Dalston Junction. It seemed to us rather like a television set, so Edward, Julia and I sat down inside and started playing "Bill and Ben". As Fitz was in the way of passers-by, he joined the others.

A policeman appeared and asked "What's your game?". When we replied "Bill and Ben" he told us not to be cheeky. He asked us whether we were under the influence of drugs, and told us to follow him round the corner.

He seemed embarrassed by the situation and when Fitz asked him what offence we had been committing he became rude and referred to us as 'layabouts', and said "Don't let me catch you up this way again". Fitz pointed out that we came up this way in order to get to the market, so that it was most likely that any day he chose he would see us. The policeman didn't like this and repeated his warning. He seemed to be talking into his walkie-talkie set, because he spoke as though there was another audience listening in. We were asked our sources of income, but the policeman didn't seem interested in our individual replies, and called us 'scroungers'. He searched Julia's handbag and made Jill roll up her sleeve to look at her arm. He tried to imply that Edward and Fitz had unfavourable relationships with the girls, and said he wouldn't contaminate himself by searching Fitz.

He said he knew which house to come to if there was any more trouble, and added as he left "If you want my personal opinion you make me sick".

One evening at about 6.30 pm, Edward, Chris and I went out for a walk. I had spent the day studying a book called "Doubt and Certainty in Science" and wanted to stretch my legs and get some fresh air. We were about 20 minutes away from the house when a police car passed us. We stopped to look at a man shovelling sand and pebbles from a building about six stories high to the ground, and other activities on a building site. Then we began to
play with a ball. The police car came back and screeched to a stop. Three policemen jumped out and headed for each one of us. I heard the ones on either side of me say to Edward and Chris "Alright, up against the wall". They were extremely harsh, in fact downright nasty. The one speaking to me was not so rude. I started taking down their numbers, and he was wondering why. He wanted to search my handbag, so I gave it to him. Inside he found a bottle of pink and white pills that I had bought from the U.S. and which I have to take immediately if I am stung by a bee or a wasp, as this could be fatal to me. The label is typed with my name on it. It is a printed label and can be bought at any U.S. neighbourhood drugstore. The policeman asked me what they were and I explained to him. He said he'd have to take me to the Police Station. I told him that my prescription which I have in case I need more pills at any time was at my home, and I would be happy to show it to him. So they made Edward, Chris and myself get into a van which had arrived and took us to 99 Ball's Pond Road. I showed him the prescription signed by my doctor. The policemen said that I could have written it myself. Christian asked why Edward and Chris had been detained in the van, and the policeman said they had wanted to come along. Christian said "Well, I'll tell them they can get out". The policeman said "No, I'd better do that".

They then took me to the Station and Christian came along to keep me company. For one hour about nine policemen ran up and back trying to ascertain whether it was legal or not for me to have the pills. By this time they were more friendly and began to apologise to me. Finally they let me go at about 9.30 pm.
PART III

(a) LYNN STATES HOW HE AND OTHERS WERE THROWN OUT OF 99 BALLSPOND ROAD FOR SMOKING CANNABIS.

Some months ago I heard rumours that the Exploding Galaxy had been planted with cannabis resin by some police while conducting a routine search of the premises at 99 Balls Pond Road, Dalston, London, N.1. When these rumours turned out to be fact I was very sad indeed, for many reasons, but two in particular.

The first is that I was working with the Galaxy for some months last year, and therefore have built up some very deep relationships with them.

The second is that Paul Keeler, who is the owner of the above premises, never allowed any drugs whatsoever to be brought into his premises. Notices stating that if anyone had drugs on them they should take them out immediately were pinned up in the house. In the many months I have known the Galaxy and been an integral part of it, I have never seen anyone or known of anyone bringing drugs into the house, apart from the incident I am about to relate.

To substantiate the fact that Paul Keeler never allowed drugs to be brought into his premises, I can relate to you the events which led up to my being thrown out of Balls Pond Road.

At that particular time (September-October 1967) the house was in an extremely unhealthy state. There were five or six young, untrained cats excreting everywhere, and someone had carelessly brought lice into the house. At that time many people were living, crowded together and I was afraid that the combination of animal excreta and parasitic insects may cause some terrible disease to spread through the house. As conditions worsened as the weeks went by I became uncontrollably afraid that sooner or later everyone might contract typhoid or polio, or something else. I tried many times to get everyone to clean up, but there was so much work to do no one seemed to care about the house itself. Also I guess the cleaning to be done was so unpleasant, no one could bring themselves around to doing it.

I must give more explanation about the reasons for such an unhealthy state the house at Balls Pond Road was in for a couple of months last year.

One of the reasons is that when a large number of poor people are living in a confined space there are bound to be numerous problems arising, basically these problems arise on two levels; first is the purely physical level of many people living together, involved in creative work, and receiving virtually no returns in terms of money, food, clothing and other basic necessities. The other level is the mental fatigue which arise when a group of people are constantly creating works which are very relevant to the social structure they exist in, which at that time the social structure in its blindness and insensitivity do not recognise the importance of such work.

At that time the Galaxy was involved in creating the Bird Ballet which showed promises of becoming an important point in its evolution. Thus the minds of every person living at Balls Pond Road were then constantly engaged on the ballet. It is difficult to conceive of something so important that the creators are quite willing to suffer such things as cold, starvation, and dirt in order that the creation may grow and be put into use for the benefit of all people.

One day I was talking with an American friend who was staying at Balls Pond Road for a little while. He suggested we buy some hashish and give it to everyone; the logic behind the idea was that the increased awareness produced by smoking cannabis would make people much more sensitive than usual to the disturbance in the environment. During periods of such increased awareness the beautiful aspects of the environment appear in all their splendour and any ugly aspects may easily become unbearable.

Some people may find such ugliness absolutely unbearable and they are unable to face large problems practically, causing them to be withdrawn and cut off from the environment. However, artists and other creative people are constantly discovering aspects of the environment which cause varying degrees of displeasure or pain to its members, and set out to create works which act as a sort of "social antidote". It is this quality of an artist
which I guessed would ensure that instead of producing pure disgust, fear or horror of the situation, would give the people an urge to put right anything that was wrong. The artist is a very practical and truthful mirror of the situation of the world at any given time. It is this fact which more people should learn, and with it understand that the artist who mirrors the more subtle moments inside the world is just as important as the politicians and scientists who build the physical structure and the lawyers who govern peoples movements within it. The environment is also a mirror; for environments are creations of minds; the environment is a mirror of the creating mind. When the environment is wrong there is some blockage in perception or communication. The unhealthy state of the house showed me the cause of the fault and I understood that in this instance a drastic means must be used to bring this fault to the notice of all the people in the house. The fault was so deep, the only way to bring it to the surface, was to find some means of making people's minds much more sensitive than usual. This was to be done by the administration of cannabis.

So early one morning the visitor prepared a small quantity of hashish for smoking and then proceeded to wake up all the people in the house and give it to them. I was amongst those who smoked. Some people refused to smoke it, amongst them was Gerald Fitzgerald, Mike Chapman, Christian LeDoux, Audrey Vipond and several others whom I cannot remember. I did not wake up Paul Keeler or David Medalla, for I knew that if they had the slightest idea that there was cannabis in the house, we would be thrown out immediately. The american visitor, bought the cannabis and was leaving for America that day. So if our plan was discovered by Paul the American would carry the blame.

The night before I had posted around the house several notices with words like "lice Breed" and several notices listing the various diseases which could be caused by the constant presence of ageing animal excreta. Those notices were designed to bring everyone face to face with the particular problem at the time, and really frighten them.

In fact all the work was conducted according to the plan. The entire house was cleaned, disinfected, and actions taken to ensure the restoration of hygienic conditions. Paul and David were quite surprised by the sudden change; but when Paul heard that hashish had been smoked in the house, a meeting was called immediately. Everyone attended the meeting and it was called, specifically to discover who brought the hashish in and who smoked in the house.

I said that an American brought it in and had now gone back home. I added that although I did not bring it into the house I knew more than everyone else, because I was the only other person present during preparations of our plan. I then related the whole reason for smoking and added that because the house by the end of the day WAS a clean place once again it was in fact a successful idea.

However, no matter what reason there seemed to be for the smoking of hashish, Paul would not relax his house rule about NO DRUGS IN THE HOUSE.

We had bitter arguments for hours; I repeated that the sole reason for bringing hashish into the house was to make peoples minds more sensitive to the physical condition in the house which would create a state of mind in which people did not mind doing filthy work. I had never before brought any drug whatsoever into Paul's house. It was just that on this particular instance I felt quite justified in administering cannabis to everyone; the combination of cannabis and the rather frightening notices did in fact work.

Paul Keeler, however said that no matter what good intentions I or the American had and no matter what the results were of the work, the american had broken the house ruling by bringing hashish into the house, and I had broken it by smoking. I and all the people who smoked that cannabis were told to leave immediately, and we did so.

(b) STATEMENT BY PAUL KEELER

I was told by Fitz that people had been smoking cannabis in the house. Mike Chapman had already put a notice up asking for a meeting that evening. At the meeting I was told by Lynn how the cannabis came into the house and who smoked it. I was unimpressed by Lynn's
explanation. I told him that the rule was the only one I had made in the house, and that there would be no exceptions made to that rule. I considered his action was a gross deception as he admitted that he did not tell me because he knew I would disapprove. Now he is that I knew I told him that he was correct in his assumption. I said that I did not consider that the means he used justified the end that he had achieved. I told him that I would have preferred the cleaning not to have been done, than his breaking a rule that endangered all the people living at 99 Balls Pond Road, especially myself as owner of the property. I told him that I could not possibly feel happy about him or the other people who had taken part in the plan continuing to live at 99 Balls Pond Road as I felt that I could no longer trust them. I therefore asked them to leave, and find somewhere else to live, which they did.
List of Exhibits

1. Knife (Exhibit 1)...
2. Silver paper (Exhibit 2)...
3. Three pieces of silver paper (Exhibit 3)...
4. Tin foil container...
5. Plastic container in water in a paper tube...
6. Knife (2)...

In the Inner London Assize and in the Metropolitan Police Court at the Old Street Magistrates' Court, sitting at Backfisch Justice...

The Examination of Roger Cook, Q.C.,

Goggs, Secretary
Robert Kellett

Taken on oath this 10th day of March 1962, before me, the undersigned Supplementary Magistrate, for the Inner London Area...

Appendix 3

who are charged for that they in the inner London Area and within the limits of the O.R. 2667... on the 15th February 1962 at Orsage Street, London, N.1, did have in their possession a dangerous drug, to wit: a quantity of Cannabis without being duly authorised... Contrary to Section 7 of the Dangerous Drugs Act 1964 and Section 19 of the Dangerous Drugs Act 1965.


Conditional Witness Order

AND THIS WITNESS

Roger Cook
Scientific Officer

On Oath Says

On 21.1.63 I received from Detective Constable Kellett of No. 7 Division, a number of items...

The first was a knife - I produce it Exhibit 1.

The second was an envelope marked E21 and in it was a piece of silver paper - Exhibit 2 - containing a substance not yet put on record. I produce as Exhibit 3, 3 pieces of silver paper each enclosed in a paper tube...

I produce as Exhibit 4, the tin foil container containing a substance...

I produce as Exhibit 5, a plastic container containing a substance...

And as Exhibit 6, I produce a knife...

I examined all these items...

Exhibit 1 - the knife...

Exhibit 2 - an envelope...

Exhibit 3 - 3 pieces of silver paper...

Exhibit 4 - a tin foil container...

Exhibit 5 - a plastic container...

Exhibit 6 - a knife...
### Group Theatre · Studio

Grange Street  
adj. Whitmore School  
London, N.1  

**Telephone**  
01-739 3380  
**Nearest Tube:** Old Street  
**Buses:** 78, 141, 271

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#### EVENING STUDIO

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**PROFESSIONAL DAY STUDIO · DAY SCHOOL**  
**PRODUCTIONS**  
enquiries to the Secretary  
**Evening Studio 2gns. per term**

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(24)
PART II

Criminal Appeal Act, 1907

P.G.P. Keeler and others

List of Exhibits

1. Knife (formerly marked RK-1) (1) Prosecution
2. Silver Paper (now lost) (1) S-1 "
3. Three pieces of silver paper "
4. Tin foil container "
5. Plastic container in which is a razor blade "
6. Knife (2) "

In the Inner London Area and in the Metropolitan Police District Before the Old Street Magistrates' Court, sitting as Examining Justices

The Examination of

Roger Cook, CWO
Douglas Shearn
Robert Kellett.

taken on oath this Ninth day of March 1968, before me, the undersigned, Metropolitan Stipendiary Magistrate, for the Inner London Area,

Paul Godfrey Peter KEELER
John Scott DUGGER
Irene Leonia DAVIE
Eve RIDOUX

who are charged for that they in the Inner London Area and within the said district on the 16th February 1968 at Grange Street, London, N.1, did have in their possession a dangerous drug, to wit, a quantity of Cannabis without being duly authorised. Contrary to Reg. 3 Dangerous Drugs No. 2 Regs. 1964 and Section 13 Dangerous Drugs Act 1965.

Discharged Section 7 NC Act 1952 on 11.3.68.

Conditional Witness Order

AND THIS WITNESS
ON OATH SAYS

Roger Cook
Bachelor of Science
Scientific Officer
Holborn, N.1.

On 21.2.68 I received from Detective Constable Kellett of 'G' Division, a number of items

The first was a knife - I produce it Exhibit 1.
The second was an envelope marked DS1 and in it a piece of silver paper - Exhibit 2 - containing a substance now lost and not produced. I produce as Exhibit 3 3 pieces of silver paper each containing a substance.
I produce as Exhibit 4 a tin foil container containing a substance.
I produce as Exhibit 5 a plastic container containing a razor blade.
And as Exhibit 6 I produce a knife.

I examined all these items

Exhibit 1 - the knife. I found traces of cannabis resin on the blade of the knife.

Exhibit 2 - an envelope. I examined the substance and found this 6 grains of cannabis resin that together with the silver paper has now been lost.

Exhibit 3 - 3 pieces of silver paper. I examined 2 of these - found to contain 16 grains of cannabis resin. The third contained an unrestricted brown substance.

(25)
Exhibit 4 - I found the tin foil container to contain 3 grains of cannabis resin.

Exhibit 5 - the plastic container. I found traces of cannabis resin in the plastic box but I found no traces on the razor blade.

Exhibit 6 - I found no traces of cannabis resin on this knife.

Cannabis resin is restricted by the Dangerous Drugs Act 1965.

Cross examined. . . . . for Keeler

I took no steps to ensure that fingerprints would not be erased.

Not cross examined . . . . other defendants

R. Cook.

AND THIS WITNESS ON

OATH SAYS

Douglas Shearn

Sgt. 45 "F"

Stationed at Hainault.

