





Through the forest there were millions more and millions more also found in the hills.
I have never thought of anything so vast's encompassment. Imagining without some
of us. In the year 1888 the Indians were seen about some place. And to go with
the mountain there'll be another equally tremendous hole in the ground.
The same old mountains of old times. The mountains of old times.
The mountains of old times.



DONGAS

The Struggle for Twyford Down

Jai Redman

I.

Twyford Down is an area of chalk downland to the south east of the city of Winchester, in the heart of the English shires. Records of field systems and burial mounds provide evidence of settlements on the Downs dating back over 3000 years. It is a contender, albeit an outlier, in the ongoing search for the location of Camelot, the legendary medieval seat of King Arthur.¹

The settlement on the hills forms just one of three protected scheduled ancient monuments on Twyford Down, although many other unscheduled (but equally remarkable) features are linked to it, including a Bronze Age burial mound, Celtic field system and next to the water meadows, the burial pits of Plague victims. Gradually, over many years, the villagers on the Down migrated from the hill-tops to live in the valleys. They eventually settled just to the north of St Catherine's Hill, where they founded what grew to become Venta Belgarum – the city of Winchester and King Alfred's capital of England.

Although permanent dwellings didn't persist on the chalk hills, the Downs remained important to the early Wintonians as pastureland and a complex of trackways developed to access it. Over the centuries feet and hooves gradually widened the tracks, eroding the ground to form a network of gullies, some up to 20 feet deep. They became a dramatic local feature, enduring long after the farmers departed the landscape. It was a 19th century explorer who, returning from an African expedition, nicknamed the trackways and gullies 'Dongas' for their visual similarity to a feature he'd witnessed in Matabeleland.

By an accident of nature, these deep 'Dongas' created unique microclimates, providing habitat for 27 species of breeding butterflies, including the largest colony of chalk hill blue butterflies in the country.

Nine varieties of wild orchid colonised the species-rich turf, helping to earn Twyford Down another designation on top of the scheduled Ancient Monuments: 'Site of Special Scientific Interest'. Both St Catherine's Hill and Twyford Down also fall within the East Hampshire 'Area of Outstanding Natural Beauty' making it the most protected landscape in England, certainly if legal designations equate to protection.

*Would that all thoughts and cares I rested
Dreaming on Twyford Down.
Glad how to mark,
How clear the Lark
Singing, the sunlight breasted!
On hills to lie, some endless hour,
Watching the stream wind slowly
Through verdant Water Meads, past holy
Saint Cross, the greyheads' bower
While low downs brood
in quietude
And gentle melancholy.*

Lionel Johnson, 1897

By the latter half of the 20th century human traffic had moved to the west of St Catherine's Hill and a new bypass for Winchester brought with it damaging changes, this time to the floodplains of the River Itchen.

Originally built to relieve traffic congestion in the city, increasing car ownership and the shift of freight from rail to road turned the A33 into a vital north-south arterial route. Traffic was never 'light' on the bypass but at peak times the additional through traffic would create a bottleneck at Hockley around a set of poorly located traffic lights, leaving the road resembling a car park.

By the 1970s, the Department of Transport had got around to ‘upgrading’ the easy bits into a motorway² – the M3. In 1971, the year of my birth, plans were drawn up to finally remove the awkward bottleneck at Winchester.

The simple solution was always just to widen the existing dual carriageway and remove the traffic lights, but this meant grabbing a bit of land from Winchester College: a substantial landowner, with significant political influence. The ‘Old Boys’ put pressure on the Ministry and this modest solution was rejected. ‘Progress’ was calling for a much bigger sacrifice, but it would take a brave, foolish and perhaps reckless government to attempt to push the motorway through Twyford Down and “*destroy so many nationally scheduled and designated landscapes, more than at anytime in the history of development in this country*”.³

Enter the Conservative Party.⁴

II.

Apart from being an actual snarl-up at a literal crossroads, in 1992 Twyford Down was also at a junction in social history. The M3 extension was becoming ‘news’ just as people were waking up to a new wave of popular environmentalism, epitomised by that summer’s Earth Summit in Rio de Janeiro. The Rio summit had barely ended and the Downs immediately became a new meeting point for a multitude of newly radicalised and completely different social classes.

Without the unique agglomeration of peace camp activists, New Age travellers, students, environmentalists and *Telegraph* reading Tory Councillors, maybe the whole thing would have just blown over? Perhaps. Instead the stand these strangers were to take together and the ensuing fight that they would put up on 9th December 1992 was unprecedented in the English shires. Looking back, it could only be described as a three day long State sponsored punch-up. It was a pitched battle – in equal measure farcical, surreal, bitter, and extremely brutal.

