**‘audio-books’, Ingrid Pollard, 2021**

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**9. Femi Otitoju (B), 4mins 9s [Otitoju’s essay is available at Front of House]**

**\* Please be aware that this ‘audio-book’ touches on sensitive topics such as domestic abuse and suicide.**

**1.**

**Audio Transcript: Femi Otitoju (A), 4mins 55s**

So my name’s Femi, Femi Otitoju and I'm in the black lesbian poster with Shaila Shah.

I think I remember the moment or certainly the circumstances when that picture was taken. And, of course, it was just that delicious little bit of wickedness and we’d nipped outside to have a cigarette from one of the meetings of the black lesbian group. I remember Shaila and I, just, we were just so relaxed, it was really lanquid. It was such a beautiful place to be in time because this was probably the only black lesbian group in the country, and we had found each other. And we had, the group would come into being through such a difficult journey. Have having to carve out some space initially at a much larger black women's conference. I think that was an OWAAD conferences, [Organization of Women of Asian and African Descent] and then kind of worked around trying to find somewhere to meet regularly.

So we’d looked at A Women’s Place and yeah it was the Brixton Black Women’s Centre and so on. And here we were just finally together. I remember various other things about that group. One of us responsible for looking after the postbox and I think we had, I think it’s British Monomarks, the postbox was BM something or another and so you had to go and get the post. And I wasn't really responsible for most of it, but I remember one day going to go and get it from the pigeon hole and it was stuffed full, I was so excited, Oh my goodness, there’s nearly hundreds of black lesbians over, allover the country, I was thrilled and then I started taking them out and most of them were just requests from other groups saying “could one of your black lesbians come and talk to, to our groups?” so white gay groups and had social groups that were looking after the interests of everybody you know and trying to make sure that they were being welcoming to lots of different people.

I, I remember there was, I mean people I know now quite famous people if I think about Pratibha Parma and Jackie Kay, various other women who came along to the, to the group. We were, yeah, those were the early days and they were very lovely. It was so important as well, because for many of us, we were dealing with having not really seen many other black lesbians as role models… as role models, as friends, you know, it’s just like community so this was a little tiny bit of very precious community for us.

It was also quite political. So I remember making banners to take out on Pride marches. Getting stuck in the black women's centre one night ‘cause they, they and the other woman went off and left us and we had to ring people to get rescued.

But that particular day, that particular meeting, everything was lovely.

Thinking about that poster in the present day, some, at least 40 years later, I recognise it as having been a really important part of my life, it’s a time where I got validated and so now it is, it's an essential part of my history ‘cause it's evocative of my coming to be the thing I wanted to be, there was a time when I recognised the thing I wanted to be and I mean more than just being a lesbian, I mean about autonomy, control, choice. I think I recognised all of those things that were happening and so now, for me, it's a very precious thing.

I mean, I, I have not had a time when I had a room that I called my own when that poster wasn't on the wall somewhere and even at work when in 1988, I worked in the first Lesbian and Gay Unit in the country, the Lesbian and Gay Unit in Haringey, that poster was in the wall, on the wall at the Lesbian and Gay Unit. And everybody that visited, commented on it, everyone that visited the unit, commented on it.

And still today, it's up in my study and people comment on it up there.

And so I think, actually, when my life shrinks to just one room in some little supported house in the provinces somewhere that poster will be on my wall. It may not be very big, but a version of it will probably be on my wall, because it makes, it reminds me of the sisterhood.

