

DEDICATION

This issue of the Alternative Criminology Journal is dedicated to Helen Golding, killed in a car crash on March 28th. One of the driving forces in Women Behind Bars Helen had struggled all her short life for the oppressed and down-trodden.

She had friends among a wide variety of progressive movements; the womens movement, gays, aboriginal, left migrant communities (Greek, Italian and Palestinian), and prisoners.

Women prisoners in particular not only benefitted from her legal support, but from the deeply personal concern and friendship that went with it. Male prisoners and especially the former inmates of Katingal, will remember the courageous woman who championed their cause, smuggled out documents and complaints, and refused to be silenced in the face of intense personal intimidation and poverty.

The organised legal profession in N.S.W., with one or two exceptions, can hang their head in shame at their lack of support for Helen, their sexist and patriarchal treatment of her and general hostility to her direct, no-nonsense approach. Their attitude can be gauged by the response of one member of an allegedly 'liberal' barrister's chambers who said that no-one in the chambers was not going to donate to the trust fund in aid of Helen's daughter, Joanna, because some of Helen's friends on the night of her funeral sprayed Close Katingal slogans on the outside of their office block!

A moving non-religious ceremony, attended by many hundreds of people was held at Redfern town hall. The inside of the hall was decorated with black, red and red and black flags, and placards bearing slogans such as

"To Helen who not only appeared in courts
but wrote on their walls",

"Close Katingal",

and others. Joe Hill, Mulawa Girls and The Red Flag were
sung by the gathering, and the red and black flag hoisted
over the town hall.

A 'Song of Helen' written by Dave Brown follows this
dedication. Donations to the trust fund for Joanna should
be sent to John Terry, Redfern Legal Centre, Town Hall,
Pitt St, Redfern, Sydney.

Helen just sittin' down
To sing a song of you
To sing a song of your strength
Of the power bubbling through
To sing a song of your laughter
Of your sorrow and your pain
To sing a song of your anger
Your struggles and your gains
I remember you in the street
In the discussions
The skip of your feet
I remember you at the vigil
The sleepless nights
To go on
In the dancing
In the prancing
In the courthouse
Of the boss
Inside the prison walls
Far into the country halls
We feel the loss
We feel the loss
But everytime that
The streets are blocked
The nights are seized
And the clocks are stopped
Everytime a challenge stirs
Cement glistens and
The alley cats purr
Everytime the ripples rise
The growling grows

And the crazy eyes
Turn their gaze past
The glittering tawdry prize
And focus
On the frauds
We're asked to live

Every time a spray-can hand
A clenched fist
A growing ragged band
Shake the state
And make the bourgeois quake
I think we'll hear you
In the crowd

Every time the caged ones cry
The boldening sisters
Patriarchs defy
Bars wither
And the stone walls crack
Our rulers shiver
And their thugs
And screws turn back
Deros dance and sing
Workers refuse the sack
Kids laughter shatters
The cathedral bells
Monuments to greed
And exploitation felled
I think we'll hear you
In the crowd
I think we'll hear you
In the crowd.

Helen just sittin' down
To sing a song of you
To sing a song of your strength
Of the power bubbling through
To sing a song of your laughter
Of your sorrow and your pain
To sing a song of your anger
Your struggles and your gains