



1980-1985 Adapting to the 80s

This file contains an extract from Gillian Hanna's Introduction to *Monstrous Regiment: A Collective Celebration* (Nick Hern Books 1991).

The period covered by this extract, and its title, have a corresponding period and title in the website's History pages.

The Introduction provides an extensive historical account of the company. It also includes extracts from the recollections of people who had worked with Monstrous Regiment, and had been asked to contribute these for the book.

Apart from minor corrections to dates, and the addition of Arabic numerals to the pagination, the original text has been left unchanged. This includes the periodisation and headings used in the book, which differ from those in the website's History pages.

There is a separate Archive file that contains the complete Introduction and other editorial material.

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1 INTRODUCTION

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We began to think of how insular the English theatre can be, how little we knew about the sexual politics of other countries, other cultures. We also had nothing 'on the stocks'. The work we had to put into resurrecting *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* and then its ferocious touring schedule had left us with no time to think about commissioning new shows. So we found three already existing

plays and came up with the idea of making them into a 'foreign season'. A play from France, *Shakespeare's Sister*, written and originally performed by the Théâtre de l'Aquarium in Paris, *Dialogue Between a Prostitute and One of Her Clients* by the Italian writer Dacia Maraini, and *Mourning Pictures* by Honor Moore the American poet. I translated both of the foreign language plays. It meant we kept a measure of control over the work, and saved us money in that we didn't have to pay a commissioning fee or royalties as I was already on the payroll. The whole season was planned to fulfil a number of different needs, stylistic and practical.

Shakespeare's Sister was really a series of extraordinary visual images rather than a play. What text there was had been adapted from tape recordings of the voices of bored, trapped housewives the Théâtre de l'Aquarium had interviewed when they were putting the piece together. We had no experience of this kind of visual theatre, and realised we needed some expert help, so we asked Hilary Westlake, founder of Lumière and Son, to come and direct it for us. The show was not intended to tour because we wanted the freedom of designing a show that didn't have to fit into the back of a small truck. We were beginning to look for ways of getting off the rehearse/tour, rehearse/tour treadmill. We performed it for three weeks in December 1980 at the ICA.

Gemma Jackson had costumed Gillian Hanna, Mary McCusker, Chris Bowler and Josefina Cupido in white bridal gowns with all the attendant paraphernalia of veils, headdresses, ribbons and bouquets.

Just seeing these women wearing these outfits, gracefully gliding in an almost airborne fashion across Gemma's Ideal Homes (Fringe Budget) kitchen floor was memorable enough.

Hilary Westlake directed, peppering the evening with numerous bits of ironic business. At one point, shortly after Gillian successfully managed to make operational the very useful wedding gift of a brand-new stove (actually a cleaned up second-hand one), a maroon was detonated as if the stove containing the newly weds' first dinner had exploded. The maroon also ignited some grease left-over from the days before the stove made its theatrical debut causing an unexpected and undirected but nonetheless impressive column of smoke and flame to belch forth from the cooker.

Completely unfazed the four actresses gracefully glided in their stylized fashion to various corners of the theatre in search of fire-fighting equipment. McCusker swanned up the centre aisle to receive a fire extinguisher (in much the same way I imagine she would accept an Oscar) from Simon, the ready theatre technician, and elegantly returned to the set where she promptly doused the up-staging mini-conflagration out of existence.

This got a healthy round of applause and featured, if I recall properly, in more than one of the reviews the following day. It was so well choreographed that audience and critics alike thought it part of the play.

STEVE WHITSON

Lighting Designer, Shakespeare's Sister, 1980.

Mourning Pictures, written in free verse, was the autobiographical story of a writer's relationship with her mother who is dying of cancer. It was directed by Penny Cherns. This was the first play we ever produced in which we made absolutely no contribution to the text. In other respects *Mourning Pictures* fitted into our usual pattern of work. It brought back live music into the company, and we toured it like any other of our previous shows. Later in the year it was recorded for BBC Radio 4, and was broadcast as *The Monday Play*.

Dialogue Between a Prostitute and One of Her Clients, directed by Ann Mitchell, was a two-hander, the smallest show we had done so far. We wanted to have something flexible that would tour, but not in the usual way. It could be done in small or non-theatrical spaces.