**2.**

**Audio Transcript: Lesley Climpson, 3mins 28s**

My name is Lesley Climpson, I was a carpentry trainer at a women's project called Lambeth Women's Workshop. I was on the Management Committee of Women in Manual Trades for 12 years in the 80s and 90s. And I don't remember who took this photo. That was my first job after I qualified after I finished training, I was a trainer at Lambeth Women's Workshop, the first women's training centre to be established in the country. And I can't remember her name - I remember her as a student. She was a mature woman and she was a tricky student because she really struggled with her hand eye coordination, but she did complete the course and she did enjoy it. And what we're doing there, I can see she's doing dovetails, dovetail joint, which is the most comp... it's quite a tricky joint to do, actually. But they do look like real dovetails, so she didn't make a bad fist of it. I didn't have much experience as a carpenter because that was the first job I got after I finished training. But of course, I was a teacher before I was a carpenter. So the teaching side of it wasn't too daunting, and I was only teaching beginning skills. So just basic tools, skills and basic joints. I've always loved teaching carpentry to people who want to learn anyway [laughs]. That was a part time job so I probably started picking up work for myself as well, because that was only three days a week so... I can't remember it's too long ago Ingrid, sorry. I must have picked up private jobs. Until 1987 I was either teaching in women’s projects or doing private work. So I was chippying and teaching, and I know because 1987's when I went on the Council at Harringay. Definitely the 80s and 90s go. It was brilliant. I loved it. I loved my work. I worked at Lambeth Women's Workshop. I also worked at Southwark Women's Training Workshop, which was another carpentry training workshop in South London. The projects were brilliant, they were well run. Most of the women who worked there were also really brilliant, highly committed... we worked really hard: we learned lots of skills because not only did you have to know how to teach; you had to know your carpentry; you had to learn administration; you have to learn getting grants. You had to learn loads of stuff in order for it all to function, but I just remember it being very absorbing, exciting, fulfilling. The women who came were on the whole, totally brilliant. It was just lovely work. It was a really great atmosphere to work in. And everyone was really committed; staff and students and it was just wonderful. And unfortunately most of the rest of my working life wasn't as brilliant.

**3.**

**Audio Transcript: Claudette Johnson, 3mins 49s**

Hello my name is Claudette Johnson. I think this was taken in about 1983, 1984...hadn't lived in London for very long, I was sharing a flat with two friends, two women. It was a really happy time. The room overlooked some fields in Tottenham... yes I'm wearing a stripey top and I'm also wearing vertically striped green and yellow jeans from the Kings Road. They were drainpipes, and I was very proud of going to the Kings Road for the first time and buying them there. For me it was really marking the difference between....I'd left Manchester, I'd left home maybe four years ago, but it was another new beginning because I left Wolverhampton, I'd finished my fine arts degree course, and I was living really independently for the first...for the first time it felt to me that my life was entirely about what I was going to make of it.

This reminds me of the optimism of that time. Of living in a Women’s House, and we were exploring a lot ideas that were new to me, new political ideas. Ideas about how to live collaboratively. We partied a lot, and that was fun. But we also went to lots of conferences. It was the beginning of being part of various black women's projects, like Black Woman Talk, and OWAAD conferences, Organization of Women of Asian and African Descent. And also, I suppose I was still close enough to having completed my degree and having this body of work that I felt kind of defined me in that moment, it was very much about exploring, let’s call it black womanhood.

So I thought I'd really grown into this new identity, and when I look at that photograph, I'm reminded of the confidence and the optimism and the hope for the future, and... it's lovely to be reminded of my roots if you like, and the importance of friendship, the role that women have had in my life. It makes me feel full of longing actually, and I wish I still had that optimism. It was all so much more simple, it seems to me. It makes me kind of long for that sense of being anchored by the work. When I look at that picture, I remember I'm sitting that way, and it's not quite a half lotus, but it's... I'd been practising this martial art called Shintaido for about four years by then, and that really gave me a sense of being connected to the spiritual world as well as gave me a new kind of physicality. I can see that from my shining skin that I look pretty healthy. So you know, I was in the moment where physically, mentally and spiritually, I felt in a good place. But coming back to now, that's exactly what I'm trying to bring back into my life. That kind of centeredness, a sense of being at peace with myself.