In what seemed like no time at all in the grand scheme of things, the delicate truce between humans and nature that had quietened the air of the precious Down, erupted into an eco-war. Those responsible were not building a new road, they were punching, kicking and strangling a landscape and the evidence of our own history out of existence.

*We hold these truths to be self evident,
that beauty is the heritage of all people,
but the property of none;
it is for no person to mar or destroy
and its stewardship rests with those who would protect it,
succour it and pass it on entire and unsullied.*

(Dongas Declaration of Independence⁵)

III.

The Winchester bypass has always been a part of my life. The road my parents would drive along with us kids every weekend, to visit the grandparents. As a result of these family commutes, I have always been aware of St Catherine’s Hill, the only part of Twyford Down really visible from the A33. I realise now as I’m writing this, that the hill has always been there in the corner of my eye, just out of reach and sight, gliding past, framed by a car window.

Not being much into steep hill climbs, we never went up it as a family. It wasn’t until I was old enough to escape up there on my own, that I ever saw the vista of Winchester Cathedral, the water meadows and the actual Downs from the top. Looking back at the place now, even as it is, cut off and drowned out by the new motorway, it’s so palpably magical and ancient it’s a romantic cliché: there is a turf-cut ‘mizmaze’ near the top that you would be forgiven for believing is the essence of some ancient legend, despite everyone knowing it was cut out for a laugh by a boy from the college.

But the whole area really crackles with the electricity of its own mystery. You want to believe in the magic stored in the crown of trees: the place is positively riddled with pixies – it’s no wonder we all ended up barefoot, covered with face paint and wearing pointy hats.

*Earth my body
Water my blood
Air my breath
And fire my spirit*

(Traditional Donga ‘earth chant’)

IV.

It was 1992 and I was entering my final year at Reading University when the early protests against the road made national news. On an instinct, I decided to drop everything and catch a train over, originally just for the weekend. I ended up coming back and staying three weeks, then the whole summer, and finally busily back and forth to the camp and pretty much every road protest camp ever established for the next 10 years.

I walked out of town to the site I’d seen on the news reports, only to discover that the camp established by Friends of the Earth had vanished without a trace – threats of a court injunction had apparently sent them back to London. All that remained was a tiny group of ex-Greenham Common protesters, who’d refused to give up so easily.

The four women – Di, Blue, Hazel and Juliet – were across the road, determinedly walking up and down on what was left of the river bank, taking it in turns to pull each other along in a little boat. This pantomime was successfully frustrating a handful of workmen from completing the ‘preliminary works’: putting the Itchen Navigation into a concrete pipe. Reinforcements were clearly needed, so optimistically I went looking for help.

On the suggestion of a shady looking young man⁶ who was hanging around observing the boat drama, we set out to the top of the Downs. He’d heard rumour that some travellers were camping there, seemingly right in the middle of the route. We found them after some searching, a mile away in a small clearing in a bush. Out of breath and somewhat over excited I shouted my “hello!”. Obviously I must have come across as a complete arsehole, because the two men sat squinting around a very smokey fire told me to “fuck off”. So I did.

Coming back the next weekend the two fire trolls were gone, replaced by a handful of friendlier faces who would subsequently become the Dongas Tribe.

V.

On the second visit it took me no more than two days to forget the world outside of Twyford Down. There were only a handful of us – myself, a couple of university friends I’d dragged along, the travellers whose camp actually it was, the Greenham protesters and the quiet young man who’d brought us all together – over the ensuing weeks we became a family of eco-warriors, many years before the news reporters learned to tag us as such.

Self-appointed guardians of the sacred Twyford turf, we lived and slept on the land, our faces buried in its soft tufts. We got up with the sun each day and trekked a mile across the Downs to the small construction site, to beat the workers to the canal and jump in, before they could fill it in. The heat and the dust were choking, but there was no time to stop and think it through: the sense that we might actually be getting somewhere, despite the danger and the exhaustion, made me feel alive.

Within the first week the fire pit democracy quickly adopted ‘Dongas Tribe’ and the image grew from that point. The now familiar 1990s eco-uniform, pixie hats and face paint – it wasn’t entirely contrived, but certainly plenty of Dongas knew that the tribal image would attract the cameras, possibly even soften the inevitable smearing to come. Part of the charm offensive included an openness and somewhat earnest honesty.

