

WHAT'S ON (cont.)

May - Dec Every thur. there is to be an anarchist day school at "New University" 24 South rd, Hockley, Birmingham. B18. 3-6p.m. Creche/meals/accom. (Aug 11th anarcho feminism) Video 28 Five lesbians from Leeds and Bradford produced this video. It covers the provisions of clause 28 and it's effects. For hire #15/#10.

Every Thursday. Women Only Fat Freddies. Call Lane Leeds 1. Every Other Thursday Women Only Disco at Checkpoint, Bradford. Every Sunday Women Only Pub. The Phono Merrion Centr. 7.30-10.30p.m. July 1st August 7th Womens Holiday Centre in Settle North Yorks. Available for Holidays. Tel 172 96207 July & Aug Womens B&B, Mid Wales. Tel 057045,370. Womens Football Every thur, Woodhouse Moor, Leeds. Late afternoon. Ring women's centre for exact time. Quatsh Lesbian and Gay disco Phono.

Friday July 22nd - Astoria Club Sandino celebrates 9 years of revolution with Hope Augustus and more... one pound fifty or two fifty waged. 7.30 pm.

ANARCHIST CONFERENCE FOR WOMEN.

At long last a venue has been found for the Women Only Anarchist Conference, which is to be held on July 23rd, at the West Indian Centre, 10 Laycock Place, Chapeltown Rd, Leeds (Behind the Trades Club)

The Workshops on offer include:

- Mujeres libres video, "De toda la Vida" (All our lives) about Anarchist syndicalist women during the Spanish Civil War.
- Women & work/trade unions/initiating strikes.
- Improvisation: the social and revolutionary implications of making music & performance. Sal, Mag and Shirl.
- Thatchers Britain and women.
- How to improve our direct action.
- Putting together of an issue of Resister.
- Space to devise and put forward suggestions for workshops on the day.



We are afraid that access to the building is very poor, with a step and heavy doors as you enter. Women will be around to give disabled women a hand if they need it. Toilets are on the same level but none are specifically designed to accommodate women with disabilities. The creche and workshop rooms are also on the same level as the entrance door, but to get to the main hall there are three steps. Signers are available but if you need them could you please let us know beforehand. If any Leeds women are reading this and would like to help with creche, food, organisation, please contact us at the address given below. We especially need creche workers. Leaflets and posters are available, we'd like as many women as possible to know about the event, so please drop us a line if you could distribute any info on the event. It would be helpful if any women who are interested in the conference could drop us a line at: "Resister" c/c Box DAM; 52 Call Lane; Leeds; W.Yorks. Please state accommodation requirements: Friday and or Saturday? Number of bed spaces required. If you need the creche please specify ages of children. Please let us know if you need a signer and if you have any other needs.

£1 WOMEN ONLY

RESISTER. ANARCHIST WOMENS PAPER



WOMEN ONLY

JULY ISSUE

25p

ULRIKE MEINHOFF

Ulrike Meinhoff 19? - 1976.



During the late 1960's many women became involved in the various demonstrations around West Germany, against the American war in Vietnam. These demonstrations were not only passive expressions of disapproval, but involved organised attacks on American buildings with paving stones and petrol bombs.

Along with several million other people around the world, Ulrike Meinhoff got angry and frustrated with the genocide of the Vietnamese people - but she also got frustrated by the lack of progress being made by the verbal protests and broken windows. Something new was needed; that's when urban guerrilla warfare began, and in 1968, a warehouse in Frankfurt was burned to the ground.

Ulrike Meinhoff didn't become involved with such activity until the liberation of imprisoned comrade Baader. She was working in the library of the institute for social research. Baader was given permission to work with her under armed guard. But in May 1970, an armed group of women and men broke into the library to free their comrade - Ulrike fled with them.

This liberation was considered to be the first of many by the now named Red Army Faction (RAF) who went on to organise a number of operations, which Ulrike became involved with, including: Attacks on various banks in Berlin; town hall break-ins to obtain identity cards, passports and official stamps; armed battles with the police; the bombing of various American Army and police headquarters in Europe; the execution of Gunter Von Drenkmann (president of the Berlin court) and federal prosecutor Bubeck; the occupation and the taking of hostages at the German embassy in Stockholm; the hijack of Luthansa aircraft at Somalia and the kidnapping of 11 OPEC ministers.

The West German state began a massive hunt and persecution of all RAF members and supporters. Hundreds of flats were ransacked, people taken in and brutally interrogated. Some RAF members were murdered in the streets, whilst others were arrested and immediately subjected to solitary confinement and torture in the form of sensory deprivation. June 15th 1972, Ulrike Meinhoff herself was arrested and held in a special quarter (the death quarter) in an empty section of the Cologne prison. She was condemned to conditions of absolute silence. Dr Preuss (Ulrike's lawyer) describes these conditions:

"The spatial and acoustic isolation of this building was intensified by the fact that everything in the cell, with the exception of the door, was painted white. The window of the cell was shut tight, but later it was opened a tiny bit and this tiny opening was concealed by a metal grill. The white neon lighting was not turned off at night, and the cell was maintained during winter at a lower temperature than normal."

Protests at the torture of political prisoners, and especially against the internment of Ulrike Meinhoff in the death quarter, occurred both within and outside the prison walls. The prisoners took part in several hunger strikes, whilst lawyers demonstrated in front of the federal court house, and the remaining RAF



members increased their urban guerrilla warfare activities. However, the tortures not only continued, but Ulrike was then placed in an aisle of the prison where she could not even hear human resonances.

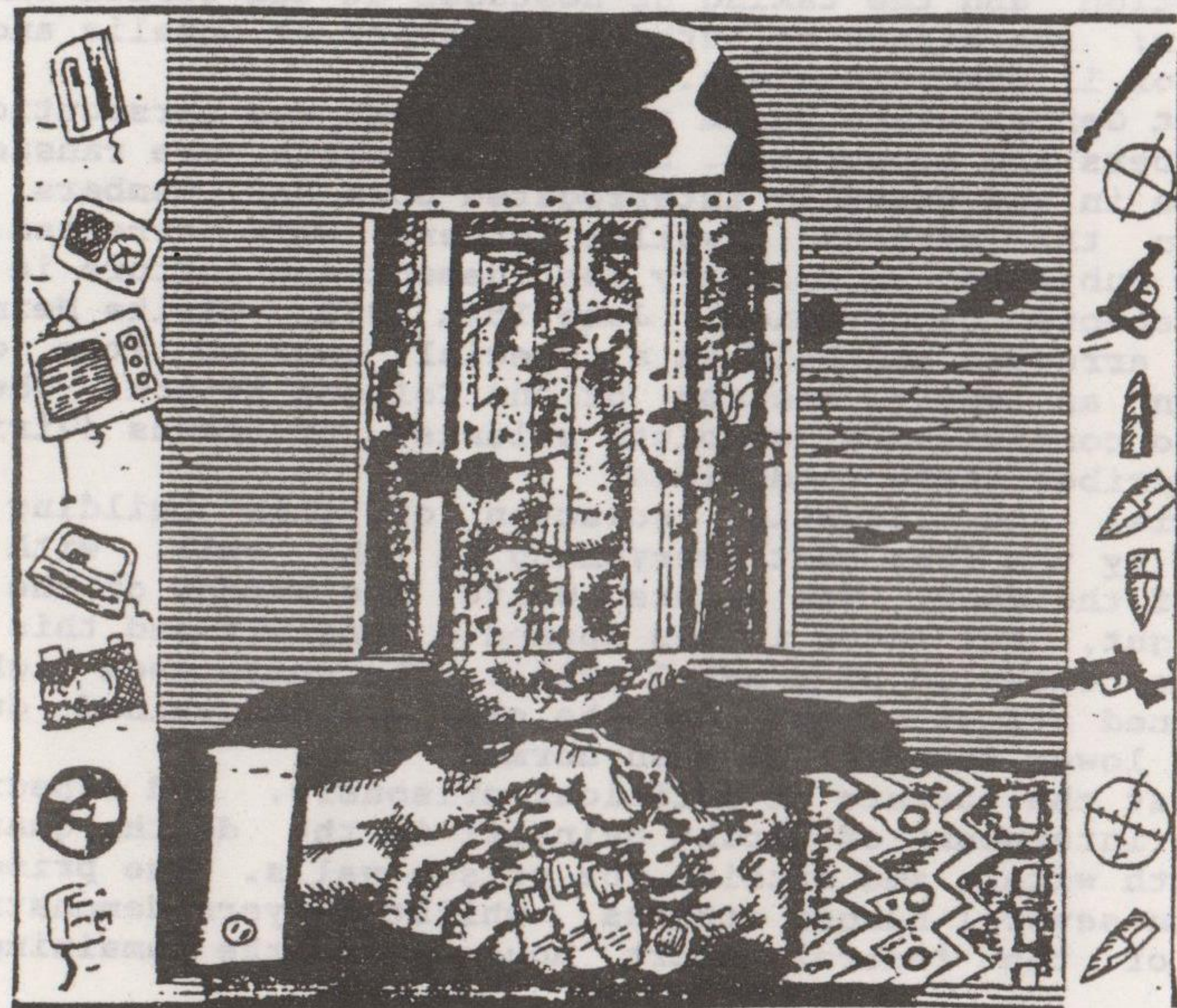
The result was that Ulrike became physically and mentally ill, as did many of the political prisoners. The government then passed the "Baader./Meinhoff law", which allowed trials to continue even when the accused was incapable of appearing. It also meant that lawyers could be prohibited from defending RAF members if they were suspected of "supporting this criminal association!" Not only were many defence lawyers rejected, but they too were persecuted by the state forces, many were imprisoned and tortured, others forced into exile.

