

An  
Anarcho-Feminist Magazine  
Issue No. 4.

ANARCHA  
FEMINIST



30p

Since we started having Hysteria/Anarcha-feminist meetings many wimmen have come along and enjoyed themselves. When putting our magazine together we talk about any issues and ideas that are relevant at the time.

Just lately we've been talking about the women's centre. Some women said they felt it didn't have much to offer. There's nothing going on. That there was a lack of energy.

It's hardly ever open. And when it is, it seems that some of the women working there almost intentionally alienate those calling in. The 'Right-on' hierarchy control the works. It's as if you need a certain defined knowledge of feminism before you are accepted as part of the 'W.L.M.' in Bristol, whatever that means.

But just look at the women's centre. A small shabby brick building in an area earmarked for development. Without electricity for the last two months, because the business next door closed down and switched off the extension. The council are willing to supply electricity but expect women to raise approximately £500 to have the building rewired as it's so old and dangerous.

Why bother? Do the council really care that Bristol doesn't have a good women's centre where there could be a cafe, large meeting room, disco room, creche, library etc.

I thought women's liberation was about organising ourselves and fighting for what we want without the State financing and controlling us !!

## HELGA COMMENTS

HEY ITS AN  
ANARCHO-FEMINIST  
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OR 48810.

OR write to 'HYSTERIA!'

Hysteria - written and  
produced by wimmin from  
Bristol: - Karl Amity, Petra Ty  
Brickette de Ville, Helga Heckle  
Kim Ann Other, Roadrunner  
Kitty, Mrs. Harrison + Penny, Mo.

We want to encourage ♀ to  
write, produce, draw and print  
their own material. Please send  
any contributions, pics, photos,  
letters, articles etc. to us, or  
better still produce your own  
magazine. There's not enough  
anarcho-feminist stuff around.  
Contact us soon!

Hysteria:  
c/o Box 7, Full Marks Bookshop  
110, Cheltenham Rd,  
Stokes Croft, Bristol

Distributed By -

Drowned Rat Collective  
Box 010 (same address)

We are 2 members of the Bristol Women's Disco Collective and every other Thursday we do a women's disco at the Rockpile in town. At a recent disco this graffiti appeared - "you don't have to be a lesbian to be a woman - don't let women fall into the separatist lesbian ghetto..." It was signed ♀ which is why we decided to write this and put it in HYSTERIA as the writer didn't even have the guts to sign her name and this is the only way we can be sure of letting her know how angry we are. We hope that it was just one ♀ letting off some personal feelings and not representative of all anarcho-feminists as we have to put up with enough shit as it is. Also, this is not an attack on HYSTERIA which has been supportive of women-only space in the past, nor is it a slag-off of anarcho-feminism in general. Firstly we have to assume from the tone of the graffiti that the writer is either heterosexual, bisexual or a woman who thinks she's a lesbian because she's slept with her best friend and talked about menstrual taboos, but who has not grown up or lived as a lesbian and suffered all the oppression that it entails. We make this assumption simply because the tone of the graffiti shows a complete lack of understanding of what it's like to be a lesbian in this society. What's more, it's really distressing that someone with supposedly liberated politics can display such obvious anti-lesbianism.

We expect attacks at the disco from men who have heard about the "lezzies" and who fancy abit of agro. Fortunately, we have not had any so far, altho' this is not always the case at women's discos or indeed in our lives. Our very existence is a challenge to male power which makes physical violence always a possibility.

Instead the first attack is more subtle & worse, and attacks our right to our sexuality. We continually suffer verbal & physical abuse, we lose custody of our children, we are imprisoned in mental hospitals, we are murdered, we are rejected by our families, friends and our old communities - what you wrote is just more of what we already suffer and it makes us sick that it has come from a so-called ally.

The separatist lesbian "ghetto" exists because its the only space where we can be together to escape from the oppression we face everywhere, to be ourselves. We have no choice to be in this "ghetto" which a) we see mainly as us just being with our friends anyway, and b) everyone is living in a bloody "ghetto" - its just that yours takes up the biggest space.

We have no choice but to leave our small towns and villages and come to the city and form this "ghetto"; our only strength is to be together. All the oppressed people in this world need their own space which you slag off and dismiss from a privileged position of heterosexual power. Your criticism puts you on a par with the State which forbids us all expression of our sexuality. You both force us into our "ghetto"; it is strange and hypocritical that someone who wants to change this oppressive State should appear to support it on this issue.

Furthermore, you imply that we are not real, that we're invisible, worthless and incapable of doing anything in this "ghetto" but sleeping around, that we ignore the shit that goes on in society. Let us tell you that this is a bloody arrogant insult.

On the disco collective itself we work hard to provide a women-only space at these discos - a service you readily use. We also provide a service whereby women can organise a benefit for any women's group and future benefits will include one for this magazine. You don't by any means have a monopoly on political awareness or activity and in this respect we found your graffiti patronising. All we can say is, look behind any outright challenge to male power and you'll probably discover a little bunch of dykes running their arses off organising it.

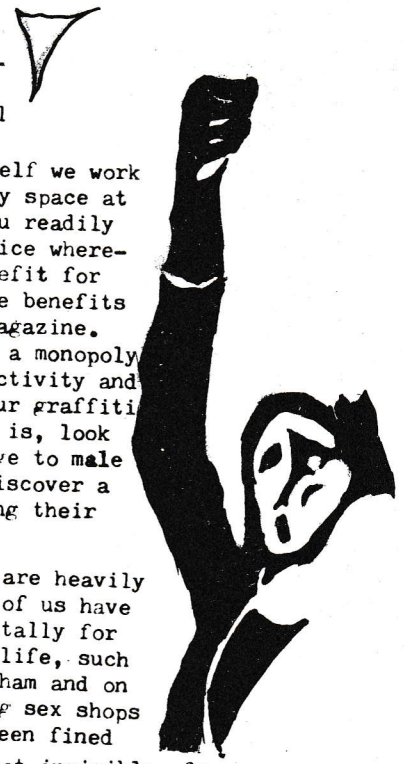
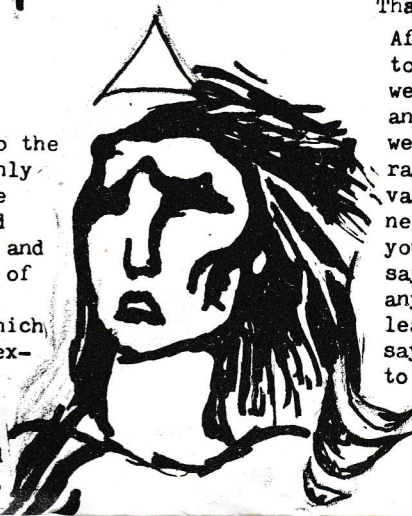
Many lesbians organise and are heavily involved in politics. Many of us have suffered physically and mentally for our beliefs and our way of life, such as being beaten up at Greenham and on other demos, like sabotaging sex shops or beauty contests. We've been fined and imprisoned.

We are not invisible. Our very lifestyle is more of a threat to this male-dominated and heterosexual society than any heterosexual anarcho-feminist living with her right-on boyfriend will ever be. We just hope that you realise that what you wrote to us was an incredibly insulting put-down and in our bloody space. Who the hell do you think you are? All we have is 6 hours to ourselves every 2 weeks and yet you feel free to come in and leave your insults all over the place. If you dislike it so much stay away, because contrary to anything you may have heard, we don't want every woman to become a lesbian. There is alot of women on this planet that we don't need or want on our side thank-you. No-body is asking you to be anything but yourself sister, so please show us some respect in return, eh?

Also, your words "... don't let women fall..." stink of all the old warnings against hairy lesbians who lurk in corners waiting to entice young women into all sorts of perverted practices and can only confirm in the minds of other women who use the Rockpile the hideous stereotypes we are fighting. Thanks a bloody bunch.

After taking all the time and effort to get this letter together, we hope we've got across to you the hurt and anger we feel. We hasten to add that we were not the only ones to feel outraged at what you thought of us. We value and need our space and we don't need women like you. In future, if you have anything to tell us, come & say it to our faces. If you feel anything so strongly you should at least have the guts to stand up and say it to the people you're so ready to despise.

Judy Kirk  
Kym Martindale  
and alot of other angry lesbians.





At a meeting the other day, a woman said how shocked she was on hearing some wimmen she knew, talking about killing men or at least causing them severe physical disability(!) This struck home. I began to think about the times I'd advocated such things "...we could always chop a mans head off and use it as a ball", or "cut his legs off and he won't be so cosky" or "the only good man is a dead one". -frightening talk for someone supposedly maintaining a non-violent philosophy. Then I began to think why I, and so many wimmen I know do this, and the answer that I found was frustration! The frustration that comes from days of "Hello darling" or "Get a load of that" or "What's a nice girl like you..." Days of kerb crawlers and gropers, physical and mental sexual harassment from complete strangers; Day years of "You can't do that you're a girl", "You've got to do this"; of talking and talking to women who don't understand and men who won't; of trying to get through to people who are so blinkered that they can't see the gun they're pointing at their own heads; of slamming time and time again up against the brick wall of patriarchy that surrounds all we do and try to do, then

the frustration turns to talk of violence (and let's face it, ours is only talk, unlike the death and misery that is handed out by the patriarchs) because without it we may just go quietly mad.

Aidy.



Penis envy?!  
 You've got to be joking  
 What makes you think  
 we want one of those?  
 You're obsessed with  
 your pricks. That's as  
 far as some of you  
 can think.



© Burnett

Lesbian was a word never heard in my stagnant small town home. Didn't even realize they could exist. Gay yes but that was something boys got up to in the one shadowy night club allotted to "those people".

Not until i reached the bright lights of the more liberal city where things subversive lived and breathed. That vague longings so long locked in the darkness of my heart leapt into being and cried with joy at being alone no longer. Many Alternatives.

