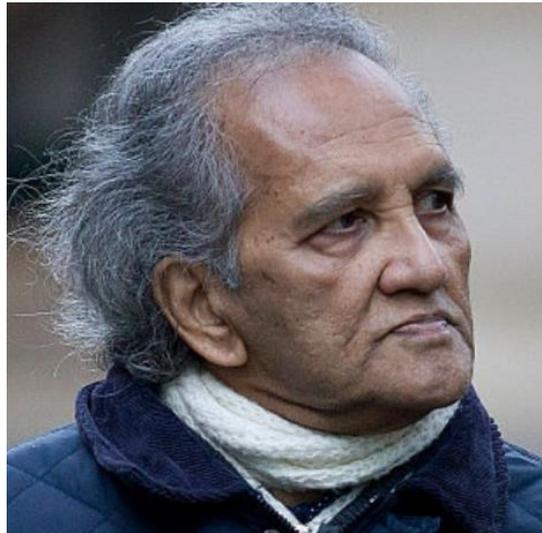


**WORKERS' INSTITUTE FOR
ADVANCED THEORETICAL OF NATURE
(EST. IN JULY 1971), LONDON
DIRECTOR, A.BALAKRISHNAN**

CLEARING COMRADE BALA'S NAME



**EXPOSING THE LIES OF
'THE LAMBETH SLAVERY
CASE'**

TESTIMONY OF A MEMBER*OF THE COMMUNIST COLLECTIVE

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*Josephine Herivel (one of the so-called slaves!)

INTRODUCTION

Friends and Comrades,

'The Lambeth Slavery Case' hit global headlines in November 2013, incriminating an innocent man and his wife.

My testimony sets out to dismantle this narrative and add weight to the growing and urgent demand from around the world to free Aravindan Balakrishnan (Comrade Bala), now in his 80s, from imprisonment and torture.

On October 25, 2013, Katy (Comrade Bala's daughter) left her family, falsely describing it as her *'escape'* from the Communist Collective [1]. That day she betrayed her father to the Metropolitan Police and defected to the British state.

One month later, on November 21, her father and stepmother were arrested and their severely disabled sister torn away from them.

That day a global media blitz engulfed us like a tsunami.

Few people can forget the chilling and disturbing story of *'Three Women Held as Slaves for 30 Years by Cruel Maoist Cult Leader'* announced to the world on the steps of New Scotland Yard as *'Breaking News'* which found its way into millions of homes all across the globe. *'The Lambeth Slavery Case'* [2] froze the hearts of all who heard about it but nobody knew that this story was based on the lies and false allegations of Katy Morgan-Davies claiming that her father *'imprisoned'* her *'for 30 years'*, inflicted *'child cruelty'* on her and *'held two other women against their will, forcing them into a life of misery and domestic servitude'*.

I am one of those women whom Katy falsely claimed was a *'slave'* and contrary to the false narrative of the *'The Lambeth Slavery case'* Comrade Bala is my trusted and beloved friend and teacher of more than forty years who never imposed anything on me and treated me with the utmost respect which no one had ever shown me before in my life.

This is the first time I am presenting my testimony since the trial, in November/December 2015, which some lawyers said could not be used and refused to assist in compiling. At last I am finding my voice and sufficient evidence to unravel the lies that constitute this cruel miscarriage of justice.

I want you to know the truth about Katy Morgan-Davies with whom I spent almost every day of her 30 years until the time she left the collective in 2013, but I cannot begin without revealing the truth about myself:

It is the fateful decision I made to leave the collective with Katy which set in motion the catastrophic events which followed. I had allowed Katy to manipulate and use me to unknowingly assist her in her horrifying betrayal of her father.

None of this could have happened if I had listened to Comrade Bala. I did not listen in 2012/13 when he told me that his daughter's behaviour in the collective had escalated to '*criminal*' behaviour: instead of fearlessly standing up to her bullying and emotional blackmail, as her father did, I had already succumbed to these tactics back in 2004 and allowed myself to get sucked ever deeper into her web of deceit, too deep to retrieve myself.

In effect, I had signed a pact with the devil and laid condition for Katy to lie about her father and betray him to the Met police.

Emboldened by her success in getting her father convicted and imprisoned, following the trial in January 2016, she made defamatory threats to try to stop me from telling anyone about her childhood. But this is exactly what my testimony must do because without the world knowing the truth about her childhood and her life in the collective, a liar and a fantasist cannot be exposed and Comrade Bala's name cannot be cleared.

The truth about '*The Lambeth Slavery Case*' in brief:

One Katy's narrative, which formed the basis of '*The Lambeth*

Slavery Case’ and incriminated her father and step-mother, is nothing but a pack of lies.

Two The origin and ‘*inspiration*’ for Katy’s fabricated story is to be found in plain sight in her book and central to her reason for creating a narrative of dreadful lies about *child cruelty* [See: Point 1, Page 51-52]

Three Instead of owning up to the charity that she asked me to tell them lies on the phone in order to ‘*get accommodation*’, she identified and betrayed her father to the police and used her fabricated story to pursue her childhood fantasy.

Four Katy further embellished this fabricated story by introducing the idea that the collective was a ‘*cult*’ which worshipped her father and that Aisha and I were his ‘*slaves*’.

Five Katy deceived and blackmailed me (principally using the false threat of suicide) into leaving the collective with her, under the pretext of ‘*needing my help to find accommodation*’. She hid the treachery she planned in order to pursue and fulfil her fantasy.

Six The Met police, followed its totally flawed policy: *Believe the ‘victim*’ and believed all of Katy’s lies without investigation [See: Point 24, Page 76], including the ‘*slavery*’ allegation which should have been immediately dismissed because our names were on the Tenancy Agreement [3].

NB: In 2016 the Met was severely criticised by a former High Court Judge for believing Carl Beech and not investigating him.

Seven In order to pursue her fantasy and to get me out of the way, the moment we left on October 25, Katy told the police that I had ‘*Stockholm syndrome*’ (but without my knowledge) pulling the ground from under my feet, depriving me of agency and essentially preventing me from puncturing her carefully crafted story.

Katy is cold, calculating and without a shred of *genuine* empathy or moral compass. While her father and stepmother (now in their 70s and 80s) who are internationally esteemed and have sacrificed everything for the revolutionary struggle, were brutally arrested

and exiled to Enfield dozens of miles from Brixton with only the clothes on their backs, Katy was living the '*Life of Riley*' in Leeds pursuing the life of fame, gain and luxury she craved. She was wined and dined in expensive restaurants, accepting free gifts of I Phones, I Pads, expensive clothes and jewellery and even two of the most expensive kittens (Russian Blues) from Palm Cove Society (PCS) Directors [4] who had somehow adopted her in a matter of weeks, when it takes most people months, if not years, to complete such an arrangement [5]. In 2016, after the trial, having been pivotal in sending her father to prison, Katy waived her anonymity, paving the way for recognition, attention and fame through TV and newspaper interviews [6] which she had fantasised about and craved for since childhood.

Six years now since her father was so unjustly sentenced (an unbelievable 23 year sentence), Katy Morgan-Davies continues on her murderous crusade, regurgitating the same terrible lies about her father on a regular basis. Encouraged by her minders, she is still shamelessly trying to pass off as a '*victim*' and eliciting sympathy for herself and hatred for her father from people who do not know the truth about her.

Katy's portrayal of herself as the '*victim of a cruel cult*' and her story about a '*life of cruelty*' and '*beatings*' in the collective is a complete fraud: it is her father who is the innocent victim of his daughter's unconscionable cruelty and treachery. She made it the sensational central theme of her story designed to gain sympathy and to sell books and make money like Patti Davis, Ronald Reagan's daughter. Barely five pages into her Memoir [*Caged Bird* - Hard backed edition] she set the scene and began spinning a web of lies starting with a horrifying description of a life in the communist collective and '*beatings*' every day: she writes: '*Violence dominated my earliest memories*'. This was the '*substance*' to her confessional and she wove her fabricated story around this. There is more about this later.

The Met (like Katy) had its own hidden secret agenda: to bring a conviction against Comrade Bala and take revenge on a political activist and longstanding and outspoken campaigner against the fascism of the British state and its police: this was the opportunity the British state had been waiting for, for decades, and for this purpose, the unholy alliance between the Met and the mainstream media (backed by the British state) swung into action to try to bring down a truth teller and an innocent man.

To make things even more complex, although Katy willingly betrayed her father doing yeoman service to the US-led British Fascist State helping to fulfil its desire to prosecute Comrade Bala, the Metropolitan police and other agencies including PCS and social services, worked in tandem to surreptitiously coerce and blackmail Katy to ensure she stayed 'on track' for them. It becomes clear in the transcript of her police video-interview that the police intervene to coach her: when she expressed the wish to see her father again which clearly didn't fit the narrative, they imposed and reinforced the idea that her father and stepmother were '*abusive*' instead of investigating her inconsistency [more on police coercion later]. The Met police operation was code named 'Operation Brandeis' – a most cynical move to use the name of an American lawyer famed for his incorruptible practise, while framing an innocent man.

For far too long, I was paralysed from taking a stand against Katy, giving leeway for the state to attack Comrade Bala. Not only was I reeling from the tsunami of lies which engulfed us from November 2013, I had failed to grasp that Katy was manipulating and deceiving me and was the one behind all the lies. Before my eyes, she had morphed into an agent of the British fascist state but I was blind to the truth because I had not listened to Comrade Bala, until it was too late. It wasn't until I read Katy's book and later obtained a second copy of my medical records in September 2019 (the first in

2015 was redacted) that I found the information I needed to expose the fact that the police had latched onto Katy's lie that I had '*Stockholm Syndrome*' from the very first day, spreading it around to other agencies including the press and using it against Comrade Bala to insinuate that he was '*holding me against my will*'. The fact that I have not met or even spoken to my beloved friend since 2015, painful as it is, should be ample proof for any sane person that I do not suffer from '*Stockholm syndrome*' [7].

In late 2014, after he was charged, I volunteered as a witness in defence of Comrade Bala. There was no doubt in my mind that he was an innocent victim of a massive fit-up and that two other women (not Aisha or me) were making false allegations of sexual assault and rape against him [8]. However I was still not clear about Katy's exact role in this sordid affair: I just didn't get the whole picture. I was also in denial about Katy and the police kept me in the dark about everything for two years until the trial, leaving me groping around trying to piece together what was happening without the information I needed. I wanted to understand Katy's seemingly inexplicable behaviour since I had no idea that she had been scheming in the collective for years before her true intentions finally surfaced (revealed in her book). I began to explore the idea that she had some type of autism, possibly Asperger's Syndrome. Was she a 'vulnerable' person? I was now being put in the terrifying position: while defending Comrade Bala I would have to take the stand against Katy, a child of the collective, while I was still not clear about her: I didn't know the whole story. At that time I wanted to believe that she was being manipulated by the police and other agencies. I now know this was mostly **not** the case – she was very willingly assisting the state (though, to a much lesser extent she was also being manipulated by it). I had no access to transcripts of Katy's video interview and all the dreadful lies she

was fabricating about her father, nor could I have believed that she was really working to have her own father imprisoned. I simply couldn't begin to grasp that the person I had helped to bring up from baby and had taken as my own child, had become this monster and that she could absolutely willingly allow herself to be used by the British state to take revenge on her father.

I finally made my voice heard on December 4, 2015, when I stood up at the end of the trial and shouted: 'You are sending an innocent man to prison! Shame on you', but it was much too late. It was reported in the mainstream, state controlled media but immediately followed by a conspiracy of silence which closed every door I tried to open to have my story heard. Not only was my voice being suppressed but that of Comrade Bala's wife whose recorded ITV interview was pulled and never broadcast to the public. We had committed the unforgivable 'sin' of challenging the right-wing, anti-communist narrative of the establishment which had framed Comrade Bala and was now lauding his daughter as a '*heroine*' for '*speaking out against her abuser*' i.e. her innocent father.

The Tory Party (the Party of the state) under Prime Minister Boris Johnson (earlier David Cameron and Theresa May), the Metropolitan Police, the Crown Prosecution Service (CPS), the Courts, the media and other organisations (governmental and non-governmental) are all involved in an ongoing conspiracy of the US-led British state to persecute Comrade Bala for his political beliefs and to try to destroy the communist collective – the family of a new kind.

A pioneering revolutionary and trail blazing political activist has been framed and unjustly imprisoned using his very own daughter's evil intentions. **THIS WILL NEVER PASS!** An attack on one is an attack on all! The attack on Comrade Bala is an attack on me and I demand to have my voice heard and make the truth about this cruel miscarriage of justice known to the world!



Some of the toys and educational materials Comrade Bala provided for Comrade Prem from childhood

Centre: Jigsaw puzzle of the world [Prem was able to do this with some help by her fourth birthday. In this enjoyable way she was learning all the countries of the world]

Clockwise from Top Left: Prima bicycle with side wheels, paper DNA model from the Science Museum, globe of the world, 'Peoples' Bus', prism from Science Museum, hologram of a shooting star, round-peg mosaic board, Super Robot, magnetic numbers, glockenspiel, model of the human skeleton, Atomod [to make models of atoms and molecules], Magnet Fun and Lego

PART ONE

**A BEAUTIFUL CHILDHOOD
IN THE COMMUNIST COLLECTIVE
AND
AN EDUCATION OF A NEW TYPE**

Katy's impenetrable wall of lies is hiding the truth about her childhood from the world. She has hidden a uniquely positive experience as a child, growing up free from prejudices of every kind and full of fun, creativity and happiness.

For the first time in history Comrade Bala brought up a child in the communist collective to whom he gave the name Prem Maopinduzi – '*Prem*' is Hindi for love and '*Maopinduzi*' is Swahili for revolution i.e. 'love revolution' [9].

I had the rare privilege to watch and participate in Project Prem, an educational experience of a new type which provided unique conditions and a tailor-made education for a child of the collective.

Project Prem is the name Comrade Bala gave to his pioneering educational work in the communist collective. It was for Comrade Prem and all the members of the collective.

It is the most exciting and challenging experience I ever participated in. 'Exciting' because I was learning so many new things which were stimulating my mind and liberating it from enslaving ideas of the white racist supremacist old world for the first time, and 'challenging' because it required me to confront myself and learn to fight my negative genetic impulses which keep trying to overthrow the new ideas taking root in my mind. This is an arduous process and some dropped out because they could not sustain the struggle or resisted the need to confront their negative expressions.

First and foremost, this new education Comrade Bala pioneered reversed the educational system in Britain (and the entire Western world) which has white racist supremacy at its core. This gave

Prem - her father Indian and mother white - the very best start in life and a proud place in the world.

From the time Prem returned from the hospital in January, 1983, as a week old baby, there were always people for her – to play with her, talk to her, listen to her, learn with her, laugh with her and help her with whatever she needed. There was never a dull moment and this vibrant atmosphere helped her to develop rapidly.

Comrade Bala was in the forefront at every crucial juncture in her development – the first to bathe her, the first to feed her solid food and so on. He used to walk to and fro carrying her as a baby while he talked to comrades until she fell asleep on his shoulder, whereupon he would slowly lower her onto the bed while another comrade gently bounced her to ensure she didn't wake up.

As I watched Comrade Prem growing, I was excited by Comrade Bala's new way of bringing up children and I compared her upbringing in the communist collective with mine. Her life was full of brightness, excitement, optimism and love. My childhood became increasingly miserable, lonely, depressing and starved of warmth and love because I was not wanted. My father - a Cambridge graduate and code-breaker at Bletchley Park - wanted a boy! From her earliest days, Comrade Bala laid the foundations for Comrade Prem's healthy mind development. He surrounded her with people of different races and colours. He taught her that the people of the world are one family, regardless of their race, colour, and other differences. He taught her about the globe of the world which we inhabit and he familiarised her with it when she was still just a baby by letting her hold a small model of it in her hands. The first picture he drew for her was a happy face or what is now popularly known as a '*smiley face*'. My childhood couldn't have been more different, surrounded entirely by white people. When I first came to London in 1974, my father – an admirer of Enoch Powell- told me never to talk to the black men living across the road, the

implication being that they were somehow '*dangerous*'. My father's racist world outlook instilled in me fear of people of colour! I can never forget one day when Prem was just beginning to use the new words she was picking up (around 15 months), she was toddling from one comrade to another touching each comrade's nose, then eyes and so on, saying: 'Nose! Nose! Nose!....', 'Eyes! Eyes! Eyes!....'. It was a moving experience to see her taking to each comrade, regardless of our differences. It is communist education which nurtures the natural desire of every child to take others as their own – it doesn't require money or expensive equipment but correct ideas and love [10].

Comrade Bala showed Comrade Prem the colours of the spectrum from an early age, starting the process of teaching her (and other comrades) that 'white' light consists of all these colours – red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet –debunking the myth of white racist supremacy which defines white as something 'exceptional' and 'superior'. The first toy he gave her to play with, in her first year, was a little black box which had contained a new watch for his wife and close comrade.

Comrade Bala put into practise what Gandhi preached: 'If we want to reach real peace in the world, we must start by educating the children.' He created a unique condition in the collective in which Comrade Prem could grow up free of ideas which divide people the world over, including those which divide two halves of the world – men and women. He brought her up as a '*comrade*' in the new family, the communist collective, free of the shackles of the nuclear family and he gave her the name '*Prem*' which is both a male and a female name. He instructed comrades to use the words '*person*' and '*people*' instead of male or female to describe people, referring to her as a '*person*' not as a '*girl*' and speaking the same language around her without sexist words. She had toys for both boys and girls with the exception of dolls - Comrade Bala wanted her to relate to real people, not imaginary people or inanimate dolls

which also promote racial and sexist stereotypes. She wore unisex clothes and her haircut was unisex.