In 1975, when the Baader/Meinhoff case came to trial, they were both unable to carry on without medical attention - so the trial went on in their absence.

Since the beginning of the Red Army Faction Activities, the authorities had responded with extreme violence. RAF members were shot dead or if imprisoned were tortured and murdered. On May 9th in 1976, Ulrike Meinhoff was found dead in her cell at Stuttgart-Stammheim. Although officially publicised as suicide, a second autopsy revealed contradictory details which led to the unofficial verdict that she was murdered. Ulrike had been subjected to four years of imprisonment, 2 of which were spent in conditions of sensory deprivation and isolation.

International demonstrations followed her death, and thousands attended her funeral. The RAF sought revenge and executed federal prosecutor Bubeck. At the same time the Baader/Meinhoff trial came to an end - Baader was sentenced to life imprisonment. He never served it, in October 1977, he too was murdered in his cell.

Ulrike Meinhoff was not the ^{only} RAF woman to be murdered whilst under police custody; Carmen roll was submitted to a fatal dose of ether; Gudrun Ensslin was found hanging in her cell; and Irmgard Moller repeatedly stabbed with a bread knife. Not even the RAF, who criticised Anarchists for not protecting themselves, were prepared for such state aggression.



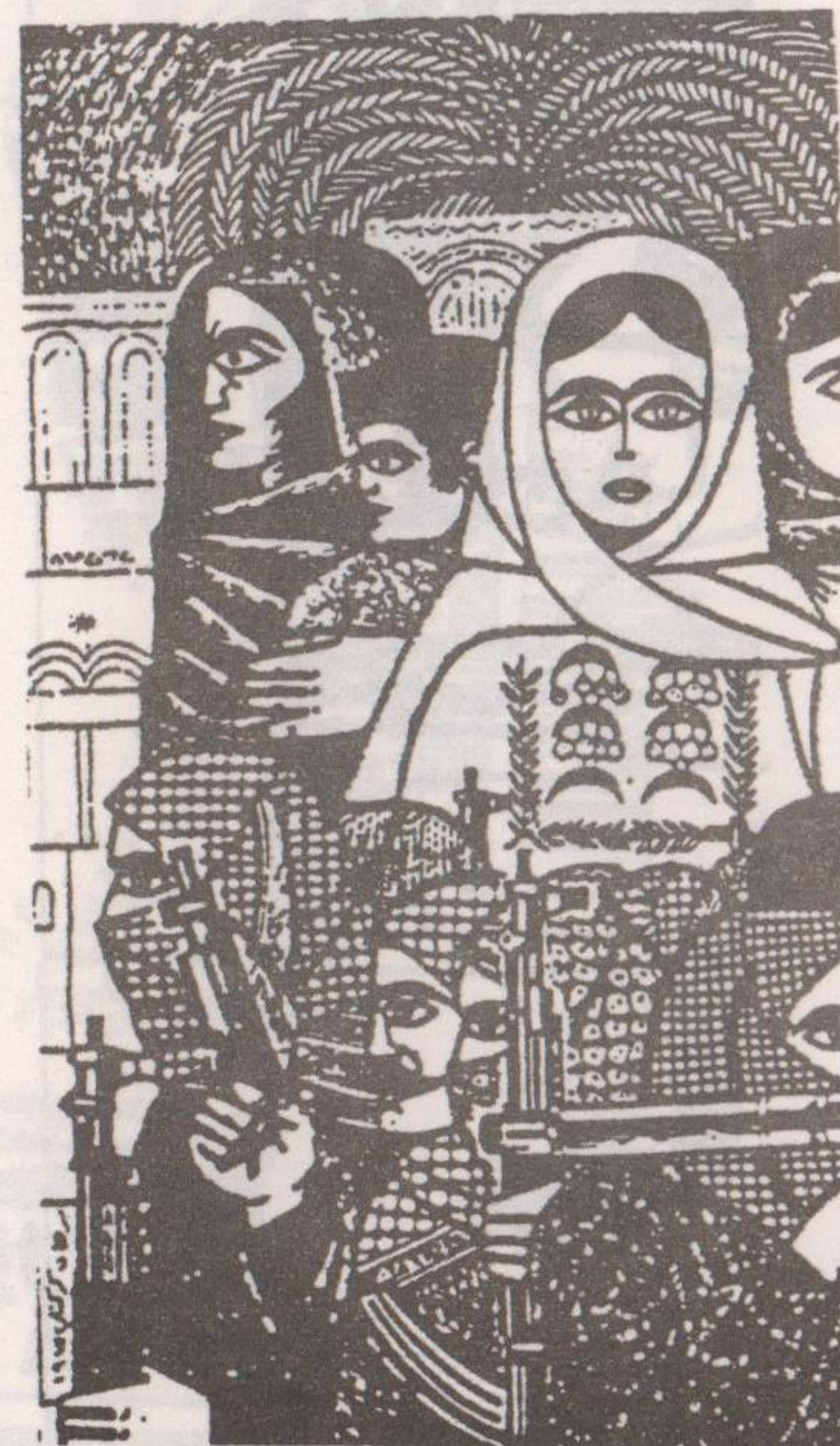
NO INTIFADA WITHOUT THE WOMEN....



The participation of the Palestinian women in the struggle against the Zionist occupation of their country has continuously been denied, or at least under estimated in Britain. Maybe I should say that the Palestinian struggle in general is an unacknowledged issue over here?

Maybe it's because we don't know very much about Palestine, or is it because it's so far away? But the question is...Is it less important than South Africa or Northern Ireland? Or are we afraid to speak out against Israeli's policy of exploitation and repression of the Palestinian people because of the history of the jews? This isn't surprising in view of the terrible injustices that they suffered at the hands of the nazis. But can we afford to close our eyes to what's happening in Palestine now because we are scared of being branded anti-semitic? I don't think that we can.

This article deals with the Palestinian struggle for independence and the role that Palestinian women play in the war against the oppressive Israeli state.



In 1948 the construction of the Israeli state became a fact. Many jewish people journeyed there to find peace, a jewish homeland. But what about the Palestinians who were also living there and claim that it's their arabic homeland?.....Silence.

Since 1948 the Palestinian people have struggled for their independence. That's forty years; a history of war, events, revolt. In this history the recent uprising (intifada started December 1987) isn't "just a spontaneous and sudden outburst" as the big U.S. controlled press agencies would have us believe.

The economic, social and political exploitation of the Palestinian people could have no other outcome than an explosion of mass revolt.

After the 1982 war - when Israel occupied the Lebanon and the P.L.O. suffered an identity crisis - the Palestinian resistance had to reunite, they managed to overcome their own internal political differences and concentrate on the struggle going on in occupied Palestine. The P.L.O. did some intensive reorganisation and throughout the country new committees were founded to build up an appropriate resistance



structure. i.e. Women's committees, educational and cultural organisations, voluntary services and groups that worked on the defence of prisoners. Before the recent uprising there were already more than 100,000 Palestinians active in these organisations, and resistance has been growing ever since. The amount and intensity of military actions/operations has increased along with civil activities. Since 1967 some 400,000 (young) Palestinians have been interned in Zionist prisons at least once in their lives. This experience has given them the sort of education that no school could ever hope to supply. The constant threat from the Zionists - especially on the occupied west-bank and on the gaza strip - strengthens their belief in their own right of independence.



The Palestinians are a young people: 70% of the population is under 20 years old, but all Palestinians are involved in some aspect of the struggle. All age groups, men, women and children have their own contribution to make. The old take care of the very young whilst the women, men and older children demonstrate, street fight, build barricades, paint banners etc..etc.. You'd be hard pressed to find a family that doesn't contain any politically organised members. Consciousness is high...mainly as a result of the large numbers of Palestinians that have been killed or wounded. Seeing members of their own families die in the course of the struggle adds fire to the belief that there can be no peace whilst they are governed by the hostile Israeli state. Women's participation has not only increased over the last few years, it has also developed into an organisational structure which enables women to join women's groups with specific targets. It has to be understood that this is important - in view of their cultural and religious beliefs separatist networks are essential. Women simply do not mix with men outside their own families, not because they believe in radical feminism but more because their religious ideology forbids it - and these groups help women to fight for their own rights as well as for the Palestinian cause.



On the west-bank and at the gaza strip there are four main women's organisations:

The union of women's committees for social work.

The working women's union.

The union of women's work committee.

The union of Palestinian women's committees.

There's an Arab women's committee for the rest of Palestine (occupied Palestine since 1948) The aim of these women's organisations are comparable to those of other political groups,

but they obviously concentrate on backing the woman's perspective and the specific changes that they want to see happen as a result of the struggle.

Progress has already been made in changing the traditional female roles and the restrictions that these roles entail.

Women participate much more in the decisions about resistance activities and operations.

They organise specific women's actions e.g. against Zionist soldiers; sit ins; occupations; support for prisoners.