To sleep with another ♀. After years of boring, groping, frustrating, fucking. Years of feeling cheated, abnormal, not coming. Years of the pill, durex, the cap, worry, an abortion, shame, fear, more worry.

Years of don't worry its me, i just don't come - crumbs of comfort, neither did my friend.

Would i? Could i? should i? with another ♀.

How did i ask, what did i say, how would i know.

To be equal in bed, share responsibility, different games?

Could i, would i cope?

C  
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i met her at a party. She knew. i knew. We went to bed. we talked, we cuddled, we laughed. We made love. i enjoyed it. It was better. It was different. But time and distance were against us it didn't last.

Following years i remained confused with new found sexuality. Yet still sleeping with men. Did it matter?

Was i just a trendy bisexual, a traitor sleeping with the enemy. Wanting the best of both worlds. Not wanting to lose my heterosexual priviledges.

Was i just me? Or an anarchist? Treating all people as people and sleeping with those i fancied.

Lots of people think bisexuals get the best of both worlds. i often just got the shit from both ends.

Thinking, debating, choosing. Is a choice necessary. can i just drift on in confusion.

Am i confused or just misunderstood. Filled with a need to share to talk. But its not enough. Something lacking.

Am i missing something. People assume so much of me. i assume so much of myself. My past, my conditioning.

Another ♀ i fall in love. Waking up in the morning to see her lying there. Her brown eyes smiling back into mine. Her body, my body, the same body. It made me catch my breath her beauty. It was a strange overwhelming experience that sameness, that closeness, that awareness.

Still not sure. What does it take to convince me? what am i scared of?

Scared of the pressure from both ends. So much of the heterosexual world denies, scorns, fears my existence. Constant struggles for recognition for acceptance.

Yet there is a pressure from seperatism to deny my feelings about men.

Seperatism is necessary practically and for emotional support for many ♀. i support them in their choice of lifestyle - yet its not for me.

Stumbling in the dark. Caught between two worlds. i am making a choice.

Maybe its just that simple. Perhaps i'm just that simple. Perhaps i'm just jammed in my own personal closet and all i need to do is lift the latch.

Its not that i want to carve out a space and stay there. i feel too restless. i am caught in a bundle of contradictions.

By attempting my escape. i have to face my fears, my conditioning, my sexuality.

There is much to learn.



BRICKETTE DEVILLE



# THE MASK OF ..... ANARCHO-FEMINISM

The mask that you wear. Blad, punk, anarchist, feminist, trendy, lefty. We are all brought up to wear the mask of submission. We have no choice but to uproot and demand a new role of ourselves. Alone we steal back the night in ourselves and others. Gently removing the facade, awkwardly learning new steps in the social dance. Outside of the rat race we prowl in the darkness gaining new energies, new visions. We build in pain and happiness. The emphasis is on the building, destroying is part of it, but far easier and often it is easier to consume ourselves in destruction.

I spent most of my life caught up in other people's dreams. As I detach myself from the real world I become neither your reactionary nor revolutionary concept. Fuck off out of my dreams, I've had enough of fitting in.

Detachment first occurs like a tumultuous sound, a cannon bursts into the world like a new birth, anger asserts itself blood curdling and violent, nothing seems to stop its adrenaline rush. Deeper than that fucking sulphate in your veins. It just cannot hide behind anything; it seeks a target fresh and ready for the killing, but it is squashed, it must be squashed, as it has no reason beyond its own reason. The buzz inside the fly that continues to circle the closed room. It buries itself inside the skin like a flea, sucking the blood. You become your own parasite. The victim of your own anger. Your own image sucks on you, blad, punk, anarchist, feminist, lefty, trendy. And when you are there, feeling so right on, hopefully you'll be just open enough to hear a few words from those who do not feel so right on. Words perhaps full of ignorance, for your cultured ears, but that will bring you down to earth a bit more.

"O.K. Mother..whore...sister..daughter..girlfriend:  
Jealous?insecure? Depressed? Pre-menstrual Tension?  
Try "New Feminist" the underarm non-deoderant!  
"Bored? Lifeless? Apathetic?  
Have YOU tried the mask of anarchy?"

Detachment goes full swing to stop the city.... easy to hide behind banners, chant to the police how much you hate them out there. Stop yourself, take time. Don't consume it too much, stop the city is out there. It won't consume you pain away. It is useful, it is outward, it is another mask through which we tell the system we're not playing their game, a way of airing our frustrations in public. But stopping the city should be a daily event in yourself and others. Take time for people...

The world isn't your oyster. Fear of rape....fear of fear... Fear in another's pain and in your pain. Too hard. Here is your dope, speed alcohol. Joke in pure sensation. You're like rubber, like bubblegum chewed into a plastic pulp. Float above normality...so easy when you're not straight with your banners, your junk and your clothes. But it makes no difference when you're in bed. HERE WE GO, HERE WE GO, HERE WE GO....Big, big world full of plastic toys and you all can't wait to play. You've been brought up for the stage of society; swing your hips, make up please! smile! Hey baby! You've got to perform for someone! In control of the audience, are you equal, above or below? Don't you know we can all see behind the banners & the badges and the clothes? May I remind you that bravery awards will not be handed out at stop the city?....In the meantime in the dark streets I steal back the night, I hear the echo of my footsteps behind me, the man crosses the road changing his direction ....it's O.K. , I'm safe, I slow down, then I feel angry why did he not cross the road before? Why was he so insensitive of my fears? His mask as a man, the mask of my fear. Rape the most common form of assault in the mind and in reality. The facts are there, everyday, ultimate symbol of my Chains. (CONTINUED)



ANARCHO-FEMINISM  
"It's all about questioning yourself, not just others."



LESBIAN IN THE HETEROSEXUAL WORLD  
HETEROSEXUAL IN THE LESBIAN WORLD  
WHO & WHAT AM I?!!!!



The first burst of the chains has deafened us a little, and now a calm follows. As we break through the membrane of sound we discover the ocean and the abyss. I'm not playing your game but here you are still trying to suck me into your mask. Can you see beyond it? Beyond men and women? Beyond expectations? Beyond love ever after? Beyond the victim? Can you see why I wear this feminist mask? I'm just wanting to tell you it's a front to say I'm not really playing the game. It's a front to make women recognise their worth, I've seen too many women beaten up and raped, too many women not fulfilling their lives because they've never even had a hint of freedom in the first place, I've seen too many women die of backstreet abortions. Too many women given valium. "Your room is a mess you're a slut" "Haven't you got a boyfriend yet?" "she was asking for it." "Another dumb blonde" "Doesn't your boyfriend mind you hitching on your own?". And it's from the women that I'm asking the most for far too long they've accepted half measures, sucked themselves in, its about time we exploded, ripped up those magazines, defaced the pictures on the bill boards, shouted back at men on building sites. Let them know who and what you really are. Love yourself, I've seen too many women sticking fingers down their throats in punishment for the food they've eaten. Too many women on self obsessed diets, learning to care for themselves in a perverse way. Too many women crying for the children they might of had or not had. Too many women that shape their bodies in bondage, whose sexuality is based on the size of their hips. I'll remove this mask only when I'll see more freedom & laughter in their eyes, when their faces betray youthfulness rather than age. And I'll wear this feminist mask even though you may dismiss me, even though you may make pre-assumptions about me and who I am, what I do. And don't be surprised if I fail your discription, because my feminism has no rules except for my wish to live my life to the full. It is this fire in my life, in every woman's life that will eventually burn down the porn shops & the dealers in death. Learning to love in equality, not master or slave, not for possession or safety. They drop bombs on us don't they? They shoot people don't they? They're not toys boys  
 I ain't your toy boy  
 Choose another playmate  
 Welcome to the real world where we all learn to say no. We're stealing back the night and soon we'll reclaim our humanity, masters and mastered humiliate. Stop the power games. Free the hand that holds you down, recognise your own potential.  
 BECAUSE IF YOU REALLY LOOK AROUND YOU THE PEOPLE ARE STILL SO SAD.

OR, IF OTHER WOMEN  
 DO NOT RECLAIM THEIR  
 LIVES NONE OF US  
 SHALL BE FREE



TODAY, I'VE  
 THROWN UP TWICE,  
 SHAVED ME LEGS  
 & ARMPITS, PLUCKED  
 MY EYEBROWS,  
 SQUEEZED A FEW  
 SPOTS ... BOY I  
 WISH THIS PRINKE  
 WOULD HURRY UP  
 ... LIFE IS DEAD  
 BORING, DON'T  
 KNOW IF I CAN  
 KEEP THIS UP FOR  
 LONG ... MAYBE  
 FASHION WILL  
 GO SCRUFFY NEXT

~ Ann Other ~



white ruling class man poses a certain dilemma for the press: do you play up the "dirt" and thereby cast our rulers in a rather grim light — or whitewash the brutality, seek around for excuses, and thereby lose the "juicy" bits of the story?

Of course, our resourceful press will find a way out: *blame the victim*.

Michael Telling, second cousin of multi-millionaire and tax evader Lord Vestey, shot his wife Monika and kept her body rotting in his sauna for 5 months before chopping off her head and dumping the headless corpse in a wood.

But this bizarre sickening behaviour is not the "dirt" in this case. The eye-catching headlines and banners on newstands all concern the shocking revelation that *Monika slept with women!* Oh, horror, it's enough to drive any decent man to murder and mutilation!

The treatment of Monika at Exeter Crown Court is in its way more revolting than what happened to her decaying body in Telling's sauna. The defence's case, lasciviously repeated by the press, would seem to be an argument for bringing back the death penalty for the "crime" of lesbianism. If it were Saudi Arabia or Iran, there'd be cries of "barbarism", "uncivilised savages". But this is the British ruling class defending their own — so it must be OK.