It is interesting to note that the first time Comrade Bala took Comrade Prem for a walk to the local shops at the age of three and a half, and she saw a black man for the first time in real life, she said to her father *'Good person!'* First of all she had no discriminatory racist ideas about him nor did she define him by his sex. Compare this with some examples of my mind set as a child: When a gypsy girl came to the house to sell pegs and pins when I was about five or six, I was afraid, and ran away and hid in some bushes because I had been told that darker skinned gypsies are 'bad people'. On my first day at school, when one boy cried because he was missing his Mummy I remember telling someone in surprise; *'Boys don't cry!'* Another time, when I was given a small toy car at a Queen's University children's party at the age of 4 or 5, I started crying because I felt 'humiliated' that I had been given a *boy's* toy. Prem had no such idea when her father bought her a toy car at around the same age - she happily played with it! I had picked up these discriminatory ideas from my family and community.

From the age of two or so, as soon as she could hold a pencil, Comrade Bala encouraged Comrade Prem to start learning to read and write at her pace. Around the age of three, she began to watch some TV with him for the first time. The first film she watched was: *'Nezha Stirs up the Sea'* about the struggle between good and evil, having read the picture book of the same story earlier. After a while she began to learn to write a diary with Sian who slowly gave way to Prem to write it herself. This practise helped her to sum-up and plan together what to do each day and to increase her capacity to express herself through writing. It also helped her to develop an extraordinary memory. I always knew who to ask when I couldn't remember which day something happened, and so on. She became an avid reader from about the age of four, by which time she could say her times tables up to 12. She enjoyed reading

story books with comrades, many of which were from China. For a whole period her favourite book was: *'Monkey Subdues the White-Bone Demon'* a very popular mythology from China and loved throughout the world, full of important lessons for children and grown-ups alike.

Children's books from China introduced her to the world of classes and class struggle for the first time. Some were stories about children in China, before liberation in 1949, who bravely participated in fighting the class enemy which often came in the form of Kuo-mintang agents pretending to be friendly and offering bribes in the form of 'gifts' to deceive and hoodwink them into lowering their guard. This was useful in the context of Britain where the state uses many devious methods to attack revolutionaries. Our collective was facing low and high intensity undercover state interference on a daily basis. The US-led British state was, and still is, always trying to cripple the pioneering work of the Workers' Institute, and the work of other organisations and individuals struggling against the fascism of the state.

All the time throughout her childhood, Comrade Bala was taking Comrade Prem step by step and teaching her about the real world of classes and class struggle.

Prem was home schooled. Her mother, Sian, had experienced bullying at Cheltenham Ladies College and it was natural that a child of the collective should not have to suffer the same, besides the state education could not have provided the education available for her in the collective nor safety from the state which extends its reach into the school education system. The hostile racist and anti-communist environment also made mixing with other children problematic. Prem only came across other children on outings and when we stayed in hotels after we experienced evictions on two occasions. But she always had so many comrades, some of whom she even took to be children like her.

While bringing her up with all the comforts and privileges of the collective, Comrade Bala never let Comrade Prem forget the millions of children and orphans in the world (including in Britain and the West) who were less fortunate than her so that she could better appreciate her life in the collective and not take it for granted. He taught her that they suffer class oppression under the capitalist-imperialist system which forces them into child labour, suffering hunger, starvation, homelessness, abuse and often receiving little or no education [11].

Comrade Bala began taking her on outings to different places across London at the age of five - first to the Festival Hall in the South Bank Complex where she saw the statue of Nelson Mandela. In the following decades he took her to most of the well-known and favourite tourist destinations in London including Madame Tussauds, London Zoo (more than once), Kew Gardens, all the large London parks, the Commonwealth Institute (many times), closed since 2015, London Eye, many visits to museums including the Science Museum, Natural History Museum, British Museum, and some less well known ones like the Garden Museum (next to Lambeth Palace), and so much more. All the time he was raising her consciousness in a living way about places she was visiting, telling her exciting, inspiring and relevant stories from the history of struggle of working people of Britain and the world.

Her experience was every school kid's dream - to be taken on exciting outings, and with goodies along the way – ice-creams, cream cakes etc. of her choosing - she had all the things that children love.

Some of Comrade Prem's most formative experiences happened in her seventh year:

After experiencing the trauma of an eviction from our home in Merton in her seventh year, having to leave all our possessions behind including the only photographs we had of her as a baby and kid, Comrade Bala began producing a daily news sheet called '*The*

New World' from October 1990. Each day Prem waited in anticipation and excitement to find out what the headline and theme of the day was. Then she would help Sian to make an impressive headline from newspaper print and cut out articles which Comrade Bala had selected each day and edited from at least 5 mainstream newspapers, and stick them down on coloured activity sheets - a combined labour of love which continued every day, without fail, for the next four years and more. The content provided an extraordinary range of past and current events, a comprehensive collection of educational material guided by the proletarian world outlook. It was absolutely fabulous, a treasure trove of knowledge all put in the context of international class struggle unfolding in the world. Sometimes a whole issue was given over to one historic event – for example Comrade Bala made one on the 1916 Easter Rising in Ireland with photographs and first-hand accounts providing a deeper insight into these historic events. Comrade Prem memorised all of them by theme and date, a remarkable achievement!

In her seventh year also Comrade Bala introduced Comrade Prem to George Simmons [12], an Afro-Caribbean worker comrade from Belize, whom she happily accepted as part of the collective and her family - she used to want to cook for him when he came from North London every week to see Comrade Bala.

In the collective Comrade Bala educated us with a comprehensive proletarian world outlook. This education helped us to apply the theory of international class struggle to our daily lives.

We learned (about):

-What stage in world history we are in? What is the necessary task in the world for this stage?

-that socialism led by the Communist Party of China has lifted 800 million people out of poverty and starvation since Liberation in 1949.

- the necessity for the dictatorship of the proletariat in one country i.e. socialist China, to be transformed into the international dictatorship of the proletariat in order to solve the dire problems existing in the world, most of all poverty and starvation.
- the history and ever unfolding struggle of working people of the world against the capitalist, imperialist, white racist supremacist old world
- history of the International Communist Movement in particular the history of the Workers Institute led by Comrade Bala in the imperialist heartlands and its historic contribution to world revolution
- the role of the Institute in disseminating truth to the masses and raising the consciousness of student youth, intellectuals, women, national minorities, and workers about their role as the makers of history.
- Comrade Bala's pioneering work to build the new world of socialism and communism in microcosm through building the first urban revolutionary stable base area in the world (in Brixton in the 1970s) and the communist collective at its heart (from 1968).
- how the British state reacted with fascist terror to these revolutionary developments in the imperialist heartlands: in 1971 the US-led British state tried to assassinate Comrade Bala with a death ray, failing which it embarked on a campaign of terror to try to undermine and prevent the further development of the Workers' Institute, taking many forms including repeated arrests and imprisonment - this is Comrade Bala's seventh time. Members of the communist collective faced arrest, imprisonment, evictions and many other types of harassment from the fascist state, overt and covert.
- Comrade Bala's heroic and fearless fight back against the vicious attacks by the British state and its police, the Met: his denunciation of the court as *'fascist'* in August, 1974 and refusal to recognise its authority, and his writing on the prison walls with his own blood in glory of the heroic struggles of the people of the world and denouncing the US-led British Fascist State.

- Comrade Bala's leading role in waging battles of annihilation at the ideological and political front against all reactionary lines including those expressed by so called communists waving the banner of communism to attack it.
- we read and studied the advanced theoretical works of Comrade Bala: which sum up world history, the history of the International Communist Movement, the Workers' Institute, and set out guidelines for those wishing to learn from the Workers' Institute, how to practically build the new and counterattacks by the fascist state

While Comrade Prem was naturally picking up these complexities of international class struggle from childhood, Comrade Bala nurtured her interests wherever they took her in a positive direction. She continued learning in an enjoyable, playful and living way as she had done from baby and kid, enabling her mind and brain to keep growing and developing, free from the rigidities and strictures of the state educational system. Comrade Bala had fought against these strictures as a student at school and university in Singapore and the London School of Economics, finally throwing up his studies and leaving in 1967. He was told that if he did not stick to the ideological framework (i.e. empire of the mind) imposed by the educational system he was not going to pass his exams.

Except for some basic formal education necessary to learn the Three R's, the rest was informal and Prem was nurtured in the collective with many and varied activities - see the display on page 10 to get a flavour of her childhood experiences in the collective.

Activities ranged from creative writing - reading - art work of all kinds (painting, drawing, map making etc.) - baking and cooking - playing with water - learning about plants, insects and animals in the garden - sticking down scrap books of flowers, gardens and food labels from around the world accompanied by her own articles - knitting and crochet - learning to type - playing and listening to music - playing ball - cycling - making Lego models - playing

with different toys (rescue car, train on a figure of eight track, fire engine, toy cars etc.) - helping to stick down daily The New World news-sheet - playing with glow-in-the-dark stars and 'silly putty' - playing with a rotating, flying helicopter – doing scientific experiments - feeding pigeons and looking after injured ones. Just a few of the activities she enjoyed with comrades. Almost every day her father used to select and cut beautiful pictures of flowers, gardens etc. from the newspapers he went through each day and give them to Prem to fill her life with beauty and colour. Every day was new and exciting!

When Comrade Sian made a rota for Comrade Prem each day or for the week, she arranged for comrades best suited in different activities, to stay with her breaking with the rigidities of formal school structures. One of the things I did with Comrade Prem which she loved when she was still only about three, was to go through the spice cupboard in the kitchen and talk about where all the different spices came from – I loved it too!

But all this could only happen because Comrade Bala led by example: his method of teaching was always inclusive and particularised to each of our backgrounds and needs and his guiding principal always: *Education must serve the people*. Every day we were learning something new and exciting from his talks which he gave almost on a daily basis. He covered an infinite variety of subjects as the need arose, from world politics to particular issues relating to our lives in the collective. He brought a new, inspiring and optimistic perspective to everything. He lifted my spirits every time. Through his living example he sparked a genuine desire in me to learn, something I never got from my parents, school or others. Comrade Bala demonstrates that life is about learning, and learning is so exciting and enjoyable. This was the exciting and dynamic condition Prem had from day one but she took this unique learning environment in the collective for granted.

Project Prem was led by Comrade Bala and at every crucial juncture Sian worked with him to serve Prem's needs and to solve problems she encountered as they arose. One essential thing was how to try to help Comrade Prem to learn to combat her negative - this was no easy task because she hated criticism.

As time went on Sian took a lot of stick from Comrade Prem for setting boundaries and ensuring others did the same to safeguard her. In fact anyone who set boundaries and, if necessary, disciplined her, was added to her hit list at some time or other and became a *hate figure*. As you can see in Exhibit 1, she was very vocal about it and as you will learn later in my testimony, she also expressed the same rage and hatred towards people outside the collective who were critical of her behaviour.

Nevertheless, I still have so many happy memories of Comrade Prem – she was full of life: inquisitive, cerebral, precocious and very cute. She brought a lot of happiness to the collective. Comrade Bala often told her, in later years, that she '*brought colour*' to his life. On Prem's part, her attachment to him was clear from baby. She was so tuned into him that even as she lay in her cot as a baby she became animated when she heard his footsteps as he approached the front door, on returning home. She would wait excitedly for him to come and see her as he always did. As she grew, he used to bring her nice things from outside: I always remember the *blue* sweets he brought her which she had particularly asked for – I didn't know there was such a thing!

Unsurprisingly her very first words were '*Comrade Bala*', though she had difficulty pronouncing '*R*' and '*L*' at first [13].

Some of the things she said and did as a child astounded me. As she picked up more language she began to express the five senses verbally with: '*See it!*', '*Smell it!*', '*Touch it!*' and so on, as she explored the world around her. Comrade Bala said she was express-

ing in words how each person learnt as babies and kids. He often said that people can learn everything they missed as a baby by watching a baby growing and developing.

By the time she was two she had a command of at least 200 words which was considered exceptional, then. When she was nearly four, one evening she was leading me round one of our bedrooms – round the bed, the table, along the window sill...then she announced: *‘Everywhere we go we see edges!’* At first I didn’t understand what she was saying. It was only later that evening the ‘penny dropped’. I was so excited I told Comrade Bala! What she said was so simple yet most people haven’t paused to sum up that there ARE edges everywhere. Since then I realise that she was trying to understand the headline: Living on the Edge, written on a picture from a magazine we had put up on the wall about the Space Shuttle.

One of the beauties of her upbringing was that life in the collective was free from the noise, clutter, and chaos of the surrounding world – a haven in which she could develop her internal potential in the most natural way without the imposition of mainstream schooling.

An essential part of our education in the collective was learning the importance of serving others and prioritising the care of the most vulnerable. Comrade Bala always led by example, putting whatever he was doing aside to help to take our disabled Comrade to go to hospital, go and buy medicine in the middle of the night for Prem or any other comrade who fell sick, or visiting someone in hospital which is what he did for 222 days when Sian was hospitalised after falling from the bathroom window in 1996. He ensured we always prioritised the care of vulnerable comrades - he taught comrades: *‘The collective is as strong as the weakest link’*.

While giving her maximum affection, Comrade Bala was ever mind-full of Prem’s all-round development and he tirelessly

worked to help her (as he did all of us) to learn to apply the dialectical method to the problem of self.

In 1977, Comrade Bala wrote in a document about the history of the Workers' Institute: *'The dialectical method of the unity of opposites is universal. It can certainly be applied on the question of self. Problems of self can only be handled if we develop a healthy spirit of self - criticism and be bold in criticising and repudiating in a living way our short comings'*, which is what he demonstrates in his practise.

Comrade Bala's principal guideline in all our work with Comrade Prem was: *Treat her with love*. He instructed us never to try to force her to do anything against her will or to physically punish her if she was naughty. We had to learn to combat old and often fascist ways of working with children which we had picked up from parents and teachers [14]. Comrade Bala leads by example and he was always tireless in explaining not only to Comrade Prem but to all of us in the collective. Others among us though found that difficult to follow and often fell far short. Since neither of my parents had ever seen the importance of explaining to me: this was something I was not used to. I was always, either, being moved about by them without my voluntary participation or I was just left to run wild without any supervision.

Comrade Bala instructed us that only if all else failed and Comrade Prem was in serious danger of hurting herself (or others) were we to discipline her. This entailed giving her three warnings if she wouldn't listen, and if she still didn't listen having first told her what we were going to do, only then we should go out of the room and close the door and hold it shut for a few minutes. Comrade Bala taught us that the whole point of any disciplining process was not to crush her spirit but for her to learn to discipline herself (i.e. to learn self-discipline).

Comrade Bala always led in being compassionate to Comrade Prem. Foremost in his approach he gave priority to safeguarding her rights and protecting her from any wrong doing or cruel treatment from others. When Comrade Prem told her father in 1991 that one of the comrades was giving her *Chinese burns* to punish her, he immediately put a stop to them working with her - the same person also used to repeatedly say: *'I'll discipline you!'* to Comrade Prem in a menacing and crushing tone. But, instead of apologising for her bad behaviour and learning to work in a new way through self-criticism, as Comrade Bala was teaching us, she clung onto her old, fascistic ways and one day she went out to work and never returned[15].

From around the age of 7 or 8, Comrade Bala began teaching Comrade Prem how to deal with the problem of self, manifesting in her practise. He worked with Comrade Sian to adopt a method to help her to become more conscious about the two aspects inside her: positive and negative (as is in each of us). In order to encourage her positive development and to nurture it, Sian gave her gradations from *'Good'* (G) to *'Excellent'* (E) when she did good work. Conversely, when she did bad things she gave her gradations from *'Bad'* (B) to *'Beyond ultra – ugly'* (BUU) to help her to learn to control and inhibit her negative genetic impulses. Almost every day Sian sat with Prem to sum up her day and give her grades according to her practise with the aim of helping her to help herself. From time to time, Comrade Bala gave Comrade Prem an overall assessment. When she did something exceptionally good he increased her percentage of positive, for example from 80% - 85%, while, if she did something very bad then she lost positive percentage, e.g. 85% down to 80% – a scientific, kind and just method. Comrade Bala gave his daughter the very best start in life, arming her with all the tools to help her to live a happy and creative life in the communist collective. This was in sharp contrast to the lives of

millions of children suffering neglect, abuse and exploitation all over the world, including Britain. It was a safe environment for Comrade Prem to grow up in, with checks and balances to safeguard her: not so for thousands of children in ‘*care*’ in Britain. An increasing number of grown men and women are now coming forward to give shocking testimonies about the abuse they suffered as children at the hands of those who should have been caring for them and protecting them. In Lambeth, where Prem was growing up in the collective, some of the worst child abuse was taking place: Shirley Oaks Home run by Lambeth Council where hundreds of children were subjected to prolonged sexual, physical and racial abuse and targeted by paedophiles, is one of the homes highlighted. It is now closed down but no doubt child abuse in Lambeth continues in other hidden ways yet to be exposed.

Comrade Prem was protected not only inside the collective but from attacks by the state which could have seen her snatched away and put in a children’s home in ‘*care*’ (as described above), in the name of *safeguarding* her. Comrade Bala instructed us to be vigilant over her at all times. This is why we didn’t allow her to stand at windows, in case ‘friendly’ neighbours reported her to the authorities, using, for example, the pretext that she was *not going to school*. We always accompanied Prem when she went out, to protect her: she never went out by herself on errands as other children sometimes do. In fact, it was not only Comrade Prem but all of us who went out in pairs except for those comrades who went out to work: we faced not only the danger of arbitrary police arrest but the same dangers all women face which have recently hit the headlines with the kidnap, rape and murder of Sarah Everard by a serving Met police officer.

Project Prem demonstrated not only a successful model for bringing children up and educating them but for protecting them from sexual predators and the horrifying scourge of child sexual abuse

so prevalent in Western countries and those afflicted by Western values.

The most guarded secret at the very heart of the US-led capitalist, imperialist old world and the dreadful truth is that the widespread propagation of child sex abuse and murder of little children is the *glue* that holds it together, a fact that many people are now waking up to.