The 'PR strategy' worked. Donga-lore became all pervasive and seductive. Newspaper reporters loved it. News of the camp spread through the free-festival grapevine, drawing in more cultural refugees, sucking them straight out of the inner cities and dumping them at the foot of the 'Mother Donga'. A small pile of abandoned vehicles steadily grew there: people would just get out and walk up the hill, off with the pixies, never to drive away.

The Tribe was adrift from modernity and urban life. The illusion of living in another ancient time was only occasionally punctuated by visits to 'locals' with hot running water, or for some: signing on at the Job Centre. That aside, camp life seemed to provide everything: food was donated and consumed communally, goats were milked, fires stoked, kettles watched, stories told. 'Benders' were dwellings made from old tarps thrown over bent hazel poles and that was about as sophisticated as living got. There were people who lived on Twyford Down that year that I don't think left it once, right up until the point that they were bodily carried off it.

The camp hungrily absorbed and assimilated ideas and traditions, and like our slang, almost all of it was not ours. Donga-lore had no precedent, so it went looking for meaning in other cultures: white people with dreadlocks, spouting cod North American shamanism mixed in with English folklore and New Age quackery. It looks a bit naff and embarrassing in retrospect, but I still proudly keep my own woolly 'Donga Helmet'.

Oh, and there were dragons, lots of dragons. The most popular story was that St Catherine's Hill is the eye of one head of a double-headed sleeping dragon, and when the time comes, she will awaken. The arrival of the 'Dragon's Tribe' was prophetic. We danced dances in dragon costumes, dug ditches in the shape of serpents, hoping for the Dragon to come and save the land.

Days and weeks turned into months on the Downs. We'd actually had it fairly easy all summer; the skirmishes in the water meadow tailed off once the canal was eventually culverted. By October, we hadn't seen the police for months; we had been left alone. For the construction crew still based in the water meadows, it was a weekly game to drive up the hillside in a convoy, then fan out in an attempt to breach the camp's defences. But they weren't really trying, only probing and gathering evidence... waiting.

VI.

By winter, the shine was wearing off and the camp's numbers were oscillating dangerously. Days were colder and shorter, making life on an exposed hill pretty hard going. Visitors were obliged to share the experience of a communal bender with the camp goat and a plague of rats. The air inside was smokey, usually from a smouldering sock abandoned on the burner. During the week, numbers could get very low.

Daylight was consumed by the search for fuel and water. There was no work to obstruct and as the weather drew in, evening talk in the communal bender was all about tactics. Tuition in non-violent direct action was not new on the site. It had always been forthcoming from the local peace movement. But six months on and we knew we would soon be facing the prospect of more and bigger machines, as well as more workers.

Books and pamphlets began to circulate on the dark art of monkeywrenching, imported from North America, where activists were notoriously 'spiking' trees to ward off chainsaw crews and sabotaging the engines of trucks and excavators. We were also starting to learn about other resistance movements: we felt connected to villagers in India when news reached the camp of women up to their waists in the rising dam waters of the sacred Narmada River. It was a global struggle.

We discovered an unpublished manuscript featuring photographs by Kazuo Kitai of the Narita Airport protests in Japan. The agitational element amongst us immediately adopted the Japanese protestors' style and we redoubled our efforts to fortify, busying ourselves erecting ever more dramatic-looking barricades.⁷ Fighting back, not just passively resisting, was now the goal. The feeling was growing that we should expect trouble soon.

Trouble came on Yellow Wednesday, named after the sudden arrival of a private security army clad from head-to-toe in high visibility work gear. These new Roman invaders⁸ brutally wiped the Dongas off the proverbial map, trampling the Tribe's dream, in blood and dirt, in the early hours of the 9th December 1992.

A Channel 4 documentary team were there that day, present only by pure chance, covering court proceedings in the city between the College and the protestors. The producers had brought TV ecologist David Bellamy along and their camera crew captured what Bellamy at the time called, “*the worst violence [he had] witnessed against environmentalists anywhere in the world.*”⁹

Of course, the 1992 battle was only ever going to go one way. We were no match for them, although we fought with more physical force than some expected, we were completely outnumbered: it was a freezing cold mid-week and there were less than a dozen Dongas there. By nightfall on the Wednesday our camp was completely trashed and the whole place surrounded. I collapsed on the remaining sods with my friends, their backs bleeding from being repeatedly dragged over our own hawthorn defenses and the security razor wire. In the dawn light the shreds of their clothes sparkled like stardust in the frost.