Dialogue had caused sensation and riots in Italy. What attracted us was the author's direction that at certain places during the performance the actors had to stop, step out of their characters and engage the audience in a discussion of the ideas being brought up in the play. We wanted to know if we could get an English audience to let go of its inhibitions and talk in public about sex. We tested the proposition all through rehearsals, inviting all kinds of people, including working prostitutes, to come in and 'rehearse' being the audience. *Dialogue* was the first of our shows to tour abroad. We took it to Holland later that year.

'What are men really looking for when they go to a prostitute?' the actress asks. Then suddenly, after only 15 minutes of performance, the show is stopped for the first of three inter-performance discussions with the audience. My immediate reaction was 'God, that's naff', swiftly followed by a feeling of having been ripped-off . . . fancy paying £1.50 in order to have a talk. In fact, the discussion turned out to be quite extraordinary, a genuinely integral part of the theatre experience. The intimacy and honesty of people's revelations about themselves and their sexuality astonished, intrigued and at times shocked me. To describe the show as 'thought-provoking' would sound like a Victorian understatement.

EILEEN FAIRWEATHER
Spare Rib, November 1980.

This season of work pushed us in interesting directions. None of them really said anything radically new about the condition of women in the world. We were often accused of being old fashioned and simplistic in what the plays *said* about sexual politics. That missed the point. We were a theatre company developing our craft. We were a 'political' company, yes, but theatre was our passion. Now that we had moved beyond the first flush of excitement and energy, we wanted to push artistic boundaries. Change or atrophy. We were trying to explore theatrical languages we were unfamiliar with: Visual language in *Shakespeare's Sister*, poetic language in *Mourning Pictures* and the relationship with the audience in *Dialogue*.

Chilly moments; taking my clothes off in Dialogue; the Monsters' only male nude? It was all very sensitive of course, very tasteful. That show had discussions with the audience, and one audience, of right-on drama students, completely slagged us off from beginning to end. Our politics were garbage. A couple of them came up to me afterwards and said 'You've got a nice body though . . . Want a hand with the get-out?'

Same show; in York the stage was invaded by irate public schoolboys. 'It seems very strange to us that everyone in this audience tonight who's spoken about sexual politics looks very like people who used to work for Monstrous Regiment.' Outrage and pandemonium from members of the audience who'd never seen us before. Exit public schoolboys.

Exit also, rather suddenly and surprisingly (for him), a drunk who insisted on sitting in on a women-only gig (same show) we did in Bristol.

JOHN SLADE
Company Member, Performer, 1979-1982.

The three plays taken together made a coherent whole; an attempt on our part to break new ground through an exploration of style. In retrospect, it seems to be significant that the discussion and analysis of sexual politics was taking a small step into the background. We were looking not so much at what we were doing, as how we were doing it.

1981 was too soon for any of us to have really begun to think through the implications of Margaret Thatcher's being in power. We knew she was no feminist or advocate of women's rights. But we had no sense of what was to hit us in the 1980s. If we thought about it at all, it was in materialist terms: we could see the attacks on women's economic interests as welfare cuts were implemented, we worried about cuts in arts funding. What we didn't see at that point was the spiritual gloom descending on us, as the very act of thinking about politics came to be seen as undesirable. We had always seen ourselves as riding on the crest of the wave of feminism. It buoyed us up, gave us strength and ideas and energy. We were part of the Movement. We were the Movement. We didn't foresee what would happen when apathy and paralysis overtook both the left and the Women's Movement under the onslaught of Thatcherism.

In 1981 we didn't see anything sinister in our desire to explore other theatrical styles. We didn't in any way identify it as having anything to do with a retreat from our feminist roots. And in one sense, of course it wasn't. We still wanted to ask tough questions about women's role in society. We couldn't know that this was going to become harder and harder to do in the context of a prevailing ideology trying to abolish the very idea of 'society'. It is no coincidence that the theatre groups that 'failed' in the 1980s were the political ones; and that the successful new companies were the ones that abandoned any attempt to analyse or question the world in which they moved in favour of explorations of style.

The season of foreign plays saw another change in the company's practice. Up to this point, it was always the assumption that, as a collective of performers, everyone was in

every play. There had been exceptions, of course, when someone felt tired and needed a break, or when members went off and did something else and then came back. It meant that when other actors came to work with us, they either 'joined up', or there were so many 'core' company members in the show that the relationships were relatively easy to negotiate.

