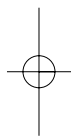
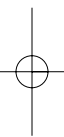


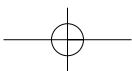
**BASH THE RICH:  
THE CLASS WAR  
RADICAL HISTORY  
TOUR OF  
NOTTING HILL  
Tom Vague**

**Souvenir Programme £1.00**

[Psychogeography 2007: Vague #43]



Produced for the Bash the Rich March  
Notting Hill  
November 3 2007  
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# RADICAL HISTORY TOUR OF NOTTING HILL

Portobello Road

2.00pm November 3 2007

**[Introduction]:** Toffs Out!

**[1] Notting Hill Gate:** The Prince Albert, 11 Pembridge Road: the local of the Chartist leader Feargus O'Connor

**[2] Portobello Road:** The George Orwell pub crawl: Sun in Splendour/Gold/Lonsdale/Star/Finch's/Electric/1st Floor

**[3] Notting Dale:** A Tale of Two Cities

**[4] Powis Square:** The Angry Brigade

**[5] All Saints Road:** The Frontline

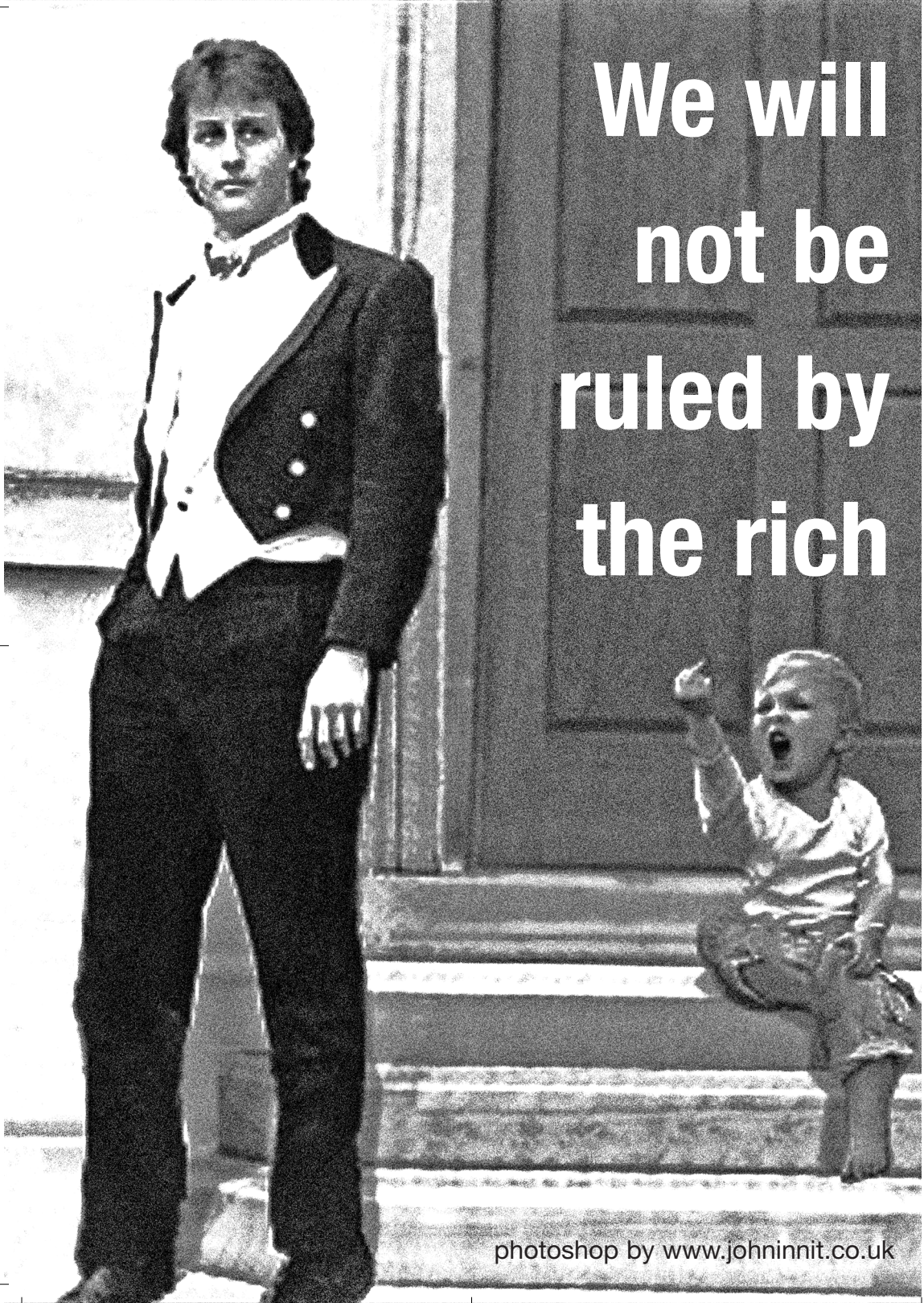
**[6] The (Warwick) Castle:** 225 Portobello Road

**[7] Ladbroke Grove:** Radical pub crawl Elgin/KPH/Earl Percy/Eagle/Cowshed

**[8] The Inn on the Green:** 3 Thorpe Close, Portobello Green, Acklam Road

**[9] 305 Portobello Road:** Uncle's formerly Frenzd underground press office

**[10] Spanish Civil War Memorial:** Portobello Green, Galicia, 323 Portobello Road



**We will  
not be  
ruled by  
the rich**

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## [Introduction]: Toffs Out!



As Tom Vague shows control of space and land and buildings has always been at the heart of the battle between the haves and the have-nots in Notting Hill – from the Racecourse riots to Freestonia to the present day resistance to gentrification and the horrors of the gastropub!

Now we have the battle to save Meanwhile Gardens from having luxury apartments built on them and the struggle to save small shops from being swallowed up by Kerry Sutaria's plans to turn the area into a designer enclave for the super rich with its gated communities.

Surely the plans to demolish Portobello Road Woolworths to make way for Sutaria's super rich gated enclave must become the Alamo of Ladbroke Grove resistance - but more successful! And can we have our 'Warwick' back on 'The Castle'?

But there has always been resistance. The area has a proud radical history. Class War marched through Ladbroke Grove to Holland Park on the first BASH THE RICH march in 1985. Twenty two years later we have to do it again.

If you want affordable housing for working class people rather than a forest of FOXTONS signs and yuppie lofts and Old Etonians then join with us – it might even be fun!

*THE HUNTED TAILOR*



## [1] Notting Hill Gate: The Prince Albert, 11 Pembridge Road: the local of the Chartist leader Feargus O'Connor

### The Hippodrome Racecourse Whyte Riot:

The Notting Hill Gate Prince Albert pub at 11 Pembridge Road dates back to 1841, when it was at the entrance to the Hippodrome racecourse.

In the 1830s the urbanisation of west London was briefly held up by the local entrepreneur John Whyte and his racecourse venture. Having leased 200 acres of James Weller Ladbroke's land, Whyte proceeded to enclose 'the slopes of Notting Hill and the meadows west of Westbourne Grove' with 7 foot high paling. In the *Sporting Magazine's* Hippodrome hype, just beyond the Kensington Gravel Pits (as Notting Hill Gate was then known) race goers would find before them 'a racing emporium more extensive and attractive than Ascot or Epsom.' The 'Entrance to Hipp' ('Chief Entrance to the Hippodrome') was off Portobello Lane (now Pembridge Road), through an arch at the beginning of Kensington Park Road. On the 1837 plans the course seems to go down the route of Kensington Park Road and back up the route of Portland/Clarendon Road.

'This is not the thing of today, but the foundation-stone of an undying ornament to our country, its proximity to the metropolis rendering it a boon of magnitude to Londoners never before contemplated; the working and poorer classes, particularly, are benefited by its establishment; it makes them even with the aristocratic and wealthy; from the most distant part of the metropolis they can ride in the omnibus, for sixpence, to the Hippodrome...'

'The great annoyance experienced by the respectable company at the Hippodrome, from the ingress of blackguards who enter by the 'right of way', ought, at once, to convince the Kensington people of the impolicy, as well as the injustice of the steps they have taken in reference to this ground. Nothing has occurred of late so disgusting as this petty botheration. The inhabitants of Kensington have sunk 99% in the public estimation, in consequence of it. The very urchins who were made the instruments of this piece of contemptible parochial tyranny, will, in after life, blush for the action. We allude to the little boys who accompanied the beadles and 'old women', in beating the boundaries of the parish. The reckless injury occasioned to the property, perhaps, is a minor consideration, when compared with the inconvenience attendant now upon the impossibility of keeping out any ruffian or thief who may claim his 'right of way' on the footpath; were this not the case, the police being stationed at the gate, could prevent any known bad character from gaining entrance. Their efforts in this respect are rendered abortive by the stupid humbug and childish absurdity of the local authorities and inhabitants of Kensington. We do think they must feel how utterly insignificant the exercise of such paltry dominion, to the prejudice of the public at large, has made them appear in the eyes of every class of society in the metropolis... shame upon the people of Kensington!'

*The Times* 1837

Notting Hill began, as it would go on, in media hype, local protest and class war. The *Sporting Magazine* reporter 'Juan' noted that, 'as a place of fashionable resort', the Notting Hill Hippodrome

opened 'under promising auspices.' There were 'splendid equipages' and 'gay marquees, with all their flaunting accompaniments, covered the hill, filled with all the good things of this life.' 'Juan' prophetically summed up the first meeting, and the area's future, with: 'Another year, I cannot doubt, is destined to see it rank among the most favourite and favoured of all the metropolitan rendezvous, both for public and private recreation' However, other reviews were not so favourable; in one the horses were described as 'animated dogs' meat'; and there was a crowd invasion through a hole in the fence. Illustrating the age old problem of policing the Notting Hill Carnival, on the morning of the first meeting locals had cut the hole through the fence with hatchets and saws, where it blocked the path to Notting Barns farm. Of the 12 to 14,000 in attendance, it was estimated that 'some thousands thus obtained gratuitous admission.'

