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Tariq Ali made a statement.

"I want to give you my version of the events in July 1981 and a little bit of my life.

I was talking to Anwar Ditta (when she was in the witness box) with immense passion. What was it that made Tarlochan and myself commit ourselves totally to the life of that woman?

In 1969 I was in Pakistan, in a village, in the midst of great poverty. I was a peasant. There was a great big dream - "The streets of Britain are paved with gold" - so my father and I came to this country as soon as the money could be raised. As soon as I came and put my foot down, I found it sin't gold. It is the gold of Pakistan.

My first taste of this gold was the immigration officer. Make one mistake and back you go. Now they ask you to count chickens..... I was 10 or 11 years old at the time and the questioning that day made a great impression on me. It was that questioning that took me to Anwar Ditta.

My schooling. We were the first generation of Asian kids in British schools. There were many small incidents. Kids would come and rub my face to see if it had dirt, pull my ears to see if they were real etc. One day I was a peasant. Then I flew over into this country and became a wog, a coon or a nigger. Many a 'cock' graduated by beating us up. We had to work much harder than others, to cope with the language. By the time we got to comprehensive school, we knew English perfectly but we still had to go through the immigrant system.

The scuffles from junior school were here transformed into great battles - the playground was a jungle. My first lessons in defence were in school, where we had to defend ourselves against all kinds of language and even physical attacks.

I left school with one CSE grade 1 and some others in 1973-74. My father had moved out, so I lived on my own, aimlessly, for a while. Paki-bashing was very heavy at that time. They would come out of the darkness, up Lumb Lane, out of the night, to numerous to recount. My hands, legs and body bear the scars. I didn't see why I should suffer this indignity and not walk on the streets. Come hell or high water, I'd walk the streets.

I'd been involved in left groups but there was always something missing - something relevant to our community. When attacked, we didn't know what to do, where to turn.

1976 was a crucial year for all of us. The NF marched in Bradford. Gurdip Singh Chaggar was murdered, by the blade of a racist. Both Bradford and Southall erupted. We learned that we had to organise. We had to build a defensive organisation.

When Kingsley Reid said: "One dead, One million to go", after the murder of Gurdip Singh Chaggar, I was not prepared to tolerate the implication.

I went to Pakistan, but came back in 1977. Maggie Thatcher had me her speech on 'alien culture swamping'. After that Altab Ali had his throat slit outside Bethnal Green. I lived in the East End of London. I went to Brick Lane, distributed leaflets. I couldn't speak at meetings but I tried anyway. I had a major operation on my arm. Two days after coming out of hospital, the NF march through Brick Lane took place. This was the first fascist march there since the '30's. Then it was Oswald Mosely and the BUF and it was Jews living there. I took part in the counter demonstrations.

The Jewish people in that area had moved out and the Asians had come, particularly Bengalis. That community, in Brick Lane, is still a community under seige. It is not part of Britain, but a war zone. Ishaque Ali got killed. A number of people were maimed. There were more demonstrations that I was involved in.

I had been on the dole but I got a job in Southall. So off I went. And I became

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very close to the people of Southall. I was there a couple of years.

We have heard a lot about racial attacks. But the term should be racist attacks - an attack where the sole motive is the racism of the attacker.

The threat of fascism must be taken seriously, like it says in the German poem - "They came for the Jews....."

I myself am not an angel. About six years ago, I got on the wrong side of the law. They were all minor offences and I've nothing to hide from you.

Now we come to 1980-81. You have heard implications that Tarlochan and myself broke from the Asian Youth Movement because we were violent. That's rubbish. I'm not a violent man. I don't like violence. But if confronted by violence I will defend myself and encourage others to do so.

The Asian Youth Movement started off as the Indian Progressive Youth Association. The Indian community has a tradition of militancy. I wasn't Indian. In Bradford there are 10,000 Indians and 30,000 Pakistanis. India is part of the sub-continent. We had to find out that we were black. It was a logical political progression from Indian to Asian to Black.

Now we come to my version of what happened, and what didn't happen on the day of 11 July. 11 July was an extraordinary day. You have heard about Southall, Luton etc. And you will continue to hear a lot about Bradford. Wherever our people live, there were rumours that weekend. 5-6 weeks earlier, I had got a job in a mill outside Bradford. On Friday night, I got back from work and went out. Things were a bit tense that night. On Saturday morning I woke up - I was due to start working nights that evening. I met Tarlochan in the Library cafe. All of us use the library to escape from the restrictions imposed upon us by our families. I have been going there a long time, I was part of the furniture there. I met Tarlochan there. We had all heard that skinheads were coming into town and we were worried and frightened.