Of course, it's not unusual for women to be blamed for getting themselves raped, mutilated or murdered. Whether they receive sympathy or scorn will depend on the status (and race) of their attacker and whether she is an "innocent" woman (innocent of challenging male supremacy, that is). What has wound up the press to such fever pitch in this case is that Telling has such rich and powerful connections and his wife was the lowest category of "bad" women (at least prostitutes give

men what they want — Monika had the gall not only to sleep with women — but to jeer at her husband's sexual incompetence).

A ghoulishly ironic aspect of this case is that newspaper headlines avow he "idolised his wife". For a week after the murder he kept her body in the house and visited to kiss it. Shades of a tragic Othello are evoked — the poor man loving "not wisely but too well" a faithless gold-digging dyke. Who could blame him?

Insofar as it has not been established that the man is completely deranged (which actually seems likely given the weirdo treatment of her dead body — but the defence have not tried to pursue that line of argument) then he is to blame. It is often used as a defence of wife-battersers that they love/dote on their victims. The idea is that "normal", not overtly violent men will identify with him: "It could have been me. My wife winds me up like that. Underneath he really loves her." Which is tantamount to saying never mind the damage, never mind her feelings, ignore the fact that women might not choose to accept brutalisation as an act of "love".

Women don't count. Women are **not** there to judge a man's guilt.

There's one further twist in this tale of woman blaming. Blame the mother. Just as Yorkshire Ripper Peter Sutcliff's, wife was said to have driven him to massacre women in Leeds, Telling's mother is wheeled on to take her share of responsibility for his crime. Telling was "a young man deprived of love and affection". As well as having to put up with a violent alcoholic husband, she is expected to take on the guilt of having made her son a murderer!

Which only goes to show if you're a woman, whatever you have to suffer, in the end you're always in the wrong. And you may have to pay with your life.

If Monika Telling's sexual behaviour is accepted as a justification for her murder, then what we face is licence for men to attack, and even kill women because they are lesbians. Monika's crime was to refuse to be sexually available (or impressed) for her husband. Any woman could face the same "punishment".

# Rape trial nears end

By Don Pearn

MR Justice Hobhouse was summing up today in the trial at Bristol Crown court in which two men are accused of raping a 19-year-old.

Neither of the men gave evidence for their defence when the hearing resumed yesterday.

The defendants, aged 24 and 23, deny a joint charge of rape. They admit they each had sexual intercourse twice, but with the girl's consent.

The alleged offence occurred in a basement flat in St Paul's where the 23-year-old man lived.

He and his companion picked up the girl in the early hours after she had been to the Dug Out Club in Park Row and offered her a lift home.

But they drove to the flat instead and once inside they forced her to take off her clothes, she said. The men also got undressed.

The girl, who lives in Knowle West, said she was raped three or four times by each of the accused.

In his final address to the jury Mr Colin Willis, prosecuting, said the 23-

year-old defendant first told police he had nothing to do with the girl and had not even been in the car. "If she had consented to what happened, why did he tell lies?" Mr Willis asked.

The evidence, he added, pointed to the girl having been raped first by the 24-year-old.

On behalf of the younger defendant, Mr John Royce said it would be dangerous to convict on the girl's evidence alone. "Experience has shown that allegations of

this sort are easy to make but difficult to disprove."

There were no signs of scratches or bruises on the girl. Medical evidence was consistent with her having had sexual intercourse on a number of occasions with her consent.

The men later drove her to a spot near her home. This was not the action of rapists, Mr Royce suggested.

Mrs Barbara Mills, for the elder man, said when first seen by police his reply was: "Not Guilty." This was the verdict she asked the jury to return.

The trial goes on.

↓ look at any write up of a rape offence and you can be pretty sure that'll be the woman who's on trial. She's the guilty one, guilty of "contributory negligence", guilty of wearing revealing clothing, guilty of leading a man on. Either that or she simply won't be believed — "dangerous to convict on the girl's evidence alone" this wanker of a judge says. In effect this means that the rapist is the more reliable witness. How can this be?! Can we when a man is mugged or robbed do we disbelieve him and cross examine him? Do we accept the thief's explanation and let them go. The really horrifying thing though is that we're so accustomed to "blaming the woman" that we don't even recognise it when we read it.



# Macho Man










Listen Mr. Macho Man!  
 What makes you think you're so cool?  
 Biceps bulging, chest hair profuse  
 Do you really expect us to drool?  
 You think you're a goer,  
 A man of steel, a pillar  
 OF strength and power.  
 Who are you kidding  
 Not us but yourself, with your  
 Wolf-whistles and come-on looks,  
 Your beeping horns and 'right darlings'  
 Your 'give-us-a-smile-loves'  
 And shes-a-bit-of-alrights  
 Who do you think you can trap  
 with this game

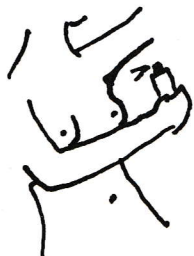
We know what you're like  
 It's always the same.  
 Besides what have you got to offer?  
 You're wasting your time  
 You don't flatter but mock.  
 You're only fooling yourself.  
 All you're after's a grope and a fuck,  
 If you try it on with me mister  
 You're out of luck!

Through years of rape  
 assault and battery

Women have learnt your tricks.  
 So just swallow your ego  
 And your all-male image  
 We know what you're about  
 Macho men are all pricks!!

retire  
 PJ

<p>What causes rape?          Quite simply...</p> 	<p>you do. The women          I can prove it          scientifically.          Take a look at          these statistics.</p> 	<p>In only 2% of          cases reported to          us was the rapist          found guilty in          court.</p> 
<p>...Just goes to show          you that women's          stories, like those          of small boys, are          not to be trusted.</p> 	<p>In only 1% of these          cases was the          victim killed,          maimed or mutilated.</p> 	<p>Clear evidence that          the victims do not          fight, probably          having wanted it          all along.</p> 
<p>So what can you do          about it? Don't go          out without a man.          Be decent in the          way you dress Don't          do anything to draw          attention to yourself...</p> 	<p>We need a return          to the PURE IDEAL          of womanhood! An          innocent woman          honoured &amp; respected          in her own home!</p> 	<p>Also you need to          be pretty stupid          to believe this          rubbish.</p>  <p>Kitty</p>



MIRROR IN THE BATHROOM



She couldn't first remember when it began. It crept slowly sickeningly upon her. Slow changes. So slow yet sure. Irrevocable changes. She could do nothing to halt them.

What came first? The hair. Menacingly, embarrassingly, sprouting out of her body. Dark, strong hair appearing under her arms. Itchy pubic hair she peered at everytime she went to the toilet. Willing it away. Soft dark hair spreading down her legs and across her belly. A living nightmare that was her body. No it wasn't supposed to happen this way. Girls in magazines had smooth brown even bodies.

Standing in front of the mirror. All wrong she was all wrong. Flabby much to flabby. Must diet. Shave yes shave but that made her skin angry, red and lumpy. Why her? Why was she born so imperfect. Why couldn't she just have smooth tanned skin. The other girls at school didn't have cuts in their legs where the razor slipped. Can't be normal then.

Hate those legs that looked so neat, so neat in the tights that hid the cuts and stubble. Hide, hide away the ugly truth. Pretend you're normal.

Normal can't be not with all these spots. Get out the cleansing lotion, face mask - promises of clear complexions. Wash thoroughly every day, twice a day it said in the magazine. Locked in the bathroom viciously squeezing blackheads. Emerge angry, ugly with a blotchy red face.

Mirror mirror on the wall - can't you lie to me just a little bit. Cover up, make up, yes smooth out those ugly imperfections. He might want to kiss her. Shit have to look good at close quarters. Might be dark. Good luck better when it's not so bright, stay away from lights. Make ups on, body scrapped of excess hair, put on best clothes. Hide the flabby bits, disguise my shape looking almost normal now.

Almost ready to go. No this can't be true - periods started. Shit bad news. Always bleed so heavily. Seems like pints of blood seeping out. Went to the doctor. He said it wasn't normal. Gave out some little white pills. Where are they? Quick swallow a few. Stuff pockerts full of tampax. Better take some bog roll too. Hope the cramps don't start.

Go out. Some gig. He doesn't show up. Gets drunk with her mate. Dance around, hot and sweaty. Girls aren't supposed to sweat, buy more anti-perspirant. Don't want to smell.

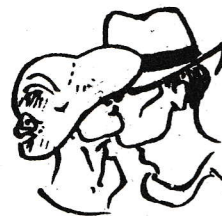
Smudge make up. Will never get the hang of this stuff. Got to go. Missed last bus. Starts bleeding. So heavily she can feel the blood running down her leg, soaking into the jeans. Thank god i'm not wearing a skirt. Panic am i bleeding to death. Run home. Hide the evidence.

Frantically scrubbing the embarrassment out of her jeans. Little sister locked in the bathroom with her, watching horrified, amazed - is it normal? Shaking with fear she rinses the tell-tale signs away.

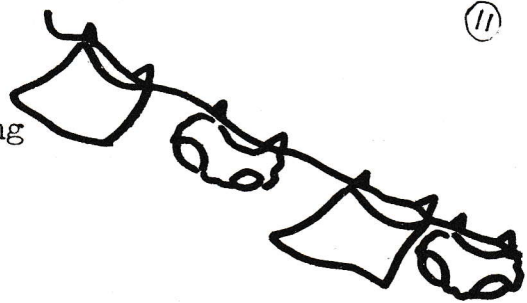
Her mothers voice drifts up the stairs - did you have a good time dear?



BRICKLETTE DEVILLE



Keep Fit



Cleaning, cooking, cleaning, cooking  
Washing nappies, washing clothes,  
Making beds and making cakes.  
Kids and school, three meals a day  
Day after day, day after day.  
Dentist appointments and vaccinations,  
School reports and the P.T.A.  
Baby sick and baby shit.

Clinics: Ante/Post Natal & Family Planning  
Pills and smears, pills and smears.