The 'ancient public way' over the hill, that would become Ladbrooke Grove (more or less), was apparently being used at the time as an alternative to Pottery Lane, which had become known as 'Cut Throat Lane'. Florence Gladstone wrote in *Notting Hill in Bygone Days* that 'it was possible, and sometimes advisable, to hide in the ditch beside the track', rather than encounter the inhabitants of the Potteries. According to Warwick Wroth, the local path protesters 'seem as a rule to have been orderly enough, but gipsies, prigs (thieves) and hawkers did not neglect the opportunity of mingling with the nobility and gentry.' John Whyte proceeded to block up the hole with clay and turf, thus enflaming the situation into further Notting Hill race conflict. On June 17 1837 'local inhabitants and labourers, led by the parochial surveyor and accompanied by the police', maintained the path by reinstating the entrance hole and adding a northern exit. Once this was achieved, the first community activists gathered on Notting Hill to give three cheers for the parish of Kensington. *The Times* report of the second meeting railed against:

'the contemptible conduct of the band of learned Thebans who rule the Kensington Vestry. This enlightened clique, directed in their counsels by a barber and a baker, assert a right of way across the Hippodrome, which opens a loophole to the admission of all the parish scum, and enables them in a great degree to mar the enjoyment of those who have honesty enough to feel that the man who provides a public entertainment has a right to be paid for it. The disputed path is one of no public utility whatever. It does not shorten the distance to any acknowledged highway – it affords only a circuitous route to a couple of farmhouses. It has rarely been used except by a few labourers.'

The *Times* reporter spluttered on, with barely concealed aristocratic indignation, of:

'all the idle and outcast population of the neighbourhood, and all the dirty and dissolute vagabonds of London, a more filthy and disgusting crew than that which entered yesterday we have seldom had the misfortune to encounter. It would be well enough if they would confine themselves to the narrow track, beyond which even their champion, the barber, does not pretend they have a right; but, relying on their numbers, they spread themselves over the whole of the ground, defiling the atmosphere as they go; and carrying into the neighbourhood of the stands and carriages, where the ladies are most assembled, a coarseness and obscenity of language as repulsive to every feeling of manhood as to every sense of common decency. If the majority of the parish of Kensington really believe that they have a right to the path, it would be well that some of the respectable parishioners should come forward



to take the quarrel out of the hands of those who have adopted a mode of warfare exactly in keeping with the views which men in their situation in life are generally disposed to entertain with respect to everything that they think calculated to advance the pleasures of what they deem the upper classes – that is, of all who do not move exactly upon or below their own level. For the last month a course of the most petty annoyance has been persevered in, and will most likely be continued until the decision of a court of law has been pronounced upon the question.

‘But as the delays of the law are proverbial, it is to be regretted that some of the gentlemen of the parish who cannot participate in the views and feelings of the barber-and-baker brotherhood do not come forward to make such an arrangement as shall prevent this charming spot from becoming a place of resort only for the vilest and most degraded of the suburban population. If the proprietor be willing to take upon himself all the consequences of closing the fence, let him do so. If he be wrong the parish will have an ample opportunity of fleecing him afterwards. Meanwhile let the inhabitants of London have an opportunity of enjoying a few hours’ healthful recreation without the contamination of the very dregs of the community.’

Then William IV died, causing the cancellation of the third meeting, and the sale of the royal stud meant a bad time in general for racing. Over the next 2 years, as the footpath right of way dispute developed into the first great Notting Hill media controversy, there were just a handful of meetings.

*The Times* report of the 4th meeting continued the class conflict trend:

‘It is true that a large portion of the assemblage consisted of the dirty and dissolute, to whom the disputed path affords a means of ingress; but there was still a sufficient muster of the gay and fashionable to assure the proprietor that a purveyor of manly national sports will find no lack of powerful and flattering support from the million inhabitants of the largest and richest metropolis in the world... All that the most laborious and unceasing care could do towards the improvement of the course has been accomplished; all that the most watchful and solicitous attention to the increased convenience and comfort of the visitors could suggest has been achieved; but as long as the off-scourings of Kensington and its neighbourhood, backed by the redoubtable vestry of that parish, are allowed to intrude themselves into the grounds, it would seem that a much larger attendance of the police were absolutely indispensable.’

The area’s genteel image was further tarnished at the time in the Poor Law Commissioners’ report on ‘some cottages at Notting Dale, inhabited by Irish families and called the Potteries.’ ‘The Notting Hill Enclosure Bill’ was quietly dropped in 1838, and the footpath established with iron railings. The racecourse was extended northwards and renamed after the new queen, the Victoria Park Hippodrome, Bayswater. But then, with the right of way dispute finally resolved, a more insurmountable hurdle emerged: the clay soil made the going heavy most of the time, causing leading jockeys to shun the course and the training ground unusable for long periods. After 13 meetings in 5 years, in 1842 John Whyte admitted defeat, and relinquished the leasehold of the land. The course briefly returned to open countryside; then James Weller Ladbroke unleashed the builders.

## The Napoleon of Notting Hill – The Chartist Feargus O'Connor

*“We’re di forces af vict’ry, an’ wi’ comin’ rite through, we’re di forces af vict’ry, now wat yu gonna do, wi mek a lickle date fi 1978 an’ wi fite an’ wi fite, an’ defeat di State, den all wi jus’ forwud up to Not’n’ Hill Gate.”*

Linton Kwesi Johnson ‘Forces of Victory’ 1978

Of all the little Napoleons of Notting Hill, the Chartist leader Feargus O’Connor has the best claim to the title; as a mad cult hero, the leader of a revolutionary force numbering tens of thousands opposed by the Duke of Wellington, and an original resident of Notting Hill. Described as a charismatic, rabble-rousing giant who claimed descent from Irish kings (he was born into as stately a pile as Lord Holland), Feargus O’Connor was also MP for Nottingham, and the proprietor of the radical paper, the *Northern Star*. After the failure of the 1848 revolution, Feargus lived out his last ‘demented and impoverished’ days at his sister’s house, known at the time as 18 Notting Hill (formerly Portobello Lane, since Albert Place, and now Pembridge Road). As the Kensington Gravel Pits hamlet became Notting Hill High Street in the 1840s, it sounds like a hotbed of radical activity, revolving around the Chartist brush shop opposite the old Swan inn (on the site of the current Old Swan) on the corner of Church Street.

If the 1848 Chartist march from Kennington Common had followed the pattern of events in Europe, the revolutionary plan was to rally in the Notting Hill Hunting Grounds of North Kensington. But, thanks to the old Duke of Wellington’s policing operation (featuring the future Louis Napoleon III) for the Whigs under Lord Holland’s protégé Lord Russell, this area would not be known for political activity until this century’s Notting Hill Tory uprising (David Cameron is said to refer to the area incorrectly as Notting Dale). After bringing the country to the brink of revolution, Feargus O’Connor’s final funeral march in 1855, reputedly 50,000-strong, went from the Chartist pub, the Prince Albert at Notting Hill Gate, along Westbourne Grove and Harrow Road, to Kensal Green cemetery; where he has an obelisk memorial. Although the Chartist leader outlived the Duke of Wellington, he lost out to him again from beyond the grave when the pub on Portobello Road was named in honour of the national hero rather than the local rebel.

## Campden Squatters

In the first case of squatting in the area in 1946 homeless families from the East End occupied luxury flats on Campden Hill. Rachel Ferguson wrote on the subject in her *Royal Borough* book:

*“We had done with the war but it hadn’t done with us... One mild Sunday afternoon, a large party of men, women and children streamed up to Campden Hill and, by shock tactics, rushed and occupied a block of luxury flats in Duchess of Bedford Walk. They weren’t local displaced or bombed-out families; they hailed from remote districts and even other counties and their ranks included those poor souls who, encouraged by their local Labour leaders, had given up what accommodation they already possessed, in the belief that with smash-and-grab the millennium had arrived... Of course, they had to go, and they went, sped by a news-camera or two, and made farewell remarks of a philosophic if slightly truculent nature at a microphone, of which the theme-song was ‘You haven’t seen the last of us’...”*

## [2] Portobello Road: George Orwell pub crawl Sun in Splendour/Gold/Lonsdale/Star/Finch's/Electric/1st Floor

In 1927, the most popular political Blair, Eric set out from 22 Portobello Road to go *Down and Out in Paris and London*, and become George Orwell. He dressed as a vagrant in Ruth Pitter's pottery shed in the Portobello Place mews. In other local Orwell links, the underground paper *International Times* reputedly had his 1984 typewriter, the Clash originally had a boiler-suited 1984 prole rebel image, and the third film version was financed by Virgin in the actual year. The next blue plaque on 39 Chepstow Villas commemorates Louis Kossuth, the exiled Hungarian 1848 revolutionary. After being instrumental in the revolutionary nationalist uprising, and president of the short-lived Hungarian republic in 1849, when Russia came to Austria's aid Kossuth fled to Turkey and lived out his days in exile in England and Italy. During World War 1, the Electric Cinema was attacked by an anti-German mob who believed that the German manager was signalling to Zeppelins from the roof. At the time of the 1958 Notting Hill race riots, while the North Kensington Labour MP George Rogers sided with the fascists by blaming West Indians for failing to adapt to the British way of life, there were some 'communist Teds' who heckled the fascists at street meetings.

## [3] Notting Dale: A Tale of Two Cities

"In the new suburbs carved out by the middle classes to escape from the noise, smoke, dirt, and crowding of the central areas of Victorian London, poor and squalid enclaves could frequently be found. They were not there by accident. The comfortable suburb and the meaner suburb within it were mutually interdependent. The Potteries, Notting Dale, Jennings Buildings (on Kensington High Street), and Kensal New Town were 4 substantial communities of poor people which served a definite economic function in west London; and between these slums and the neighbouring middle classes a sort of bi-lateral trade in goods and services sprang up. The poor communities provided a constant and convenient pool of labour to meet middle class demands for various services. Indeed, much of the character of these settlements was determined by the economic functions they performed. In effect, they were all economic satellites of affluent west London..."

"The proximity of wealth and leisure probably accentuated the poverty and hardship. The rich and poor communities interacted on a daily basis and were to some extent interdependent. The presence of wealth had a marked effect on the way of life of the poorer residents: it undoubtedly increased their consciousness of their own poverty through a sense of relative deprivation and at the same time profoundly influenced the ways in which the poor earned their scanty bread. Most women's work was in the service sector, and for the men the proximity of wealth and an expanding middle class suburb increased the scale of employment opportunities within existing occupations. This suburban growth, which is often thought to have further divided England's 'two nations', here brought the opposite ends of the social spectrum into frequent and varied contact."