Now, however, we started to think that we didn't all want to be in every play. It was another reaction to the touring treadmill. In practice this meant that it was now possible for full members of the company to be outnumbered on the road by performers who were not permanent members. What we hadn't yet begun to grasp was the implications of this situation. Having identified ourselves for so long as members of a collective, we had great difficulty in seeing ourselves as employers.

So when we toured Rose Tremain's *Yoga Class*, Chris Bowler and John Slade found themselves in a minority, and uncertain how to deal with that. The rest of us weren't much help. We hadn't even begun to formulate a structure to deal with this new situation. The essence of the problem was that the non-company members didn't know who was 'in charge'. Was it the director, as it would be in a conventional theatrical situation, or was it the two members of the collective? Nobody, not even Chris and John, was sure. The associations of that word 'employer' were so distasteful we failed to observe that it was possible to employ someone without exploiting them. In practice it often meant that we unwittingly refused to take responsibility where we should have done, and it was sometimes the (unidentified) source of tension between us and those who came to work with us.

We had been looking for new writers to work with, knowing that we wanted to get back to an engagement with the ideas of feminism. *Yoga Class* was one of a series of commissions we made at the beginning of the 1980s with this in mind. It was beautifully written and toured quite successfully, but it was somehow unsatisfactory. By placing the characters in the confining space of a yoga class we domesticated them in a way that was foreign to the nature of the company's work. We had always identified ourselves as dealing with 'big' issues: Women's lives, women's concerns, women's demands. In our work we aimed to be woman-identified, but we always strove to locate ourselves and the women we portrayed in a highly visible setting. We didn't want to be pushed and parcelled into the ghetto labelled 'women's work'.

We rehearsed at Elder Street, their then headquarters in the City. It was an amazing Dickensian-type warehouse building, with winding stairs, dusty corners and plenty of space for rehearsal. I used to walk to Spitalfields Market during my lunch break and with other bag ladies, help myself to perishable goods discarded by the greengrocers. I called them street vegetables. I was introduced to Yoga, which I have enjoyed ever since. I had to open the play standing on my head and when I told Chris I had never done it in my life she just smiled and said, 'You've got five weeks' rehearsal.' I mastered the skill and count it as a great achievement.

JOANNA FIELD

Performer Yoga Class, 1981, Island Life, 1988.

It was a tricky course to walk and took some balancing. We never equated the domestic, the female with 'second rate'. When we spoke with admiration of the 'epic', we saw the dangers of the subtext: 'male therefore admirable'. Experiencing our energy as having been bottled up and thwarted for too long, our vision encompassed the whole world. At the same time we recognised that the domestic arena is where many women spend their lives and we felt that 'reclaiming' the domestic should be part of our agenda. Just as in our organisational practice we tried to include women traditionally left out by incorporating child care into our budgets, so we wanted to break the patriarchal view that regards women's domestic lives as trivial and unimportant.

This conflict between confinement to the small and small scale and the desire to act on a wider stage was reflected in much of the company's work in the 1980s, and coincided with, or perhaps was triggered by, the shrinkage of funding in that same period. Having found our 'voice' in the 1970s and early 1980s, we had to struggle to find it again, or find a new voice later on against a background of cuts in the real value of our grant.

The cloudy relationship between form and content embodied that struggle. Our instinct was never to trust naturalism. While resenting the use of the words 'televisual' or 'soap opera' to describe women's writing (what male critics defined as soap opera we thought of as fractured and episodic, reflecting the nature of women's lives), we always wanted to escape the stifling effect of the naturalistic. Music was the clearest instrument for breaking it up. By the time we produced *Yoga Class* we no longer had actors who were also musicians in the company, and inflation meant we

couldn't afford to have a band. There was music in the play but not enough to push it out of its naturalistic mode.

When we commissioned a play from Melissa Murray, and she proposed to write about the revolutionaries who assassinated Tsar Alexander II, we fell on it as if it were cool water in a desert. We saw it as a return to our roots. *The Execution*, a vast historical panorama in which women were seen to be making and shaping history. These were the women who took advantage of the first wave of liberalism in Russia, went abroad (mostly to Switzerland) to get an education and then returned home to try and destroy the corrupt system personified by the great patriarch, Alexander.