On 16.2.88 at about 4 p.m. I went with DC Kellett and other officers to school premises in Grange Street, N.1. We went to a small building quite separate from main part of the school. After DC Kellett had obtained entry, I followed him with Police dog 'Yogi'. Specially trained to detect certain drugs. I saw a man I know now to be the defendant Keeler. He was talking to DC Kellett at the doorway of ground floor room.

They all went back upstairs and I followed. In a first floor room I saw 3 other people - the 3 other defendants. I released my dog and began searching. I saw Keeler stripping his clothes and throwing them around the room, but I heard nothing of what was being said.

I found no drugs in that room. We went downstairs to the ground floor room - a large room. Part of it is a kitchen. There I released my dog and began searching. At the far end of this room the dog came to a carrier bag standing on the floor. He nosed around the bag. He picked something from the bag. I took it and found it to be a piece of silver paper containing a small piece of resin substance. This I handed to DC Kellett. Dugger was with me at the time.

Dugger said, "This dog just found it. I saw him drop it". I continued to search with the dog until I came to the part used as a kitchen. Besides the sink I found 3 more pieces of silver paper. I look at Exhibit 3 - these are the three pieces. I found them to contain a resin substance and handed these to D.C. Kellett.

After that, I continued to search with my dog but found nothing of interest.

Cross examined . . . . Keeler

Between the finding of the first piece of silver paper and then the 3 pieces of silver paper I would say took 3 or 4 minutes.

The part I referred to as the kitchen, is the far wall facing you as you go through the door. It is not positioned off in any way.

There is a curtain partitioning the room - it is to the right of the room. I did go into the curtained part of the room. It was there I found the first piece of silver paper - Dugger was at the partition entrance when he made his statement. He did not say "You've dropped something". I did not say anything to him when I found the piece of silver paper. I called out to DC Kellett and I said "I found this", and held it up. He joined us at the partition at once.

When I was behind the curtain in this room I was concealed from the other defendants except Dugger.

No cross examination . . . . other defendants

D. Shearn.
AND THIS WITNESS
ON OATH SAYS

Robert Kellett
Detective Constable
G. Division

On 16.2.68. at about 4 p.m. I went with other officers to school premises in Grange Street, N.1. Part of these was a separate building. I had a search warrant in my possession. I went to the door of the separate building and knocked. It was opened by Defendant Keeler.

I told him I was a police officer and that I had a Warrant to search the premises for drugs. I showed him the Warrant. At that point I was joined by other officers and I said to Keeler, "Are you the occupier of these premises?" He said "No. It is a place we come for practice".

I said "Who is in charge?". He said, "I am". I said, "Before we start to search, have you any drugs here?". He said, "You know better than that you fascist bastard. You fat little round thing, strutting about here. What has happened to freedom in this Country".

I said, "We will search in here first!" (indicating the ground floor room from which Keeler had come) He said, "No you won't. We'll go upstairs where the others are". "We can all watch you then. I know you bastards will plant stuff if you're not watched".

With other officers I followed Keeler to a first floor room - a type of studio. There I saw the other 3 defendants. I told them why we were there and who we were and explained to them that the Warrant entitled us to search persons in the premises for drugs also.

I said to all 3, "Have any of you got any drugs?". Dugger said, "Not me. I don't need drugs".

Ridoux said, "Paul never allows anyone here with drugs".

Davie did not reply. We searched all 3 but no drugs were found.

I told Keeler we were going to search him and TDC Borland did in fact start to search him. He began about and swear. He then took off his clothes and strew them about the floor until he was left only in his underpants.

He said, "Don't plant anything will you. Fascist bastards, your minds stink". His clothing was searched but again no drugs were found. The room was searched by Sgt. Shearn and again no drugs were found.

I took possession of a knife - I recognise Exhibit 1 as that knife. I took it from a shelf round a pillar in the room.

We then went downstairs to the room where Keeler had initially been - ground floor room. A large room like a classroom converted. I said to all 4 "Do all of you use this room?". Keeler said, "You fucking ignorant fascist bastard you know we do. Is that against the Law".

Dugger said, "Of course we do. But we (indicated 2 women) only came this afternoon to meet some friends".

Davie said, "You won't find any drugs here. Paul doesn't allow it".

Ridoux said, "You fucking cunt leave us alone".

We began to search the room and as we did so Keeler said to the other 3, "Make sure you watch them all. If they can't find it, they will plant it".

I stood in a supervisory capacity while other officers searched and after a short time, Sgt. Shearn handed me a piece of silver paper which I found to contain cannabis. Dugger at this stage said, "His dog has just found it, I saw him drop it".

I said to all 4, "This is cannabis, a dangerous drug. Who owns it". I cautioned them all and Keeler said, "You fucking dirty minded bastards. That pug-faced dog is as bad as you. I'll fix the lot of you for this. I'll put you all down".

The others didn't reply. The search was continued by other officers and I saw Sgt. Shearn searching with his dog in the vicinity of a sink unit. From that part of the room he took 3 pieces of silver paper which he handed to me - I recognise Exhibit 3 as the 3 pieces - I
took possession of these. I then began to search also, and beside a sink unit I took possession of the tin foil container Exhibit 4. From a window ledge near where Sgt. Shearn had found the first piece of silver paper, I found plastic container (Exhibit 3.)

I said to all 4 "We have found this container and these implements which appear to be connected with the making of cannabis. You 4 are all on the premises and none of you admit possessing it. To possess cannabis is an offence and I am arresting you all". I cautioned them and Keeler said, "You bastard, we'll see about this later in Court".

Dugger said "You are not arresting me. You didn't find it in my pockets".

Ridoux said, "You fucking dirty lying cunt".

Davie did not reply. At this point, Keeler tried to leave the room, but he was forcibly detained by myself and another officer. Later the Police car arrived and all 4 were taken to the City Road Police Station where they were later charged and cautioned and none made any reply. Later I placed all the items I found in envelopes which I then sealed. The first piece of silver paper and its contents handed to me by Sgt. Shearn I put in an envelope now Exhibit 2.

On 21.2.68 I took all the Exhibits to the Police Laboratory at Holborn.

Cross examined ..... referred.

Robert Kellett.

In the Inner London Area and in the Metropolitan Police District Before the Old Street Magistrates' Court, sitting as Examining Justices.

The Examination of Robert Kellett taken on oath this 11th day of March 1968, before me, the undersigned, in the presence and hearing of

Paul Godfrey Peter Keeler
John Scott Dugger
Irene Leonie Davie
Eve Ridoux

AND THIS WITNESS
ON OATH SAYS
Robert Kellett
Detective Constable
'G' Division

I now continue my deposition commenced on 9th March 1968.

Cross examination .... Keeler

My enquiries re the premises show that Mr. John Dunhill is the leaseholder of the premises. They are used by licensee by various theatrical groups. There may have been a theatrical performance the night before, the 16.2.68.

I do not know if there was to be a performance on the night of the search.

There was access to the premises by persons other than the four defendants.

I saw a lot of clothing around the premises, this was consistent with theatrical performances. There was also other clothing about. There was nothing to show who this clothing belonged to.

I did not see persons on the premises who might have been technicians. There were tools in several parts of the premises. I would say from my enquiries that on that afternoon the four defendants had exclusive use of the premises and any other persons would have been under Mr. Keeler's directions. I can't say who was in the premises before 4 p.m.

The cannabis I found was openly placed on a sink unit and in a tin foil container with an open top. This was to the right of the sink unit. Unless one looked into the container one could not see the contents, but the container could have been seen from the door.

Mr. Keeler did not mention Mr. Dunhill at all. I discovered who the owner of the premises was on the Monday morning.
When I first saw Mr. Keeler, no one else was in the downstairs part of the premises.

One person other than the defendants came to the premises while we were there and I haven't got his name. He came in after we had searched the upstairs and as we were searching the downstairs. He came through the front door.

**Court**

He was of the same type, appearance and cult as the defendants. An officer did take his name and address.

3 or 4 minutes elapsed between the discovery of the 1st cannabis and the discovery of the 2nd cannabis. It could have been shorter than that.

I did not ask Mr. Keeler to remove any clothing I saw no explicable reason for his taking off his clothes. I didn't take any steps to ensure that any fingerprints on the handle of the knife might remain.

Mr. Dugger did not ask me to.

There was no particular reason why I did or did not do so in the circumstances of this search. I didn't take any action to ensure fingerprints were preserved on the tin foil containers.

When one takes an exhibit of this nature which is to be taken to the laboratory for analysis, instructions are clear that they are to be handled by a minimum of people. If one was to dust these items for fingerprints - there is almost 100% probability of losing the exhibit - by brushing it away with fingerprint dust. This would not apply to the handle of the knife.

Mr. Keeler did mention he was trying to phone his solicitor.

**Cross examined ..... Dugger**

Mr. Dugger was more obstructive than abusive. His whole attitude from the time we entered was a haughty one.

The police sergeant told me where he had found the cannabis. I did not go and inspect the place.

Sgt. Shearn mentioned a paper carrier bag. I considered that a Sergeant is quite capable of giving evidence of what and where he found it. I didn't therefore go and see it.

I was not able to establish ownership of the paper carrier bag, or anything else except the knife.

**Cross examined ..... Davie**

Exhibits 2 and 5 were found approximately in the same part of the room. There was about 10 minutes between the finding of these exhibits.

Tin foil container was the type used for chips - as far as I can tell it was an unused one.

The ground floor room is about 8 yards by 5 yards and the sink is about 5 yards from the door and opposite. The sink was about 6 yards from the curtain.

**Not Cross Examined ..... Ridoux**

**Court**

The Colverstone Recreational Institute are the owners of the premises. Various groups use the premises. I went to the premises with a warrant. The premises had been under observation that day prior to us going there. No persons other than the defendants went there from after lunch that day. Persons could not get in by means other than the front door. I don't know how many persons used the premises the week before. Other observations were kept.

Robert Kellett
Appendix 4
(a) **FIRST STATEMENT WRITTEN BY JOHN DUGGER THE AFTERNOON OF 18th FEBRUARY 1968 BEFORE THE PERFORMANCE OF ORANGE AND BLUE AT THE GROUP THEATRE.**

I arrived at the Group Theatre on my motor cycle, went inside the lower workshop. In there were Paul, Eve and Uisce Bo. I learned that Paul had been there for some time and that Eve and Uisce Bo had just shortly arrived. I set down my helmet and gloves and returned outside to the Courtyard, put a piece of plastic over the carburetor of my cycle. The plastic melted partially on the still hot exhaust pipe. I used my knife to remove the plastic. I returned to the lower workshop and asked Paul if the upstairs theatre was unlocked, he didn’t reply but gave me the keys. I picked up my gloves, helmet and scuddle bag and walked outside into the courtyard and around to the door of the theatre. I unlocked the theatre door, then remembered my cycle was unchained. I returned to the workshops outer door where my cycle was parked. I chained it up, then proceeded around the corner and up to the theatre proper. The upper door was unlocked. I walked in, set my scuddle bag on the floor and my gloves and helmet on a chair near the stove in the centre of the left hand wall. I opened the window and turned on the heaters. I climbed up the ladder to the light control platform, and checked out the newly re-installed light control and intensity Board. Uisce Bo and Eve came in. We talked a short while. I then asked Uisce Bo to go down the street and around the corner with me to pick up a scuddle type tray as used in a printers shop.

I came down from the light control platform, put on my coat and with Uisce Bo proceeded to go downstairs. It was at the top of the stairs that Uisce Bo and I first encountered the Police. I didn’t know they were Police at first until they pushed me back into the Theatre.

The Police searched the Theatre and our persons. On our persons they found nothing. They had Paul strip to his underwear. They found a knife - a pair ring knife, handed to one of the junior members of the squad. He held it by the blade. I pointed out to him that it was a bad action to hold the knife by the blade because he would leave his finger prints on it. An older officer approached him and suggested that he should not hold the knife by the blade. With the exception of the knife nothing was found that could be called "evidence". We were then taken downstairs.

Paul was already in the workshop when I came in. Paul immediately asked me to watch the man with the dog, who was behind the curtains at the far end of the room. I walked over to the curtain and watched the sergeant. He was stooping over some baggage on the left side of the partition. He picked up an object, dropped it, nudged the dog, picked up the object again, turned dropped it behind him, the dog lunged at it. The sergeant picked up the object, turned and asked if the luggage was ours. I replied no and I told him he had dropped something, he held it up and said "Evidence". I said I saw him drop it. He pushed past me and said that I saw nothing. He then handed the planted drugs to his superior. The man with the dog went behind the ‘kitchen’ counter and produced two more foils with what the Police said was cannabis. This was in the first three or four minutes the Police were in the workshop.

The Police continued to search for another five minutes – during which we were arrested, shown the warrant, told to shut up and then told that everything we said would be used against us.

We stated that the drugs were not ours and I told them I saw the sergeant plant drugs behind the curtained partition. The only other ‘evidence’ that was found was a razor in a plastic box. They said we used the razor to cut cannabis. We denied all knowledge of the drugs. Paul attempted to use the tele-phone but was held back and then accused of assaulting an officer. Paul denied the charge.

Andy was in the room. The Police told him that he was not under arrest as he had entered during the raid. I gave the keys of the Theatre to Andy.
I asked a member of the Police Squad if I could go upstairs to obtain my gloves and helmet. They refused.

Transport Police were called. We were taken away.

At the station Paul and I were stripped and searched. The Police were rude, made comments about smell and threatened to pick up Andy. We made no statement when charged. Paul would not sign when his property was taken by the Police. I signed. We both refused to be finger-printed.

Paul and I were taken upstairs for questioning. I refused, as Paul also did, to make statements or to answer questions. An officer came in and handed us copies of the charge against us. We looked at them and put them down. Paul picked up a Police Gazette. The officer next to me screamed at Paul, "Put that down". Paul dropped the paper on the floor. The other officer shouted at Paul to pick it up. Paul refused. I was taken from the room in to an ante room. While in the room the Policeman with me said that he didn’t care about his job and that even if at arrangement we were bailed out we would be kept for three days for finger-printing. This was a lie, I learned later.

I looked through the window and saw the curtains being hastily drawn by one of the Policemen in the other room.

I told the officer with me that I was not a criminal but an artist and that I resented the accusation that I was a junkie. He said that he hadn’t accused me of being a junkie. I replied that he had, indirectly, by the plant and arrest.

I was returned to the room where Paul was. He smiled at me and pointed to his leg and whispered that they had kicked him.

A man behind Paul began typing. Paul began to imitate the sounds of the typewriter. The officer next to me got up, picked up a magazine from a nearby table, went over to Paul and put the magazine up to his face and said, "Do you see this?" then whacked Paul over the head with the magazine.

I told the officer that he shouldn’t have done this while I was watching. He laughed.

