

## **The Group**

Murmurings fell into an expectant silence, slowly interrupted by sporadic clapping, slowly joining to a harmonious cheer from the people whose mass, filled every cubic inch available inside that hall.

They played undoubtably well, the watchers 'grooving' and 'getting into' their way out guitars.

After all the happy we-love-you-brother-dig-the-music they knew they had played for what they had been paid

Bodies echoing feelings  
until the whole building SCREAMED

more, more, more, - mouths open  
(like starving children)

The group huddled in the wings  
peering out at the mobs from behind a grey curtain.  
"O.K. we'll give 'em what they asked for!"

On stage the leader snapped  
"We'll play more if you dance"  
manipulating those freaked-out puppets  
a highland fling vibrating irresistible melody

They danced.  
Individuals pairing off  
pairs joining in groups-groups joining until there was  
one mass of bodies dancing.

One little girl, any little girl was not dancing -  
she wanted to leave,

The room halted when somebody noticed  
a trampled and bleeding body

**Susi Wilton**