We were betting our bottom dollar on the show being a huge success. Our intention was to tour it in England and then take it abroad. We had been in contact with an Australian arts festival who were making encouraging noises. After the success of *Dialogue* in Holland, Europe looked also enticing. More encouraging noises there. It was a chance, too, to revitalise and enlarge the collective. We were hoping that the new company we assembled would become the collective that would work together on subsequent projects. We were in expansive mood, out to conquer the world again.

When disaster strikes, you wonder afterwards why you never saw it coming. Our grand touring plans began to unravel before the play opened, an ominous sign, as we had been budgeting for a substantial income from that source, and we were already committing large amounts of money to the production. Then we began to nudge up against problems with the production itself. *The Execution* was too long, three acts, but it had patches of real brilliance. Melissa had written in a heightened, 'nineteenth century' style, trying to reflect the characters' era in the way they spoke. No naturalism there. We wanted music, and Sue Dunderdale, the director, wanted it to be grand and sweeping, so we commissioned Lindsay Cooper to write a taped score that would accompany the text.

Rehearsals were hard work but exciting and although we had nagging worries about the length of the evening, we never seriously doubted that it would work. As soon as we got in front of an audience, we began to fall apart. Of course, there were a few discriminating souls who enjoyed the play, but by and large audiences didn't. We got to the point where we would peer at the audience in the second interval to see how many we'd managed to keep for the third act. Perhaps we had never found the right style of acting that would have made it work. We were certainly never able to cut it to a manageable length.

After three weeks in London and a short tour (originally intended to be the first leg of a year's travelling with it) the whole company collapsed in exhaustion, misery and recriminations. This was the second major crisis in the company's life, and again it provoked a period of reassessment and a change of direction.

The story of 'the company' is stamped with the personalities of those involved. Without them it is just a name. The choices made came from those people wrestling with their differences and coping with their weaknesses - and eventually agreeing, believing, and achieving. And much of what the histories and analyses of the company attribute to political judgment and artistic intention in fact owed more to good reflexes, theatrical sense and sheer necessity.

I find it impossible to chart some ordered passage through those memories of meetings and productions that make up the tangible history of the company. It sometimes appears to be more like a piece of patchwork than a finished garment, a series of stepping stones as opposed to a well laid-out road. I do remember the people, the emotions and the traumas; and the talent, dedication and singlemindedness that were invested in every aspect of the company's work.

MARY McCUSKER

*Company Member, Performer, 1975 to the present,
Executive Director, 1990-1991.*

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The sense of failure and demoralisation was so acute, it was impossible to think of working on another show. In the meantime the company couldn't be allowed to fold. If the company is going to go under, we said to each other, we want it to be on our own terms, and not because we've made a mess of something.

We had a couple of commitments to fulfil. We revived *Shakespeare's Sister* for a third excursion, with a cast that was part company members and part employed performers. The conditions in which we had to work (including a dress rehearsal at three in the morning because the venue where we were performing at the Edinburgh Festival was in a state of chaos and

couldn't cope with the needs of all the groups they had booked) did nothing to help the morale.

Providentially, Penny Cherns, who had directed *Mourning Pictures*, and Paola Dionisotti, approached us with the idea of doing an evening of Franca Rame and Dario Fo's one-woman plays. We offered to produce it and I translated the text from the Italian. It had to be done on a shoestring since we had invested so much in *The Execution* that we hardly had any money left over for the rest of the financial year.

The Fourth Wall toured in the spring of 1983 and fulfilled all the criteria of the best Monstrous Regiment shows. It tackled sexual politics head-on: the two pieces about the women of the Baader- Meinhof gang dealt with terrorism and the state; the other two with women's sexuality. Musically, it was extraordinary, in that Paola performed the pieces with Maggie Nichols, who sang unaccompanied in counterpoint to the text. Because the music was improvised (within strict limits worked out in rehearsal) no two performances were ever the same. It was one of our best shows.

The breathing space that *The Fourth Wall* gave us enabled us to take time to analyse our position. We tried to face up to the causes of our failures and came to some difficult decisions. Numerically, we were reduced to five women. Three performers, our lighting designer/technician Ronnie Wood and our administrator, Diane Robson. John Slade who had joined the company for *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* Mark Two wanted to stop touring completely. The rest of the cast of *The Execution* who might have formed the basis of a renewed collective clearly wouldn't want to be caught talking to us at a bus stop. Reluctantly we were forced to admit that the full time collective was a dead duck. We also had to face the fact that financially it had become impossible to maintain. With inflation eroding the value of our Arts Council Revenue grant almost month by month, we simply couldn't afford to pay eight or nine people for fifty-two weeks a year any more.