Periods, headaches and too much bleeding,  
Period pains and visits to the doctor,  
I said; 'Think I'm anaemic'  
He gave me iron tablets

I said; I'm 32 and worn out  
Had a miscarriage, 3 kids  
And an abortion.

I said; Don't want no more  
Pregnancies

He advises a sterilization with a "two year  
waiting list and lots of complications"

I said; I get really tired, washed out , exhausted,  
That the baby doesn't sleep ~~at~~ nights  
And his crying's driving me crazy.

He told me to 'rest '

I said; I'm on the bottle,  
Feel like a nervous wreck.

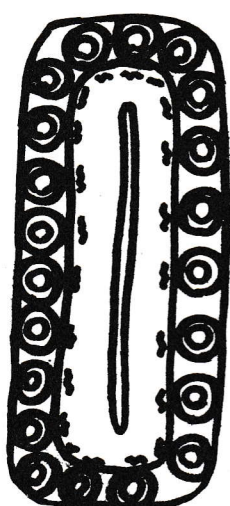
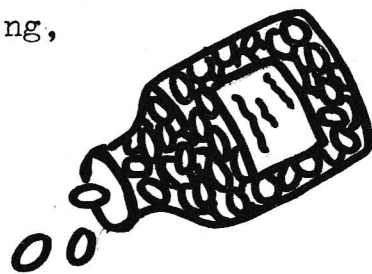
He gave me some valium.

I said; my husband's violent.

He suggested a marriage guidance councillor.

I said; I can't stand it in the house no more!

He said: All women are neurotic.



I'm a housewife, just a housewife.

A woman's role in life.

I come in very useful as a doormat and a baby-machine,  
I get walked all over and fucked.

Love and marriage, love and marriage

Look where that bullshit got me!

I've had enough, can't stand no more

I say: To hell with the doctor, and his endless prescriptions

To hell with marriage, to a house and a husband

To hell with kids and contraception

I am a woman, and I want some respect.

I am a woman, and I got my dreams.

I am a woman, gonna grab my Freedom.

I am a woman, Gonna Live, Live, Live!



Peter  
7/5

INFIDELITY

So - in this world I have promised nothing to anyone  
born into it with a fistfull of threats  
cowardice gradually crept up on me till I was  
running scared  
running scared in Wandsworth where awareness dawned  
with grey and orange skies over the tower blocks and  
flats and smells.

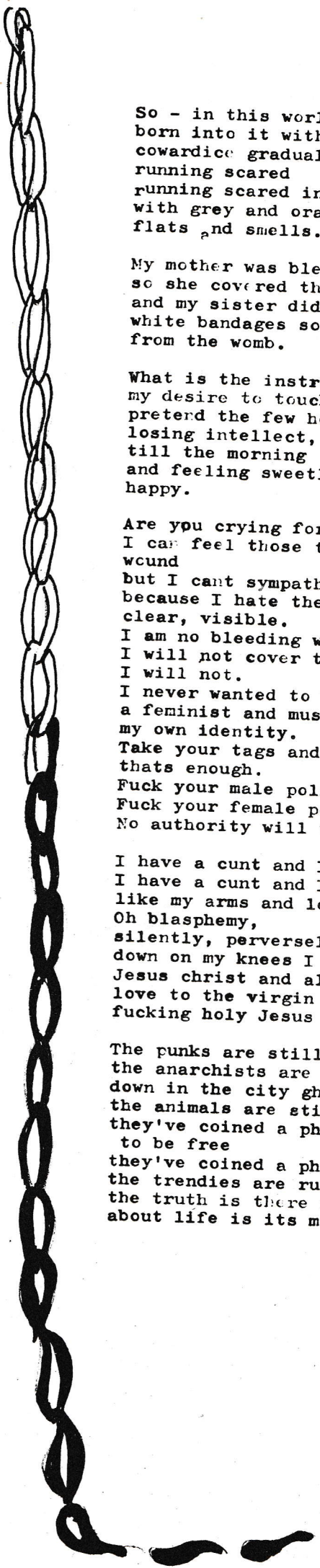
My mother was bleeding  
so she covered the wound with a bandage  
and my sister did the same and I did the same  
white bandages soaking up the blood from the wound  
from the womb.

What is the instrument of my desire, my desire,  
my desire to touch, to hold, hold tight and  
pretend the few hours are a few days and to drown  
losing intellect, letting honest passion take over  
till the morning  
and feeling sweetly, purely, and not so innocently  
happy.

Are you crying for me mother ?  
I can feel those tears bleeding from the same  
wound  
but I cant sympathise and will have to reject you  
because I hate the stain of that blood its too  
clear, visible.  
I am no bleeding woman  
I will not cover this earth with my red tears,  
I will not.  
I never wanted to be a woman, I never wanted to be  
a feminist and must reject totally any denial of  
my own identity.  
Take your tags and labels and badges I am I and  
thats enough.  
Fuck your male politics,  
Fuck your female politics,  
No authority will tell me how to act.

I have a cunt and I am violent  
I have a cunt and I will use it  
like my arms and legs and feet and fingers  
Oh blasphemy,  
silently, perversely, I worship my body  
down on my knees I look at the moon and curse  
Jesus christ and all the gods and think of making  
love to the virgin Mary, or any virgin,  
fucking holy Jesus on his holy cross.

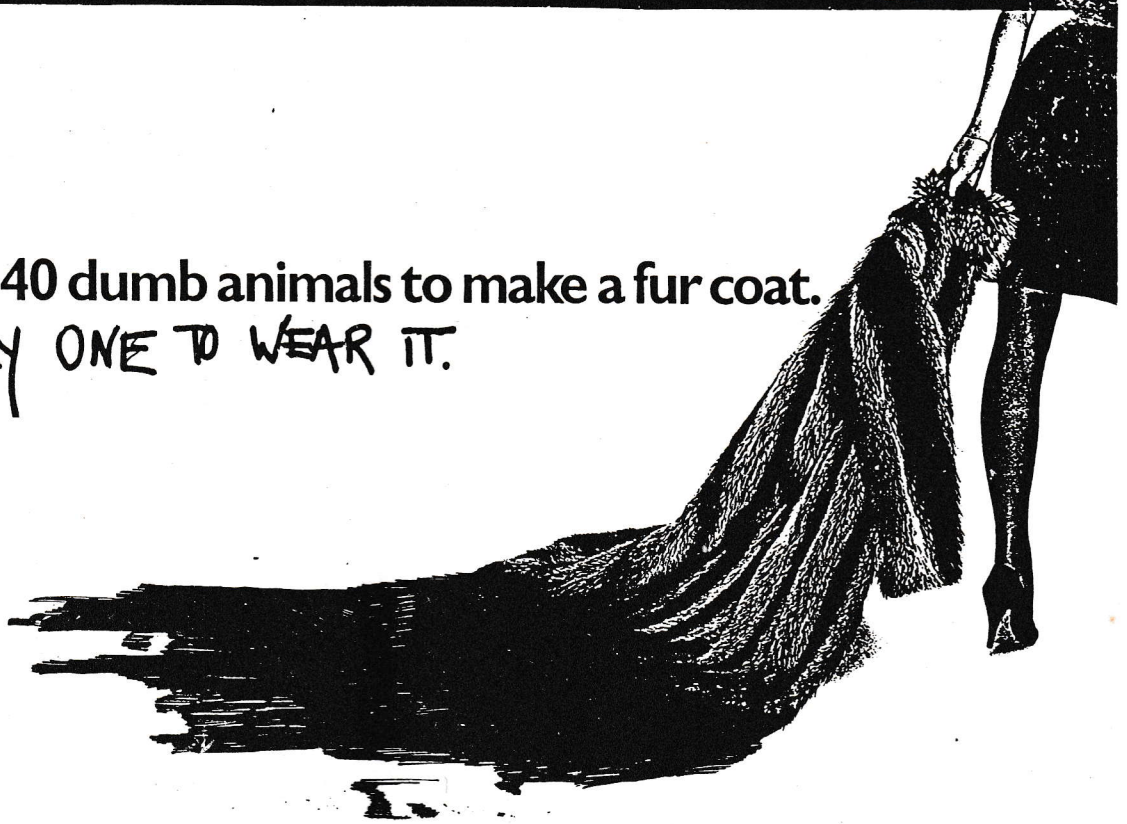
The punks are still running,  
the anarchists are having their tea party  
down in the city ghetto the blads are thinking  
the animals are still trapped,  
they've coined a phrase for woman who only want  
to be free  
they've coined a phrase for wankers  
the trendies are running out of gimmicks  
the truth is there is no truth and the sad thing  
about life is its mostly dead or dying.



# ALTERNATIVE ADS HEY?

It takes up to 40 dumb animals to make a fur coat.

**BUT ONLY ONE TO WEAR IT.**



If you don't want animals to be gassed, electrocuted, trapped or strangled, don't buy a fur coat.

It takes one dumb photographer to upset the whole of the female population....

"If you don't want women to be raped, maimed, battered or strangled don't use sexist stereotypes in your alternative ads"

How can we really change peoples ideas + attitudes on all issues - racism, animal rights, sexism, housing etc if system shite is used to promote them. Create totally new alternatives

"rich men, not women make gross profits from skinning animals!"  
"mentreat women like animals!"

This poster is aimed at the consumer. The fur coat market is aimed at winning. If women didn't buy them the market would dry up. Stop being Paranoid and using feminism as an excuse. "Fran xxx"

"This advert is short sighted, sexist and stupid"

Fucking David Bailey porno photographer took this picture and gave it to a one issue group who seem to have no thought or consideration of others' oppressions.

Greenpeace - so-called alternative pressure groups, are advertising one form of oppression + at the same time oppressing others ie. women!

