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Layout and front cover by Pete Trimby

EDITORS: Pete Megrel, Pete Trimby, Paul Pawlowski

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uproar in court

Express Staff Reporter

A LONG-HAIRED Polish ban-the-bomb marcher tongue-lashed a sheriff for 10 minutes in court yesterday.

He told Sheriff Substitute Fergus Roberts: "You are a sadist. I will not answer any of your questions.

"You are a social parasite—a Fascist."

'Now listen'

The 39-year-old marcher then bawled: "Long live anarchy—anarchy in."

The sheriff then started to say: "Now listen to me . . ." But he was again interrupted by remarks of, "Scotland, Scotland!"

The marcher was then jailed for 30 days for contempt of court.

The beatnik-dressed C.N.D. marcher, Paul Pawlowski, of Kidderminster Road, Croydon, Surrey, appeared at Dumbarton Sheriff Court on a charge of assaulting a police sergeant while he was on a "peace march" to the Royal Navy armament depot at Coulport, Dumbartonshire, on Sunday.

He was alleged to have punched Sergeant Michael Hamill, of Dumbartonshire Constabulary, who was in uniform on the Garelochhead-Coulport road. He was also

charged with breach of the peace.

The court drama started just before the court was to begin at 11 a.m. As soon as he stepped into the court, he fell to the floor and refused to rise.

Another police officer came over and all three dragged the marcher to a seat.

But he was left sitting on the floor in front of the seat, with legs sprawled, and refused to move.

A sergeant court officer checked Pawlowski about his behaviour in court. He said: "You have been in court before. You should know how to behave."

Pawlowski retorted: "I am not misbehaving. I will promise to behave. I will be a good little boy."

Then for 10 minutes he shouted and bawled at the sheriff substitute and demanded that the police leave alone. He said: "Get your hands off me. You are pushing me. Let go of my back."

Quietened

While three police officers were restraining Pawlowski he shouted several times: "Fascists!" towards Sheriff Roberts, who during the whole proceedings sat head bowed.

A police spokesman said later: "As soon as he came out from the courtroom he immediately quietened down."

The fiscal, Mr. Ian Dean, said after the court: "The two charges will still be against the accused."

"A plea of not guilty has been taken and trial is fixed for October 6."

10 Peace News October 14 1966

NAKED IN PRISON

Paul Pawlowski, arrested after the Coulport demonstration on September 24 and 25, was sentenced to three months imprisonment at Dumbarton magistrates court on October 6 on charges of causing a breach of the peace and of assaulting a police officer. He had earlier been sentenced to 30 days imprisonment for contempt of court.

Peter Cadogan writes: On the Tuesday after the Coulport demonstration I went to Barlinnie Prison in Glasgow to see Paul Pawlowski. A rather embarrassed police officer explained that this was not possible since Paul was not wearing

any clothes and so could not be brought over to the visiting room! He asked me to come back the following morning. This I did.

After talking to the prison doctor, Dr Smith, I was taken to a room in the prison hospital and there saw Paul. It appears that as on previous occasions he had refused to put on the prison uniform. He was then put in a cell and, without any clothes, went on hunger strike. He was given blankets and spent quite a good night.

The next day he was taken to the prison hospital and because he felt that he was now being treated with some humanity put on the ordinary pyjamas he was offered. He was so dressed when I saw him. We talked over the situation. He is in prison for 30 days for contempt of court. (He lay down in court in Dumbarton and declared his unwillingness to accept its authority.) He asked me to tell people that he is well and not in need of anything.

DISTURBANCE IN SHERIFF COURT

Shouts of "Murderers" and "Fascists"

There was a noisy sequel to the anti-Polaris demonstration at Faslane on Saturday when one of the demonstrators appeared in Dumbarton Sheriff Court on Monday.

Paul Pawlowski (39), of Croydon, Surrey, had to be dragged into the dock to answer charges of breach of the peace and police assault. Then court officers had to forcibly restrain the accused when he let loose with a tirade of anti-military slogans. As he refused to stand up in the dock he had to be held up by police officers.

The accused hurled phrases such as "social parasites," "murderers" and "Fascists" at the court, and when

Honorary Sheriff-Substitute Fergus Roberts attempted to ask for a plea Pawlowski shouted: "You are a sadist. I will not answer your questions."

