



STONEHENGE FOR THE PEOPLE

NICK MANN

STONEHENGE '85



SOUVENIR ISSUE

1st JUNE 1985...

Who are the heroes of Stonehenge ? Can it be the 520 arrested, the majority of whom broke bail by staying within the 25 mile radius ? The people who came from all over the country to help with transport, food, money or just moral support ? The people who organised gigs etc to raise money and drum up support for the 'Convoy' ?

In reality there are no heroes of Stonehenge; there can be no heroes. People who fight for the right to live in freedom are not heroes. They are taking the only path open to them.

When the basic rights of individuals are taken away there are no options; conform or be pushed under. There is no 'Peace Convoy'; it is a conglomerate of free-thinking people with vastly different religions ethnic and social beliefs, who put Truth above all else. When the use of the law restricts personal freedom it's up to you, and only you, to say ENOUGH !

The time has come to stand up for yourself and your personal liberty: after all it's your future.

'The Convoy', Ridgeway, near Wantage (July 1985).

The newspapers described it as a "battle", we experienced it as an attack. Of course in one sense it was a battle, of ideas, ideology, but Rainbow Warriors are warriors of the spirit and do not carry arms. We went, in our vehicles with our homes on our backs. And we didn't just take our families/our animals/our beds/our books/our clothes/our pots and pans, we took with us the warm fires, leafy hedgerows, smokey logs crackling under the stars.

For Stonehenge is more than a festival, it's a way of life, a celebration of a way of living all year round. For many it's as much a part of the annual cycle as solstice is to summer, is it really possible to stop the solstice sunrise?

Afterwards, to add insult to injury ... the police confiscated our axes and our saws and other domestic implements saying they were dangerous weapons, though to me it seems symbolic of the way in which the authorities are trying to undermine the survival of the travelling movement which, behind the "dirty hippies" propaganda they find politically threatening.

Well, we never got our axes back, or our saws, but we still have the stars, the hedgerows and the crackling log fires.

1st June 1985: Every man, woman, child who was there that day has a unique story to tell. This book puts just a few pieces of the jigsaw together (and tells the story of just one convoy); but I hope it gives some idea of the picture as a whole. It is written out of love, not bitterness.

Sheila, Glastonbury, May 1986.

STONEHENGE '85 - Souvenir Issue: Published June 1st 1986 by
UNIQUE PUBLICATIONS, PO Box 23, Glastonbury, Somerset.
Edited by Sheila Craig. Design & paste-up, Sheila Craig and Bruce Garrard.
This collection © copyright Sheila Craig/Unique Publications, 1986.
Copyright to individual pieces retained by the authors (uncredited
pieces by Sheila). Heartfelt thanks to all who helped and contributed.

STONEHENGE '85

A Collection of Material to Commemorate 'The Battle of the Bean Field' June 1st 1985

Edited by Sheila Craig

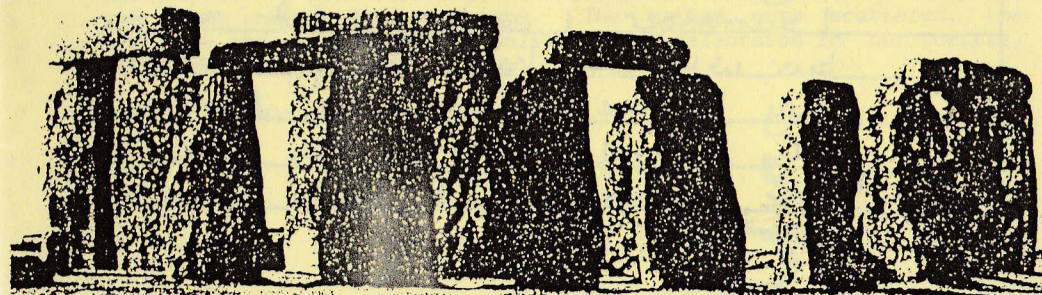
Solstice Sun
On a riotshield
Bloodsacrifice
Returns

The ritual
Of the baton blow
Where the shattered
Van
Now burns

The people
Dragged bleeding
Through the
Daggers of glass
Victims of evil
That now
Comes to pass

The tourists stop
and the tourists
See
The Holocaust
On the A303

- ZIN



HAMPSHIRE CONSTABULARY

G 66

RECORD OF INTERVIEW

INTERVIEW

ADDRESS

INTERVIEW

TIME

INTERVIEW

OTHER

D.O.B. 24/12/57

Wants.

DATE 2nd June 85

2231 hrs.

PARTICULARS OF INTERVIEW:

DE 316 Cautioned Do you understand.

R nodded in agreement.

316 Do you own a vehicle.

R Yes

316 Would you tell me the make colour and number of it.

R Bedford Bus, green, 644 FYO.

316 Were you arrested in the field with a lot of other people.

~~R I was in a bus sitting in my~~

bus when Police with shields

and batons charged towards us

They smashed some windows I said

I surrender I came out of my

bus with my hands on my head

They hit me on the head I rolled

into a ball they hit me some

more someone said that's enough

lvi85: On a sunny stony saturday summer afternoon in high spirits we left the forest, I was in the middle, I was forced into the grass field, on Radio One I heard that they were trying to negotiate a peaceful settlement, I played my flute, I lit a fire, I made tea, I was sitting in my bus when police paramilitary charged they smashed six windows I said I surrender I came out of my bus with my hands on my head they hit me on the head I rolled into a ball they hit me some more they interned me for two nights then they cautioned me and charged me with unlawful assembly ... DICE GEORGE, KARELIA

SALLY: "They were charging straight towards us with their shields and truncheons, I was standing outside the truck with the children and yelled "DON'T BE SO STUPID, what do you think you're doing!" It had an effect - the ones nearest us lowered their truncheons and surrounded us, just herded us off ... From the road we could see our friends and their coaches being beaten up, it seemed unreal, like watching a film.

MARTIN: "I shouted 'peace, peace, there's a baby on board'..."

LIN: "Whether it was a body or a bus didn't seem to make any difference. The windscreen caved in simultaneously with an iron spike coming through the driver's side window. If I hadn't instinctively drawn away as the windscreen broke, the spike would certainly have gone straight through my skull ...

I left the driver's seat as a policeman was coming through the broken windscreen flailing his baton wildly, and shouted to them to stop as we had three babies on the bus, but they took no heed until the ITN camera crew arrived. We (myself plus 9-month old baby and 14 year old son, 2 other mums with tiny babies, and 2 pacifist men from Molesworth) were led away bruised and bleeding to the waiting riot vans.