We did not talk about anything specific. But defence, as far as I am concerned, is my life and breath. It is everyday life for us. The fantastic picture of myself as the inspiration and driving force behind a "conspiracy" is utter rubbish. The city centre that day was tense. You could cut the tension with a knife. I met Tarlochan again in town. I don't remember the precise details. We discussed something about defence but nothing specific. I walked around town, first to see at what point the town could be invaded. I saw a few scattered skinheads who I knew and spoke to them. They said that they had heard rumours as well.

I did not pass on the information to community leaders or any of those people because I assumed that they would know independently. They have confirmed this in court.

I didn't notify the police. I had no doubt what their reaction would have been. Nothing would have been done.

I went to the Interchange. Someone had said skinheads had arrived. But there were none there, and a police officer dispersed us. I had been followed by the police since long before - even some of these "grey" men could have been all around us. We moved away and sat down for a while. All of this time, Sabir was with me from A to Z. From there we went back into town. We were tired and hungry. The intention was that if nothing had happened by that time, we would relax. But if things were still tense, then we would gather together. Some Sikh youths were wandering up and down Leeds Road, totally independently of us. In the event we couldn't go to the Textile Hall because there was a concert going on. I walked up to PD from there and it was there that Tarlochan told me about the petrol bombs he had prepared. I inquired as to where they were. He replied that they were only to be used as a last resort, for self defence, but the decision to use them would be his.

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Petrol bombs. I've never used one. I've seen them used on TV. To me they are more terrifying than dangerous. If I'm confronted with a horde of murderous thugs, if my people are attacked similarly, if the authorities do nothing, I hope I'd have the courage to use one. Tarlochan has described them as defensive weapons to be used as a screen of fire. If I was running towards a black area and I saw these things flying towards me, I'd get the hell out of there. I hope that in those circumstances, I would have the courage. If this sends me to prison for life, then so be it.

Tarlochan, myself and perhaps some others went to the university and then on to the Black Swan. It is one of the meeting places where a lot of people gather. Tarlochan left and I assumed he would be checking up the situation in town. I talked to the people in the pub and they all confirmed my fears. I and they were all apprehensive.

I went up to the Textile Hall. We couldn't get in because of a concert inside. So we went to the town centre and then back to the Black Swan. The atmosphere by now - 10 to 10.30 - was not so apprehensive but still it was not calm. I, with Sabir and perhaps Giovanni, left the pub and went into town to have a final look around. By the mound, there were some police vans. I saw a car parked and a friend, Feroze Ahmed, came out and told me about some white youths who had abused his family that day. The youths' father came out armed with a table leg and a knife and attacked. Feroze's brother was injured. The police were called but they arrested Feroz's brother for GBH. I told him to come to the police station with me, so he went off to park his car.

I went and sat by the grass on the mound. Some police officers asked me to move. So, reluctantly, I moved. But I went around the Town Hall and returned to the same spot. I had arranged to meet someone. There were no cries in the crowd about inciting violence. What I did hear, was someone saying: "Here is the ringleader - grab him." I was tapped on the shoulder and thrown into a police van. The others followed.

I was charged with threatening behaviour. But I am not guilty and I am still awaiting trial.

On coming out, Tarlochan and I agreed that the petrol devices should be destroyed. And I went back to work. I didn't see anybody else until the next Saturday night and for all I know, the devices had been destroyed.

You have heard a lot about the events on 30 & 31 July - Thursday and Friday.

On Thursday morning, Inspector Windle and his men came in through the open front door and I was rushed into the police station. There was nothing cordial about it. I asked for my glasses. I asked to remain to stay while they searched the house. They did not allow me but the refusal did not come in words. They had come to arrest me and arrest me they did. They took me to the police station and put me in the interview room. Mr Vickerman was there, amongst others and he was very polite. But 6 or 7 big men in a small room, asking questions the very next moment. They gave me the rough and soft treatment.

Most of the interrogation was political - about Angola, Mozambique, South Africa and apartheid. And about the police. I was really asked if I thought that the police were the "instruments of oppression". Photos and quotes of myself at meetings were produced. I repeatedly asked to see a solicitor but was refused. I requested to be allowed to go to work. They laughed - a sour joke. They formally arrested me on Thursday night.

On Friday night, there were a lot more questions. No notes were taken. All I said all through these questions was: "No comment - I want to see a solicitor." Their tactic was for DS Huntinton to get angry and DI Sidebottom to be the nice guy. They got a bit confused and messed it up. Sidebottom got angry as well! There was a lot of language that I couldn't repeat here. I kept on asking to see a solicitor - that's all I said.

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I have challenged the entire verbal. Not the facts in it, such as Tarlochan coming to see me. But what I am supposed to have said. Tarlochan came in and he looked in a terrible state. The police officers had made a promise to him about bail for everyone and that's what he referred me to and I couldn't turn down someone in that state. I asked for cigarettes to be given to everyone in the cells. They have made this up into a big doo-dah about me feeling responsible.