# INCEST - a child's secret HELL.

**People prefer to think of incest as rare. But in every fourth family, a girl is sexually abused by a trusted adult. Debbie Taylor uncovers the dangerous truth behind the 'safe' family façade.**

*"I think it started when I was seven or eight, and it kept going until I was 17 or so. So it was always there. My father would get me on his knee and start feeling my breasts. Then it was when I was going to bed. He would come and fondle me in bed. The worst part was the guilt and the feeling of powerlessness. I'd just lie there absolutely petrified. How can you repulse someone you're reliant upon?"*

From *Father Daughter Rape* by Elizabeth Ward

*"I was only five years old, but somehow I realised what my grandfather was doing was wrong. When he heard my mother calling he would hastily draw away his hand and I would run to my mother who would ask "Where were you?" But she would feel relaxed and secure the moment she learnt that I had been with my grandfather in the garden. She used to caution me against going down into the garden alone."*

From *The Hidden Face of Eve* by Nawal El Saadawi

Two little girls: one in Egypt, one in Australia. And one experience: incest. Secrecy, fear, guilt, the experience is the same the world over. And it's a truly world-wide phenomenon. An estimated one in four families is incestuous.

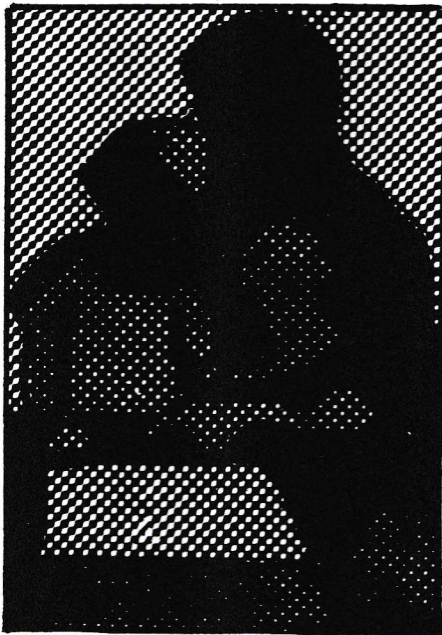
In case you can't believe your eyes, I'll repeat that statistic: one in four. Everywhere studies have been done the evidence is the same. And in the overwhelming majority of cases (80-90 per cent) it is girl-children that are the victims; sexually abused by fathers, uncles, grandfathers, brothers, fathers-in-law, neighbours, family friends.\* In Cairo a survey in 1973 found between 33 and 45 per cent of families contained daughters who had been raped, molested, 'interfered with' by a relative or close family friend. Kinsey's 1953 study in the US found incest in 24 per cent of families. And the figures are similar in the UK and Australia.

Other research shows that the abuse can - and does - begin as soon as the girl-child is born. Two-thirds of Israeli victims were less than ten years old and one in sixteen of victims in an Indian survey were aged between six months and six years. Research from Denver in the US found that half the victims were under ten; and half of those were less than five years of age. Again, it takes a while for statistics like this to sink in. They indicate that as many as one in 16 families may contain a girl toddler being sexually abused by an adult male.

Perhaps, on reading this, you will be tempted to dismiss the evidence as being too shocking to be true. Please don't. One in four families means millions of young girls. And their voices have been ignored for far too long - with terrible consequences.

Two-thirds of anorexic patients (neurotic slimmers who end up trying to starve themselves to death) in a UK study were incest victims, as are a major proportion of young prostitutes in Melbourne, Australia. Investigations into the family lives of

\* Following the *Incest Survivors'* support organisation in the UK, I have used the term incest to include all cases of sexual assault by a trusted adult familiar to the victim.



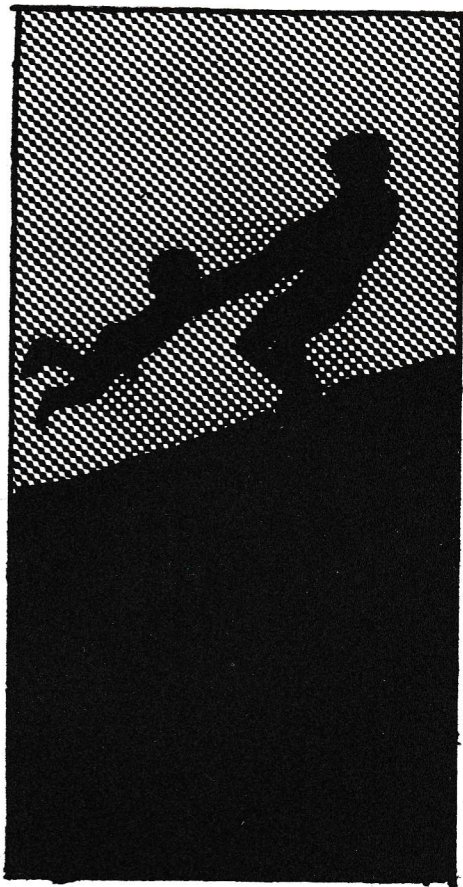
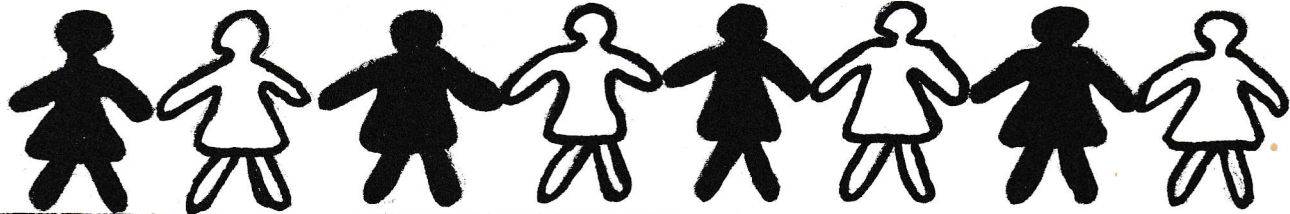
mentally disturbed or delinquent young women find a preponderance with a history of incest. And it is common knowledge among social workers that the 'inexplicable' family murders in the West - where father slaughters wife and children and then commits suicide - are almost invariably due to his shame when incest is discovered.

In the case of the 'delinquent' incest victim, or the girl who goes on the streets to earn a living, it is a question of her having nowhere else to go. With all the usual sources of love and security undermined, the horrors of home are simply intolerable and the only alternative is escape. To suggest - as Freud did - that their secret desire is to have sex with their fathers is to be totally blind to the evidence.

Freud, in fact, has a great deal to answer for. Nearly every one of his female patients - who were suffering from all kinds of



Illustrations: Clive Offley



crippling emotional and psychosomatic symptoms – reported that they had been sexually assaulted as children.

Initially Freud believed them and attempted to stretch his mind to encompass what he called 'this astonishing thing': that a substantial proportion of refined, educated Viennese men were systematically raping their daughters, nieces, granddaughters. But the medical community howled him down and he eventually decided his patients had simply imagined the events, a 'discovery' that he later went on to develop into his now-famous theory of the Oedipus Complex. It was easier for Freud to believe the girls were making it up than to believe in his own evidence, such is the fear of facing incest: the outrageous secret.

For outrage it is. No amount of argument or explanation can, or should, disguise the fact that around 100 million young girls are being raped by adult men, often day after day, week after week, year in year out.

Enough of statistics. We need an explanation. And the experts have been very forthcoming. In a major portion of the literature, mothers are blamed – because they went out to work, or were ill in hospital, or allowed themselves to become fat and unattractive, or were cold and unloving. With no outlets for his sexual impulses, they claim, the father 'naturally' turns to his daughter. Mothers are also blamed for not putting a stop to the incest once it is discovered.

Some theorists point the finger of accu-

sation at the daughter-victims too – because they were pretty, seductive, doted on their father or made themselves available. How could a father resist his little darling? – the argument goes.

Perhaps it is not so surprising that the fathers escape the blame. Research into what kind of man commits incest has been unable to discover any important differences between them and any other men. So a tendency to incest can't be located within a particular type of man. On the contrary, the danger of incest is a logical consequence of a social system that puts an excess of power in male hands – reinforced by a family structure that puts power in the father's hands over his children.

Not that a father should have no power – a powerless parent cannot protect his child as he should. But parental power used correctly is 'taking responsibility'. Power abused by a parent is a double irresponsibility. Not only is an incestuous father betraying the child's trust and taking advantage of her vulnerability and dependence – that is betrayal enough. But also he is placing on her an impossible burden. How can she 'tell on father' without betraying her own sense of loyalty and her need for her father's protection? The very person to whom she would run as her protector, if she were assaulted by some other man, has become the person from whom she must run. Small wonder

that the internal conflict produces deep and lasting emotional damage.

The imbalance of power between men and women means that it is overwhelmingly men who commit rape, whose uncontrolled expression of sexual urges is expected, forgiven or condoned to an extent that could never occur in a world where women and men shared equal rights. And women are expected to comply or *prove* to a jury their wish to refuse by physically resisting their assailant. A simple 'no' is not considered sufficient resistance precisely because women's position in society is defined in terms of them meeting the needs of men.

Of course women who risk resisting are vastly outnumbered by the millions who would never dream of upsetting a member of the dominant caste, a person who holds the keys to their security and survival. A man denied his sexual 'rights' may leave altogether. So many women dare not even say 'no'.

The same is true of children – though to a much greater extent.

A child's 'no' is seen as an expression of ungratefulness and disrespect rather than as an assertion of human rights. And as long as parents assert arbitrary power over less powerful children, and men exert arbitrary power over less powerful women, father-daughter rape will continue to affect millions of women around the world.

*Debbie Taylor*

## Kiss daddy goodnight



# What is incest?

## One Womens View

Incest most commonly occurs between adult males and female children. The law on incest only applies to immediate blood ties. This does not include step-fathers, uncles or other men in a position of trust. We see incest as:

The sexual abuse of children and adolescents by any male adult in a position of power and trust. So this can include step-fathers, uncles, family friends, babysitters, teachers, doctors, etc. Consenting relationships begun in adulthood are not our concern.