**4.**

**Audio Transcript: Sue Frumin, 3mins 23s**

My name is Sue Frumin. I'm a writer, and the picture was taken outside the Drill Hall in September 1985. I remember the picture being taken because I had written Raising The Wreck, and we were in rehearsals, and Noel had given me this director called Paddi Taylor, who was really somebody who worked with youth groups and was not really equipped to direct a high profile production for Gay Sweatshop. But Noel wanted her and towards the end of things I really didn't think it was a good idea. And I didn't think the play realised its potential. The photo was taken outside the Drill Hall, and the paper was all over London. Noel Greig is on the photo, Kate Owen is on the photo, Phillip Timmons is on the photo there to the left, Philip Osment is kind of near the front next to Paddi Taylor. Bernardine Evaristo was in the show, yes she was in Raising The Wreck. I can't remember which part she played. Also, Tierl Thompson was the administrator who was really good. Well, the play was, the festival was on at the Drill Hall. Yes. It was there for a long time, it was on, on Chenies Street, run by Julie Parker. There is actually a Drill Hall archive. I think it's in the Metropolitan Archives. It feels really recent, but it isn't. Philip Osment has died, which is very sad. But most of the people who are on there are still alive actually. Ah, Noel Greig's died. He died a long time ago. But yes, most people are still alive. They're either fatter or older, as you are, I mean 30 odd years ago isn't it, 40 odd years ago? I think it was, yes, it would have been September 1985 that that picture was taken. It was warm. I remember we were having an Indian Summer, so it was, it wasn't cold. It was warm. Well, I saw Bernardine quite recently actually. I still see Angie Spark. I saw Jill Posener when I was in California. I used to see Sharon Dunn who, Noel has his hand on her shoulder. Sharon Dunn, yes, I used to see her on the bus when I was in Upper Clapton. I had a theatre company called Sea-Change Theatre Company. We took a production of The Tempest to Skala Eressos on Lesbos in 2016. I also did a play called Fine And Dandy, which has actually been on at the King's Head as a one-person show in 1999. And we did it sort of the year before last, at the Kings Head again as a sort of production. That was Fine And Dandy.

**5.**

**Audio Transcript: Adele Patrick, 3mins 46s**

Complacency has never been an option. I'm Adele Patrick, and I'm the Creative Development Manager at Glasgow Women's Library. It's so disorientating looking at something that I can't remember the mechanics of the the filming side of it, you know. I can't remember these people who are making this recording or even the person asking me the questions, but some of the moments are vivid. Like I do remember for example, having this conversation with Janice Galloway, and I was quite amazed to find her in the library, you know, because she was already quite well established. And I do remember giving her a little tour, I mean - I don't remember it being as laboured and long winded - but I remember this, um, the instance where we were talking about Cornton Vale, the women's prison in Scotland, and it being a sort of catalytic moment, you know. And as with everything in the Women's Library, it takes a period of time, but it did, I suppose it became realised that conversation and aspirations that were triggered for me at that point in the Women's Library, being able to make some impact there, in women's prisons, and start to work with women who are subject to all the stuff that is around the criminal justice system and so on.

So it's good to know that there's some records out there of moments where a conversation can, and a frustration, and an anger, and a recognition that there are deep seated inequalities, can actually become something that is materially and tangibly impactful on people's lives, because sometimes you can feel that that can't happen. I suppose there's a degree of confidence that you still might have agency in the world in looking at something like that. I suppose at the same time, it's freighted with a sense, as I'm looking at something like this, that's a rare record of, you know, a fragment of a million conversations that take place. That so much has stayed the same, you know, the structural inequalities that I'm speaking about, this young woman's speaking about, are evocative of what we're facing now. And this certainly doesn't feel as though there's been seismic change in the way that I would have hoped for then. And I think it's made me feel as well, seeing it, that maybe you should be even more, or recommitting really to change happening, but trying to bring that about more rapidly, because it's a long passage of time. And it feels to me like there's maybe incremental changes, but not the seismic changes that are needed to mean that a women's library shouldn't be around anymore. You know, I still feel, as far as it's underscored, the need... and it's quite sobering.

**6.**

**Audio Transcript: Pam Isherwood, 4mins 44s**

Okay, this is Pam Isherwood. It's the middle of March 2020.

And I'm looking at a picture of what was then the Lesbian Line collective. And we are in the office which is on the was on the top floor of 374 Grays Inn Road, in Kings Cross. It was a tiny office, probably about seven foot by 10. And it was up an awful lot of stairs.

I think it must have been our birthday or something. I'm pitching this at about 1987 which means it's possibly our 10th birthday. And I'm in the image because I set it up. I posed everyone so I gave her my camera.

So, if this is at 87-ish, so Format launched in 1981, Format photographers, of which I was a part of about at that time. And so we'd been going a few years by then. So I was working as a photographer-ish.

It was initiated by Maggie Murray and Val Wilmer. Who both were then thinking then, already, what we're thinking now, 30 years on 40 years on of what the hell are we going to do? Who's going to look off my work when I'm dead? I'd only just started really seriously taking photographs. So we kind of knew each other socially. So most of what we did them was all black and white. So we all had our own dark rooms and it was all processor own, and I was totally self-taught. So everything I knew came out of the pages of ‘Amateur Photographer’, and I was fascinated by the technical side of things and I love, love, loved the darkroom. So I managed to clumps together a darkroom in my first house, working in a corner of the bathroom.

