



Above: *Solitary confinement*. Oil on board, 1978
In this painting I have tried to show the despair and alienation
that almost drove me to suicide while in solitary confinement.



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DEATH IN CUSTODY

by
John, L. Hughes

Peter FlorenceJim

The action takes place in a Separation Cell of a Remand Centre in South London.

Unit One.....This really is quite good.

Unit Two.....Saturday

Unit Three.....The Shrink John

Unit Four.....As you can see from the address

Unit Five.....Can't Sleep.

- I N T E R V A L -

Unit Six.....Visiting Day

Unit Seven.....Standing Orders

Unit Eight.....Father

Unit Nine.....For Effort

Unit Ten.....This Place

Designed by Hugh Collins

Constructed by Ron Florence

Directed by Rhoda & Norman Florence

We gratefully acknowledge the advice, help and encouragement of Mrs. Sheila Heather-Hayes without whose steadfast support this production would not have been performed.

Also:

- Kingswood Assessment Centre, Bristol.
- Dave Leadbetter of "Inquest"
- H.M. Prison, Hollesley Bay Colony, Woodbridge.
- Joyce Laing - Art Therapist, Barlinnie Prison, Glasgow.
- The Third Eye Centre, Glasgow.
- The Parliamentary Group "Death in Custody and the Police Bill"
- St. Andrew's Hospital, Melton, Woodbridge.
- PROP. (The National Prisoners Movement)
- and finally our thanks, once again to Dr. J.M. Blatchly, Headmaster of Ipswich School for his encouragement his generosity and practical help.

They say it gets worse when you're on your own.
It's a very special torture when you're alone.
They don't seem to care, they don't want to know
Your brain's in a whirl, you're at your all-time low.
You say you don't care, when it's eating you through
You're drifting away, you won't admit it's true.
It's a case of saying now, what's it all for?
If this is what it's all about I can't take no more.
Hanging from the rafters, what do you see?
You might see God but you can't see me,
Corse don't care if it's kicked in the head
You coulda been alive, but you're Dead Dead Dead.

From a poem written in Ashford Remand Centre
in 1982 by Jim Heather-Hayes.

AUTHOR'S NOTE.

Jim Heather-Hayes was found hanging in his cell at Ashford Remand Centre on 7th July, 1982. On that fateful day he had been remanded in custody for over seventeen weeks. Twenty four hours after being placed in solitary confinement he was dead. He was eighteen years old. When any custodial authority elects to separate a prisoner from his fellows then that authority decisively increases its responsibility for the prisoner so separated. If, for a great many reasons, the custodial authority is unable to shoulder this decisive increase in its responsibility then the act of separation as an institutional and controlling device must be postponed until such time as responsibility is able to be accepted effectively by the authority. This play is not about Jim Heather-Hayes, nor is it about his family and friends. It is about another boy separated from his fellows by a custodial authority apparently prepared to meet only his basic needs whilst neglecting to accept the decisive increase in its responsibility implicit in the choice of option to separate in the first instance. The boy in the play is an imaginary character, and the events portrayed live only, perhaps, within the drama. Long live the drama. God rest Jim Heather-Hayes.



The Actor.
Peter Florence.

Peter was born at Kingston-upon-Thames on October 4th, 1964. He was a Queen's Scholar at Ipswich School where he did his A levels in French, German and History. He played Rugby for the School and for Suffolk and Eastern Counties. In 1976 he was given a Scholarship by the Royal School of Church Music to attend an International Singing Course at Addington Palace and won the St. Nicholas Award. Peter has been awarded an Exhibition to read Modern and Medieval Languages at Jesus College, Cambridge. He goes up in October, 1983.

Peter edited and compiled Wilfred Owen's poems and letters into a solo performance illustrating the poet's life from the moment war was declared, to his untimely death on the battlefield. It was first performed as part of the Festival of the City of London and the Edinburgh Fringe Festival, 1982. Since then he has been touring Britain with his performance of 'The Pity of War'. He will return to the Edinburgh Fringe 83 with it and 'Death in Custody'.



The Playwright.
John L. Hughes.

John was born in Wales on July 14th 1938. After attending Grammar School he served in the army (45 Commando). A course at Caerleon College led to teaching at Brooklands Remand Centre. Finnart House Approved School.

He is Deputy Head Kingswood School, Bristol. (Remand Centre). In 1978 he wrote 'Tom Jones Slept Here' and 'Before the Crying Ends' a Novel nominated for the Booker Prize, and has written several plays for radio.

The Designer
Hugh Collins.

Hugh is serving a Life Sentence in H.M. Prison, Barlinnie, Glasgow. Born 7th June 1951 in Stobhill, Glasgow.

In 1978 he was admitted into the Special Unit of Barlinnie Prison where he was introduced to Art Materials by Joyce Laing the Therapist in charge.

In 1981 his work was seen in a Comprehensive Exhibition in the Third Eye Centre, Glasgow, and later in the Anthology of Art Works compiled by the Third Eye Centre. He is now studying for a Degree in Fine Arts through the Open University.



Resident Designer.
Ron Florence

Has been Scenic Artist and Designer at Chichester Festival Theatre, Bristol Old Vic and Covent Garden. He now paints and sculpts portrait busts from both life and photographs. His work has gone as far afield as the Vatican and Venezuela.

Joint Directors.

Rhoda and Norman Florence have worked in the Theatre for many years. They have also been married for many years - to each other. They have a son called Peter.

LEGEND OF PROMETHEUS

Prometheus stole fire from heaven and brought it back to earth hidden in a Fennal stalk where it smouldered long enough to be blown to life again. Zeus watched this from Mt. Olympus, his wrath growing planned to punish his adversary, and make him submit to his will. Prometheus was seized by Kratos (Strength) and Bia (Force) and carried off to the mountains of the Caucasus. There Hephaestus chained him to a rock. Prometheus exposed to the cruel mountain cold at night was tormented by day by an enormous eagle sent by Zeus. The bird tore at his liver, which healed by night. Prometheus was doomed to perpetual agony for all eternity.

