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ATTILA



JULY 24 · N°12

FROM BRIGHTON - WHERE YOU MUST PAY THEM FOR YOUR MUSIC)

ATTILA
SATURDAY, 24 JULY 71
BRIGHTON

THE COP ISSUE.....

A good week, what with the Broughton busts & everything for taking a look at the friendly neighborhood fuzz & what they do, why they do it, how it affects us & them & what the fuck are we going to DO about it all.....

CHICKEN LITTLE, CHICKEN LITTLE.....THE SKY IS FALLING.....

Omens of fire, omens of fire
where do you sleep when your house is a pyre?
Where do you eat & where can you run
When visions of evil
Have sickened the sun
& who will you turn to
& who will you trust
when you cannot distinguish
the crook from the just
& you pray in confusion for fire from the sun
to wipe out the difference
make everything one
Cinders.

Which is about the worst that it can be, as one letter to Attila (Alice Acid) this week shows.

As the system stands now.....police, courts, prisons, solicitors, judges & all the carousel that laughing passes for justice....nobody benefits. The crime rate, whether penalties are lowered or raised, continues to rise. As we, rats in some cosmic experiment, continue to get more & more crowded onto our islands it looks like getting even worse. With nothing being done except building more prisons, hiring more cops, appointing more judges, replacing all the glass with shatterproof windows, designing a maximum security society in which everyone (those few who are not already) will soon be inside.

Or is it outside? Or is it in?

If I ever knew I've lost the way.....& the men in blue (English coppers are so much nicer than American coppers) don't seem to know either. Their service ribbons are bright, their medals polished & their heads are empty except of the rules, mind how you go, evenin' all, & other juicy bits from 1930's detective novels when the cops were the good guys & it was all simple & straight. Bulldog Drummond, we neeeeeeeeed you.

The cops & the soldiers belong to the same vast governmental union of the TRASHMEN, that branch of society which goes along with a pan & broom sweeping up the shit that the rest of us (& them in their civvies) leave behind. O.K.....cleaning up horseshit is an easy job when there's only four horses on the road. But what when there are four hundred, four thousand, four hundred billion? What does it mean when a country, Greece, has an adult male population of whom nearly fifty percent are either police or soldiers? Quis, indeed, custodiet custodies.....

Jimmy Anderson, BioDynamic farmer at BUSSES FARM near EAST GRINSTEAD has got a Bedford Utilabrake going. The offside rear brake pipe has gone, the bodywork is a bit rusty, otherwise o.k. good tyres, 10 pounds + roadtax value to September. Tel 0342-21749.

THE RETURN OF OUR COMMUNE COUNTRY COUSIN...

There are basically three types of COMMUNES: work communes, living communes, and full communes. In a work commune the members live more/less as a village community and work together. It is really more of a co-operative than a commune as everyone has separate living accomodation and only shares a few facilities.

Full communes are what they sound----members both work and live together.

RICE...

Whole brown rice has 7 layers, containing all the fats, minerals, proteins, and vitamins essential to health whilst the centre contains starches and carbohydrates. It is one of the most easily digested of all foods. Good rice will keep for thousands of years and will still sprout. This is the power of cereals....the grain is both the seed and the fruit of the plant in one unending cycle, and when we eat cereals we receive this power.

(For cooking directions, keep reading.)

(RICE & HOW TO COOK IT=)

To Cook for a Main Course...

Rinse the rice and measure by the cupfull into the heaviest pot that you have. Add from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 parts of water and add salt to taste. (Try $\frac{1}{4}$ Teas. per cup of rice.) Bring to the boil, cover with a tightly fitting lid, and simmer gently without stirring until all the water is absorbed and the bottom of the pot is dry or even slightly burnt. When cooking for many people use a smaller proportion of water to rice.

Rice is delicious:

With traditional Tamari Soy Sauce. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ Teas. per cup instead of salt.

With beans, such as aduki beans or chick peas. Soak the beans overnight and boil for 15 minutes before adding the rice and cooking as above.

with chesnuts: Soak overnight & cook the same as with beans.

With roasted sesame seeds:

With one umeboshi plum per cup of rice.

Rice can be used in pies, croquettes, casseroles, rice balls & bread, as a porridge, ground up as a cream, fried, deep-fried, or dry-roasted.

Roasted Rice is Vietcong combat rations---a compact concentrated food that needs no further cooking and is the source of great agility and energy. To make it=:

Wash rice and roast a cupful or two in a dry frying pan over a medium flame. Keep the rice moving till it turns brown, gives off a nutty smell, and begins to pop. Add a dash of soy sauce and cook a minute or two more. Fill your pockets and climb a mountain.

Rice is only one of the 7 cereals. Each can be prepared and eaten in many different ways. It seems a good idea to eat and prepare our own English cereals a lot....but rice is really special, and is, by the way, soon to be cultivated here in England.

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FUTURE ISSUES===

Next week's issue of ATTILA will hopefully complete the COP issue. The week after, food. FOOD!.

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FAMILY THINGS...

If anyone is into helping O.A.P.'s it might be a good idea to try to collect food, money, clothing or whatever. Nearly every winter roughly 20,000 O.A.P.s die of COLD & HUNGER because they don't receive enough money from the state. If the State can't help them, then we, the people, ought to...after all, they are our parents & our grandparents.

Anyone interested contact Mike Clark at OPEN or UNICORN.

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CHICKS WANTED...1 or 2 to share house & garden for 1 week near Level. At number 58, Elm Grove. If no answer leave a note for CHARLIE.

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A WORD TO THE WISE & OTHER HOMELY FOLK WISDOM.....

A Guruadina Editorial today suggests a comparison between the Tasaday primitives recently discovered in the Philippines and the Hippies. The writer says that the "simple savages" had at least the brains to cut out and go back to the jungle, it being a good place for the non-conformist to hide. As those people rash enough to be caught in Genarilissimo Franco's holiday paradise of Ibiza learned this week such hidey-holes as the jungle provides can be a real help. The obvious moral being that if you want to survive you either conform publicly, the great English middle-class habit of public virtue, private ciousness or you find yourself a jungle.

They're getting few, now. They're getting far.

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COPY & THE PERFECT PALPITATION OF THE EBULLIENT EDITOR.....