Patricia Malcolmson: *Getting A Living In The Slums Of Victorian Kensington*, 1975

Notting Dale first hit the headlines in 1850 when the area was featured in the first issue of Charles

Dickens' *Household Words* journal. The assistant editor WH Wills wrote in his 'Health by Act of Parliament' article that:

"In a neighbourhood studded thickly with elegant mansions, viz Bayswater and Notting Hill, in the parish of Kensington, is a plague spot, scarcely equalled for insalubrity by any other in London, it is called the Potteries. It comprises some 7 or 8 acres with about 260 houses, if the term can be applied to such hovels, and a population of 900 to 1,000. The occupation of the inhabitants is principally pig-fattening; many hundreds of pigs, ducks and fowls are kept in an incredible state of filth. Dogs abound for the purpose of guarding the swine. The atmosphere is still further polluted by the process of fat boiling."

At the time of the Irish famine, Wills concluded that 'in these hovels discontent, dirt, filth and misery are unsurpassed by anything known even in Ireland.' Appropriately enough, the original Piggeries were in Paddington on the site of the Blairs' house in Connaught Square. In the late 19<sup>th</sup> century, conditions in the Notting Dale slum (that grew out of the Potteries/Piggeries) got worse as the population increased and the area acquired a lawless reputation. As the 20<sup>th</sup> century began an urban missionary pamphlet reported on the first local anarchist scare in Notting Dale.

'Beyond the colony of the pigkeepers', the anonymous vicar-historian, 'the Old Inhabitant' found an outpost alongside the Counter's Creek boundary stream (by then the Common Sewer) and the West London railway line, where Latimer Road was coming into existence as Latymer Road. In a state of shock and awe, he wrote:

"But what a place it was when I first discovered it – comparatively out of the world – a rough road cut across the fields the only approach. Brickfields and pits on either side, making it dangerous to leave on dark nights. A safe place for many people who did not wish everybody to know what they were doing.' Latymer Road made the headlines in 1860 with the 'Death in a London Bog' of Frances Dowling, 'a poor woman' who 'had missed the crossing place and stumbled into one of the miry pits.' This horrific incident led to the establishment of the Latymer Road mission and ragged school, which appeared in the middle of the 'primaeval swamp, blossoming in broken bottles, pots and pans."

### **The Free and Independent Republic of Frestonia**

"I was one day wandering about the streets in part of North Kensington, telling myself stories of feudal sallies and sieges, in the manner of Walter Scott, and vaguely trying to apply them to the wilderness of bricks and mortar around me. I felt that London was already too large and loose a thing to be a city in the sense of a citadel. It seemed to me even larger and looser than the British Empire. And something irrationally arrested and pleased my eye about the look of one small block of little lighted shops, and I amused myself with the supposition that these alone were to be preserved and defended."

GK Chesterton, *Nationalism and Notting Hill*, 1936

The Sex Pistols' designer Jamie Reid said his favourite local graffiti was 'Independence for South Africa, Ireland, Scotland, Wales – and Ladbroke Grove.' After Latimer Road was cut in half by the



A40 (M)/M41 flyover inter-change, the southern end became a squatted bohemian interzone of Notting Dale. In October 1977, as the GLC planned a mass eviction before building an industrial estate, the Freston Road hippy and punk squatters declared themselves independent of Britain as the Free Republic of Frestonia, and appealed to the UN for assistance. As they set up border controls and embassies, all the citizens double-barrelled their names with Bramley from the adjacent road. Part William Blake Albion Free State, part Marx brothers' 'Freedonia', with some Chestertonian whimsy and Orwellian nightmare thrown in, Frestonia was founded by Nick Albery from BIT and Heathcote Williams of the Ruff Tuff Cream Puff squatting estate agents. When the actor David Rappaport-Bramley (who meets Napoleon as the *Time Bandits* leader 'Randle') was the Frestonia minister for foreign affairs, Geoffrey Howe (the future Tory foreign secretary) wrote whilst in opposition, in support of the squatted republic and Chesterton's 'small is beautiful' principle: 'As one who had childhood enthusiasm for *Napoleon of Notting Hill*, I can hardly fail to be moved by your aspirations.'

In the People's Hall on Olaf Street (now design studios), the National Film Theatre of Frestonia presented *Passport to Pimlico* (in which SW1 becomes part of Burgundy to avoid rationing restrictions), film of the Sex Pistols by Julien Temple and John Tiberi, and the Passions' first gig as the Youngsters, while Here & Now appeared at the Freston Road Ceres bakery. The Passions formed out of the pre-punk Derelicts, who squatted the other side of the Westway roundabout on Latimer Road. Steve Montgomery of Rough Trade managed the other half of the Derelicts, prag VEC, and the squatted Freston Road pub, the Flag/Trafalgar which became 'the Apocalypse Hotel'. In the early 90s, as Frestonia became the Bramley housing co-op development, the squatting pioneer Scottish Jack told Jim White of the *Independent*: "It was tough here. The locals didn't like us, criminal families, they used to come round mob-handed with pick-axe handles for some fun after closing time. Irish tinkers would come to your door and tell you that they were taking over your house. The black kids would nick anything you had. You felt vulnerable. The police? Well, the drug squad used to use us for practice raids; 30 of them would turn up, plus vans and dogs, break down your door, and you'd be sitting there with one solitary spliff."

#### [4] Powis Square: The Angry Brigade

According to the 1968 'Notting Hill Interzone' issue of *International Times*, 'in Powis Square in the 1920s the first black members of the community settled' amongst the existing multi-ethnic mix of Russian and Polish Jews, Irish and British immigrants from 'depressed areas': 'people who made their names folk myths; eccentrics, madmen, political radicals, poets and artists; Chicago Kate (who lived in Basing Road – now street), the Englisher (a British born Jew), the Presser (the quiet communist theoretician), Schmooser, the best dancer in Notting Hill. Stallholders in Portobello Road for generations, many of them still represented; Rosie, an Irish woman who kept a vegetable stall and who spoke fluent Yiddish...'

#### Powis Square May '68 – The Writing on the Walls

In 1967, the Notting Hill People's Association made the first attempt to forcibly open the gates of the Powis Square gardens; followed up by a direct-action picnic in the Colville Gardens square.

During the summer of love, the second Rhaune Laslett 'Notting Hill Festival' was incorporated into the Notting Hill Summer Project community workshop. This was a more serious version of the '66 London Free School, organised by the People's Association in All Saints church hall, which became the People's Centre; the NHPA also produced the longest running local newsletter, the *People's News*. The summer of love project mostly consisted of research for George Clark's housing survey of the Colville and Golborne slum areas, which student volunteers paid to carry out following a US civil rights-style university mail-shot. In *The Politics of Community Action*, RA Gilmore from Colville Gardens summed it up as "a way of coming together to do something – I'm not quite sure what, but I had a gut feeling that something would come out of it – especially with all these students actually paying to come and work here."

To the hippies, opening up the fenced off garden squares of the Powis and Colville area (between Talbot Road and Colville Terrace) became a symbolic mission to convert 'untuned on people' and start 'a tidal wave which is about to wash away the square world', as the playwright Neil Oram put it. In May '68, in the wake of the first anti-Vietnam war demo in Grosvenor Square, a group of Vietnam protesters turned up at a Notting Hill People's Association meeting in All Saints hall, intent on more direct community action in Powis Square. The *Hustler* underground paper reported that "various opinions at the meeting made for a vigorous, occasionally explosive atmosphere... from raffles to revolution... forcibly open the garden squares, resist rent rises, set up an alternative local government, encourage housing associations, set up a co-operative community bank – all were suggested. "It's time," said one man, "we started a revolution in North Kensington."

After several children were run over in the area, a series of People's Association demos culminated in a local mothers' march on June 15. As the demonstrators made their way round the Powis and Colville squares, the march was diverted by the Vietnam protesters (disguised as pantomime animals) towards the gates of the Powis Square gardens, which were duly forced open. The May '68 revolution in Notting Hill may have been overshadowed somewhat by events in Paris, but one square at least was opened permanently for the people in London. The Council subsequently acquired the gardens from the private owners and eventually converted the area into a children's playground. As Jan O'Malley of the North Kensington Playspace group put it in *The Politics of Community Action*, "whereas the violent action of the Vietnam Solidarity Campaign compelled the Council to capitulate and buy the square, forcing a rapid shift in the situation, the task of generating adequate financing of the square by the Council has been a much more protracted up-hill struggle."

Apart from the playgrounds, law centres and crèches (what have the hippies done for us?), the most enduring legacy of the Notting Hill '68 student revolution was the graffiti. The writing on the walls, largely attributed to the post-Situationist 'King Mob' group, included Romantic poetry by William Blake, Coleridge and Shelley. The former's 'The tigers (tygers) of wrath are wiser than the horses of instruction' on Basing Street (along the north-east side of the Lancaster Road junction) was tagged with 'Rent revolt' and 'QPR Loft End agro', and used as a Cat Stevens pose location. 'The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom' on Powis Square was reputedly changed to 'Willesden'. On Portobello Road, King Mob signalled the end of peace and love with 'Burn it all down', 'Dynamite is freedom' and 'All you need is dynamite' down the side of Melissa's Café at the Tavistock Road junction; where the '66 fair procession began with children singing 'Yellow Submarine'.

Around the Powis and Colville squares there was the somewhat overstated overcrowding protest 'Belsen lives' on Talbot Toad, on the east corner of Colville Gardens; 'Religion = opium' on All Saints church; 'Rachman was right' on Colville Terrace; 'Kars kill' on the corner of All Saints and Westbourne Park Road, 'The only race is the rat race' and 'Revolution Now'; 'Christie lives' and/or 'Remember Christie' appeared on or around Rillington Place; and most famously hoardings beneath the Westway, alongside the tubeline between Ladbroke Grove and Westbourne Park, were emblazoned with 'Same thing day after day – Tube – Work – Diner (sic) – Work – Tube – Armchair – TV – Sleep – Tube – Work – How much more can you take – One in ten go mad – One in five cracks up.'

### **King Mob Echo – Once Upon A Time there was a place called Notting Hill Gate**

In the late 60s Alex Trocchi was succeeded as the leading British Situationist by Chris Gray, the editor of *King Mob Echo* who lived on Cambridge Gardens. John Hopkins remembers Gray "behaving critically" and "making a dent in the consciousness." At the time of Trocchi's Project Sigma, he published the Situationist text *The Totality for the Kids* from Hereford Road, and the radical pop pamphlet *Heatwave* with Charlie Radcliffe. But in 1967 the British Situationists fell out with the Paris politburo, officially because they sided with the New York yuppies against the euro intellectuals. However, Fred Vermorel attributes the split to the Situationist supremo Guy Debord coming to Notting Hill and finding Chris Gray's urban guerrilla forces (the Wise brothers) watching *Match of the Day*. Vermorel also credits Chris Gray with the proto-punk rock 'unpleasant pop group' idea: "If the Sex Pistols stemmed from the Situationist International, their particular twist of radical flash and burlesque rage was also mediated through a band of hooligan pedants based in the Notting Hill Gate area of London. This was King Mob." Although it can be argued that Mick Farren was already putting the idea into practice with the Social Deviants. When Malcolm McLaren was a radical art student follower of the Situationists, his girlfriend Viv Westwood was selling hippy jewellery on Portobello market to support him.