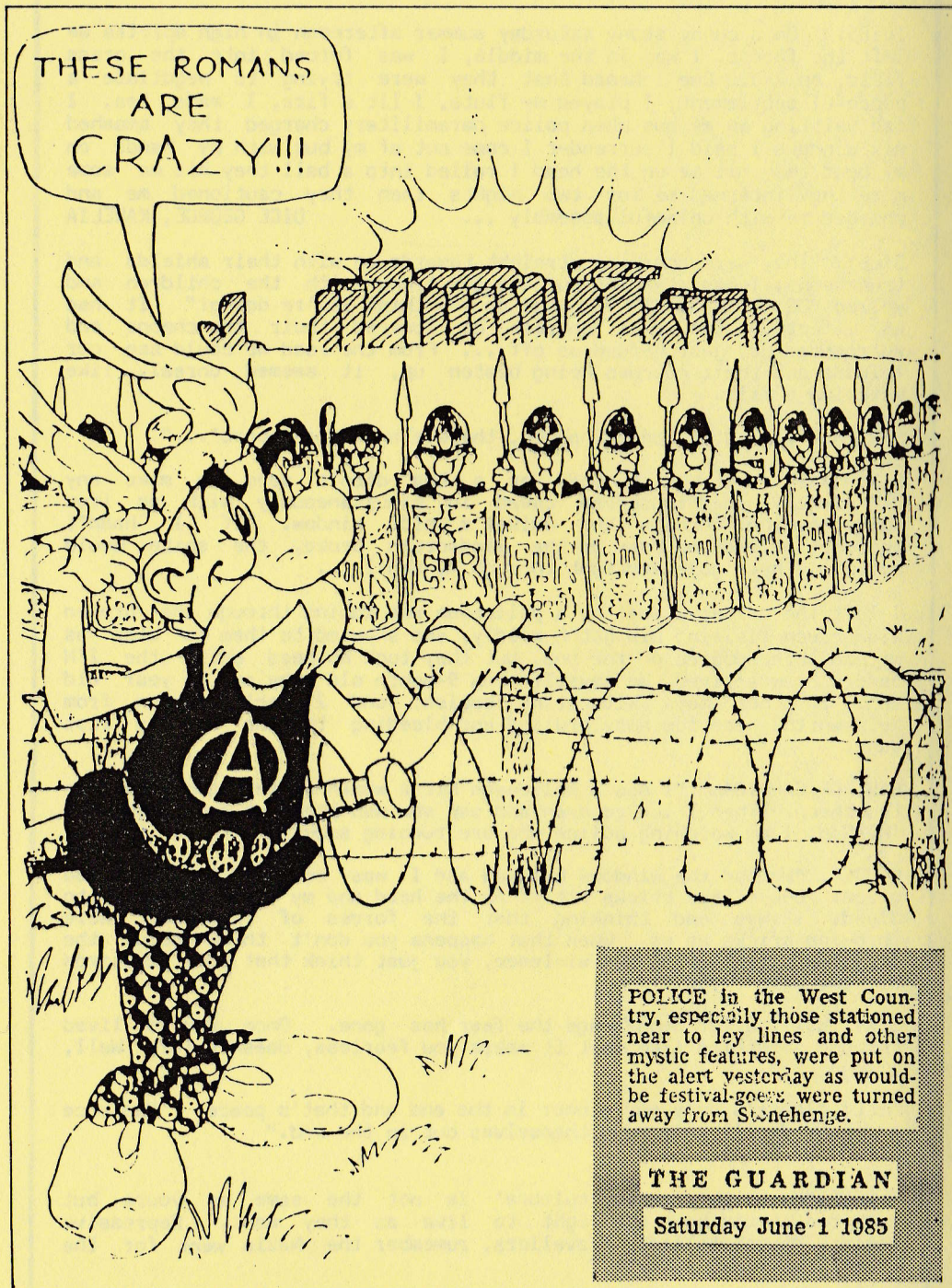
EARL OF CARDIGAN: "I saw a policeman hit a woman on the head with his truncheon. Then I looked down and saw she was pregnant and I thought 'My God, I am watching police who are running amok'".

GEORGE: "We had the windows bricked and I was covered in shattered glass. One of the bricks hit me on the head and my head started to bleed. It was odd thinking that the forces of (DIS)order were throwing bricks at us. When that happens you don't think about the political ideology of non-violence, you just think that some bastards are out to get you."

BEN: "Well, after Stonehenge the fear has gone. Once you've lived through something like that it makes you fearless, doesn't it? Well, I mean ..."

NELL: "There's only one winner in the end and that's peace. Violence and hatred will only burn themselves out in the end."

GEORGE: "Maybe the 'convoy culture' is not the same as yours but everyone should have the right to live as they want. Repressive society cannot tolerate travellers, remember the Nazis went for the travellers first as well."



POLICE in the West Country, especially those stationed near to ley lines and other mystic features, were put on the alert yesterday as would-be festival-goers were turned away from Stonehenge.

THE GUARDIAN

Saturday June 1 1985

PEACE IS ... an outlaw

There was never really any question of NOT going for it ... Of course, we each had our moments of doubts and fears but the sum of the parts being greater than the whole, we were being swept along by a shared vision, a shared intent, a common purpose.

All winter we'd been looking forward to Stonehenge, summer, light at the end of the tunnel, a time for ritual, ceremony, celebration, a gathering of the clans. The festival was also a chance to make some money running a cafe, doing a stall; and a time for unwinding from the pressures of life on the road.

Life on the road had not been easy that year: as well as the normal pressures of survival - food/wood/water/keeping warm/being persecuted and being moved on - a lot of us felt as though we'd been living in a war zone. Not only our vehicles but our psyches were in a pretty battered state after being evicted by government troops from Molesworth, nuclear base, and hounded ever since by the ever-angry warlords of the state.

The pressures only served to make our spirit stronger, and threw us closer than we'd ever lived before. It was a time of caring, sharing, learning and coping with our fears. Even at Desborough, where sickness struck and the end of the world seemed nigh, I heard angels singing, heavenly choirs.

And still we kept on laughing dreaming, plotting scheming, outwitting the authorities every time. Our preoccupation was always WHERE NEXT, finding a suitable site to move to after each impending eviction.

cracks in the concrete, flowers bursting out ...

In March we held our own Rainbow Fields Free Festival at Polebrook Airfield, near Molesworth, at Easter. (Some of us had decided to return to Molesworth and some not, but that's ANOTHER story.)

All the time Rainbow Fields On the Road was expanding, joining and being joined by other travellers, other groups we met along the way. More and more we were becoming part of a greater convoy, greater whole.

In April, when the injunction was presented to us at Sharnbrook it was difficult to take it seriously, it seemed meaningless, almost comical, just a bit of paper, a patch from the already crumbling wall

So, the festival was banned, but as we WERE the festival it didn't seem to make a lot of difference, especially as we seemed to be banned anyway, wherever we were, whether it was a disused airfield in the middle of nowhere or a site right beside the Stones. (Though, even at the eleventh hour we trusted that we would find an alternative site and go through 'normal' legal eviction procedure of 28 days - admittedly that is not what had always happened...)

"It's my karma and I'll cry if I want to, cry if I want to, you would cry too if it happened to you"

SHARNBROOK LAYBY

...a kaleidoscope of colours, painted buses, penants flapping in the April breeze, clouds scudding across the blue blue sky, a collection of individuals, prisms of light, children grownups cats and dogs each unique, gems sparkling merging and converging all the time, the wheel turning moving us in subtle ways, every moment of our lives interacting with the world around us, other lives, harmonising synchronising then scattering again, forming new patterns, changed groupings, shifting allegiances, pools of harmony and pools of discontent, disappearing flowing dulling and growing, living in each other's pockets, spinning and rotating, leaning over doorsteps gossiping, spreading vibes philosophising, spontaneously affecting/infecting/loving/nurturing, learning how to give, how to take, giving of ourselves, the crystals all diverse but orchestrating in the dance of time, magic effervescent nights and starry days, sunlit dappled spring, pinpricks of leafy light thawing, healing, the golden sun, the rolling of the seasons casting a greater pattern over our own.

WE ARE DREAMERS dreaming of a peaceful world

If people ask me what is the connection between Molesworth and Stonehenge I say I am. Ever since Molesworth we had been locked in conflict with the authorities, hounded, hassled, persecuted, and refusing to disband. What happened at Stonehenge seemed a logical culmination of events, the iron fist behind the soft kid gloves that handled us when we were living in the public eye at Molesworth.

Yes it's true to say we lost touch with the official body of the peace movement living where we were living, on the edge and beyond the back of beyond, and yet out there we were right on the front line, meeting the full weight of the war machine head on. Rainbow Fields On The Road still had all the magic of Rainbow Fields at Molesworth but now our motley little ragged-trousered band was being subjected to heavy police harassment and surveillance, frequent individual arrests, being filmed daily by helicopter and buzzed by fighter jets.

This was no local policing but a nationally co-ordinated action, the police working in cohorts with the Home Office and the Ministry of Defence. (After the miner's strike the special policing squads - we called them the "A" team - turned their attention on us.) And as well as attempting to demoralise us one of their functions seemed to be to spread alarm amongst the people, treating us like dangerous terrorists - once in Corby police surrounded the whole of Sainsbury's when we went to do our shopping.

It was life in the raw, experiencing ourselves and one another in our true nature, no trimmings, the aluminium stripped off, the sides of coaches laid bare. None of the protection that society usually has to offer, none of the safety of brick walls, television, no hiding place, no lies. Our eyes were fully open to the state of the world. And when it came to the crunch (ouch) we were not just making a nice symbolic gesture, our non-violence -or otherwise - was put to the test for real.

STONEHENGE

THE NATIONAL TRUST AND ENGLISH HERITAGE
REGRET TO ANNOUNCE THAT THE FREE FESTIVAL
WILL NOT BE ALLOWED ON THE LAND AT
STONEHENGE CARED FOR BY THEM THIS YEAR
OR IN FUTURE

The monument and the area around it form one of the most important archaeological sites in Europe, and for this reason must be given careful protection. The festival which has taken place in June in recent years has caused serious damage, particularly in 1984, to the National Trust land near the monument which contains many archaeological features associated with the stone circle itself. The Trust has consequently decided, that it should no longer make its land available for the festival. This decision is fully supported by English Heritage. Please do not make plans for a festival at Stonehenge in 1985 and help safeguard our heritage by supporting our efforts to protect Stonehenge and its setting.