The US-led British fascist state had to try to shoot down Project Prem to prevent people from learning from its shining example. But what began with Comrade Bala teaching Comrade Prem and comrades in one small unit, the communist collective, is now being popularised all across the globe through events such as the 2022 Winter Olympics in Beijing which closed with the words— ONE WORLD, ONE FAMILY- in spectacular fireworks!

It hurts me beyond words and appals me to see how Katy has treated Comrade Bala and ridden rough shod over this precious life in the collective - I can never forgive her for what she has done to try to destroy her father's unique work.

Instead of learning to be self-critical and controlling her negative, using her time in the collective as she grew up to nurture it and build it, she did the very opposite, she was plotting how to destroy it. In so doing, however, she has destroyed her own scope to develop for the needs of a beautiful new world which is in birth.

 **Katherine Morgan-Davies** 11 May at 20:06 · WOW · 

What Mythical Creatures Are You a Combination of?



Dragon **Fairy**

Katherine

I can be mean as fuck, sweet as candy, cold as winter, evil as hell, or loyal like a soldier, it all depends on you.

May 11, 2020

The bully, as always, in her preferred guise as a *white woman* -her intention in associating herself with a ‘Chinese’ dragon is not clear to me

PART TWO

A HATRED OF SELF-CRITICISM: COMRADE PREM MORPHS INTO *'KATY MORGAN-DAVIES'*

Katy Morgan-Davies was not a child when she decided to take revenge on her father and betray him to the very authorities whose attacks on our collective had made it necessary to put restrictions on what she could do as a child to keep her safe. She had experienced unrelenting attacks on her family (collective) by the state, profoundly impacting her life and the lives of all comrades. How could she brush aside this lived experience and be so dishonest as to fabricate a Cinderella –type story to ‘pull your heart-strings’: ‘*cruelly treated like a slave*’, ‘*starved of love*’ and ‘*beaten every day*’?

Since the traumatic events of October/ November 2013 and Katy’s shocking betrayal of her father and step-mother, I have had a lot of time to reflect on how this happened. Here are some issues which have come into focus in the last five and a half years which provide some answers, but the deeper I go, the more I realise that there is so much I never knew and still don’t know about Katy although I lived so close to her for three decades.

Even at an early age she began developing some very negative behaviour: she didn’t like to admit she ever did anything wrong and got angry with and hated anyone who pointed out her mistakes. As an aspect of this she also developed the habit of lying compulsively. Unfortunately it was not just a passing phase and the accumulated hatred and anger she had kept hidden for decades under a veil of secrecy eventually surfaced in 2013 at boiling point: she was out for revenge against her father, her step mother and her family and the communist collective.

I now realise she was living a Jekyll and Hyde existence in the collective - in her own words (in her book) she was living a '*double life*'.

Comrade Bala taught her how to live a happy and fulfilling life in the collective using self-criticism as the principal weapon, setting a glorious example himself by selflessly serving all members of the collective and bringing sparkle to all our lives. He provided the best scope for her to follow his example, teaching her how to handle negative genetic expressions by applying the dialectical method to the problem of self. But her aversion to self - criticism prevented her from benefiting from this excellent condition. Not only does she remain crippled by this unsolved problem after betraying Comrade Bala and deserting the collective (as you will see later) but she is severely damaging his life because of her traitorous actions. All she wants is *to get on with her life* at the expense of her father, but what she has done will never let her. Even from the point of view of pure self-interest, her father's way which she loathes so much would have been the best option for her!

Self-criticism was a totally alien concept to me as I grew up. I remember once, when I was about nine, being hauled up in front of the entire school after I was reported to the teacher by one of my peers for *sticking my tongue out* at them for commenting about the way I was eating and *refusing to say sorry* - after that I hated all of them for criticising me! This all changed, when I joined the collective. Somehow, miraculously, Comrade Bala with his compassionate approach was able to coax me slowly to learn to accept criticism and I began to find that being honest- admitting that I was wrong and taking responsibility for my actions when I made a mistake - brought so much rewards. Unburdening my-self from resisting criticism brought a refreshing feeling, for the first time I was letting some light into my life and it felt good!

Comrade Prem had a genuine choice in life as she grew up: to learn from Comrade Bala's positive example *or* follow the very negative examples of three women members of the collective who went off at intervals (in 1984, 1989 and 1992) leaving a little kid, a severely disabled woman and a collective under siege by the state, because they couldn't learn to be self-critical. Katy chose the latter! Like Boris Johnson, now a laughing stock on the world stage, she too has a problem with self-criticism and is prone to lying.

Working with Prem became increasingly difficult as she grew older. She displayed devious and manipulative behaviour. She lied to build alliances with one comrade against another to avoid blame when she did something wrong. Since Sian (her Mum) arranged a rota for her each day, Prem used to lie that so-and-so had done something bad to her. When this happened Sian immediately changed the arrangement and took up Prem's '*complaints*' with the alleged perpetrator: more often than not she alleged that so-and-so was '*bullying*' her. Sian was ever watchful over Comrade Prem and very protective of her in case she was being ill-treated by any one. Prem knew that as soon as the word *bullying* was mentioned this set alarm bells ringing: any bullying in the collective was immediately called out and a definite "no-no". In the mean-time, Prem got her way to stay with whoever she found conducive to stretching boundaries. If, however, she got caught, Sian became the target of her violent threats for calling her out.

She was nearly eight when she angrily snapped at me: "I will even join with bad people against you!" I had disagreed with her over her appraisal of a former member of the collective – she was describing them in a positive and worshipful way even though she knew they had betrayed her father and his collective in the 1970s. She later denied ever saying this but her subsequent practise since, speaks louder than her denials – she did actually join with the Brit-

ish fascist state against her father! At the time, when I saw something wrong, I always believed that Comrade Prem would correct herself as she grew up. It was not to be.

Katy's practise since 2013 shows she is on the same wrong path more than 20 years later with no intention of reining herself in or trying to correct herself ...and worse still, she has taken things to a whole new level. Her stage is no longer the collective but the world. Katy is no longer lying to comrades inside the collective where she could be checked, but to the institutions of the fascist state, the Met police, the Courts and the mainstream state controlled media whose collective political agenda and class interests prevent them from investigating her credibility and bringing her to account: what she has said and continues to say about her father serves their class interest.

In order to get her way and exact revenge on her father she has used the British state and their evil desire to punish Comrade Bala to set herself up as a '*defenceless victim*', misleading hundreds of millions of people across the world who have fallen for her horrific lies about him. This is a fraud of gigantic proportions. Comrade Bala used to say that Prem has '*God complex*' (another way of saying *narcissistic personality disorder*). Those days I didn't understand: now it all makes sense!

One of Katy's 'grievances' which she keeps coming back to in her writing and TV interviews (aside from the '*daily beatings*' thrown in at regular intervals for maximum shocking effect and to build her case against Comrade Bala: in the first 96 pages of her book she uses the word 'beat' over 37 times) is that she always felt '*isolated*' in the collective. Each time she repeats the same tear-jerking story about having only the '*bathroom tap and the toilet to hug*' because '*nobody wanted to talk to her*'. This is a case of brazenly taking what happened out of context and deliberately misrepresenting Comrade Bala and the communist collective. The truth is: it is

only when she refused to accept she had done something wrong that she felt isolated, and this applied to anyone who went against the interests of the collective. The important thing she leaves out is that she *was* happy on the occasions when she worked together with other comrades in a harmonious way. Her feeling of isolation in the communist collective came only from her refusal to work together- the case in every other unit where people live and work together.

Katy continues in her fantasy world with herself at the centre. See her Face Book post (May 11, 2020), at the beginning of this chapter (See page 28), which ends with a menacing: ‘...it all depend on you!’ The bully as always! And notice her dragon is a Chinese dragon. Is she trying to have one foot on China’s side, while keeping her father imprisoned?

She has constructed a make believe world which insulates her from the real world. She has lied about her father and laid conditions for his imprisonment and torture, but her fantasy world has robbed her of all sense and reason. In a Sunday Times article in September 2021: *How I Escaped my Father’s Cult*, the reporter writes: ‘She (Katy) has no contact with her father but says she would if he sought her out’. Why would her father want to seek her out when she is persecuting him. What a convoluted mind! She should be trying to connect with him to seek his forgiveness for the terrible crime she has committed against him.

Fantasising has its absolute limits!

While Katy’s favourite book is *The Secret Garden* where Mary Lennox learns to change from a self-centred, bad tempered and spoilt child into a caring friend who uplifts the life of Colin, Katy has never changed.

I find it utterly chilling that in her ‘secret garden’ she has buried a childhood full of joy and happiness from the eyes of the world.

The horrifying lies about a life of '*cruelty, misery and beatings in the communist collective at the hands of her father*' are a most egregious misrepresentation of Comrade Bala which can only be attributable to far right ideology.

Comrade Prem has morphed into this monster 'Katy Morgan- Davies', a rabid racist and fascist hiding behind the words: 'peace and tolerance', 'freedom and love'. Astonishingly, her true sentiments are echoed not only in the anti- communist witch-hunts of 1950s America led by Senator Joe McCarthy but in the words of racist Senator George Wallace who fought for continued racial segregation in America in the 1960s under the slogan: '*Separate development first of all , then we'll have joy for all*'. Prem's mother, Sian, used to openly indulge in self-criticism and express her regret for having repeated these words of George Wallace when she was a student at Cheltenham Girls College - why couldn't Prem have learnt from her?

The terrible and bitter truth is that Katy made up all these terrible lies about her father to incriminate him and have him removed from her life and imprisoned for his socialist and communist beliefs. This has to be the crime of the century!

She has had ample time to wake up from her fantasy world and own up to her dreadful lies, but in all these six years since her father was sent to prison for an appalling 23 years, she has not shown a shred of remorse: she continues to deny the truth which is causing the continued cruel incarceration of Comrade Bala, now in his 80s.

All said and done, though, somewhere inside Katy Morgan-Davies there still has to be some traces of Prem, that child which I helped to bring up as a part of the communist collective. Her failure is my failure. All I can do as an expression of that connection I had with

her is to tell the world the truth that she is hiding. I am fully conscious, though, that she will hate me for it and I am under no illusions about the very real possibility that she will try to elicit help from the British state to try to stop me from exposing the truth. But if anything is going to change, that is the risk I have to take.

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EXHIBITS

EXHIBIT 1(a)

Katy's fabricated and terrible lies concerning events of May 5, 1984, when she was 17 months old. Quote from her book: *Caged Bird* [Page 9]

[REDACTED] As Bala told me almost every week, I had fallen from grace when I was eighteen months old: he'd been holding me and I'd wanted to be put down, so I'd wriggled in his arms, flailing, and struck him as I did so. He hit me all over my body in return, to teach me 'don't ever show anger towards Bala'.

EXHIBIT 1(b)

BELOW LEFT: Prem (Katy) on her 16th birthday in 1999

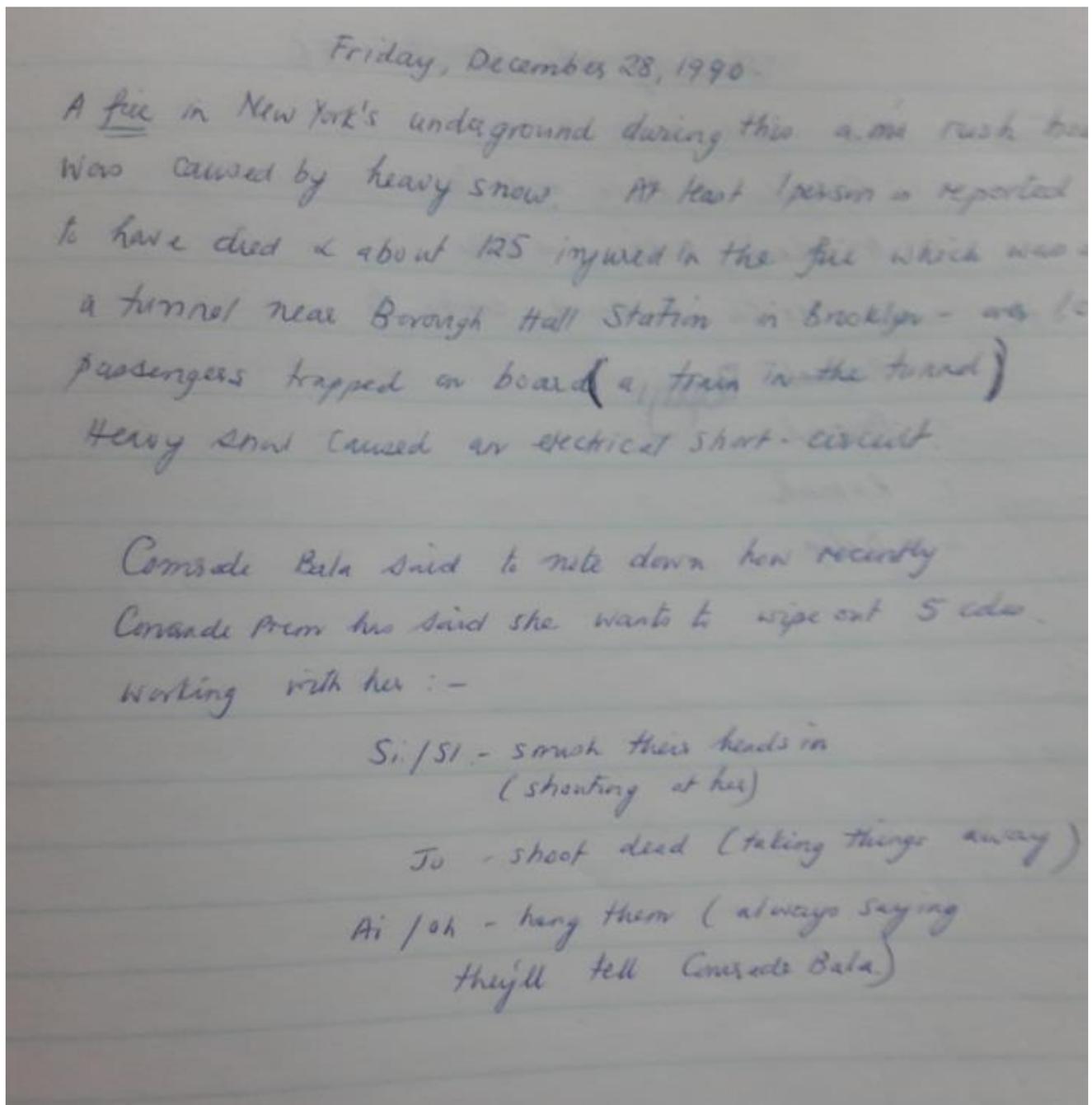
BELOW RIGHT: Katy during an interview on ITV Good Morning Britain in April 2018

Twenty years separate the two snaps. Transformation complete - her Indian heritage is hidden.



EXHIBIT 1

Notes written by Comrade Sian in her diary on December 28, 1990 about what Prem was saying to her about comrades



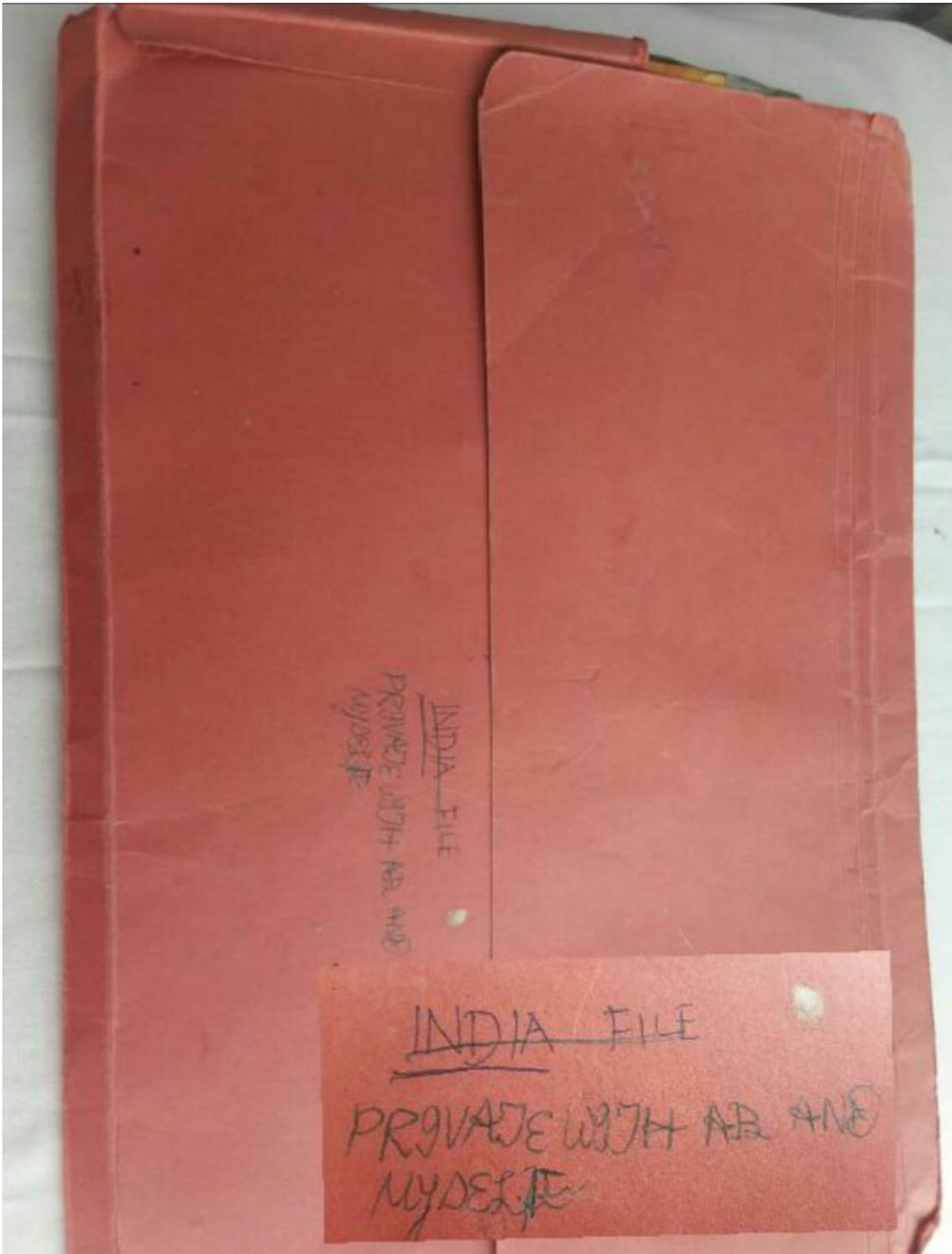


EXHIBIT 2

Comrade Prem's INDIA FILE. In anger she crossed it out and changed it to "PRIVATE WITH AB AND MYSELF" after her father told her he was married and to whom he was married -she was around 7 or 8 at the time.