Sheriff Roberts sentenced him to thirty days' imprisonment for contempt of court.

About 100 demonstrators, many of them members of the Scottish Campaign for Resistance Against Militarism, walked from Helensburgh to the Admiralty base at Coulport on Saturday. They did not attempt to penetrate the Polaris school at Faslane but a few went to the recently completed atomic weapons store at Glen Douglas.

The police force on duty, headed by Mr John Allan, depute chief constable of Dumbartonshire, was greater than the number of demonstrators. A mobile radio headquarters was set up and at Coulport base the area was patrolled by Admiralty police with dogs. *The Lennox Herald 10 OCT 66.*

BARLINNIE TEA PARTY

Part I

In the summer of 1966 a number of people in London received a leaflet from SCRAM--the Scottish Campaign of Resistance Against Militarism. It was signed by about 30 people with Scottish addresses and called for support for a demonstration at the Coulport-Faslane-Glen Douglas nuclear base complex on Sat/Sun September 24/25.

This call was discussed by the London Committee of 100 and a decision was taken to support it. Consequently on Friday, 23 September, about 20 people left London by coach for Scotland. We travelled overnight arriving Helensburgh about 8 a.m.

We were the first to arrive. More ban-the-bomb people were coming from all directions usually in small groups. By noon there were about 150 of us.

We marched quietly reaching Coulport beach in the evening.

It was the biggest war complex I have ever seen stretching for miles and miles on land and--what appeared to be dry-docks for submarines--were floating on the sea. Whole hillsides were turned into underground petrol storage and god knows what else. Beaches and valleys were fenced-off and the wire fence run as far as the eye could see. Behind the fence concrete structures were taking shape--buildings, tunnels, bunkers, roads.

There was a mass of uniformed policemen on each side of the fence. It is my estimate that the police outnumbered the demonstrators four to one. The police carried offensive weapons--truncheons. They also brandished handcuffs and dogs.

When we reached Coulport we were tired and disorganized. We stopped between the base and the sea. Peter Cadogan got up and spoke to the demonstrators. He said that those who want to spend the night on the beach can do so and that there is a church a mile down the road and that the vicar let us sleep there.

At about 1 a.m. I was awakened and a young man told me that an attempt to enter the base is planned.

People were sleeping on the benches and on the floor and

a woman made her bed in the pulpit. She found it too drafty on the floor. There was a boy sitting in the corner playing the guitar and a group of people around him humming. Peter was sitting there. So I passed the message on to him and went back to the beach.

Alan Parker was cowed into inactivity

But nothing happened.

There was that wire fence guarded by many policemen with dogs on one side and the calm sea on the other. In between were the demonstrators sitting up or laying in their sleeping bags around two huge bonfires.

An argument was going on as to whether to enter the base. Alan Parker kept saying that he was fined £25 last year at Faslane and that he doesn't want to be fined again.

I thought his attitude wrong. I have spent many months in prison and have lost hundreds of pounds in wages and yet I was quite prepared to carry the demonstration to its logical conclusion. The others listened to Alan and in the end I gave up.

In the morning there was absolutely nothing to do. People were wandering aimlessly about the beach. Someone said: "We've demonstrated our weakness and our impotency to do anything about this place and we may just as well go home now". Someone else barked back: "Shut up!"

People started to go away. Some were walking away by themselves. The Aberdeen coach drove away with about 50 people, leaving about 50 of us behind. We were to go over the hill on foot.

At this moment I said to a friend who was standing nearby: "I'll try to sell some of my pamphlets. What do you think?" He moved his shoulders in indifference. So I got a number of "THE FRAUD OF NON-VIOLENCE" pamphlets from my rucksack and began to sell. I sold one copy.

There was a coil of barbed wire blocking the entrance to the base and in front of the coil was a solid line of uniformed policemen obstructing the road. There were about 50 demonstrators aimlessly moving about or standing by the entrance. So I stopped by the line of policemen and, holding the pamphlets in my hand, I said something like this:

Friends! I would like to introduce to you a pamphlet I have just published. It is called The Fraud of Non-Violence and I would like to read to you some of its contents.