We were returned downstairs. The officer with me said, "Are all Americans like you?". I replied that that was a foolish remark. He asked why. I said that such a sweeping generalized question as that reflected the same attitude as Racism and was in fact an attitude that destroys international and universal human understanding.

I was locked in solitary confinement.

(b) LETTER WRITTEN BY PAUL KEELER TO BENN LEVY FROM GLOUCESTER ON 22nd FEBRUARY, 1968.

3 The Park,
Kingscote,
Tetbury,
Gloucestershire.

21st February, 1968.

Dear Benn,

I am writing to inform you of what I believe to be a terrible case of discrimination and persecution against the continued existence of the Exploding Galaxy.

The Exploding Galaxy came into being one year ago and is the positive manifestation of a creative way of living. David Medalla, who started the Exploding Galaxy, was then established as one of the leading avant guard artists in the world. He saw in the hippy
world a desire on the part of young people to free themselves from the meaningless treadmill of our materialistic society. His answer was to get people together and encourage them to express themselves through dance.

During the last year there have been over 150 people in the Exploding Galaxy. We have performed in London, Arlington, Warwick, Birmingham, Portsmouth, Paris, Utrecht and Amsterdam. We have given at least 50 performances in all.

The Exploding Galaxy now has many important and respected artists associated with it and has evolved a highly developed and constructive way of life.

This I can say has not been easy as the economic and social pressures of living the way we live has exerted great pressure.

We have had to live overcrowded, underfed, without electricity sometimes even without water. But because we believe in what we are doing we are prepared to go through these material difficulties.

Because we have long hair, wear what people consider to be strange clothes, live together and are happy, society at once ignorantly consider us to be loose living drug addicts. It is quite possible that people living superficially similar lives to us may be promiscuous and addicted to drugs. But anyone who knows our contribution to art and our deep inner seriousness can discriminate between us and those people who are content merely to protest against life.

The Exploding Galaxy's attitude towards the question of drug taking is I believe a positive and highly developed one.

We do not try like the most of society to deny the existence of the 'soft' drugs, hashish, marijuana and LSD. We do not on the other hand believe in the habitual use of drugs or of anything else for that matter. I took my last trip three months ago and I doubt whether I will take another one. I view with great care LSD, as I feel it is a very violent substance. However, I do not deny that it has benefited me very greatly.

Hashish has never been a part of the life of the Exploding Galaxy. I made it a rule in the house (99 Ballspond Road) at least nine months ago that nobody could bring or smoke hashish in the house. (This rule actually applied to all drugs).

What happened in fact is that over the last six months everyone has ceased to have any reason to take drugs as the rule of not taking drugs in the house was extended to the places where we worked and as our time was mostly spent in either place, the rule became a natural part of our lives.

So far what I have said is only my word. However, you, like many others who visited the Exploding Galaxy both at 99 Ballspond Road and at the Roundhouse, the Arts Lab or Group Theatre would, I am sure, have been fully aware of this. Many people in the last few days have come forward to give testimony that what I have said is absolutely true. Only once to my knowledge was this rule broken and that time I immediately asked the people, who were my friends, to leave. That was eight months ago; however, these people I am sure are prepared to give evidence if necessary to prove what I have said is the truth.

We have been raided twice last year by the drug squad at 99 Ballspond Road. Both times to their surprise they found nothing; this is obvious because there is nothing ever to find.

On Friday 16th February I went to the Group Theatre in Grange Street, N.I. where we had been rehearsing for the last week and a half.

During the morning I was alone most of the time writing a critique on the foam sculptures of David Medalla to be submitted to a Swedish Art Magazine called Paleteu. At lunch I went to a nearby pub to have a bear and some crisps. About 45 minutes later John Dunhill, the Director of the Group Theatre, joined me in the pub and bought me two small bottles of Bulldog, which happens to be a very potent beer. Being most unused to drinking I felt quite drowsy. When I returned to Group Theatre, I noticed that the floor had been swept very clean. At about 3.45 p.m. Eve, John and Usice Bo (all in the Exploding Galaxy) arrived at the Theatre. They went upstairs to start preparing for the rehearsal.

(34)
I slept, using my arms as a pillow, until I was awoken by a tap on the door. This door has a glass window in it. I could see a man dressed in a suit. As I went to open the door I saw four more, with a dog and from my previous experience of these people I knew it to be the drug squad.

My anger at their intrusion expressed itself in strong language. The last time they visited my house, they did not wait for the door to be answered; they just broke it down. I made it quite clear what I thought of their intrusion and they showed me their search warrant. I at once took them upstairs to the small theatre where my friends were as I did not wish to be alone with these people.

They searched the upstairs theatre. They asked me to strip, which I did down to my pants using one of the detectives as a clothes rack. They searched my three friends, Eve, Usce Bo and John.

We were then taken, having been searched, into the ground floor room.

The sergeant who had the police dog went by himself into a back part of the room separated by a curtain (which is used as a dressing room for Group Theatre actors, and is not used by the Exploding Galaxy). I told John to follow him and watch him. I sat in a chair beside the curtain keeping a general eye on both Theatres of police operations. I saw the police sergeant in the curtained part bending down and I heard John who had advanced unnoticed behind him to his side say, "You've dropped something". The sergeant stood up quickly and cried, "Evidence, Evidence". Needless to say it was a small packet of hash wrapped in silver paper. I was utterly furious and vented my increased indignation.

Whilst I was talking to the Inspector the sergeant and dog I noticed had gone behind the little coffee counter. I went over and watched in amazement as this man put a hand blindly behind a rubbish bin and bring out another piece of hashish in silver paper and then repeat the instance behind a paint tin.

Three pieces of hash were discovered within about three minutes in three different places on the floor. One lot was seen to be thrown on the floor. The other two looked to me as if he simply used the old magicians trick of keeping the cards hidden in the hand.

Just before they 'found' the hash another Exploder, Andy, arrived and is witness to what happened.

I tried then to leave the room through a door and enter the office in order to telephone a solicitor. A great burly detective blocked my passage. I tried to open the door and I was told that I was assaulting an officer!

I was then man-handled out of the room into the office but I was not allowed to use the telephone.

The four of us were then taken to Old Street Police Station.

I was then stripped, this time publicly in front of six or seven policemen and this time I was asked to take off my pants.

My belongings were taken from me. I was asked to sign for them but I refused. I was asked to have my finger prints taken but refused. I was then taken to a cell and locked in.

Later I was taken and charged with possessing drugs. Just before that I had telephoned 'Release' telling them of our situation, which in fact they had already been told about.

My friend John and myself were then taken upstairs to an office where three detectives (all of whom had been in the raid) tried to extract information. I told John not to say a word as to be sure his words would be twisted when put down on paper and they were only interested in adding to their ugly act performed during the afternoon.

I continued to verbally attack and point out the monstrous way these grown men had behaved. There was a Police Gazette on the table which I picked up to look at, hoping that perhaps by looking at it I might learn a little about the minds of these people.
The head detective shouted at me to put it down. This I did, letting it leave my hands and fall onto the floor. He told me to pick it up. I told him that I did not choose to be where I was and I did not believe in obeying meaningless orders from idiots and dishonest people the likes of him. He told a medium sized plumpish detective to take my friend John into the adjoining room. This he did. I could not see John but I could see the head and shoulders of the detective looking through the glass part of the door. I was now sitting with the head detective on one side and a lean aggressive looking silent detective on the other side. I was told to pick up the Police Gazette again but replied with a remark like "I do not take orders from stupid, fucking, fascist monkeys like you!". They grabbed my arms, forcing them up my back and forcing me onto the floor. This was done I would say in a very violent way. Anyhow I did not find it pleasant. I picked myself up and sat back on my chair. I then continued to say what disgusting evil human beings I considered them to be. The tall thin detective lost his temper and took a flying kick at me hitting the bottom of my leg. By this time they were both acting like a couple of animals. They had decided to 'work me over' as they put it. The head detective began to pull the curtains and I saw a blue policeman walk along the passage. I called out to him to come into the room and join his friends who were about to beat me up. He came back and peeped in.

As he was leaving the head detective saw him go but did not see him well enough to know who it was because he said "Is that the sergeant?". I gathered from the way he said this that he would have preferred it not to have been the sergeant. I then said something to the effect that "Oh, you're frightened of your sergeant are you?". For some reason this seemed to deter them from carrying on what they had started. However, then perhaps the most extraordinary thing of the day happened. The sergeant bent down and picked up the Police Gazette. He then said to me "I am taking this downstairs as evidence that you tried to steal it from the police station!". I laughed heartily. You may think it strange that I behaved in the way I have described but I must make it quite clear that I wanted to try and make these people make an action for which they would be ashamed. I refused to be intimidated by them. I have dignity and no man is going to take that away from me by force. Just before I was taken back to my cell the plump detective who was 'looking after' John, hit me over the head with a thick magazine, so adding a further indignity to my person.

I was then removed to a cell. I refused to accept the food that was offered me and spent a night of great suffering. My mind could not rest because of the injustice that the Exploding Galaxy had suffered, my body ached and my head ached. I will never forget that night as long as I live. It was certainly the longest night. There was nothing to look at, nothing to hear. Halfway through the night I felt as though I would never leave this cage. To lock a man in a cage for something he has not done is the greatest injustice man can do to man.

In the morning the lights were put on. I do not know what time it was. I was asked if I wanted breakfast, I declined. At sometime around 9.00 a.m. I was taken with John and other prisoners to a waiting van and locked in a little hut like compartment.

On arrival at the court the four of us were allowed to be released on £150 bail each. A court order was got by the police to have my finger prints taken.

Mr. Drower who works for the BBC and is very 'respectable' bailed us out. Two of his daughters, Jill who is sixteen and Anabel who is eighteen, are both in the Exploding Galaxy. They live with their parents in Putney, go to school and come to us at the weekend. When I thanked him he said "I know injustice when I see it and this is gross injustice".

On Saturday evening many of the Exploding Galaxy met at 99 Ballspord Road, which we consider to be our home. People expressed their fear at the house being raided and planted in exactly the same way as had happened at the theatre. The following day on Sunday we went to explore at the group theatre with a few people from the art world present. I said that it would be a good idea to tell people about our fears. During Sunday I told John Dunhill, the Director of Group Theatre, his solicitor, The Hon. Guy Brett, Art Critic of the Times and Michael Dempsey, Editor of art publications for Hutchinsons.

On Wednesday I went to stay in Gloucester with Kenelm Cox, a distinguished artist. On Thursday 22nd February the telephone rings and I am informed by Carol Laws that the police have entered 99 Ballspord Road, have planted a large quantity of hash in the house, have arrested again Uisce Bo and John as well as Gerry Fitzgerald and Christian Ladoux

I have enclosed a statement outlining this visit as I myself was not there. Gerry Fitzgerald was this afternoon bailed out by Peter Brown and Christian le Doux was bailed out this evening by Michael Dempsey.
However, Uisce Bo is in Holloway Prison and John is in Brixton Prison.

Uisce Bo suffered greatly when she had to spend the night in jail. She is very sensitive. She has only been with the Exploding Galaxy for six weeks and I believe that great damage could be done to her if she is not released at once.

Although John is stronger than Uisce Bo his innocence and the fact that he is obviously suffering should also cry out for his release at once.

As owner of 99 Ballspond Road I am likely to be arrested at any moment. I would like you to bear this in mind. But most of all I ask that this terrible injustice should be stopped immediately before more innocent people are discriminated against and persecuted.

David Medalla who started the Exploding Galaxy has lived in England since 1960 and has contributed greatly to the artistic life of this country. In October the Exploding Galaxy left England to perform in France and Holland. When he applied for a new visa in early December they said it would take three weeks, it is now three months and David Medalla is still none the wiser why he is unable to come back to London and the Exploding Galaxy.

We are unable to continue our artistic work at Group Theatre because although John Dunhill believes absolutely in our innocence he is frightened that he will loose his job as local opinion is against us, because they saw us being taken out of the building by the police and next door is a school.

We have had to leave 99 Ballspond Road as we fear another police action and owing to the fact that after previous police raids some local thugs threw things at the house and tried to enter the house.

We have been beaten, humiliated, wrongly charged and treated like vermin being exterminated.

Many people in the press and Parliament have been alerted to this injustice. Many people who know the Exploding Galaxy are outraged by what has happened to innocent people.

I have tried as clearly as I can to relate what has happened and hope that you will help in righting what has happened.

Yours as always,

"Paul Keeler"

(c) SECOND STATEMENT MADE BY JOHN DUGGER TO HIS SOLICITOR WHILE DETAINED IN ASH福德 PRISON FROM 23rd FEBRUARY TO 3rd MARCH, 1968.

I am 19 years old, American and a member of the Exploding Galaxy. This is a group of artists who perform at the Group Theatre, Grange Street, N.1. Various members of the Exploding Galaxy live at 99 Ballspond Road. This house is owned by Paul Keeler. We all pay no rent and live a communal life. Although we live by few rules, one strict rule is that no one in the group takes drugs of any nature, including ordinary cigarettes and no one would dream of bringing drugs into the Group Theatre at Grange Street, N.1.

The events leading up to my first arrest are as follows. On Friday 16th February 1968 I arrived at the Group Theatre by motor cycle, went into the lower workshop, put down my gloves, helmet and scrouge bag (a bag containing various art objects that I have found). Uisce Bo Davie, Eve Ridoux and Paul Keeler were there. After exchanging few words with them I then went out to my motor cycle to put a plastic bag over the carburettor. (This bag in fact melted on the hot exhaust pipe and I spent a few minutes scraping it off with a pen knife). I returned to the workshop and asked if there was anyone in the theatre proper. They said no and Paul Keeler gave me the keys to the theatre. I took my helmet, gloves and scrouge bag and went out of the workshop round the corner to the rear end unlocked the theatre door. I then remembered I had not locked my motor cycle and immediately walked to the road and did so. I went back into the theatre and walked up the two flights of stairs. The door was open.

I put on the heaters and put my things down next to a stove on the left hand side. I climbed up to the light control platform and checked out the newly installed light intensity board.
Ulscce Bo and Eve came in, put down their bags etc. and we talked for about three minutes. I asked Ulscce Bo if she would like to pick up some print trays from a nearby junk-pile. She agreed and I got down from the platform and put on my coat. We walked out of the theatre's upper door onto the landing.

We then saw Paul Keeler running up the stairs followed by some plain clothes policemen. Paul was shouting "All right, I'll show you!" The policemen then pushed Ulscce Bo and myself back into the theatre. The police then searched Ulscce Bo and myself thoroughly and found nothing. They then stripped Paul Keeler down to his underpants and also found nothing. The Police found a kitchen pairing knife, they said it was to be used in evidence. We asked why and they said because it had been used for cutting cannabis.