According to Dave Wise's *The End of Music* punk and reggae critique, the name King Mob came from graffiti daubed on Newgate prison as it was stormed in the Gordon riots of 1780. In their critical local history, *Once Upon A Time there was a place called Notting Hill Gate*, the Wise brothers note that the Notting Hill graffiti predated the May '68 slogans of Paris, but have to admit they didn't have quite the same effect. They also disassociate King Mob and the SI from later Heathcote Williams material, such as 'Princess Anne is already married to Valerie Singleton', and music business promotions like the Stones' 'It's Only Rock'n'roll' (which appeared on the Free Shop sign on Acklam Road), whilst distancing themselves from some of King Mob's more nihilistic plans like hanging peacocks in Holland Park. Mostly through the graffiti, the influence of the Situationists' *The Society of the Spectacle* and *The Revolution of Everyday Life* on the hippy movement rivalled that of the beat generation's writings. However, the Wise brothers dismissed the underground scene as 'just another range of consumer goods, of articles whose non-participatory consumption follows the same rules in Betsy-Coed as in Notting Hill.' In *Days in the Life*, Dick Pountain recalls how King Mob used to "terrorise" the *International Times* office with their critical posters. On the first anti-Vietnam war demo, they disrupted the Trotskyite chant of 'Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh' with 'Hot chocolate, drinking chocolate.'

## International Times' Notting Hill Interzone A

In May '68, as students took to the barricades in Paris, John Hopkins came up with *IT* 30, the Notting Hill 'Interzone A' map issue; inspired by a combination of William Blake and William Burroughs, Situationist psychogeography, and local history. 30 years on, Hoppy describes Interzone *IT* as a cross between a marketing exercise and a revolutionary strategy:

"The centre of gravity of *IT* was in Notting Hill. One of the things we understood then is if you want to take the territory you publish the map, that's an axiom that really works. So we decided that the first place that we want to conceptually seize is Notting Hill – this is in 1968 – so we published a map and we called it 'Interzone A'. Somebody did some research about the 3 villages, Notting Dale, Westbourne Park and Portobello. The idea wasn't local history, although I think you can call it that. What we tried to do was provide that information for people, so that they'd know when you walk along the street you're treading along somewhere people have lived and walked along for hundreds of years. It used to be farms then it was a village. When you stand here imagine that this was a village, trying to help give people a sense of place in time which goes beyond the present."

'Walking the Grove' in 'Interzone' *IT*, Courtney Tulloch grappled with the paradox of hippy Heaven West 11 and concrete island Notting Hell, at one point concluding that 'Notting Hill in its social aspects – housing and so on – is a huge grimy garbage heap, that is just waiting to get set on fire.' As the GLC's car-park plans for the 23 acres under the Westway were discovered, he thought

"the area could congeal into a genuinely depressed ghetto, people's social and economic needs being overshadowed by the gigantic inhuman motorway. This is what happened after the building of over-head railways in Chicago and New York. Local politicians could seize the opportunity to turn Notting Hill into Britain's first US style black ghetto (if it isn't that already)."

But, on the other hand, he mused:

"If the spans are given over to the community, the possibilities for further creative extensions to the children's adventure playground already under way in Westbourne Park, are total... If you must vote, vote for playspace at the council elections... In the meantime, look forward to the Notting Hill Fair especially, a human bonfire of energy and colour. Don't wait for the area to change – no change in a physical environment how ever great can ever change *you*. Instead dig the vibrations in and around Notting Hill, perhaps the only area in London where through the differing enclaves of experimental living, a free-form and ingenious communal life-style could really burst forth... In the 50s most young people who came to Notting Hill were students who only stayed for 6 to 9 months and then moved out. Now there are signs that a real underground community is alive, and especially in the village around Portobello Road, down to the Gate. Each person will carry a fire in their heads despite (perhaps because of) the garbage, the ghetto poverty and the rest.'



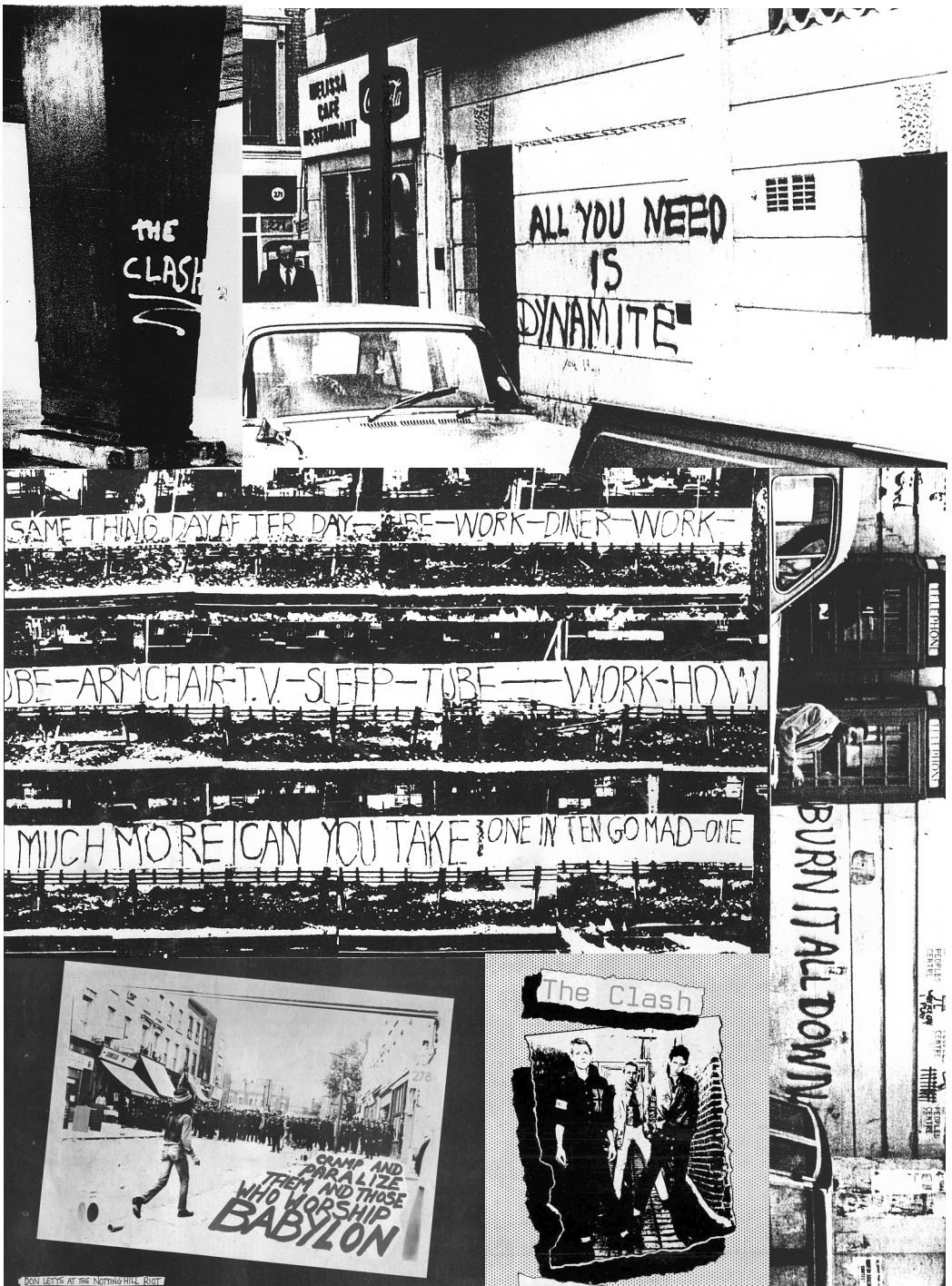
## Hustler – What is the Grove?

As well as his local history walks in *IT*, Courtney Tulloch was the editor of *Hustler*, the 1968 black underground paper (which preceded Larry Flynt's porno mag). *Hustler* covered general Council neglect, of traffic, housing, poverty, property speculation and the black community, in militant style. The paper's stark design and attitude resembles a punk fanzine more than a hippy underground paper. The cover of the first 'What is the Grove?' May '68 issue features pictures of an old white man passing a black woman and kids by the 'Belsen Lives' graffiti on Colville Gardens, black girls by the 'Dynamite is Freedom' graffiti, black and white kids, a nun, hippies/beatniks on Talbot Road, and an old market trader. Inside there's pictures of Paris/Prague-style stencil graffiti proclaiming 'The People's Centre All Saints Church Hall – Let kids play on the squares', the Powis Square 'Trespassers will be prosecuted' sign, and children playing in the road. The features include 'The Death of Ossie's' – on the police closure of Ossie's gambling club at 79 Ledbury Road, 'Ghetto Control', 'Who controls Notting Hill', 'Who Knocks Enoch?', 'James Baldwin: The Black Experience', 'Demonstration Gear American Style' – '68 fashion, 'Watts '65' – on the 'black anarchy' in LA riot, and 'Theatre of the Streets' – on some anti-Vietnam war street theatre in St Stephen's Gardens which sounds like another mini-Carnival.

The first *Hustler* also contains the first mention of the Mangrove restaurant at 8 All Saints Road, the new venture of Frank Crichlow (of El Rio Profumo affair café previous), the West Indian community centre of the 70s and 80s – 'Turn on West Indian and English feasts'. In the June 'Tell it like it is' *Hustler* there's a picture captioned 'The Way to Powis' of people going through the hole in the square gardens fence. This one features a 'Black Power Michael' book review, 'People get ready there's a road coming through' – on the Lancaster Road West redevelopment, a 'Know Your Rights' article on housing law by the future local Labour MP Bruce Douglas Mann, a 'Soul Sound' chart, 'Black Spirit Sounds' – on the Black Panthers, 'Powell Power' and 'Grove Talk' – on the neo-Nazi Colin Jordan. The November issue, which has a Mexico Olympics Black Power salute cover, includes rumours that 'another fence will soon be enclosing Powis Square', and one of beautiful black American girls spying on the Notting Hill underground scene.