Why didn't Left in Britain have campaign to 'RELEASE COMRADE BALA!' or 'Keep MZMC OPEN?' How come they have campaigns ('Sack Tones - Not Miners') but ~~never~~ had campaign 'Sack Callaghan - Not Comrade Bala'?

Why were they so insensitive to AB's work? Bones!!

Because they are agents of the fascist bourgeoisie within the working class.

They are traitors to the ~~real~~ genuine proletarian people's

hero-Comrade Bala. They are pretenders to the throne and were trying to steal Comrade Bala's glory. So JEALOUS of AB.

If these Trots were really against the fascist state why did the state open WRP bookshop after locking down 140? Because the state felt a reliable place to rest on in the Trots.

They NEVER call the state fascist and never take up about secret state. Get all caught up in the cover used by the

secret state - thus giving good service to fascist state.

8/11/95.

EXHIBIT 3

A piece written by Comrade Prem in 1995

Something in September 1996 I heard on the radio

No one must ever think that Britain is a democratic society. Comrade Bala has been saying all along that in Britain, fascism is hidden under parliamentary democracy. Anybody who thinks opposite to this fundamental principle are condoning the crimes of the British fascist state. Once, in September 1996, a war criminal act was committed by the fascist police in Wembley, North West London. The incident happened on Harrow Road. At 3.30 am in the morning, a whole bunch of fascist police raided the premises of a young Afro-Caribbean couple under the false pretext of 'searching for drugs'. When the person asked them to show him their search warrant, the barbarians went berserk. Like a pack of wolves and hyenas, they grabbed the poor, innocent young black man with such a force that his right thigh snapped into two, breaking open the flesh and skin. Not yet contented, they used red-hot skewers to pick out the marrow of his bone. When the poor victim screamed and howled in extreme agony, they told him to 'shut up', gagged him and even threatened to eat the marrow that they had gorged out to placate him. He was in such unbearable pain that he had to be taken to hospital and put on an oxygen mask. They followed him into the hospital and told him, jokingly, that they had not had their dinner yet and asked him to give them the marrow of his bone to make into a 'delicious barbecue'. 'I haven't had a nice dish for so long and am hungry. Any givers? Ha, ha, ha!' one of them squawked.

To add insult to injury, these criminals were not prosecuted but in fact promoted. They were even included in the Loony Leech Birthday Honours List.

The crime sounds uncannily similar to the crimes against Comrade Bala and the communist collective in the Mao Zedong Memorial Centre.

The criminals told the poor victim that his dreadlocks looked like a 'good mop' to mop up urine and wastematter in their toilets! How savage!

This evil, genocidal war crime has had a bad effect on its recipient. He is incapacitated now and has to walk with the aid of elbow crutches. His right leg is totally useless. Where is the justice in Tony Blair's 'democratic', New Labour-led Britain? Fort !!!

July 4, 1997

After this crime, the young West Indian victim changed his name to Ntibanyu Rabbah. He is now a leading campaigner for black rights and also for the handicapped.

EXHIBIT 4 Comrade Prem's writing when Sian was in hospital shortly before she died on August 3, 1997

EXHIBIT 5

Horrifying poem about Nelson Mandela by Katy some time in 1997

About Nelson Mandela.

As the clouds turn lead-grey and the winds bitterly cold,
The fall of the dead leaves in the freezing winter night,
Can be heard somewhere down near Hell.

The foul and obnoxious stench of the atmosphere in decay,
And the deathly silence of the evil mist,
Signals the creeping, crawling, slinking and limping
Of the putrid, moribund and decadent old devil Nelson Mandela
Dragging his fat, rotten corpse from his death-bed,
To the nearby rat-infested wasteland.

Three thousand times we cry for revenge,
Loud and clear for all to hear;

Whip the Devil Mandela with a rotten cane,
Make him suffer all the pain.

Pursue and torture him relentlessly until he cries,
And break his bones until he dies.

Gone is the time for peaceful reconciliation,

Now is the stage for historic retribution!

To spill the blood of the predator Mandela,

Is to give our hearts the vengeance we've been crying for.

Let's see justice done now,

Paedophile Mandela will have to bow,

No way out whatsoever for the world's worst criminal,

Torture, death and nothing else!

From January 17 onwards,
 my heart has undergone
 a real suffering period
 with the Monica issue being
 used in vain against my
 hero, President Bill Clinton.
 If he is forced to resign
 (through impeachment or
 otherwise) I would most
 certainly commit suicide.
 Either that or the upset of
 it will kill me. Either

PRESIDENT Bill CLINTON:
 I love you so much
 and I am thinking more
 of your health than
 your positions. Anyway
 how can you keep your
 position if you are in
 bad health? I don't
 think anyone can. I
 would be so heartbroken
 if you leave, but if

From January 17, 1998 -
 Fascist Republicans -
 at the end of their
 tether - launch last-
 minute battle to save
 their skins with the
 Monica Lewinsky case vs.
 hero President Bill
 Clinton. Their time is up
 and they know it only
 too well. But my hero

EXHIBIT 6

Katy in full flow about her worship of Clinton in January 1998. Some extracts from pages and pages of rubbish

V. embarrassing .

20 March 2004 - extremely angry, violent dream in early morning.

started (as far as I can remember) with me talking about the person I love and fancy - his name was written on my clothes and I was saying how deeply I feel - how happy I'll be if the love of my life calls me his own - and then someone came along and started talking rubbish about my Valentine - calling him a 'bastard', 'criminal', 'dog', etc. I stood up and screamed at the offender - I threatened - 'If you insult the person I love, you insult me! - I will not stand for it, I tell you!' - but the offender persisted. I got more and more angry - I was red in the face and shaking with rage - I pulled a pen-knife from my pocket and yelled - 'One more word, and I'll nick you with this!' - brandishing the knife at the offender, just inches from the throat - and my hand shook so much in my rage that the knife made contact - and drew blood! The offender cried in pain, but my anger was not assuaged - I was purple, livid with rage - I screamed, punched, kicked and bit with all my strength. Blood was dripping from the offender's throat, but I didn't care - I was beyond caring - I was just wild with fury, and I felt I couldn't injure my opponent enough - goodness! how violent! I tore out clumps of hair, I twisted the arms, and I stamped on the head - angry tears were pouring down my face and I screamed wildly as I tortured the one who insulted my dignity - I swore, cursed, and roared, angrier than anyone could have imagined - I was never angrier in my life. My blood was boiling and I felt I'll only be satisfied when this offender died! I knew I'd regret it later on, but something was just driving me on - pent-up fury at the nastiness took hold of me, there was no bounds to my anger - everything that had ever been said to hurt my feelings on this issue flashed before me - and I slit the offender's throat! I gave a scream of triumph and stamped on the body as life ebbed away - and then, totally exhausted and shocked at what I'd done, I collapsed into a faint, my clothes drenched with blood. I had killed someone! And then I woke up at this moment, panting as if I'd run miles, my head throbbing - I was all entangled in the beddings, the pillow was on the floor, my nightdress was half off -

EXHIBIT 7

Katy's writing with the date March 20, 2004, she gave her father

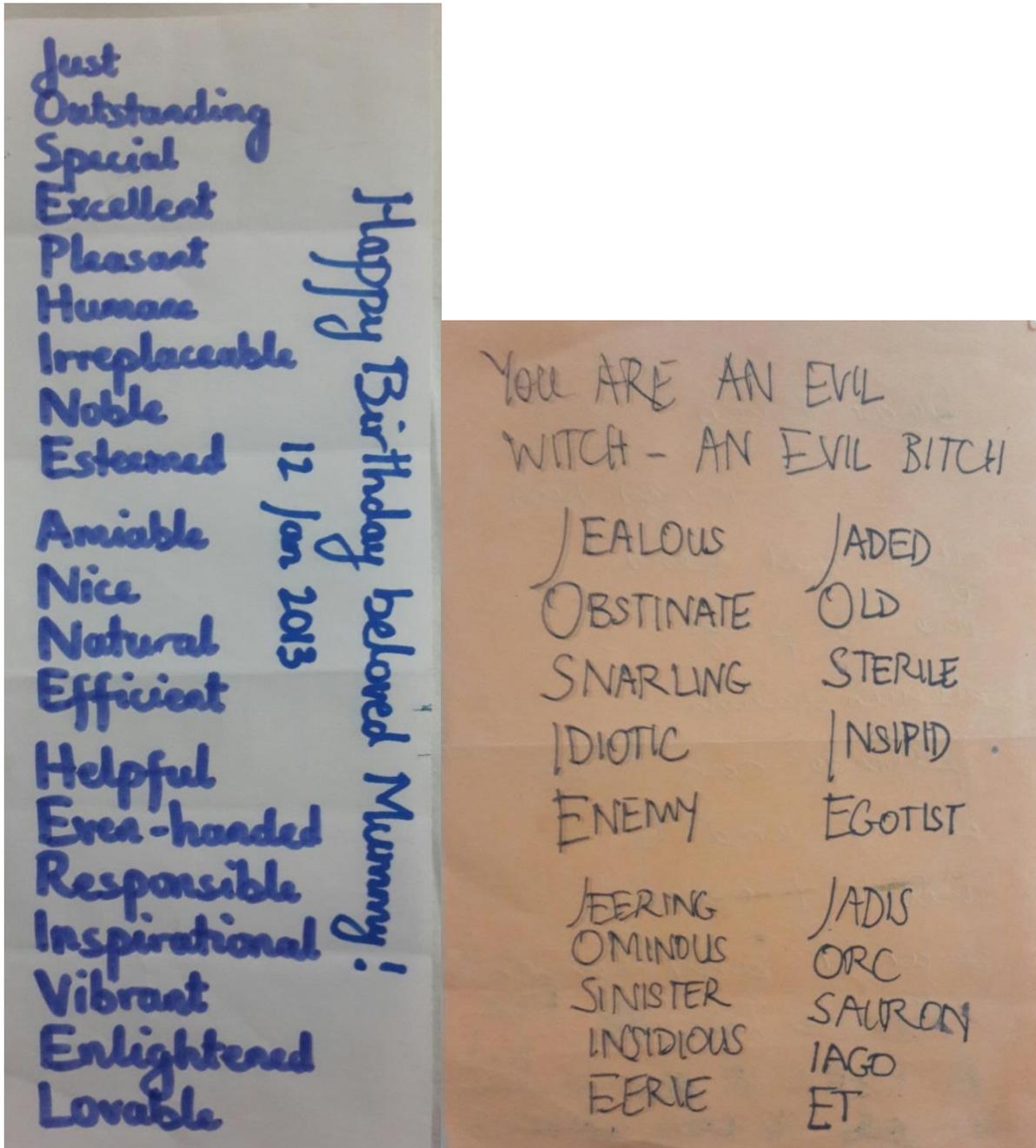


EXHIBIT 8

Two pieces Katy wrote about me shortly before I left the collective with her. The blue one was for me on my birthday. The orange one was hidden from me until I found it in the house after the trial. My name is spelt vertically, by putting together the letters beginning each word



EXHIBIT 9

A Tweet from her neighbour in 2017 gives an important insight into Katy after she left the collective

ik/news/uk/636515/M



NEWS SHOWBIZ

News UK



Marius Feneck managed to escape jail

Marius Feneck, 28, waited outside the boy's primary school for Lesley-Ann Noel to leave work before following her to her car and launching a vicious revenge attack.

Miss Noel, 47, was left with swelling the size of a pineapple on her cheek, a bleeding head, a cut to her lip and long-term damage to her shoulder.

Dad who knocked teacher unconscious in brutal revenge attack walks FREE

A VIOLENT father-of-four who put a school teaching assistant in hospital after she told his son off in the playground has walked free from court.

By **REBECCA PERRING**

17:40, Wed, Jan 20, 2016 | UPDATED: 20:39, Wed, Jan 20, 2016

EXHIBIT 10

Daily Express report about the crimes of Marius Feneck, the man Katy opened her window to. He walked free a few days before Comrade Bala was handed down a 23 year sentence on January 29, 2016



EXHIBIT 11

Exposure of the criminal nature of Nigel Oldfield in the Evening Standard – November 18, 2014

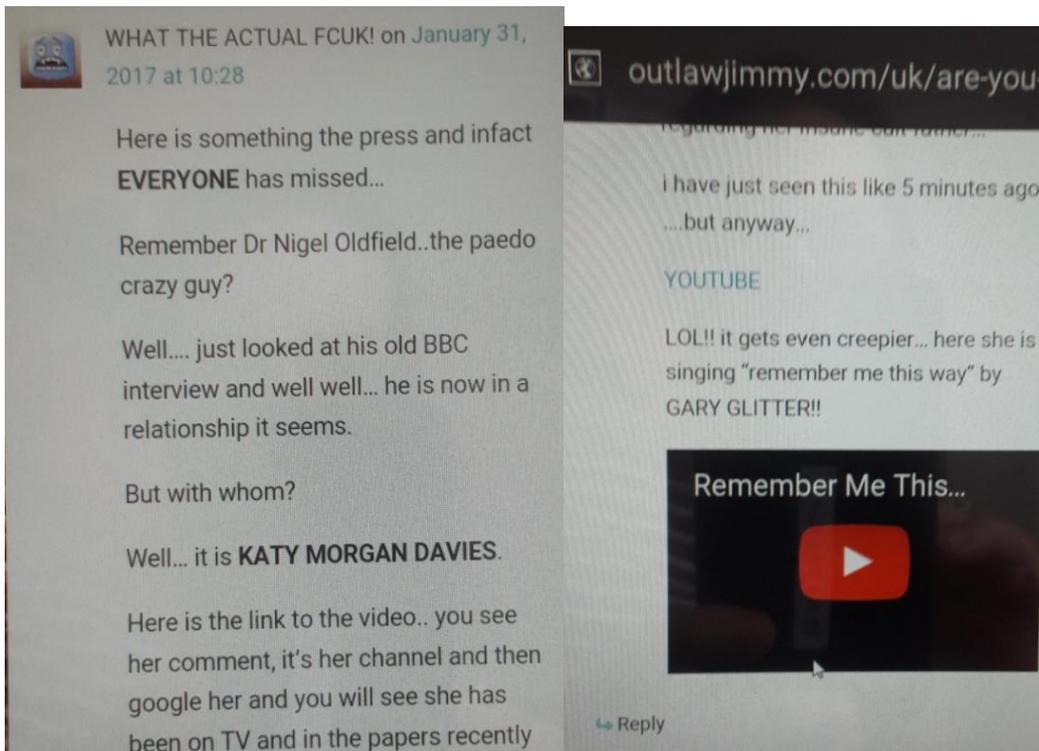


EXHIBIT 12

Exposure of '*Katy Morgan- Davies*' on the internet, January, 2017

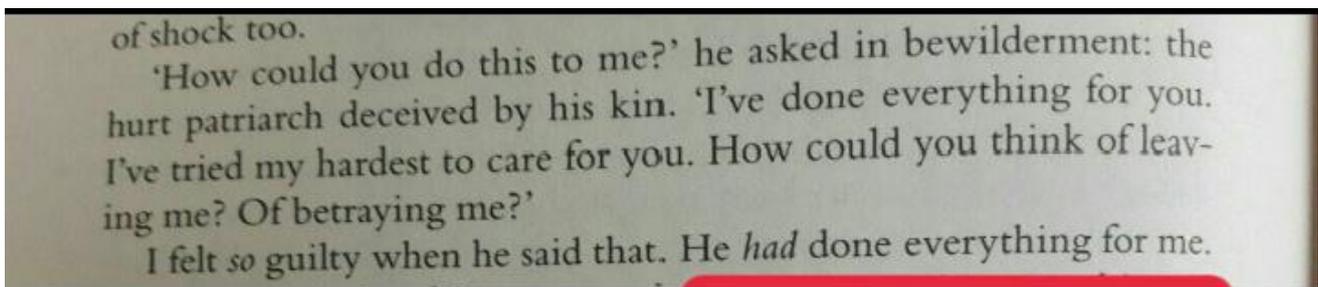


EXHIBIT 13

Extract from Katy's book (page 206)

PART THREE

A TESTIMONY BASED ON EVIDENCE

Here are thirty points about Katy Morgan-Davies (some of which have already been touched upon). Many, if not all, were not heard by the jury. The aim is to provide a picture of the real Katy, a picture which is as accurate as possible. Armed with this you can decide for yourself whether or not Katy should have been a credible key witness for the prosecution.

Katy has left me with no choice but to present this withering picture of her because this where the truth leads. Her unforgivable attempt to humiliate her very own father in the eyes of the world using bare faced lies, demands this.

Most of the selected points are about Katy during her years in the collective when I spent time with her, but some which I have come to know about since she left the collective in 2013, shed further light on her character. These examples provide a useful comparison in terms of her practise before leaving the collective and after.

Many issues in Katy's fabricated story were used by the prosecution but I have not been able to access the transcripts to find out exactly which. The judge in the trial, Deborah Taylor, refused a request for the transcripts from a person who knew Comrade Bala in Brixton in the 1970s and who did not believe the wild allegations he heard through the media blitz in November 2013. Her feeble excuse which served to obstruct access to the transcripts was the so called '*need for anonymity for two of the women*'. This could have simply been remedied by redacting their names: clearly there was something more to hide.