No child can be said to have chosen or consented to sexual involvement with an adult, since there is an imbalance of power, information and experience. Where there is this imbalance there can be no true consent, because a child is not in a position to say No. If saying No means that she risks the loss of her security (home, food, protection, approval, love), then her saying Yes, (or simply not saying No), cannot be seen as consent, but only as coercion, whether or not that coercion is violent.

It is a fact that known incest statistics are the tip of the ice berg. Reports of incest increase as soon as there is an established base, group or crisis centre to report to. Evidence suggests that a quarter of all women in the United States have been sexually abused during their childhood and adolescence.

Women wishing to join a self-help group or just wanting to talk to a sympathetic woman who will believe her and reassure her that she isn't to blame, can contact us, and it will be completely confidential. Mothers of girls who are being sexually abused can contact us for support and advice too.

**Incest Survivors** c/o RCL, 39 Jamaica Street, Bristol BS2 8JP  
Tel (0272) 428331 10.30-2.30 Mon-Fri  
24 hour answering service

INCEST SURVIVORS Group  
c/o A WOMAN'S PLACE,  
HUNGERFORD HOUSE  
VICTORIA



Even now it is hard for me to think of myself as an 'incest survivor'. Incest is something that happens to them, out there, other people, nothing to do with me, thank you very much. My first reaction, when I heard about Incest Survivors, was: 'oh, why don't they just forget about it? Put it behind them, leave it alone?' I didn't see it as a serious topic for consideration, let alone public concern. And I'd turn away, to something else, something less painful, yes, something more cheerful.

Perhaps that is your first reaction, too? It's not a very nice thing to talk about, after all, is it - incest. And some people treat it as a kinky perversion, a joke.

My own reasons for not seeing myself as an incest survivor were:-

- a) I wasn't raped, I was molested over a period of time.
- b) It wasn't brutal - it was subtle and persuasive.
- c) It wasn't my dad - it was my uncle who kept doing it.
- d) I didn't go round wringing my hands, looking sad, thinking "I'm an incest survivor" all the time. (That's the image I've always had of them). I always try to be cheerful, I'm a fighter - I see my life as one long battle against all obstacles. Since meeting and reading about other survivors I see that so many of them are fighters too - and how! They've survived in the most amazing ways.
- e) My painful experience made me, over the years try to blot out the memories, to try to forget it ever happened at all

it caused me not to take it seriously - to dismiss it as nothing. (But repressed anger comes up in other ways. For me, in many years of 'inexplicable' depression, difficulties in relationships, trusting and getting close to people, constant feelings of shame and worthlessness and lack of self respect).

- f) I had, unthinkingly, absorbed our society's message that incest should not be talked about, should not given the attention it deserves, or if it is, it should be whispered.

So if my reaction - one who has experienced it - was to turn away, then no wonder other people would rather not hear about it.

This is reflected in something that happened the other day:-

When incest survivors tried to get posters put up in various public places, they got a negative response from many people. That response reflects society's attitude: that it is alright to have huge posters everywhere with naked women advertising whiskey, but not alright to have very discreet posters reaching out to women who have been sexually abused as children.

Hiding it, because it upsets us, does not make it go away. It keeps us isolated with the hurt and powerless to help one another. Acknowledging it, both to myself and others, helped me to deal with it and enable me to help others. Looking at it, talking about it, sharing the experiences, has moved me from being a victim, to being a survivor.



# FIGHT TOGETHER!

In this world we are all used and abused, and we do the same to the earth. We live in a world fraught with fear and paranoia, cut up into countries, nations, east and west. Divided by race, class, colour, religion, wealth, political beliefs. We are controlled + exploited by power-happy, war-mongering politicians. The rich west thrives only through the suffering of the Third World which it plunders. Every day our planet becomes more + more barren, slowly dying for the sake of consumerism and economic 'progress'. There is so much to fight! We are all oppressed + struggling for freedom but we must all fight together. As an anarchist I feel a real urgency to break down all these power structures + hierarchies before they destroy us all. As a woman I feel handicapped before I even start. Handicapped by men that is + all the shit they dole out to women. I am angry and frustrated that I have to spend so much time + energy re-affirming my feminist beliefs + re-depleting my sexuality because I've been brought up in a totally sexist society which degrades + tramples all over women. I'm constantly struggling to throw off the traditions, standards, expectations, roles that society has set for ♀ + which are ingrained in us from birth; how to talk, how to act, what to wear how to relate to men, how to compete with others. I have to spend so much energy struggling with sexism when all I want is for everyone to be equal. This + just to be accepted as me. +

world could be so beautiful work so well, but there's so much to fight + break down before we get there that I just long for the day when we can all trust + respect each other as equals + individuals so that we can struggle against repression together. United we could be so strong and possibly break the systems/regimes which corrupt/exploit/destroy. But divided as we are by sexism, we are simply crippled! Pshay



TRADITIONAL CHINESE ACUPUNCTURE -  
WHY IT WORKS.

The idea behind Traditional Chinese acupuncture is that everything we know depends upon one energy for its existence. This is called Chi energy and without it there would be no life in any form - no trees, no animals, nothing - it is the life force and it can be polluted. Because we are of this earth, then we as living organisms, are microcosms of the world around us, it is within us and around us at the same time - we are, then, the 5 elements which interact and create a holistic pattern of growth and decay, death and life - without the decay, nothing more can grow - they depend upon one another for mutual existence.

The 5 elements are: FIRE, METAL, WATER, EARTH, WOOD, and they all play their part in maintaining the balance of Nature, or whatever you want to call it. Left to itself this balance is self regulating and takes everything into account - it is perfect in its wholeness. But with progress, materialism and capitalism and all that these imply this balance has been interfered with - because money, power, aggression, property have come to define what is and what is not important the balance of nature inside and outside us has been forfeited in the name of civilisation.

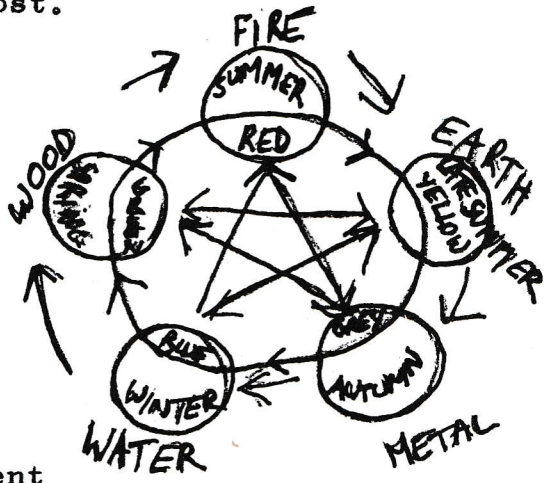
We mess the world up with synthetic rubbish, plunder the earth and other peoples for their marketable value, take from it and never give anything back but garbage. We have lost sight of our instincts and what it is we really need - contact of the earth and balance of the elements.

If we are of this earth, then this has to happen inside us too, we fill ourselves full of crap, stuff ourselves full of chemicals and synthetic refined sludge. We have the media stuffing hysterical neurosis materialist propaganda into us from the moment we are able to open our eyes and see and feel what is going on in this world. This is a consumer society and we are force fed on insidious and subtle sound and imagery in countless forms. No wonder so many people are ill, and this is in body, mind and spirit - the balance has been lost.

Because the system of Traditional Chinese acupuncture was developed thousands of years ago by people who lived close to the land before industrialisation, it is based on natural laws that we can see happening around us and feel within ourselves.

We are to a large extent products of our environment and if we look around us and see what an insane hellhole we live in this has to mean that it has had its effect on us on all levels - body, mind and spirit.

So the basic idea is that we are dependant like everything else on Chi energy which flows through our bodies along specific pathways (meridians) and connects and interconnects every aspect of ourselves. Our wellbeing depends on the purity of this energy and its unimpeded access along these channels. There are all sorts of ways the energy can become polluted or blocked and because this is a holistic system it follows



that when one thing goes wrong it is not separate from anything else and will have its effect on the rest of the system. The fragmented nature of our environment is harmful in many ways - it gives the impression and assumes that everything is separate and not interrelated and this shows in the way the medical profession has developed and treats us, whoever we happen to be and whatever we have been through does not come into their diagnosis of us. It is purely symptomatic. Two entirely different people will go to the doctor for different reasons and with different troubles and because they have vaguely the same symptoms they will both go away with the same chemical, in the form of medicine, pills, whatever. Synthetic medication is harmful in many ways, but two in particular:

- 1) Because it is synthetic it undermines the system instead of strengthening it, and creates a dependency on something the body cannot produce or operate itself-it maintains rather than diminishing imbalance.
- 2) It is designed to treat symptoms, and it does this by repressing the symptoms, killing pain usually (mental and physical) when the pain exists to tell us that something else is wrong. So the real cause of the pain or whatever else is wrong, is never investigated and never put right, and leads to further troubles within us.

Traditional chinese acupuncture is one system of medicine which takes the whole individual person into account, and treats the person according to the knowledge of the personal. No two people can be treated in the same way because they are not the same person; they may have the same symptoms, but not for the same reasons. Before treatment can ever begin, the person seeking help for something has a traditional diagnosis, and this involves talking to the acupuncturist for as long as it takes, for the acupuncturist to make judgements about what that particular person needs - this usually takes a couple of hours or so - and just having someone to talk to is treatment in itself, because anything the patient has to say is valid. There is no judgement made, everything counts, and nothing is unimportant. This is important especially for women who are often belittled and treated like shit by the medical profession.

There is no such thing as perfect health (as if health was just a physical something seperable from all other aspects of life) but different degrees of balance and imbalance. It is balance which the acupuncturist aims for, balance of the fire elements which make up our bodies, minds and spirit. So whatever is wrong, on any level, mental, physical or spiritual, because they are all related something can probably be done by a traditional acupuncturist. In treatment needles are used to help purify and unlock the energy and the pathways, balance the flow through the body, and harmonise all aspects of the self. Acupuncture aids the body in its natural tendency to health and balance - we evolved to live after all and is not arrogant enough to presume that it is better than nature, as western medicine does.