Warren Davis
Information Office
National Trust,
36, Queen Anne's Gate
London SW1H 9AS
Tel. (01) 222 9251

Gillian Raikes,
Information Office,
National Trust,
Wessex.
Tel. (0747) 840560

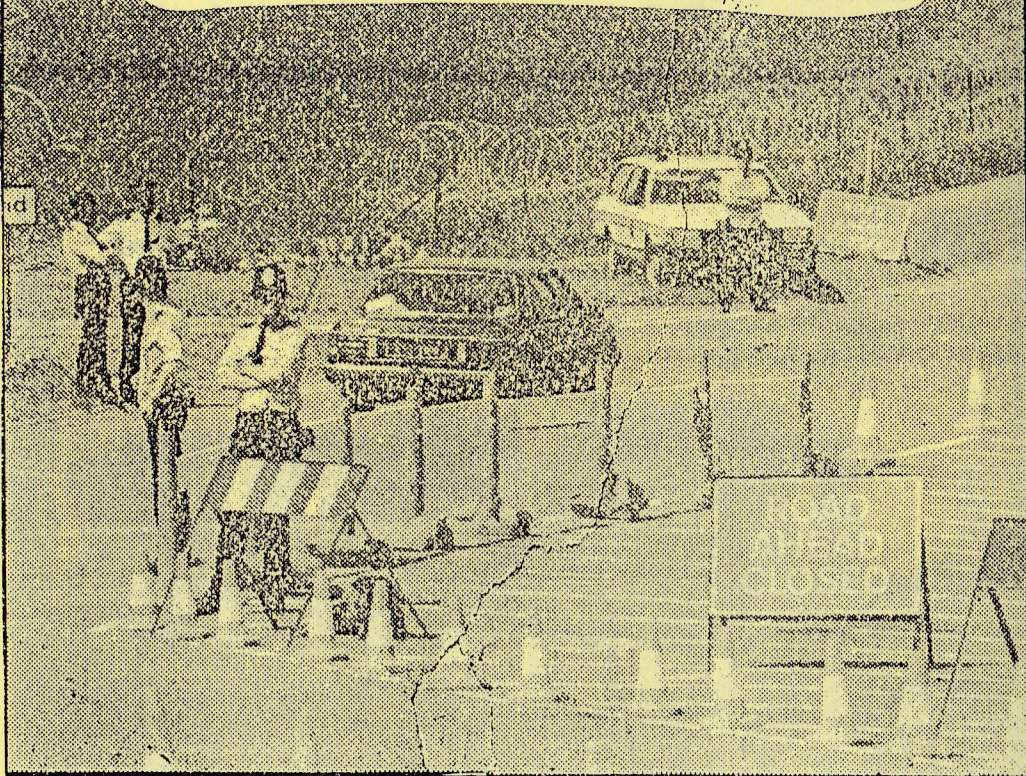


Information Office
English Heritage.
Tel. (01) 734 6010



Help us to preserve the past for the future

STONEHENGE RIOT COPS KEEP VIGIL



Wood and water, fire and stone
Living our dreams but we call it home
We celebrate the seasons
Constellations of the year
We claim our rights to the ancient site
And for this cause we'll laugh at fear
For this cause we'll laugh at fear

- Terry

DON'T DESERT THE RAIN FOREST - WIPE YOUR BUM ON A TREE

The first 'official' fair of the year was banned as well - the Tree Fair at Long Marston, near Stratford on Avon - called off at the last minute because of police pressure on the landowner. The fair, organised by Green Deserts, was to have raised money for re-forestation in Sudan. The message we received was that if we attempted to go there would be police waiting for us with rubber bullets, so not wishing to be intimidated we went anyway. The only problem on arrival was Womble's windscreen being smashed by a farmer's JCB.

So, we held our own festival and were joined by many hundreds of people, including the handful of friends who'd stayed behind at Sharnbrook Layby and been evicted by hundreds of police the next day. It was an excellent week, the sun shone, and a baby was born to Sue and Curly.

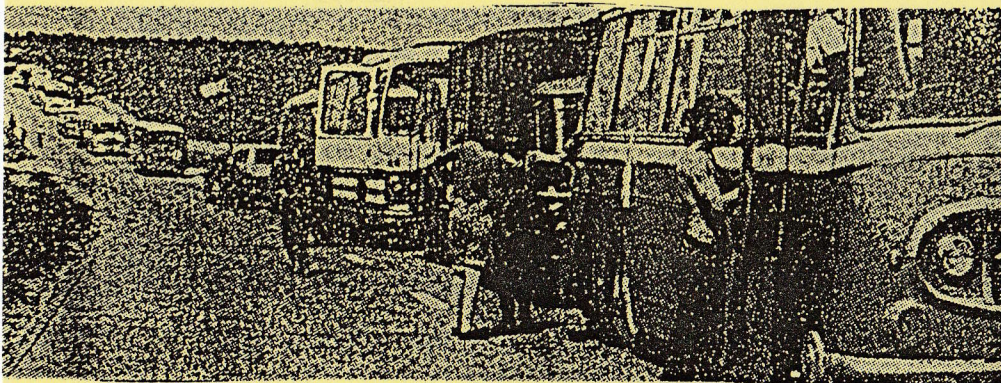
On May 31st, the great snowball rolled south to Wiltshire, past the border police and thence to Savernake Forest. That was the day that Abbey had her accident, while travelling in convoy the van she was driving crashed into a car coming the other way. We all stopped and waited in the tree-lined road while ambulances and rescue vehicles rushed past to cut her free. We were shaken up by this and it seemed a bad omen.

It was evening by the time we reached the forest. Kitchen Jim and Phil had gone ahead to "take" the site and our spirits were raised again having actually succeeded in getting past all the police lines en route and arriving at the forest. The convoys from Yarmouth and Bristol and Wales arrived and all through the night there were shouts of Ali ali ali as different convoys from all over the country rumbled in.

Next morning ...

"It was a beautiful summer's day. The vibe around camp seemed electric, enhanced by the beautiful forest area owned by the Earl of Cardigan. Everyone had travelled from all over the country and congregated at Savernake forest to prepare for this moment. There were rumours that the police didn't want us there: there being Stonehenge, our next port of call. Full of high emotion, joyous spirit and common intent we proceeded to line up our vehicles. The convoy of Rainbow People went forth into history."

- COSMIC MARTIN



It was an epic ride, the biggest most magnificent convoy ever, stretching and snaking its way over the Wiltshire downs ahead and behind as far as the eye could see. When we passed through villages people stood outside the doorways of their houses smiling and waving at us. There were three men, two women, two children, three dogs and one cat on board our bus. Dreadlocks Julie said "they're going to trash us" but, being a well brought-up peacenik/peace activist type of person I said "no. no, they wouldn't dare" ...

GEORGE: "There were hundreds of colourfully painted vehicles which stretched back as far as I could see. The slow convoy, not travelling more than 20-30 miles an hour, was followed by the police helicopter above us. The first encounter with the police was when they blocked the road with a few tons of gravel, so we turned off just before the road block. We travelled down the narrow road for a mile and then turned onto the A303, the main London to Exeter road which passes Stonehenge. The road was blocked with two lorries full of gravel, and behind them police, I thought this must be the edge of the exclusion zone.*

The police began attacking the leading vehicles, smashing windows and arresting the occupants, which caused everyone else to break through the fence into the neighbouring field. At the same time as the front vehicles were being trashed, the police also attacked from the rear, smashing up the last coach in the line. Up to this point, no-one had done anything to break any laws or to provoke the police in any way.

DICE GEORGE: "When the convoy was stopped I could hear the sound of breaking glass and shouts and screams and AliAlis and sirens but it was round the corner and I couldn't see and I wanted to be there but I had to stay at the controls of my bus waiting that was the scariest."

**NOTE on exclusion zone: "That is, 'camping or occupying any part of any of the Highways within a radius of 4.5 miles from the centre of the Stonehenge monument ... for the purpose of ... holding a festival'. They do not prohibit lawful passage along the highway, nor do they apply anywhere outside the 4½ mile radius. The ambush took place about 8 miles from Stonehenge. None of the ambushed was at that time in breach of any injunction, whether or not they were among the named 83".*

- Brig Oubridge, 'Legal Baloney'.