Thursday came and we rose and rallied, but State reinforcements and 80 uniformed police officers marched up the hill to finish the job that the private security army had started. We were defeated, although it took 72 hours of unrelenting beating, screaming, hospitalisation and humiliation. The dragon never materialised and the dream was swept aside. The precious turf churned into worthless chalk and mud.

Ultimately the M3 extension opened, but the scar never healed. There are many local people who, to this very day, will go out of their way not to travel on that stretch of road. This sketchbook was born there and now everything depicted in these pages lies beneath it, concealed by tonnes of tarmac at the bottom of a 200 foot deep, 400 foot wide hole in an English hillside – and our national psyche.

VII.

The making of the sketchbook was a solitary act and it's the only piece of actual art I ever made while I was a Donga. Materials were a crude collage of photos I'd taken in the landscape. The pictures were scribbled on and defaced.

Words were borrowed from our Declaration of Independence, from chants and other references. There are clippings from a Sunday supplement article on First Nation Americans, and photocopies of the images from Sanrizuka in Japan – some of which are uncannily indistinguishable from pictures taken later at our eviction. Almost anything could end up in there, from the randomly graffitied words on a gatepost ‘I LOVE ALISON’, to a label I peeled from an oil barrel on the water meadow construction site bearing the words ‘GROUP 4 CUNTS’.

The jacket of the sketchbook is made from a tin panel found on the site. No doubt it was my attempt to make something that would withstand the outdoors and destruction. The paper is thick lining wall-paper, soaked in boiled linseed oil, and stitched together with cotton rubbed in beeswax, again in an attempt to make it last. Faithfully reproduced here in its entirety, the bookwork has so far survived over 25 years longer than the Dongas and Twyford Down did.

1. A crazy suggestion which was often the subject of fireside stories at the protest camp, repeated in a leaflet produced at the time by members of the Dongas Tribe, *Twyford Down a Brief History* (1992).
2. Campaigners loved to repeat how Hitler used the M3 as his inspiration for the Autobahn. This is probably as nonsensical as the Camelot story.
3. Institute for Terrestrial Ecology leaflet, *M3 Bar End to Compton Ecology* (1992).
4. The sorry tale of the legal and political betrayal is well documented, even if Twyford Down's eventual sacrifice as part of Prime Minister John Major's Maastricht deal is often skipped over.
5. Opening lines from the Dongas Declaration of Independence, penned as a skit on the American model by a local campaigner against the M3, and long time Dongas protest supporter, Dr. Chris Gillham. These words appear in my sketchbook on numerous pages.
6. ‘Silent’ Simon later revealed himself to be the best environmental activist I've ever met.
7. Evidence of the Narita inspiration can be seen right through the British road protest movement, to the M11 link road protests, with its radio masts and towers, to Newbury, with its miles of tunnels and ‘tree sits’.
8. “*Romans go home!*” was a frequently shouted Monty Python reference, along with “*Awooga! Awooga!*” which was an attempt at mimicking a warning siren, stolen from a joke on the cult TV sci-fi comedy, Red Dwarf.
9. David Bellamy, television ecologist and frontman for the Channel 4 documentary, commenting at the time.





Fig
17

At 40 mph
die;

According to a non-accident statistician,
fatalities, accidents occurred in
1991 and March 1992; compare to



of the
the
the
the
the

Motorway in the making: a bird's eye view of the start of work on the M3 extension near Winchester





... to be Jeff ...
... natural security is
... HERITAGE ...
... the property
... N E ...



THEY
EARN
DOESN'T
NOTHING
BELTO

US.....

WE BELONGED to it - and it belongs
to them.

The collage features several distinct components:

- Top Left:** A vertical strip of four small, square images showing a person in various poses, possibly a dancer or athlete.
- Top Center:** A large, dark silhouette of a tree with a dense canopy, mounted on a piece of aged, yellowish paper.
- Top Right:** A vertical strip of four larger images, similar to the top-left strip, showing a person in various poses.
- Middle:** A rectangular area containing a grid of larger images, some of which are similar to the smaller images in the strips.
- Bottom Left:** A technical drawing or profile chart. It includes a vertical axis labeled "LEVELS" and "PROFILE", and a horizontal axis labeled "HORIZONTAL ALIGNMENT". A dashed line represents a profile, with a label "SAG CURVE K=37" below it. Above the chart, there is a label "On A.O.D. NEWLYN" and "E IN METRES".
- Bottom Right:** Handwritten text in blue ink that reads "old people we are new people we are".