About 40% of the women are involved in the committee of the peoples uprising (mixed.)

They are responsible for the support of prisoners, their families, people in hiding and work for the medical committees.



Part of the women's committees aim is to create discussion about women's role in Palestinian society. They want to raise their own self-esteem and increase women's economic independence, along with better facilities for childcare and education. Work already being done along these lines is:

- The organising of creches and childcare unit all over the country.
- Literacy classes.
- Building up cooperatives where women work together e.g. sewing coops.
- Professional training centres.
- Food coops.

The purpose of these projects is to give women a political education as well as a practical living.

The medical committee desperately needs money for an ambulance and also for a vehicle to provide medication where necessary. At the moment women take to the streets at night in private cars to care for the many wounded in the daily battles - the Zionist policy is to cause as many injuries as possible amongst demonstrators. The women need better equipped and faster vehicles to be able to save lives.

Anyone who wants to donate cash to make this possible, can send it to,

Cue word : Ambulanz,

to Freundinnen des Palastinensischen volkes e.v.

Vereins -und West bank Hamburg
Konto 33/ 08 244 B12 200 300 0

At this moment resister doesn't know if there's a British equivalent to this support group, if anyone is aware of one please let us know and we'll print the address in the next issue.

- with thanks to Pepperfog and Alternative Lubeck.



On July the 2nd about 250 people gathered in Hyde Park for a punks picnic. There was a pretty good atmosphere, people were sitting around talking, drinking, selling fanzines etc...etc., and even the rain couldn't ruin the event since the trees provided shelter. There were three unwanted pigs wandering around being intimidating. They started hassling some people who were collecting money for Leeds hunt sabs - earlier I'd collected #35 for Leeds abortion fund, in view of the situation it seemed sensible to take it home. Later some people were talking to the police but it all looked quite calm and unaggressive. Then apparently the pigs decided to change the mood and they arrested one of the men. Lots of people tried to help him escape arrest... there was suddenly loads of police on the scene and a big fight broke out. Other arrests were made but quite a few people were pulled away from the pigs - one bloke managed to "stagedive" over the coppers heads from the back of a cop van. The police were being very liberal with their truncheons, but there was a lot of physical resistance to their brutality. The trouble lasted about 40 minutes and 26 people were arrested - 5 women 21 men. These people were held in the town centre cop shops for at least 24 hours before being charged with various offences from sections 2 & 4 of the public order act. There were a lot of people wounded. There was a high casualty rate amongst those arrested but the cops didn't limit the brutality to those they managed to nab. I was hit on the back of the head with a truncheon as I tried to help a friend escape arrest - the wound needed stitches. One man was handcuffed so tightly that his wrists bled and he was on the verge of passing out. I've since seen other peoples injuries, most of these were caused by being truncheoned on the skull,



spine, face and limbs. One woman who was arrested is very obviously 8 months pregnant; she was handled just as roughly as everyone else. The injuries that I'm not going to lose sleep over are those incurred by a couple of pigs who were beaten to and on the ground - they've had it coming for a long time. Everybody taken into custody was treated like shit (surprise surprise) and one woman was kept away from the other women, "In case she was a lesbian." All in all it was yet another terrible episode of police brutality. The only positive aspect that I can see is that more and more people are prepared to get stuck in; this was proved by the number of people that overcame their fears and helped each other. The first court appearance is on the 11th of August, which should set the main court date. Money is going to have to be found to pay off the fines, any contribution that you can make will be much needed and greatly appreciated. Donations should be sent to Leeds Bust Fund Box ?? 52 Call Lane Leeds ls1 6dt.

TEST TUBE TECHNOLOGY: MIRACLE OR MONSTER?



Reproductive technology...more scientific jargon; the words seem to have nothing to do with our bodies, our wombs and the bearing of children. A scientific term that's intentionally impersonal, so we'll leave it to the specialists and never ask how this technology affects us.

The public image of reproductive technology and the test tube baby is one of an elated couple holding up a plump baby who smiles on cue for the camera. Science at last working for and not against women: the woman holding up the child she'd previously been unable to bear proves it - or so we've been led to believe. Scratch the surface and you'll find that the facts have very little to do with the creation of happy families. To understand why this science could prove so dangerous to us, we have to look at it's implications and take into account the facistic attitudes of some of the people involved in it's research.

The test tube revolution was pioneered in Britain but America is currently ploughing mega dollars into it's research; maybe it's because production of specially designed lifeforms could become a mega-buck growth industry - I wish the pun were less ironic.

The RAND corporation (America's favourite think-tank) has estimated that, "Routine production of specially designed mutants" could be in force by the year 2025. These "mutants" would fill the gap left by the abolition of slavery. They could be designed to serve a number of purposes, suggestions have included:

That they be trained to do the dirty jobs, the ones without dignity which we in the west are increasingly reluctant to do.

That they be used as incubators or surrogate mothers for human embryos.

Or as living warehouses of organs that would be used for transplant purposes.

As for where to keep these mutants once developed...an idea suggested was "in enclosed areas." (i.e. Prisons.)

A 1979 review on the ethics of this calmly noted that: "The moral status of human-animal hybrids, even at this early stage of development, is a matter that will require further philosophical and ethical exploration." That's scientific bullshit which can be translated as, "we'll pretend to think long and hard, then if nobody stops us we'll get on with it." Huxley's horrific vision of a people reduced to the status of machines in "Brave New World" no longer seems like the wanderings of a paranoid mind; more like a prophetic warning that's being used as a blueprint to shape the future.

Cloning and its connection to the facistic dream of a perfect race is another worrying aspect of this technology. As Sinsheimer puts it:

"Cloning would permit the preservation and the perpetuation of the finest genotypes that arise in our species."

Dr James Bonner elaborates on this theme with:

"One suggestion has been that we remove genetic material from each individual at birth, then promptly sterilise that

individual. During the individuals lifetime a record would be kept of accomplishments and characteristics. after the individuals death a committee decides if his (sic) accomplishments are worthy of procreation. If so, some genetic material would be removed from the depository and stimulated to clone a new individual. If the committee decides that the genetic material is unworthy, it is destroyed. The question is not a moral one but a temporal one. When do we start?"

Another researcher who was interviewed a couple of years ago for a book on reproductive technology, refused to be named but commented:

"But if we cull down the lazy type I think we have done a great deal. We select the best dairy cow and the fastest horse. I think we could do with a little bit of selection on the human level."

These comments are so telling that it's hardly necessary to criticise them. Theirs is the facistic dream where only the strong are allowed to survive; where human beings roll off a production line and if the goods aren't up to standard...

And who will carry these perfect babies? Surrogacy is yet another way in which womens labour is exploited and devalued. It can dismember motherhood into components, you can buy the eggs the sperm and a human incubator to carry them. And who'll volunteer to serve as the human incubator?

Obviously the women who need the money most. Same old poverty trap, when your body is the only thing you can sell to survive, you sell it.

U.S. workers in the growth industry of surrogacy can end up being paid under a pound an hour for their participation - and she's made to work damm hard for her pound. She could have to undergo difficult and painful diagnostic procedures, give up her job or even have to go through major surgery - with all it's risks to her health. She's on call 24 hours a day, for her body and what it carries is no longer her own, it now belongs to the company. And if she miscarries or fails to conceive she gets nothing - it's not a career with many perks.

As for the dignity of labour....Dr Richard Levine, an artificial inseminator of breeder women and founder of the surrogate parenting association of Louisville, Kentucky, said of himself,

"That's what I do, I make babies."

Whereas one of the women who'd worked as a surrogate mother in his clinic said of herself,

"I think of myself as a human incubator. Man is possessing woman's procreative power, she is losing it. She is a thing. She is a vessel for the babies men make."

These statements make it quite clear as to who holds the power in surrogacy and it's certainly not the woman.

And the search is on to find cheaper sources of labour. John Stepura president of Bionetics foundation of California claims that a third world mother wouldn't need to be healthy, "If we could cross international lines, then \$1,000 dollars is a significant sum of money, whereas (in the U.S.) it's just a weeks or a months wage. The (third world) mother could have a health problem which could be quite serious. However, if her diet is good and other aspects of her life are o.k. she could become a viable mother to genuine embryo transfer."

This is the great white god shitting on third world women. For years the west has done every dirty deed in the book in order to deny third world women control of their own bodies. From enforced sterilisation to the white coated salesman peddling misinformation and dodgy contraceptives - so that 3rd world women can be used as a testing ground for safe birth control



in the west.

And now because it suits the company profit margin these women are to be encouraged to carry babies for women in the 1st world...whilst being denied the right to carry their own children.

The front that this technology is being researched into for our benefit is not often dropped. William Walters an Australian pioneer in this research, justifies exogenesis (fertilisation, growth and birth outside the womb) with the argument that it's a way to protect the foetus from the hazards that it encounters in it's mothers womb. i.e. pollution and drugs. This is an almighty con. Technology has caused the pollution and developed the dangerous drugs...it should be looking for ways to remove the dangers rather than just trying to side-step their affects.

One of the main reasons that women are rendered infertile in the first place is because their bodies are damaged by the results of technology. Radiation, chemicals, contraceptive devices and pills which injure our wombs are all responsible for the high rate of infertility. And the cycle carries on because what's important to the scientists isn't our safety but how much cash they can make from selling us things.