The community revolution in Notting Hill in the late 60s was best summed up by Bob Marsden in his *Play Association History*, as a Chestertonesque struggle between the south and north of the borough:

“The real opposition is not between alternative rational means of organising play provision, but between the different ideologies, moralities, ambitions, strategies and tactical styles of the two Kensington communities, as they are played out in that charitable buffer zone which has for so long protected the rich and cheated the poor. Now a situation had arisen where the buffer zone had been occupied and used as a strike base by the agents of the poorer. This constituted a real threat to the power and security of the otherwise impregnable Council establishment. Their hitherto successful strategy of control by neglect no longer worked, and only some kind of direct counter-action could now control the plague of anarchy and revolution which they imagined to be sweeping over the north of the borough.”



## The Angry Brigade – Hey dig, the time is right for violent revolution – Blow It Up, Burn It Down

As *Performance* finally opened, police raided the 1970 Powis Square bonfire night party. Appropriately enough, the proceeds from the *Performance* premiere and the accompanying *Time Out* supplement went to the legal advice centre Release on Princedale Road. In *The Angry Brigade* book by Gordon Carr, the Powis Square community housing struggle is cited as the launch pad of the radical hippy bombing campaign against Ted Heath's Tory government, as "living evidence of capitalist society in decay." By 1970 the controversial square gardens had been "concreted over and enclosed by a high wire netting fence so that it looked like a prison compound." In his Angry Brigade documentary, Gordon Carr compared Notting Hill, unfavourably, with San Francisco's Haight Ashbury and German hippy communes, once again echoing the local Victorian slum description:

"It was, and in some senses still is, the centre for radical student drop-outs and for anyone who wants to go to the extremes in social and political life without too much attention from his neighbours or the authorities."

In the wake of the 1968 student revolt, John Barker, a Cambridge drop-out who would be convicted as one of the Angry Brigade, moved into the *Performance* house, 25 Powis Square. Inspired by King Mob, Barker joined the Notting Hill People's Association, who then had an office and café/soup-kitchen at 90 Talbot Road (since demolished). The Angry Brigade was basically a more serious, traditional left version of King Mob.

In 1970 the People's Association were engaged in such community activism as auction-busting, squatting, Carnival float-building, and the West London Claimants Union which Barker and co set up at the Lancaster Road church community centre. From out of this bizarre link between the Methodists and the Angry Brigade came the North Kensington Law Centre on Golborne Road. After Barker's tenancy, the basement of 25 Powis Square hosted a community theatre group improvisation of a play about "the fuzz and life in Notting Hill". This was as Chesterton's fantasy of internecine area war became reality, with the Angry Brigade, representing North Kensington, bombing targets in the south of the borough. In the early hours of November 20, a BBC outside broadcast van was blown up outside the Albert Hall, before the 1970 Miss World contest. Witnesses reported seeing long-haired youths running away along Kensington Gore, in the direction of Notting Hill Gate. The contest itself was disrupted by a *Carry On Girls*-style flour and smoke-bombing by Women's Lib. The Situationist Wise brothers describe the Angry Brigade, "fleet footing in and out of the Gate" in their raids on the Society of the Spectacle, as "the most avant-garde terrorist group in western Europe".

1971 began with a bang as the Angry Brigade blew up the Barnet home of the employment minister Robert Carr. That night, the Met top brass were at a special police preview of *10 Rillington Place*. Then policemen descended on Notting Hill to arrest the wrong man again. The following week, Jake Prescott, a Scottish drug casualty on the fringes of the group, was apprehended on Talbot Road on suspicion of being in possession of drugs, and was duly connected with the bombings. The police were getting warmer when they discovered a copy of Guy Debord's book *The Society of the Spectacle* in the basement of the *Performance* house, 25 Powis Square; the book contained notes

in John Barker's handwriting linking him to their Situationist influenced communiqués. On May 1 1971 the Angry Brigade blew up the hippy fashion boutique Biba on Kensington Church Street. This direct attack on the Society of the Spectacle was accompanied by 'slightly annoyed brigade' flour and stink bombings of the big Biba and Mr Freedom shops on Kensington High Street.

Back in Angry Notting Hill, Holland Park School had a kids riot over the sacking of a popular teacher; the Metro youth club on Tavistock Road was subject to a 4 hour police siege which ended in a youth breakout and another local trial; and the Lancaster Road community centre was generally vandalised/burnt down. But, rather than spreading the revolution, the Biba bomb caused an irreparable split in the underground scene between its pop and political factions. Mick Farren was considered 'dark and angry' by Jenny Fabian, but as his and Boss Goodman's Maida Vale pad was raided by the bomb squad, he saw the Angry Brigade as Mansonite agent-provocateurs, unnecessarily bringing on the police oppression. They, in turn, found Farren's pop-situationist proto-punk tendencies decadent and counter-revolutionary. At this point, the King Mob fringe member, Malcolm McLaren was collecting rock'n'roll records from Portobello market for his own fashion boutique, Let It Rock at 430 King's Road.

### **The 1971 Notting Hill People's Free Carnival – Power to the People**

In the run-up to the Angry Carnival of 1971, an ad in *Frendz* made:

“a call to all progressive people; black people smash the racist immigration bill; workers of Britain smash the Industrial Relations bill. All progressive people unite and smash growing fascism. Rally and march July 25, Acklam Road, Ladbroke Grove 2pm. Black Unity and Freedom Party.”

The ad for the “People's Free Carnival August 29 – September 4 1971” says: “The Streets of Notting Hill belong to the people – rock'n'roll - steel bands - street theatre”. The *FreeFrendz* 'Blow Up' Angry Brigade special (for the 1st trial of Jake Prescott and Ian Purdie) reported that the “People's Carnival got off to a joyous start. The street fest continues all this week so do it in the road as noisily as you can”. The '71 Carnival procession consisted of a steel band led by Merle Major, a West Indian mother of 6 chanting “Get involved, Power to the People”, from her house on St Ervan's Road to Powis Square – where the Notting Hill People's Association had opened a squat for her. As an effigy of her landlord (the Irish Rachman, Peter O'Reilly) was burnt, Merle sang the '71 Carnival hit, 'Fire in the Hole', which includes the line, “*the people of the borough pay for your car*”.

When 25 Powis Square came up for auction the following year, 'Turner's house' was occupied by community activist squatters. As the People's Association outbid property speculators in another auction bust, the *People's News* reported the auctioneer complaining about “people called squatters – undesirable elements that should be eliminated from our society”. A flyer, describing Notting Hill as a “noisy, unstable, multi-racial, high-crime area, where political demonstrations, affrays and rioting are frequent occurrences”, listed number 25's outstanding health orders for repairs to the structurally unsound portico, faulty wiring and rising damp, and warned that tenants and squatters would resist eviction, by any means necessary: “This house has been and will continue to be a focal point for the escalating militant community hostility towards the activities of property speculators in



the area.” After that, ‘Turner’s house’ was sold to Notting Hill Housing Trust.

In May 1972, as T Rex were number 1 again with ‘Metal Guru’, the trial of the Angry Brigade Stoke Newington 8 began at the Old Bailey. At one point, the defendant Jim Greenfield was goaded by the prosecution counsel into showing his anti-establishment feelings: Mathew, referring to the robust policing of Powis Square and All Saints Road: “And you saw some unhappy things happening at Notting Hill Gate.” Greenfield: “Unhappy?” Mathew: “Did you see unhappy things happen?” Greenfield: “I would say it was downright disgusting.” Mathew: “That is what I thought you would say. You hate the police.” John Barker and Jim Greenfield were duly found guilty of conspiracy to cause explosions and given 10 year prison sentences.

Hawkwind’s ‘Urban Guerrilla’ (banned by the BBC and withdrawn by the record company because of the 1973 IRA bombing campaign) had the line: “*So let’s not talk of love and flowers and things that don’t explode, we used up all our magic powers trying to do it in the road*”. After the Angry Brigade trial, the Wise brothers recall the tradition of “fleet footing it out of the Gate” to attack the Spectacle becoming a cliché. To illustrate the point, they describe a cartoon of a local under a tree saying, “Hark, the call of the first militant of spring”. As *Ink* (the radical weekly underground paper which started up on Princedale Road) folded, *Frendz*, the People’s Defence or Notting Hill Red Defence anti-police group, the West London Claimants’ Union, and the community housing group made a last stand, proclaiming that “in isolation we can too easily lose our strategy and initiative and that’s what ‘they’ want – together we can start to turn Notting Hill into a liberated zone.”

## [5] All Saints Road The Frontline

### All Saints Road The Mangrove – Every Cop is a Criminal and All the Sinners Saints

In the 70s and 80s, the most notorious street of Notting Hill was the now fashionable All Saints Road; the Frontline of the local black community’s struggle with the police, the capital’s main reggae artery, and Carnival backstage area. From 1968 to 1991, the scene revolved around number 8 (at the Westbourne Park Road end), Frank Crichlow’s legendary Caribbean restaurant and community centre, the Mangrove. Since 1991, it’s been the Portobello Dining Rooms, Nice, Mas café, Manor, and is currently Ruby & Sequoia bar/restaurant. Courtney Tulloch recalled the move from the Rio café at 127 Westbourne Park Road (Frank Crichlow’s previous venture which featured in the Profumo affair), as the turning point from the 50s hustling scene to 60s Black Power activism. If anything, this made it of more interest to the police. As the Mangrove became the hippest Notting Hill restaurant of them all, “turn on West Indian and English feasts” were served to Sammy Davis Junior, Marvin Gaye, Jimi Hendrix, Diana Ross and the Supremes, the Four Tops, Sarah Vaughan and Nina Simone.

Frank Crichlow reminisced in the *Kensington Source* magazine that “people would be waiting outside in cars until tables were free... The place would be packed and we’d see the police peeping through the windows...” The Met’s reefer madness began a couple of decades of Mangrove raids, busts, trials, demos, riots and general antagonism between the police and black community that made All Saints Road the epicentre of young black London seeking legal assistance. Overlapping

the West Indian Grove, the hippy scene was catered for by the Sams' Macrobiotic restaurant, which cooked up the healthfood revolution next door to the Mangrove at number 8a, comparatively unchallenged by the authorities. In the run-up to the 1995 Carnival, as Mas Café, number 8 was the scene of a scuffle involving Hugh Grant, in which the actor was ridiculed over the Divine Brown affair and generally roughed up. An onlooker said: "He was OK but he had a bit of blood on him. I don't think he'll be back."