Paul Keeler was then taken downstairs to the workshop by two policemen, and I went down after them. Ulscce Bo and Eve were remanded in the theatre and had their names taken. In the workshop Paul Keeler told me to watch the policeman who had got behind the curtains (there is a curtain across one part of the workshop). This policeman had a dog with him. As I walked behind the curtains I saw the policeman bending down over some luggage and bags owned by the Group Theatre. He had his hand open and near the floor, he picked up some silver paper, dropped it and looked for a reaction from the dog. He repeated this again but failed to get any reaction from the dog. Then he turned round and dropped it with his arm outstretched and the dog jumped on it. (I did not see him actually take the silver paper from his pocket at the beginning but assume that was what he did). He then saw me and asked whose bags these were. I replied that they were probably the Group Theatre's and that he had dropped something. He then held up the silver paper and said it was evidence. I repeated that he had dropped something. I then told Paul Keeler that the policeman had found something but I had seen him 'plant' it. The senior officer told me not to suggest that his officers planted things. Eve came across to me and asked me to explain to her what had happened.

The senior officer then put all four of us under arrest. This was Paul Keeler, Eve Ridoux, Ulscce Bo Davie and myself. I noticed that Andrew Forrest, a member of the Exploding Galaxy was in the room and must have seen what had happened there.

Paul Keeler wanted to use the telephone and walked towards the door. He was pushed back by the police and told he could not make phone calls. The senior policeman said he would charge Paul with assaulting an officer, although he used no violence whatsoever.

The police also found a razor blade in a plastic box which they said had been used for cutting cannabis and also two other pieces of cannabis in silver paper. I do not know exactly where they found them.

A uniformed police officer then came in and we were taken to Hackney Police Station.

The Police found everything within three minutes of entering the room and searched for some time having no regard to the destruction they were causing.

At the station we were not allowed to make any phone calls. We were all charged with possession of cannabis, although no amount was specified. We all refused to make statements. Our possessions were taken from us. Paul Keeler refused to sign a form acknowledging what possessions were taken by the police. We all refused a finger print test. Ulscce Bo and Eve were taken upstairs to be searched. Paul Keeler was stripped naked and searched again and I was stripped to my underpants and searched.

We were then taken to another room upstairs. I again refused to make a statement and Paul and I were brought out charge sheets. Paul refused to accept it and they were put down in front of us. Paul picked up the Police Gazette and began to read it. A police officer next to me shouted to Paul "Drop that!" He dropped it on the floor. Another officer shouted at Paul to pick it up and Paul said he would not do anything for them. The same officer then told the officer in charge of me to take me out of the room. I was taken out into a small room. The door was shut and I was stood in the corner. The Policeman then told me he did not care about his job and if I refused finger printing he would ask for me to be remanded in custody so that he could check my prints from the U.S.A. He said I would be in custody for at least three days.

I glanced through the window in the door and saw a policeman drawing the curtains. About 1½ minutes later I was brought back into the room. Paul Keeler was sitting cross legged and
pointing to his right leg he whispered that he had been kicked. The officer in charge of me walked over to a table, picked up the Police Gazette and pushed it very close to Paul's eyes and said "Do you see that?" and then promptly hit him hard over the head with it. I said that that was a very foolish thing to do and that he should not have done it and I would bring it up in court.

I was then taken downstairs and asked if all Americans were like me. I was taken to my cell and appeared next morning at Old Street Magistrates Court.

At Court, Guy Brett, the Art Critic of the Times, offered to stand bail for us, but he was refused by the Police.

The Police objected to Bail, but we were all given bail. Paul Keeler and myself were retained for finger prints. A father of two girls in the Exploding Galaxy stood bail of £100 per person.

The events leading up to my second arrest are as follows:-

Some of our members got in touch with various local newspapers to have it put on record that we expected the police to raid out home. To my knowledge those attempts were unsuccessful.

On the night of Wednesday 21st February a person called at 99 Ballspond Road and asked if it was Gerald Fitzgerald's place, we said it was and let him in. He said he was a photographer and he wanted to take some pictures of us. We thought this odd, as we could have the very best photos taken if we wanted them. He seemed a rather stupid man and quite definitely not like us. We ignored him for most of the evening and acted and read poetry as we usually do. No one watched this man very closely and he had access to my coat in the hall although no one noticed him go to it.

On the morning of the 22nd February at between 8.30-9.0 a.m. the Police called on us at 99 Ballspond Road. We let them in and they searched the building. The policeman that searched my room asked me if I was the American. I said I was and "for God's sake don't plant anything on me this time!". He found nothing. A younger officer went through my clothes and found nothing. Then he took my overcoat and went into my bedroom with it. He turned away from me and pulled something out of the pocket. He said what is this. I told him I did not know, probably candy. He opened the silver paper and said, "Golden cannabis". This policeman told another to fetch the dog. When it appeared he threw the silver paper onto the floor and after some hesitation the dog pounced on it and broke it up. The senior officer then came into the room and was shown the "find" and said, "Golden cannabis". We were then arrested.

Some more cannabis was found in Gerald Fitzgerald's room. In the police car a policeman said that he thought I had some documents on me avoiding the draft. I said I would not make a statement.

We were taken to Dalston Police Station. I asked to make a phone call. This was refused at first. I refused to try on the coat. I was shown the label on the coat which says made in U.S.A. and I again refused to try it on.

Finally I was allowed to make a phone call and my solicitor was contacted. The others were refused phone calls. Our fingerprints were taken.

In Court the Police objected to bail for all but Gerry Fitzgerald.

(d) STATEMENT MADE BY UISCE BO TO HER SOLICITOR WHILE DETAINED IN HOLLOWAY PRISON FROM 23rd FEBRUARY - 3rd MARCH, 1968.

Uisce Bo is a single girl aged 21 of 99 Ballspong Road, N.1. at present detained in H.M. Prison Holloway.

She has no previous convictions of any kind.
She was arrested on Friday 16th February 1968, charged with others with being in possession of cannabis and remanded on bail at Old Street Magistrates Court. She says that the drugs were planted by the Police.

She was arrested again on Thursday 22nd February 1968 charged with others with being in possession of cannabis and remanded in custody from North London Magistrates' Court, bail being refused on the ground that she was already on bail awaiting trial on another charge. She says that the drugs must have been planted by the police.

She is a member of a group who call themselves the 'Exploding Galaxy' her co-accused in each instance are also members of the same group. The raid on 16th February took place at the Group Theatre, Grange Street, N.1. where the 'Exploding Galaxy' were rehearsing. The said raid on 22nd February took place at the groups headquarters at 99 Ballspond Road where Uisce Bo lives. The house belongs to Paul Keeler, a member of the group and all those who live there, about 12 persons, are members of the group.

The Exploding Galaxy explore all the dimensions of art, in particular the transmedial art, kinetic drama, poetry reading and dancing. They try to make their art part of their way of life and to bring their art into all aspects of their life and surroundings.

Uisce Bo has been in London for over a year. She left school at 15 and then spent two years at a further Education College. After qualifying she worked as a secretary for a shipping firm and also for the Civil Service. On coming to London she worked as a secretary for the R.I.B.A, for a year until about December 1967, shortly after the Exploding Galaxy performed at the R.I.B.A. She says she was very impressed with them as people and as artists. She had already thought seriously about leaving her job, as she did not feel she was doing anything useful or the job was doing anything for her.

She spent a few weeks with her parents during Christmas and returned to London on the 12th January, 1968. She then joined the Exploding Galaxy in their communal life at 99 Ballspond Road and in their work. She says that she had some money at that time, but that she lost her contact lenses and obtained one payment of Supplementary Benefit to buy new spectacles. Food etc. was bought and shared collectively by the members of the group, but none of them ever had much money.

On 16th February 1968 she went to the Group Theatre, Grange Street, N.1. with another girl member of the Exploding Galaxy, Eve Ridoux. They were going to explore there that afternoon. Another member, Paul Keeler was there when they arrived and later on another member, John Dugger an American arrived. Before they went up to the stage they went to the kitchen. Paul came up with a number of men who turned out to be policemen. The police searched their coats and asked questions and took their names. The police seemed to go out of their way to be particularly offensive to Paul.

At one point Paul said to John 'Watch him!' as a policeman went behind a curtain. John saw the policeman drop something which the policeman then picked up and said was cannabis. The police also produced a razor blade and a knife which the police said had been used for cutting cannabis, but which had nothing to do with the four members of the group. The police also 'found' two other pieces of cannabis after rummaging about in some rubbish by the sink. The bin had been emptied by the Manager of the theatre that morning and the floor around had been swept.

The amount of cannabis would apparently cost about £15-£25 to buy. The police refused a request by Paul during the raid to call his solicitor.

All four were arrested.

Another member of the Exploding Galaxy came in during the raid but was not arrested.

Uisce Bo protested her innocence strongly from the word 'go'.

A policeman said: "I might have had some sympathy with you beforehand but not since Keeler's exhibition", referring to Paul's expressed anticipation of a 'plant'. Uisce Bo defended Paul. She said Paul had a very clear intellect and had never let anyone have any drugs at the house. She expressed her confidence in the purity of the Exploding Galaxy and said that what the police were doing was corrupt. A policeman laughed and seemed to find this very funny. He said, "Tell that to the Judge in the morning".

The house at 99 Ballspond Road has been searched by the police a number of times but they have never found anything until Thursday 22nd February 1968. None of the members of the
Exploding Galaxy take drugs. Some may have gone through a drugs phase long before Uisce Bo came to know them, but they had proceeded beyond this. Although many members of the 'underground' art scene do take drugs it is a point of note with regard to the Exploding Galaxy that they will have nothing to do with drugs. Uisce Bo has never taken or had anything whatsoever to do with them.

At about 8.40 a.m. on Thursday 22nd February 1968 Uisce Bo heard a banging on the door of the room in which she was sleeping that night at 99 Ballspond Road. A number of men who turned out to be policemen came in and searched. It was not the same policemen as on the previous occasion. Uisce Bo and Mr. FitzGerald were in one bed and two girls were in another bed in the room. The police produced from under the mattress on the bed which Uisce Bo and Mr. FitzGerald had been, a piece of silver paper in which was wrapped something which the police said was cannabis. Uisce Bo and Mr. FitzGerald (but not the other girls) were charged, as also was John Dugger again, in the pocket of whose coat in the basement the police say they found 'hash'. They also charged a Christian Ledoux for obstruction. He saw they were going to plant him and grabbed the substance from their hands.

Again Uisce Bo immediately protested her innocence. When charged and cautioned she said, "I strongly protest my innocence". She made no written statement.

At North London Magistrates' Court the same morning Gerald and Christian were granted bail subject to satisfactory sureties (one of £100 and one of £50). Bail was refused to Uisce Bo and John as they were already on bail.

On the first occasion, Guy Brett the Art Critic of the 'Times' offered to go bail and gave his address, but was turned down by the police as unsuitable. When he asked why he was told no reason need be given, and the police were extremely rude to him.

A number of distinguished people in the art world can speak as to the esteem in which the Exploding Galaxy are held and are convinced that Uisce Bo and the others have been planted by the police, who have been harrassing the Exploding Galaxy whose unconventional dress and way of life they seem to despise.

PART II

STATEMENTS WRITTEN AFTER HEARING THE POLICE EVIDENCE AT THE COMMITTAL PROCEEDINGS.

(a) STATEMENT MADE BY EVE RIDOUX WHILE STAYING WITH CAROLINE JOHN IN GLOUCESTER ON 16TH MARCH, 1968.

I arrived at the Group Theatre accompanied by Uisce Bo at about 3.45 p.m. We were getting ready to rehearse Orange and Blue, a kinetic drama by FitzGerald. On entering the room where the kitchen is we met Paul Keeler. After a few moments we decided to go up to the room where we usually rehearsed, leaving Paul in the kitchen. When we arrived upstairs John Dugger had already decorated the room and begun to prepare the atmosphere for the rehearsal of Orange and Blue. After about ½ hour I decided to go and find Paul in the kitchen to tell him that we were ready to begin the rehearsal. On the stairs I met Paul Keeler, very angry and followed by five policemen, all of them coming up to the room I had just left. I learned that these five policemen were here to search for drugs. They asked us, Uisce Bo, Paul Keeler, John Dugger to undress so that they could search our clothes. I took off my fur coat and threw it onto the ground, as well as several pullovers. A policeman picked them up to search them. We were all absolutely disgusted by this situation. Suddenly a policeman discovered a knife on the beam near the ceiling. Since I do not understand English perfectly I could not quite hear what he said. He simply gave this knife to another policeman and told him not to touch the blade of the knife with his fingers. This suggestion had been made ironically by John Dugger to the policeman, before the latter pointed it out to his colleague.

After having searched the room and each one of us the police took as all downstairs to the room where the kitchen is.
Then the policemen began to search in the room where we all were. Then Paul asked John Dugger to watch one of the policemen who had the dog. In fact this policeman had disappeared behind a curtain which devides the room in two and behind which are kept all the costumes and the dressing table of the Group Theatre. From our side of the curtain we could not see the policeman searching, which is why John Dugger stood behind him in order to watch him. During this time the other policemen continued to search the room, when suddenly I heard John crying out "He just drop" and the policeman with the dog who was crouching behind the curtain turned towards John and us and said "Evidence" and held something up in his hand. Then John repeated that he had seen the policeman throw something on the ground and retrieve it several times in an attempt to get the dog to sniff it out. John had been able to see all this happening because he had been standing behind the crouching policeman who could not see that John was watching him. On hearing this from John who was my friend and in whom I trusted entirely I was astounded. Andy Forrest came into the room from outside before the police had found anything there. He explained that he had heard about 'planting' and that the policeman with the dog must have 'planted' the drugs behind the curtain. I was absolutely furious and started to insult the police saying that I was disgusted and ashamed of their behaviour and that they revolted me.

Perhaps one minute after the policeman with the dog said "Evidence" two other policemen were searching the dustbins when one said that he had just found some drugs in a tin foil dish which was on the draining board. I could not see anything else, but very quickly the Police arrested Paul Keeler very brutally and prevented him from phoning his solicitor. They also arrested Uisce Bo, John Dugger and myself. They did not arrest Andy Forrest who was in the room throughout the whole time of the search. Then we were all driven in a police van to the police station. This being Friday the 16th February, 1968.

(b) STATEMENT MADE BY ANDY FORREST ON 19TH APRIL, 1968.

On entering the Group Theatre's ground floor I was immediately searched by two plainclothes policemen, who found nothing incriminating on my body or clothes. On being freed I noticed that Paul Keeler, Eve Ridoux, John Dugger and Uisce Bo were also in the room. Paul Keeler then told me to watch the policemen in case they planted drugs on us.

John Dugger who was watching the policeman with the dog, followed him into the part of the room which was partitioned from the remainder by a curtain and a cupboard. After a couple of minutes the policeman shouted, "Evidence, Evidence". John Dugger then said that the policeman dropped a piece of silver paper on the ground and then shouted "Evidence, Evidence".