POLICE RADIO CONTROL ORDERED EXTRA RIOT VANS ("PSUs") TO CUT ACROSS MoD LAND TO "DEAL WITH" THE BACK END OF THE CONVOY. "YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO", THEY WERE TOLD. THIS WAS BEFORE THE FRONT OF THE CONVOY HAD EVEN REACHED THE FIRST ROADBLOCK.

TASH (Festival Welfare Services):

"I had got out to take photographs when, by some vehicles a little way in front of us, I saw a squad of about 20 policemen running back down the convoy. Some officers smashed 5 or 6 windscreens of the stationery vehicles and the occupants were arrested, some dragged through the broken glass.

"People who saw this (including myself) were fearful of the level of violence used by the police in making arrests. They responded by returning to their vehicles and some drove off the road through a hedge into an adjacent field. About 80 vehicles had done this when the police formed up on the top edge of the field dressed in their riot kit and getting ready to charge. All the vehicles in the field then drove around and the police, being entirely on foot, withdrew back to the road."

The bus I was on tried to get through the open gateway but it was a long bus and a narrow road and we got wedged between the gatepost and a tree. A crowd of police with truncheons raised were charging up the road towards us so we just had to move. Chris drove on and one of our enormous side windows caved in against the tree. It gave Alistair a bit of a fright as he was standing next to it, but that was only the first sound of breaking glass we heard that afternoon.

"I was directed to a number of head injuries that had resulted from the initial conflict on the road. All of these head injuries Mo and I dealt with were truncheon wounds to the back of the head and some people were quite distressed.

"From then on the situation grew yet more tense. Police reinforcements were brought up wearing one-piece blue overalls (without numbers), crash helmets with visors, and both full length perspex shields and circular black plastic shields. They formed up behind 2 police PSUs that had crashed into the hedge earlier. There was some stone throwing and stick waving from people in the field and a "stand-off" situation developed with sporadic outbursts of violence."

We could see the skirmishes at the entrance to the field. When we saw people throwing stones and waving sticks around some of us ran up to the top of the field and surrounded them. "You're just playing the same game," we said, and tried to calm them down.

"What are soldiers" the children asked. "Soldiers are dressed in desert white they ride the seas in wooden ships, they cross the skies in rainbow planes, they travel the land in streamlined wagons, their skill is caring for people in trouble, if a country dries from drought, the soldiers know how to irrigate and pray. If there is an earthquake, the soldiers know first aid, a slum they can rebuild to a paradise. Proud is the LAND of their white force, for thrown away the ways of WAR."

The Aim of the Alternative United Nations -

To work with all existing Governments in respect and humour, to break the vicious cycle of violence and threat, to create a happy healthy world for our children.

from Wally Hope's Stonehenge Festival leaflet, 1975.

THE CONVOY IS ... a giant teapot pouring endless cups of tea

After a while things quietened down. People dispersed around the field, which was like a big bowl, and put the kettle on. Our bus was parked down at the bottom of the field, next to a fence leading to the famous bean field, though at that point we didn't know how famous it was to become.

It did feel odd, sitting on the grass on that beautiful bright day when all around the edge of the field were solid lines of police with helmets and shields glinting in the sun. Ali and I made daisy chains, Chris and Dave played guitar, all around the field people were doing similar things, further up the field I could hear someone playing flute and Music Martin on the accordion.

As time went on it was fairly obvious what was going to happen. I began to feel real panicky and Julie and I spoke about escaping to the woods with the children - the trouble was we could even see helmets sticking out between the trees in the woods. What helped me was being given a good talking to by Jules, resplendent in her purple spangle gown and Rich, with his sardonic Brummie wit, raffish smile. Then Dale came along. "Some picnic," he said, cool and calm.

GEORGE: "There was a strange calm for a few hours. Some people tried to talk to the police but we were listening to the police radio and the chief cop said he was not interested and he wanted everyone arrested but to keep us talking until the cops had enough reinforcements to attack us."

From the beginning it seemed like a trap that had been well planned. The message filtering through to us at the bottom of the field seemed to be: leave the bus (our home), leave the field on foot and be arrested or stay in the field with the bus and be arrested. So, we stayed put, all the time the helicopter hovering low overhead and booming instructions in a loud big-brother distorted voice.. ("Calling all personnel ...") By then a lot of us just wanted to get in our vehicles and leave peacefully but that was not being allowed.

TASH:

There was no "middle ground" to be found, so, with others, I attempted to organise a meeting with Assistant Chief Constable Lionel Grundy (in charge of the operation). This took about 90 minutes. During this time I saw a number of other injuries. One man I was shown was on the ground semi-conscious with a truncheon wound to the back of the head. An ambulance was called and I assisted the attendant and helped convey the casualty through the police lines. The ambulance crew were initially apprehensive about their safety but assurances were given.

THE ACC WAS TOLD AT 4.12 PM THAT PEOPLE WERE PREPARED TO LEAVE THE FIELD PEACEFULLY. HE REPLIED THAT THIS WAS NOT NEGOTIABLE, AND ISSUED ORDERS TO ARREST EVERYBODY. ON BEING TOLD THAT THERE WERE INSUFFICIENT NUMBERS OF POLICE TO DO THAT, HE ORDERED HIS MEN TO PREVENT ANY VEHICLES FROM LEAVING THE FIELD WHILE REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVED AND HE HIMSELF FLEW DOWN BY HELICOPTER TO BRIEF PSU COMMANDERS BEFORE THE FINAL ASSAULT.

TASH: "It was early evening before we were able to meet ACC Grundy. The tone of the meeting was "do what you're told or else". He reiterated that people should leave their vehicles and be arrested. I met him again a little later and attempted to reason further with him, but Mr. Grundy then threatened to arrest me for obstruction if I persisted. Police were now massed in large numbers and obviously getting ready to charge."

GEORGE:

"Just before we were charged by the police we heard on the radio that they were about to charge, so we started our bus. From here on I can only say what I saw and what happened to me. The police entered the field and we drove away from them. All the vehicles which were not moving were being trashed and the occupants dragged out and arrested. We then drove into the next field and tried to keep away from the rampaging cops. Slowly, more vehicles were stopped and the occupants dragged out, covered in shattered windscreens."

DEBBIE: "I was struck by a brick thrown through the windscreen. There were hundreds of police, about 50 round every vehicle. The police were ultra heavy - they smashed every window in our bus. The boys tried to get off the bus peacefully and were beaten rather badly."

EARL OF CARDIGAN: "I shall never forget the screams of one woman who was holding up her little baby in a bus with smashed windows. She screamed and screamed at them to stop but five seconds later 50 men with truncheons and shields just boiled into that bus. It was mayhem, no other word for it."

NELL: "I was on the Judgement Day bus, we were in the first field, they all came on us, we drove into the second field (the bean field). Then the bus stopped, I thought John had stalled it but we'd run out of diesel. So I grabbed the three dogs, another coach turned up and I jumped on it, with the three dogs, the guy in the coach jumped out."

Then we got out as well when we saw Blue Lake was being trashed. By this time we were well and truly surrounded, we stopped running around and sat waiting for them. They grabbed me and grabbed Terry and he said 'oh well, we'll be in the cells together.' One of them hit me in the ribs with his truncheon. 'Lie still', he said, 'or I'll put your head in.'"

REIK: "When the police came down the hill we wanted to be inside our truck and moving. Jules was standing there with Phoebe in her arms, we picked her up and drove into the bean field to get away. I was just driving round and round, didn't know where I was going. Then suddenly we were surrounded, we said let's see how many windows they trash and sure enough they did the back and the front with me still sitting in the driver's seat. Then they tried to do the side window of the truck but it was perspex and the truncheons just went boing! and bounced back, it was quite funny really."

TERRY AND SHIRLEY: In the beanfield Terry shouted "Don't touch her, she's pregnant!" Actually she wasn't, well actually she was but they didn't know it at the time. So when the baby came along they called him RIKKI BEAN.



"There'll be another one
along in a minute."

STONEHENGE OR BUST

I didn't know what to expect, really, once we got near our temple, but the profound feelings for freedom and justice inspired me onward. We had to take a diversion off the main road onto a B road through a tree-lined lane by a field. The police blocked our way and informed us that we could proceed no further. We couldn't retreat so I got back in the van I was passenger in and waited.