I dig typed copy best.

~~~~~

MISTER, CAN YOU SPARE AN AFTERNOON?

Interesting if someone with plenty of spare time sat opposite John Street car park for a week & noted down the number of every car that went in or out. At the end of it, after eliminating the cars that were obviously casual visitors, & after taking the frequency of the rest he should have a pretty good idea of every plain-clothes car operating. Even easier would be to do the job with linoculars from the Art College.

& thus White Pawn to Q-R2.

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FANCY THAT DEPT.

Dear ATTILA the un

when I was tripping the other day I DISCOVERED ALL THE ANSWERS to the besotting evils of the world; namely why everything is built to hassle you into doing what the pigs want and notcaringa fuck for you. me and my friend SYKES say categoricaally it must NOT BEEEEEEEEEE 7& also where is all the dope Brighton is supposed to be famous for? Finally let me say that YOUR magazine is fucking far out and my FRIEND sykes says so too so print this letter and make a lot of bread cos our word is law and what we say counts.....piece/peice/peace and love from me and my FRIEND sykes. flowers, Andy the Head

Dear ATTILA the Hun

this is Sykes speaking and i have jus read my friends ANDYS letter to you and i just want to say that everything he said is absolutely true from me as well cos we were both into the same trip and it was REALLY fucking far out like he says and we wish you all the best in the future cos the past has been fucking shitty and whatwithallthe hassels from the STRAIGHTS IN THIS TOWN its REALLY difficult to get it on and enjoy yourself like all gods children should while the sunshines and the sea booms

(continued)





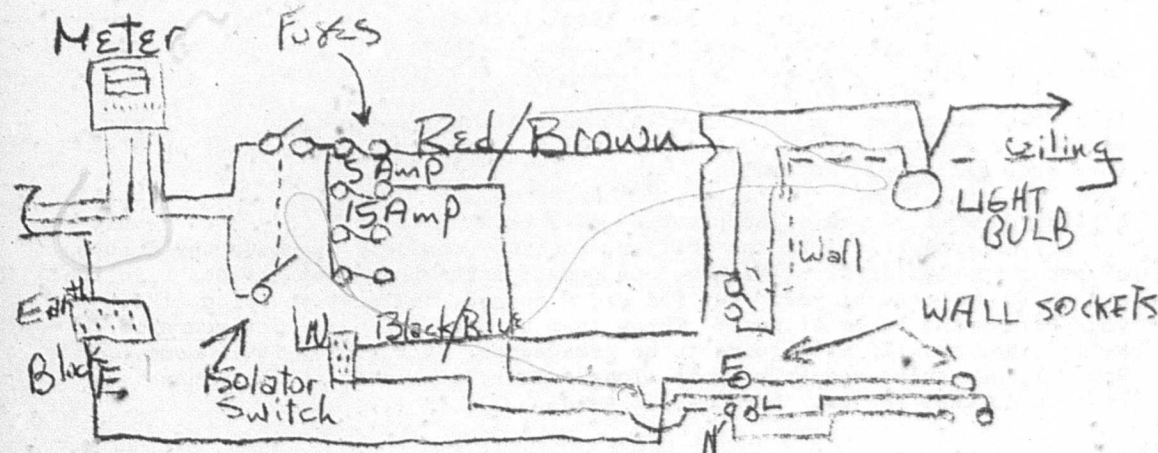
Firstly the HOLES. The large one at the top centre of a three hole group leads to the earth via a wire. This wire may be bare copper/tin or covered in green with a yellow stripe or just green. It gets introduced to your pad at the big electric meter that the OOFICIAL looks at, where it is clamped into a big metal block. The earth wire provides an easy path for the creatures to get home if anything goes wrong and should always be connected to the case or metal cover of any thing having three wires leading from it.

Now the two small holes at the bottom. On the left is the neutral which comes down from the main fuse box (Except in old types this wire does not have a fuse since fuses only "blow" on the LIVE side) along a black....or in the new, modern color, blue, wire. On the right is the LIVE hole and this is fed from the fuse box via red or in modern times brown wires. This is the hole where it is all at if a MAINS NEON TESTER is pushed gently in it will glow (MNT is prejudiced, won't get a glow on for black/blue or green/green-yellow!) Further, all switches are on the red/brown wire (except the big switch at the meter which breaks both LIVE and NEUTRAL.)

Now most "things" need a certain amount of WATTS (unlike me who cant stand the cunt) and these are normally marked on a plate (or on the bottom of the bulb) as XXXwatts or XXXKw (1Kw=1000 watts). If something goes wrong the "thing" tries to grab more than its share of Watts and things start popping. So we put in a fuse that "blows" when the "thing" gets greedy. This fuse has a number...1,2,3,5,7,10,13,15,20,30,45 Amps being the most common. To find the correct one to use for a particular "thing" divide the Watts by 200...i.e. 1000 Watts, divided by 200 = 5Amps. Thus a 1Kw fire needs a fuse of 5 or 7 (but not more than 7) Amps rating.

Similarly a 15Amp socket (three holes in a wall) will only take 3000 watts of creature power. Lights are normally fused at 5 Amps and cookers at 30 or 45 Amps. Also the wires to a "thing" should be rated higher or at least the same as the fuse. (So the fuse will go before the wire or the "thing itself").

Any queries to ELEKTROLOON/ c/o OPEN, 7 VICTORIA ROAD, BRIGHTON.



Dear Alice Acid....

So Edgar got busted, and Mott the Hoople have been banned. These are just the latest, but probably the most important, because of press coverage, of a series of atrocities designed to keep the people of Brighton "under control".

So do we accept it, or do we retaliate?

I say retaliate but are you with me?



Hustle the Pigs by letting down their car tyres, and phoning in about bomb plants. Both these take only seconds and really screw them up. But heavy explosives tastefully placed would be a gas-- so many juicy targets in Brighton.

So let's get it together, talk to your friends, get it on. Kidnap visiting personalities, disrupt conferences. But remember, our advantage over the pigs is knowing our enemy. So use violence, it's become, unfortunately, necessary, but direct it, and use it intelligently, and that way your (sic) already one up on the pigs.

Much love and may the final big peace come soon.

ANONYMOUS...

Dear ANONYMOUS...

Thank you for your letter of 23 July suggesting that we "get it together" by blowing it apart. Sorry if I'm a little bit dense, but I can't see how the one follows logically on from the other....especially since we already have almost enough violence in our society to satisfy everyone.

If I didn't know better I'd think that your letter, on tasteful blue paper, was from a provocateur.....but, as we all know, provocateurs, whatever else they are, are never tasteful.

Letting down car tyres (like painting over parking meters) is a real revolutionary action! I'm sure that Hitler, Stalin, America's Joe McCarthy & lots of other revolutionaries who have now passed on to the great bloodbath in the sky would be proud of you. But for me, a coward, couldn't you please keep your bricks and bombs at home? Throw them at your friends. Get yourself killed, not me. If it's going to be Armageddon, it'll come, it'll come. You & I, we don't need to help it along. There's plenty on the other side to do that for us. Love, Alice Acid.

Walked across the small street/narrow/dusty/lined with general dealers looking like a B film set - Shultz recognized the house next to the chemist store - grunted some story about renting the downstairs room/ knocking a hole in the wall - cut himself short mid speaking - catching his eye on this brazilian looking piece/wore a yellow shift/had huge tits - as she bosssed down the street you caught a glimpse of these black pants/a big hole like a cigarette burn on one side - Shultz fucked her the rest of the night - sat at the bar/bored the piss out of us/saying what he'd do/what he'd done in hotel rooms all over Europe - with a run down on women like the united nations - I reckoned if he'd fucked that many women he'd have worn his cock off - Shultz insisted he got nothing out of it really/only once ever had a big climax thing/was with a taxi driver he met in a billiard hall/made it on the green baize - reckons one day on going back /looking up the old pimp - maybe getting a job/settling down with each other - enough - we'd all been in town as long as worth remembering - things had gotten to be enough/nothing happened/or seemed to - until a week you all sit talking about what you all did last week/you all inaugurate on what you done/by the time you all finish patting each other on the arse/you've made last week sound like it deserved another - last week/next week/we still do fuck all/spend time exploiting each others incapacity to do anything/but eat/drink/fart/Sleep/fuck - one of us thought he'd read a book once on some obscure politics/but we couldn't remember which one it was so we seldom talked about it (but we all meant to catch up on our reading - pieced all together its quite easy to follow - just think of a hotel with hot/cold water/cockroaches/creaky beds/a three fingered whore thrown in/a manageress who'd suck you off for a dollar - thats it - easy - home from home you might say - its really easy if you - next time you're fresh out of the bath/you feel really clean/you're lying between clean sheets with a hard on - just let go for a second/think for as long as you can of the love you have for your country - if you fall asleep thinking about it/thats up to you - but - when you wake up late next morning/you dash about getting dressed to catch the bus/you just get there in time to look up the skirt of the blond sex certainty whose at the bus stop every morning- when you catch a glimpse of her clean white pants/you sit down with a pulse - just for a few seconds/think how heavy your balls feel/think back to last night - then blame it on your country

somewhere/in between it all/likes/sleeping/in a cupboard/alone/under the stairs/the milk dog

the dusty narrow dealer liked a B film/a general downstairs story with cigarette holes in it/a night sky like ragged black pants/the moon upstairs/yellow tits in the brazilian night - the sound track chattered off/through thin boards/down the street/rented an eye off the commercial body/settled down in a railway apartment/working the yellow shift - a stiff film/played behind every available bush - but/as dave said/all cock and tits but no fanny - the big climax took a taxi ride down the length of his billiard hall cock - gobbing out a fast run technicolour orgasm/ivory balls of semen - onto his hand through the hole in the bottom of his wankers pocket - something for the usherette to slip over on -

thats no banana kid - ever been jacked off by a three fingered whore/  
almost jerked off literal - known as tennis elbow many in the game -  
her tube was all ribbed/like inside a pigs ribs hanging up in the butchers

somewhere between the lines/digging up the lies/the silk dog is preoccupied  
- someone on every corner exploiting your pulse/selling their pain/we  
all echo the the planets scream sometime - front brain failures line the  
streets - the heart rumbles a last message - pleading metal as the bridge  