Paul Keeler who was seated next to the opening of the partition on a stool, said he believed John Dugger and not the policeman.

The policeman then gave the piece of silver paper to the senior officer.

The same Policeman after giving the 'Evidence' to his senior, then walked over to the area around the sink. After two or three minutes he said he had found another two lumps of hashish wrapped in silver paper. He also found a silver foil dish which he said could contain traces of hashish. All these new found objects were given to the Police officer in command.

Paul Keeler then said he wanted to phone. He was stopped by an officer at the door to the room. After being told to stop trying to get to the phone in case he wanted to be arrested for assault, he was led into the adjoining room by one officer and kept there.

In the main room a policeman who had been searching through the room on the other side of the partition came through into our side of the room holding a razor blade in a container. He said this could be used for cutting the hashish.

The policeman with the dog then continued his search, looking on top of a big blue cupboard by the window and a smaller one next to the partition behind the table. He found nothing.

When the search finished we were told we were all arrested. I protested and was allowed to go free. All the others were led into a Maria and driven off. I was given the keys to the theatre by John Dugger.
PART III

SUPPLEMENTARY STATEMENTS BY MEMBERS OF THE GALAXY

(a) LETTER WRITTEN BY PAUL KEELER AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM ON 10TH MARCH 1968 TO BERNARD SYMONS.

Exploding Galaxy Drugs Case Number One.

Exploration of evidence given by Sgt. Shearn and Detective Constable Kellett on March 9th 1968 at Old Street Magistrates Court.

I will firstly point out clear lies that were put forward as evidence. By lies I mean what I would consider to be conscious distortions of truth of whatever actually happened.

When I was asked who was in charge I did not reply, I am. I said John Dunhill was in charge of the theatre and that at that time he was at the London School of Film Technique.

Sgt. Shearn said between 3 or 4 minutes elapsed from the time he found first lot of hash behind the curtain and the hash under the sink. In fact a far shorter time elapsed. I should say between one minute and ½ minutes. Sgt. Shearn handed the first lot of hash to D.C. Kellett. I looked at it. I then saw Sgt. Shearn go behind the coffee counter, he went straight from handing the first package to Kellett to the sink. He stuck his hand beside the rubbish bin and drew out the second piece of silver paper and repeated the action further along.

Sgt. Shearn said the dog was off the leash when it found the hash. Or he certainly very strongly implied this. He was let off the leash when he was upstairs but was put back on the leash before re-entering the downstairs room.

I will secondly point out important omissions from their statement.

Kellett omitted to say why I stripped. I stripped because I was told to by Kellett. When the knife was found Kellett failed to report that John asked them to be careful not to erase the fingerprints. Both statements omitted to mention that Andy another Explorer entered the downstairs room at the time Sgt. Shearn was 'finding' the hash and was witness to what happened. Kelletts statement failed to say why I was trying to leave the room. It was because as I told him I wanted to enter the office and telephone my solicitor. Kellets statement failed to record that Uisce Bo said to him when he showed her the hash and asked her if she had seen it before, that she had actually NEVER seen hash before.

I will thirdly correct what I would call mistakes.

Kellett did not meet Eve in the upstairs room, she was on the stairs at the bottom. I did not say we were at the theatre to practice but to explore.

It would seem the biggest mistake the police have made is to find hash on so many different items unconnected with each other and the Galaxy.

Generally both their statements were highly inaccurate. The language reported to have been mine was very badly reported. I talked non stop during their visit to the Theatre. I would never use phrases like, "I'll fix you", in fact the only statement reported with any accuracy was "Your minds stink". This I must have said a sufficient number of times for it to sink into their thick skulls. At this stage I have only written down what I consider to be important - Lies, Omissions and Mistakes.

(b) AMENDMENTS TO UISCE BO'S STATEMENT MADE TO THE SOLICITOR ON HIS SECOND VISIT TO HOLLOWAY PRISON.

Myself, Eve and John left Paul and went upstairs. After a few minutes John and I decided to leave the building to collect something. Eve decided to join Paul. Just as we were going
going to descend, Paul came up to us, shouting, surrounded by a number of men who I later learned were police officers. They detained us in the upper room where they searched our coats and various articles we had brought along that afternoon. One officer found a knife on a ledge near the lighting equipment. He took this as "evidence". Also Paul was asked to strip to his underwear and his clothes were searched. We were then led to the room below and detained while the officers searched.

23 During this incident, and afterwards at the Police Station, I was asked about David Medalla. Was he still living in Balls Pond Road? Did Paul Keeler owe him money? I answered that I had not met David as he was in Paris and did not know when he was coming back into England. I knew nothing about his personal affairs and to whom he owed money. When the police first mentioned David they referred to him as the "Asian boy" who was in the house during the summer, and also at the Police Station they referred to a boy with a ginger beard. They said he was a drug addict who lived in the house during the summer and asked if he was still there. I replied I had no knowledge of such a person.

STATEMENTS MADE ON MAY 23RD

16. (c) THE DOG

As I entered the downstairs room Paul Keeler said "John watch the man behind the curtain". I walked hurriedly to the curtained partition. There I saw Sgt. Shearn stooped over some bundles lying against the left hand side of the wall, facing the street. I remember the dog, leashed and at his side.

John Duggar.

(d) SEARCHING THE KITCHEN AREA

17 During the time Sgt. Shearn was in the partitioned area I was not looking at any specific officer, but was generally observing all the officers. Perhaps most the Sgt. More than one of the officers searched around the kitchen area before the first piece of cannabis was produced by Sgt. Shearn.

Eve Ridoux.

During this time I was very confused and I did not look at any specific officers. I cannot remember if they searched around the area of the sink unit at that time.

Usace Bo.

(e) THE THIRD PIECE OF SILVER PAPER

After planting the two pieces of cannabis under the sink I saw Sgt. Shearn pick up a silver individual, cake wrapper which was on the floor beside the left hand wall. I did not record this incident in my original statement as it was quite obvious what it was and I did not think that the police would take it away with them and produce it as an exhibit.

Paul Keeler.

(f) THE TIN FOIL CONTAINER

18 I saw D.C. Kellett crush the tin foil container in a folding motion to hold the four pieces of silver paper. He made no mention of the fact that cannabis was found in the container. I believe he used it simply to carry the evidence.

John Duggar.

(g) JOHN DUGGER'S QUESTION

24 I clearly remember John Duggar ask D.C. Kellett when we were being arrested "Don't you have to find the cannabis on us to arrest us for possession?" This was changed in D.C. Kellett's statement to "You are not arresting me. You didn't find it in my pockets".

Paul Keeler.
(h) EVE RIDOUX'S SWEARING

D. C. Kellett states that Eve swore at him before the cannabis was produced. I remember clearly that she did not swear at him until after the cannabis was produced and she realized that we had been planted.

Paul Keeler.

(i) JOHN DUGGER'S KNIFE

At the Police Station I was asked to turn out my pockets. I did so, explaining as I went the purpose and artistic value of each object. I surrendered, with other things, a pocket jack-knife. D. C. Kellett said "I'll have that." I said he could have it, but after I had opened it and had the blade surface checked by the desk-sgt. I opened the jack-knife and examined the blade with the desk-sgt. (at his right side, facing D. C. Kellett and co.), explaining that the drugs produced in evidence were "planted" by Kellett and his men and that I feared he (Kellett) would smear the knife with drugs. The desk-sgt. was understanding and examined the knife closely, he then surrendered the knife to Kellett.

John Dugger.

PART IV

STATEMENTS WRITTEN BY THE TEACHERS AT GROUP THEATRE

(a) LETTER WRITTEN BY JOHN DUNN-HILL

Group Theatre,
Grange Street,
London N.1.

24th February, 1968

I, John Dunn-Hill, tenant of the above address and Director of Group Theatre, hereby state truthfully the happening of certain instances between the group called The Exploding Galaxy and myself at the above named premises on Friday the 16th, Saturday 17th and Sunday 18th.

At approximately 9.30 am on Friday morning Mr. Paul Keeler called to see me as was his usual practice for several days. I then left Paul Keeler on the premises and set out for the City. I returned however at 11.15 am and encountered Paul Keeler in the street, he was going to the "Sturt Public House" on New North Road. I arranged to meet him there later.

At Group Theatre I proceeded to collect some items of stage make-up during my being there. Mr. John Townsend, the Hackney Borough Youth Officer, called to see me, we talked for some 20 minutes and then he left. I then proceeded to sweep the floor of the downstairs room, the entire floor was swept by me, the main space and behind the kitchen counter and under the sinks. I then left Group Theatre and joined Paul Keeler at the "Sturt". We drank together for some 50 minutes, then at 2.45 pm we left. I returned to town and Mr. Keeler for Group Theatre.

At 4 o'clock the police with warrents entered Group Theatre and maintained they found pieces of stuff they said was the Narcotic known as hashish about the floor and under the sinks. They arrested Mr. Keeler and three other members of the Galaxy. The next day I encountered Mr. Keeler and the others at Old Street Court and arranged to meet Mr. Keeler on the Sunday morning with my solicitor, Mr. David Sarch. We talked with Mr. Keeler for some two hours, during which Mr. Keeler stressed his concern about a further recurrence of the police entering, planting and finding hashish on the premises.

I in turn was duly concerned about the same thing happening at Group Theatre and went to City Road Police Station with Mr. Sarch, the solicitor, and filed a statement stating that for the past three years I have known Mr. Paul Keeler and that during that time I have never known him to possess or be in contact with any person holding or in the knowledge of smoking hashish. Also it was clearly mentioned between us that during the Galaxy's stay at Group Theatre no-one known to me or them would be allowed to partake of alcoholic drink nor drugs. This contract was kept as far as I am concerned.

On Thursday 22nd February four of the Galaxy were arrested at their home in Balls Pond Road for being in possession of hashish. I have been to the Galaxy's home on several occasions and have never known the persons arrested to be partaking or in possession of drugs. In fact "Fitz", one of the Galaxy's foremost members is adamantly against all forms
of addiction. Several members of the Group Theatre have seen the Galaxy at Group Theatre and will swear that they found them always well conducted and sober. Mr. Paul Keeler is a man of his word and of supreme integrity and I can swear that the Galaxy did not put the so-called hashish at Group Theatre, and if the gentlemen of the Law don't know who put it there, then perhaps God does!

(b) STATEMENT MADE BY JOHN DUNN-HILL ON 14TH MARCH 1968

Question
What time did Mr. John Townsend leave Group Theatre on the 16th February?

Answer
Approximately 1.15 pm. Then I started to sweep up which took me 20-25 minutes.

Question
Did you notice a tin foil chinese food container by the sink?

Answer
Yes, this was an empty container which I had eaten from the night previously and washed out to use as an ashtray.

Question
When did you wash it out?

Answer
I washed this at approximately 1.20 pm. in my process of cleaning up.

Question
The police found a wooden handled paring knife with serrated edge upstairs in the theatre. Do you know anything about this item?

Answer
There was such a knife which was used for cutting bread which went missing from the kitchen cupboard some twelve weeks previously to the 16th. I can only imagine that somebody had taken the knife up to cut rope in the theatre upstairs.

Question
There were four or five carrier bags in the partitioned area, who owned them?

Answer
One of the carrier bags contained soap powder, washing-up liquid and some coffee - this bag belonged to me. Other carrier bags, which also belonged to me, contained costuming and props. One of the bags had some books in it which were used by Group Theatre, and were the property of Esmond Webb and Group Theatre.

Question
Do you remember a plastic razor blade container?

Answer
Yes, this belonged to Miss Josephine Biscombe, who left some of her personal toilet belongings at Group Theatre.

Question
Were you surprised when you heard it contained traces of hashish when examined in the police lab?

Answer
Absolutely.

Question
Were you also surprised to hear that traces of hashish were found on the knife and the chinese food container?

Answer
Yes
Question
Have you ever known Group Theatre to be used for the smoking of hashish?

Answer
Never.

(c) STATEMENT MADE BY ESMOND WEBB ON 22ND MAY 1968

I was teaching three nights a week at Group Theatre at the time of the police raid. I have no reason to believe the premises have been used for the smoking of hashish by members of the Group Theatre. I have no reason to believe that during the ten days the Exploding Galaxy were at Group Theatre they used the building for the smoking of hashish. Indeed, if I had suspected such behaviour I would have taken immediate steps to see that the matter would have been reported to the authorities.
Appendix 5
(a) CONCERNING BAIL - BY GUY BRETT

On 16th February Judith Perta rang me and told me of the police raid on the Group Theatre and of the four arrests. She told me the time and place of the hearing and she asked me if I could stand bail. I said I would, and went to the court alone. I presented myself at the dutyroom and said I had come to offer bail. I was asked to wait, eventually a police-officer in plainclothes came out and asked me how much bail I could afford to offer. I said the amount that the court fixed. He asked me my address and I told him. He asked me if I had a permanent address, and I said I had just given it to him. Without hesitation or further question he told me I was not a suitable person to stand bail. I asked him on what grounds he had found me unsuitable, since he had no information about me whatever apart from my address. This question he would not answer, nor would he ask me further questions. From the beginning his manner was rude and aggressive.

Guy Brett.

(b) CONCERNING BAIL - BY DENY DROWER

Kellett's assistant approached me outside the court and asked me if I was the man prepared to stand bail for the accused.

I said I was. He asked me for my name and address, I gave it. He then asked how much I was prepared to put up. I said about £500. He said "Each?" I said "Are you crazy?"

He then said one is an American and one is French, they might easily skip the country. I said "That's ridiculous, they don't have any money", or words to that effect.

Later the same day, Guy Brett arrived and said he was prepared to put up bail. I suggested that we should split it 50-50 and he agreed. He then reported to the office. A few minutes later Kellett and his assistant came out and turning to Mr. Brett said "I will not accept you as a surety, on the other hand I will accept you" (pointing to me). Mr. Brett and I both asked him why he was not suitable as a surety. Kellett replied that he did not have to reveal the reasons for his decision - as far as he was concerned Mr. Brett was not a satisfactory surety. Further pressed by Mr. Brett and myself he said that the reason was that Mr. Brett had only been at his present address a short time - I think it was three weeks.

I went and sat down on a bench next to my wife and daughter. Kellett and his assistant came over to me and asked me if I realised what would happen if the accused did not surrender to their bail. I said yes, of course - if they don't turn up I lose the money. One of them, I think it was Kellett, said "You know you could even go to prison?" I smiled and said "I'll take that risk".

Kellett, on oath, was being examined on the question of bail. While not opposing bail he volunteered the information that all the accused lived together with others in "this house 99 Balls Pond Road, which is up for sale and which is semi-derelict". There was a general gasp of dissent from the spectators in court who were friends of the accused. This was quickly silenced by the court usher.

Shortly after this hearing I had occasion to visit 99 Balls Pond Road. I found it in disorder, but in no circumstances could I have described it semi-derelict. It is a Georgian house of some value and had wall-to-wall carpeting.

