

programme is set up for the first two or three days, more as a guide to get things started than as a required set of activities. This programme includes the basic sorts of activities of the community - meeting in groups, exploring between groups and territories, sessions of the total community and 'research'. Research is an important part of the mini-society's development and is the only activity all members must agree to participate in ahead of time. It consists of recording things about the community, groups and individuals, of a kind that will allow a fairly quick report back so that its implications can be considered before the situation to which the results apply has gone cold. Research can be concerned with verbal reports, records of actions or paper and pencil techniques. Each group will have a 'staff' member. The function of the staff member is to help the group, especially in its early life, to find its identity and to get the best out of the mini-society experience. Except for those taking the boundary-keeping roles mentioned at the beginning of this section, staff will not have any special powers in the community.

The Place

The mini-society will be held in the Student Village, Bristol Polytechnic, Bristol. The facility will comprise a number of self-contained flat units, each able to accommodate 7/10 people together with some larger central facilities that can accommodate the whole community.

Included on the staff group will be: Gurth Higgins of Loughborough University, Ted Mallett and Ken Waldie of Bristol Encounter Centre. Further details from Ken Waldie at 28 Drakes Way, Portishead, Bristol.

LONDON

I scrape my clawed fingernails
Down the plateglass shopwindow of London's life.
Staring at the models, the city's wares, people who say
Fly me
Buy me. I'm easy.
All human life is here
Our eyes are as hungry as yours
And we offer every kind of food
In our bistros, cafes, steak houses, evening institutes, clubs, concert
halls, theatres, yoga classes.

My nose and palate are teased
Mind challenged
Heart, skin trembling as my fingertips feel the warmth through the glass
And I spread my palms against the window.

Come in, whispers the shop's open door seductively
Don't stand there.
See, I am open
You can discover for yourself
If my rich wares are phoney or genuine
Whether we are models or people
Our warmth real or synthetic
How good the food is
Whether the price is too high.
Why not taste and see?

Ah, London,
If your door is so open, our choices so free, your people so clear
Why do you need shopwindows?

Shall I claw the glass down then?
Smooth, cool, transparent
Punishing when splintered
And quickly replaced by the latest 24-hour-service security glaziers
(Provided they aren't on strike)

Or shall I step through the open door
Into the warmth, the challenge of colour, the dirt, vulgarity, smells
 exquisite and rancid, bodies beautiful and ugly,
 comfort and vice, sweetness and poison, the
 caressing fingers and the strangling fist
And when I am mingled with them all
Shall I
Imperceptibly
Be drawn towards the window
And hover there
Watching that person outside who questions what we are?

Alix Pirani