Thirty points mainly by order of date, the first and second points relate to her nature from childhood:

1. As a child, Prem was **prone to lying** to get her way and to escape taking responsibility. In 2008, in a rare moment of honesty she admitted to me: *'I can't stop lying!'* but I had no idea what this meant. In her book, she admits to lying as a kid. She writes: *'I was good at lying to them and keeping secrets'*. She wants us to believe, however, that lying was a *survival strategy* which was justified because she was being *'beaten'* and *'cruelly'* treated, but her book exposes otherwise. Her *Author's Note* begins: *'...everything in this book is true'* followed by the Prologue, about her home coming after her birth:

Prologue; Clapham, London 1983

Cries were emanating from the baby's crib, but none of those gathered round moved to comfort. They had eyes only for one single man among them.

With reverence, they stared at him, eyes shining not with happiness but awe. They trembled in his presence, bodies alert, ready to serve him better. Not a word crossed their lips: they waited instead for him to speak.

Still the child cried: disrespectful. Irritated, the man seized the cot and shook it roughly. Silence fell. He opened his mouth to fill the void.

'This child', he began in his commanding voice, looked down into the cot, seeing far into the future, 'will be my worst enemy.

Strange she can remember from such a tender age – she was only 8 days old! Having begun her book by saying: *'... everything in this book is true'*, the idea that she *'remembered'* the event of her home coming is an obvious lie, and a farcical one at that. Although in her she doesn't mention him by name, or that the man in her *Prologue* is her father, its content is clearly a very malicious attempt to assassinate Comrade Bala's character from the outset and nothing but a fabrication of her warped mind. This leads to the second part of Point 1: Katy was **prone to fantasising** from childhood - she had a

fertile imagination but this took a serious turn when she began having obsessive fantasies about neighbours at three different addresses from the age of twelve and putting her fantasies above the needs of the collective. On her own admission (in her book), her ‘*crushes*’ began as a deliberate act of defiance against her father (and mother, Sian)... but it defied all reason. Her father had warned her to be vigilant about neighbours from about the age of twelve because of the prevailing condition in Britain [16].

While writing this testimony and trying to understand Katy’s motive in lying, I remembered her father talking about Patti Davis, daughter of Ronald and Nancy Reagan and highlighting how she had exposed her parents’ cruelty to her, in her 1992 book: ‘*The Way I See It*’.

Around 2012, Katy told me she used to stand in front of the bathroom mirror, as a child of eleven, imagining she was seeing herself on TV but I didn’t know where she got the idea from.

Then I read in Katy’s book that she was ‘inspired’ by Patti Davis. She writes in page 96 of her book:

*‘There had been a lot of newspaper coverage about confessional interviews that Ronald Reagan’s daughter, Patti Davis, had done on TV, talking about how her parents had treated her badly. **It gave me the idea.** In the bathroom, I started standing before the mirror, imagining I was seeing myself on a TV screen. **I decided I was going to tell the world about AB** (her father) **about what was happening; about how badly I was treated, being beaten black and blue**’[the underlining and emphasis is mine]*

I still couldn’t put the two together. Then suddenly it clicked: Patti had told the world that her mother had *beaten her every day* and Katy was now telling the world that her father had ‘*beaten*’ her every day!

But Katy was **not** beaten by her father, unlike Patti: so she had to lie about him in order to make *child cruelty* the central and sensa-

tional feature in her narrative. She does it with an avalanche of ‘beatings’ and other ‘*physical abuse*’ barely five pages into her *Memoir*, bombarding the reader repeatedly with the words ‘beat’, ‘beating’ or ‘beaten’ more than 39 times (and 55 words to that effect) from page five, until 91 pages later she surreptitiously introduces ‘*the idea*’ she got from Patti!

It is true that Katy hated her father (and not only her father) but not for the reason she gives. Her hatred, was not based on ‘beatings’ and ‘*child cruelty*’ as she wants us to believe, but on a deep seated **hatred of criticism**. The truth behind ‘*The Lambeth Slavery Case*’ is that Katy Morgan-Davies carefully constructed a horrifying story of ‘*child-cruelty*’ so that she had something ‘*to tell the world*’ about her father in TV interviews, to take revenge on him!

[Interestingly, I remember her father teaching her not to *mimic* and *copy* others, around the time she learnt about Patti Davis!]

Now it is crystal clear why Katy doesn’t want me to talk about her childhood and her life in the collective. She’s afraid her fantasy world will come crashing down. But this is exactly what needs to happen because the harsh reality is that Katy’s childhood fantasy is Comrade Bala’s continued nightmare in British prisons.

2. Another aspect of Prem’s nature as a child was her *intolerance* and *violent temper* – verbal and physical.

When she was just two years old she unexpectedly said to me: ‘I want to kill you!’ in a sudden outburst of anger. Children say many things to their parents and carers as a part of the process of learning, but in her case this was only the first of many angry outbursts. She continued over the years to make increasingly violent threats to people who tried to set boundaries to keep her safe. Sometimes she went beyond verbal threats and pushed or hit out at people or held them roughly. Once, in anger, she threw a small ball at Comrade Oh leaving a severe bruise on her chest. She never however, tried to hurt Comrade Bala again after May, 1984 (events described

next, in Point 3). As subsequent practise shows though, she had never stopped getting angry with him for criticising her: she had gone underground only for it to surface in 2013 when she thought she had the fascist police and state on her side against him.

She now talks endlessly on social media and in interviews about being an advocate for *peace, love and tolerance*: part of her persona, while wilfully participating in her own father's imprisonment and torture. What can be more aggressive, intolerant and hateful than what she is doing to her own father?

This is British hypocrisy at its very worst!

3. On May 5 1984, Comrade Bala came to see her as he normally did many times a day. He lifted her up affectionately to greet her but she had other ideas and struggled to wriggle out of his arms. When he didn't immediately put her down, she struck him with her hand. In reply, to teach her never to hit him in anger, he lightly tapped her arm once, explaining to her in very simple terms that what she did was wrong.

Compare this with her version of events: see Exhibit 1(a). Again, as in the case of her prologue, how could she have remembered - she was only 17 months old?, and yet this and other such issues remained unchallenged and unquestioned by media personnel such as Newsnight presenter Kirsty Wark who fawned over her in an interview with Katy about her new book in 2018.

4. In December 1990 when Prem was nearly eight years old she verbalised how she wanted to *kill* five comrades working with her. Comrade Bala asked Comrade Sian to write down and keep a note of this. This written evidence [Exhibit 1] was left behind by police after searching the house:

'Sian / Sl – smash their heads in (shouting at her)

Josie – shoot dead (taking things away)

Aisha / Oh – hang them (always saying they'll tell Comrade Bala)'

5. In January 1991, a few days before her eighth birthday, Prem poured water into the airing cupboard in the bathroom and it started coming down on the heads of comrades in the kitchen. She later told me she was hoping we would have to call a plumber for her own entertainment and lied to her father that she hadn't done it. However it was blatantly obvious who was behind the sudden 'leak' and her father wanted to teach her not to lie.

In her version of events which she describes in her book (and possibly at the trial) she tactically leaves out the real reason *why* her father struggled with her and describes a very harrowing scene where she says, '*He threw me out*', and '*I banged as hard as I could on the locked door, delirious with danger*'. She later embellishes her false account with, '*I was beyond distressed!*'

I was there throughout and this is not what I witnessed. I saw her father putting her outside the door, not '*throwing*' her out as she suggests. She remained near the door quietly (not '*banging*' on it) while he watched her throughout from a side window to ensure she was safe. After about 6 or 7 minutes, Comrade Bala opened the door and let her back in. After some time for reflection, this episode was followed by lots of hugs and cuddles (not mentioned in her account) ensuring she didn't go to bed upset or crying.

The issue is: not only did she lie **then** to her father but she is lying **now** by omission and hiding the fact that her father was struggling with her on the issue of lying.

In her book she writes that her father '*beat*' her, she says '*coming on top of other kicks and shoves and slaps I received in the past few weeks*', and describes '*limping away*'. On other occasions she claims her father beat her '*black and blue*', once, she claims when she was three, for saying: '*I like white people!*' She also describes her father '*dragging*' her '*across the floor*', '*kicking*' her head and '*stamping on it*' when she was a small kid and '*vomiting*'. What Katy alleges is simply not possible: we lived at very close proximity-

ty (only two out of a household of nine people were going out to work) and nobody would have accepted such things happening to her. I used to take my turn regularly to help her to have bath and I never saw the *'bruises'* she claims to have received at the hands of her father. There is no truth in anything she is saying - none of it happened - but she continues to be provided platforms to keep repeating these truly horrifying lies.

The truth is that nothing went unnoticed as to Prem's wellbeing and safety, even the smallest hurt was treated with concern by Comrades Bala and Sian and others. An example straight away springs to mind: when she was still a tiny baby she inexplicably got a blister on the tip of one her tiny fingers. For days we were trying to work out how it happened.

Her allegations of being *'beaten black and blue on a daily basis'* and so on, are all part of her elaborately constructed story *'to tell the world about AB'* as explained in Point 1.

6. Around 1991 Prem became angry with her stepmother when her father first told her that she was his wife. Her stepmother had been in her good books for some time, and she kept things about her in her *'INDIA FILE'* and frequently expressed the desire to spend more time with her and her sister (while saying nasty things about the five comrades with whom she spent most of her day), until she found out she was Comrade Bala's wife, then all her nice words dried up. In anger, she crossed out *'INDIA FILE'* and replaced it with: *'PRIVATE WITH AB AND MY SELF'*. See Exhibit 2. It seems that until that point she must have assumed that only she was close with her father and now she didn't want to share him with anyone else. This revelation explodes Katy's narrative that she hated her father from childhood, in fact quite to the contrary, it reveals a child who jealously guarded her relationship with her father.

7. In 1995, in her 12th year, she wrote this rough note completely on her own volition. See Exhibit 3. It's clear she was immersing herself in the revolutionary activism of the Workers' Institute yet she now vehemently denies this. This evidence exposes her false denial. This is what she wrote:

“Why didn't Left in Britain have campaign to ‘RELEASE COMRADE BALA’ or ‘KEEP MZMC [Mao Zedong Memorial Centre] OPEN”?

How come they have campaign ‘Sack Tories – Not Miners’ but never had campaign ‘Sack Callaghan – Not Comrade Bala!’” Why were they so insensitive to ABs work? ... Bones!!![Written years later by her which she also did to her diaries used in the trial] Because they are agents of the fascist bourgeoisie within the working class. They are traitors to genuine proletarian people's hero – Comrade Bala. They are pretenders to the throne and were trying to steal Comrade Bala's glory. So jealous of AB. If these Trots were really against the fascist state why did the state open WRP (Workers' Revolutionary Party) bookshop after locking down 140? Because the state felt a reliable place to rest on in the Trots. They NEVER call the state fascist and never take up about the secret state. Got all caught up in the cover used by the secret state – thus giving good service to the fascist state. 8/9/95

8. As already mentioned, Katy has a history of telling people fantasies and doggedly persisting until she thinks her fantasy prevails. She began having ‘*crushes*’ about male neighbours from about the age of twelve at three different addresses in London.

With each new *crush* she wove a new fantasy and persistently and endlessly talked around it at every opportunity until I felt my brain would explode from trying to resist her persistent onslaught, day in, day out. It was as if she was trying to brain wash me and impose her will on me. Even though each comrade who was con-

fronted by this phenomenon worked tirelessly to try to explain repeatedly to her that her fantasy was not based on reality (sometimes to the point of complete exhaustion), she would *never* concede to anyone that she was wrong or give up on her crusade. It seemed almost like a game for her to see who she could succeed in convincing by repeating her fantasy again and again..... in fact she may well have ended up believing her own fabricated story, as some fantasists do. That's why I know she has the capacity to persist in telling unbelievable lies about her father – she has had years of self-training.

9. Her first '*crush*' in 1995/96 was the man living downstairs when we lived in Wembley: we had been sent there to live in temporary accommodation by Lambeth Council. He used to hang around at all times of the day and was seen liaising with the police. He and his partner played music very loud through loud speaker at all hours, so loud that it gave Prem ringing in her ears. Throughout the night there seemed to be a constant stream of people coming and going, continuously slamming their front door which shook our flat and woke comrades up. Later they used to aggressively bang on the bathroom floor during day time with what sounded like a hammer while Comrade Prem was having bath.

When Sian reported this unrelenting harassment by the neighbour to the Noise Pollution Unit in Brent Council this man and woman turned truth on its head and accused *us* of making noise. The times when Prem was alone in the bathroom and her bed room looking out of the windows at him, was a cause for concern. We protected her as best we could but she had to learn to protect herself. However, as practise shows, she was hell bent on her refusal to listen to what her father was teaching her about the state, based on his own direct experience. Prem relentlessly pursued her '*crush*' on this man and this perverse persistence had a devastating effect on Sian, causing anxiety and unnecessary strife between them. While Sian

was parrying blows (so to speak) with these ‘*neighbours*’ through Brent Council and dealing with this constant harassment externally, Prem was undermining our struggle from inside – her loyalty to the collective and her family was seriously in question and could not be relied upon in the face of attacks from outside. But she was still only twelve or thirteen, so she had to be given leeway. As subsequent practise shows, however, she never changed.

10. Prem wrote this story [Exhibit 4] in July 1997, days before her mother died in early August. It was from her imagination and about the same man she continued to wilfully obsess about even though we had left Wembley more than one year earlier. While demonstrating her persistence in doing wrong and deliberately going against her father, it also demonstrates just how much insight she had at the age of 14 into the racist nature of the Met police and their brutality against black and minority communities. How then could she possibly join with these racist police against her father in 2013?but that’s exactly what she did!

11. Sian, Prem’s mother and principal carer, sadly died in Kings College Hospital on August 3, 1997, much to our shock - the cylinder of oxygen she needed to support her breathing had not been provided. We can only think that because we had refused to agree to her life support being switched off, the decision had been taken out of our hands from behind the scenes, by those who wanted her dead.

In December 1996 Sian had tragically fallen from our bathroom window and sustained severe injury to her head and neck. But she made a miraculous recovery from her injuries in the first few months to the enormous surprise of her doctor in Kings. However although other serious problems had subsequently emerged, her sudden death came as a huge shock – we had been preparing for

her to be transferred to a neurological hospital in Putney where she was to have been given specialist medical treatment.

Comrade Bala's wife stepped into the breach and took responsibility for Prem. She set about organising different activities and ways to work together and engage with Prem. For example she asked Prem to cook with her. In the evenings she asked her to come and listen to music together with her and her disabled sister. She bought nice clothes for her and went on outings with her. I remember she went out of her way to help Prem. For example, when Prem was ill she selected the cassette tapes she liked and brought them up the stairs to her again and again while she was in bed to keep her spirits up and suggested different food for her when she had no appetite.

When she was unable to give Prem all her attention because she also had to care for her husband and disabled sister she delegated me to assist her to work with Prem.

I believe Prem wanted not only her stepmother's undivided attention but someone who would never criticise her. In the early days Prem wrote a beautiful poem for her stepmother in a birthday card and knitted a cardigan for her but she was only satisfied when people danced to her tune and when her stepmother didn't - for example she asked '*why Prem can't lend a hand to wash up*' Prem made her stepmother the object of her hatred and ridicule and began to fabricate lies about her. Prem writes in her book: '*I wanted to love her (her stepmother) but all she did was give me hateful looks powerful enough to fell an elephant*'

Nothing was good enough for her – Katy even grumbled to me that her stepmother expected her to get up to take something from her, as if this was the most terrible slight on her. She wanted her stepmother to get up and give it to 'Queen Prem'! It was no time before Prem concluded: '*she (her stepmother) had no space in her heart for the cuckoo in her nest*' and '*though I continued to call her*

“Mum”, *I did not consider her to be one*’ [Caged Bird – Page 148].

12. Her step mother had now ‘*fallen from grace*’ according to Katy, and her attention turned to her Welsh family after Comrade Bala told us to be vigilant in case Sian’s mother found out about her (Prem) after her death and came looking for her to claim her with the help of the authorities. Fuelled by her unjust dissatisfaction with her step mother Prem now began fantasising about living with her maternal grand-mother in Wales

Prem knew a lot about her maternal grandmother because of what Sian had talked about her over the years....and most of it wasn’t good! Sian used to relate how her father had repeatedly said in the years before he committed suicide that he would ‘*rather come back as a dog!*’ and that her mother always expected him to lavish praise on her – only ‘*best cook in the world*’ was good enough for her. On a number of occasions she had come to the collective demanding to see her daughter although Sian hadn’t wanted her to know where she was living: Sian told her not to come back again because she couldn’t take being imposed upon by her. This reality check made no difference to Prem, and flying in the face of facts, just as she did about neighbours who harassed our collective, she fantasised about going to live with her wealthy millionaire grand-mother in Wales. In the following years Prem began expressing in some unexpected and surprising ways.

Around 2003, seemingly out-of-the-blue, Prem told me her ambition was to become a *Baroness in the House of Lords*. I was taken aback, wondering where this was coming from. Sometime around the same time Comrade Bala wanted to take her to London Zoo. Prem began talking about waving from the bus window, in her words, ‘*...like the Queen Mother*’! Then, not long after this she began talking about changing her name by deed-pole from ‘Prem’ to a Western Christian name, toying with different female names to

select like; *Bryony, Katherine and Clarissa*. What she didn't say was that her plan was also to change her second name from Mao-pinduzi (Davies) to Morgan (-Davies) – her maternal grandmother's maiden name.

Thinking back now, it was all in keeping with her fantasy of going to live with her white Christian grandmother, a Daily Mail reader and an ardent monarchist who even wanted to get her daughter, Sian, married off to Prince Charles who was at Aberystwyth University at the same time as her.