Actually, we could only afford to pay one person for fifty-two weeks a year. Administrator excepted, we had all come off the payroll after *The Execution*. We would never again go back on it on a permanent basis. From this point on, apart from the administrator, we were all paid like any other performer or technician the company employed: when we were in a show we were paid the company wage. When we weren't, we worked elsewhere. All the administrative and managerial work we did from this point on we did unpaid, apart from basic expenses.

Perhaps this is as good a place as any to make a short digression on the role our administrators have played in the company's life. When I talk about 'we', I mean 'we the company', and that included Sue Beardon, our first full-time administrator and then Gus Garside who took over from her. Until this point in the company's life, when the full-time collective became impossible to maintain, it was hard to differentiate between company members. We were simply The Monstrous Regiment. We had different jobs, of course. Performers performed and administrators administrated. But we tried to break down the barriers set up by the traditional hierarchy of skills. We had a system of 'committees', including a finance committee to assist the administrator. We recognised that running a company is a skilled operation, and some people are better at, or are trained to do, some jobs rather than others. That was why, for example, we happily asked Gus to join us: he was the only candidate with the relevant professional qualifications. The contribution that both Sue and Gus made to the company's life went far beyond the usual administrative function. They were an integral part of all decisions, both administrative and artistic. When the company faced the fact that it could no longer operate as a full-time collective, the role of the administrator changed dramatically, and during the 1980s our administrators had to deal with a wholly different relationship to the company.

Joining the Company in 1983 as a young (!) administrator was a major turning point for me, bringing in to sharp relief my career, my love of the theatre, my politics and my life and moulding all four together.

The original collective had fragmented by this point (as much for financial reasons as any other) and almost every remaining member had begun pursuing individual careers outside of the Regiment again. This, of course, meant that attention and creative energy were not necessarily focused on Monstrous Regiment and I rapidly learnt the joys and horrors of the collective way of working.

The administration continued to be the last bastion in which the collective spirit was also translated into collective practice. All of the group would do a 'stint' in the office - some kind of ancient penance for actors whose first love belonged in front of the footlights and not

in front of the typewriter - although everyone did the latter with good grace!

SANDY BAILEY
Administrator, 1983-1988.

If we weren't a collective any more, what were we? Slowly, painfully, we accepted the fact that we were now a management. But to reflect the fact that we still had no Company Director or Artistic Director, we called ourselves a collective management. We also had to face the fact that although we all wanted to continue to be part of Monstrous Regiment, we had differing needs in relation to the company. Mary and I still wanted the freedom to initiate shows, but basically we were performers, actors, and that's what we wanted to do. Chris, on the other hand, was losing interest in performing and wanted to write and direct. Without ever really putting it into words, we recognised that we were going in different directions and we tried to make room for that in the work.

In the period 1983-1985, Mary and I performed in two shows written by Bryony Lavery and directed by Nona Shepphard: *Calamity*, a three-woman wagon train across the mythical history of the Wild West (Jane Cox joined us to play Quiet Kate) and *Origin of the Species - a Love Story*, in which Mollie Starkey, famous archaeologist and raconteuse digs up her five-million-year-old ancestor, Victoria. *Calamity* reintroduced live music and was invited to play at the Women's Theatre Festival in Rome.

The name Bryony Lavery crops up often in the history of the company. Of all the writers we've worked with she's the one with whom we've had the longest relationship. Not only has she written three plays and a cabaret and a half for us, she has also run writers' workshops and organised readings. She has got us out of a lot of scrapes when we were in trouble of one sort or another, and we've had many of our best times with her.

Calamity also introduced Nona Shepphard to the company. She rescued us by agreeing to direct the show at the last minute, and has worked with us regularly ever since. Another woman who has got us out of some tight corners.

The blessing of being able to use the collective to my advantage. A sure way out of an awkward telephone situation would be to suggest I had to consult The Collective (always capital letters at this point). I would hang up; ruminate by myself for a few minutes and then call

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back delivering the verdict that 'The Collective had decided that . . .' A skill I continue to use, in one way or another, still!

