

NOW A TANKED BLONDE

AMONG the genuinely homeless people who have taken to squatting as a last desperate resort, there is a new army of parasites.

The plight of the truly homeless who take over long-empty houses commands sympathy. The parasite squatters do not.

These people go to remarkable lengths to resist being thrown out of their squatted homes.

And they will use remarkable weapons. Even sex.

That happened recently when bailiffs tried to evict a group of squatters from a house in Carford, London. When they knocked at the front door they were startled to find it opened by a pretty blonde girl wearing only a flimsy little nightie.

She smiled sweetly and said no, she was not going to leave the house—in St. Eilian's Road, nor were her five fellow squatters.

Her message was clear: "Touch me if you dare."

The bailiffs took one look at her provocative, near-nude and fled. They were driven off their heels by the sight of the blonde young woman and her five fellow squatters.

The bailiffs, without making the point,

BUT only temporarily: next time the bailiffs called, a few days later, they took no chances.

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A SMALL army of squatters had promised support to comrades facing eviction.

No one had expected the support to be so prompt. The day the "fuzz" struck at dawn.

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BEAT THE BAILIFFS

MORE SECRETS OF THE NEW SQUATTER ARMY

By Peter Thomas and Dan Wooding. Pictures by Brendan Monks, David Graves and Reg Palmer.

police, but found themselves confronted by an army of 30 other squatters. That was at midday.

Rather than risk a clash, they went away to make their plans. And the generals on each side considered their tactics.

The squatters strengthened the front door with seven strong planks of inch-thick wood, added timber scaffolding buttresses inside the hall to resist any attempt to smash the door in.

The police anticipated the move—and ordered a mobile siren to be on hand to trail the door OUT instead of breaking it in.

The squatters, according to a tip received by the police, set up an iron bedstead as a barricade—and wired it to the mains electricity supply. But in the event, the bedstead did not materialise.

The squatters installed an alarm system to set up a siren to sound if help from neighbouring squatters.

The police detained an athletic young officer to judge a

commando-style dash to silence the siren as soon as the door gave way.

The squatters, alerted the 30 comrades to respond to the alarm; the police instructed 30 officers to be at the entrance.

The squatters posted a sentry to keep out a mistress by the front door. The police parked

their vehicles a little way away and approached quietly on foot.

We watched from a neutral position. There was a clink as the door gave way, the signal for first action by the Police.

The siren began its dramatic wail, but died soon after dark. Before anyone could assemble

to its call, the athletic young officer appeared at the door carrying it.

In the dawn, we saw windows of a nearby squatted house open. "Figs!" was the repeated shout.

But that was all we saw of the squatters' support troops.

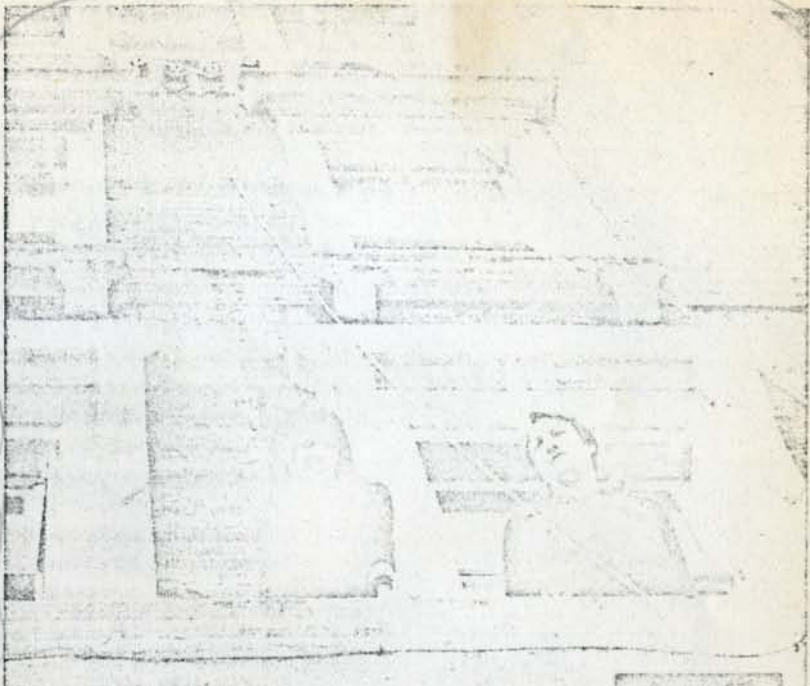
Slowly and miserably, eight men, two women and five children emerged.