It is difficult to imagine how someone who had grown up in a family which was being constantly attacked by institutions loyal to the Monarchy - the Metropolitan Police, the Crown Prosecution Service and Crown Courts - could allow these ideas to take root in her mind.

Did Katy think that ingratiating herself to her wealthy maternal grandmother was going to bring an opportunity to become rich? Whatever it was, on leaving the collective, Katy discovered that she had died in 2005, putting an abrupt end to her fantasy.

13. In the years after Sian died, I remember noticing Prem making changes to her appearance including plucking her eyebrows. See Exhibit 1(b). Compare how she looked before and after. At that time it didn't occur to me yet that Prem was trying to hide her mixed race heritage: all I knew was that I felt sad that she wanted to change her physical appearance. I wondered *why*?

Comrade Bala had created a culture in the collective which made each comrade feel comfortable about the way they looked. One of the things Comrade Bala used to tell comrades about was the time he had struggled with some people for laughing and making nasty comments about someone with *protruding teeth*. He strongly disagreed with anyone in the collective making unprincipled comments about peoples' appearance. Everything was geared to counter harmful and divisive ideas and develop our minds in a positive di-

rection with the aim of cooperating and working together harmoniously. Our collective was a safe haven thanks to Comrade Bala and for me this was life-saving.

When I first came to the collective, my mind was so crippled, although I didn't know it then. One of the first things Comrade Bala encouraged me to do was to write down an account of my life. At first I found it difficult because some things which had negatively impacted my life were painful to dig out. It's only later I realised the vital importance of this mind exercise. In fact it was only by going through this process that I began to become conscious of the issues which were impacting my mental wellbeing.

It began with my parents telling me when I was about 8 that they had wanted a boy instead of a girl, the psychological impact of which caused my health to break down, leaving me bed bound for nearly three months. Then a few years later when I was about 12, my older sister (one of two) told me she *hated* my nose because it was '*too big*'. She was clearly *wanted* and shown favouritism by my Dad, and her unkind words further wounded my psyche and hit my self-confidence. I began to feel acutely self-conscious which got in the way of any principled relationship with people.

In the collective, for the first time, I began to feel liberated because Comrade Bala gave me space to breathe and to unload the issues which I had buried deep in my psyche, which had bogged me down. He helped me to understand how such problems were caused by internalising Western fascist culture which judges people by how they look, not by what they do.

Comrade Bala has been raising people's consciousness about fascist culture since the early 1970s when he held meetings on Culture for workers, students and intellectuals (among many other topics). His teaching has also made me conscious about the hell that people of colour go through on a daily basis and in a myriad of ways. Those who fit the Greco- Roman criterion of beauty – tall, white, blond haired and blue- eyed promoted in an unrelenting way

through TV, films and social media - are top of the pecking order, while those who don't fit that criterion are pushed to the bottom of the heap, black people being at the very bottom.

It am not surprised when women and men yield to this overwhelming condition and blond their hair (including people of colour) etc, but I find it truly sad for someone who had benefited from the life-giving condition in the collective free of the devastating pressures of fascist culture, to yield to this.

14. During the same period Katy increasingly adopted right-wing, racist and reactionary views which set her on a collision course with her father and the collective. In place of her crush on our 'neighbour' in Wembley, in early 1998, she temporarily shifted her focus to Bill Clinton, President of America [See Exhibit 6] just as he was facing impeachment for lying under oath about his affair with Monica Lewinski. Despite mounting criticism over the Clinton Administration's unapologetic decision to punish Iraq with brutal sanctions and the resulting deaths of half a million children, Katy was on his side and she wilfully pursued her *crush* to the consternation of her father and other comrades. While our collective was being attacked by the US-led British fascist state, Katy was on the side of the President of America! Katy's response to criticism of her father and others regarding her '*crush*' on Clinton: we were all being '*intolerant*' of her!

In retrospect, it is clear that Katy was wilfully refusing to apply what her father was teaching her. Instead of being vigilant about her spontaneous negative genetic impulses and struggling against wrong ideas she was finding a framework for those wrong ideas in the books she was secretly reading over a period of about 5 years from around 1997 to 2003 and giving full play to them.

She was going against the very essence of her anti-fascist and anti-racist up-bringing and education in the collective. While lying that she needed privacy to '*put cream*' on her '*dry skin*', she was actu-

ally sitting and devouring books which her father had bought to review, and which he had told her *not* to read. Without any critical discussion about what she was reading she was absorbing poisonous anti-communist and cold war ideology, taking lies for truth and making it part of her mind-set. The immediate impact was that she began to believe that ‘communism’ was to blame for her every problem, instead of taking the more difficult path of learning to be self-critical.

I now believe, worse than I first thought, that she had already decided to use anti-communism as her platform and to learn all the jargon associated with its ideology so that she knew what to say in her TV interviews.

Whatever the truth is, one thing is certain: ‘Katy Morgan-Davies’ was taking over Prem’s mind: Katy now thought she was ‘free’ to pursue her secret anti-communist crusade against her father, after Sian died.

Even when I saw glimpses of it, the underhand and secretive ways Katy adopted prevented me from knowing what was taking shape in her mind which would ultimately lead to her betrayal of her father to the British state. I always had faith that she would correct herself. I didn’t know that she was a ‘*junky*’, addicted to lying and fantasising and that she didn’t want to help herself.

As time went on she was trying to force me to give up my political beliefs too and tried to prevent me from talking about Comrade Bala’s inspirational work, which I found very distressing because everything I was learning from him was giving me the only reason I had to live and she was trying to sever this bond. It got to the stage around 2008, when she would shout at me: ‘Shut up!’ if I even mentioned Comrade Bala’s name. Distressing as it was it was far from clear what was really going on in her head because she was deliberately concealing the truth. She knew if she said all the vile things she wanted to say about Comrade Bala, to me, ‘the game was up’ because I would not tolerate this injustice against

him. She knew if I knew the truth about her, I would refuse to help her leave the collective, so she kept quiet, biding her time.

15. With this backward slide, her disposition to other comrades in the collective also degenerated. Her attitude to our severely disabled comrade in the collective became worse and worse. She had literally grown up with her, playing with her, showing off her new toys to her, eating meals with her, listening to music with her and watching TV with her, but now she had no good feelings for her companion any longer.

On one occasion, when Sian was in hospital in April 1997, Aisha was chatting with this disabled comrade and didn't come instantly when Prem shouted for her attention from the next room. When she came, Prem flew into a rage and threatened Aisha, miming the action of slitting her throat and hissing, 'Slittie-Throat!' at her.

She had become increasingly jealous of our disabled comrade and when she returned after some weeks in hospital in 2009 she wouldn't even come and say "Hello" to welcome her home.

It seems that she thought round-the-clock physical care for her former companion deprived *her* of attention she wanted from her stepmother and others. She tried to prevent me from working with our disabled comrade by detaining me in different ways.

Far from Aisha and I being treated like '*slaves*' by Comrade Bala and his wife, as Katy falsely alleges, it is *she* who was treating us like her personal slaves now that she was big enough to do most things for herself: she pretended she couldn't do the simplest things. Every day she wanted me to get her bath ready for her in the morning, make her breakfast, spending endless hours with her in which she talked at me (no mutuality), and much more. She wanted Aisha to wash her underwear, massage her and much more. In short we were waiting on her hand and foot only to be verbally and physically abused if she was displeased with anything. Although I hated her behaviour I had to let her practise express be-

cause I didn't understand yet what she was up to but I should have realised that she was lying when suddenly she was able to cook elaborate food for the whole collective, by herself, because she wanted an opportunity to stand at the kitchen window and gaze at her 'lover'.

I was torn between the needs of two people and this led to total exhaustion - emotional and physical – and I wasn't able to give our disabled comrade the physical help she needed. Katy was wasting my energy.

Almost every evening Comrade Bala used to suggesting to me: '*sleep early*' while Katy was secretly bullying me and forcing me to sit up for hours in the night, sometimes until 1.30 a.m. even when I once threw myself on the floor at my wits end, pleading with her to have some sympathy, but cruelly she still refused to concede that I needed to sleep. She had not a drop of empathy. She knew we needed to get up in the night to help our disabled friend and she was deliberately obstructing me. In fact, I never had a second to sit down and think what she was dragging me into: the same way the capitalist system grinds working people down with inhuman working conditions which leave them too exhausted to sum up what is happening to them in order to fight back. Was this a deliberate part of Katy's plan, to wear me down and make me more compliant so that she could better manipulate me?

It was not just about doing work for her, she also tried to dictate everything to me: what clothes I should wear, how I should put my hair, what slippers I should wear, when I should talk, what I should say and not say, in short she was trying to control every aspect of my life. And if I didn't do as she dictated she tried to make my life unbearable. I was being bullied no end by her. It was classic *abusive, coercive and controlling behaviour*, and to cement her control over me further she tried to trick me and confuse me by writing honeyed words to me on my birthdays. In 2013 she wrote this: See

Exhibit 8: on the blue paper (vertically it reads: JOSEPHINE). But look what she wrote about me on the orange paper (vertically it reads: JOSIE) – her true feelings, and yet another item ignored by the police.

Katy's behaviour was cruel and callous but because I wasn't clear about her, I couldn't take a clear stand and say NO to her which could have helped put an end to her abusive behaviour in the collective and prevent what she was about to do to her father and step mother.

16. In everything Katy was motivated by extreme hatred of her father. I was shocked to read in her book how she shamelessly wrote that she wished her father '*dead*' in May/ June 2003, hoping he would '*die in a car crash*'. She continues with her murderous thoughts: '*...perhaps it wouldn't be a car crash, perhaps he'd just keel over one day from a heart attack*'. These utterly evil thoughts came as she feared her '*new freedoms*' i.e. secret reading and looking out of windows, would be taken away from her in a new house. In the real world we had been forced to look for somewhere else to live through no choice of our own by Lambeth Council which wanted to evict us so they could sell off the property. Instead of being angry with Lambeth Council and the system for evicting us, she was angry with her father, which makes no sense. I heard that she was also voicing thoughts of '*killing*' her father, during the trial, but nobody wanted to question her motive. Why?

17. In 2004, on the first anniversary of US and allies barbaric invasion of Iraq, named by them: '*Operation Shock and Awe*', Katy wrote down, in her words: '*an extremely angry, violent dream*' [See Exhibit 7] and gave it to her father – again ignored by the police.

After the horrifying conviction and imprisonment of Comrade Bala I found this writing when we went back to clear the house in Peck-

ford Place, devastated by the police raid in 2013. I read it for the first time with horror. I was utterly shocked to read what she had written for her father. I had no idea she was entertaining violent ideas like these. Now that I know how antagonistic she was becoming towards her father I believe that the ‘*someone*’ may have been her father and that she was directing this writing at him: a veiled attempt to terrorise him from questioning her obsession with the man upstairs who we suspected was an undercover police.

You can read for yourself the many violent acts she dreamt of inflicting on someone, she imagined, was coming between herself and her imagined lover i.e. the man who lived in the flat above ours in Streatham whom she had never spoken to.

Is her problem that she cannot face up to her own evil thoughts? It would seem very possible that Katy is *projecting* her own violent thoughts and impulses onto her father combined with her need to fabricate something ‘*to tell the world about AB*’. You can see that some of what she writes in Exhibit 7 bears an uncanny resemblance to the violence she falsely claims her father inflicted on her. Note: she writes ‘*I stamped on the head*’ which is exactly what she falsely alleges her father did to her when she was a little kid. There is also one occasion when she told me about an incident outside the back of our house (looking onto Max Roach Park) in which she said she had seen her ‘lover’ Feneck pushing his partner to the ground and ‘*stamping on her head*’! Why would she want to be in a relationship with this man after seeing him brutally attacking a woman like this? Did she really see this or was she imagining it!? In the words of the police in a question during her video interview, about her diaries: ‘*Is this fact or fiction or a combination of both?*’ To sum up: First, in 2004, Katy wrote a piece she claimed was a dream in which she said: ‘**...I stamped** on the head’ of someone she says was ‘*insulting the person I love*’ [Exhibit 7].

Secondly, around 2012, Katy told me her ‘lover’, Marius Feneck (See Exhibit 10) ‘*stamped on the head*’ of his partner outside our house.

Thirdly, Katy claims in her book (published in 2018) that her father ‘*booted her head*’ and prepared to ‘*stamp on her face (head)*’ when she was vomiting as a small kid – see page 10 of her book. She also claims here that her father ‘*squashed Oh’s face beneath his big black boot*’.

In Agatha Christie’s novel, *Nemesis*, Miss Marple says: ‘*Any coincidence is always worth noticing. You can throw it away later if it is only a coincidence*’. In another quote, her fictional Belgian detective, Hercule Poirot, makes an observation about three murders in *The A.B.C. Murders*: ‘*It is the same motif three times repeated. That cannot be coincidence*’.

18. In May 2005, when she was 22 years old, Katy walked out of the collective when Aisha and I were out shopping [17]. Using the key kept there she opened the back door of our flat in her shared bedroom and walked away with heavy bags full of her writing and a few other possessions. She then found her way to Streatham Police Station. She later told me she had carried a letter with her for the man upstairs to arrange a rendezvous with him.

[This episode does not in any way tally with her allegation of being locked up for 30 years, still repeated by the global counter revolutionary media even as recently as September 2021.

Although she was insistent that she had to leave home, the police strangely wanted her to return to the collective, even though she was over 21 by then. Their excuse, later, was that it was a Bank Holiday. They persuaded her to call her father and ask him to come and pick her up: I went too. One solicitor has since suggested that the police may have sent her back to spy on the collective: that would not surprise me at all. She begins Chapter 42 of her book: ‘*As though I was a spy who had infiltrated the collective*’, substan-

tiated by my experience of being questioned by her about the nature of my relationship with Comrade Bala (at the time I felt this was very odd since she had 30 years to learn about me but I dismissed my misgivings). Also in months before leaving the collective she used to go into her father's room when he went out shopping and rifle through his things. Although I told her it was wrong to do this and that she should not violate his right to privacy, she persisted. Was she trying to look for something to pass onto the police?

19. Katy's third *crush* was a neighbour, Marius Feneck, who lived in a flat above ours in Peckford Place. Her behaviour again deliberately went against her father's advice.

Things reached critical mass on the night of November 3-4 2008, when I heard 'No, No...' from her bedroom. Thinking she was in distress or danger I rushed into her bedroom without waiting to knock. I was utterly shocked to find her only in her underwear with two men in her bedroom obviously just arrived, still dressed in their winter coats – one was the neighbour and the other his cousin. She had invited them in through her bedroom window while the rest of our household, including a severely disabled woman, slept, to 'have group sex', she later said.

When Comrade Bala came to find out why I was desperately calling out for him (by which time Katy had instructed the two unwelcome visitors to leave), she flew into a rage with him and refused to listen to any sense. It was only then that I went to lock all the doors and windows to ensure the two men could not enter the house again.

This neighbour was not only disliked but feared in the neighbourhood because of his violent anti-social behaviour. Someone we knew who lived in the next block and was almost blind, told us that he (Feneck) had come to his house one dark evening with his partner and banged on his front door, threatening to beat him up. We

had also witnessed a violent gang fight involving him, where a man was stabbed outside our kitchen window but still Katy wilfully continued to defend him. She used to write hundreds of pages about her obsessive *'love'* for this man. In the final years before she left the collective she was leaving her file of poems around for her father to see, but however much she tried to provoke him like an fascist agent within his collective, Comrade Bala remained calm at all times.

Nine days before Comrade Bala was sentenced to 23 years in prison on fraudulent charges, this same neighbour, Marius Feneck, walked **free** after committing an horrific crime detailed in Exhibit 10 (with photographs). In this Evening Standard article, it was reported that his son's teacher, left with severe facial and shoulder injuries by his brutal assault, was now living in fear of him.

20. Katy had a strange fascination with bad characters in *Harry Potter* and *Lord of the Rings*. In the years before she betrayed her father she wanted me to act out the last scene in *Harry Potter and the Philosophers Stone* with her – I was to act *Harry* while she acted *Quirrel*-the final scene where he reveals Voldemort on the back of his head. Strangely this excited her no end. It made my hair stand though: there was something very wrong but I couldn't put my finger on it. Her plan was to perform this for her cousin when he came with her uncle but this never materialised because they had to cancel their visit.

She later made it known in the media and wrote in her book: *'Harry Potter inspired me to fight my father'* but her practise shows otherwise. Can it be actually she really identified with the evil *'Dark Lord Voldemort'*? There is much more on this which would take another book to go into!

21. When we lived in Peckford Place, Brixton, there were a number of unsettling encounters Katy had with some neighbours which shed further light on Katy's character.

On one occasion the teenage children of our African neighbours came and knocked on the front room window, where Katy was, to ask her why she was always giving them '*nasty looks*' from the window. The exchange which followed became heated and Comrade Bala went outside to talk to them and try to calm the situation. Although I knew that Katy was furious with them for criticising her '*lover*' Marius Feneck, this was the first time I learned what she was doing at the window. For some time filthy rubbish, including soiled nappies, was being thrown from Feneck's balcony onto our front patio and that of our African neighbour. We were on good terms with them from the start - the father came to help us to fix the electricity - so we went to talk to them. They expressed anger and disgust at their garden being treated like a rubbish bin: it seems that criticism of her '*lover*' triggered Katy's anger with them.

On another occasion, Katy was out for a walk with her father, stepmother and our severely disabled comrade when she got into a fight with Feneck's partner who came up to Katy to ask why she was always muttering '*nasty things*' under her breathe at her. Instead of considering what she said and accepting what she did was wrong, Katy very alarmingly, went on the offensive, shaking with rage and shouting vile insults at her.

These two episodes demonstrate that Katy's hostile behaviour was not confined to our collective. The same extreme unprovoked hostility and unprincipled behaviour she expressed towards her father and other members inside the collective she was also expressing towards people outside the collective. Anyone who stood in the way of her fantasy with Marius Feneck was her '*enemy*'.