The magistrate, questioning me on the subject of bail, asked me why, since I hardly knew the accused at all, I was prepared to stand as surety. I replied that although I myself did not know them I knew of them and that my daughters knew them well. I was satisfied from what they had told me that the accused were not guilty of the charge. I felt that the evidence as far as I knew was most unsatisfactory and that I feared injustice was being done.

Deny Drower.

(50)
PART II

(a) AFFIDAVIT WRITTEN BY DENY DROWER

(b) ANNABEL DROWER EXPLAINS THE AFFIDAVIT.

On February 16th in the evening Julia Price rang me to say that four people from the Exploding Galaxy had been arrested at the Group Theatre where they had been exploring the "Orange and Blue". Having spent some time with them I knew that the Galaxy would never have been in possession of cannabis - their lives were already full of explorations and discoveries in trying to create and live together, so they hadn't time for the laborious preparation of "joints" let alone the hustling to get hold of cannabis or the risk of arrest, and anyway they would find a lump of cannabis in their pocket a most untransforming attachment. They were also most careful, I knew, that none of the many visitors to their house brought any drugs in with them.

I told my parents what had happened, and my father, although he knew none of the Galaxy personally sensed an injustice and agreed to stand bail the next day.

The next morning before we went to court he said that the Galaxy needed some protection from further persecution by the police. He made out an affidavit, which my mother typed out, stating the Galaxy's fears and said that if such a document were signed, dated and kept in the bank it might be useful evidence should there be another plant.

When we got to the Court my father was involved in business about bail. I brought out the affidavit for the Galaxy to see. Some signed it, others wouldn't sign immediately because they weren't sure of the wording and wanted to discuss it further. In the excitement and confusion some people did not see it. The matter was postponed, but wasn't taken up again in time.

(c) STATEMENT BY MICHAEL DEMPSEY, PUBLISHING EDITOR, AND SOMETIMES SALE ROOM CORRESPONDENT OF THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

I have known Paul Keeler personally for approximately one year, and by his very considerable reputation in the art world, for several years. I know him to be a man of complete integrity and impeccable honesty, terms which I am not in the habit of using lightly.
On the afternoon of February 17th he came to my flat and told me that there had been a police "raid" on the theatre in Islington where his theatrical group, "The Exploding Galaxy" were rehearsing, in which four of the members of the group had been arrested. He spoke of a police conspiracy directed against the group because of their unorthodox way of living as a community. He said then that he expected there to be a further "raid" within a few days, which would involve, as did the previous "raid", the placing of unauthorised drugs by the police, in premises occupied by the group. I find it a matter of deep concern that this has now in fact happened, on the morning of February 22nd.

The six people accused, Paul Keeler, Irene Davie, John Scott Dugger, Gerald Fitzgerald, Eve Ridoux and Christian Ledoux are all known to me personally. I am convinced that none of them takes prohibited drugs, and that the charges laid against them in this respect are totally false. I am equally convinced of the artistic worth of the Exploding Galaxy, and that the repudiation of drugs is a central tenet of their art and of their lives.

Michael Dempsey.
23rd February, 1968.

(d) STATEMENT BY GUY BRETT, ART CRITIC OF "THE TIMES".

22nd February, 1968

Dear Mr. Callaghan,

I am writing this letter to you because I have heard the descriptions by members of the Exploding Galaxy of the two raids carried out by the Police and their subsequent arrests. The behaviour of the Police in this matter seems to me to have been unfair and unjust, and continues to be so. I also want to record that on Sunday February 18th, Paul Keeler talked to me here and expressed his fear that the Police would shortly make a raid on his house in Balls Pond Road, and he was uncertain what action to take.

Yours sincerely,

Guy Brett.

(e) STATEMENT BY DAVID SARCH, SOLICITOR

DAVID SARCH,
Solicitor

W I L L S A Y as follows -

Following instructions received from Mr. John Dunn-Hill on Saturday 17th February, I attended with him at the Group Theatre premises Grange Street N.1. on Sunday the 18th February at approximately 11 am. Mr. Dunn-Hill told me that on the 16th February the Police had raided the Group Theatre with dogs in the afternoon. He told me he had not been there but the premises had been used during the past few days only in the afternoons for rehearsal by the Exploding Galaxy. Mr. Dunn-Hill explained that his occupation of the premises was in the capacity as the Principal of a Drama School and Group. This group was run under the auspices of a local evening institute with the full approval and encouragement of the local educational authority.

After viewing the premises with Dunn-Hill alone, I subsequently saw Keeler together with three other men at a Public House near the theatre. In general terms, Keeler and the others were adamant that they had had no cannabis or other drugs on them when the Police made the raid, they were all very indignant at the way they had been treated by the Police. They felt that there was no other explanation for the drugs being on the premises other than that the Police had put them there themselves. In this frame of mind, and having regard to the peremptory way in which they had been dealt with by the Police, they said that they feared that there might be a recurrance. I seem to recall that they asked me in general terms what might be done to prevent or safeguard them against possible planting by the Police. I couldn't see that there was much that could be done, and although I explained to them that I was there to advise Mr. Dunn-Hill and not them, and that no doubt they had their own legal advisors, I could not see what could be done to allay their fears. In the early afternoon I was again at the premises with Dunn-Hill when Keeler and the others came there. One of the other men pointed out to me a space behind a curtain on the ground floor of the premises where some suitcases were lying or stacked on chairs. I seem to remember a
After the news reached me that Eve, John, Ulace Bo and Paul had been arrested at the Group Theatre, one of my first moves was to telephone my father, who is a lawyer in the service of Her Majesty's Government. I was not able to speak to him then. An arrangement was made that he should ring me at the Group Theatre on Sunday, when we would be there to give a private performance of the "Orange and Blue Kinetogram". When my father rang, I had not yet arrived, but he spoke to Gerry Fitzgerald who expressed to him the fear that was on all our minds, the fear that since the police had planted us once, it seemed not only possible, but even likely that they would do it again, especially since the house we all lived in was so nearby. When I arrived at the theatre the message was given me that my father had rung, so I rang him back. I talked to him, more about the recent arrests, and arranged to have dinner with my family on Tuesday.

On Tuesday evening, the conversation centered around the topic of the arrests. I tried to arouse in my parents some kind of concern about the injustice that had been done. I was not so successful as I might have wished and became upset by their complacency, while they in turn resented my attempts to rouse them. They did, however, admit that if what I said was true, it certainly was very shocking that the police should plant people with drugs in order to be able to arrest them. My father furthermore, seemed to accept the idea as not at all improbable that the police did plant the evidence, but he was sure they had their reasons. I said I thought the whole country was in danger if the police could get away with such crimes, and if they had chosen us as victim, I thought myself and my friends living at Balls Pond Road to be in very grave danger. My father said something about "lightning rarely striking in the same place twice". When I asked him for advice as to what we should do to protect ourselves, he said the best we could do would be to invite some responsible person to the house who could be a witness in the event of further raids.

It was acting on this advice partly, and partly because I wanted to see her anyway, that I invited to the house on Wednesday an old school friend of mine, Caroline John, the daughter of Admiral Sir Caspar John, Chairman of the "I'm Backing Britain" Campaign. She came in the afternoon with her dog Flossie and later went shopping to the local market with Gerry Fitzgerald. She stayed and cooked supper for about 8 of us, and was there when a man came, saying he was looking for Gerry Fitzgerald, who happened to be out just then, although he came in later. The man sat down with us to await Gerry Fitzgerald's return. He tried to get information about ourselves from us for an alleged book that was being written by a hippy-girl from San Francisco. He was very vague about the nature of the book, but provided details of the vital statistics of the author. He also tried to take photographs of me but I stopped him, because he could not be precise about what he wanted them for. Later Fitz spent quite a long time talking to the man about
his art. I got bored and left. But there was something insidious about the man none of us liked. He wore jeans, but they were very new. His casualness seemed studied. Moreover he seemed always to want to steer the conversation towards vaguely suggestive jokes. To our relief he left. Caroline, Edward, Judith, John Dugger, Fitz and myself went out for a walk. We thought of going to a park, but there was only room in the car for 4 people. Much discussion ensued as we all wanted to go really. But we talked for so long that Fitz, who had a cold anyway began to feel cold, so he returned with John Dugger, while the rest of us went on. We returned later to the house. Fitz was comforting his cold with cocoa. We went to sleep, Caroline sleeping in the end of my bed.

The next morning there was a knock on the door. Caroline went to answer it. I heard a man’s voice say "Police". I thought it was a joke.
Appendix 6
PART I

(a) STATEMENT BY CHRISTIAN LEDOUX

The Galaxy as a group has been prejudiced against not only by some members of the local police, but by a few local people - stones have been thrown on the windows of our house, in the evening and at night. Usually groups of youngsters would come and shout various slogans as a clumsy attempt to make contact with us.

But the event which took place on Saturday night, March 30th this year surpassed all expectations of blunt aggressiveness.

I had walked back from a concert of St. John's Passion. Most of the people in the house were asleep and I shared a meal with two or three explorers who had not gone to bed yet. At about half past one, we heard some very harsh and unpleasant shouting outside. Four men and three women were pointing at and making for the house. They looked about forty years old, which from our own experience was very unusual. They came into the front yard, taking a dustbin lid and my bicycle. The three married women were enticing the men to get in and rape a girl, Mal, who was watching them out of the open window. They said she was naked, which she was not, and called her a prostitute. Mal, who is herself married and has a three-years old daughter living in the house, panicked. By now everybody was awake. The shouting outside was heavier and heavier. We got frightened and tried to use a neighbour's telephone. Nobody would wake up. We tried another house through the garden. Same thing. There was no way to call the police, which was the only thing we wanted to do, as we would not fight these men who came here probably to spend their alcoholic energy in threatening us with their coarse voices, and breaking a few things (like works of art, noses and knuckles......).

At this stage the four men started hanging on the door, shouting "We want peace!" They had been drinking heavily. They burst the door open just as I was behind it. I tried to stop them but I got punched on the nose and fell down unconscious. Edward Pope, who was behind me, slammed the door as he saw the men take aback and retreat. The door was then barricaded. The aggressors broke the bicycle and roamed about for another 10 minutes. Then we saw a policeman walk by, opened the door and started explaining to him what had happened. He would not believe anything like ordinary people attacking our house, and it was not until a police jaguar which happened to pass by that I could ask them to go and look for these people. We found them alright, but one policeman made a remark about drugs being in the house (I) and asked me to point at the man who assaulted me. I recognised all of them as my aggressors. The police would not arrest them, they only took their names and addresses. One policeman wrote a report of the incident, came back to see the damage on the door and the bicycle. He seemed to believe the account of the aggression and told me what I could legally do.

I thought that I should get warrants issued to these people so that the police take the matter seriously. One police witness came to the hearing of the case which took months to take place. Two of the aggressors gave false names and addresses and were not found. The two defendants were given the benefit of the doubt as only myself could identify them.

The next Saturday night after the incident, the police came to the house to enquire if we had not been attacked again. Since then they have been aware of our situation with some aggressive elements of the local population, but they have refused to give us extra protection.

Christian Ledoux.

(b) STATEMENT BY JOHN SCHOFIELD

On Sunday morning, the 13th of April, I woke up at about 10 am. and went down to the basement floor. In the kitchen I was told by David Medalla that at about 3 am. that morning a large lump of concrete had been thrown through the window of the ground floor room where he had been sleeping. I went up to that room and found splinters of glass and wood covering the floor and bed and the piece of concrete, roughly six inches in diameter, was about eight feet into the room from the window. The bottom half of the window itself was completely shattered, the wooden centre strut was broken as well as two large panes of glass (23' x 20' approx.). I decided to go and tell the police what had happened. At Dalston Lane Station the desk-sergeant said that he would try to send a man round to make a report. On the subject of further protection he said that they were over-worked as it was and that he could do no more to protect the house then was being done at present. The police did not however visit the house to inspect the damage.

John Schofield.
(c) STATEMENT BY BERNARD SYMONS (SOLICITOR)

I rang up the Station Sergeant at Dalston Police Station and asked to speak to the senior officer there. The Sergeant told me he was the senior officer there at the time. I described the rock-throwing incident at 99 Balls Pond Road, and asked whether any progress had been made with discovering who had been responsible for the incident. I was told that the matter was being investigated and that everything possible was being done. I described the other incidents relating to the house and asked if the house could have special police protection as I was afraid a serious injury would be caused in the future. The Sergeant said this was quite impossible but that he would ask the ordinary "man on the beat" to keep an eye on the house. I pointed out that this was impractical as anyone wanting to inflict injury would wait until the man on the beat had left. The Sergeant said he could not help any other way as there were not enough P.C.s. available to keep special watch.

Bernard Symons.

(d) STATEMENT BY JOHN DUGGER

At about 11.00 o'clock or near the time that the local pubs close, four to six youths threw two half-bricks through the basement and ground floor windows. I was in the main hallway at the time the bricks came through the window on the ground floor, there was shouting and screaming. I ran up to the top floor front room (the room that faces the street), and saw the four to six youths mentioned above. I began yelling for the police, the youths ran down the street in the direction of Dalston Junction. I ran down the stairs and out into the street, and over to the Chinese Food Take-out Restaurant. There I called the emergency number 999 and was put in contact with Scotland Yard. I was told help would be on its way.

I crossed the street back to my house, and waited in the house for the police. I noticed four youths pass the house looking at the broken windows and laughing. I recognised two of them as our attackers. I ran out of the door and called to them to stop and come back. They began to run. At that moment David Medella ran out the door and asked me if those were the youths that had attacked the house. I said they were and he began to run after them. I took up the chase too. The four youths ran down South Gate Road. David and I chased them to the corner of South Gate and Balls Pond Roads.

The police arrived as David and I walked back to 99 Balls Pond Road. I gave them a complete report and told them that I suspected the attackers were at that moment running down South Gate Road. They asked me if I would prosecute. I said I would. The police left and did not return.

Notes -

In the house at the time of the attack were James Dugger, David Medella and myself.

The police arrived about four minutes after my call.

Date of writing this statement - 2nd September 1968
Date of the attack on 99 Balls Pond Road - 26th August 1968

John Dugger.