Next everyone was going between the trees through a fence and into the field. I got out of the van, walked over a flattened piece of fence, into the field and waited, watching all the multi-coloured vehicles forcing their way through the wooden wire fencing to burst onto the field. I noticed the field was very long, maybe three quarters of a mile wide which sloped down off the road to a "Bean field" ...

I walked along the hedge to avoid vehicles. I noticed policemen running amongst the traffic jam on the road smashing windows. Six officers were in my mate's crew cab van, I didn't think they should be bundling him off for sitting in his van on the Queen's highway. When I told them this they told me to get lost or I'd be for it. The next thing I know is I turn round and there's eight policemen's truncheons raised and charging at me from a gate, so I legged it.

The next half hour consisted of us policing the gates to stop these maniacs. After a while we started to talk to an officer who fully realised the futility of the situation. We were informed a high ranking officer would be down shortly to negotiate. The next thing we were issued with an ultimatum to give up our homes and be "processed", so we adjourned to consider the Alternatives. I bumped into a friend who owned a luxury coach/home. She invited me on board for a coffee. So we sat and had a chat while the kettle boiled.

Tarot her young baby slept and her other children played. The next thing I look out of the window and there's loads of old bill swarming down the field around vehicles, smashing windows and dragging people off. Lin jumped into the driver's seat and headed off into the bean field. I grabbed the kettle and turned the gas off. Everyone realised that there wasn't going to be a compromise so they headed the only way they could into the safety of their homes and away from the maniacs.

Half way up the field we noticed a woman clutching a baby running our way. We stopped and picked her up and set off again, driving in circles like hunted prey. Other vehicles crossed the confusion and everything was spinning. The lady handed me her baby who can't have been more than 9 months. Standing near the front of the coach I could see clearly that we were done for so I advised Lin to stop and switch off so as to alleviate the situation which she did. Six officers with riot sticks surrounded the front of the coach and started smashing the front windows. Glass flew everywhere, I handed the baby back to her guardian and noticed one officer go round to the driver's window where Lin was still seated and smashed it with his stick, then the big window directly behind that where her baby slept oblivious. I shouted "peace, peace, there's a baby on board" and proceeded off the coach where I was arrested.

The next three days I spent in Portsmouth cells eventually to be bailed out with a 25 mile exclusion order on Stonehenge. The rest is history but sometimes I wonder at the wisdom and understanding of people. I shall pray for their souls.

Love, Cosmic Martin

MOZ: "Lenny lying on the ground and me standing there saying 'he's not violent, don't hit him, this is my home and these are my children ...' it was only an act really, I knew there must be one of those 40 cops who would listen and I would get through to him, he could just possibly realise suddenly that this could be his mother or his sister talking to him ..."

Nah, nah, it wasn't non-violent, I was just trying it on really - it was just a blag and as it happened it worked."

(BUT IT WORKED! I say. Responding to violence with non-violence, trying it on at least, as a first resort.)

MOZ: "But it's where you're coming from, isn't it. In true non-violence you're coming from love. Well, that's not where I was coming from!"

SALLY: "From the road I could see Womble's bus. He wasn't going for it but he wasn't exactly not going for it either, driving around with his head down and the police throwing missiles at him."

Then I saw the police swarming round our truck, I grabbed Alice under my arm and ran back into the field and shouted 'OH NO YOU DON'T!' They stopped, but the truck had been damaged when we finally got it back again."

JULIE: (seeing the vehicles charging round the bean field): "They looked like chickens with their heads cut off."

Julie and I lay on the floor with the children at the back of our bus. Chris, Roddie and Dave were at the front of the bus - not going anywhere, we'd already decided to stay put, taking the third choice in the guiding life principle of fight/flight or acceptance. There was no-one in the driver's seat and the engine was switched off. I was doing all the protective things I could think of, like visualising the bus bathed in golden light, at the same time spinning my mantra round the children.

Police surrounded our bus and shouted Open The Door, the passenger door was locked. Roddie was gesticulating, about to embark on a pacifist "won't you please talk to us" rap, Julie yells "open the f***** door" and he does. We were told to get off the bus, which we did, with our arms up in surrender, then we were escorted off the field in our little gaggle.

GEORGE: "We were finally stopped and all dragged out. I was dragged out of the vehicle and two cops jumped on me and told me that if I moved they would kill me! I was then dragged off with one trying to dislocate my shoulder and the other almost breaking my wrist. I was asked if I had ever had a broken wrist 'cos I was soon going to have one."

... As we passed the fire engine, a group of 5 or 6 policemen stood back as the first flames took hold. Minutes later, what I presumed to be a gas cylinder exploded. The fire engine is no more.

ALTOGETHER 520 PEOPLE WERE ARRESTED AND DISPERSED AROUND POLICE CELLS THROUGHOUT THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND, BRISTOL, PORTSMOUTH, PLYMOUTH, YEOVIL AND SOUTHAMPTON, AND CHARGED WITH UNLAWFUL ASSEMBLY.

We were led onto the road to wait in a line with the others, standing for hours in the baking hot sun. Flanked by police on all sides the line grew and grew, other friends/other families all being herded in their little groups, it felt as though we were waiting to be taken to the concentration camps.

Many people with bleeding faces, bleeding heads were dragged along and bundled into riot vans, others carried off on stretchers to waiting ambulances.

At last it was our turn, people in the straggly long line taken away by the busload. Climbing onto the big **gak shiny vinyl police bus** was a far cry from the bus our home left in the field

On the bus we each had a police officer sitting next to us. I asked mine (who was MINISTRY OF DEFENCE) where we were going and he said he didn't know, only the driver knew and he was getting instructions from the radio. I wondered if the big brother helicopter in the sky was masterminding things, from the beginning it had felt as if the whole affair was being conducted by remote control. Toy soldiers, just following instructions ... The children were by now getting tired and grumpy, hungry too. Alistair said 'I don't like being arrested' and I said neither do I but at least we're still all together ... It was a long journey, the atmosphere relaxed and the police had taken their hats and visors off.

MASKS, PEOPLE LIVING IN TRUTH, WITHOUT MASKS

It was 10 or 11 at night when we arrived at Aldershot. The tall police building looked grim and sinister, even more sinister were the officials standing outside to greet us wearing surgical rubber gloves. Women and children were last off the bus even though by then the kids were very hungry and desperate to go to the toilet. Eventually they were brought a biscuit and a cup of water ...

We weren't allowed off the bus but had to wait over an hour while the men were processed first. Then it was our turn to be "processed", fingerprinted and photographed each with an arresting officer. It must have been after midnight when we were finally locked up. Dreadlocks Julie and I were in the same cell with our children Ali, 4, Emily one and a half, and Jake the Spirit of Albion cat.

The cell was cold and there were no blankets, at last we were given a blanket and the children curled up asleep together after their incredibly long ordeal. A couple of hours later a social services visitor came and said the children would have to be taken into care. We said what, NOW??? after all they've been through? couldn't they at least wait until the morning?

She said the law of the land blah-de-blah-de-blah, unless we provided a custodian immediately (in Aldershot? at 3 o'clock in the morning?) they would have to be taken to a children's home. If you don't sign this piece of paper placing them voluntarily into care then we will have to place them forcibly into care and then it will be harder for you to get them back again.

So, we woke the children all sad and bleary-eyed and told them they had to go.

STONEHENGE '85

A circle of stones on the magic ground
Where the rainbow tribe gather each year,
With music and dances and good'vibes all around
We share our love, laughter and tears.

Sounds really groovy, off we go:
What could happen to make it be wrong?
Maggie - the blackest monarch we know -
Sent out her evil dark song.

They destroyed our homes, took our children away,
Crushed us down with their weapons of war -
A battle for freedom on a bright June day.
Maggie, you really do go too far.

Take away all we have, our lives if you must;
You can't win, whatever you try
Unless you change tactics, use love and trust,
For our spirits never will die.

Maggi

THE GREAT ESCAPE

REIK: They arrested Rich, took him off leaving me and Jules standing there with the baby. Another cop showed up, he didn't seem to know what to do with us so he said "I'm not looking". We ran into the woods and hid. We could hear the sound of policemen's boots scrunching, Jules was feeding Phoebe the whole time to keep her quiet. Gradually we met other people who'd been hiding, crouching in nettle banks or lying in ditches, some who'd been there for hours. We crept through the woods and came to a corn field. There we met a farmer, who was friendly. He said "There's a lot of police about", I don't think he knew what had been going on. We asked him if he would give us a lift to Savernake Forest, and he did.