### **18 All Saints Road The Apollo studios formerly the Apollo pub**

In the early 80s, the militant reggae All Saints pub, the Apollo at number 18 (on the south-east corner of the Lancaster Road junction) was closed down for serving more grass than beer. In *Once Upon A Time there was a place called Notting Hill Gate*, the normally hypercritical Wise brothers get quite sentimental on the subject:

"It had been an OK dive, despite the many nights of depression, all 57 varieties of lefties, alternative comedians, dumbo rebel musicians, the Apollo was the communal watering hole of vague libertarianism, which amidst all of its nonsense had something of an anti-competitive, anti-business air to it."

The 1983 *Time Out* pub guide directed drinkers to All Saints Road, to "watch lots of unrelaxed policemen dressed as hippies selling each other Old Holborn in bank coin bags. Hello, hello, wanna score, man". The Apollo was duly converted into small business black co-op workshops in the mid 80s, including the Mangrove recording studios. In 1987 there was another series of raids on the Mangrove restaurant, as part of Operation Trident. To the Wise brothers, the accompanying installation of surveillance cameras and closure of the All Saints squats marked the start of Notting Hill gentrification.

After the '87 Carnival riot, All Saints Road was subject to a £1 million 'designer policing' makeover, as Frank Crichlow was once more cleared of trumped up drugs charges. After that, the police raided the Mangrove some more and 1989 saw the last Carnival riot on All Saints. The psycho-geographical transformation of the street, from riot frontline Notting Hell to girlpower Heaven W11, began in 1992 when Shaznay Lewis met Mel Blatt at number 18, the former Apollo pub, which by then had turned into Metamorphosis studios. Denise Watson's *Notting Hill Girl* pulp fact memoir is the flipside of the Julia Roberts *Notting Hill* girl story, recording the decline and fall of life on the Line. From the early 80s Rastafarian alternative herb market; featuring Bib's, Philsen's cafe, the rankin' taxi office, Roger's shebeen and the Hole gambling den; the All Saints Road story went through yardie crack war zone to trustafarian frontline of designer shops and restaurants. After the demise of the Mangrove office across the road from the restaurant, and the black culture shop Uprising at number 14, all that remains of the old Frontline is People's Sound, Daddy Vigo's strictly roots reggae record shop (which succeeded the 80s Upfront shop), and the Carnival sound-systems. To the east, on the corner of Tavistock Road and St Luke's Road, the old Metro Youth club was the scene of various police sieges, sit-ins and Dennis Bovell dub reggae sound-system clashes.

## [6] The (Warwick) Castle 225 Portobello Road

**The Warwick Castle Ghosts of Princes in Towers – Notting Hill, considered in its economic, political, sexual, intellectual, and particularly alcoholic aspects, and a modest proposal for its remedy**

The Warwick Castle (currently censored to the Castle) at 225 Portobello Road was probably named after the 17th century Rich family Earls of Holland and Warwick, who lived at Holland House but didn't own the actual Warwick Castle. In *Notting Hill in Bygone Days*, Florence Gladstone sets the scene, describing the pub's semi-rural origin on Portobello Lane in the mid 19<sup>th</sup> century:

“The first house, now 223a Portobello Road, for several years stood alone and unfinished. It was known as ‘The Folly’, and the name is perpetuated in Folly Mews. A shop has been built over the front garden. Formerly this house was a laundry with fields which stretched down to Ladbroke Grove. The Warwick Castle at the corner of Cornwall (now Westbourne Park) Road is the successor of a small inn of the same name; and opposite the inn, across Portobello Lane, was a cattle pond at the edge of a field. In the early 60s there was also a 2-storied country inn called the Ben Jonson” (named after the Elizabethan comedy writer).

In the early 20th century the Warwick consisted of 5 sectioned-off bars; the saloon, public, darts, ladies, and busman's where drivers nipped in for a swift one when they stopped on Westbourne Park Road. In the 30s a landlady lost her license for fighting with a friend outside the pub. In the early 60s the Warwick featured in the ‘Jack the Stripper’ prostitute murders case; in which the sordid horror of 10 Rillington Place segued into the glamorous conspiracy of the Profumo affair. One of the victims was last seen leaving the Warwick, and the girls had a sweepstake at the bar on which one of them would be the next victim. In the 80s it succeeded the All Saints Apollo and the Golden Cross (now the Market Bar) as the Irish/West Indian/counter-culture market pub. As the Warwick Castle advert promoted the experience (slightly paraphrased),

“This is medieval reality on a dramatic scale, the imposing Castle providing a breathtaking location for gripping story telling... the action is non-stop with a truly heroic performance by the barman.”

As the last bastion of the Ladbroke Grove punk and reggae scene, the Rough Trade pub (as in the record shop local and literally), the Warwick was frequented by Aswad, Clash, Pogues, Pop Group/Rip Rig & Panic, PIL, Raincoats, Skids, Transvision Vamp, World Domination Enterprises, and Members members. The Wise brothers citing of John Lydon as a “pivotal customer” was stretching it, as much as the *Standard* review in which Jason Donovan, Matt Dillon and Harry Dean Stanton were regulars, though they did all appear. In its pool hall heyday, the Warwick featured in Aki Kaurismaki's *I Hired A Contract Killer* featuring Joe Strummer as a pub entertainer and Nicky Tesco of the Members; and *Portobello Pirate TV* by JB (now of the Portobello Film Festival), featuring World Domination Enterprises, Steve Underground, John the hat/pipe/dog etc. There was even ‘*The Roughler Live At The Warwick*’ album featuring the landlord Seamus Costello calling last orders, ambient pub noises, and Jock Scot's ‘Ode to the Warwick’; in which “*Lords and bores rub shoulders with the pride of London's building sites.*”

Over the years the Warwick fanzine, *The Roughler* (originally the programme of the Old Roughians Rough Trade cricket team) has been described as the proto-*Loaded*, *Class War* meets the *Tatler*, and worse. The Situationist Wise brothers called it ‘a magazine which manages to praise Jasper Conran (the ultimate in designer wear at £500 a throw), the cricketer Bob Willis, and Class War, in almost one and the same breath, even *the London Standard* noted favourably its “*Tatleresque* spoofs”. In their critical local history, *Once Upon A Time There Was A Place Called Notting Hill Gate*, the one thing the Wise brothers definitely got wrong was describing the Warwick as yuppified in 1988. For a start, they misused the term yuppie, as young upwardly mobile professional didn’t apply to any of the 80s Warwick crowd, who were all either young downwardly mobile unprofessionals, old, poor, or rich anyway. The Warwick easily shook off such premature scaremongering to leave the 20<sup>th</sup> century as the one remaining example of authentic pub squalor on Portobello Road.

As the clientele spanned British society, from Lord Patrick Conyngham (of Slaine castle in Ireland) to Ian Bone, the editor of *Class War* “Britain’s most unruly tabloid”, the Warwick stalwart John Duignan stood as the *Class War* candidate in the 1988 bi-election, on the doomed ‘Stop the yuppie invasion’ ticket. At the campaign launch in the Warwick, Duignan said, “What’s happening in Kensington shows up nationally. You don’t have to get a train from Euston to see the north-south divide.” At the same time, Joe Strummer’s Latino Rockabilly War group played a Green Wedge benefit gig at the Tabernacle in Powis Square, and went on the *Class War* Rock Against the Rich tour. As Welsh Ray and the former Clash and Pistols roadie Roadent presented *Roughler* stand-up nights and founded the Notting Hill Panto at the Tabernacle. The Notting Wood Players’ panto has since become a local institution, featuring assorted local celebs including the Allens, Cains, Anna Chancellor (from *Four Weddings and Suburban Shootout*), Delphi, Eve Duggart, Colin Salmon and Suggs of Madness.

3,000 hangovers later, Welsh Ray reminiscences about introducing girlpower to pubs:

“The Warwick became a magnet, people used to come from far and wide, and then low and behold, before you knew it, there were women in there, playing pool. I saw Jerry Hall in there. People used to live there more than hang out there. It was more about gambling and drinking than posing at first. We became disillusioned with the Warwick after 10 great years when we could do everything we wanted. They saw through us in the end, they thought it was a boring old Paddy pub and they didn’t realise what was going on in there. Then they realised there were women in there, rock stars, actors and models getting in there.”

## **[7] Ladbroke Grove radical pub crawl: Elgin/KPH/Earl Percy/Eagle/Cowshed**

### **The 1970 Westway Opening Demos**

The opening of the A40 (M) Westway flyover between White City and Paddington on July 28 1970, by the new transport secretary Michael Heseltine, was accompanied by another local road protest over re-housing priorities. As a convoy of demonstrators disrupted the official opening ceremony, a banner was unfurled on Acklam Road demanding “Get Us Out of this Hell – Rehouse Us Now”. In the background of the picture Trellick Tower can be seen nearing completion. George Clark, the

former CND Committee of 100/housing survey saint, was consigned to Notting Hell for claiming credit for Acklam Road re-housing at the expense of Walmer Road residents. In another picture of the demo a placard proclaimed, 'There's only one man I know who could live in this hell hole and that is George Clark – the devil himself.' In the *IT* report, entitled 'The Devil is alive and well and living in Notting Hill' (under a picture of Mick Jagger in *Performance*), Clark was accused of 'diverting justifiable community anger from radical action into harmless words.'

At this point, there was a demo in Notting Hill virtually every other day, while All Saints hall hosted at least one community action meeting a night. As the Westway opened to traffic on August 9, there was another re-housing protest of more Ballardian interest on the hard shoulder. On the same day there was yet another demo under the flyover. The subterranean one, protesting about police persecution of the Mangrove restaurant on All Saints Road, was making its way around the 3 local police stations; Ladbroke Road, Sirdar Road and Harrow Road. As the march went up Great Western Road under the newly opened Westway, police attempts to divert it away from Harrow Road resulted in a mini-riot on Portnall Road, the arrest of 17 demonstrators, and the protracted trial of the Mangrove 9, who included the owner Frank Crichlow and Darcus Howe.