(e) STATEMENT BY AUDREY VIPOND ABOUT AN INCIDENT WHICH TOOK PLACE IN MARCH 1968

I was returning to 99 Balls Pond Road after dining with Hugo and Ermine Williams at 3 Raleigh Street, which is close to Essex Road, Islington. It was after 11.00 pm. when I left, and being undecided whether to walk home or to take a 38/38A bus in Essex Road I began walking along Essex Road. I remember crossing the road to avoid passing close to four young men who were standing at a corner. While passing parallel to them I also passed the entrance of a coffee bar. In the doorway stood one boy of about 17, who shouted "Hey!" and attempted to hold my arm. Stepping back to avoid his capture I turned and began skipping down the street, thinking that was an end to it. But the boy pursued, yelling to his friends in the cafe to join, and also attracting the attention of the four youths on the opposite pavement. They ran and soon over took me, and formed
a group to stop my dance, so I skipped into the middle of the road, where two of the boys narrowly missed colliding with a taxi. The driver stopped and was most abusive to me, but refused to pick me up when I explained I was being pursued unwillingly. By this time I was close to the bus stop outside the Odeon Cinema, round which I revolved hoping a bus would soon arrive and rescue me as about 10 to 12 youths were milling around. I heard someone say "I know where she lives. She's from Balls Pond Road", "She's one of them", "Let's get her". One particular insidious person came very close and whispered "I'm going to get some tits from you tonight". Fortunately a bus arrived shortly after this comment. I boarded, the boys beat on the side of the bus with their hands and yelled. I think they enjoyed the chase immensely and were very exhilarated by the run.

Audrey Vipond.
(a) STATEMENT BY ALLISON AMBRIDGE

34 A Friday shortly after the raid I visited 99 Balls Pond Road, Victoria Sayers a friend of mine was with me. We were in the house about two hours. John Schofield of the Galaxy was there. There was a knock at the door and John went up from the basement to open it. He was there a few minutes then he came down and said "The fuzz are here. They say an old man has brought two young girls here by force." So we went upstairs and the police said "Have you been brought here by force?" I said "No, I came here to visit some friends. I have been coming here for the last nine months." So one uniformed policewoman and the two plainclothes fuzz said to me "What's your name and address?" I said "I don't have to tell you that do I?" The policewoman said "No, I don't suppose you do." Another fuzz said "But if you don't satisfy us here you can come down to the station." So then my friend and I gave them our names, address, dates of birth and the school address. The policewoman said "We won't go any further, we just wanted to satisfy ourselves." I was very upset by this. That week I contracted Asian flu. They came around to my parents' house the Thursday following and the policewoman came upstairs with my mother and she said she had told the Principal of the school that I had been to 99 Balls Pond Road. The police told my mother that the house was filthy, that drugs were used there and had been found there. Then they asked me if I had used drugs, they upset my mother a lot. The policewoman also visited my friend's house and told her mother similar things. They asked my friend, after they knew we had been going there for quite a time, if she had been offered drugs by anyone in the house.

Vickie's parents won't allow her to go to 99 Balls Pond Road anymore. In fact, they won't let her come around with me.

Appendix 7

Allison Ambridge
22nd May, 1968

(b) STATEMENT BY JOHN DUNN-HILL

35 At about 8.10 on the evening of Tuesday 7th May 1968 I was sitting in Group Theatre, Grange Street, London N.1., with Mr. Esmond Webb, my fellow teacher, when two gentlemen entered, and introduced themselves as Police officers. They questioned me about the Exploding Galaxy and Mr. Paul Keeler, also as to where they were living. I told them that as far as I knew they, the Exploding Galaxy and Mr. Keeler, were in Paris. They asked me if I lived at Balls Pond Road. I told them no. They then told me that on one of their visits there they found three of the persons to be living there to be known narcotic or heroin addicts. They then asked me again if I knew the whereabouts of Mr. Keeler and the Exploding Galaxy. I replied as before no. They left, having stayed for some twenty minutes.

John Dunn-Hill

(c) STATEMENT BY EVE RIDOUX

One day, after the second plant of the police in the house, 99 Balls Pond Road, I phoned my solicitor to ask him how we can protect ourselves against the police. I was at the moment very afraid and disturbed. My solicitor said that it will be better to leave for a while the house (Balls Pond Road) because the police will be able to plant us a third time. He said that has happened already to other people. Because I was already on one charge, the first one in the Group Theatre, I was afraid that the police plant me again, personally, like they have done for Ulric Bo and John Dugger who were sent in prison. I decide to leave for two weeks to stay in a friend's house on the advise of my solicitor.

Eve Ridoux.
Appendix 7
IS IT THE POLICE

EXPLAINING the Exploding Galaxy, even to a generation brought up on Tit-Binding, is no easy task. They don’t help. They describe themselves as “exploring transmedia,” but if I were reviewing them I might call them a group concerned with total theatre. Their performances incorporate music, dance, improvisation, kinetic art and music made from instruments like karimbas and Indian flutes. They have performed at festivals in Paris, Utrecht and Amsterdam and last Friday they gave their first “explanation” for some months at University College, London.

But I suppose the important thing about the Galaxy, at least to themselves, is that all life is a “happening.” They dress, pre-Raphaelite fashion, in long robes, soft heavy cloaks and brilliant scarves. Both sexes wear their hair at least to the shoulders. This insistence on carrying art into life has made things difficult for the Galaxy recently.

There was bound to come a time with these articles when it would be a bit tricky to sort out who was “he” and who was “she.” It is with the Exploding Galaxy that we introduce the community, natty and gay, which might, just possibly, be the first time the police had no warrant and Keeler allowed them to search his house.

The second time they had a warrant and when there was some drink around answering the door because the household was asleep, they broke the lock. On neither occasion did they find anything. Nor did they mend the door.

Keeler is explicit about his attitude to drugs. He does not allow them into the house, has a notice forbidding their use, once found his bath had been smoking hashish and asked them to leave. His reasons for this are not so much moral as practical. The house is a secure base for the group and they must safeguard it.

For three and a half months last year the Galaxy was abroad on a tour. They arrived back in January. On 15 February Keeler and three other members were “exploring” (which you, or I, or Sir Laurence Olivier might call rehearsing) in a theatre in North London when the police came, with a warrant, to search the place for drugs. Keeler was obviously in charge, and his account of what happened, which does not differ substantially from the evidence the police gave in court, is this:

They searched Keeler and the other three, whom they searched, the theatre-and found four, four small joints. When Keeler tried to leave the room to phone a solicitor he was stopped. Instead, he was marched to a waiting van with his friends, without being charged.

They were all taken to the police station. Here Keeler was searched again. This time he was stripped naked in the hall of the station—criminal lawyers say this is not unusual—and locked in a cell. He was then charged and allowed to speak to a solicitor, though his phone call was cut off.

It is only fair to say that things seem to have got fairly abusive. At one stage, he says, the police threatened to charge Keeler with trying to steal the Police Gazette. He asked for bail, was denied it, and detained overnight. Next day he and the others were taken to the Magistrates’ Court. After some difficulty bail of £150 per person was granted—the art critic of the Times was turned down by the police as an unsuitable person to stand bail. The solicitors asked for legal aid and this was refused because the magistrate thought that public money should not be used in a case of this kind. One solicitor withdrew his services from one of the accused at this stage. Happily the other was able to persist.

On 9 and 11 March committal proceedings were heard and the magistrate threw out the case, saying that the police had failed to establish any connection between the cannabis found in the theatre and the defendants. This time the solicitors asked for costs and were refused.

Meanwhile, a number of things, some odd, some downright nasty, had been happening. 16 February was a Friday. Between the Friday and the Monday Keeler expressed considerable anxiety to a number of people that the police might raid the house in Dalston. On the Thursday, 22 February, the house was raided and four members of the group were charged with possession of cannabis.

The case of one girl was dismissed after she had spent 10 days in Holloway having been refused bail. The others were committed for trial. A plea of not guilty was entered. The police case is that they found cannabis. This matter is sub judice. At the committal proceedings the defending lawyer twice objected to the use being made by the prosecution of the way the group lived and looked. The magistrate agreed that this was irrelevant.

On Sunday 24 February, the People carried an article which began: “So help me, here’s another story of a scruffy, long-haired, unwashed wash-outs who believe they have solved all life’s problems with calls to a no-one they reject all the rules which ordinary people live by and are busy setting up groups where
everything will be common property. And I do mean everything, and it went on to say that the girls in the Galaxy were common property. This is strongly denied by the group—Keeler says they regard promiscuity as "negative."

Anyway, it seems about as irrelevant as how they dress.

Since then there has been little protest. There have been several incidents in which girls returning home alone have been surrounded by young thugs and urged to share out their favours, as they are used to doing so anyway. Late one Saturday night a bunch of drunks knocked on the door, and forced their way in. Stones have been thrown through the front window and a couple of weeks ago a veritable rock was flung, scattering glass all over the floor where people were sleeping. The police have been asked for protection and say they cannot make special arrangements; their man on the beat will keep an eye on things.

The Exploding Galaxy in general and Paul Keeler in particular are lucky in having friends of considerable repute in the Establishment. Playwright Benn Levy presides like a benevolent father in his beautiful Chelsea home to discuss their defence. But their situation brings up a much wider area of public concern, which has to do with the relationship between young people and the police, the alienation which seems to be increasing between them. People who feel society pays to enforce its laws, and a section of the young who feel themselves suspected and harassed because of the way they dress and wear their hair. An enigmatically respectable friend told us that his almost as respectable son was recently stopped by a policeman and asked his business when he was on his way to his parent's home. When he explained, he said, "You're a bit oddly dressed for this area, aren't you?"

It's a rift of which the police are very much aware. An inquiry, "The Police and Adolescents in a Changing Society" (which grew out of the police reports to the Home Office for this week's White Paper, 'Children in Trouble'), is currently circulating within Scotland Yard, and is mainly concerned with what the police can do to broaden the scope of their work among young people. It is suggested that perhaps there should be special police for dealing with young people as in other countries, that the police relationship with the young must be more constructive, and that the understanding of their problems must go right down to the bottom on the beat. It is certainly true that many police at the moment are as much baffled by the young as vice versa, and that they have to carry an unfair share of society's general confusion about how young people should be treated.

Nevertheless, there seems to us a far more immediate problem which is that a lot of young people, who are not really criminals, are getting into the hands of the police and are unlikely to know their rights. The police themselves talk with anxiety of this "twilight area." In a booklet, 'Drugs and the Police,' Detective Superintendent Terence Jones of the Hendon Youth Squad speaks of the problems of the policemen accustomed to dealing with criminals when they have to cope with the young on drug charges.

Mr Jones clearly sees the ordinary criminal as a much simpler proposition.

Last week we talked to Scotland Yard about how they ensure that a young person, picked up, say, suspected of possessing cannabis, knows his rights. We were told that everyone arrested must be charged in writing as soon as possible and that the charge sheet explains his rights about bail, legal aid, talking to a solicitor.

We were also told that bail is nearly always given by the officer in charge of the police station without the formality of applying for it before a magistrate, that police stations in the Metropole area are instructed to interpret the bail regulations liberally and that the police don't want to lock youngsters in cells.

This is an interminable amount of what should happen. But from what we hear from lawyers it does not seem to operate flawlessly in practice. One lawyer, who has a lot of experience of cases involving people on soft drugs charges, told us he had never known an example where a youngster on even a soft-drugs charge had been allowed bail overnight. There was always a night in jail and the formality of applying for bail before a magistrate next morning.

This kind of experience is endorsed by Release, the voluntary organisation which works for the release of any other who has been concerned with the relationship of young people in this "twilight area" and the police. Started— and still operating—on a shoestring as a 24-hour emergency service for people pulled in on drugs charges, Release has gradually grown to be the number people phone when they are in trouble with the police after a demonstration or what...

Paul Keeler and fellow Explorer: a rock was flung through the window.

To get an indent or make any promise to you to extract a statement.

Any parents who feel that their child is, at the very least, so extravagantly dressed or mixing in such company as to attract the suspicion of the police, might do worse than making this booklet compulsory reading.

The address of the National Council for Civil Liberties is at
Cromwell High Street, NW1; Release: 52 Princeside Road, W1; Tenancy Chambers, 229 7755.
FUZZDEATH ATTACKS
EXPLODING GALAXY

Here are some facts the Observer did not print last Sunday in its expose of the Exploding Galaxy's harassment by the police.

The Exploding Galaxy is an anarchistic dance-drama-music group, membership ranging from a dozen or so up to the 150 mark on occasion, headquarted in a communally shared house in Balls Pond Road, Dalston.

For the last year they have been exploding in places such as the Arts Lab, the University, universities, parks, buses and streets. Their hair is long, their dress is exotic and colorful. To cap it all, the Galaxy's first performance at last year's 14-hour-technicolour-dream at Alexandra Palace was called Fuzzdeath.

Predictably the police have decided that there must be dearer either in that possession of drugs is the best way.

But unfortunately the Galaxy is strict on no one using or keeping any illegal drugs in the house, or anywhere they work. This is based both on common-sense, and also on a distinction to get hung up on any habits (including television).

Fed up after a series of abortive raids, the police appear to have taken the easy way out, and made sure there was something to find by putting it there themselves.

Four of the Galaxy were at the Group Theatre, Granby St N1, on February 16 when five policemen and a dog came calling.

After searching the four—Paul Keeler, John Dugger, Eve Ridoux, and Uirschbo Davie—the police started looking around, while the Galaxy members kept them under as close observation as possible.

"Paul asked me to watch the man with the dog, who was behind the curtain at the far end of the room (in a part of the theatre not used by the Galaxy)" says John Dugger.

"I walked over to the curtain and watched the sergeant (Sgt Douglas Shearn stationed at Holloway). He was snooping over some baggage on the left side of the partition. He picked up an object, dropped it, nudged the dog, picked up the object again, turned, dropped it behind him, the dog hunched it.

"The sergeant picked up the object, turned and asked if the luggage was ours. I replied no and told him he had dropped something. He held it up and said 'Evidence': I said I saw him drop it. He pushed past me and said that I saw nothing. He then handed the planted drugs to his superior."

Then with the dog ("Yogi" by name, and "specially trained to detect certain drugs") Sgt Shearn started looking behind a coffee counter in the same room. Paul Keeler observed him: "I went over and watched in amazement this man put a hand blindly behind a rubbish bin and bring out another piece of hashish in silver paper and then repeat the next instant behind a paint tin.

"Three pieces of hash were discovered within about three minutes in three different places on the floor. One lot was seen to be thrown on the floor. The other two looked to me as if they were simply using the old magicians' trick of keeping the cards hidden in the hand." As a result of the raid all four were charged—but the cases were dismissed, much to the consternation of the police, when they came up at Old Street in March.

"It would seem the biggest mistake the police have made is to find hash on so many different items unconnected with each other and the Galaxy" commented Paul Keeler.

But in the meantime there had been another police raid, this time at the Balls Pond Road house at dawn on February 22. This raid had been expected, and among those whom the Galaxy told of their fears on this score were the Art Critic of The Times, and the editor of Hutchinson's art publications.

For all that, the police "found" it, in such obvious hiding places as a coat pocket, and under a bed. As a result John Dugger and Uirschbo Davie—who had only joined the Galaxy six weeks earlier, and who had never even seen cannabis—were remanded in custody, while Gerry Fitzgerald and Christian Ledoux were given bail.