As for the elated woman holding up the baby with the perfect smile...

In theory women with problems of infertility are entitled to free help from the N.H.S. Why are theory and practise always so dramatically different? We all know what a state the health service is in; you've got to be dying to get a bed.

Starved of government funds the infertility clinics just can't cope with the demand. Clinics that do supply treatment often have to ask the woman for a large donation (about #400.) Professor Ian Cooke who's in charge of a unit in sheffield said;

"We cannot treat women who cannot pay."

Money might not buy you love but not having any means that your unlikely to get help.

Long waiting lists of up to ten years mean that some women are placed in a position where they find themselves too old to bear children. So if your not relatively young and with enough cash to buy your way in, there's very little hope of receiving treatment - Sue on Eastenders might have managed to reap the benefits of this research but that's fiction, women are as unlikely to receive the same treatment as her as they are of getting the tenancy of the "Queen Vic."

This article has not been written to stop women with infertility problems from seeking help from the test tube baby



technique. It has been written with the intention of showing that this research is not as innocent as it first seems. It's unlikely to give us more control of our bodies, in fact it's the reverse.

In asking ourselves who this technology will benefit, it's worth bearing in mind that the creators of this technology were also the creators of the means to cause a holocaust.

SEEN BUT NOT HEARD...

The smell of boiled cabbage is overpowering. It's in the wards, the corridors, the bathrooms, tangled into my hair and sunk deep into my skin. We don't eat cabbage everyday; so maybe it's the smell of us slowly decomposing.

"Cabbages" is the nickname the attendants give us as we shuffle from mealtime to mealtime, heavy from the drugs that they say will cure us. The pills give us headaches and make our tongues thick, so the words come out all funny and slurred.

Outside I smelt of sweet soap, of vanilla and honeysuckle. I took that smell for granted. The soap here smells of toilet cleaner: hard and yellow, it burns the top layer of your skin away and won't lather. Each morning they herd us into the showers for a compulsory scrub down. The idea is to scrub us away to nothing, rub away all the rough edges then return us smooth but empty to our families - pronounced officially cured. The soap is like everything else here....punishment.

It's clever, it's hard to tell the difference between punishment and cure, and if being cured means we get to leave this place then most of us want to be cured.

"Medication" is given three times a day. We hold our tongues out like three year olds. "Thank you nurse." She either pities you or looks at you like your something she accidentally stood in - making you feel less than human is all part of the treatment.

We're being cured for a variety of ailments, some for the sins of their mothers who didn't take precautions 45 years ago. Others for not being quiet children, for being afraid of the dark and for screaming when we hurt. For not being good enough mothers, or the wife who plays dumb when he lies through his fucking teeth. For getting fat and for not going quietly, gracefully into invisible middle age. And for small sins, like no longer finding the smell of sweet soap enough reason to be happy.

Little girls should be seen

but not heard.

seen but not heard..seen but not heard..
seen but not heard..
seen but not heard..



seen but not heard..seen but not heard.

until there are no words.

They say that I'm sick in the head; I'm just sick of pretending.

Oh I've tried, but not at first...see I didn't know I had to. I got all the, "Little girls should be seen but not heard," stuff, but no one ever told me that I had to pretend to be happy in my silence.

I was fourteen the first time I realised. "Anna Karenina" was on at the flicks, Garbo was playing "Karena." I didn't give a shit about the film, only that Garbo was in it - she was my favourite. I'd spend hours tearing at my eyebrows with tweezers trying to get the Garbo look. I plucked until I'd practically no eyebrows left - the effect was one of alien strangeness rather than sophistication. And that voice...so deep and husky, so different from the high pitched whining of my mother and aunts. I practised the voice too...but somehow it never sounded the same and I had to admit defeat when people started asking my mother if



I had a weak chest.

Anyway, I dragged a friend along to the cinema with me. Can't even remember her name, the only detail that remains of our friendship was that she was smaller and prettier than me, but that's beside the point - the most important things usually are.

Normally I'd sit mesmerised by the flickering image of Garbo...but in this film she wasn't the screen goddess I adored. The woman that I wanted to see had what used to be called "presence." She never simpered and could freeze the blood by raising one eyebrow. As Karena she minced around the corners of the screen. There were tears and a lot of "No ho ho ho oh's" each time her lover left the room - even if he was only going to the toilet.

I first noticed the noise behind me as the train taking Karena back to St. Petersburg chugged out of the station. The heavy breathing was in perfect synchronisation, speeding up as the train gained motion. God I was innocent; I turned expecting to see some poor sod in the throes of an asthma attack. The half closed eyelids through which he leered at me said he wasn't in pain. For a

couple of seconds I was too confused to do anything other than stare. His breathing continued to gather pace...he was obviously enjoying having an audience. I gave him my back again, and sat there rigid with nerves waiting for the breathing to subside. The noise filled my head. I felt sick. I didn't fully understand but I knew it was something to do with me, with my friend, with Garbo, with Karena the victim crawling round the screen wanting to die because there was nothing left of her after her lover had gone. Then came the explosion. Wet sticky stuff showered the back of my head. I touched my collar, it was the same consistency as the flour and water paste that I used to stick postcards in my scrapbook. Anger rose upwards from my stomach like bile; and all the time my friend sat there oblivious to everything but the screen. Some dirty old git had wanked all over us and the dumb cow hadn't even noticed. I turned to face him again. His mouth was slightly parted and the spittle on his teeth glinted in the darkness. Then he smiled at me; I wanted to kill him. I was on my feet and in the narrow aisle beside him before I knew what I was doing. "You pervert! Look what you've done to my coat." Somebody on the row behind him hissed, "Sssshhhhh." It seemed that heavy breathing was permitted but speech was not. "Look what you've done!" "Shud-up will ya, we're tryna watch a film." "You..You..you've just messed all over my coat." I was almost hysterical. My friend was twisted in her seat, gaping at me trying to decide whether or not to pretend she didn't know me. She decided to pretend. "I don't know what your talking about...I'm just trying to watch a film." As he spoke he was carefully slipping his dick back inside his fly. I hit him. One thrust with clenched knuckles to the side of the head. It wasn't hard enough. "Are you mad?" the manager was beside me now. "I'm not putting up with this sort of behaviour in my cinema." "It's not my behaviour that you should worry about." He ignored me. "What's the problem sir?"

"He's the problem." I jabbed a sharp finger into the wankers shoulder as I said it - I hoped it would bruise. "He's messed all over my new coat...go on..ask him!"

"What?"

"I think this little girl is trying to cause trouble. She's been turning around pulling faces at me all the way through the film. I didn't complain because I didn't want to cause trouble....but these stupid accusations are a bit much."

"You bloody liar! You've been playing with your thing for ages."

"You need your mouth washing out with soap young lady. I've never heard language like it." The manager took hold of my collar, I hoped the sticky stuff would smear his hands and prove my innocence. It'd either dried or he just didn't want to feel it. "C'mon...You're out. I'm not having this, people are trying to watch a film."

"No! He's just messed on me...throw him out!"

The pervert relaxed into a self-satisfied smile and adjusted his tie, the movement seemed to say, "Rounds 1, 2 and 3 to me."

"I think she's got an overactive imagination. I see this sort of thing a lot in my profession; I'm a school teacher, and girls reaching puberty often suffer from this sort of lurid fantasy."

I saw the stupid look of awe - that the uneducated have for the educated - cross the manager's face. As far as he was concerned I was guilty - professional men didn't wank all over little girls in dark cinemas.

"I'm sorry if she's been a nuisance to you. We get this sort of thing sometimes. I blame the parents, there's not enough discipline in the home."

They were talking about me as if I wasn't there. My mother's always said that a hot temper is a sign of evil, I don't know about that, but I do know that it's always got me into trouble. I kicked the manager in the shins. That did it. I was dragged out into the foyer shouting, "It's him not me. It's HIM. Chuck him out."

He rang my father, and I had to wait in a poky little office with pictures of topless girls on the walls. I was guarded by the manager - who went through my pockets in case I had a

weapon - and two usherettes. All three glared suspiciously at me the whole time. They seemed to think I'd start throwing all my clothes off and chewing the table if they relaxed their gaze to blink.

When my father turned up I was ordered outside so that they could talk about me. The two usherettes appointed themselves as part of the special constabulary and flanked my exit...but no one closed the door and I'm not deaf.

"I'm so sorry, she's always been mischievous....and that temper...I don't know where she gets it from."

"This time we won't take it further, but I'm afraid that she's not welcome here again."

"Thank you..it's such a relief. You can rest assured that she's not going to get away with it. I think that I've been too soft with her in the past."

Huh, too soft, my father who tortured my mother by spitting everything she cooked into a napkin. My father who'd only answer us if we remembered to call him "Sir."



When they called us back into the room, the manager still had his trouser leg rolled up from where he'd shown my father the developing bruise. The leg was skinny and yellow like an underdeveloped chicken. The usherettes giggled and both went up in my estimation. My father threw me a look that made me dread being alone with him. He tried to force me to apologise, but I was stubborn and kept my mouth firmly closed. See I knew that it didn't matter, whatever I did now I'd still be punished for something I hadn't done. And punished I was. For the next month the only time that they let me out of my bedroom was to go to school, and to eat meals that I was too tense to swallow.