The statement I made. I am not saying that it is not mine; it is what I believe and I am not retracting a word of it. But there was a lot of constant pressure put on me.

On Friday evening, I was taken to the charge desk and the fantastic charges were read out and then, I was terrified.

I was taken into a cell and this fascist British Movement skinhead was put into my cell. And with only one blanket, we had to share it and the Police looked in and laughed.

I spent three months in the prison. Now here I am before you. Do you want to send me down again?

Feroz Ahmed called to witness box.

He said that on 11 July he was in town looking for TA because his brother had been arrested. He told TA about the attack on his home and the arrest by police. He confirmed what TA said in his statement about what had happened. He also said that his brother is not in police custody. He was brought to the crown court for malicious wounding, was found not guilty and acquitted.

Marsha Singh called to witness box.

He was one of the founding members of AYM and is till a member. He has been for 4 years. He said that he knew TA before 11 July but on 11 July they were not on speaking terms. However he had spoken to TA on 11 July about skinheads in the market area. He already knew about the rumour of a skinhead invasion and had heard earlier in the week that an attack was possible. He said that all Saturday they were patrolling areas of Bradford just in case skinheads were to attack. He had heard that on Monday or Tuesday skinheads had attacked an Asian on Leeds Road and they were to return at the weekend. "My fear was that at the weekend, skinheads from outside would come and attack black areas in Bradford. I was already panicky by Wednesday and this panic increased as the weekend approached.

When cross examined by prosecution, he confirmed some of the earlier points: "We, the AYM, patrolled areas in Bradford on observation for skinhead invasion. If the skinheads were to attack, we would respond and our actions would depend on the actions of the attackers." "Our members were in a state of preparedness. Surprise can lead to a community being devastated, so awareness was essential. We would alert the members of the community - we have quite rapid communication. We would not tell the police. My experience, and that of my organisation, is that the police have consistently harassed us. I regard the police as an anti-black institution and in certain circumstances as an "instrument of oppression".

Sabir Hussein made a statement from the dock.

I was born in Pakistan, in a village, and came straight to Bradford in the summer when I was five or six. I came with my mother, brother and sister....My father was already here. He had come in 1964. He was here for four years and then sent for us. He is a textile worker. He has worked in various places. He is now not working any more. There is almost no work in Bradford at all right now, especially for black people.

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I went up through the school system in Bradford and left in 1979. I had been at Tong Comprehensive. I was bad at attending regularly because we, the Asians were

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given a hard time. I did various government schemes - engineering etc. I worked with one specific employer at a textile works for six months which is where my brother works.

I spend my days in the library browsing around. I always have done that. I spent a lot of time in the library. My friends used to go to college and I spent a lot of time there but that's really just for recreation, playing pool. I used to do sports a lot. I don't now because I can't afford to use the sports centre.

I like to hear people talk about politics. I listen to everybody's opinion. I don't necessarily get involved. I am quiet and just listen. I think politics is a way of life.

I am concerned generally about questions like the skinheads and racist attacks. I do believe that if they attack us we have to defend ourselves. Everyday life is inescapable.

When I am talking about the actual events that happened in relation to which I was arrested, I thought that trouble could happen. The kind of trouble that often does happen, that people get beaten up or stabbed.

I have worked in factories with National Front supporters and I know what they are like.

On the question of the police not arresting National Front people, I think on the whole that they would not have done. I didn't think that the police were there to protect Asian families, they usually didn't.

I signed a statement confessing to being at a meeting. But in fact I was never at it. The police were determined that I should say that I was at the meeting and they were threatening me. I just gave up. I resigned myself to that being what they wanted. The officers were ferocious and persistent. They had so much detail - they knew much more than me about everything that went on - I didn't know anything and I ended up signing the statement.

The fact of the matter is that I was never concerned with the making of petrol bombs and that I ended up making a statement to the police that I was at a meeting that I wasn't at, and that noone else will say I was at either. That is the basis on which they have me on this charge. If I had been there I would say so.

I learnt a lot about what was meant to have happened from what they were in fact telling me and putting to me. They said certain information had come to them. They asked a lot about Tariq. He was their main interest.

I was living at Tariq's house at the time. I had been there about 3 or 4 weeks. We went out seperately and didn't have a great deal to do together. I knew Tariq primarily because I started living with him. It was entirely coincidence that I was with him on the Saturday. My mother had come to Tariq's place, before to ask me to come home and I had agreed but I hadn't yet gone at the time. I had no problems at home. I just felt that I was growing out of being at home. We are in fact quite a close family and I am fond of my parents.