"It's on a par with outlawing children picking wild flowers when everyone knows the real threat to our flora comes from farmers and industrialists producing things that nobody needs or wants.

"The 'hippies', anarchists and pagans at Stonehenge have absolutely nothing to do with the destruction of our heritage. They revere 'the Stones' in a way that millions of tourists, farmers and police could never do. They are using Stonehenge for its original purpose and so actively partaking in a continuum that the rest of us can only stare vicariously at through pages and frames of historical romances."

- THE GUARDIAN, 'Crossed Wires on Protecting the Past'
by Michael Heaton, 24.6.85

MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE FOREST ...

Sid's beard had ignited when he heard the news. Jules returned to find him with his face badly burned and bandaged up and many children crying for their mothers. That's when she and Sid and other previous go-for-its who this time had stayed behind in the forest stepped in to play their part, running the massive rescue operation. Rainbow Jo, Mike, Sally, Jim and Jan worked through the night contacting lawyers, press, police, trying to trace lost/injured/arrested persons and find out what had happened to our vehicles, nursing people suffering from shock and trying to get the children out of care (though the authorities did not consider them suitable guardians).

Over the next few days, as people were released, the forest became more and more like a refugee camp, people made homeless by the loss of their vehicles, without food or money or possessions, roaming homeless dogs and wounded people hobbling round on crutches with their heads in bandages or their arms in slings.

It was thanks to the compassion of the Earl of Cardigan that we were allowed to stay in the forest, a safe refuge. The police wanted to take further reprisals but he would not allow them on his land. Volunteers turned up from all over the country to help, there was a first aid post, an information tent and a free food kitchen. (We might be anarchists but when it comes to the crunch we know how to organise.) Release lawyers worked tirelessly round the clock giving legal advice and helping to trace missing persons.

On the Sunday a few people were released (mainly mothers with young children) and returned to the forest. The full damage to our vehicles was beginning to unfold:

LIN: At about 2 am Sunday I was given permission to collect my bus from the trashing field, and went with a police escort to do so. However, the vandals had been working well, and I found my home to be wrecked to such a degree that it couldn't be driven.

"Paraffin poured on children's beds; oil poured over the interiors of buses and caravans, in one case the contents of a chemical toilet; beds and furniture wrecked; guitars and other musical instruments smashed; money missing; personal effects ripped up (letters, paintings and photos); wiring ripped out; ignition keys missing; windows and interior panels smashed.

"One woman found her caravan in this state: 'A candle had been laid horizontally in the middle of the floor and set alight, but luckily it went out without setting fire to anything. A pot of stew had been tipped over, the gas cooker ripped out, and the two doors pulled off their hinges'".

- Frank Jackson, 'Monochrome'

"This is the first time my home has been attacked in such a way by the police, but for many of my travelling friends it is the third or fourth time in the past 12 months. Each trashing just makes us more determined with more strength and spirit to carry on doing what we believe is right and what is our right."

- Lin

STONEHENGE

The Stones stand proud and shelter us,
We are the children of the world.
All around the wicked dying,
It's only destiny confirmed.
Above the sky turns purple
but we still see the sun.
BABYLON its death is imminent,
They shouldn't have dropped the bomb.
Society looked down on us
and our way of life for years.
Now all around below us
it's their suffering and tears..

Tracy

IN THE FIELD OPPOSITE THE STONES

I went to Amesbury on May 31 with some friends in order to be ready to set up the campsite for Stonehenge 85 on June 1. We were determined the authorities could not possibly succeed in banning the event, for me personally it meant far too much to even consider such an idea.

I've been going to Stonehenge for the past 6 years, that was my first taste of real peace & love & anarchy in practice, and ever since although I've heard occasional stories of heavy scenes at the festival, I can honestly say I've never seen any, and it was the beginning of a totally new experience of living for me.

I was part of that happening in the field opposite the stones later in the afternoon on June 1st when about 200 of us managed to get in and sit down and start to think maybe it was as easy as that ... For about 15 minutes I actually thought we'd cracked it, the festival was on because if your motivations are right, opposition just melts away.

This daydream was destroyed when suddenly police reinforcements arrived and before we knew what was happening the charge took place and 'hippies' were running everywhere trying to escape, trying to get off the ground (we'd all been sitting down) while people in uniform held them down, tripped them up and literally bashed them, all the time saying we had to move, get out of the field.

Stonehenge 1985 was the 3rd time in a year that the convoy had been trashed. It was the revenge of the state for all the times that people have got together to celebrate freedom or to act against the state. It was a lesson to those of us who won't be told what to do and how to live and how to think, and it's one we ought to start thinking about before it's too late!

- Dawn, Green Gate, Greenham Common

IN THE CELLS

So now they've got me. A young man about the same age as myself stands beside me, embarrassed, he hasn't been on the field yet but witnessed his elder parading me in a very distressing manner down the road into his custody. He's apologising! Pah! If he cared he'd remove these f***** cuffs that're chewing my wrists to pieces.

He's frightened! He won't look at me, can't, 'cos I'm angry at this humiliation. I've got to smoke a cigarette from a woman's fingers 'cos she's the only one allowed near and my fingers are too numb to feel. Oh, but I can feel my WRISTS!

The large group at the roundabout is separated into buses and transits. We sit there, 8 of us: 4 men, 4 women separated by mesh. They've moved the cuffs so my hands are in front of me at last. I really want to hug KATHY.

Amesbury Police Station, late afternoon. There's dozens of pig vans going back and forth from this small car park. Our van is backed up to an open garage. We are taken out one at a time, interrogated and strip searched in these cold empty garages. It's like the Gestapos rounding up the Jews!

Processing over, I'm pushed into an open garage containing maybe 20 men, a good number of which are bleeding from the head and cradling arms, ribs, legs. My wrists seem pathetic in comparison but they hurt.

We wait. We wait a bit longer. It's bloody cold, and still we wait.

A few of the younger men are taken away and there remains maybe 10-15 men in T-shirts, in an open garage at night bleeding, with 4 or 5 blankets and half a dozen chairs. We hassle for water! Threaten for water and better conditions but still nothing happens, except the continual stream of derogatory jokes from the well clothed pigs with cups of tea!

I began to become aware of what was happening: we were being singled out. The older men were better known figures from travelling groups I had encountered. The younger men I had met on site, one thing we all had in common: we were leading drivers on that convoy in the bean field.

We grouped together to try and comfort each other, to use what strength we had left to change our immediate problem. It was difficult to concentrate on anything as the night drew in and the cold settled on concrete floors and walls.

The older men went about keeping our spirits up, remembering previous similar attacks and how they overcame them in the end, directing our energies towards the oppressors rather than at ourselves.

I had watched men leave one or two at a time and tried to convince myself I was next but they would be replaced by 1 or 2 other new arrivals, late comers who would leave again shortly after. I found myself one of 10 men who were to remain under scrutiny for another 10 days...

At 4 a.m. we get a handful of rolls and biscuits provided by the CID/Ds who seem to have more about them than the Inspector. It's mostly meat and few of us actually eat anything preferring that the few women there eat.

By the time I and 12-14 others are escorted to a waiting bus the sun is rising.

We find ourselves driven to Bristol where we are distributed around several police stations. I and 5 others are the last to disembark. We've missed breakfast and after another strip-search we are given a cell each. I close my eyes and get the first sleep in a very tiring 28 hours.

I realised it was pathetic to hope for food myself and joined the others. We all seemed to know we weren't getting out today or tomorrow. So we gave the police as hard a time as we could. I am angry. We are angry. We are not animals, to be pushed around and humiliated!

... I wake up a couple of hours later to a plate with a half defrosted cheese and tomato pizza and lettuce (2 pieces of) and a cup of tea. I can't get back to sleep for indigestion.

By afternoon I'm nodding off when the door opens and I am rather degradingly hustled through procedure into the back of a BLACK MARIA. I'm stuffed into a box 2ft x 2ft x 5.5 inches. I can just sit upright on a hard bench. I am aware of 6 other boxes the same size containing the people I came with. There is no ventilation. We sit there for quarter of an hour and are then driven roughly back to AMESBURY. Again we are left in the sun for maybe an hour or two before we are taken into the station.

None of us sleep as we have to share the blankets and the floor is cold! We revert to ripping the cover off the mattress. It is now Monday morning, I know this 'cos the glass in the wall has gone grey from black. I am put in the back of a transit van. Again it is just light as we are driven to Salisbury Police Station and deposited in a large detention cell.