Format lasted for about 20 years, it finally folded in 2001 formally, and it was effectively wiped out by digital. Because up to that point, I mean, there was usually around a dozen of us, as photographers, plus two or three women in the office.

And it started off as a co-op but became a business in the end because of the way it was having to run. So at that point, it was very unusual A, anyone to be working as a photographer anyway and B, certainly for women to be working as photographers. And as far as I know, we were the only, ever, women's photographic agency.

Lesbian Line, I think it finally folded in, in 94, something like that I’d already kind of left by then. We got funding. We were in a building with lots of feminist groups. So things like Women's Aid and Housing Action, Women's legal advice centres. We fed into each other's process as well, so Islington council gave us a building. We all moved down to Featherstone Street.

When Lesbian Line started it was originally set up in Camden, in the little Camden Women's Centre in Belsize. Park. It was, it was great. We had the phone lines open for something like 25 hours a week all in. We didn't have any ambitions to do what Switchboard was doing then which was to be 24, seven. And the calls, and they could come from anywhere. As you pick the phone up, you never knew what was going to happen. And so every town, mostly, had some kind of Gay switchboard. And usually each of those would have like, one night for women. So it meant when every, every woman calling from wherever, in the UK, we could refer to something local and feel safe doing that.

The ones, that calls that were most frustrating. We couldn't do anything, urgent, fast. One was from, married women with kids, women would lose custody if they were out, if they were, if their husbands challenged them for being lesbians and they were possibly going to have to wait till the kids left home before they could actually live their chosen lives. And the other one was school kids, because they were often really, really being bullied at school. And again, we'd have to say to them, it will all be alright but it's going to be another four or five years. Sometimes you get something out some 13 year old who was obviously uber confident and very, very out going and so on. And they would just say to anyone, I'm going to be a lesbian and that's it. You can call me what you like. So often what they needed, it depends totally on the personality of the caller.

**7.**

**Audio Transcript: Patricia Gonzales, 5mins 47s**

My name is Patricia Gonzales. I've always wanted to be known as Patricia. Mostly because so many people took that name for almost 30 years of my life and made it into anything they wanted. And then when I finally felt strong enough, just before that photograph was taken, actually, I started to call myself by my given name, Patricia. This picture was taken at the Camden Lesbian Centre. It was for an event that had been organised there, a celebration of women of colour, and particularly lesbians of colour, who were involved in arts and creative work in London at that time. The picture shows me reading a piece that I had written not long before, as part of a writing group that was found at Wesley House. And Linda King was hosting that activity for us. I'd written it not long before I was asked to take part in the event at the centre. So I'm reading it, hadn't learned it, because it was still quite new. And I had earlier, before I started reading that, been working with the signer, who was going to be signing for the event and for my piece in particular. So she asked me to read it so that she could get some inflections and so on that she could include into her signing. And whilst I was reading the poem for her, Dolores, who's also in the picture, and who was also on the bill, said "Oh, that is lovely. I could dance to that.”

And Dolores is a Rache Sharque dancer, and so she started to do a few moves as I was reading it. And as she moved, I mean I think Rache Sharque, sometimes people call it belly dancing, but she was always really insistent on calling it by its proper name, Rache Sharque. And so she started to sway and started to do some very traditional moves to what was actually quite... I think the word to use might be risque. My poem was considered to be a bit risque. (laughs) And it was something that was a little bit new and just newly emerging, that kind of work and that kind of performance on the women's scene in London, at that time. It was a really lovely time. You know the thing about that time, and that moment in time in London, for us, is that we were all women of colour, who were all feeling our way through, and thinking about who we were in relation to ourselves, in relation to each other, and in relation to our sexuality and trying to define, describe, determine what those things meant to each and all of us. So you know, there were songs and other forms of creative writing happening all at that time. I didn't know that I had that kind of a poem in me, to be honest. How it ended up being risque is maybe because of how I performed it, because I didn't set out to write a risque poem. I set out to write something that I had observed and felt, and was trying to describe. I mean, that poem has come a long way with me, but I still meet people now who remember me performing that piece. And only last year, somebody asked me if I would perform it again for them because they, they remembered it; remembered how much it made them feel, and I think the word that she used was alive. I feel like that sense of discovery, and that sense of going with the vibe, feeling it, being in the moment has stayed with me. And in some ways it's a defining part of who I am now, really. Interestingly, I've never written another poem quite like it (laughter). It is its own thing. The poem is called Lick...