On the Saturday morning Tariq and I were going around together from morning to afternoon. All sorts of people were talking about the skinheads. I don't remember seeing Tarlochan or any other defendant. We also talked to friends who go to the Black Swan, not defendants but other people. We were talking generally about having to defend the community. I was not particularly engaged in this discussion but it did go on. Tariq was doing a lot of talking - he usually does. Every person he met he was talking to about the skinheads.

He didn't say anything about petrol bombs and was not talking to me about them.

Most of the people who go to college, go to the library. Some of them are friends from the same village that I come from. We went up Manningham Lane, a number of us all Asian, all young, all grouped together. We went to the bus Interchange and

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all over the place to try and see if we could find out about skinheads coming. We spent all day doing that.

(In the evening) I was with Tariq. We went to the Black Swan till closing time and then we went to the Town Centre. We had noticed lots of people, more than usual in those pubs and outside. Someone was arrested across the road from the pub for obstructing the pavement. Everybody feared the police. I saw no other trouble.

We were walking down the centre of town. We went on the grass and got arrested. We were with our friends walking down. I think they were harassing Tariq. I didn't see Tarlochan arrested. I saw them grab Tariq and then I was arrested too for intervening. There were quite a lot of police there at the time I was arrested.

I will now talk about when I was arrested on July 30. I was still staying in Tariq's flat. I was fast asleep when about three or four men came into my room and woke me up. I was told to get dressed but not why. I thought I would be taken to the station for a warrant as I heard they were looking for me. I think they had come to my house the day before.

They stayed in the room. I wasn't allowed to go to the toilet or to brush my teeth.

Within a few minutes I was taken away with Tariq. At the police station I was interviewed. The first thing I was asked was about the car, that is the conviction for careless driving and they brought in an Officer with records to sort that out. Detective Broster who denied interviewing me later, thought I was Shabir Hussein and knew all about the warrant.

They, Broster and Fletcher, then started asking questions about petrol bombs. I was greatly surprised. They said they were found in Trinity Fields.

They asked a lot of questions about Tariq. I was asked why Tariq had so many milk bottles in bags in his flat. I said that he was lazy and he doesn't bother to return them. I said they could check it with the shopkeeper. Det. Windle was there part of the time when I was being interviewed.

They asked me about Tariq's politics and whether he discussed politics with me and I said no. I said I went to some meetings but not always with Tariq. They asked me if I was political and I said I was just a Moslem. When I said that Det. Broster said: "If I bring the Koran will you tell the truth?" I said: Yes. He went downstairs for the Koran and came back and put my hand on it and placed his hand over mine keeping it on the Koran for about five minutes. He asked me again questions about me attending the meetings on Sat 11 and making petrol bombs. I denied all knowledge.

Some time in the morning I was asked if I knew where BK lived and I agreed to show them. Some officers who I don't know took me by car and I pointed out his house.

I was interviewed a few times on Thursday, always about the petrol bombs, how to make them and me being at the meeting. They kept calling me a liar because I told them I was not at a meeting.

Suddenly that evening without warning, Mr Fletcher cautioned me, told me I was arrested for petrol bombs. I was taken downstairs and put in a cell.

No one else saw me until late in the evening of the next day. I saw Det Crossley and Det Irvine.

It was after 7 o'clock when they came and started to ask me questions about petrol bombs. This was the first time I had been questioned since I was arrested by Mr Fletcher.

Mr Crossley seemed to know a lot about a meeting that other people had attended. He insisted that I had attended that meeting on 11 July. I kept denying and he kept getting angrier and angrier. At one stage he leaned over the small table and

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grabbed my hair and pushed my head against the wall. He did this a few times in the interview.

Mr Irvine also hit me and I nearly hit him back but thought better of it. They left me and said I would be left to think about it. When they came back they told me that they wanted a statement from me. I agreed. I didn't know what else to do. I said they should write a statement. I didn't dictate anything to them. I did not say I was at the meeting. I did not use the word "effective" as they said. All I did was to sign the statement at the end of the pages and where DC Irvine had put 'x' marks.

I did not think I had any choice but to accept the statement because they did not believe me when I said I told the truth.

It seemed like in the Magistrates court when I thought the Magistrates did not believe me when I said I was not the person driving the car.

The Magistrates took my address and afterwards I got the driving licence of someone I did not know in the post and a letter to pay the fine. Then a warrant was issued. It was nothing to do with me.

I was not at that meeting where the making of petrol bombs was discussed. I did not know that they had been made. I did not know where they had been placed or what they were to be used for.

If I had attended the meeting I would have said so to the police and said so in this Court in the same way that my other friends have done."

A statement of fact was read out by defence barrister JG about the confusion between Sabir and Shabir Hussein and the warrant issued. This in fact had nothing to do with Sabir.

End of Defence Case.