buckles under the last effort

out of the film the dealer/Pat Lee/walk down Artesian Rd - brittle music  
through windows/fragments of sound cut by the glass - preoccupied she  
down on the screen - whores - clients - someone on every corner filing  
down their time - front brain echoes exploit the silence - yellow hands  
ride the length of brazilian body - nervous wind kicks litter about the  
streets - Lee walk into the saloon bar - yellow light - hi Shultz - no  
first name - Manita kick of celluloid drawers - hi ginger/ken/mike -  
hello pat/pat/at - seen this film/girls of the world - Shultz had his  
share - oh thanks a brandy - alright was it - yeh great sent me into a  
dream /woke up with a wet hand/what you been doing - aw fuck it was a joke/  
got slung out of Fennicks - come here kid an I'll put some colour into  
your cheeks - fucking gave me a shock / kept my cool though - I went over  
and she tore the front of me trouser over the top of me hot tube/pain  
swamped with sex thrill - come on son/make with the gristle - mannequins  
eyed dispassionately - the people were even more unreal - so I pushed her  
down on a pile of dead electric fires - bleeding from the sharp metal edges  
she was obviously enjoying herself - so I pushed me plug down her throat  
-she had this speciality of palpitating her tounge

silk bitch/silk bitch/swallow the soft diamonds

the small man from the east end of town / acne/ a long white mac / whose  
name evaded everybody by choice - he'd joined me and Shultz at the bar -  
sitting on a tall stool/legs hanging/a pair of golfers brogues on the feet  
/he sipped a pink gin like a celebrity - strange I thought/that he'd insist  
on sitting between the now semi brothers/Shultz and my fading self -  
because I could remember Shultz once kicking the little buggers tooth in  
for stealing his best cuff links - by 1.30 Shultz had collapsed onto the  
bar like some lush - the small man was getting fidgety/kept looking around  
with his spotty face/pointing his weasel at everyone - don't remember him  
leaving - we spent the night there/it was pretty fucking awful to be woken  
up and dragged into the daylight like moles - folks were going to work/  
all over the place/the chemist was due open in 25 minutes - we went for  
coffee in this cafe/was an old ladys front room with a wall knocked out/  
a door and glass put in with a expresso machine - come to pay the old  
lady/we didn't have anything between us - Shultz vowed to hunt the little  
bastard/was by this time better off to the tune of 3 cuff links (all Shultz's)  
a tie/2 wallets/some small change/a new works/a box of spikes (unused)/  
bric a brac shit you collect in your pockets in a couple of months -  
chances were we'd not see him for a couple of weeks/the creep know/by  
then things would be ok

S. dog and d. silk

[illegible]

This Sunday, 25 July, at Stanmer Park at 1 p.m. Meet inside the gates of the Park. For those without wheels we'll try to get together a transport service....but as these things don't always work, try to make it on your own. If you want a ride, be at St. Peter's on the Level at about 1 p.m.

If you've got extra space in your car try to get by the church at 1 Sunday.

[illegible]

We all know about Edgar's hassle on Tuesday. But did you check out p 12 of the same issue of the Evening Disgust? An interview with none other than Neasden-under-Slyme's own Kenny Everett!! Wow!. We were glad to learn that Kenny isn't on the breadline after getting the sack from the beeb: "I'm better off now than before I got the sack." says Kenny. "I only got paid about as much as a train driver." (45 quid) Poor guy, and he works so much HARDER than a train driver.

But don't think Kenny has become a bloated Capitalist. He has everybody's interests at heart: "Commercial radio is a great carrot dangling in the future.....I reckon it will give the country a tremendous lift and will provide a necessary service.....It will be fine for me...."

[illegible]

You were led to believe that I would submit my brief and rushed interview with Edgar Broughton when he split from Brighton and made no apparent contact with the people.

Upon reflection I can only think of Brighton and something Jerry Rubin had once shat out: (Cont. next page.)

"You are the stage.  
You are the actor.  
Everything is for real,  
There is no audience."

MAKE YOURSELF ILLEGAL.

Until then, Nasso. (Thank you, voice of the Silent Majority)

[illegible]

BROUGHTON'S BRIGHTON BUST=====

Edgar Broughton, fresh from similar triumphs (I mean triumphs, no sarcasm) in Redcar, did it again in Brighton on Tuesday. After having been given permission for a free concert in Preston Park, the permission (from Brighton Council, fathers to us all whether we like it or not) was revoked at the last minute & the concert cancelled. At that point somebody decided that it might be a nice idea to hold it, or make a pass at holding it in Churchill Square as a sort of guerilla thing that would terrify the natives of Brighton into suggesting a possible alternative site.

But it was not to be.

The following bits & pieces are collaged together from what several people, Rick, Dave, Greg, & Attila, saw + a little from Broughton. From here on in you figure it out.....

.....a secluded lorry park at about three thirty Tuesday afternoon. With the roadies I helped set the thing up. From a mass jumble of equipment it took about 2 1/2 hours to have the whole thing arranged. Every one of the roadies did an amazing job.....they knew what they were about and showed it. All of them were tired but this did nothing to slow up the operation. Assorted Brighton people showed up and helped decorate the lorry with flowers and things and made it look really nice.

.....in a lorry set up for the concert he was led by the local organisers along what they believed to be the coolest route to the Square where some 300 to 400 people were waiting for either the concert or news of its location.....6:55...Radio Brighton Van left Churchill Square.....I ran around toward Russell Square and saw the lorry, with a Panda car in front of it, blocking the way. Rostron was doing his, "Come on, now. You can't fool me. Who's in charge here?" act, sort of good-humoured menace.....the inspector started to choke with rage. He made it abundantly clear that he personally did not like rock music or come to that any music of the young and so we were not going to have any.....the driver of the Panda Car was really into a power thing....every three or four minutes his arm would appear and frantically wave us to keep up with him..... A Panda arrived and, leading the lorry, moved out along Western Road at a fair clip.....the Inspector, who by now was as red as a beetroot, that if we did not keep up with them we would all be arrested.....the crowd surged out along Western Road much to Rostron's annoyance for I saw him shouting into his two way radio. The crowd was right across the road, stopping traffic in both directions.....so much interest was aroused by the procession that all "normal" activities of Brighton ceased as if trapped in a Time Trap---false teeth fell unfettered to forty fickle fading virgins' floors, Hove's roses went unwatered as gardeners' eyes

(BROUGHTON'S BRIGHTON BUST, cont.)

emivelled from greenfly to furry freaks & they ALLLLLLLLLLrushed to ogle the LAST LIVE PEOPLE most of them would ever see.....as the engine was boiling we stopped in a garage to get water and by the time we caught up with the lorry it was parked by the side of Dyke Road right on the outskirts of Brighton. Broughton was pleading with Rostron.....by this time there were eight police cars.....300 or 400 people.....a crowd of freaks.....two panda cars.....private cars filled with screaming heads.....

and a partridge in a pear tree.

Broughton was finally arrested when his driver refused to take a 13 foot high lorry down a long winding road that leads inexorably to an 11 foot bridge. Some kind of insane police plot? Not likely. Seems like more of Chief Superintendent Rostron's & Inspector Robert's idiot thinking. A concert could have been held at Devil's Dyke. It would have disturbed nobody except, in the words of my neighbour who I regard as an absolute Brighton weathervane, the foxes.

At John Street a clumsy attempt by the police to blackmail the crowd into dispersing (the same loyal 300 to 400 at one time). If they would go, Broughton would be let out on bail. Not many left. Broughton stayed inside, where, in the words of one band member, "it was complete bloody panic."

The next day everybody was let out on bail, 25 pounds, with one girl having to surrender her American passport, as she'd be likely (well, wouldn't you, if you were faced with a really stiff sentence for trespassing of Hove lawns or something?) to split.

And now the police, as if they had not done enough already, really excelled themselves. Broughton's lorry was Escorted out of Brighton, miles out of Brighton, into the country, over the sea, better keep Broughton away from me, where he couldn't do anybody any harm. Never mind his mother, who was a tich worried and was hanging around the gaol trying to see him, never mind his fans who were still some of them trying to find out what was happening. From the Rostron/Roberts point of view the important thing was that Broughton not be allowed to talk to anybody!

It is typical of Rostron's ineptitude that he didn't go all the way and order Broughton's tongue torn out by the roots, boiled in oil, and served to Brighton's Lord and Lady Mayor at a Ceremonial Banquet in that Pavilion which so well represents all that is noble and fine in Brighton. Broughton can still speak! His trial, in August (about the 13th) should be a gas.

& hopefully, he'll have a second chance. Who knows.....maybe Rostron will come along and be m.c.?