Lick, lick, lick, slurp, lick The little girl was enjoying her ice cream....

(Laugh) I'll stop there.

**8.**

**Audio Transcript: Pragna Patel, 9mins 18s**

**\* Please be aware that this ‘audio-book’ touches on sensitive topics such as domestic abuse and suicide.**

My name is Pragna Patel. I am currently the Director of Southall Black Sisters. I was also a founding member of the Southall Black Sisters Advocacy and Campaigning Centre. And I am currently looking in front of me at a photo of the demonstration that we held to highlight the suicide of Krishna Sharma, a young Asian woman who committed suicide in 1984 as a result of domestic abuse. The death of Krishna Sharma who killed herself by hanging, was a really seminal and turning point in the history of Southall Black Sisters. We were, we had only just established our advocacy and campaigning centre, when we were alerted to a woman, a local woman, in Southall, who had killed herself after years of domestic abuse. At her inquest, which follows when cases like this occur, there was no mention of the domestic abuse that she had suffered. There was no examination of how, and why she killed herself, and the possible link between domestic abuse and suicide. We were very, very concerned that, in effect the domestic abuse that she had suffered, had caused her to take her own life, and that the culprits, the persons responsible, were going to go scot free. That is her abusive husband, and abusive in-laws, who had driven her to a point where she felt that she had no choice but to take her own life. We were very concerned that the community of Southall, which is a highly politicised community, that in 1979 had defended itself against racism, was silent on another kind of violent atrocity, this time committed against a woman. So the same community that showed such anger and indignation against racism and fascism and racial violence in 1979, was completely quiet on violence against women. So we wanted to really bring this out in the open, we wanted to question community attitudes, community values that sanctioned domestic violence against women, and that keep women trapped in abuse unable to speak out. In effect, we wanted to break the silence on domestic violence. In those days, you know, domestic violence was taboo in the wider society, let alone in a largely Asian community like Southall. So the image that you see is of a protest that we decided to have outside the home of the perpetrators, the abusers of Krishna Sharma. We organised a demonstration through Southall, and many of our users who themselves had gone through violence came out on that demonstration. And if you see the photo, you'll see them standing behind, wearing scarves over their heads. Many of them were living in refuges, in safe accommodation, and were brave enough, courageous enough to join us on this demonstration, even though they knew they might be identified by their own abusive families. But they felt strongly enough about coming on this demonstration. It was the first ever demonstration by black and minority women against violence against women. So we marched from the Centre, to the home of the perpetrators, and we picketed and surrounded the home, and were calling out the abusers and perpetrators, naming and shaming them. There are a number of reasons why we did this. First of all, it's a tactic that was borrowed from the Indian women's movement, the feminist movement in India, that was very vibrant and strong and campaigning against dowry related violence in India. And one of the tactics that they employed, in the absence of any state response, any adequate state response, was to surround the abusers' homes, and to shame the abusers publicly. By also naming and shaming the abusers, we also wanted to turn the concepts of honour and shame, which women are forced to carry, on its head, on their head. We wanted to show that actually, it's the abusers who should feel shame, not the women who suffer abuse and are forced to remain silent. So we wanted to really turn those concepts on their head, and in doing so actually give women back their agency and their autonomy and their voice. And thirdly, we wanted to publicly challenge community values, religious values, cultural values, that, you know, that allow domestic abuse and other forms of gender related violence to take place; that allow women to commit suicide rather than speak out and get protection. So for all these reasons, we organised this demonstration, this picket outside the abuser's home. And it was a really, really significant moment in our history, and in the history of Southall, because it also really told Southall that the women of Southall were not going to keep quiet any longer around issues of gender based violence. I'm actually transported back, this was you know, over 35 years ago, I'm really transported back. I mean, we're all young, of course, (laughter) that's actually quite painful to see, because I'm not sure where all the years went, but actually, seeing the photo makes me think of the power and strength of women, the bravery, the courage of women to be able to stand there, you know, to be able to be public. I mean, you can't see the police there, but the police did turn up to protect the home of the perpetrators. Not that we were engaged in any kind of violence, this was a peaceful protest. It was a vibrant, very noisy, but peaceful protest. It's great to see the strength of women, it's great to see the solidarities of women, if, I don't know if you can see clearly, but this photo brought together women from all backgrounds, all ages, all colour, and ethnic, and racial and sexual backgrounds. These are, we came together, and it's such a moment of hope. Because one of the things that I really, when I look at this photo, and I look at the times, and I look at the politics that we were trying to forge, it was very much based around the idea of black as an inclusive term, of black as a unifying term, a term that could, you know, create a platform of solidarity and support. So it was never, never a descriptive term. It was always a political term signifying struggles against not just racial oppression, but all forms of oppression including gender oppression. We were investing, we were injecting gender into the term black here too. This is a black feminist protest. And it is a protest against domestic violence. So it's actually saying that as black feminists, we're not just concerned with challenging state abuses of power and racism of the state. We're also concerned with abuses of power in our own communities that are replicated, you know, through patriarchal and community family structures. So for me, this photo is also, you know, laying claim to the best of black feminist, anti-racist traditions; that we can, on the one hand struggle against racism, but at the same time, we have a duty to mount an equal struggle against patriarchy and gender inequality.