My mother cried a lot. She said it was from shame, but she cried a lot anyway and at least now she had something to blame it on.

I suppose it would all have blown over a lot faster if I hadn't thrown the coat away - I dumped it on some wasteland on the way home from school. We weren't poor, but we weren't so rich as for them not to notice that I no longer had a coat. It made it worse in their eyes that it was nearly new - the middle classes will only ever give the old and useless away. They went crazy: they thought that I'd done it to spite them. I cared about what they thought, but I'd rather have frozen to death than have worn the coat after he'd dirtied it.

It was after that that I heard my father screaming that he thought I was mad at my mother....and that I'd obviously inherited it from her side of the family. He said that she'd got him to marry her under false pretences, that she never should have had children knowing that there was insanity in the line - that was when I found out that her grandfather gassed himself. It was the first time that I seriously considered whether or not I was mad; and the only time that I was sure that I wasn't. If someone calls you something bad enough times you either survive by hating them or begin to believe it - I've done some of both.

As for my friend, well she never called for me again. I didn't miss her she was stupid anyway.



I WANTED TO REMAIN A FREE WOMAN

Saying no to the Poll Tax 1381



TAKE PART IN RESISTERS FREE TO ENTER COMPETITION.

GIVE US ONE GOOD REASON WHY YOUR NOT GOING TO PAY THE POLL TAX AND YOU'LL WIN YOURSELF A LIFETIMES SUPPLY OF EXEMPTION FROM IT.

Answers on a brick through the town hall window.

ENTER NOW BEFORE YOU MISS YOUR CHANCE.



I was a kid my mother wouldn't even have a pack of playing cards in the house because she said they brought bad luck. Broken mirrors and step ladders had to be avoided at all costs. We threw so much salt over our shoulders that I'm surprised that the cat wasn't blinded. In short I was brought up to be superstitious. Anything even vaguely occultish was accompanied by fear of death...and as such, "Best left alone."

As I got older I realised that the demons most likely to wreck my life wouldn't rise at midnight from a sulphurous pit. The demons most likely to harm me were the rapists, sadists and murderers, and the crooked lawmakers and those that enforced the crooked laws. Fear still kept me awake at nights but it was a different sort of fear - and infinitely worse than the sort of terror that's caused by the dressing gown hanging up behind the door impersonating a hooded monk. Now my fears were based on direct experience and the knowledge of just how brutal human beings can be.



I stopped believing in heaven and hell, and started working on the premise that the rewards and punishments that they offered were lies manufactured by the state to keep us from taking direct responsibility for our own actions now.

My beliefs were based entirely on common sense - or so I thought - none the less I was still a wood touching salt chucker.

When a friend offered me a tarot reading I declined on grounds of common sense. "There's no point, the future is what I make it." She explained that she wasn't a fortune teller, and that the cards were much more likely to help me pin point personal strengths and weaknesses - and as such give me more control of my own life - than they were to suggest clandestine meetings with tall dark strangers. I still refused, but this time I had to face the fact that it was the old fears of demons and devils that made me want to avoid the tarot. Finally curiosity got the better of me and I let her give me a reading. There were no tales of imminent fatal car accidents for me to worry about and scoff at, nor was there the promise of a large inheritance from a rich relative that I didn't know I had - didn't really expect this since I always get christmas presents of 99p talcum powder from my auntsies.

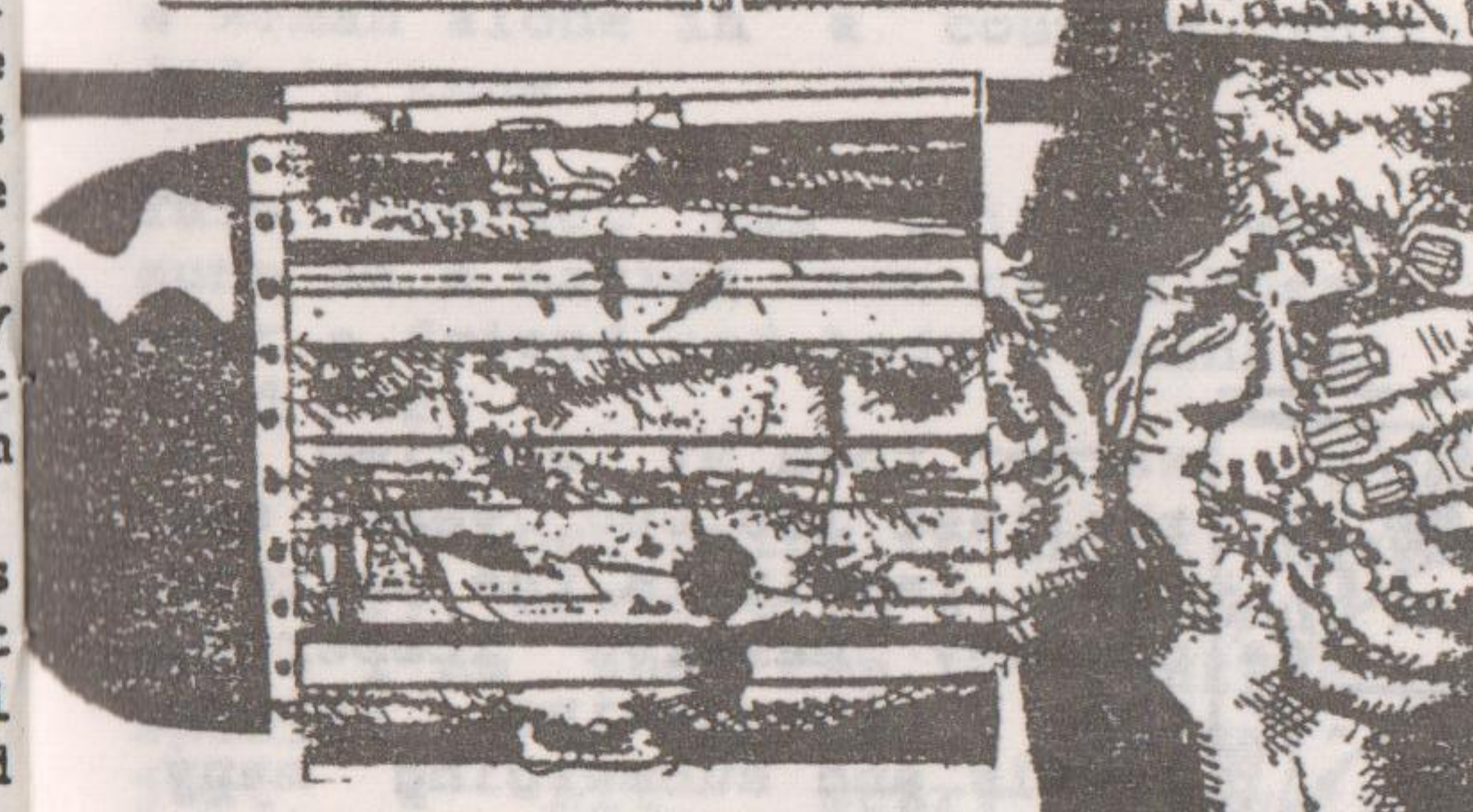
What the reading did bring up was the difficult emotional position that I was in - which I was trying to deal with by keeping it secret. The spread of cards talked about my options, failings and strengths...and seeing the situation laid out clearly before me did help me to eventually take a course of action that resolved my problems.

Having said that I didn't instantly become a born again tarot freak. I somehow thought that an interest in mysticism would compromise my political beliefs - as if accepting that there was more to life than what we can readily see/hear/smell/touch would create an instant addiction to foul smelling (hippies feet) patchouli oil and impair the ability to take action in the "real world." This is a ridiculous way to think, it assumes that we are capable of holding only one idea or belief system in our heads at one time, and we're all too various and changeable for that theory to be anything but bullshit.



Gradually I stopped policing myself as to what was and what wasn't "politically correct" and just got on with learning about/working with the tarot.

I now know that the tarot is by nature anarchistic since it encourages us to take more responsibility for our own lives. The main reason that organised religion is so scathing about the tarot is that it tells you that the answers to your own problems lie inside yourself and not with gods or guru's.



The 22 cards of the major arcane represent the path through life and the necessary lessons that we have to learn along the way if we are to develop to full potential. The four elements that the suits represent Earth (stability, practicality) Air (Thoughts, dreams, communication, rationality) Water (Emotions, nurturing, caring) Fire (Creativity, passion) show the different aspects of ourselves that we all need to balance. The tarot doesn't advocate all thought and no action, and it's decidedly anti-patriarchy since it encourages balance.

It would be pointless for me to try and encapsulate what individual tarot cards mean in one article...that was never my aim. What I am trying to encourage is that women pick up a deck of tarot cards without fear and superstition clouding their perception of them. Forget all the stuff about never buying your own tarot cards, nick them if you want it doesn't matter. I think that all the old rituals which limited their use were designed to make reading the cards seem so complicated that people believed that only the "chosen few" could do it - and that put the "chosen few" in a position of power. When you overcome these stupid barriers and put your perception and intuition to work you reclaim some of that power.

And no I don't know how or why they work...but I know they do.