### **The 1976 Carnival Riot – Police and Thieves in the Street Scaring the Nation – Black Anarchy in the UK – Let's Loot the Supermarket Again like we did last summer**

After the Clash made their London debut supporting the Pistols at the Screen on the Green in Islington, the next afternoon, Joe Strummer, Paul Simonon and the Clash manager Bernie Rhodes were on Ladbroke Grove for the start of the 1976 Carnival riot. As Darcus Howe's militant Carnival committee and the Golborne 100 group (led by George Clark, the 1967 Summer Project saint-turned-anti-Carnival sinner) joined the fray, as well as the Clash, there were another 1,500 white men in uniform in Notting Hill. As the temperature rose, tempers were lost at what was then seen as an excessive police presence. In the area's defining pop psychogeography moment, following an attempted arrest on Ladbroke Grove under the Westway, the inevitable clash of police and youths came to a soundtrack of the '76 Carnival hit, Junior Murvin's 'Police and Thieves'; "*in the streets, scaring the nation with their guns and ammunition*"; echoing the near civil war situation in Jamaica at the time, and homegrown football hooliganism.

In *The Story of the Clash* in *The Armagideon Times* fanzine, Joe Strummer recalled getting caught up in the first incident under the Westway, along Thorpe Close/Malton Mews by Ladbroke Grove. He recalled a group of "blue helmets sticking up like a conga line" going through the crowd, then one was hit by a can, immediately followed by a hail of cans:

"The crowd drew back suddenly and the Notting Hill riot of 1976 was sparked. We were thrown back, women and children too, against a fence which sagged back dangerously over a drop. I can clearly see Bernie Rhodes, even now, frozen at the centre of a massive painting by Rabelais or Michelangelo... as around him a full riot breaks out and 200 screaming people running in every direction. The screaming started it all. Those fat black ladies started screaming the minute it broke out, soon there was fighting 10 blocks in every direction."

As police charged across Ladbroke Grove up Westbourne Park Road, Joe is said to have dived into the Elgin pub (where he had been in residence with the 101'ers earlier in the year) for a few swift



pints. Then he and Paul attempted to join in, but they ended up in a shot by both sides situation; hassled by police and hustled by black youths. As Joe told Janet Street-Porter on the *London Weekend Show*, “We got searched by policemen looking for bricks, and later on we got searched by Rasta looking for pound notes in our pockets.” Joe later recalled failing to set a car alight with a box of matches along Thorpe Close.

## [8] The Inn on the Green 3 Thorpe Close Portobello Green Acklam Road

Meanwhile on Portobello Road, Don Letts (the future Clash associate film director/DJ) was walking into pop history towards Acklam Road – passing the Black People’s Information Centre sound-system/disco unit, hippies looking out of the upstairs windows of numbers 305 to 9 and a line of policemen – as Rocco Macaulay began taking his famous series of pictures of the next charge. Macaulay’s shot of police reaching the Westway (at the site of the Portobello Green arcade), where the black youths had gathered, duly became the back cover of ‘The Clash’ album, the ‘White Riot’ tour backdrop projection, a badge, and an enduring shirt design. Don Letts’ Wild West 10 walk first appeared on the sleeve of the ‘Black Market Clash’ mini-LP in 1980; recently the picture’s featured in ads for ‘Dread Meets Punk Rockers Uptown’ (Don’s compilation of the militant reggae he played at the Roxy punk club in Covent Garden), and on the cover of his autobiography.

The reggae promoter Wilf Walker remembers Acklam Road in ’76 as a spiritual awakening of black Britain:

“It was incredible in those days to be in a sea of black faces. As a black person, that kind of solidarity we don’t experience anymore... We described it as a demo of solidarity and peace within the black community. I can’t imagine what it would have been like for white people... ’76 showed the strength of feeling, reggae was raging in those days, young blacks weren’t into being happy natives, putting on a silly costume and dancing in the street, in the same street where we were getting done for sus every day.”

As the riot raged under the Westway – alongside hoardings sprayed with the graffiti, ‘Same thing day after day – Tube – Work’, etc, asking commuters, ‘How much more can you take?’ – with the black youths being driven up Tavistock Road towards All Saints Road, George Butler recalls seeing a drunk stagger between the police and youth lines (on the site of the pedestrianised square) and hostilities temporarily ceasing until he stumbled off over a wall. That night, Joe, Paul and Sid Vicious were warned off by a black woman when they tried to enter the Metro youth club on Tavistock Road. After John Firth, the Sun ‘man on the spot’ in the riot, described “how I was kicked at black disco”, Wilf Walker’s Acklam Hall punky reggae party began with a Black Defence Committee benefit ‘in aid of Carnival defendants’; featuring Spartacus R (from Osibisa), the Sukuya steel band, and ‘Clash’ were billed (with no ‘The’) but didn’t actually play. As Joe told Tony Parsons, “It wasn’t our riot, though we felt like one.”

Inspired by black anarchy in the UK, as much as by the Sex Pistols, Joe wrote the lyrics of the first Clash single about the Carnival riot experience:

*“White riot, I wanna riot, white riot, a riot of my own, black man gotta lot of problems but they don’t mind throwing a brick, white people go to school where they teach you how to be thick, and everybody’s doing just what they’re told to, and nobody wants to go to jail.”*

Quite clearly, meaning that he felt excluded from the black riot but, at the same time, empathy with the cause. Nevertheless, the song was misinterpreted as a call for whites to riot against blacks – 1958 style, by a students union. On the whole, white hooligan youth got the intended meaning. ‘White Riot’ is also thought to have been influenced by the *Revolutionary Songbook* of the US hippy terrorist group the Weathermen via Bernie Rhodes. As Joe explained his consumer society critique to the *NME*, “The only thing we’re saying about blacks is that they’ve got their problems and they’re prepared to deal with them, but white men, they just ain’t... they’ve got stereotypes, drugs, hi-fis, cars.”

### **Under Heavy Manners – Militant Tendency – Police and Youth in the Grove – Three Babylon tried to make I and I run**

Though the Clash already existed, it can be argued that they were a pop culture echo of the 1976 riot, like Colin MacInnes’ *Absolute Beginners* novel was of 1958. In *Last Gang in Town*, Marcus Gray calls it ‘the catalyst that brought to the surface a lot of disparate elements already present’ in the group. Not least, they got into reggae, feeding dub effects, ‘heavy manners’ stencil graffiti and the apocalyptic Rasta rhetoric into the mix. As the new militant reggae tendency of Prince Far-I, Tapper Zukie, Culture, Mighty Diamonds, Joe Gibbs, Big Youth and Ras Michael complemented punk rock, the Clash made the punk/reggae crossover – to varying degrees of success. After their version of ‘Police and Thieves’ turned lovers rock into punk dub, Lee Perry produced the original version of ‘Complete Control’, the football chant dub third single which came in a sound-system sleeve. They also covered Toots and the Maytals’ ‘Pressure Drop’, Willie Williams’ ‘Armagedeon Time’, and Eddy Grant’s ‘Police on my Back’. But most pundits agree that the best Clash reggae track is the original 5th single, ‘White Man in Hammersmith Palais’ – although the lyrics recount a lack of racial harmony at the west London punky reggae party.

The *NME*’s reggae buff Penny Reel cites Dennis Brown’s ‘Wolf and Leopard’, ‘Whip them Jah’ and ‘Have No Fear’ as portents of ‘War inna Babylon’, played by Lloyd Coxson under the Westway and Observer Hi-fi on Kensington Park Road (outside the new Rough Trade shop) during the ’76 Carnival. The reggae riot response saw the Pioneers lament the ‘Riot in Notting Hill’ on Trojan, while the Trenchtown label came up with ‘Police Try Fe Mash Up Jah Jah Children’ by Mike Durane. The Morpheus label had their own militant take on ‘Police and Thieves’, ‘Police and Youth in the Grove’/‘Babylon A Button Ladbroke Dub’ by Have Sound Will Travel, which was promoted with a punky riot headline flyer. Aswad had already recorded ‘Three Babylon’ (*Three Babylon tried to make I and I run, they come to have fun with their long truncheons*) about a police incident under the Westway before the ’76 riot. Delroy Washington’s ‘The Streets of Ladbroke Grove’ on the Virgin Frontline label was described by the Wise brothers as ‘a Rasta Jarrow march set to music.’

At the time of a late 70s Carnival (probably ’76), Mick Farren (of the Deviants, *IT* and *NME*) told *Zigzag* magazine he was in America, “sitting in Lake Tahoe”, thinking of covering Frank Zappa’s ‘Trouble Coming Every Day’, “and somebody turned on the 10 O’clock news, and there was my local liquor store getting looted, and there was the local tube station with a police car burning out-

side.” Farren’s cover of the Zappa track, about the 1965 Watts riots, appeared on ‘Vampires Stole My Lunch Money’, featuring Chrissie Hynde of the Pretenders (who was then the flatmate of Farren’s ex wife and fellow *International Times* writer Joy on Ledbury Road). The Notting Hill riot inspired ‘Let’s Loot the Supermarket Again (like we did last summer)’ on his ‘Screwed Up’ Stiff EP, after Farren had predicted/called for punk rock in the *NME*.

After the Sex Pistols recorded ‘Anarchy in the UK’ (not the single version) at Lansdowne Studios off Ladbroke Grove, the ‘Anarchy’ tour ended with a Christmas party, thrown by the punk writers Caroline Coon and John Ingham, on Cambridge Gardens; where the Situationist Chris Gray came up with the ‘unpleasant pop group’ idea back in 1968. In *England’s Dreaming*, Jon Savage described the Pistols, Johnny Thunders’ Heartbreakers, the Clash and Damned drawing up sofa battlelines, ‘staring at each other with barely veiled hostility’, and the Clash roadie Roadent as ‘the living embodiment of obnoxiousness.’ The Heartbreakers manager Lee Childers recalled finding Sid Vicious at the party, crying over a Jim Reeves record, as he was about to replace Glen Matlock as the Pistols’ bass player.