Now the policemen were all listening and looking at me

and a crowd of about 50 of our people assembled around me. I continued:

Here's an article called the non-violent killing of a magistrate in one easy lesson and it reads:

I told the Croydon magistrate in good, plain English, that I will kill him if he won't fuck-off and leave me alone.

The arrest

At this moment a police superintendent in uniform (the one who later gave evidence in court) grabbed my arm and said he is arresting me. Immediately a number of uniformed policemen lay their hands firmly on me--and I went mute and limp. ')).

Four or five of them--like a lightning--lifted me off the ground and carried me past the barbed wire coil, past the gate, into the base. At this moment--while they so carried me--sergeant Michael Hamill said several times: "You've hit me, you bastard! You hit me in my face with your clenched fist". He said this loudly several times.

They carried me into a building, into a corridor, and there made me lay flat on my back on the floor, and while I was thus laying, sergeant Hamill started kicking me about the belly and ribs saying all the time: "You hit me in my face with your clenched fist you bastard!"

I cried out: "Stop kicking me! Stop kicking me!"

At this one of the policemen put his heel on my testicles and started pressing down--while Hamill, legs apart, stood above my head. As I was trying to protect my testicles Hamill spat in my eye. His spitting dropped down in my right eye.

I cried out: "I am not afraid of you, you uniformed Fascist thugs! You cowardly Fascist thugs!"

Hamill started kicking me again and he kept shouting: "Shut

1). David Peter Wilson of 106 Regents Park Road, London, N.W.1., writing to me to Barlinnie, described this moment in these words:

"I shall never forgive myself (or any of the other people who stood around and watched your arrest) for not having the courage or initiative to do anything about it. The only excuse I can offer is that the whole thing was carried out so efficiently, ruthlessly, brutally, that it left us stunned with the speed of it".

up! Nobody is kicking you. Shut up!"

After about 20 minutes of this they ordered me to get up and to go with them. I did. We got into a motorcar.

In the motorcar, sergeant Hamill, who was sitting opposite me, kept bawling at me: "You are nobody. Do you understand --nobody, nobody at all."

"Alright. I am nobody. But who do you think you are?"

Sergeant Hamill replied: "I am a Scotsman living in my own country--not a foreign bastard like you, living off the National Assistance, off my taxes. Why don't you go back to your own country?" 1)

The motorcar stopped near a building within the base. I was then led into a room which was well prepared for the processing of arrested demonstrators. There were about ten persons there, some in civilian clothes, some in police uniform. One of them was a woman in police uniform.

The room was equipped with all kinds of terroristic gadgets. First of all there was a table with fingerprinting equipment on it. Then there was a camera on a tripod. There were some desks standing in a row. There were sticks and handcuffs.

I told them I don't believe in fingerprinting and that I don't want it. They applied force, and I went mute and limp. They lifted me up and fingerprinted me by force.

Fingerprinting over, I was then led to another side of the room for photographing. They put some numbers on my chest and photographed me like this.

Then they led me to a table to be charged. A policeman was sitting behind that table.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"What's yours?" I asked.

For some minutes we argued over this--he wouldn't tell me his name and I wouldn't tell him mine. Then he looked at his colleagues, then smiling at me, said: "My name is Edwards".

Said I: "Sir, have you got any documents to prove that your name is Edwards? How can I believe you when the police are such liars?"

He then turned to sergeant Hamill and asked him what happened. Hamill said something like this:

He was shouting 'fucking, fucking'. He then hit me in my face with his clenched fist.

1) I have since applied to the Polish embassy for repatriation back to Poland.

The charge

The policeman then turned to me and read the charge. He said I am being charged with breach of the peace and with assaulting a police officer.

"Do you want to say anything?" he asked.

"Yes. I'll kill the fucking magistrate if he won't fuck -off and leave me alone", said I. Immediately someone gagged me with his hand and pushed me out of the room.

In the other room I was ordered to sit on the floor while two uniformed policemen sat on chairs on each side of me, facing me.

We were talking. I told them that I am an anarchist and that I don't recognize any laws and any authority. They argued that you cannot have a society without laws and without people with authority.