After Uirschbo had spent ten days in Holloway Prison she had both cases against her dismissed. The other three were sent to trial on charges arising from the February 22 raid, for possession, and in the case of Christian for obstructing the police in the exercise of their duty—he grabbed the arm of a policeman whom he saw trying to put something in his pocket, he claims.

Following the raids and a vicious pair of People features ("Here's another bunch of scrubby, long-haired, unwashed wash-outs who believe they have solved all life's problems")—which with more in the same vein livened up the faded lives of People readers on February 24) drunks have invaded the house, rocks have been thrown through windows and the gradual process of acceptance of the Galaxy by the local community has been reversed.

In spite of the fact that one brick-sized rock came close to blinding a Galaxy member (he sleeps with his head under the blankets fortunately) and that old people living next door, with whom the Galaxy are quite friendly, are only too likely to get accidentally bombarded if this goes on, local police have refused to take any special precautions.

KEVIN McGRAVY

Peace News
1663 May 10 1968 1s (US 25 cents)
So THIS is what they’re all raving about...

The "modern" thinkers, the would-be intellectuals—they’re all raving these days about the Hippies and their cult of love and happiness. Well—Arthur Brown is a Hippy... and he looks a pretty sad character to us! He and his "dramatic—type free expression" group kept hundreds of Hippies screaming at a fantastic party in Covent Garden last week. Teenage girls ripped off their clothes and danced topless while others gave blood-curdling shrieks and writhed on the floor. "Degenerating, decadent, just plain daft," our reporter calls it.

Turn to Page 6 and see if it was the sort of thing you would like to go to—or, if you’re a parent, your daughter!
They preach love, but there are hidden dangers in the...

In the United States they call themselves Hippies, or the Beautiful People. But in London they are the Flower Children. In public you can see them talking about in Trafalgar Square or the Royal Parks, sometimes handing out carnations or roses to any passer-by who takes their fancy. But this growing band of undergraduates have a private world of their own—a world which adults and "square" of all ages seldom manage to penetrate. This is the world we have been investigating.

Friday night at the U.F.O. Club, London, mecca of the Flower Children. Not all the people in those pictures, taken at the club, necessarily share their beliefs. Many are just spectators.

FANATIC

We entered the interior of the Flowe Children's mecca. It was in the basement of a club called the U.F.O., under the new electricity works and off the main road between the West End and the suburbs of London. Every door was closed, and every linter was black.

We heard a voice call out, "The Flower Children are here!" and a man ran in, followed by a crowd of people. When the man opened the door, we saw that it led into a room filled with people, some of whom were dancing.

The Flower Children were not all that we expected. Some of them were not dressed in the typical Flower Children's clothing, but rather in modern attire. They were not all young, either, as we had anticipated. In fact, there were quite a few middle-aged people present.

We were told that the Flower Children were a group of people who believed in peace and love and brotherhood. They believed in living in harmony with nature and each other. They believed in the power of music and art to bring people together.

We were given a drink by one of the Flower Children, and we sat down to talk to them. They told us about their beliefs and their lives. They told us about their search for truth and understanding.

We were amazed by the Flower Children's dedication to their beliefs. They were not afraid to live their lives according to what they believed, even if it meant going against the grain.

We left the U.F.O. Club that night feeling inspired by the Flower Children and their message of love and peace. We were happy to have met them, and we wished them well in their continued search for truth and understanding.

(68)
the Flower Children

NEXT WEEK: A weekend in the life of the Flower Children... their "underground" information service... the secret of being high without drugs.

Part of the scene among the pepped-up couples at the floor of London's U.F.O. Club.
DEDICATED Flower Children believe they can reach a state of mind which is ‘ecstatic, peaceful and relaxed’ without the use of drugs.

But many use drugs like LSD, mescaline or amphetamines to start them on the ‘road to awareness,’ and help these along by eating special food, giving up smoking and drinking and sometimes several hours a day meditating.

Flower Child Norman Pillington, aged 23, who was born in this country but spent his childhood in Los Angeles, explained the mind-expansion without drugs theory to our reporters: ‘I feel nothing but brown rice and green peas in my body today,’ he said. ‘And I drink herb tea without milk or sugar. Our bodies already have hundreds of times more sugar than they need.’

I smoke only very rarely because nicotine affects the blood stream and makes me jittery. When I began this way of life I found my body started to feel fine and relaxed and in turn, my mind became free and untroubled.

I coupled my diet with reading theological works, started meditating several hours every day and eventually I could walk around almost paralysed. On the other hand, I talked at peace with the world and completely relaxed all the time.

‘How I can enjoy everything around me so much more, added to it by the love of people. Now I find I can ignore them. I love flowers and colours and all music, I feel that all the worries in the world have been lifted from me.’

This is the way that Flower Children see at a ‘breakout’ — seeing light and music to reach the point where it sends you ‘out of your mind and you can hardly bear it any more.’

During a ‘breakout,’ the physical and the spiritual aspects are used to ‘evacuate this world’ and to make the flower children feel they are in the touch of the East, a bidding array of colours assume the skies, often lasting on and off very late. Gradually the more builds up in both volume and pitch.

Susan Burns, aged 18, who lives in Littlehampton, Fulham, London, is a weekend Flower Child who has experienced the ‘breakout’ several times. During the week she is a waitress at a Manor Tavern estate.

CONVENT

But on Friday night she takes home from work and changes from her smart clothes into a bizarre Flower Child outfit Jewels on her ears, armband to her shoulders, scarf on her head and a different wearily painted face.

Susan was at a convent until she was 13 years old and when she came to London, she writes poetry and poems, and sold our reporters ‘To Find a lot of the present flower scene is a bit shady — but it’s certainly better than any other.

‘These are people I really like to move with. I can talk with them and do pretty well what I want to do.’

‘They don’t have to do anything odd if you don’t want to do it. Not having to dress up or go around anywhere. You can be yourself and enjoy that like me.’

‘I don’t even go out during the week. But the weekends are great fun. I spend most of the week getting ready for Friday night.’

‘A full of Flower Children’s weekend starts with times at any one of a number of pubs in the vast End of London or about 10 o’clock they drift towards the L.F.O. where they meet off last week, where they sit and chat and watch the dawn beside the Thames.

Then they have to Hyde Park whenever they meet either to sit on the pavements or to sit on the grass and watch the dawn beside the Thames.

On Saturday evening there is sometimes a breakout at the Round House, a gate to the Commune where flowers are held. Flower child’s lake. Otherwise they are back in the City or the Provinces, a new ‘to play’ at Goldfinger street.

Sunday luncheon is spent at any place where there is music and the management do not find it too objectionable to the weird appearance of the Beautiful People, as the Flower Children call themselves.

During the week is often rounded off with a trip to the Electric Garden, a club in a converted warehouse behind the Royal Opera House in Covent Garden.

POETRY

This Electric Garden specialises in poetry reading into jazz music and Buddhist music and de-

... and what a cameraman spotted during the demonstration

WEEKEND FLOWER

The other
WITH THE CHILDREN

world of a waitress from Fulham called Susan...

changes into a bizarre dress, puts sequins on her legs and flowers in her hair

has a Friday night drink at a "hippy" pub

and enters the strange weekend world of the Flower Children

IN THE basement of a converted warehouse called the Electric Garden, near London's Covent Garden, a group of dancers who daily convene perform a ballet based upon "hippy" ideas.

It is called the Kinetic Ballet and it is danced entirely in a white maple cape in a background of electronic music and flashing lights.

During the performance the dancers move almost silently. The group, which includes 24-year-old American dancer, David Medelita and former Royal Ballet students, say: "We don't believe in formal ballet training any more."
Now... the Flower Children at home

PICTURE SPECIAL

When a house becomes a hippies' pad... sleeping arrangements are unorthodox, though comfortable.

In the hippies' world dress is a deeply personal affair... and meetings on the stairs can surprise.

NEWS OF THE WORLD

SUNDAY, AUGUST 12, 1967

At a terraced house in Dalston, London's East End, members of the Flower Children cult have found a communal "pad.

Some fill in their time by presenting a hippy ballet at a converted warehouse near Covent Garden. Others are young people from varied backgrounds who are attracted by the strange community life of the Beautiful People, as they call themselves, and, with only a few furnishings, settle up one another's...
FREE clothes, FREE lodging, FREE love

SO help me, here's another bunch of scruffy, long-haired, world-weary young men who believe they have solved all life's problems.

We call them the "Diggers," and they are altering the whole face of contemporary urban life. Their movement has spread from America, where it is known as the "Yippies," to many parts of Europe. But is it any better a movement than its American cousin?

Food, clothing—even girl-friends—will be shared. It is rather like a Communist commune with sex thrown in. There is a similar movement in America which calls itself "Diggers." But this idea of "one for all and all for one" has a historical background much older than Communism. It is based on a "worldwide movement" which was all the rage in Cromwell's time.

But these modern-day society drop-outs have added a new facet to the creed—they reject the need to work for a living. Many of them are living on social security payments. And that, of course, means they are getting you and me—the taxpayers—to finance their free-and-easy way of life.

Six groups

There are now, at least, six of these groups in London. Others are being set up in the rest of the country. Every magazine carries advertisements inviting young people to join the movement. The Diggers have published a manifesto setting out its aims.

It says: "... the most essential and urgent thing is the creation of love communities, each with its own land, houses and means of production for primary as well as secondary goods."

"We have to retrieve these things, for they belong to everyone by right of birth and our share has been filched from us."

One of the bigger Digger men in the London scene is 25-year-old Pete Hartley, who wears his hair shoulder length. His tiny attic bedroom is crammed with pictures, and he often shares it with two or three other friends. He told me:

"My chum Barbara lives here a bit of the time, too. A man in Bournemouth has offered us 2,000 acres of land in dipping forest for a Diggers' Love Commune. We need to get the right people together first. Then we will set up a real commune."

Pete used to be a laboratory technician until he "dropped out" two years ago. Since then he has been "getting around, to see his expression."

"I produce a Digger magazine which he gives away free. I asked Pete where his money came from. One of the fellow Diggers, Paul, told me: "The money just comes, man. We don't need straight work."

Pete told me that both he and Paul get social security pay. How, I wondered, could they support two young men with their blast aid when they were so obviously fit to work. "Not difficult," one of them said. "People take fright when we turn up for a job in our gear. So we don't get the job. And so they carry on, living off the rest of us."

Another hippy commune is the Exploding Galaxy, centred on a house in Bal's Pond Road, Islington. About 15 hippies are constantly part of the Exploding Galaxy. Others come and go. Artist Gerald Fitzgerald, 24, told me: "None of us believes in any form of straight work."

Inside the house, the walls are decorated and surrounded on. Empty tin cans lie in heaps. The kitchen looks as if it was last washed several years ago.

No electricity

There is no electricity in the house at the moment, for no one can pay the bill. Several of the Exploding Galaxy admitted they were getting national assistance. Fitzgerald, in a filthy jersey and grime trousers, expanded: "We are exploring transmedia. He gave no logical explanation of what transmedia means or was. "We believe in the art of living with people," he went on. "Money is unimportant, compared with exploring the unknown."

The girls there when I was visiting were communal property, too, I was told. Occasionally the whole group sallies forth, dressed in shredded paper, shopping bags, underdrawers or bits of tinsel.

I asked the assistance board about hippies on national assistance. I was told: "We have no special regulations for hippies. Each case is judged on its merits."

More than that they would not say. I hope their reluctance to talk about the situation was because they were too busy trying to end this obvious ramp. Some of the Diggers are, of course, sincere in their views. Indeed, some do regular jobs. But, for those who do not, I would apply most harshly the "parasite law" which applies in Russia. Those who refuse to work and sponge on their fellow men are sent to labour camps—and made to work.

In Britain today there should be little sympathy—and even less help—for these scruffy layabouts who have their heads in the clouds—and their hands in our pockets.
500 COPIES OF THIS REPORT HAVE BEEN PRINTED. They are being given to people who we feel will be sympathetic and concerned about our case. They are not being sold, because we believe that no fixed value can be put on the report, and would rather that those who wish to help us and can help us should be informed of our difficulties and choose either to make us a present, financial or otherwise, or possibly help us with opportunities or information.

We would like to perform our art and present our propositions to as many people as possible in more reasonable conditions than we find ourselves in. We always welcome contact from people interested in us and what we are slowly creating. We have many important propositions for performances and participations which are not mentioned in this report, akin to drama, music and dance, but capable of transformations, such as taking place throughout a town or lasting several days. However, our provincial and continental tours up to now, though always having some successes, have been hindered by a lack of equipment, of space to evolve, of money for travel, and by dispersed accommodation. But even at home in London there are certain opportunities that could liberate our art and greatly improve our relations with the public. We have no indoor space to explore our performance art, and many projects could be realized with some relatively cheap materials that we cannot afford. The greatest release of tension would be the acquisition of premises where artists could live in daily contact with the public and constantly realise the essential needs of their art. We intend to follow this report with a bulletin explaining our propositions and our difficulties, and containing the latest news of the legal proceedings.

We especially hope to retrieve the cost of this report.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Cost</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Printing</td>
<td>£600</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Secretaries</td>
<td>£60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hire of typewriters</td>
<td>£20</td>
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<tr>
<td>Accessories</td>
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In addition we have the following debts.

<table>
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<th>Cost</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Solicitors</td>
<td>£260</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Galaxy House -</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rates</td>
<td>£200</td>
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<tr>
<td>Electricity</td>
<td>£100</td>
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<tr>
<td>Telephone</td>
<td>£24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Water</td>
<td>£1 * 7 * 4d</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mortgage</td>
<td>£186</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

All these debts we are continually trying to make good, but being deprived of any National Assistance or subsidy, and determinedly continuing our art, we find it very hard.

If you want to send contributions or would like to know more about the Galaxy, then please write to:

The Exploding Galaxy,
c/o, Edward Pope,
11, Acton Lane,
Chiswick, W.4.
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I would like to thank all the people who helped to make the publication of this report possible and all the people who contributed statements to it.

The report was typed by JANET TRUSTY, JILL DAVIES, MARIAN RHYS, TRIXIE STAPLETON and CHRISTINE HUGHES.

ANGELA DROWER did the headings.

JOSEPHINE RANKIN illustrated the plans, which were drawn by PAUL KEEFER.

GERALD FITZGERALD drew the plan on pages 43 and 44.

CLAY PERRY took the photographs on pages 12 and top 51.

MITJA HINDERS took the photographs on pages 21, 59, 71, 75, 87, 120, 122, 124, 127, 137.

RAY STEVENSON took the photographs on pages 19, 45, 113, 116, 117, 118, 142.

BRIAN KALLEN took the photographs on pages 29, 35, bottom 51, 81, 91, Appendix page 10.

PAUL OVERY took the photographs on pages 126 and 128.

MICHAEL CHAPMAN took the photograph of himself on page 131.

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