If the police had done any proper investigation about Katy some of these issues would have come to light, but clearly they had other objectives. They did interview our neighbours including our blind

friend but clearly not with the intention of including Katy in their investigation but to fish for something incriminating about Comrade Bala. Needless to say, they did not find what they were looking for: they couldn't find a single person to make any incriminating allegation against Comrade Bala.

In Leeds, in the run up to the trial in 2015, when I realised there was something seriously wrong with Katy, one thing I kept asking support workers with increasing frustration was: *Why was Katy's family not being asked about her since we were the people who knew her?* I was wasting my breath: none of them wanted to know because this was not part of their brief from the police.

22. In 2012/13, Katy '*confided*' in me while refusing to talk to her father about feeling ill. She wouldn't let *me* talk to him about her health either: she threatening to commit suicide if I did. When I could see the impasse I told her I could go with her to Brook Sexual Health Clinic nearby (she was worried she had some STD (Sexually Transmitted Disease)). She didn't want to. I then suggested I go with her to the hospital for a medical check-up. She rejected this too. She didn't want to go to hospital and have to return to the collective afterwards, but by so doing, she delayed diagnosis and created a serious condition which could have led to her death. It is she who created this medical emergency, not her father as she unjustly claims.

In 2013, after leaving the collective she was diagnosed with diabetes Type 1 which became yet another weapon in her armoury to try to further incriminate her father, falsely claiming that '*he refused to seek medical attention for her*' which the media duly went to town on! Was this also her plan and the reason why she refused medical treatment when I suggested it to her? It is not difficult to puncture this falsehood against her father since other members of the collective were receiving ongoing NHS medical treatment for many

years. How could her father have got help for Katy when she hid her health problems from him?

23. Katy trapped me in a web of lies and deceit:

She misled me into thinking she wanted to leave the collective to find accommodation and was so ‘*helpless*’ that she needed me to help her. I was too concerned she would end up alone and homeless on the streets [I very reluctantly agreed to go with her although I felt very uneasy about the Charity’s mention of police involvement. They quickly withdrew that suggestion when I objected to it but continued to involve them behind my back]

She lied that she was suicidal to emotionally black mail me to leave the house with her without saying a word to Comrade Bala, which totally went against my better judgement and everything I believed in. [I could not have thought in my wildest imagination that not only would I be totally separated from Comrade Bala and the collective, by the police, but that they would return to take Aisha from the collective too, leaving Comrade Bala and his wife to take care of our disabled comrade, alone. I was not able to talk to Comrade Bala from that day onwards until two years later, only after a terrifying struggle to see him again. Finally I was only able to meet him and his wife briefly during the trial to tell them as much as I could about what had happened]

She misled me into thinking that the fabricated story she wanted me to tell Freedom Charity was because *all other avenues had failed*, when in fact she was going to use this fabricated story to incriminate her father. She turned the tables on me by not owning up and telling the truth as I assumed she would. Comrade Bala was not named in any phone call to the charity but Katy divulged his name to the police and betrayed him.

She deliberately deceived me into helping her to carry out her evil agenda to betray her father and to use me as an alibi for her evil doing without my knowledge or consent

She deliberately deceived me by hiding from me that she told the police I had ‘*Stockholm syndrome*’ (see the following paragraph).

On leaving the house and meeting the Directors of PCS, she immediately prepared the ground by telling the Met police woman (secretly sneaked in against my will), without my knowledge, that I had ‘*Stockholm syndrome*’. I instantly knew I was trapped but I wasn’t to know *how* for another 5 years. At first I still thought that things could be worked out but suddenly everything, changed almost in an instant, and I was being swept along and out of my depth: a situation I had no control over was in rapid motion.

I have only been able to piece together the sequence of events since 2018/19 when I found new evidence in Katy’s book and in my medical records (un-redacted this time [18]) which proved that she was the one who told the police and was believed by them. All this time I had thought that the police alone had concocted this to frame Comrade Bala: I had only heard anything about Stockholm syndrome when the police mentioned it to me about three months into this terrifying ordeal.

This shed a whole new light on what had happened. I had been unknowingly disarmed and denied agency by *Katy*: I could not challenge her narrative because I didn’t *know* what she had said and she used this to deceive the charities, the police, the CPS, the Courts and the media. At the trial, Katy admitted that she had deceived me (but not to the extent she actually had). The obvious next step though should have been to question her credibility as a witness: the possibility that Katy could also be deceiving the *court*. This never happened. Why?

While people need to know the truth about Katy, they must also know that it was me who allowed this whole catastrophic sequence of events to kick off, leading to the framing, trial, conviction and wrongful imprisonment of Comrade Bala because I kept making

wrong assumptions and giving Katy a *'blank cheque'*. I never thought of the opposite:

What if Katy's intentions were bad and she had other ideas which she was hiding?

What if she decided not to admit she had fabricated the story she asked me to tell the charity?

What if her reason to leave the collective was not just to find accommodation and to re-establish contact with her father at a later date as she had said?

I fell for her lies, instead of questioning her motive. I was so sure that I knew her – then suddenly the ground was taken from under my feet and our collective plunged into catastrophe because of my mistaken belief in her – this is a terrible mistake which others should avoid at all costs.

24. The police did not carry out any investigation into Katy's credibility following their erroneous policy: *Believe the 'victim'* (it should be *'complainant'* not *'victim'*) a policy which was seriously criticised by Sir Richard Henriques in the Inquiry into the Mets handling of Operation Midland in 2016. The Met arrested Comrade Bala and his wife, solely on the basis of un-investigated statements made by Katy Morgan-Davies including the one about *'Stockholm syndrome'*

Their later investigation was also not to establish her credibility as a key witness, as you would expect: the Met had ample opportunity to gather numerous pieces of evidence putting Katy's credibility in question during their search of our house but they left them behind. But they did retrieve one item – what can only be described as a racist diatribe about Nelson Mandela in the form of a poem written by Katy when she was about 14 years which I believe the police used to keep her in line. See Exhibit 5. The police showed it to me and asked me about it at just the same time Katy was livid with them about something. I guessed that they had shown it to her to

establish that she wrote it with a view to use it, if need be, against her: there is nothing she would have been more afraid of than this racist diatribe being ‘leaked’ to the press and ruining her reputation.

25. The transcript of one of Katy’s many video police interviews in March 2014 reveals something very telling. The police woman asks her if her diaries are ‘*fact, fiction or a combination of both?*’ It is worthwhile to note that Katy writes in her book about going back through her diaries etc. from 1990 onwards to revise what she originally wrote. This is important because extracts from her diaries were produced at the trial as the ‘evidence’.

So since her credibility was in question why then did the police go ahead in spite of this to build a case against Comrade Bala without investigating Katy?

Initially the case was not accepted for trial by the CPS because there was ‘*insufficient evidence*’ but this didn’t put an end to the police pursuit of a conviction against Comrade Bala. The police advised Katy to embellish her ‘*evidence*’ so that it could bring a conviction: I was shocked to overhear them telling her this during one of their many trips to Leeds to coach Katy (and to try to turn me against my friend).

26. After leaving the collective in 2013, Katy was provided with a smart phone by the Directors of PCS and started using social media for the first time. She joined a Face Book group campaigning to get Gary Glitter released from prison after he was imprisoned in Thailand for sexually abusing children and returned to Britain to serve his sentence.

An extraordinary situation: while working with the British state and its police to get her innocent father imprisoned she was campaigning to have a certified paedophile and child molester freed

from prison! This was all going on under the watch of PCS Directors and, of course the Met.

Her very public support for Gary Glitter [See Exhibit 12] sent out a message to like-minded criminals. She was soon approached by another convicted paedophile, Nigel Oldfield, dubbed the ‘paedophile agony aunt’, through the internet. She began a relationship with him from January 2016, the same month her father was sentenced to 23 years in prison. This man, who was interviewed in 2007 by BBC’s Newsnight anchor, Kirsty Wark (also interviewed Katy in 2018, as already mentioned), was exposed in 2014 for hounding and tormenting murdered school girl Sara Payne’s mother, on-line, for campaigning to protect other children from paedophiles [See Exhibit 11].

N.B. The US-led British fascist State covered up for their agent, Katy, when her book *Caged Bird* was published in April 2018. Posts which were previously readily accessible on Google revealing her relationship with Nigel Oldfield but which would not have gone down well with many members of the public, suddenly disappeared. Katy also avoids any mention of him in her ‘*Memoirs*’. See what someone observed in a blog on this in Exhibit 12 - the only post which remained which I could find but difficult to locate. This shows that those, behind the scenes, who want to persecute Comrade Bala using his daughter, are well aware of her negative behaviour but they choose to protect her from exposure so that she can continue being their cheer leader and telling lies about her father to the public.

27. To my shock, in 2015 after her father had been charged in December 2014, Katy told me she was taking ‘*revenge*’ on him, “*even if it means going to prison*”, adding quickly: ‘*I’m doing it for Gerard*’ (one of the PCS Directors).

Next day I hurriedly arranged a meeting with Gerard and confronted him with what Katy had said to me. He became angry and flew

into a frenzy disclaiming even knowing her which was totally ludicrous considering she had been formally adopted by them and was living in their house as part of their family for more than a year. I was swiftly silenced when a few days later I got a call from Comrade Bala's solicitor saying that the police had informed him that they would arrest me if I were to talk to Katy any more about the trial. I was finally waking up to the danger of continuing any contact with her to try to talk her out of what she was doing. If I was to be of any use for Comrade Bala's defence it was better I stayed out of prison. But I was still so confused – I now thought Katy was being manipulated by Gerard. On reflection, however, what she said about him was probably nothing more than a Boris Johnson style diversion from the real culprit: herself.

Now that I was distancing myself from Katy I began to try to find answers. After watching a programme on autism called: Born naughty? I began questioning: was she on the autism spectrum? Could this explain the intense obsessions she had had throughout her life in the collective? I had to find some way to explain what she was doing. I tried to insist that Comrade Bala's lawyers employ an 'expert' witness to have her assessed, to present as evidence in court. Naively I thought that somehow someone would find out that this was all a huge miscarriage of justice because Katy had some undiagnosed condition, not realising the enormity of events and the acute international class struggle which was manoeuvring to ensure a conviction against Comrade Bala. Katy was eventually assessed but only in accordance with instructions based on the prosecution's case which only made things worse.

The intervening years have crushed any illusions I had about Katy. I have been disabused of any excuses for her. Even if she has an undiagnosed condition it can never be an excuse for the dreadful crime she has knowingly committed against her father by lying to the world about him and encouraging his enemies to attack him.

28. One day Katy swung into the Headingley Office of Palm Cove Society showing off an expensive fake fur black and white spotted Dalmatian coat. Someone in the office couldn't help saying out-loud exactly what I was thinking: "Is this Cruella de Vil!" Katy never wore it again! Why? Had this comment - said in jest - shone too bright a light on the real self she is hiding?

In Leeds, Katy was given special status by the PCS directors above the needs of so many others who desperately needed their help and support. Her every whim and fancy was catered to while others languished in appalling conditions and their psychological needs so neglected that some women even left Palm Cove to return to the abusive marital and family relationships they had fled only to be murdered [19] .

29. Rare glimpses of Katy's true nature, which she tries to conceal, came to light in 2017 when a neighbour in Leeds, where she now lives, tweeted this [Exhibit 9] about her, upon reading a post exposing Katy's wrong doing to her father:

'Try living next door to her! She is a nuisance to society putting our kids at risk because of her actions and she refuses to acknowledge she is doing anything wrong'.

This neighbour was referring to Katy giving refuge to her partner, Nigel Oldfield: a convicted paedophile aggressively pushing for the 'right' of paedophiles to abuse four year old children. This example demonstrates clearly that Katy cannot be self-critical and her behaviour is unacceptable in the community where she lives now, in the same way it was unacceptable in the communist collective. She continues along the path of arrogance and ignorance.

30. While I was still seeing Katy in 2014, she told me once: *'All you need to do is renounce your beliefs'*, encouraging me by saying: *'You can have all the money you want, too!'* Whether or not this was the police speaking to me through her I don't know, but it

was another clear indication that she had no scruples about ditching her own father for fame and gain – framing him so that she could get rich and live the life style she craved. What a monster she had become!

Katy worked hand in glove with the police to weave a web of lies to incriminate her father and to eliminate anyone who could expose this so that she could pursue her fantasy.

The police had believed everything Katy told them. But then they had a problem – Aisha and I were not agreeing to be ‘*slaves*’ as Katy had alleged and knowing that they only had one woman claiming to support the claim ‘*Three women held.....*’, the police set out to fish for two more women to replace Aisha and I.

By the time details about the fabricated ‘Lambeth Slavery Case’ went viral all across the world, the Met already knew that Aisha and I were not concurring with Katy’s narrative. In order to cover themselves, however, they announced that the three women were so ‘*traumatised*’ that they had ‘*not been formally interviewed yet*’ at the press conference in front of New Scotland Yard on November 21: A MASSIVE LIE! I had been interviewed for at least 15 hours, prior to this.

One aspect of this massive propaganda stunt was to terrorise anyone who was in any way connected with Comrade Bala, past or present, and this, I believe, is the way the Met trapped two other women (former members of the collective).

The serious nature of Katy’s false allegations against her father - *child cruelty* and *slavery* - spawned the very damaging false allegations of two women who had previously helped to bring Prem up. One of the women came forward after hearing news reports about ‘*The Lambeth Slavery Case*’, realising it was about Comrade Bala and the collective where she had lived for 14 years. In transcripts of her police interviews, she says she was ‘*terrified*’ on hearing the news while on holiday in Malaya. In the case of the other woman the police went all the way to Switzerland to pursue her.

This child of the collective, Prem, whom they too had helped to raise was telling the police this horror story and they had no way of verifying it: even when they lived in the collective much of the time they were not around because they were going out to work. Everything Katy said caste aspersion on each person associated with her child-hood. They were under suspicion (as was anyone who lived in the collective). They were made to feel guilty for being there and *not raising the alarm to the authorities* when they left. They would have had the same treatment as me if they had refused to comply with Katy's narrative or to join in incriminating Comrade Bala. In Leeds I was being labelled an '*abuser*' and being told I would be '*attacked by people*' if I was to return to Brixton [20]. It is important to bear in mind that all this happened before any trial: **what happened to innocent until found guilty?**

It is not difficult therefore to see how it all played out. On top of all the other overwhelming pressures, especially fear of loss of face and reputation, they would have believed that I had 'betrayed' Comrade Bala. All combined they were being surreptitiously steered into making false allegations against Comrade Bala, by the police. Never-the-less they had a choice. They chose the cowardly option to save their reputations rather than take a just position. There is not a single drop of credible evidence to back up any of Katy's false allegations: only her word against her father's. But there IS evidence to support my testimony.

As I have already said earlier a number of times:

In January 2016, Katy sent a message to me via the Directors of Palm Cove Society threatening to tell people I was a '*bully*' if ever I told anyone about her childhood.

I ask you to consider this:

Katy says she is '*telling the truth*' so why is she worried about what I say to people? Why does she have to threaten me?

CONCLUSION

When people talk about this cruel miscarriage of justice, sometimes, they insist that Comrade Bala received a '*fair trial*' the reason being, they say, that a jury decided the '*guilty*' verdict. A closer look, however, reveals that this argument does not hold water. Few of the jury members could have escaped the week-long global media blitz in November 2013 which was politically charged from the very start with emotive media headlines such as '*Cruel Maoist Cult Leader...*' There could be no mistaking the fact that this trial by media was that of a *Maoist*, the silent inference being that a Maoist is '*an enemy of the state*'. Inevitably this would test the allegiance of every juror to the British State, the Crown and Western 'democracy'.

When Comrade Bala stood up to give his defence on November 26, 2015, how many jury members, in circumstances which had all the hall marks of a political witch hunt, could have really listened to him, leave alone seriously considered his weighty words? And even if their minds were not already made up for them by the media narrative and they were prepared to go against the status quo, it would have been impossible to make a fair judgement without the defence I am presenting in my testimony - evidence which took five and a half years to gather and required endless interrogation and correlation of the facts to finally substantiate the truth which Comrade Bala summed up about his daughter in just a few words: '*My daughter is a liar and a fantasist and capable of creating trauma*'

What chance did Comrade Bala have of a fair trial?

Some people say I should '*leave Katy to get on with her life*'! I passionately object. What she has done has led to the imprisonment of her innocent father and the poisoning of the minds of hundreds

and millions of peoples all across the globe. This cannot pass! She must account for what she has done!

Unlike the jurors at the trial who were deprived of important information to make an informed judgement, Katy had all the facts to make a considered choice over how to live her life in a just way, but instead of defending her father, his collective and her own life and dignity in the collective by learning to be self-critical and subordinating herself to the needs of the collective, she chose to go with the rotten, dying, white racist supremacist old world and betray her father to the British Fascist State, inflicting unimaginable suffering on Comrade Bala, his close Comrade and wife, other members of the collective and all who know and respect him. She chose ant-communism as her platform, using every ant-communist slur she had gleaned in her years of '*secret reading*' to take try to assassinate her father's good name, to try to destroy his reputation (admitted in her book) and take revenge on him. In doing this she sowed poisonous seeds of doubt and distrust in the minds of people about a man whose legendary daring and uncompromising pursuit of truth in service of the world's people deserves nothing but the highest regard and to be held in the highest esteem.

To date, Katy has failed to show a shred of remorse, but in an unguarded moment, she let slip a tiny glimpse of the truth she is hiding when she wrote about her father in her book (see Exhibit 13) about an episode on her return to the collective in May 2005 after walking out:

*'I felt so guilty when he said that. He **had** done everything for me.'*

Katy's betrayal of Comrade Bala, fed perfectly into the US-led global propaganda war against socialism and communism, providing fabricated material to assist the British fascist state to make an

example of Comrade Bala to try to terrorise others from taking to revolutionary activism. She had no right to do this!

Choices have consequences! Katy and all those conspiring to persecute Comrade Bala will be brought to justice and forced to take responsibility for this crime against humanity.

