

I'm adding the following as I now realise I'm in the Ethics and Purpose Group, and hope this makes my report a bit more relevant to that group.

During my study visit, I spoke to Hans Calderash, a wellknown singer and Swedish Romani activist for equal rights and inclusion of Sweden's Gypsies. I was later given a journal, **KRUT**, in which Hans describes an incident from his childhood.

In 1954, we set up camp in Lomme Park, one of the most beautiful places I've ever stayed in. It's near a lake with a sandy shoreline. One of the conditions of our lease was that our group had to entertain the park visitors in the evenings. We danced and sang to the great acclaim of our spectators.

One evening, we were visited by Ivor, a wellknown writer. He was accompanied by a photographer. He said he was interested in learning more about Swedish Gypsies, and asked if he might stay with us for a while. Many of the older members of our group were resistant to this idea. They'd already experienced researchers who wanted to describe our life style; these researchers always used us to further their own careers and their work only increased the majority society prejudice against us.

However, my uncle persuaded the group to accept Ivor, so the writer was allowed to stay as a guest amongst us for several weeks. Us kids got used to this pale, plump, whitehaired man sitting under a tree with a large notebook on his lap, in which he noted down what he observed.

One early morning, his companion, the photographer, collected all us children, and took us down to the lakeside. We had to put on some weird costumes, sort of stagey clothes, very flamboyant, then the photographer said she wanted to take a photo of us, using the lake as a backdrop.

We all thought she was nuts, and danced around mucking about; we really didn't understand what we were wearing those daft clothes for. She told us to wade into the lake, so we did. To this day, I don't understand what that was all about, but there's a strange photo in Ivor's book of "typical Romani children" messing about in the water.

A year later, the book, "Ways of the Gypsies," came out. The Roma in our camp who'd objected to Ivor's visit were proved right. The book describes the writer's own prejudices and distorted understanding of our way of life, and has been widely accepted amongst so called academics and intellectuals who really should know better. Instead of describing our lives, the book offers a distortion of our lives. We feel Ivor abused our hospitality, and has done well from this experience. Whilst we, the objects of his study, still face discrimination in employment, education and accommodation issues.

Hans' description is typical of what has often happened to the Roma people. One of the most common complaints is that photographers ask to take pictures of children to give to the parents, but then this photo turns up in a book about Roma, without the permission of the family. Gypsy music is written down and sold in sheet form, without a penny being paid to the composer. Researchers descend on trailer parks to befriend families, then publish their findings, being awarded professorships and scholarships, without the families often knowing anything about the published work until years later.

With ever increasing levels of literacy and political awareness this situation is changing, but it seems to me to serve as a good example of cultural theft and exploitation. (The

fact that I myself have now stolen Hans' account to prove a point about Ethics and Purpose, underlines the intricacies of the problem.)

An example of what I consider good practice is the work of Gunilla Lundgren, one of my hostesses during my Swedish visit. Gunilla has worked with many Roma adults and children, producing work at their request. She is often asked to write their stories, and does this as co-author, sharing royalties and publicity opportunities. I don't class her work as theft, as she's been given free access to the stories; she always lets her co-authors read all drafts, and discards anything her co-authors later wish they hadn't revealed.

All artists are thieves. We imitate, reproducing in movement, paint, music or words something that has gone before, often recording events that happened to someone else. When this "theft" is committed with the approval of the subject of our art, and if any fee is shared between the artist and the subject, then it's not theft, but a transaction.

A final word. In the same issue of KRUT magazine, I read an article about a young Roma mother whose situation had been researched by Gunilla. At the end of one visit, the mother turned to Gunilla, saying, "When she's older, my daughter will interview *you* and ask you to identify *your* problems. She'll ask you hundreds of questions about your situation and bring out a book about the Swedes and your way of life and culture, and why you live as you do."