# TURKEY

20

Thousands of women and men held in Turkish prisons have been systematically tortured, according to a new AI report – the first in a new series to be released as part of Amnesty's worldwide campaign to eradicate torture; and the number of torture allegations and deaths in custody have risen since the 1980 coup. We publish the recent testimony of three former women prisoners held by the Turkish regime; and ask for your help in preventing others from going through the same ordeal.

**I** loosened the blindfold and looked around. The scene was horrific. People were piled up in the corridor waiting their turn to be tortured. Ten people were being led blindfold and naked up and down the corridor and were being beaten to force them to sing reactionary marches. Others, who were incapable of standing, were tied to hot radiator pipes...

An old man of about 50 had been stripped naked and was being made to hand out bread rations. The same man was forced to watch while his children were tortured, and vice-versa.

"Those lying on the ground were kicked and punched by passing torturers. The torture never let up... Even when they stopped torturing you physically, the screams of the others began to torment you psychologically. After a while I was able to pick out which torture was being applied – from the screams."

This extract comes from a recent testimony received by Amnesty from a former political prisoner in Turkey. In it, Sema Ogur, who was a student when she and her husband were arrested in February 1981, alleges that she was tortured every day for 47 days in a detention centre in the capital, Ankara, and beaten and subjected to continuous cruel, inhuman and degrading treatment for 14 months in Mamak Military Prison.

The tortures she alleges include being given electric shocks, kicked, punched, beaten with truncheons; subjected to *falaka* (sustained beating of the sole of the feet); being hung from the arms from ropes attached to ceiling water pipes, tied to hot radiator pipes, and hosed down with icy water under high pressure.

Her torturers threatened to sterilize her with electricity.

She says that her husband was tortured – with electric shocks applied to the genitals – in front of her; and that she was tortured with electricity in front of him.

## Turkish police and military

All the detailed information on torture in AI's possession relates to political prisoners, the majority of whom are ill-treated in some way during the detention period. Some well-known detainees – notably those detained in connection with the Turkish Peace Association and former members of parliament held immediately after the coup – have apparently not been tortured, but they constitute a small minority of cases.

In most instances torture was allegedly inflicted by the police and took place in police stations, but Amnesty has received detailed alle-

in military establishments in Diyarbakir, in Diyarbakir Military Prison and Mamak Military Prison, near Ankara, as well as a number of other military establishments, including Metris Military Prison in Istanbul and Erzurum Military Prison in eastern Turkey.

Methods of torture have included electric shocks, *falaka*, burning with cigarettes, hanging from the ceiling by hands or feet for prolonged periods and beating and assaults on all parts of the body, including sexual organs.

The most severe torture has usually taken place during the detention period (when the detainee is held incommunicado). Prisoners may by law be detained for up to 45 days before having to be brought before a court to be charged or released. The main purpose of the torture appeared to be the extraction of information and confessions, although intimidation was also an important element.

The routine beatings which took place in military prisons, where people were sent after being charged or convicted, seem to have been for the sole purpose of maintaining discipline. Amnesty International knows, however, of some instances of prisoners having been taken again for interrogation and tortured again, even after several years in prison.

Evidence of torture in Turkey includes the testimony of prisoners and former prisoners, in some cases supported by medical reports, sworn affidavits made by fellow-prisoners and relatives, and evidence presented in court.

## Police HQ in Ankara cited by ex-detainees

One of the places most frequently cited by former prisoners in Turkey as a torture centre is Police Headquarters in Ankara.



The First Branch of the Ankara Security Directorate operates from these headquarters and is reputed to use as a holding and torture centre a building there known as the *Degerlendirme ve Arastirma Laboratuvari* (DAL), Evaluation and Research Laboratories.

Over the years AI has received numerous reports of people having been tortured at Police Headquarters, and in particular in the DAL. Amnesty received reports in February 1984 that Sevgi Kilic and 14 other teachers had been tortured while being held at Police Headquarters, probably in the DAL.

The following information is based on the three testimonies recently received by Amnesty from Sema Ogur, Nursal Yilmaz and Meryem Sendil Colakoglu, all three of whom had alleged that they were tortured in the DAL during 1981, and also in Mamak Military Prison to which they were afterwards transferred.

The three were sentenced (*in absentia*) in May 1983 to six years, eight months' imprisonment for belonging to a prohibited organization.

Sema Ogur says she and her husband were arrested at a friend's house on 15 February 1981, blindfolded and taken to the DAL, where the couple were interrogated and tortured. She was there for 21 days and was twice taken to hospital, spending one night on a drip feed in an emergency ward. She says that she asked doctors to record torture marks on her body, but they refused.

She was moved from the DAL to a women's prison, held there for 25 days, then freed. (Her husband had meanwhile been moved to Mamak Military Prison and is still there, serving a sentence of 10 years, eight months' imprisonment.)

In October 1981 she was rearrested and taken back to the DAL, where the torture continued over the next 26 days, which, she says, she spent mostly in solitary confinement in a pitch dark cell. She – and the two others – says they were blindfolded during most of the torture sessions.

According to Sema Ogur, her torture began immediately she arrived at the DAL and included being forced to stand on one foot and to lean forward against a wall with all her weight resting on her forefingers; being beaten, kicked and punched; having her outstretched arms tied to pipes on the ceiling and then being left hanging in a crucifixion position.

"It was as if my arms were

coming off... The pain became so bad that my screams drowned their [the torturers'] voices."

In her testimony, Sema Ogur describes the crowded conditions in the DAL, with victims piled up in the corridors, and the incessant noise: the shouts of the torturers and the screams of the tortured... "so that it was impossible to sleep".

On her second day in detention she thought she heard her husband screaming and then... "I was again taken blindfold to the torture room opposite [her cell]. Once inside they took off the blindfold, and, sure enough, it was my husband.

"He was lying naked beside a black tiled wall. His hands were tied behind his back and they were administering electricity to his genitals.

"After showing him to me, they retied the blindfold and, in a voice my husband could hear, threatened to strip and rape me.

"They wanted us to reveal our address... They said I could save my husband if I gave them the address. [She says she and her husband did not want to reveal it for fear of endangering friends.]

"On another occasion I was again suspended from the ceiling and electricity was being administered to my toes. I was semi-conscious when I heard them bring my husband in. They told him that he could save me if he talked."

During her second spell in the DAL her husband was brought there from prison and tortured for a week, she says.

Sema Ogur says that her husband later described in court one of the tortures inflicted on him: the "Palestine method", which involved having the hands and feet bound together behind the back and then being hung down from a rope attached to the four limbs.

The testimonies of Nursal Yilmaz and Meryem Colakoglu catalogue much the same brutalities inflicted on prisoners as Sema Ogur's: each describes how she was beaten, kicked, punched, given electric shocks, hung from ceiling pipes (including by the "Palestine method"), subjected to the "car tyre" *falaka* torture and hosed down with icy water.

Nursal Yilmaz: "I was subjected to the torture... of being suspended by the wrists three times... Once they made my fiancé watch while I was being tortured..."

"Similarly they made me watch while he was being tortured. They kept him on the wall by the wrists

His body would not stay straight... it arched... I suppose because of the pain.

Nursal Yilmaz was arrested with her fiancé (whom she later married), his sister and a friend on 12 February 1981. All four were tortured at the DAL, she says. She was held there twice, for 25 days and, after rearrest in October, for 23 days. She was subsequently moved to Mamak Military Prison, where she was held for 14 months. Her husband is still there, serving a 25-year sentence.

Meryem Sendil Colakoglu says she was held in the DAL for 23 days, from 17 October 1981, then moved to Mamak and detained there for just over a year, until her release on 24 November 1982.

"Countless hours of the most unimaginable affronts to human dignity began with the first kicks as I was bundled into the police car," she says. "My demands to know what was happening, where I was being taken, were met with kicks and punches. Once in the car I was blindfolded and the policeman next to me pushed my head between his legs and began beating my back - 'We are going to what you might call a beauty parlour,' he said. 'You go in looking like this and you come out a different shape.'"

Of one period of her detention in a DAL cell she says: "I was unable to distinguish day from night... The screams never let up. Doors were constantly opening and shutting, prisoners were taken out and others thrown back in, in a flurry of kicks and abuse..."

"I lay there semi-conscious until they came back for me... Then they dragged me out in my bare feet, as my shoes no longer fitted me, and carried me to the room where I had first been tortured. [There] A male colleague... was under the *falaka*. They were beating him with all their might, while at the same time saying and doing things to me which should not be done to a woman - in order to pressurize him."

### Mamak Military Prison

"Before my arrest I had heard the torture did not stop after Police Headquarters but that it continued in different forms in prison, too. This was confirmed by my own experience in Mamak Military Prison." - Meryem Colakoglu.

The testimonies of the three former detainees present a grim picture of imprisonment in Mamak - harsh and arbitrary military-style discipline for men and women detainees enforced by

punishments which included severe beatings, incarceration in crowded, insanitary "death cells" and deprivation of privileges, including visits by relatives.

"Morning and evening inspections were the scene of daily beatings. They hit you for the slightest infringement of the rules: looking sideways, not shouting your name at the top of your voice, not standing straight, not stamping your feet like a soldier, etc.

"These beatings took place in the presence of the prison doctor, who was on the inspection team. Our bodies were constantly black and blue..." - Sema Ogur.

After arrival, prisoners are said to have spent up to two days in a cage ("exactly like a lion's cage" - Sema Ogur), being forced to march up and down singing marching songs - and being beaten if the officer in charge was dissatisfied with the performance.

"By the time you get out of the cage your hands are swollen from being beaten. The training goes on from morning till night, and sometimes all night... the whole idea... is to break the prisoner's spirit," said Nursal Yilmaz.