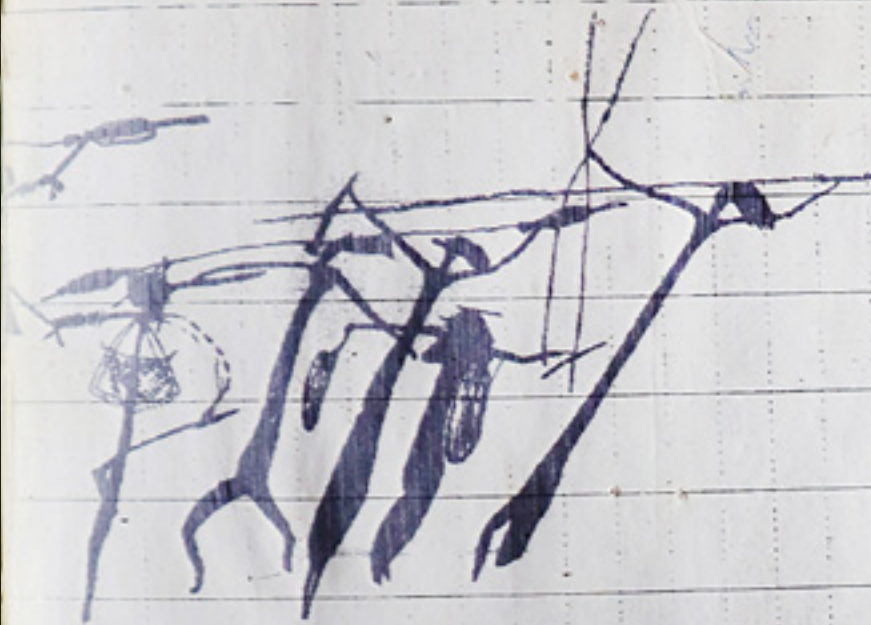
It is for no person to mar or destroy
and its stewardship rests with those who
would protect it, secure it and
pass it on entire and unsullied.

①

36



we the
people transfer
12-500



we the people we are the new people we are the
people stronger than before, we are the old people
we are the new people, we are the same people stronger

a-70005-70005



木櫃
木櫃

4248

WHT

WHT





ngalyod

When the dragon reaches the end shall
the sign from the hill near
Cairnholm Hill Cairnholm

Rubbing of a
design from
Cairnholm Hill
Cairnholm



miz-maze

WINTON
Rubbing of a cup and ring keyhole
design from Laggan Hill near
Cairnholm Hill

and they shall be a convergence of the old tribes

In this age the price
 of limitless material wealth
 has overwhelmed the spirit
 of this nation, such that
 many have forgotten where
 wealth lies.

(2)

Quis Custodiet, Ipsos Custodes

Look away
 Look away
 Look away



Lloyd Yellowbird,
 Cree Kribe

One of the 1st men uses
 photography was when the
 police used cameras to identify
 suspect the Compinards in 18



photography
 has been
 nurtured in
 Bellgore

The power
 of the
 terrorist

the expiration of fourteen days
 of this Notice on the said land
 support in exercise of the power
 Compulsory Purchase Act 1965
 possession of the land described
 act of which a Notice Treat has
 has part of the said land

September 1992

Authorized by the Secretary of State

the institution of the state from before the
Plains in the land. (D.S) Indeed they have
before any sort of spiritual tribunal from the
copies that
of different
of some



Joe
Bellanger,
Chippewa
Tribe



$\frac{h^2}{2m}$

$\frac{Ze^2}{r}$

$a = \frac{h^2}{2mZe^2}$

face is scientist



Chester Mahooty
Zuni tribe

... of the long ...
... of the ...
... of the ...

... the ...
By this betrayal, they ...
... the right,



Kevin Haywaha
Assiniboine
Tribe



Castle Soldier
Northern Arapaho
Tribe



Indeed they have become the very instruments of destruction
is in their sacred trust.
By this betrayal, they surrender the right, before any



I LOVE ALISON





6 And now her majesty's Government



proposes a crucifixion here.

this I
was once
marked too
heavily by

human kind,
but never
through long
his weight a
great wonder
of history
and redemption
here.

(4)

deeming a patient that
this frail
should die
for the wealth
of the
nation

(7)



The nest found in with eggs with long legs etc

and then we saw
the we saw
the from the
shall not







with every stop we take.