**9.**

**Audio Transcript: Femi Otitoju (B), 4mins 9s**

So my name is Femi, Femi Otitoju.

I'm looking back over this essay that I wrote, probably [Ingrid: think it was 80something] while I was actually still working in the Lesbian and Gay Centre, the Lesbian and Gay Unit.

I was in the Lesbian and Gay Unit in the London Borough of Haringey from 1986 to the start the abolition of the GLC until 1988 when I started my own company.

And I look back on this essay and it reminds me of my fury and it reminds me of how terrified I was that everything was slipping backwards, that things were getting away from us. You know, prior to this work, writing this essay and working in the unit, I had worked at the Greater London Council, the GLC Recording, the Women's Committee Support Unit and there had been a whole bit, that there were several women in there who were out as lesbians. There were quite a few of us that were black lesbians that were working there, and it felt like real progress that you could be out and you could say “I want a budget to do stuff specifically with black lesbians” and people will go, well, we must, we must find that, we must prioritise it and it really felt like things are moving forward.

And then I went to London Borough of Haringey and I found that… well the thing I remember was in the Lesbian and Gay Unit, which was formed of, we had six officers, lesbian and gay officers, there was a blind lesbian and an Asian lesbian and me the African lesbian, there was one Greek man and one white man from Yorkshire, oh, we, you know, we just had this real ol’ mix. And we were so excited to be there, we rushed off to the Women's Committee Unit and said “Hi”, and they were like “Hi”, kind of, whilst not actually sort of wanting us to, to identify ourselves too much.

And then we went to the Irish unit, they were okay. But I remember seeing people kind of seeing this group of lesbians and gay men walking towards them and frantically kind of waving at us with their hands in front of us as if to ward us off. And we realised that we didn't have the allies that we’d expected to have and that's when I realised that things could easily slip away.

And then in the midst of that, we started trying to work with young people and schools and trying to get teachers to work positively with young people around the issues of sexuality and that truly, truly blew up in our face. And so I remember, you know, when I read the essay now, I remember the fear that I had, that we were going to lose the gains that we had.

I'd been a volunteer on London Lesbian and Gay Switchboard at that time as well. And again, I'd had this sense of progress but yeah, it was all in danger of going tits up. And the thing at the centre of it, that pulled me in two directions, of course, was that people trying to make out that, that it was splitting, that we were going to split the community, that, you know, there were lesbians and gay men versus the black community, with very little recognition of the fact that we, as black lesbians and gay men had a place to be. And no, I mean, intersectionality wasn't a thing in those days, I mean, not only this, you know, poor, get wonderful Kimberlé Crenshaw, kind of like launched the term so far, that it got into the UK. But the concept, I think we did talk about multiple oppressions, sometimes, as if it were layered up one on like the other. But that wasn’t very much outside of the kind of political world really.

So it was, it was difficult times and that, looking at the essay now makes me feel a bit anxious again, ‘cause I'm not sure that I feel that we're a long way from that today.