After "induction" the women were moved into wards of up to 50 inmates each. Exercise was limited to five minutes daily - during this time prisoners were forbidden on pain of beatings to talk, look about them or even glance up at the sky.

Men and women exercised at different times and were forbidden to

look at each other. Neither Sema Ogur nor Nursal Yilmaz saw their husbands in Mamak during the 14 months all four were there together - nor were they allowed to communicate in any way.

"The only time I saw my husband or heard him speak was in court," Sema Ogur told Amnesty (both were defendants in a group trial). "Even then we were not allowed to be near each other, nor could we exchange greetings."

Her husband was imprisoned in the basement, she on the ground floor of the same prison block.

One of the punishments referred to in the testimonies is confinement to minute cramped stone "death cells" in the basement.

"... we were put - two or three at a time - in cells measuring four handspans in length and breadth [about a metre square]... for 15 days without a break and not allowed to go to the toilet - we had to use a drawer in the cell for the purpose. Every morning and evening we were taken out for inspection and to be beaten," said Nursal Yilmaz.

Meryem Colakoglu said she was kept in such a cell twice, for eight and seven days, with two other women.

"It was virtually impossible for the three of us to squat down... We ate our food and went to the toilet in the same tiny cell... let out only twice a day [to collect food and be inspected]. We were regularly beaten at inspection..."

"When I got out I ached terribly... There had only been one blanket between us, so we were all cold and exhausted and suffering from lack of fresh air."

Complaints to the authorities, including judges, were apparently futile: "To put forward even the smallest demand was regarded as a violation of the rules and meant a spell in the cells or the cates," said Meryem Colakoglu.

### Pre-coup violence

During the five years preceding the 1980 coup political violence had resulted in more than 5,000 assassinations by right-wing and left-wing groups. Martial law was imposed in 13 of Turkey's 67 provinces in December 1978, after more than 100 people were killed in Kahramanmaraş. It had been renewed every two months and extended to cover 20 provinces by the time the coup took place.

Immediately after the coup thousands of people were detained, including members of parliament, members of political parties and trade unionists. The period for which people might be kept in detention without charge was increased from 15 to 30 days and then, in November 1980, to 90 days; in September 1981 it was reduced to 45 days. All political and trade union activity was banned and several newspapers were closed down. Changes in the martial law regulations extended the powers of martial law commanders, giving them control over mail, communications, press censorship, and all labour and trade union activities. People could be sentenced to from six to 24 months' imprisonment for propagating "erroneous, unfounded or exaggerated information in a manner [likely] to create alarm or excitement among the public".

All political offences are still tried by martial law courts, except for some press offences, which are tried in civilian courts.



Sema Ogur

TODAY'S RECIPE - ALL ABOUT ICE CREAM (especially cheap + factory made) MORE FACTS FOR YOUR FREEZER

INGREDIENTS

- DIETHYL-GLUCOL - Used for thickening  
Also used for ANTI-FREEZE + PAINT REMOVER
- PIPERNOL - Vanilla substitute  
Also INSECTICIDE (lice killer)
- ALDEHYDE 017 - cherry flavour - inflammable  
Also used for DYES / PLASTIC + RUBBER
- ETHYL-ACETAAT - Pineapple flavour /  
Also used for TEXTILES + CLEANING LEATHER  
Fumes can cause chronic lung, liver + kidney infections
- AMYL-ACETAAT + BENZYL ACETAAT - Banana + strawberry flavour  
Also NITRATE DISSOLVER

YUK!

Some soft ice cream is made from LARD!

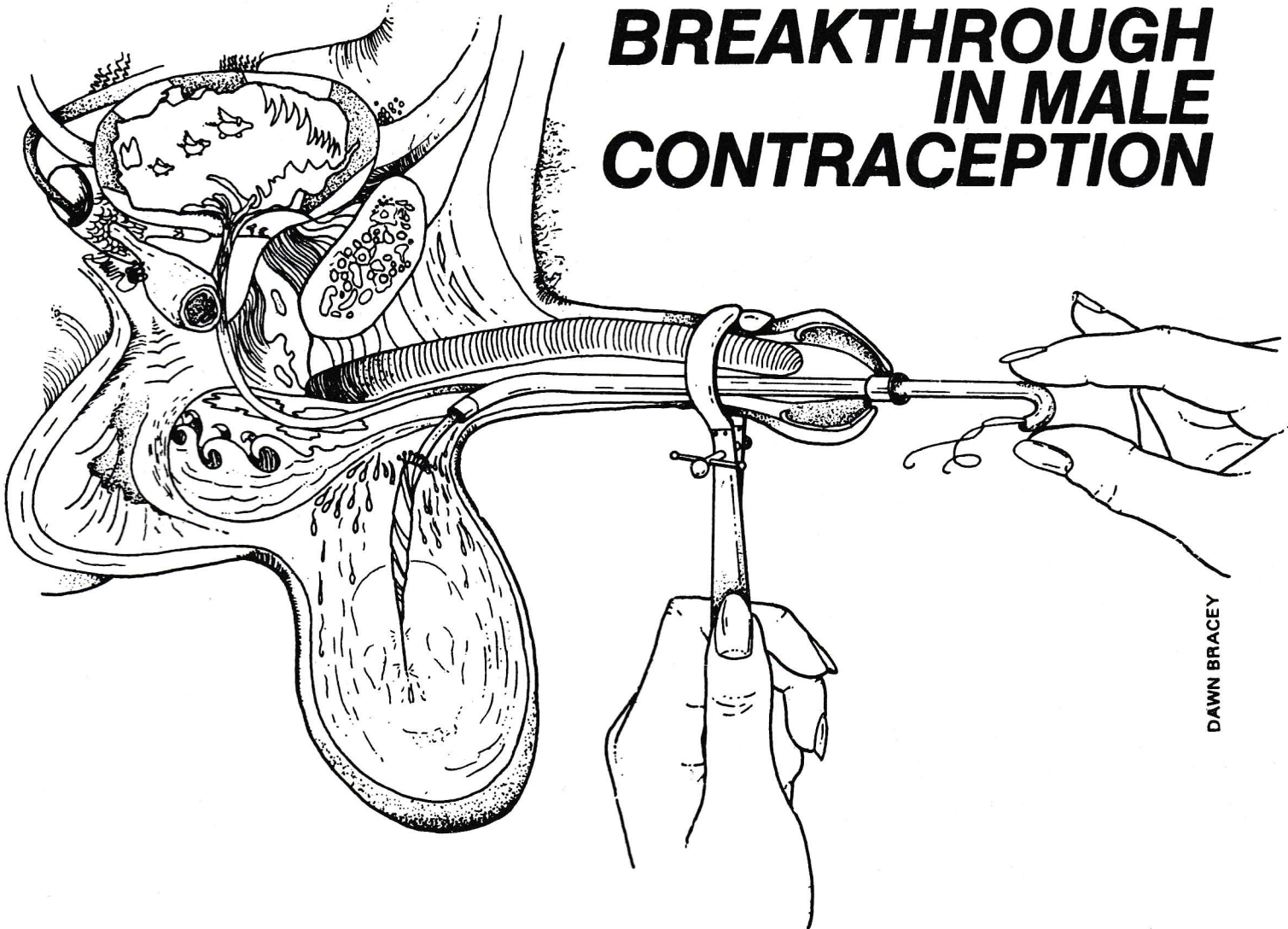
MORE FOOD FACTS

....A MARS A DAY GIVES YOU TOOTH DECAY....

Mar's Ltd are using monkeys to perform dental experiments. This is done by clamping their jaws together, drilling a hole through their front teeth + force feeding them. All this to find a cure for tooth decay. Surely a better way would be to give up sugary foods or to cut down on sugar in your diet. (Even toothpaste contains sugar!)

The ice cream info comes from research carried out at 2 french hospitals which specialise in cancer - more investigations next issue!

# BREAKTHROUGH IN MALE CONTRACEPTION



DAWN BRACEY

The newest development in male contraception was unveiled recently at the American Women's Surgical Symposium held at the Ann Arbor Medical Centre. Dr Sophie Merkin, of the Merkin Clinic, announced the preliminary findings of a study conducted on 763 unsuspecting male undergraduate students at a large midwest university. In her report, Dr Merkin stated that the new contraceptive — the IPD — was a breakthrough in male contraception. It will be marketed under the trade-name "Umbrelly".

The IPD (intrapenile device) resembles a tiny folded umbrella which is inserted through the head of the penis and pushed into the scrotum with a plunger-like instrument. Occasionally there is perforation of the scrotum but this is disregarded since it is known that the male has few nerve endings in this area of his body. The underside

of the umbrella contains a spermicidal jelly, hence the name "Umbrelly".

Experiments on 1,000 white whales from the continental shelf (whose sexual apparatus is said to be the closest to man's) proved the umbrelly to be 100% effective in preventing production of sperm, and eminently satisfactory to the female whale since it does not interfere with her rutting pleasure.

## SCROTAL INFECTION "Only 2 died"

Dr Merkin declared the umbrelly to be statistically safe for the human male. She reported that of the 763 graduate students tested with the device only two died of scrotal infection, only 20 experienced swelling of the tissues. Three developed cancer of the testicles, and 13 were too depressed to have

an erection. She stated that common complaints ranged from cramping and bleeding to acute abdominal pain. She emphasised that these symptoms were merely indications that the man's body had not yet adjusted to the device. Hopefully the symptoms would disappear within a year.

One complication caused by the IPD and briefly mentioned by Dr Merkin was the incidence of massive scrotal infection necessitating the surgical removal of the testicles. "But this is a rare case," said Merkin, "too rare to be statistically important." She and other distinguished members of the Women's College of Surgeons agreed that the benefits far outweighed the risk to any individual man.

*(reprinted from East Bay Men's Centre Newsletter and The Periodical Lunch, Ann Arbor, Michigan.)*