Looking out over the bay
at seeing the other people to accept
the boat



W. H. ...
A. ...
...
...

1915

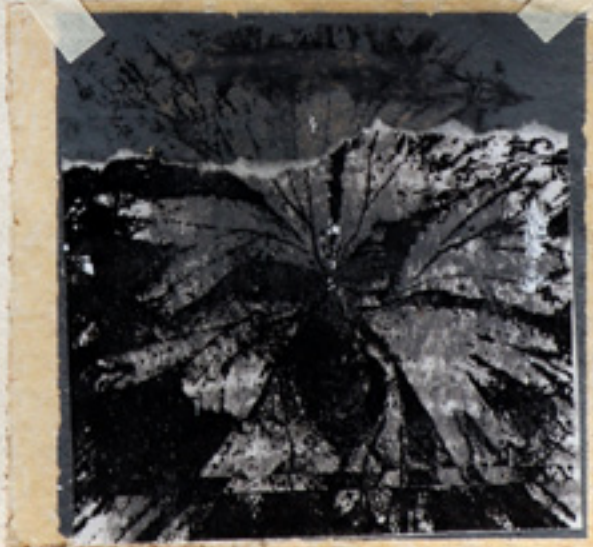
One of the first on the ...
the 15th September 1947, ...
take of the ...
Miami Place.







EARTH MY body



...of the ...
...of the ...
...of the ...



WATER my BLOOD



We were clinging to the land like
lily clouds to the ground.

...to be ...
...we was ...
...to be ...

I cannot find out if Bunker's intent was to make some charge for possession, or to give any sort of gift, or whether he was merely trying to make a point.



AIR MY BREATH



Figure 11. Eavesdropper.

Small text at the bottom of the photograph, likely a copyright notice or publisher information.