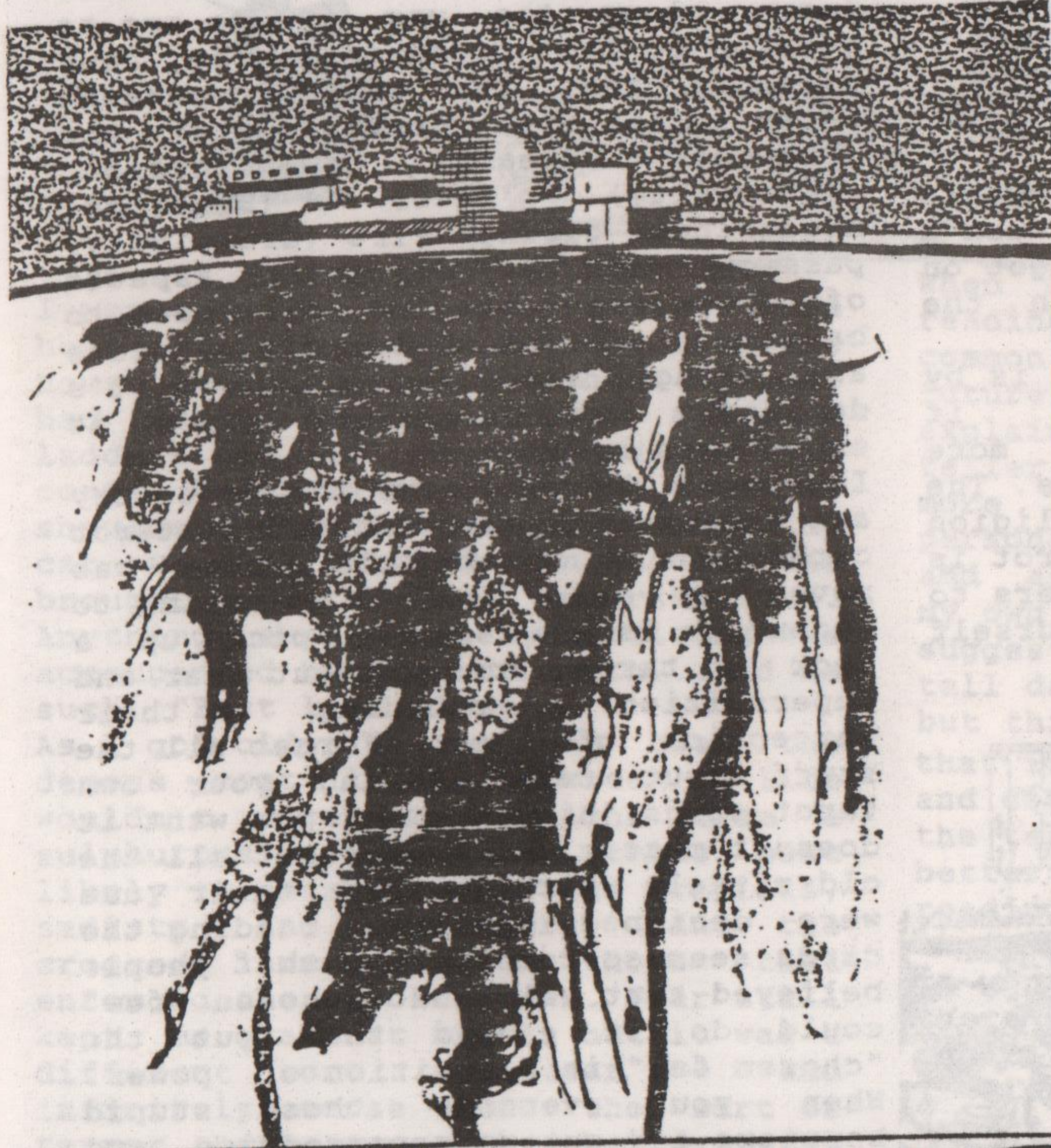
As Seoul prepares for the olympic games as always the so called "spirit of fair play" applies only to the sports field.

Thousands are losing their homes in mass evictions - to make room for an Olympic village to house the athletes. Two American Warships stand in the harbour and the American troops billeted there are beginning to outnumber the citizens. Added to that, the Seoul equivalent of the S.A.S. has obviously spent the last four years watching american television, since they carry out "routine manoeuvres" as if auditioning for a part in the "A Team." A demonstration of their "skills" showed them bursting through windows and doors doing formation cartwheels with machine guns blasting - very reminiscent of the "off beat" section on "Come Dancing" but designed to make the audience shit themselves rather than applaud.

The Korean state obviously sees itself as well prepared for any opposition to the Olympic gathering: it's prepared over 600 dossiers on known "terrorist groups" throughout the world. Those dossiers must also include files on a large proportion of Seoul citizens; the olympics isn't a popular subject with those that have found themselves homeless as a result of it. Mass rioting has already begun; and those taking to the streets in protest can expect to be shot rather than tear gassed. Why? Because the Korean authorities has decided not to use tear gas, "in case it impairs the athletes performances."

As with Mexico the games seem to be an exercise in the state versus the poor rather than an exhibition of international skills.

ALONE



For years now, scientists and environmentalists have known about the 'green house' effect on our climate. The earth's atmosphere is made up of several different gasses, and when the sun's rays pass through this atmosphere, the gas molecules are polarised and the radiation scattered.

Due to industrialisation and the capitalist nature of this world, obviously more pollution is being produced because of the predominance of the profit motive and the expense of pollution control. This means, over the years, there has been a drastic increase in the amount of carbon dioxide, methane and chlorofluoro carbons in the atmosphere. The effect is that sunlight is still being allowed through to the earth's surface BUT, these gases then prevent the heat of the rays from escaping back into space.



The result is that the earth's climate is getting hotter - so we see that North America is now suffering the worst draught in 50 years - and that the 4 warmest years in the past 100 have been in the 1980's.

The most conservative estimate is that world temperature will rise in the next 50 years by one degree Celsius. The most pessimistic predict 4 degrees Celsius. An increase of 1-2 degrees may sound trivial, but it is in fact a massive change. A warming of just 1 degree Celsius would put the world

warmer than at anytime in the last 120 000 years and will result in the melting of many massive icebergs, thus increasing ocean levels and submerging many towns, cities, countries. An increase of 4 degrees Celsius is the difference between the depths of the ice age and now.

The whole greenhouse effect problem is going to be the major environmental issue to be faced in the twenty-first century, just because of the enormity of the problem.

It's a depressing picture, because although spreading the word about the problem and raising peoples consciousness about the earth's ecology is essential if we are to create alternatives in the long run, the only real answer is to get rid of capitalism and it's profit mongering ethos - and that's a big job!!

Travelling alone is something that I've always wanted to do and never found easy. If you don't trust anybody you miss out on all sorts of good experiences - if you trust some man and end up being shat on, you feel like you should have known what was going to happen all along and never put yourself in a vulnerable position in the first place.

About a year ago I went to Nicaragua, for the 1st 6 weeks I was part of a coffee picking brigade and had the security of being surrounded by the rest of the brigade. For the last 6 weeks I travelled around and worked, sometimes with friends, sometimes alone. I wrote a diary whilst I was there - most of it seems to be about what I ate - but there are some bits about how it felt to be a woman alone in a country that I didn't know.

This extract was written when I'd gone to a market town named Mosaya to meet a friend and hadn't managed to find her.

"So I'm beginning to think oh shit, no Kerry, nowhere to stay, don't know where I am and can't speak enough Spanish - in the end I manage; it's just a bit scary sometimes. After a few hours spent wandering around... Now I've got a vague idea about where I am: I've found a bed and some beer and am sitting by a park. There's a playground and blossom, I'm enjoying myself and beginning to feel safe - there's some hassle on the streets, but considering how little I understand and know about Nicaragua it amazes me that I can do what I'm doing. I don't think that I'll ever be a cool traveller, but I'll manage and feel stronger for it; learning is never really easy. Every so often there are loud bangs but nobody except me seems to be bothered by them. It was the same on the farm, we continually heard explosions. Yesterday there was a massive bang and a cloud of smoke rose from a cliff and nobody batted



an eyelid, so obviously there is no need to worry - except every time I hear an explosion I wonder and remember that there's a war going on. It's strange to hear these noises yet not understand them. Today when I was on the bus approaching Mosaya there were masses of military all along the road; it occurred to me that -if anything did happen I wouldn't know what to do - I don't even know why there are so many soldiers in this area as opposed to other areas."

A few weeks later I was staying by a beach and life felt very different.

"Tuesday was a day of silvers and greys - all day there were clouds and the sea was all foamy spray and grey mist. Most of the day was spent alone being tossed around in the water. Lying completely alone on the whole beach was such a luxury. Sitting waiting for the tide to come in, watching the grey-blue crabs pop in and out of their holes. Walking to the north end of the beach I decided that not feeling safe about travelling alone isn't a fear of being alone, it's a fear of not being left alone by men; men who keep insisting that it's their right to spend all their time trying to persuade me in one way or another to have sex with them - that is the hassle."



The next day, April Fools day, my friend Michelle swam in the same mad sea and was nearly drowned. It gave me such an incredible fright that I wrote a poem about it - not something that I usually do.

NB. Whilst Michelle was dicing with death a man sat on the beach (the reason that we'd gone into the water was to formulate a plan on how to get rid of him) drawing a picture of her as a mermaid in the sand.....

To die in Nicaragua is not why we came.