But before then we should try to sort out this lack of communication and organisation. We can stamp down on the overstepping of authority by the pigs.....Brighton is Brighton's town. It does not belong, as one pig thinks, to either the pigs or the council. It is yours.

WHAT'S THE TIME  
NEVER MIND

WHEN THE COPPER  
COMES ALONG

HANG YOUR  
KNICKERS  
ON  
THE LINE

HURRY UP

AND

TURN  
AROUND!  
ON!



Quote from RPS News,organ of the Racial Preservation Society,affiliated to the National Front....."As for the Anarchist with the long hair,beard,cloak,bomb,and dirty feet in sandals,he went out fifty years ago,and all the young drips of today have left is the long hair dirty feet,pot,fleas and National Assistance." Hmn.

Two Scottish forensic scientists claim to have perfected a device which can trace the presence of cannabis in the air.It is in the possession of Glasgow police who are hoping for a test case.....The London police have three dogs trained to sniff out gelignite and about a score to sniff out shit.....Bob Martins manufacture an aerosole spray called "Anti-Mate" which is sprayed around the house to keep dogs away from bitches on heat. It is equally discouraging to police sniffer dogs.An ideal gift for your uncool friends.

Ted Heath is easy to spot.Words come out one end and shit out of the other.However,it is not always easy to say which end is which.

Free election of masters does not abolish the masters or the slaves.

Chairman of "Playboy",Hugh Heffner recently returned as unsuitable an article on masturbation by Kenneth Tynan The rejection slip said that the article was"contrary to our policy-Playboy readers do not masturbate.

ALL THAT IS NOT FORBIDDEN IS COMPULSORY

How odd that the monarchy's request for more cash was not slated in the shit press as "an inflationary wage demand"

People have been conned into accepting the decimal monetary system and the accompanying price increases.

Isn't it time we grew up and stopped using this childish system of exchanging metal counters for the things we need? Money is simply a symbol of our mental and physical slavery.

Evidently some of Heath's junior ministers have complained that they find it difficult to manage on their present salaries, something like £5000 a year.MUST BE TERRIBLE TO TRY TO MANAGE ON THAT!

A great amount of steam is being generated once more against those who "abuse" the welfare system.How can you abuse a system which is itself an abuse?The welfare services are a safety valve, enabling the exploiters to put on a humanitarian face.If capitalism worked there would be no need for such farces,everyone would have as much as they required.Capitalism cannot work, except for the privileged few. It's an irrational,chaotic,amazingly complicated system for the rest of us. Jpin us in destroying it!

the angry brigade.

since governments assume the right of death over peoples  
it is not astonishing that sometimes people assume the  
right of death over governments.

rock 'n'roll.

aside from all the other aspects of the broughton bust  
- up, there are one or two things in brighton we have to  
do something about.....

there is nowhere in brighton where a group of people  
can get together out in the open to play musak or hold  
public meetings or just generally loon around, without  
first going crawling to the town council or the pigs...  
why the fuck should we ... it's our town just as much  
as it's any one elses.

so what about it musak makers of this town...on the level  
or in preston park or moulscombe park.....

riddle of the lost wartime joint dept. ....

"where's all this gear man"

drug squad pig outside the court

on wednesday.

electric light mobile bookshop and anarchist library  
we have an incredible stock of anarchist shit house paper  
(complete with words on for all to read) and it's growing all  
the time due to the generosity of other anarchists in brighton  
....god be praised ...other anarchists....what.....ta muchley  
much of it's for sale and most of it's for loan to read study  
or build joints on.

so come and visit, bring your jumble and your money but mainly  
yourselves.....

anarchist jumble sale in aid of open bust fund.....soon  
jumble and bookshop address.....FOUR DENMARK TERRACE BRIGHTON

PUT TOGETHER BY THE UNITED ANARCHIST PARTY OF BRIGHTON.

## Street Sense/Cops

Watch the man who casts the first stone. He may be a cop.

here's nothing like a week in Chicago to clear the mind of adolescent machismo fantasy. I saw smart street tactics keep the body healthy and the way clear, win friends and influence people. And I saw foolhardy moves - - the kind Communists like to call "adventurist" - - pass all initiative to the cops, isolate us and cost us broken limbs and cheated intentions. A street tactician I'm not, but it doesn't take a magsiard to know that the police also have objectives on the street.

Consider these recent episodes in what is, after all, an age-old saga of deceit:

Item: The prime witness against the R&A people in New York was an infiltrator who had talked up assassinations and stockpiled material.

Item: August 2 in Grant Park, Chicago, the cops charged into the crowd, swinging. They intervened because someone had pulled down the American flag. One of the flag-pullers - - according to the Chicago Tribune, a public relations branch of the Police Department - - was Robert Pierson, Jerry Rubin's bodyguard, an undercover cop playing motorcycle heavy. Pierson also tried to instigate the seizing of intersections in dangerous circumstances, but wiser heads prevailed.

Item: The Peninsula Observer has pointed out before that the demonstrators who first hurled bags of blood at the cops in front of the Fairmont last winter had never been seen in friendly circles before or since.

Item: The guy who broke an office window in the Administration Building at SF State last May was - - you guessed it - - a plainclothes cop.

Question: Who Molotoved the Highway Patrolman in Berkeley last July, setting Wayne Greene up for the rap?

Question: Who smashed the Bank of America windows in Berkeley? Who shot the cop? When I got back from the inscrutable East, friends were casting dire suspicions like so many tacks on the street. "Must have been cops, nobody else would be that stupid".

Of course it's not so simple, and we have to judge delicately: in case somebody hasn't noticed, this is no game. A tactic can't be appraised apart from here-and-now circumstances. Moving into the street, breaking windows, wrecking insufferable property, etc., sometimes makes sense, sometimes not. You can't know unless you have a purpose. Spontaneity in the street is like bonnies in alcohol: one might (MIGHT) send you high, but chances are you'll hurt, and hurt bad. Know what you are doing and harness means to ends.

Unfortunately, delicate judgements in these raging days are falling afoul of a fetishism of the streets: that is why we have a hard time telling the cops from the desperadoes. We are living through some profound crisis of masculinity, explained but not wholly justified by the struggle to shake off middle class burdens of bland civility. The guy who hits hardest and moves fastest

begins to look like the biggest revolutionary cock: it doesn't seem to matter whom he hits, where he runs.

Some organisers in Chicago were entranced by a mystique of the Park People, a melting pot of motorcycle greasers, working class ethnics, blacks, a few hill-billies, hard Old Town hippies (all young and ready to fight), and mystery youth - - including not a few of plainclothes dicks. Now Jerry Rubin's right when he says that when we welcome the fighting people into our ranks with open arms we have to risk inviting the finks along with the pinks. All the more reason to fix our own objectives and shirk mystiques. We want to organise the castaways, not become their least reliable selves.

Finally I know of no easy sorting out system. Even as we move beyond the mystique of violence, our salvation demands that we constantly extend the limits of the possible by taking the streets and propagandising by the deed: in the nature of our movement we will attract provocateurs, and we can't tell the players without a scorecard. That scorecard is unwritten except in the slippery terrain of our separate common senses, seeming to leave us with nothing but paranoia.

And the police would like nothing better than to have all militancy discredited under suspicion of provocative trickery, all trust shattered by curse and countercurse. Always looking over your shoulder, you trip over your own feet, or stand still in cynical safety. A puzzle.

The only working solution is in political discipline. Know what you want to do, and then you have solid ground to refuse to follow people who take you where you don't want to go. Use strategy as a code to define provocateurs. It won't matter, then, whether the outlaws are cops or simply madmen: you'll avoid them and find ways to handle them, so suspicion won't spiral endlessly from every accusation.

After the NSA-CIA disclosures, radicals frittered away countless hours wondering whether Al Jowenstein was really an agent, whether So-and-So had been "witting" or "unwitting". It didn't matter, any more than it matters whether the Ford Foundation funnels money from the CIA or whether the guy who molotoved the Highway Patrolman was really a cop. The consequences are the same. And a serious revolutionary movement knows how to judge the consequences of its acts - - this is its reason, and its magic, too.

-- Todd Gitlin

San Francisco  
Express Times.