I kick and bang that door until eventually we are given 2 blankets each and allow ourselves some sleep. Not long, though, as breakfast is served, egg on toast and the court opens.

One by one they leave, I don't know their names, couldn't even speak as such, I'm so tired and disorientated. I'm all on my own and it does not help hearing them return from court with BAIL...

I enter. I sit. I stand. I sit. I stand and am told very coldly that the police have as yet insufficient evidence and due to crimes I appear to have committed my application of bail is refused.

I didn't get a chance to speak! the police solicitor was the only one who spoke and he spoke against me. I was given 10 days in custody of Salisbury Police Station.

PIXIE

Stones of contention

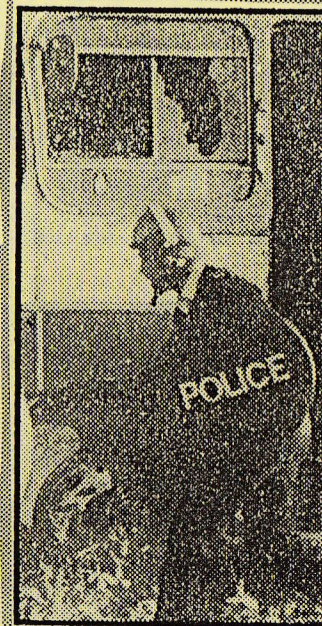
The words most used to describe the people on their way to Stonehenge that day were the "hippies" or the "convoy." To anyone who is not part of the festival culture of the 1980s, the word hippy conjures up an image of a relic of the "flower power" phenomenon of the 1960s, or Neil of The Young Ones. The word convoy conjures up a gang of well-organised outlaws driving around the country terrorising innocent citizens and beating up police. Both images are inventions of the media.

From its beginnings, festival culture has centred around Stonehenge, a powerful focal point whose magic—whatever one's religious beliefs—becomes very obvious to anyone who lives there for a few weeks. Many festival people believe that the magic of those ancient stones was the force that drew festival culture together.

In fact, the festival culture of the 1980s is made up of a wide variety of people who are sick of city life and who like to escape from it as much as they can.

Some festival people live in buses and trucks all year—not in a large convoy but in small ever-changing groups. Some of them spend the winters living in towns and cities, and the summers going from one festival to another. Others have full-time jobs and escape to festivals whenever they can—not commercial "pop festivals,"

but spontaneous gatherings of people who feel happier living in the hills and fields of rural Britain than in Birmingham or London.



The culture that has grown out of this idea is a new phenomenon that the rest of society has yet to understand. In an age of increasing obsession with materialism, comfort, and social status, society regards with suspicion anyone who prefers a more simple, less hurried existence in which people and planet matter more than possessions and profit.

By using brutal policing methods against only vulnerable minorities of which society disapproves—such as "hippies," striking miners, peace demonstrators, and the young unemployed—the police force has managed to keep public opinion on its side. In this, the media have helped enormously.

Festival people are convinced that the police action on June 1 was much more than an attempt to stop one festival.

They believe that, at a special meeting in February, senior police officers decided to smash their festival culture for once and for all. The whole operation had been carefully orchestrated. No warning had been given of how the police planned to stop the festival. Once people had been trapped in the field they were not allowed to leave. And, if the Earl of Cardigan had not in-have gone into the refugee camp at Savernake to "finish off" the operation. Police believed that the injunctions taken out by the National Trust and the English Heritage were all the justification they needed.

That attempt to smash the festival culture failed. What it did achieve was to strengthen the belief among festival people and others that this country is already a police state.

ALEX ROSENBERGER,
THE GUARDIAN
Friday May 23 1986

On Monday we were taken to court in Basingstoke (others to courts elsewhere in the country) - again, taken by bus and handcuffed to each other, dangerous terrorists, police escorts with flashing lights leading the way ... again, waving to the people, this time our wrists in chains.

After many hours we were charged with unlawful assembly and most of us released on bail. **The bail restriction in our court was not to go within 15 miles of Stonehenge or even enter the county of Wiltshire.** ("What is the law of this land coming to if a woman and child cannot travel freely in their own country?" - solicitor in court)

Most of us immediately broke bail by returning to the forest. Oh the feeling of homecoming after being released, the feeling of euphoria! Breathing the fresh air, the smell of bluebells, the sweet, sweet smell of the earth, being reunited with our friends, our family and our children. All this in the beautiful forest to beautiful reggae music provided by the Rastas and some beautiful vibrant sinsemilla. The atmosphere was festive, golden, mellow.

Most of our buses were still in the pound but we all rallied round and helped one another keep body and soul together. Friends miraculously appeared from far-flung places - Tony, Ros, Monika, Albion Dave. Donations came pouring in, local people turned up with vanloads of food, clothes and pet food.

There was a dedicated RSPCA volunteer who, even in the wee small hours of the morning was to be found beavering away helping people discover the whereabouts of their missing, confiscated animals (some dogs left in the hands of the police had been put down. Others badly kicked or beaten.) **WORDS ARE NOT ENOUGH TO THANK ALL THOSE WHO CAME TO BE OF SERVICE.**

Then came the rain, people spending days huddling together under tarps and other makeshift shelters. And as people went to the pound to try and retrieve their vehicles the full extent of the damage began to take its toll.

Vehicles had been wrecked inside as well as out; the police had systematically vandalised our homes. Many beyond repair. Those that were still drivable came limping, one by one, back to the forest, others had to be scrapped, others towed in. It was a scene of metal carnage.

6 The radiator grill and front panels had been ripped off, as had the headlights and one front wing. The ignition had been completely removed with something like a sledgehammer - presumably it was the same tool that smashed the instrument panel, the tachometer and the CB. 9

"9vi85: When I got my bus out of police 'custody' my knife was gone my wood-axe was gone my blankets were gone my jacket was gone so much of my hard-earned tools lost or stolen. There was lots of confusion, 'things got put in other vehicles' they said so did they have no orders are not police paid to protect our liberty and justly acquired property even if we're dirty gypsies?" - Dice George

The children's new exciting drama games - playing at being policemen, trashing their dinky toys, natural psycho therapy.

FROM SAVERNAKE

Today we ride from Savernake,
Where the Earl let us rest for a while;
Off into the sun, down a new track,
With a few sad tears, and a smile.
A brother's spirit flew free while we stayed.
We danced in the sun and the rain.
The music men set up and played.
We shared all our joy and our pain.
We go now forward, to the unknown,
To face whatever we must;
All we want is our temple of stone
That's been chained by the National Trust.

Maggi

"Led by an ancient yellow-and-black-striped bus, like a battered banana, the Stonehenge festival convoy trundled out of Savernake Forest last night and plunged the Marlborough area of Wiltshire into a huge and exotic traffic jam.

"About 100 of the travellers' mobile homes, with stove chimneys sticking out of side panels and heads poking from sun roofs, left the town at 3 mph on the A4 west towards Avebury." - THE GUARDIAN

Next stop was the White Horse Hill at Westbury in Wiltshire - Bratton Castle, a very steep, ancient hill fort on the edge of Salisbury plain.

Here at last the festival did get underway, with a stage and cafes, in spite of being in a state of siege for much of the time: police sealed off the lanes and prevented people who left site from returning, which made it almost impossible to fetch food or water.

SOLSTICE

"As the swollen ranks of hippies hoping to celebrate the summer solstice at Stonehenge settled in for an evening of rock and roll and waited for darkness an uneasy calm descended on the Wiltshire countryside last night. It resembled Nottinghamshire during the tense days of the miners' strike." - THE GUARDIAN

JULES: "There we were at Westbury, couldn't get any water onto site and there were helicopters flying in to pick up NEWSREELS ... though it was only film of all of us staying put. The press were really goading us to go to the Stones. The world press were there in their hundreds, when I opened the top door of the truck it was like being part of a punch and Judy show. Moz and Martin leaned their heads out and said, 'Anyone seen the President's brain?' We told them what we thought of the state of the world but all they seemed interested in was whether I was going to take Phoebe to be named - as if they WANTED to see her get her head bashed in or something."

FROM THE WHITE HORSE

Today we reach out from the white horse hill,
 Our pilgrimage we try to end.
 Our spirits are flying though our bodies be still.
 We stand surrounded by age-old friends.
 The stones are calling us to come home;
 We will go as near as we may.
 We are a people together, though each one alone,
 And today is our holiest day.