We came, our families and friends in our pockets

We came to go back

Our progress halted by the red and black snakes under the coffee bush

(For snakes have revolutions too!)

And the snake in the sea

Pulling you away as I shouted and waved

Then screaming "April Fool" as it threw you back to me.

A twist to make us play with life

As we flop by the beach

To go back to tell what we have seen

Or felt

Or felt confused by

And so fulfil the only promise I made

To the people who made part of me.



THIS WOMAN-HATING SOCIETY

We're constantly surrounded by images of women which are degrading, humiliating and demeaning. Our bodies are thought only to exist for the use of men; they're there to physically manage the home and to sexually titillate & accommodate men's sexual desires. Our bodies are not our own, they are there to be at the disposal of men. And if women step out of line and need teaching a lesson, then violence is how to put them back on the right track. Violence towards and against women is endemic in our society, it is sanctioned by the state institutions & by every individual within our communities.

Even though we know all this, the murder of Marie Wilks on the M50, has shocked the public. Women are now not only terrified of walking alone at night, or walking through deserted places but, we are made terrified of travelling in our own cars on very busy roads.

Marie Wilks was travelling along the M50, with her sister and son. Her car broke down, she walked a few hundred yards to an SOS phone and whilst making the call, got dragged off and murdered. All in broad daylight on the hard shoulder of a motorway.

The chance of this atrocity happening is just so minimal, but it happened. And other violent acts will continue to happen against women until we live in a society that is not based on the hatred of women.

National newspapers



reported this murder. They too were shocked, but on turning the page, we're still confronted by a half naked woman. Can these people really be so thick as to not see the connection between objectifying women, & men's use of women as objects, or have they no care at all for what they do to women - all for a profit.

Time and time again we see murderers after women. We see women brutally attacked by husbands, boyfriends, fathers, brothers, men on the street - & then they have the audacity to call us menhatters.

CYSTITIS

*and how to kick
it in the head!*

The first time I got cystitis I thought I'd contracted V.D. from the legendary toilet seat syndrome. Ignorance was to blame for this: sex education at school had consisted of a cartoon - where a military squad of potatoes with Hitleresque moustaches and german accents had shouted, "Ve are V.D. germs. And ve are out to get you." For years I thought that Van Gogh had been talked into loping his ear off by a german potato.

When the first attack of cystitis came at thirteen, I was too scared of being told that I had syphilis to go to a doctor. When I wet myself on a bus station and had to walk home with chapped legs, I gave in and visited my G.P. When I pointed desperately downwards to tell him what was wrong with me, he said I was, "A silly girl," and gave me pessarys - which cured the cystitis but gave me thrush. Since then I've had numerous attacks of cystitis, visited a bevy of unhelpful g.p.'s and through self-education more or less learnt how to cope with it.

The following information is a short run down on how to recognise, treat and prevent recurring cystitis. (A lot of it is taken from an excellent leaflet named "Cystitis and what to do about it.")

You recognise it by:

1. A burning scalding pain when you piss.
2. Feeling run down and lethargic (like the prelude to flu.)
3. Desperately needing to go to the bog every two minutes. When you get there, all you get is pain and not much water.
4. Sometimes you get a feverish feeling. An ache in your guts and at the bottom of your back, cloudy piss that is sometimes bloody.
5. A feeling of total misery (in conjunction with the other symptoms.)

Causes.

1. Germs getting into the bladder passage or uretha and causing inflammation.
2. Allergies. Some women are allergic to toiletries like: Talcum powder, perfumed soap, vaginal deodorants - The last is much more common in America. This sort of product isn't widely used in Britain. Some women may find that eating spicy foods aggravates cystitis. Booze can also cause it to flare up.
3. Friction. Can be caused by sex. The water passage is close to the vagina and can be irritated by vaginal intercourse and even clitoral stimulation.
4. The heat caused by wearing too tight jeans, or nylon tights etc etc.

5. Anxiety or depression - not a lot you can do to prevent this one since you can't really advise someone to stay happy.

What to do when you get an attack or feel one coming on.

1. Even if it's the middle of the night DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT STRAIGHT AWAY. If you don't it will be much worse by the morning, you can't wish cystitis away.

2. Immediately drink a pint of water.

This will be the first of many that you'll have to drink. Drinking a lot of fluid will help flush out the germs in the bladder. Parsley tea (Plain parsley brewed up like tea leaves helps because it balances the acid level in your pee, which takes away the scalding.) If you have no parsley it's best to drink plain water or very bland liquids like orange squash or weak tea.

3. Get some hot water bottles ready.

If possible it's best to use two. Wrap them in towels so that you don't get burnt, put one against your lower back and the other between your thighs.

4. Mix a teaspoon of bicarbonate of soda with a little water and gulp it down. Repeat this every three hours: It stops bacteria multiplying and makes your pee less acidic. It also soothes the water passage and helps stop the burning.

Note. If you've got high blood pressure or heart trouble get medical advice before going to town on the bicarb.

5. If you have to take two mild painkillers.

6. As soon as you can drink another half pint of liquid (or more if you can manage it.)

Repeat this every twenty minutes, or more often if you can. It'll make you want to go to the loo, but after the first few times you'll find that the stinging eases off. It's absolutely essential to keep pissing to flush the germs out of your bladder. I sometimes take the teapot to the loo and drink as I piss.

You may find that drinking a strong cup of coffee every hour helps you to piss more, only do this if you have to because coffee aggravates cystitis with some women.

7. Make yourself as comfortable as you can in a bed or an armchair - your in for a three hour drinking session.

8. Try and relax as much as possible. Three hours of pouring liquid down yourself is a long time. If you can take your mind off it with a book or anything that captures your attention.

Many women find that after three hours of this routine the cystitis begins to wear off.

When to see a doctor.

1. If the cystitis continues for more than a day or two despite self-treatment.
2. If your pregnant since there's much more risk of kidney infection.
3. If you notice blood in your wee.



If you go to a doctor they should take a sample of your piss (it's a good idea to take one with you.)

They will then probably give you antibiotics to clear the infection. This will probably clear the infection but won't prevent recurrence.

Prevention.

If you suffer from persistent recurring attacks drink three or four pints of water a day. This may seem like a lot but it flushes the germs away before they get a grip on your insides.

When you want to piss go straight away. Crossing your legs and hanging around creates the kind of environment that the germs love. Count to twenty when you've had a wee, then blow against the back of your hand (forces out the last drop.)

If you have sexual intercourse try washing before and after. Also make sure that you go for a pee more or less straight after the act.

Lubrication i.e. KY jelly can prevent friction which causes cystitis. Castration can also prevent this.

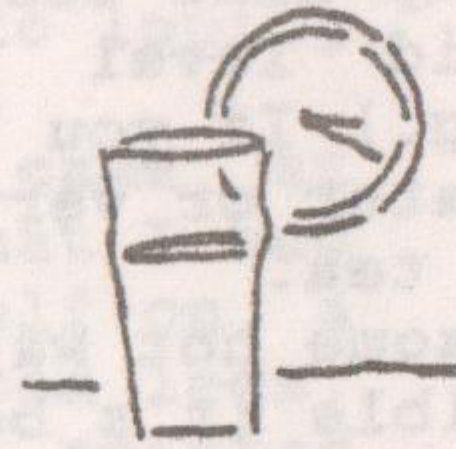
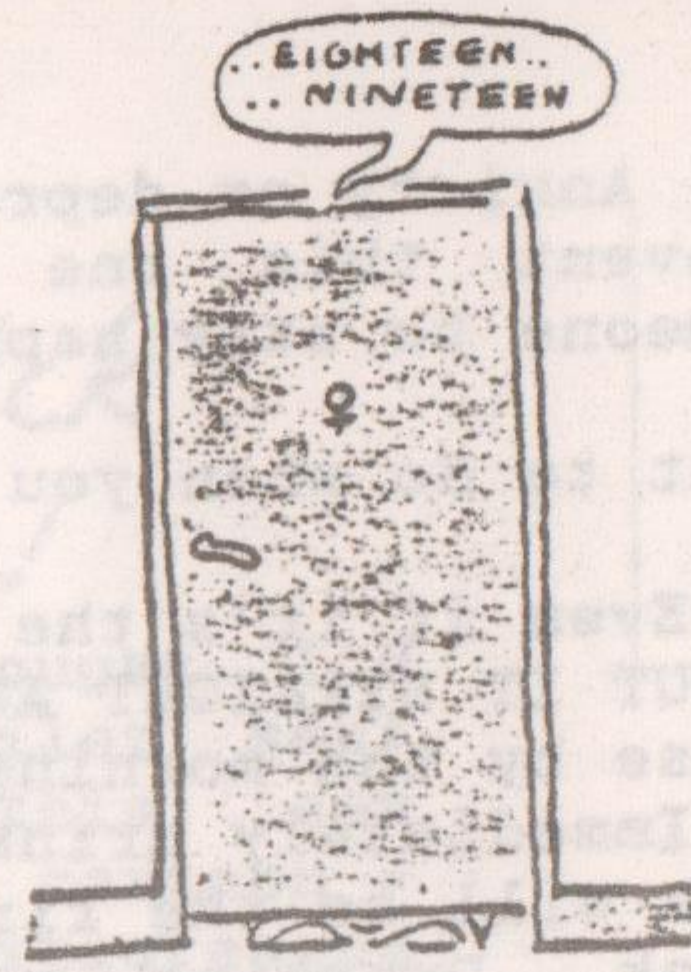
Always wipe your bum front to back. "Wiping the backwards way keeps the germs away."