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'Catch a thief,' said the voice as I pushed open the office door, 'he couldn't catch a cold.' They weren't talking about me, as it happened, but equally it wasn't the onset of paranoia which made me reflect that they might well have been. I walked through the C.I.D. office, greeting my two early-duty colleagues perfunctorily, scribbled a few words in the duty book and stood gazing out of the window at the early morning market across the street. I felt slightly sick from no-breakfast and a smoky, sweaty train ride, and even more apprehensive and depressed than usual. God, why couldn't I have been a porter, bus driver, clerk, ballet dancer, anything rather than a copper. But a copper I was, and a copper I was likely to remain for another twenty-odd years. Living in married quarters with a young family, and having no skills to offer an employer, there seemed no alternative. My love-hate relationship with the police force had lasted for eight years, and as I was depressive by nature the hate troughs were usually bigger and longer-lasting than the occasional peaks of euphoria. I lit a pipe which tasted foul, and looked at the dark-brown furniture and spew-coloured walls of the office.

The other two, who had ignored my unsociability, were still discussing a recent addition to the staff in disparaging terms, and in their turn ignored me as I leant across the desk to get the Crime Book and the Night Duty Occurrence Book. There wasn't much in either, a quiet morning for once. I was down to deal with a couple of suspects for court that morning and one of the others had a safe-blowing to go to, but that was about all. I cheered up a bit, but depression returned as soon as I noticed that a report I had submitted the previous day had been bounced by the Detective Inspector and was back on my desk. Anyone would think we were trying to win a literary prize, I reflected, as I read the pencilled criticisms of my phrasing and punctuation, instead of waging war on crime or some such crap. I altered it slightly on the typewriter and was just about to put it back on the governor's desk in his office when the typist flounced in, crisp and doll-like in her summer print. She was pretty, efficient, a professional virgin, and I disliked her. 'I thought the D.I. would send that back, Mr B.' she said sweetly. I ignored her and walked out of the office.

Nine o'clock. I'd better go and see the two prisoners in the cells, find the P.C.s and make sure their evidence was okay, get on to records for their previous convictions, ring up a witness in another case I had and make an appointment to see him later in the day, do the committal forms on the robbery job, and a hundred and one other things. I felt sorry for the new man who 'couldn't catch a cold'. You just had no time to catch thieves, cultivate informers, or do any of the things the public thought detectives did. Sometimes you couldn't find the time to blow your nose. My stomach churned. Was I getting an ulcer, I wondered, or was it just last night's beer and today's tobacco? Or having to go to court? Walking along the corridor to the canteen I thought of my top-hatted side-whiskered predecessors a hundred years ago, like those in Frith's painting of Paddington Station, who had also felt sick and apprehensive about everything and nothing. The job hasn't changed since 1839. It's always been an authoritarian organisation, staffed by the working class, and working against the long-term interests of its members. The C.P. people I knew were right, the law is designed primarily to

protect property and the property-owning classes, and despite the fulminations of the daily papers against young thugs who cosh old ladies for fun, society is more concerned with the status quo of the class structure; in an insignificant way as a member of the Metropolitan Police, I was doing my bit to keep London safe for capitalists to live in. A familiar and unpleasant thought, but not one shared by many of my colleagues.

The canteen was like the zoo at feeding time. Breakfasting P.C.s bawled cheerfully across the tables to each other between mouthfuls, and a game of darts was going on in one corner. Sunlight falling in a shaft on the counter highlighted the grubby neck and stubbled chin of the cleaner, who was drinking tea noisily. I couldn't face it, and taking a cup of grey tepid tea and a greasy copy of Reveille I found an empty office and promised myself ten minutes peace before I really had to start work. The magazine soon failed to hold my attention, and pleasant retrospection pushed aside the still audible noise from the canteen.

Like so many other servicemen at a loose end after demobilization, I joined the police almost by accident. With a working-class background, a sketchy education at a singularly bad grammar school, and a brief and completely undistinguished two years in the navy behind me, I looked for a job rather than a career. Turning the pages of the Daily Mirror one day, I came across an advertisement which described in highly coloured terms the splendid future which awaited recruits to the Metropolitan Police. A regular job, security, comradeship, good pay and pension were all there, but above all, it was a man's life. A friend who was with me at the time pointed out that not only did I appear to measure up to the modest standard required, but that I could always resign at a month's notice. So why didn't I have a go? I did.

A few weeks later found me wearing a borrowed suit and (inappropriately enough for an ex-naval rating) an R.A.S.C. tie, standing to attention before three brasshats in the Police Recruiting Centre at Beak Street, having already passed a medical, written an essay and undergone a simple intelligence test. They asked me the usual sort of questions about why I wanted to join, what sports I liked and what sort of books I read. They seemed impressed when I mentioned Churchill's Early Life, and rather bewildered at the news that I preferred Auden to Spender. This sort of erudition was apparently no bar, however, for I was accepted as a probationer police constable.

Even after I had actually entered Peel House and started my training, I was inclined to regard the whole thing as a bit of a joke. I couldn't imagine that I would stay the course for a pension, and perhaps the main attraction of the project was the knowledge that I could resign at short notice. In the event I stayed for fourteen years. My venture was not exactly approved of by my parents either. They had kept a pub in Brighton for many years, and certainly did not regard policemen as desirable members of society. My maternal great-uncle must have turned in his grave as well, for he was, at about the turn of the century, a reasonably successful marine store dealer-receiver of stolen goods in Deacon Street, Walworth. Some years later when I was working in the Criminal Records Office I tried to turn up his record, but either he was never caught, or if he was, the file had been lost or destroyed.

Thirteen weeks at Peel House, learning by incredibly antiquated methods roughly what a beatman's job is, allegedly fitted me and the other recruits for a highly responsible job, which has no adequate parallel in any other walk of life. We practised reporting street accidents, arrested instructors who were impersonating housebreakers and bookmakers, controlled crowds, directed traffic, and so on. As an extension of this we visited police stations, courts, and the Horseferry Road mortuary to view the corpses. A form of light relief were lectures in such cultural subjects as music appreciation. These were universally despised, and I almost think they were meant to be. From all this came across, insidiously but strongly, a picture of society with a sharp division between 'them' and 'us'. The over-simplified ethic of goodness and badness, without the shading off of one into the other, is very strong in police circles and nowhere stronger than amongst probationer constables. As a young man of twenty I was probably more typical than I care to remember, and I certainly subscribed to this unthinking assessment. How simple it made everything! The forces of light, led by shock troops in the blue uniform of the police, cherishing the moral values of the Old Testament, waged a sort of holy war, not only on criminals, but on anyone not behaving in a way acceptable to a nineteenth-century Sunday-school teacher. We knew our job, and we could identify a baddy with the facility of a child watching a cowboy film on TV. Not that this enabled us to deal adequately with all turpitude, for it was well known that people with posh accents and big cars were more likely than the less privileged to complain about the treatment they had received from a policeman, and it was as well to call them 'sir', and be almost apologetic when pointing out a minor breach of the law. Sophistication comes with the years, but this picture of a dichotomized society, in its essentials, remains with most policemen throughout their service.

I suppose a social psychologist would attribute this to the sense of isolation in the wider society that the policeman feels, and which works against the sense of loyalty to that wider society in its entirety that is desirable and even necessary in a so-called 'servant of the public'. One tends to reject if one feels rejected. The policeman rejects and despises the values of minority groups; not only criminals, but pacifist demonstrators, coloured people, Jews and fascists. I am grateful for the last mentioned, although it is a case of being right for the wrong reasons.

Anything looks good in retrospect, and the boredom of beat duty when I had spent eight hours a day walking the streets, fruitlessly following suspects, summoning motorists and arresting drunks or the occasional barrow boy, seemed almost a golden age viewed from the harassed present. In a way, this bringing back the past was a sort of escape, a buffer to protect me against the almost intolerable pressures of the present. I was bored then, but boredom does not give you ulcers, threaten your marriage, or turn you into an alcoholic, and all these things now seemed possibilities. Perhaps in ten years' time this also would look good. But, if so, how would I be feeling then!