四代も続いた農地を公園に渡すことはできぬ。どんな手段でもも今まで鍛えた体で断固度港にも

つてゆくと



fire MY spirit

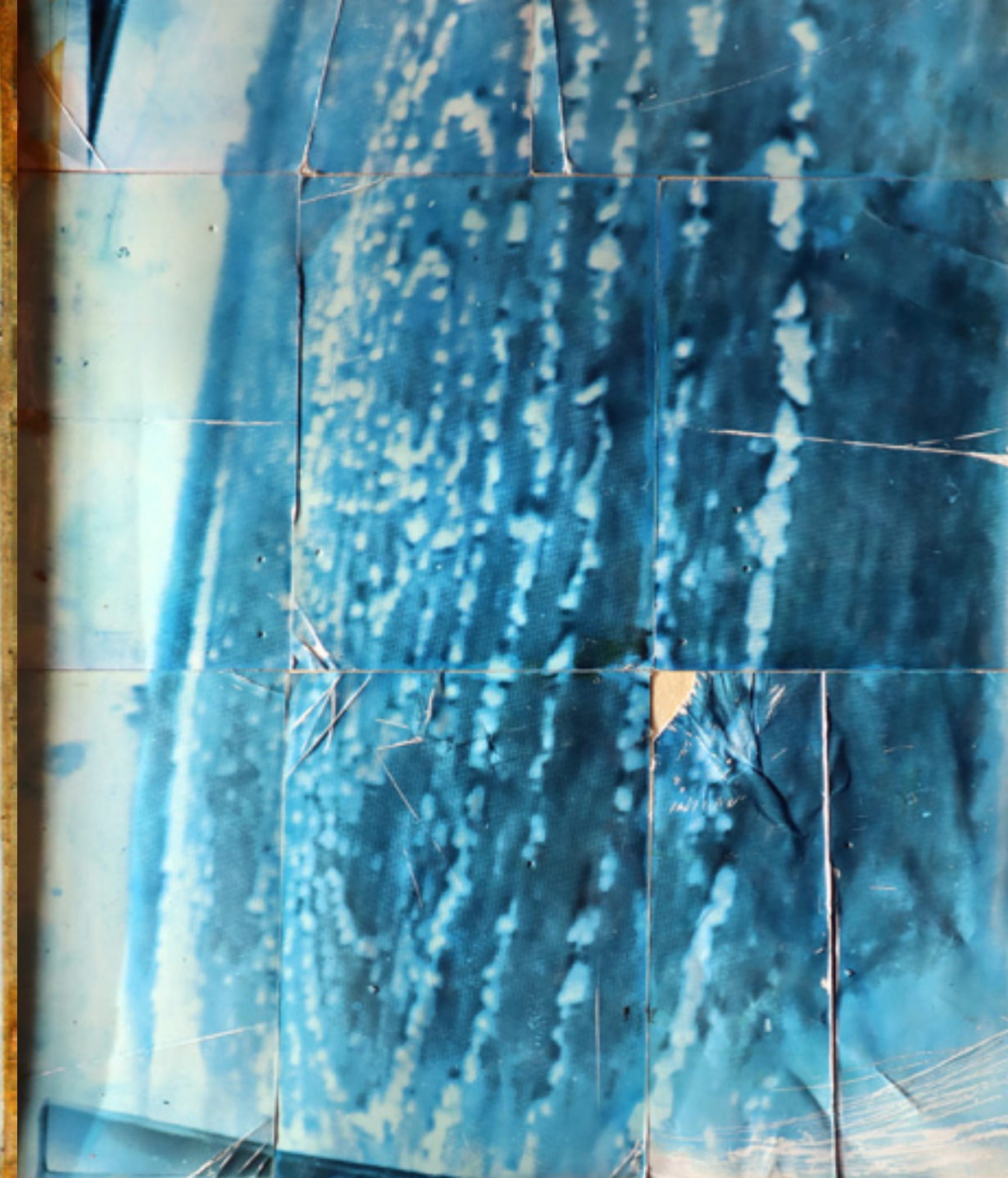


新刊
鮮紅
榮燦

©

10. We believe it is our sacred duty to hold and defend this place
until such time as we are worthy of its stewardship, relieved us of
the burden.







三浦郡からの連絡にかけたの低い山脈でほっと恐ろしいことが起きている。多数の農民が樹を切りつけている木立が遠慮会釈もなく次々に切り倒されていく。

In the low valley leading from the third to the sixth foot, even more terrible things were happening. The trees to which many farmers had chained themselves were cut down one by one, without the slightest ceremony.

三浦郡からの連絡にかけたの低い山脈でほっと恐ろしいことが起きている。多数の農民が樹を切りつけている木立が遠慮会釈もなく次々に切り倒されていく。



Branding the opposition farmers as traitors, wielding their weapons indiscriminately, a total of 500,000 police have, to date, wounded 7000 citizens by their criminal acts, and arrested more than 2500. The task of medical relief in this situation has been very large.

三浦郡からの連絡にかけたの低い山脈でほっと恐ろしいことが起きている。多数の農民が樹を切りつけている木立が遠慮会釈もなく次々に切り倒されていく。











① in the hole it is Redwood.

WOMEN'S EARTH ACTION GATHERING

TWYFORD DOWN

Weekend of 22/23 August 1992

- **WOMEN'S WALK ALONG PROPOSED
MOTORWAY ROUTE**

Please bring decorated sheets or material to make the dragon
which we are taking for the walk

- **WOMEN'S GATHERING**

To discuss future Earth Actions around the country
to discuss the possibility of setting up a women's camp
at Twyford Down

- **WOMEN'S ACTIONS AT TWYFORD
DOWN**

Women will be taking part in ~~Non-Violent Direct Action~~ over
the weekend
Please be self-sufficient with food and water and be prepared
for camping. The camp will be women only

THIS IS A WOMEN-ONLY GATHERING

Box E, 34 Cowley Rd., Oxford







-and-

- (1) FRANK CHARLES WILLIAMS
- (2) ~~RAGA-WOODS~~ TESSA RAGA P
- (3) ~~BARBARA-BRYANT~~
- (4) JULIET MCBRIDE
- (5) BLUE HELEN JOYCE
- (6) HAZEL BINGHAM
- (7) JASON REDMON
- (8) SIMON MARSHALL
- (9) BRIAN GEORGE
- (10) DOMINIC PAUL
- (11) JOHN BRUCE
- (12) ANDREW GRAHAM
- (13) ROBERT JAMES
- (14) PAUL DALY
- (15) DOMINIC SEBASTIAN
- (16) JANE CHILD
- (17) ROBERT FRANCIS
- (18) ALEXANDRA JANE FLOWS
- (19) SABINE MAIRIE
- (20) ANDREW HOMER
- (21) GRAEME LEWIS
- (22) DAVID GARLAND
- (23) JEFFREY WEYERS
- (24) DAVID FRANCIS WOOD
- (25) SIMON JONES
- (26) PAUL GILL
- (27) CHRISTOPHER PAUL COCKING
- (28) KERRY MAHONEY
- (29) MICHAEL BROWN
- (30) WILLIAM SHANE BARBER COL
- (31) MARK CHAPMAN
- (32) JASON LEE TORRANCE