Maggi

Remember the year of the hippy

LOOKING back over 1985 in Marlborough there is only one incident which stands out as the sort of thing that today's children will reminisce about when they are grandparents. NIGEL KERTON was an eyewitness at the Savernake hippy camp and scenes that followed.

NINETEEN EIGHTY-FIVE will go down in Marlborough's annals as the Year of the Hippy.

The day they arrived will live long in the memories of Marlborough people — the apparently non-stop stream of vehicles which almost defied description; charabancs converted to mobile homes and gaily painted; vans which were many years past their prime; pick-up trucks with Red Indian style tepees tied to the roofs; cars with so many bits missing that it was hard to say which make they had been originally.

They arrived during carnival week with little streams of vehicles approaching from all directions

Clouds of exhaust smoke obscured some of the hill-billy vehicles as they started their ancient engines. The convoy was on the move, but in which direction? Was it to be North and back where they had all come from, or South and confrontation with the police?

This was the weekend when Bel fast-type scenes came to Marlborough. The sight of police vehicles with armoured windcreens and side windows, and the ordinary coppers from the beat hidden behind their riot shields and helmets, the sight of police patrolling the town in threes and fours — strange policemen who could not answer requests for direction — became the norm.

The friendly looking panda cars, with nothing more sinister than a blue light on top, seemed to disappear during the hippy occupation. The only police vehicles to be seen had steel grilles all round, ready for an impending something.

That something turned out to be the bloodiest civilian battle with authority the county had seen since the agricultural revolution, bloodier even than that.

GAZETTE AND HERALD.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 3, 1986

THE LONE RANGER

Solstice eve on Westbury hillfort. Wind driving rain across bedraggled benders and battered buses. Roving newshounds, hungry for another bloody confrontation to report, sniffing around, ask 'What's happening?' The usual confusion. People hunting down generators for the bands wanting to serenade the solstice in. Got a blim?

I'd driven over from Glastonbury where some Rainbow Villagers and other refugees from Savernake had gone. Since February my bus had been trashed 3 times, I'd been arrested and held twice, and my child taken into care. I'd been hurt, frayed, disillusioned but I was determined to go to the Stones for the solstice as a gesture that my spirit would not be broken.

It became obvious by midnight that no-one was going to Stonehenge. I pulled out on my bike down the long steep hill, the rain mercifully eased off a while. Stoned and exhilarated I was fuelled by the wild night air and a spirit of adventure. A couple of times I passed little groups of vehicles pulled in on side roads. I swished along the wet road with no lights on my bike wondering if these were police waiting for a convoy that would never arrive. **The operation must be costing the state a small fortune, better spent on sites for travellers.**

About an hour before dawn I reached the last roundabout on the A303 before Stonehenge. I was questioned about who I was, where I was from and told that I could go no nearer the Stones or I'd be arrested — I was curious as to what harm a lone cyclist could do to the sacred monument up the way.

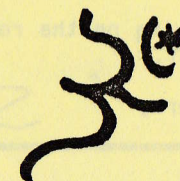
I'd gone too far to be deterred. I pulled off to the left at the roundabout, a side road that goes to the rear of the Stones. I left my bicycle in a field of rape, which after the violation of June 1st and what was happening now seemed a bitterly appropriate crop. By now I was soaked and knackered after my night ride. I dragged myself across the hill avoiding a police sentry and emerged on a slope overlooking the Stones. Arc lights flashed on the henge breaking through the dark gloom and I guessed this was the signal for media to film the solstice dawn. Or were they searchlights?

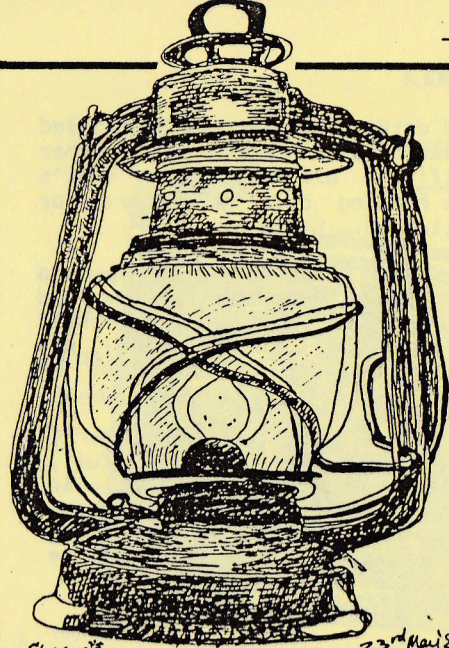
I felt no magic. The place seemed dead, surrounded by a web of razor wire, guarded by authorities blind to mystery. A few gentle spirits had managed to pick their way across the landscape but there was no real sense of celebration.

I felt cold, the sun hid his face. The Stones were barred from their own people. No real ceremony, no communion, a pilgrimage to a place made empty and sterile by control. The tribes were scattered, the festival, the rainbow and the solstice were celebrated in our hearts, not round the Stones.

Summer 1985 was a wet squib.

- CHRIS





"At a fundamental level we reach a stage at which we realise we are not just dealing with ancient sites, but that what we are studying is intimately bound up with PEOPLE, who found them significant and related to them".

- from the publication
"Earth Mysteries - An
Exploratory Introduction"

Sheila 23rd May '80 full moon.

There are many ways to reach the stones. Last year I put myself, my home and my family on the line. This year I'm leading a more secluded life and pouring myself onto these pages instead (and feeling just as exposed). Filling the space, feeling the delicate balance between inner and outer, crossing the rainbow bridge.

I do believe the struggle is within, as much as out there it's IN HERE, and it hurts. And I'm feeling the hurt, allowing myself to feel it, not running away any more but giving up the fight, the inner conflict, I SURRENDER - and oh mama I love you and I forgive you and I forgive myself for being me, for not being perfect, for being a monster and I forgive myself for being a saint as well.

Learning to accept myself, all the different parts that make me whole.

And now, more than ever before I feel the power of the stones, I see them clearly I FEEL them, they are there for me wherever I am, whatever point in space or time, they call from the future and the past, from the new age to the old, calling us onward onward ever on, we are part of the consciousness revolution, let's help pull one another along.

To a space where there are no boundaries, no divisions, where we accept ourselves and one another in our many different forms, where we are all planetary citizens and there is no US AND THEM. It begins here, now, in our hearts.

I'm not living on the road this year but I'm still travelling, still going for it.

See you there,

Sheila

The weeks following the trashing were ones of slow recuperation in the full glare of the national press. We moved from the relative seclusion of Savernake Forest to the wind-swept heights of Westbury White Horse. Ironically enough, the land there proved to belong to English Heritage (who own Stonehenge) and the MoD.

Three frenetic days in the High Court in London saw Sid Rawle, Brig Oubridge, Lin Lorian and I win the case for a possession order on the land. Interestingly, the MoD, who took out their order against 'Persons Unknown', sought to bar us not only from the White Horse, but the whole of the Larkhill and Imber ranges. A week after the Convoy left the White Horse, Cruise came out and headed for Imber, next door.

The wet and muddy Solstice came and went, seeing Stonehenge surrounded by Police and press only. Once people left the White Horse they split up, some heading towards the Southwest, others north to Cannock. It was not until early August that we came together for the first of the series of court hearings stemming from June 1st. This was the pleadings: the police dropped the Unlawful Assembly charge - which was not going down too well with the Miners. Most of us now face Obstruction charges only. No-one knows when the cases will finally come before magistrates.

- JO STARANKA

NB: This still applies a year later; 320 cases are still pending, mainly for 'obstruction', some for 'criminal damage' to the bean field.

STOP PRESS ... Last weekend (May 17th) spontaneous occupation of the traditional festival site by a convoy of 70 vehicles ... ali ali ali ! We watched it, split second on the news, a brightly painted truck, the swirl of a skirt, familiar riot shields and heavy marching boots. But no one was arrested and the convoy left, voluntarily, after 24 hours. Is this a sign that both 'sides' are yielding, reaching across the Rainbow Bridge ?

There will always be a place in my heart for you: friend, comrade, brother; rainbow warrior, peasant, prince; fellow traveller, time traveller; freedom fighter, hero, rogue, explorer; you personify the grace, the dignity of the people; you bring with you the timeless struggle, you step out of it and fly, fearless and free ...