My ten minutes had stretched into thirty, and reluctantly I went

downstairs to the cells to start work. On the way the two Aids who had arrested the suspects stopped me, and standing in the passage I glanced through the evidence in their pocket books. They were both young men, inexperienced but keen to make a name for themselves in the only way possible for an Aid, that is, by arresting criminals. Aids are in some ways the most privileged members of the police. They do not have the responsibilities of the C.I.D. officers proper, and they are not tied to the tyranny of three shifts and a sergeant waiting for them to report all correct so that he can go off duty. They are not required to investigate reported crime and being in plain clothes are subject to none of the distractions of the uniformed street duty officer. Working in pairs, so that they can corroborate each other's evidence, they patrol the section with the sole purpose of bringing in criminals. It is a highly competitive business, because from the ranks of the Aids C.I.D. officers are selected, and the Aid can only be judged on results. That this system puts a premium on dishonesty, especially when giving evidence, has been remarked by more than one critic, but as far as I know it is still going on. I was an Aid in south London for over four years, and from my own experience had a pretty good idea of what must have happened in the present case.

They had found their two suspects, teenagers from the suburbs, hanging around the parked cars in a side street late the previous evening. After watching for about ten minutes they arrested them, and when they were searched one was found to have a bunch of car keys, and the other a kitchen knife in his pocket. Both denied that they had intended to steal anything, and offered not unreasonable explanations for their possession of the keys and the knife. Neither Aid had included in his written evidence any mention of seeing them actually touch the cars, and as this is an essential if this sort of case is to be found proved, I asked them about it. Both seemed a bit embarrassed by the question, but the spokesman (inevitably in any pair of Aids there is one who is more experienced or the dominant personality, and who usually does the talking) explained that they had seen both tampering with the door handles, and it was just that they hadn't thought it necessary to write it in their pocket books. His partner, taking his cue and avoiding looking at me, agreed with this. 'Well, don't forget to give it in evidence, and try to sound convincing,' I said. After all, it was their perjury, if perjury it was.

We went into the cell together. Both the prisoners, youngsters in jeans and leather jackets, looked sullen and scared. One of them had a swelling on his mouth. Seeing this and guessing the reason, I felt anger rising. Turning to the Aids, I asked them to wait in the charge room, as I wanted to speak to the prisoners alone. When they were gone I asked about the swelling. They refused to answer at first, but eventually said that they both got 'backhanders for nothing' on the way to the station in the van. Resentment against whoever had done it mingled with my anger, and at that moment I would have liked nothing better than to get the culprit in front of a disciplinary board. I left the cell and went back to the charge room where the two Aids were waiting uneasily. 'Look,' I said, 'if I ever catch either of you

striking a prisoner, you'll be back in uniform quicker than that!' 'Nobody hit him,' said the spokesman angrily, 'the lying bastard had that mark when we nicked him. He'd been in a punch-up in a café or something.' I didn't know if he was telling the truth. Anyway I couldn't do anything about it, and perhaps I shouldn't want to. Loyalty to one's colleagues is presumably some sort of virtue. I simmered down, and went back to the cell. 'You are charged with loitering with intent to steal from cars,' I said, 'whatever you say about it, the evidence is strong against you, and you'll be convicted. I don't know if either of you have been in trouble before, but assuming you haven't you'll probably get away with probation if you plead guilty and don't waste the court's time. If you plead not guilty, and we have to go through the evidence, you'll probably be sent for trial for possessing housebreaking implements, and there'll be no bail for you.' (in fact there was no question of their being sent for trial, but this was the usual approach to suspects, and they sometimes fell for it.) Neither of them said anything, and I left them to their own devices. Feeling rather ashamed of my bad temper, I sought out the two Aids and went rather more fully into the details of their evidence. Then, leaving them to phone the fingerprint department at Scotland Yard to see if the prisoners were known or wanted, I went back to the C.I.D. office.

There I met the D.I., who was reading a newspaper and who greeted me cheerfully enough. 'Are the two susses going to go down?' he wanted to know. 'I think so,' I replied, 'the evidence is quite good, and the keys will speak for themselves.' 'Well that's all right then, it's nice to see a bit of red ink in the book,' and he returned to the racing column. The D.I. was a nice man. Always pleasant and unflurried, his ability inspired the respect and confidence always desirable but so often not found in any organization.

At 10.30 I went over to the court. Squeezing past the line of waiting prisoners and P.G.s in the passage I smelled the characteristic cheap scent of the prostitutes, and the curious acrid cat's-piss stench of the meths drinkers. There was a lot of noise, tobacco smoke and sweat, and the atmosphere was one of slightly apprehensive bonhomie. I found the two Aids still desperately trying to get through on the gaoler's phone to Scotland Yard for the result of the fingerprint search. 'But we'll be on in a minute,' wailed the spokesman, can't you hurry it up? Oh, bollocks then!' and he slammed down the phone. 'They say they'll ring back as soon as possible,' he said in mincing tones, 'the bastard is probably sitting on his arse drinking tea, or something.' I felt almost paternal. 'Don't worry. We can always get it put back if the result's not through in time,' and scrounging a Woodbine, I settled down to wait. There was one thing about being the court officer, at least you didn't get lumbered with the overnight breakings, which might mean a considerable amount of work. Idly, I wondered how Len was getting on at the safe-blowing. Probably getting the Home Office explosives expert out, as well as the finger-print man, the photographer, and a few reporters as well. Any job turned into a crown case with him. And when the hell would I find time to do everything I was supposed to be doing? Like Alice, I had to keep running in order to stay in the same place and not actually go backwards.

The hubbub in the corridor died down suddenly. 'Quiet please, the magistrate's on the bench, hissed the gaoler in a stage-whisper. The door to the court opened and a P.C. called the name of the first defendant, a tattered and smelly drunk who disappeared into the court with an exaggeratedly sprightly tread. Crime charges always came last, so I had a long wait. It was always interesting to watch the patient line, and so to speculate what the charge was in each case. What always interested and surprised newcomers most was the rapport which appeared to exist between police and prisoner. They talked and laughed together in low voices, and sometimes it was difficult to believe that they were not old friends. It was almost as if at this point in the charge proceedings they recognized that they had more in common with each other than with the stern Establishment figure who sat imposingly on the bench, and who, on a normal sort of day, it was humorously said, collected several hundred pounds in fines, and handed out about fifteen years' porridge in units of three and six months. And all before opening time.

I watched a coloured prostitute stick out her breasts and smile toothily at the young policeman who had arrested her. It was more like watching a couple in a bus queue who fancied each other, than a copper and his prisoner. Prostitutes make good informants, I really ought to try to cultivate one. But I didn't relish the idea; any sort of relationship with a tom is too open to misinterpretation, and I had a conscious fear of being mistaken for her customer. Probably my puritanical upbringing, or a fear of being thought a sexual inadequate, I suppose. Rather like some of my colleagues' aggressive detestation of queers, and their suspicion of my own more liberal views. I had little in common with any of them, politically or socially, in taste of interests. I found myself wishing desperately that I worked in a milieu where the possession of a volume of poetry or an interest in philosophy did not occasion clumsy and sometimes hurtful gibes. It would have been easier if I had been better than average at the gob, but I had only achieved a run-of-the-mill efficiency, adequately summed up by my last Detective Superintendent who had said on my report that I 'had the makings of a fine C.I.D. officer, but lacked zip'. I suppose I ate the wrong sort of breakfast cereal, or something.

The queue and the morning dragged on. I went to the lavatory twice. We were held up for a long time behind a not-guilty plea, and then at last, precipitously and not in very good order, we answered the gaoler's summons and were on.