JASON ALBANI - SEP. 16 '92
 MET. GROUP WITH REPRESENTATION
 REPRESENTATION FROM ALBANI 2 - PHOTO 15 (19.11.92)
 SHOWS MADE GREEN HALL 10000
 AND PHOTOGRAPHY BY LIFE, 11.11.92 - MORE SHOWS (PHOTO)
 19.11.92 - GORRONS (PHOTO 2)



Cont.
 26.1.91 (x1)



A DAY WITH THE DONGA TRIBE
 An Invitation To Join Us
 For Some Serious Fun

Meet Us At The Courts of PP-Windaster
 At 12.30 pm - County Court Yard.
 Channel 4 will be filming us.

Fill The Court Room
 At 2.0 pm Windaster College will seek
 to evict us from 'their land' ???

Celebration on The Dongas
 - The 'Safe Love Frogs' will come down
 from 'Garden' to join us in an evening
 of music, Song Dance - - - etc.

What's Next?
 Come with your ideas & support.

For More Info Contact :-
 Stephen Ward - Leiston - 051 - 5274476
 Ryan Woods - 0702 - 517561
 Chris Gillman (Gen) - 0952 - 617328
 Alan Walker (Gen) - 0952 - 517475



CONFRONTATION: Motorway protesters today.

Dongas protest

MOTORWAY protesters laid in front of diggers today to prevent them moving on to ancient trackways known as Dongas.

Heavy machinery, including a bulldozer and a turf cutting machine was poised to roll on to the scheduled ancient construction, sitting in their way were the 30 loggers and 1000 dwellers from the "Autonomous Territory of the Dongas."

After a brief confrontation, the machinery and Landrovers turned round and headed back down the hill.

A spokesman for contractors West McDonald said "We are simply trying to fulfil our contract and we are totally being obstructed."

The protesters have alerted the Department of Transport request to move their tent from the route of the motorway.



Ephemera

1. The author being photographed by police evidence gatherers, Claremont Road eviction, M11 link road protest. Print on silver paper. Credit: Maggie Lambert, November 1994.
2. The author with the first iteration of the Union Jill flag in 1993. *i-D* magazine original, from which the flag originated (artist unknown). This flag subsequently became a ubiquitous emblem of the 90s counter-culture anti-road protest movement.
3. Injunction papers, cover sheet. Charges brought against 76 Twyford protestors, Department of Transport, 1993. 'Action File' number 7 is Jason Redmon (sic) / Jai Redman.
4. St Catherine's Hill seen from Twyford Down (2012). Chalk spiral made by the author, Dongas' Bushfiled Army Camp (1993). Trees in the St Catherine's clump (1993).
5. Communal Bedouin-style tent (or 'bender') roof (1992). Map of the route as published in a Twyford Down Association leaflet (1992). Twyford Down Association postcard showing the 1987 public inquiry photomontage of the proposed road cutting.
6. Poster illustrations by Jai Redman. *Fuck The Civil, Let's Get Disobedient* (1992). *Requiem for A Landscape/Twyford Rising* demonstration (July 1993). *Rest In Pieces* (1993). Unpublished illustration (1993).
7. Poster advertising the first UK Earth First! Road Show, January-February 1992 (artist unknown).
8. Pages from the 'Action File' dossier on Jason Redmon (sic). Evidence used in the High Court injunction proceedings, produced by Brays Detective Agency, Southampton. This results in 7 of the 76 defendants receiving 28 day prison sentences in 1993. Handwritten flyer for the court case after party on 9th December 1992. Clipping from an unknown local newspaper. Jai Redman pictured (centre).
9. Spread and cover from the published photographs of the Narita Airport protests in Sanrizuka, Japan. Kitai, Kazuo. *Sanrizuka 1969-1971* (Tokyo: Nora-sha, 1971). Credit: Kazuo Kitai.

All photo credits: Jai Redman (unless otherwise stated).



Jai Redman is a visual artist whose practice extends across sculpture, painting, digital design and socially engaged public art.

His work deals with personal experiences as an environmental activist and social justice campaigner, commenting on our increasing dislocation from politics and planet.

Gaia Project is an independent publishing and curatorial initiative operating at the intersection of Art and Ecology – or indeed, in that poetic space where Art becomes Ecology, and where Ecology becomes Art.

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