The sentry was evicted first, his trousers were evicted later. He threw up his hands in protest, complaining that the police would not let him dress before leaving.

By 7 a.m. the operation was all over, the squatters and all their possessions had gone.

But the support army had still not let their beds to join battle.

The early hour of the operation had caught the squatters napping.



● Squatters on "sentry duty"—ready to set the alarm bells ringing.

A pull on these ropes will open the door.

I JOIN THE MOB WHO NEVER PAY RENT

I HAVE just spent eight days as one of Britain's growing army of squatters, living among them incognito at various "squats" in London and Manchester.

During that time I was under considerable persuasion to join the ranks of "the revolutionaries," who are largely running the movement.

house they're raiding is empty anyway.

I visit the village office and offer my help. "You can write some begging letters," I'm told. "But don't mention squatters—see it's for a housing association."

DAY 2. Hardly a sound or a smell about the place all morning. A girl in a sleeping bag with a boyfriend tells me: "Squatters don't get up before twelve."

But at least there's someone about in a flat in Brommond Street, from which a long-haired, hazel-eyed youth tells me: "I like it."

DAY 3. Without question, I am taken to the basement of No. 18—a filthy level with broken windows, piles of rubbish and no lights. "It's the worst room in the worst house. Take it or leave it," a long-haired, hazel-eyed youth tells me. "I like it."

DAY 4. Saturday night, and the squatters' local pub is deserted. "Where's everyone?" I ask. "Saturday night is stay-at-home night here," I'm told.

But what's there to do when "home" is usually a dirty cold room with no TV and, perhaps, no lights?

"Well, the traps with pigs are in bed, and those with

out are out looking," he says. I reckon it's time for me to leave Tomers Square.

DAY 5. My "squad" is now. I go to a "crisis centre" in Fallowfield, a devious suburb, and I'm introduced to the leader, John.

Long-haired, bearded, wearing rubber boots, he rules the place with an iron fist.

He takes me to a lounge round the corner. Fourteen people sleep in the crumpled living building, three or four to a room. I'm to sleep in a room above a shop.

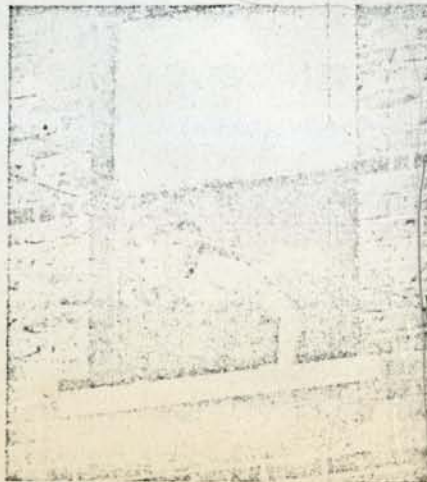
Breakfast

I meet some of the others... an unmarried mother, a Liverpool boy with blue-painted nails, a boy just out of jail.

DAY 6. I'm told to get up just after nine. Ten-squatters everywhere's having breakfast. Eggs or cheese or toast.

In comes John. "I said this place squeak and snort," he says, sergeant-major-like. "There's a man from Social

The amazing diary of Sunday People investigator Wendy Henry



● The day the "fuzz" struck at dawn.

THEY'RE on post-out patrol... two red-free occupants (owners of a squatted) stronghold in Tomers Square, Eastern London.

If they spot the arrival of an official, they immediately begin to make noise.

And that will get the squatters' attention. In the block of flats in TOMERS SQUARE.

A determined group of resistance fighters have persuaded the law to a trial.

In their squatter stronghold in Tomers Square, London, the "fuzz" is out.

Somehow, the occupying district has in the past 10 years been converted into a squatter's stronghold.

Other defensive measures used include traps like the one shown here, which are set to catch rats.

But I'm not, I see had enough.

15 June 75
Sunderland People

THESE WERE PATHETIC VICTIMS OF THE SQUATTERS