Walking across the road to lunch at the pub an hour and a half later, I felt a different man. Head clear and stomach settled, I looked forward to steak and beer. The court job had gone off well and I didn't really know what I'd been worried about. You usually did get by without the criticism and humiliation you feared when a witness made a fool of himself and the charge failed badly. Like going to the dentist, the anticipation was usually worse than the experience. I should know this by now. The magistrate had been as benign and shrewd as usual. He heard the unchallenged evidence of the Aids without much

comment, seemed impressed when the keys and knife were produced, invited the two defendants in turn to give evidence on oath, and when they declined listened gravely as they spoke from the dock. He had no hesitation in convicting, he said, and after thanking me for reading the antecedents, put the case back for the probation officer to talk to both defendants. No notice was taken of the bruised lip, and unless the probation officer mentioned it when the case came up at 2 p.m., we were home and dry. I felt the occasion called for a beer, although my good humour did not extend far enough to invite the Aids to join me.

The noise and heat of the pub rivalled the canteen, but I was in better shape to cope. At the bar I met a Special Branch D.C. who was doing a six-month secondment in division before returning to Scotland Yard and promotion. I got on with Jim, whose cheerfully amateurish approach to detective work was probably even less effective than my own. Dark-haired with misleading foxy features, he was almost the only friend I had made since joining the division a few months previously. More articulate than most, his passionate interest in stamp collecting made him something of a bore, although his amusingly light-hearted attitude to the quasi-political work of the Branch almost cancelled this out. I often felt that the sort of person who harbours dark fears about the activities of S.B. detectives and the liberty of the subject, etc., should have met Jim. He would have fitted in well in the cast of, "Carry On, Special Branch".

Refusing a third pint I made my way back across the bright street to the relatively cool dimness of the court. Once again I waited, but by twenty past two the probation officer had made his recommendation and the case was finished, again without any reference to suspected police brutality.

By now I had a slight beer headache, and was less than courteous to a motorist who had lost his car and a girl whose purse had been stolen, and who were both in the waiting-room when I returned to the station. There was nothing much to be done with either of these complaints, except take particulars of the car for entry in the Crime Book, and get the girl to agree that she could have dropped her purse in the street, so that the matter could be dealt with as lost property instead of larceny. This meant rather less work, and one less for the crime statistics.

After this I was finished with reserve duty, and finding the C.I.D. office filled with people excitedly discussing the safe-blowing, I collected papers and a spare typewriter and went off to the P.C.s' room to get on with some correspondence. It was late afternoon when I suddenly remembered the witness in the robbery case I had to see. A hasty telephone call, and I was just about to walk through the back doubles to Trafalgar Square, when the D.I. put his head round the office to say that they had a line on the safe-blowers and that I would be wanted that evening for a trip to the East End to search several houses.

"You haven't got anything on, I suppose?" he said. "Only the wife. She wants me to babysit while she goes to the pictures," I said sourly and untruthfully. "Ah well, it's all in the job," he said vaguely, and withdrew.

I swore with every footstep down the street. Another early evening gone west, and it's not as if we got any payment or time-off in compensation. The modest detective allowance was supposed to cover all overtime and it worked out at about sixpence an hour less tax. I looked with envy at the home-going office crowds, and thought that there was a lot to be said for an undemanding routine Civil Service sort of job. But then I remembered my feeling at lunch-time, carrying the satisfaction of responsibility for a potentially explosive situation which had come out at the other end in one piece with justice (presumably) done, and I knew that I had satisfactions that these people would never know. There had been nothing unusually difficult about the morning's case, but I never failed to experience relief and pleasure in concluding any such job. Rather like the madman who knocked his head against the wall because it was so nice when he left off.

The witness was waiting in his office and my business took half an hour or so. Statement signed, I accepted his offer of a drink, and we made our way to a bar. The pint he bought me was a high price to pay for his tedious conversation, and I soon made an excuse to leave him and return to the station. There I found the briefing for the night's operation about to start. Len was in charge, and true to form he sounded like Eisenhower planning the Second Front. Using a street map, he explained how both houses (for several had dwindled to two) were to be entered at the same time to avoid word going from one to the other, where the cars were to be parked, likely places to look for the loot, how much we could tell the occupants, and so on down to the smallest detail. I expected him to end by telling us to synchronize our watches but we were spared that bit of theatricality. We were to meet at Aldgate East at 11:30 p.m. Taffy, the Welsh sergeant and me with one Aid in the C.I.D. Hillman, and Jim, Len and another Aid in the Superintendant's car, borrowed for the occasion. None of us had great hopes of a successful operation, although Len was sure his information was good. We'd heard that too often before. I think I actually hoped it would be a fruitless journey, because then we would be back empty-handed soon after midnight, able to scrounge lifts home, and I would soon be snugly in bed with the glorious prospect of a lie-in the following day, as I was posted late turn. If, on the other hand, it was successful, we would be up most of the night dealing with the prisoners, with the prospect of going to court the following morning, having had little or no sleep. One of the characters in All Quiet on the Western Front says that the war would be bearable if only one could get enough sleep, and I sometimes felt this about the C.I.D.

Jim and I drifted off to get some food. Undecided at first, we eventually went to an Indian restaurant in Soho where we knew the proprietor, and where we might hope for a cheap or even free meal.

Preceded by a drink in the Salisbury, the meal went down well. There was the usual slight embarrassment when it was time to pay, but the grinning proprietor intercepted the bill from the waiter, took my pound note, rang up "no sale" and returned it to me. This pantomime fooled nobody but seemed to satisfy everybody, and with his extravagant and insincere good wishes following us we emerged into the street. It was cool now, and the streets almost deserted as we wandered back to the nick, talking idly about the possibility of success that night. The chances of finding any stolen money seemed pretty remote, and anyway, any thief would know enough to swear blind that he'd had a good win at the dogs or something. With this in mind we stopped at a late newsagents to get back-numbers of the racing editions of the week's newspapers so that we could at least know the names of the winners and be in a better position to interrogate. I hoped there would be no children in the house we were going to, as I had painful memories of a seven-year-old who had followed me and her arrested father down the road screaming hysterically on a similar occasion. Abuse from women I could take, but not the anguish and despair of a child.

We set off at 11:15 p.m., and after the usual difficulty of negotiating the home-going theatre crowds, made good time through the city to Aldgate. I sat in the back of the car armed with a search warrant that Len had got that afternoon, a torch with a battery that was just about fading out, and a leather cosh, picked up after a street fight, which was a more convenient and useful weapon than a truncheon. Taffy drove, and he and the Aid, who was almost as garrulous, kept up a continual and bantering conversation. We met the others on time, and then set off through the back-doubles for another mile or so. The cars were parked in the main street, and then splitting up into two parties again we made our way down a side street of depressing Victorian workmen's cottages laid out in a continuous terraced line. No need to cover the back, and I felt relieved, as that job would certainly have fallen to me, and I had no wish to crouch uncomfortably in a back garden while the others had all the action in the house.

We knew what to expect as Len had drawn several files from C.R.O. that afternoon. Our man, Smith, had a wife and several children as well as his mother-in-law living with him. Nominally a lorry driver, he had several convictions for breaking offenses and had finished a 21 month sentence earlier in the year. Not a big man, and not given to violence, he had pleaded guilty on at least one occasion. His record showed that stolen property had been found in the oven in the kitchen of a council flat he had lived in at one time.

The house looked respectable enough. Freshly painted door, lace curtains with a plaster alsatian peeping between them. It was in darkness, but peering through the letterbox I smelt fresh tobacco smoke in the tiny hall. For some reason I felt this was a shrewd discovery, and was rather disconcerted when the usually good-tempered Taffy replied with a contemptuous "So what?", to my excited information.