Try not to use perfumed toiletries. Don't use shampoo or bath oils in the bath.

Try avoiding spicy foods and alcohol for a while and see if it has an effect.

Try not to wear clothes that are tight around your groin. Wear knickers that are made out of cotton that allow your skin to breath. Nylon is terrible for making germs breed (and it gives you spots on your bum, or at least it does with me.)

For further info read
Angela Kilmartin's
Cystitis: A complete self-help guide.

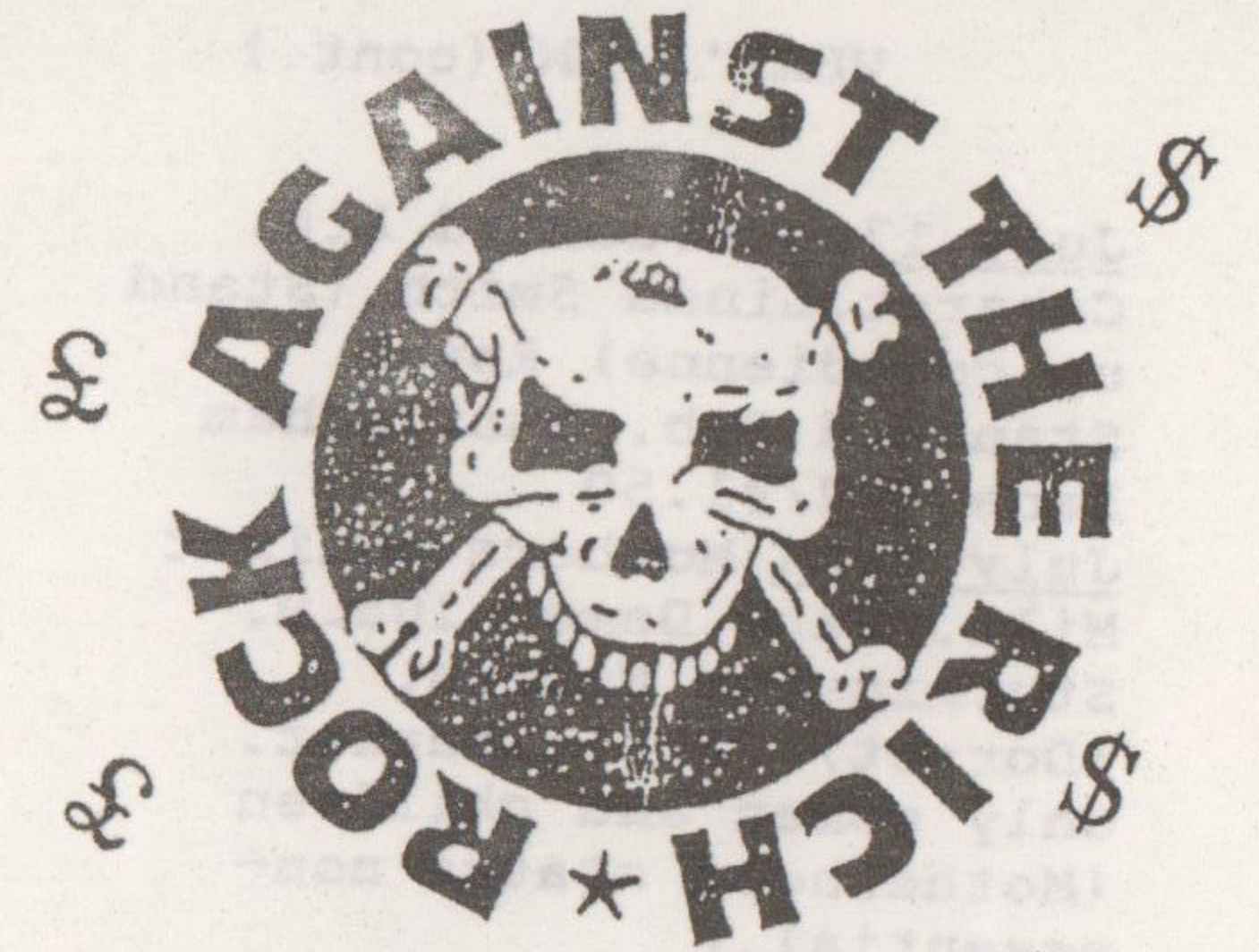


Rock Against The Rich..We Can't Afford It.

So Joe Strummer comes to town, sings a few songs and tells us that he's on our side because he's letting us pay him for the pleasure of entertaining us. Hotels and private tour buses..if we go to the gig we won't be travelling in our very own coach; after we've put the #4 entrance fee to one side we'll be lucky if we can afford the price of a green bus into town on off peak fares.

The Rock against the Rich tour is a farce. Joe Strummer with his dirty "We make cash from rebellion and put it back into warmongering" C.B.S. past, is part of the establishment that keeps us poor. He should be a legitimate target for our anger rather than a spokesperson for our frustrations.

The door price alone is proof that he has absolutely no concept of what it is to be short of cash. The new benefit cuts mean that the unemployed under 25's - the bulk of



his audience - will have to part with over a fifth of their weekly income for the dubious pleasure of hearing Joe bullshit and patronise from a very high stage. Seems like another attempt to regain some of his supposed former street credibility.. "you've seen the concert now buy the record." No thanks Joe...the enemy might be camouflaged by a leather jacket but the pin striped suit mentality shows through the rips. I can't afford tailor made rebellion I prefer to make my own.

WHAT'S ON

- July 14th "NO POLL TAX" public meeting. Victoria Hall, Norfolk st. Sheffield. 7.30 p.m.
- July 15th Yemaya & Quartres #3.50. West Indian Centre, Leeds.
- July 15th-17th Womad Festival. Bracknell. (0344 484123)
- July 2nd-15th "Women's work". Paintings and sculptures. Wakefield College.
- July 16th Stress management workshops, Awareness training, tension release, relaxation. (405071)
- July 16th Youth Peace week.
- Bands/food/bars/stalls/ All Welcome. Wakefield community centre.
- July 16th Peace Festival. Bradford Queens Hall. 1 p.m. - Midnight inc. Michelle Shocked (singer/guitarist) Exhibitions/Stalls/food/bar/creche.
- July 17th Nelson Mandela Freedom March, from Finsbury park to Hyde park (London). Coaches leave Leeds uni. Parkinson steps at 6.15a.m. (#4/#7)

WHAT'S ON (cont.)

July 17th Bradford Alt.
Cabaret. Linda Smith (Stand
up comedienne) Royal
Standard Pub, Manningham
Lane. #2/#1.50

July 18th Mothers against
Milk. Nat. Demo. 10a.m.
Sturminster Newton,
(Dorset) Cattle Market.
Only women and children
(Motherhood status non-
essential.)

19th July 9yrs for
Nicaragua. Queens hall
Bradford 8-12 midnight.
Cabaret/Bassa Bassa/
Stanley Acrington/ Merle

Collins/ Bradford Women's
singers/Saroste jugglers.
20th July Amayenge
#3.50. West Indian Centre.
22nd July Ali Farka Toure
#3 West Indian Centre.

23rd-24th July "The
emerging woman workshop."
For a more creative self
image (754040)

23rd July Anarchist
Women's conference.
Workshops/Stalls/Videos/
Food/Creche. West Indian
Centre, Leeds. 1-6p.m. #1.
Women Only.

28th July London. March to
protest about D.H.S.S.
cuts by disabled people.
Meet 1.30 Kennington Park,
march to D.H.S.S. H.Q.
(Elephant and Castle)

28th July Farfina #3.50
West Indian Centre.

28th July Tricia Jennings
day of action. 12.30
picket outside Burtons.
Briggate. Leeds.

29th July. Women Only
Disco. Astoria 8p.m.-1a.m.

30th July Day of Events
around subject of 100yrs
of Women's banners, at
Cooper Art Gallery,
Barnsley.

Until July 31st National
Union of Mineworkers
banners. Wakefield
Cathedral/Town Hall.



Until Aug 1st. Luxurious
relaxation massage.
Polarity work, breathwork,
music. Special offer #8
(743409)

6th Aug. Anti Internment
march. London. Contact Box
T.O.M., 52 Call Lane. for
coach details

Aug 7th Woodcraft Folk
international camp open
day. Coach leaves 10a.m.
outside Leeds corporation
Bus Station, back in Leeds
7.30p.m. (442091)

Aug 7th-21st Vegan Family
Camp. An annual event,
this year in lake
district. Details from
John Strettle, 30 Busdale
Ave, Kings Estate
Wallsend.

WAKEFIELD 100 FESTIVAL
Events.

Throughout the festival
period (until July 30th)
Street entertainment will
be happening in Normanton
Precinct, Castleford City
Precinct, Pontefract
precinct, Wakefield
Cathedral precinct and the
Ridings shopping centre.
Acts inc. The Saroste
Jugglers, Pilot theatre,
Mimika, Wazz Jazz, The
Peace Artists, Grinnigo
gs, The Fabulous Dirt
Sisters, The Fabulous
Salami Brothers.