SANDY BAILEY

Administrator, 1983-1988.

Origin of the Species marked a new phase in the company's work in that it was our first co-production with a mainstream theatre. We produced it with the Birmingham Repertory Theatre. As we continued to struggle for our financial existence during the 1980s, co-productions with larger institutions became a lifeline in the maintenance of our artistic standards. They gave us access to resources and facilities (workshops, wardrobe departments) beyond our own means. However, small entities taken under the wing of large institutions are in danger of being swallowed whole, and we felt we were constantly juggling our economic needs against our desire to work on our own terms.

During the same period, Chris pursued her interest in visual theatre, taking up a thread we had begun to explore in *Shakespeare's Sister*, by devising and directing *Enslaved By Dreams* (1984) celebrating the life of Florence Nightingale and *Point of Convergence* (1985), set in an indeterminate time and place, exploring the clash between two very different groups of young women. This show was originally produced with the Cockpit Theatre, and had six professional performers and fifteen unemployed women aged between fifteen and twenty-five in it. The show was rewritten for a subsequent tour so that it could be performed without the fifteen young women.

Two other fundamental changes in our working practices emerged at this period. Firstly, and most importantly, we became an all-women group. We're often asked about this, and how we came to the decision not to work with men. In fact, we never actually sat in a meeting and made a decision. The shift from a mixed group to an all-woman's group was more of a process than a decision. It evolved over a period of time.

All the men who had been in the collective left after *The Execution*. We had been forced to give up our collective identity and there was no reason at that point to expand the collective management. Thinking about the shows, we realised that we had never worked in an all-women, as opposed to women-dominated, environment and we wanted to explore that. We found that it gave us a different kind of freedom to anything we had experienced before and we enjoyed it.

Did I change? Would I have changed anyway? When it comes to it, was I really just there to represent the patriarchy? Or was there more to it than that? One thing is dead certain: it made my life more difficult.

Did it make my life richer? I think I know the answer to that question; I hope when I'm old I'll know I know the answer.

JOHN SLADE

Company Member, Performer, 1979 -1982.

We discovered that we had often given too much energy trying to prevent the men from feeling like 'token' men (as we had been made to feel like token women in other companies). Often we had, in fact, fallen into the old trap of mothering them and this had prevented us from fully exploring our relationships between each other as women. We were aware of the problem, as the minutes of our meetings reveal, but we were unable to resolve it. Issues of power, control, guilt, unresolved problems with the mother/daughter relationship, were never adequately recognised or sorted out.

Would we have been able to manage the company better through its first seven years of life if we had been able to explore the conflicts between the women? Our joy at the discovery of the power of sisterhood masked the very real differences (political and aesthetic) we had. When the depth of those differences started to appear they frightened us and the presence of men in the group probably inhibited us when trying to deal with them. We had no mechanism for exploring conflict which excluded certain members of the group (the men). There are issues and conflicts which women simply do not want to air in the presence of men. At one point, for example, we sought the assistance of the Women's Therapy Centre who helped us sort through some of the group dynamics that were causing difficulties, but even there, we worked as a whole group, and I don't think we ever managed really to reach a deeper understanding of the specifically 'female' sources of the conflicts between women. I think it was the first (perhaps the only?) time the Women's Therapy Centre had had men coming through their doors.

It's possible that some of what prevented us from dealing with, or in some instances even acknowledging the existence of, those conflicts came from the need for us to see ourselves as

'superwoman' in front of the men. To openly admit to jealousy and rivalry would somehow have been a betrayal of sisterly solidarity. As someone said in another context, we talk about those things in our women's groups.



As a very long-haired composer, musical director, musician, actress and reluctant set lifter, I enthusiastically carried the Regiment's banner up and down the motorways of the land. People were often wary of our name. Would we be monsters, harridans, devourers of men; well no, actually I think that we were very nice, too nice perhaps. At that time there were usually two male actors in the company and they were treated with an abundance of respect and fairness, one might almost say that they were spoiled. Despite the great physical strength of these fellows, when we did 'get-ins' they would always be ironing or sewing whilst the foolish women would fight for the privilege of carrying two tons of wooden set up three flights of stairs.

HELEN GLAVIN
Performer, Composer, Musician,
1975-1978.

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