This latest, in a long list of attacks by the US-led British fascist state on Communist AB (Aravindan Balakrishnan) and his work in the last 60 over years, is one of the most insidious of all but as with all the others, cannot prevent the humiliating defeat of US imperialism and the dismantling of NATO so that the New World of socialism and communism can be overtly built under the International Dictatorship of the Proletariat led by Socialist China.

The struggle to clear Comrade Bala's name marches on victoriously!

JUSTICE FOR COMRADE BALA!

Thanks to Beloved Comrade Bala whose unique leadership and teaching by example inspired me to put daring in command and surmount all the difficulties to fulfil the need demanded of me to write this testimony and struggle document to clear his good name.

Hardly a week after its completion Comrade Bala tragically passed away on April 8 2022, alone in a prison cell in Dartmoor Prison, where he had fought to the very end, refusing to yield to the fascism and racism of the US-led British State after more than six years of dreadful cruelty and torture in British Prisons:

**He died gloriously, a martyr!
Eternal Glory to Beloved Comrade Bala!
His name will live forever in our hearts!**

FOOTNOTES

[1]The communist collective was first established by Comrade Bala (from Kerala in South India) and his wife-to-be (from Tanzania in East Africa, of Gujarati, Indian origin) in 1968. They were joined by other comrades from East Africa and South East Asia, and later by their severely disabled sister-in-law (sister) in 1969.

Aisha Wahab (from Malaya, of Malay origin) joined in 1970, Oh Kar Eng (from Malaya, of Chinese origin) joined in 1972 and Sian Davies (Welsh) joined along with a number of other British people including one of the false accusers (Sian's best friend at that time) around 1975/76. I joined in 1977 (North of Ireland. My family background is Protestant/Unionist). The second woman who made false allegations (from Malaya – of Chinese origin) sought refuge in the collective in 1978 when she was suspended from her job as a nurse after getting into an argument there about China's dominant position in the world. Farcically, at the trial she claimed she was not political! Prem Maopinduzi was born in 1983, the first child to be born into the communist collective, later changing her name to '*Katy Morgan-Davies*' after betraying her father and her life in the communist collective

[2] 'The Lambeth Slavery Case' served two purposes for the US-led British Fascist State:

One: To '*make an example*' of communist revolutionary Comrade Bala, to terrorise people throughout the world from supporting and taking to revolutionary politics and activism, and an attempt to disgrace the name of communism, assisting US in its cold war propaganda against socialist China which Comrade Bala had led in defending during the 1970s.

Two: propaganda for Home Secretary Theresa May's 'pet' project, the Modern Slavery Bill promoting Britain as 'world leader in the fight against modern day slavery'

[3] There were 4 names on the Tenancy Agreement for our flat adapted for disabled – our disabled comrade, her sister (the main carer) and Aisha and I (helpers), so what Katy said had no basis in

the real world. The four of us went to sign the Tenants Agreement at Angell Town Housing Office when we moved into our new house in July 2005.

It is extraordinary that none of the media in Britain could do some simple investigative journalism and dig up this fact which could have exposed the 'slavery' lie – a serious dereliction of duty as investigative journalists!

The police did not succeed in coercing or bullying either Aisha or me to attack Comrade Bala. [Aisha, however did not volunteer to defend him in court. Some people say she was intimidated by the 'Hostile Environment Policy' under Theresa May - fear of losing her right to stay in the UK and being deported back to Malaya. She was wanted by the police there for being a member of a communist organisation, although this was later revoked]

This left a whole series of question marks over the credibility of '*The Lambeth Slavery Case*' which had been circulated around the world as the truth! In order to substantiate Katy's fabricated story since two of the three '*slaves*' were saying they were not slaves the Met went about recruiting two other women, former members of the collective of 20 years earlier - to make false allegations against Comrade Bala.

Since none of these goings-on was ever made public, most people remained in the mistaken belief that I was one of these women presented anonymously at the trial making (false) allegations of a sexual nature against Comrade Bala, and Aisha the other. They couldn't have known that I had volunteered as a defence witness for Comrade Bala because I was not called to give evidence. Of course this confusion benefited the Met who didn't have to explain why '*The Lambeth Slavery Case*' had fallen apart.

[4] Palm Cove Society (PCS) is a charity in Leeds and Bradford which has its headquarters in Headingley (Leeds) and is meant to support people fleeing persecution.

While Katy was being treated like a Queen by them, other men women and children who were fleeing from real oppression were being denied adequate food, clothing, accommodation and financial assistance by PCS which pretends to help vulnerable people – victims of forced marriages, human trafficking and asylum seekers.

Their double dealing got exposed in an article in The Telegraph and Argus in October 2017 by a member of Bradford Council who was investigating complaints by some of the residents about atrocious living conditions. The article can be found on-line under the headline: Appalling conditions uncovered at Bradford Houses used for some of Society's most vulnerable. The case, however, could not be pursued in the courts because these vulnerable people were too frightened of a backlash from PCS putting their immigration status and their lives in Britain at risk.

[5] There are so many strange things surrounding this case which can't easily be explained except by grasping that the secret state bypasses all the standard procedures when it wants to.

[6] In all of this the PCS Directors enthusiastically assisted Katy to pursue her dream of getting her father imprisoned, while working to turn me against Comrade Bala. One of the husband-and-wife team in PCS had a very particularly vindictive hatred for Comrade Bala expressing the 'wish' that he should get an even stiffer sentence. He and his wife were Conservative Party members and it would seem he, without a doubt, was of the far-right variety.

As well as helping her to secure deals with media outlets and a book publishing company, I believe, they helped her to claim for compensation from Lambeth Council (and possibly the Met). Reference is made to their work with Katy in the article: 'Appalling conditions.....'

[See: Footnote 4]

While they boasted to me about their friendship with Theresa May and showed off a photograph of themselves posing in front of No.10 in their Face Book page, their decisive role was confirmed at the end of the trial when these two Directors were awarded a sum of money by Judge Deborah Taylor in '*recognition of their services for helping to bring a conviction*' against Comrade Bala. They were later presented with a special award by the Greater London High Sherriff at the Supreme Court for '*outstanding work with the Metropolitan Police leading to a conviction*'.

[7] I had left the collective against my better judgement, and to my eternal shame left behind an evil note which I had let Katy dictate to me with the mad and naive idea that I could somehow work with her like an undercover agent on Comrade Bala's behalf in order to try to

solve the problems she was creating in the collective by talking her out of her wrong position, at the same time protecting her from the fascist state! But Katy quickly put an end to my delusional thinking when she pulled the ground from under my feet with her '*Stockholm syndrome*' lie to the police. In her book she proudly relates how she did it and in effect eliminated me from having any credible voice to expose her lies.

[8] These two women were trapped by the Met police to replace Aisha and me. The Met cemented Katy's vicious false allegations using the lie that I had '*escaped the Cult*' with Katy and had gone to the Freedom Charity to '*raise the alarm*'. Maintaining this mistaken idea that I had betrayed Comrade Bala was crucial in influencing and trapping these two women to make false allegations. They were put under overwhelming pressure to succumb to the lies of '*The Lambeth Slavery Case*'.

On reading the transcripts of their police interviews I found that one of them was so terrorised by the news of '*The Lambeth Slavery Case*' while visiting her family in Malaya that she came forward to 'clear her name' on returning to Britain, afraid that she would be publicly dragged through the mud. She nervously asked the police: what would happen to her, would she be known?

Assisted by the hysterical headlines in November 2013, the Met fed them a diet of lies about Comrade Bala provided by Katy concerning 'child cruelty' etc. compelling them to incriminate Comrade Bala in some way, otherwise putting themselves under suspicion of being participants in a 'crime', and worse still publicly 'named and shamed', and their reputations ruined. It was clear, however, that the only way for both women to gain anonymity and escape being publicly named as part of 'the Lambeth Slavery Case' would be to make allegations of a sexual nature, especially rape. Rather than lose face and their reputations they took the cowardly option to incriminate an innocent man and see him go to prison.

It is essentially the same method the Met used on me when they tried to pressure me to comply with their narrative about Comrade Bala. When isolation and overwhelming propaganda against Comrade Bala didn't work the Met stepped up the 'anti' and lied to me that he had '*admitted to all the allegations*', then when that failed

they began to put around that I was an ‘*abuser*’. In my case thankfully they were unable to coerce me into making false allegations against Comrade Bala: I knew the truth and I was *sticking to my guns* in defence of Comrade Bala. I knew that it was male Met police officers in Brixton Police Station who had held me down and strip searched me threatening to RAPE me in 1978 NOT Comrade Bala: I always felt safe from sexual abuse in Comrade Bala’s collective.

*In March 1978, all the comrades in the collective, including a severely disabled comrade, were arrested and some imprisoned using trumped up charges, and our very successful Workers Centre, Library and Bookshop in Brixton was closed down by the state.

[9] ‘Katy Morgan-Davies’ is the name Katy gave herself after betraying her father in 2013. ‘Morgan’ is the maiden name of her maternal grandmother and ‘Davies’ is the surname of her maternal grandfather. The name on her birth certificate is Prem Maopinduzi Davies

[10] One of Prem’s first encounters with other children of her age was at a Baby Clinic. When a white toddler approached her to make friends, her mother intervened and carried the baby girl away. This was Comrade Prem’s first encounter with racism.

The appointment she attended, aged about 15 months, was for developmental and other tests and when she was given a doll to test her empathy for others, she threw it down. Was this an early sign of things to come?

[11] When Prem was about 3 years old, Comrade Bala and Sian bought her a set of photographs from an exhibition in London on child labour. The pictures were of children being forced to do heavy and dangerous work. Prem wanted to get involved and experience what it was like, for example, to carry buckets, like them.

[12] Comrade Simmons came to Britain in the 60s to find work. He used to come to the Workers’ Centre, Library and Bookshop, the Mao Zedong Memorial Centre (Acre Lane), Brixton, run by the Workers’ Institute, and participate in different events and celebrations.

In 1978 he came to live in the collective after the closure of the Centre by the British fascist state, earlier that year. In 1980 he moved to North London to set up another living unit of the Workers’ Institute with some other male comrades. When we were evicted from our

home in Merton in 1990, he came to the hotel where we had to stay temporarily, to help out. He took Comrade Bala to stay with him in North London and drove comrades around in the following days to find somewhere for the collective to live. It is then that Comrade Prem first got to know him. From 1993 he began coming every week to our collective to see Comrade Bala and to have dinner with us. He sadly died of prostate cancer in 2006.

[13] As soon as Comrade Bala observed that Comrade Prem had difficulty pronouncing “R” and “L” he immediately instructed us not to say anything about it to her least of all to make fun of her. He said she would correct herself and soon she did. He told us that children sometimes get speech defects which remain with them for life because others make fun of them.

[14] I found it very difficult to work with Comrade Prem in a new way because of my wrong conditioning from childhood - my parents often had little regard for my feelings.

I had to fight against myself and until I finally began to learn to be more compassionate, I kept reverting back to my spontaneous negative behaviour. Sometimes in spite of my desire to work properly my negative self still took over, propelling me in the wrong direction.

One day, when she was about 5, I was staying with Comrade Prem and doing formal writing with her. I was standing over her and raising my voice because I was irritated that she wasn't writing well. I had forgotten that she was just a kid and should be given lots of scope to learn at her pace. On hearing the commotion, Comrade Bala's wife intervened. She told me that the way I was doing it was '*not the way to work with Comrade Prem*'. After that Comrade Bala used to remind me not to behave like an American '*B52-Bomber*' when I was going in that direction. He helped me to learn to check myself and not to keep going off in the wrong direction.

[15] She turned up as one of the false accusers in the trial against Comrade Bala, one of the two women used by the police (and the state) to make false allegations of a sexual nature against Comrade Bala.

It is worth noting that in the case of the US-led persecution of Julian Assange, it is also *two women and sexual allegations of rape* which were used to try to assassinate his character. Neither of the two

women in the case of Comrade Bala was a victim of sexual assault or rape either, quite to the contrary, they wanted private relationships with him. In the case of one of them (the white woman, not the one from Malaya) it is recorded in transcripts of her police interviews that she complained about not being able to see Comrade Bala *enough* shortly before she left the collective in 1989. This is the same thing I heard her saying to Comrade Bala, myself (in the presence of about six other comrades). She was desperate to see him MORE not the other way round. This vital piece of information and evidence contradicts the prosecution's narrative but was suppressed at the trial!

Both of these women left the collective at least 20 years earlier when Prem was 6 and 9 years old, respectively. Another woman had left earlier when she was between one and two years old.

Comrade Prem was attached to these women with whom she had a bond since baby, so naturally their abrupt and unexpected departure affected her. This was all part of the dynamic which was used by the police to coerce these women.

[16] His concern was based on his knowledge of the state and how it operates using undercover police to lure men and women into intimate relationships (even going as far as to have children with them) in order to gather information and spy on activists. What Comrade Bala told us then in the 90s has been borne out by some brave women who came forward since 2010 to expose that they were, in their own words, 'raped by the state'. They have gone on to try to fight it out in the courts and put pressure for an inquiry to be held through their persistent struggle.

[17] It became noticeable as she passed her 21st birthday that she was tearing up the close and organic bonds people had built with her from baby. In late December 2003 she announced the shocking news that she wanted to leave the collective after she came into conflict with her father over holding Christmas celebrations. [We always had good food at Christmas time and enjoyed films together but we never celebrated the Christian Festival of Christmas. Prem wanted to change all that and go against the whole ethos of the communist collective and impose Christianity on us all!]

This was a gut wrenching and traumatic for all of us and especially Comrade Oh, a midwife, who helped to bring Comrade Prem up from baby. She cried inconsolably, pleading with Prem not to leave the collective. This caused her a great deal of grief.

[18] In Leeds the GP had followed police instructions to redact my medical records, but in London it was un-redacted by a different GP and contained vital new evidence.

[19] In the case of one Asian woman, she just simply disappeared. The last time she was seen before vanishing was with a man who may have abducted her but nobody seemed to want to bother to find out what happened to her. An Indian woman I got to know was not believed when writhing in pain with a serious medical condition. I was told by the female Director who claimed to be a mid-wife, that this woman was just *'lying'* and that I shouldn't try to help her. I refused to listen and was left to call ambulances and to sit with her. There are many issues relating to the ill treatment of women in PCS where they should have been protected: one related to sexual exploitation of some women by men who used to congregate around their living quarters which in some cases were directly facing a public thoroughfare in Headingley. Many complaints were made to the Office in PCS to do repairs to broken window blinds so that the windows could be shielded from onlookers but nothing was done! PCS also did not provide money which they needed, leading to some women getting lured into sexual exploitation to earn money to eat and pay the costly bus fares to go to appointments in town to get visas etc. so that they could claim benefits.

[20] There were a lot of other pressures, too, to try to force me to fall into line. One of their evil tricks to try to crush my spirit and faith in Comrade Bala and turn me against him was to lie to me that he *'had admitted to all the allegations'*. This was on top of other methods of psychological torture one of which was to isolate me from every member of the communist collective and from all those people who were living around me in Palm Cove while surrounding me with what they called a *package*; Directors of PCS, 'support' workers, social workers and police, all repeating the same lies to me about Comrade Bala, trying to brain wash me and turn me against him. I was at my wits end when a sudden turn of events raised my spirits. In June

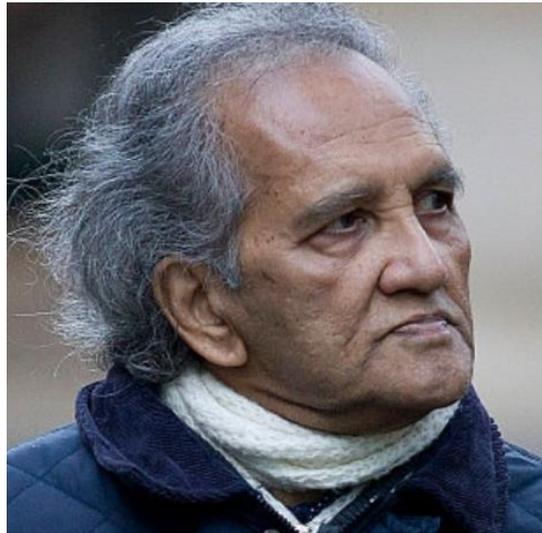
2014, a Zimbabwean social worker from Lambeth came to find out about me in Leeds. For the first time in eight months someone was saying positive things about Comrade Bala and was able to bring good news that he and his wife were well. He promised to try to make it possible for me to meet Comrade Bala at a later date but for doing this good work and going against police guidelines (I should NOT be allowed to meet Comrade Bala) he was summarily sacked and consequently unable to do as he had planned, to come and visit me once a month in Leeds. But what he was able to do was a big boost and helped to break the encirclement and suppression of our collective by the US- led British fascist state.

From the start not only was I quickly separated from Katy and Aisha (a plan hatched by the Met police to separate us – written in my medical records) and denied contact with Comrade Bala and his wife I had been warned by PCS not to discuss our case with any other women in the accommodation and one Kurdish woman who showed a lot of kindness was immediately moved out. I was devastated at losing my family and all that I knew and loved for more than 30 years. Only by disobeying the instructions of PCS not to talk to anyone saved me. I could not have survived the initial shock without these women providing the psychological support I needed. I will always grateful to them for showing empathy and helping to keep me afloat at a crucial time by listening to what had happened to Comrade Bala and his wife and understanding that they were being persecuted by the police while all the time the opposite was being banged into me by state authorities. When PCS realised that these people were helping me they began bad-mouthing them and moving some them out.

March 2022

**WORKERS' INSTITUTE FOR
ADVANCED THEORETICAL OF NATURE
(EST. IN JULY 1971), LONDON
DIRECTOR, A.BALAKRISHNAN**

CLEARING COMRADE BALA'S NAME



**EXPOSING THE LIES OF
'THE LAMBETH SLAVERY
CASE'**