Before he banged the knocker loudly enough to wake the street, I had time to reflect that he must have been as nervous as me to be as rude as that. I fumbled and dropped my torch nearly as loudly. We both said "Quiet!" and "Shut up!" simultaneously and angrily, but before the argument had time to develop along vaudeville lines, the bedroom window shot up and a woman's voice wanted to know what we wanted. In ingratiating and subdued tones, almost as if he wanted to sell her a vacuum cleaner, Taffy replied that we were police officers and could we talk to her and her husband?

The window closed, feet came down the stairs, the hall light went on, and Smith opened the door. "What is it, for Christ's sake?" he said. I got my foot in the door, Taffy pushed him to one side and we were in. "We are C.I.D. officers, and we have a warrant to search this house," I said pompously, or at least I tried to say it, because my voice was drowned by Smith shouting in the hall, two women shouting from the stairs, and inevitably, a child crying from a bedroom. Taffy and the Aid joined in. I wanted to laugh.

Eventually they quietened down, and after long and protracted explanations from us, and after every literate person in the house had read the warrant, we went ahead with the search. We were thorough, and it was fifteen minutes before the Aid found behind the cistern in the outside lavatory a brand-new jemmy, a pair of gloves, and a rubber-covered torch. Next to a pile of banknotes there was nothing we would rather have found. I couldn't believe my eyes. Mrs. Smith pretended curiosity, "What is it, then?" she kept saying. Mother-in-law glared balefully from an armchair, and Smith, who hadn't even got the sense to accuse us of planting the stuff, looked sheepish.

The rest of the interview was conducted according to the Judges' Rules. After Smith had refused point blank to account for the presence of the stuff in his house or say anything at all, he was cautioned and told he would be arrested. None of us spoke to him again at all, and while he was dressing, his wife, surprisingly, made tea for everyone. Her animosity had faded away rapidly, and I almost expected her to thank us as we left with our prisoner. Perhaps she was glad to get rid of him.

Back at the car, we found that the others had an even better haul. Two prisoners, and a pile of National Insurance cards directly connecting them with the breaking. "They've made statements," said Len, loudly enough for Smith to hear, "and they've put Smithy right in it." This crude attempt to get Smith in the mood to confess didn't work, as it happened, but it was usually tried in similar cases, sometimes successfully. We drove back in a convoy. Nobody said a word in my car, each of us busy with his own thoughts. I was wondering what time I would get to bed, and whether the job was worth a commendation. The others were inscrutable and I could only guess at their thoughts.

What an odd way to earn a living! I had as much in common with Smith in the way of birth and upbringing as with any of my colleagues. He probably worked as hard, loved his wife as much, and was as proud of his children as I was. He had the same hopes and fears as me. Cancer or thrombosis could single him out equally well. God loved him as much, and his children looked to him for security in the same way that mine looked to me. He had blown the lock off a safe and stolen some money the previous day, I had travelled on a bus without paying my fare the previous week. He was going to be locked away from love and warmth for several years. I was going home to my wife and would go on going home to my wife. And the real villains, those who were treacherous and viscious, mean and hypocritical, who climbed that bloody ladder of opportunity, treading on a few heads and singing hymns as they went, they were respected and honoured! They were not pulled out of bed at midnight by one of their own kind, and taken off with scarcely time to say goodbye to the kids. But they did not use explosive to get what they wanted, their methods were more subtle, more frightening. Frightening because they had approval from all levels of society, from the workman to the brother entrepreneur. Exploit a man for forty years, give him a gold watch at the end of it, and everything is okay. Even he thinks it is. What a damned rotten system. And here was I helping to perpetuate it.

We eased our way into the station yard. Suddenly I felt very tired. My identification with Smith was virtually complete, and I almost expected to be fingerprinted, charged, and stuck in a cell with him. We're all guilty, I thought melodramatically, as we stood in the charge room blinking in the harsh light.

Len took charge, smoothly and efficiently. Smithy was whipped upstairs to be questioned by the two sergeants, while I was left with the Aids and the other two prisoners to go through the preliminaries to charging. Jim disappeared in search of tea. An hour later Len came back with Smith and a written statement of admission. He hadn't been a difficult nut to crack, seeing the evidence that incontrovertibly linked the other two to the breaking, he fell easily for the "You can't let them take the rap on their own" line. They in turn put it in writing when they saw his confession, and, solidarity re-established, stood in a line while the duty officer read the charge over to them. A few more routine tasks and we had done. To my pleasure, I learned that I would not be needed at court that morning. Len would give brief evidence of arrest and get them remanded in custody, and the full evidence could be given on the remand hearing when they would be committed for trial. The 100 pounds or so from the safe had gone, of course. None of the prisoners had more than a few pounds on them, and their statements did not include any mention of the money, only the National Insurance cards. Perhaps the money had never been stolen in the first place? We would never know.

Sitting in the back of the Hillman going over Waterloo bridge on my way home, I watched the office cleaners straggling towards the Strand and a morning's work. They worked and lived harder than me; several hours scrubbing-out and then back to Walworth to get the breakfast, more

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housework, dinner for the kids home from school, an afternoon's shopping or mending, and an evening's telly or bingo. No wonder they looked old at forty. What would I look like in middle age? A beer-complexion and a pot-belly, probably. A sort of cadaverous non-humorous Falstaff. If I lasted that long, that is. The ulcer/suicide/angina rate is high in the C.I.D., and if you dodge all that you're liable to find yourself in the Old Bailey. Thieves catching thieves. Jonathan Wilde, the archetype of the crooked detective.

Scotland Yard stood on the other side of the river, overshadowed by the Air Ministry on the one side and the House on the other. Lights were still on on the fourth floor, where I had spent two miserable years doing a desk job in the records office. This was better than that! Calling yourself a detective and doing a clerk's job was cheating, like being a cook in the commandos. I'd been darned glad to get out of there. Wouldn't mind a job on the Fraud Squad or in Central, though. Short hours and full allowances. Perhaps I'd end up as a Superintendent in Central. Picture in the paper with a sergeant carrying my bag, catching a train to some provincial town to investigate Axe Horror or New Child Murder. Perhaps not, though. More likely a liverish second-class sergeant at West End Central, with the prospect of managing a suburban pub or becoming a security officer on retirement, or rather when I had screwed up enough courage to retire. And it takes courage to come out from under the umbrella of security the job provides, to face the realities of living in a capitalist society. The feeling of warmth and security which the paternalism of the police service provides, works against self-respect and self-confidence, and is in the long run almost completely destructive.

Stopped at the lights at Camberwell Green; a young P.C. rather shyly acknowledged us. Neat uniform, chinstrap unchewed, chest innocent of medal ribbons, he looked about sixteen. I wondered if he was disillusioned yet. Could he see the shading between black and white? If he met me when I was wearing a C.N.D. badge would I be a bastard (one of them) or a decent bloke (one of us)? Could he conceive of a fellow policeman belonging to a pacifist organization? I thought not. And he's about typical. Perhaps he's one of the rapid-promotion types. Stay in the uniform branch, inspector at twenty-seven, Ryton College, chief at thirty, and superintendent at thirty-five. I'll see him one Armistice Day, wearing a Hornblower-type cocked hat and riding a horse up Whitehall. He's probably a Roman Catholic or Freemason, or whatever the fashionable promotion club is (Paddy, the local detective sergeant, was sufficiently ambitious to be both at once). This is what I should have done, instead of going for the C.I.D. Just wandered around a beat for eight hours a day, sat a few stupid exams, and been a chief in the time it was going to take me to be a D.S. The next best thing to not being a copper at all.

Pulling up outside the block of flats I lived in, I felt stiff and heavy-eyed. It was a beautiful morning, but I had no eyes for the late roses in my neighbour's garden, and the bird song only made me think that it would be difficult to get to sleep for the racket. I walked up the steps to a warm bed, six hours sleep, and another seven years of it. (Robert Bradley...first pub. in New Left Review. Thanks.)