### **Two Sevens Clash – In 1977, Knives in West 11, it ain’t so lucky to be rich**

*‘In 1977’, the Clash’s answer to Culture’s ‘Two Sevens Clash’, there are ‘Knives in West 11, it ain’t so lucky to be rich, stenguns in Knightsbridge... No Elvis, Beatles or the Rolling Stones in 1977... 1978’; up to ‘1984.’ In 1977, the reality, as the Clash and Slits’ ‘White Riot’ tour took the ‘76 riot backdrop projection around the country; causing a series of Ted echo mini-riots; there was another real Carnival riot in Notting Hill. This one was attended by Bob Marley, who was on Acklam Road at Lloyd Coxson’s sound-system; and reporters from the underground paper International Times (then briefly revived at 118 Talbot Road) were there to record the end of peace and love in their ‘Fear and Loathing in W11’ ‘77 riot special:*

*‘But through it all, slicing through the crowds like shoals of baby sharks, came the kids, the forgotten ones, using their irrelevance to maximum effect, moving in packs of up to a hundred, fast and determined, grabbing everything they passed, snapping camera straps from clenched fists, handbags, pockets, jackets, ornaments, vanishing into the solid mass of the throng... Karma. The dark side of anarchy, mutant children generating panic for the hell of it and sharing the same mind-blistering sweetness in the results. Some of them were only 10 years old. It was the revolution. Unplanned, uncaring and without generals, the black kids were having a revolution. No surprise. In the towerblock prisoncamps of the working-class, white punks are Xeroxing nihilism with their ‘No Future’ muzak turned up full blast. In the ghetto, when the Carnival slips the leash, black punks tear up the present.’*

Along Portobello on the first night, *IT* reported on the scene outside the hippy pub Finch’s (the Duke of Wellington) at 179:

*“Kids were kicking in the shutters of the pawnbrokers, across the road, outside the pub, a hundred tipping hippies watched with nervous interest. The kids ripped down the shutters, and smashed the glass until the shop hung open like an empty chocolate box and rings and bracelets disappeared into the night. There was a long lull as the crowd gathered round the*

broken theatre waiting for the next act. And then it came. To the derisory applause of the mob the police arrived under the glare of NBC TV lights to take their positions like an amateur chorus.”

On the second day, trouble flared up again after the procession finished outside the 253 hippy market at the junction of Portobello and Lancaster Road. Meanwhile under the Westway, the *Kensington Post* reporter at the scene Neil Sargent wrote: ‘As reggae music belted out from speakers stacked on the north side of Acklam Road, the latest punch up began to move underneath the flyover to a patch of land which usually houses a happy hippy market.’ Then Sargent was attacked by a black youth, and rescued by ‘The Clash’ photographer Rocco Macaulay. In the *IT* report:

“The kids had gathered at the Westway, scene of last year’s victorious battle and by 9 o’clock it had become a maelstrom, sucking in curious whites and spitting them out, robbed and battered. Darkness fell and roaming camera lights turned the packed heads into a macabre spot-dance competition in the ballroom of violence. Police blocked all but one exit road and lined the motorway and railroad that swung overhead. Wall-flowers at the dance of death. By the time the PA system shut down the screaming roar of the riot had made it irrelevant.”

## [9] 305 Portobello Road Uncle’s formerly Frenzd underground press office

### Friends of Portobello – Freak Out Revolt Into Style

*Friends*, (ironically enough, after the TV series) the most underground paper of them all, began as the 60s ended when Mick Jagger and Jann Wenner pulled the plug on the UK edition of *Rolling Stone* magazine for generally getting too radical – originally as *Friends of Rolling Stone*. After Jann Wenner sued the title was abbreviated to *Friends*, and when Alan Marcuson quit as editor and Jon Trux took over it became *Frenzd*; in Jan O’Malley’s *The Politics of Community Action* it’s miss-spelt *Frenz*. Following the party celebrating the end of the radical UK *Rolling Stone* (where Marc Bolan was spiked with acid), Alan Marcuson established 305 (now Uncle’s restaurant) as Portobello’s most renowned hippy number.

Here pop, pot and politics became inextricably entwined as *Friends* was run by Marcuson, ‘the white South African Black Power leader’, and Charlie Radcliffe, the Situationist-turned-Howard Marksist (credited as ‘political advisor’ on Jefferson Airplane’s ‘Volunteers’ album): ‘out of chaotic offices at the north end – the sleaziest, blackest, most druggy end of the Portobello Road.’ In *Days in the Life*, the *Kensington News* reporter David May, who covered local stories for *Friends* (as Jonathon Green puts it, ‘the Mangrove, the Metro, lots of police harassment, black struggle, hippy angst; the proper Notting Hill scene’), recalled feeling schizophrenic as he walked down Portobello, going from “this very straight world up in Church Street to this complete freaks’ world in North Kensington.” This was also where Rosie Boycott began her media career, interviewing Yoko Ono and attempting to edit the Angry Brigade’s radical contributions to the underground movement.

## [10] Spanish Civil War Memorial Portobello Green Galicia 323 Portobello Road

### Sketches of Spain – From the War of Jenkins' Ear to the Durruti Column

'The first prime minister', the Whig Robert Walpole was finally ousted from power in the 1740s by an unillustrious, Tory encouraged war with Spain over trading rights. The conflict was sparked by an incident in which a British captain, suspected of smuggling, reputedly had his ear torn off by the commander of a Spanish boarding party. The highlight of 'the War of Jenkins' Ear' was the 1739 battle of Porto Belo in central America, on the isthmus of Darien (now Panama), in which the Spanish stronghold was taken by a small fleet under the command of Admiral Edward Vernon. When news of the victory reached Britain the following year it caused much jubilation, largely because it meant the end of Walpole's Whigs. Bonfires were lit, medallions struck, and places named in honour of the event; it seems this is how the North Kensington farmer Adams (probably Abraham) came up with the name for his new farmhouse. The Edinburgh Portobello is said to have got its name from members of Vernon's crew who bought the land with their bounty. In another consequence of the battle of Porto Belo, in New York recruitment for the war effort caused an uprising of Africans, Irish and Spanish prisoners known as 'the Slave plot' of 1741. So, it was with some historical irony that farmer Adams' land was occupied by Afro-Caribbean, Irish and Spanish communities in the late 20th century.

After George Orwell set off from 22 Portobello Road on his way to pay homage to Catalonia, in the late 1930s refugees from the Spanish Civil war began settling in North Kensington, close to the Spanish Republican government in exile in Bayswater. Some were brought over by the Spanish priest at St Mary's who was from Bilbao. In the 50s, 60s and 70s their numbers were swelled by more exiles from Franco, and economic migrants from Andalucia and Galicia. The stretch of Portobello Road from Lancaster Road to Golborne Road, between Garcias deli at 248 (and now La Plaza bar/restaurant on Tavistock Road) and Galicia bar/restaurant at 323, duly came under Spanish control. In the case of the former convent Spanish School literally, when King Juan Carlos bought the old Portobello farmland.

*'Spanish songs in Andalucia, the shooting sites in the days of '39, oh, please leave the vendanna open, Federico Lorca is dead and gone, bullet holes in the cemetery walls, the black cars of the Guardia Civil, Spanish bombs on the Costa Rica, I'm flying in on a DC10 tonight, Spanish bombs, yot' quirro y finito, yote querda, oh ma corazon... Spanish weeks in my disco casino, the freedom fighters died up on the hill, they sang the Red Flag, they wore the black one, but after they died it was Mockingbird Hill... Spanish bombs shatter the hotels, my senorita's rose was nipped in the bud, the hillsides ring with 'Free the people', or can I hear the echo from the days of '39? With trenches full of poets, the ragged army, fixing bayonets to fight the other line, Spanish bombs rock the province, I'm hearing music from another time, Spanish bombs on the Costa Brava, I'm flying in on a DC10 tonight, Spanish songs in Andalucia, Mandolina, oh ma corazon, Spanish songs in Granada – oh ma corazon.'*

The 'London Calling' Clash track 'Spanish Bombs' is Joe Strummer's homage to the International Brigades of the Spanish Civil War and the fight against fascism in the 30s, juxtaposed with the Basque ETA group's bombing campaign against the Spanish tourist trade in the 70s. It's also a love



song dedicated to his Spanish girlfriend, Paloma 'Palmolive' Romano, from the 101 Waltham Road squatting scene, who went on to be the drummer of the Slits and Raincoats. In other Hispanic punk links, Joe's pub rock group the 101'ers started out as El Huaso and the 101 All Stars, and their album was released on the Andalucia label. His post-Clash groups were the Latino Rockabilly War and the Mescaleros, he also starred in the punk western *Straight To Hell* filmed in Spain, and the Galicia restaurant figures highly in the Clash bar guide.

Until recently graffiti of the anti-Franco anarchist First of May group, who were closely linked to the Angry Brigade, could be seen on the wall opposite the Spanish school on Portobello Road. In 1979 Crass played a benefit for the Angry Brigade related anarchist Black Cross Cienfuegos Press at Acklam Hall (on the site of Neighbourhood nightclub), as their 'Feeding of the 5,000' EP came out on Small Wonder through Rough Trade. They also appeared 'under the flyover' as part of an anarcho-punk-meets-aristo-rock bill with Teresa D'Abreu and a skateboard display. In the early 80s, the Centro Iberico at 421 Harrow Road, a former school squatted by Spanish anarchists, hosted the Anarchy or Alternative Centre which provided suitable Crassite anarcho-punk conditions for gigs by the Mob, Conflict, Poison Girls, Rubella Ballet and Subhumans.

Eddie Adams reported on the launch of the Spanish Civil War memorial by the entrance to the Portobello Green Arcade under the Westway: On October 18 2006, over 200 people gathered on the Portobello Road to hear Jack Jones, veteran of the International Brigade, inaugurate the Echoes of Spain 1936-39 mosaic telling the story of the volunteers who went from Kensington and the Spanish refugees who came to Britain, 4,000 of them Basque children on the boat Habana. Jack Jones spoke about how ordinary people had taken the lead in answering the call to defend democracy in Spain and, in a pivotal time in history, lead the fight to defeat fascism. Felicity Asbee showed posters she had designed in the 30s to raise aid for Spain. Manuel Moreno recounted how his father, at the age of 17, drove a Russian tank for the Republic, and that his mother had come to England on the Habana amongst the Basque children. The children lived in 98 colonies around Britain assisted by the British people but not by the government.

Following the liberation of Aragon in 1936, the Spanish Anarchist hero Buenaventura Durruti told Pierre Van Passen of the *Toronto Daily Star*: "We are setting an example to the German and Italian working class how to deal with fascism." Van Passen: "Do you expect any help from France and Britain now that Hitler and Mussolini have begun to assist the rebels?" Durruti: "I do not expect any help for a libertarian revolution from any government in the world." Van Passen: "Can you win alone? You will be sitting on top of a pile of ruins even if you are victorious." Durruti:

"We have always lived in slums and holes in the wall. We will know how to accommodate ourselves for a time. For, you must not forget, that we can also build these palaces and cities, here in Spain and in America and everywhere. We, the workers. We can build others to take their place. And better ones. We are not in the least afraid of the ruins. We are going to inherit the earth. There is not the slightest doubt about that. The bourgeoisie might blast and ruin its own world before it leaves the stage of history. We carry a new world here, in our hearts, that world is growing in this minute."

Van Passen signed off with: "From the distance came the roll of the cannonade."