At this moment that police superintendent came in and joined in the conversation. He was rather pleasant to talk to, and I told him so. I also told him that I will give him my name now--not because he is a policeman ordering me to give my name. No, not because of that. Simply because he appears to be an intelligent bloke and I like intelligent men. He then told the other policeman to take my name and address, age etc.

About an hour later they took me by car to Helensburgh police station and locked me up in a cell there.

The following day, Monday the 26th of September, a policeman opened up and said he is going to take me to the sheriff's court in Dumbarton.

I asked him to tell me something about the history of the sheriff institution, when was it first started and what for.

He said that it goes back some 200 years to the feudal times when a landlord would appoint a sheriff to enforce the landlord's will upon the serfs.

"How was it before that?" I asked. Before that the landlord himself would see to things, he said. "And before that?" He didn't know.

I suggested that before that the Scotts were living in freedom.

He disagreed. He said that even in times when the Scotts were living in clans they had an elder with authority.

In Dumbarton sheriff's courthouse I was locked in yet

another cell. Then a policeman came and opened the door and ordered me to come out for fingerprinting. I told him I don't believe in fingerprinting and that I don't want it. However, I walked with him to another room and there, in front of the table upon which the fingerprinting equipment was resting, I went limp.

Two or three uniformed policemen lifted me up and took my fingerprints by force. They then locked me back in that cell. There were three or four other prisoners there. An hour or so later a policeman opened the door and ordered us to follow him. We went up-stairs.

As soon as I realised we entered the courtroom I went limp.

Two or three policemen grabbed my arms and dragged me to a seat. As I sat there on the floor a policeman came and said in a clear, loud voice: "You've been in many courts before and you know how to behave. I want you to behave yourself properly this time".

Said I, also in a clear, loud voice: "Sir, I give you my promise that I shall behave myself properly".

A moment later the policemen jumped to attention and everybody stood up as the sheriff entered the room. And I, sitting on the floor, greeted His Highness with the following speech:

Long live anarchy! Down with the State! Down with police state justice. Down with judges, magistrates, sheriffs and policemen!

I then pointed my finger at the sheriff and I said:

Ladies and gentlemen! Take a look at this monstrous criminal of Dumbarton. He is a member of a gang who are planning the killing by the million--not one or two, but by the million.

At this moment the policemen lifted me up by my pants and placed me in an undignified position against a wooden panel separating the room. I continued speaking:

Ladies and gentlemen! I gave you my promise that I shall behave myself properly and I am behaving myself properly--as any anarchist should behave. But would you say that the policemen are behaving themselves properly? Is this proper behaviour?

At this moment one of the policemen put his right arm under my chin and with the palm of his left hand started to gag me. When he let go I cried out:

Scotland! Look what the uniformed Fascist thugs are doing to your freedom of speech!

"Thirty days for contempt of court", said the sheriff, and I was quickly dragged out of the courtroom and walked back to that cell.

Naked in prison

On Monday, 26th of September, 1966, at about 3 p.m. I arrived at Barlinnie prison, Glasgow.

There, on reception, I was ordered to undress and to take a shower. I did that.

I was then asked to put on the prison uniform.

Said I: "Thank you very much but I have my own clothes" --and I asked for them as I was cold and shivering. After some argument with the officer I was locked up in the dog-box in the reception naked.

Some quarter of an hour later Chief Nurse Officer Mr Milne came and asked me what is the matter.

We talked for about ten minutes during which I explained to him the position.

He said that in this case I will be taken to the Hall and put in the punishment cell for disobeying prison rules. "You'll be very, very cold in there", he said, and assured me that the uniform will be with me in the cell and that it will be up to me to put it on. He said that our rules call that we provide you with a uniform and we will. If you won't put it on and prefer to freeze--that will be entirely your own fault. He added: "I won't lose any sleep over it".

He ordered that a blanket be brought and he helped put it around my body. Next he and some other officers escorted me to the punishment cell in Hall "D" (first cell on the left, ground floor).

As soon as I entered the cell they took the blanket away and closed the door.

They left me there completely naked.

The uniform was laying on the floor in the corner of the cell. It consisted of one woollen vest, woollen pants, shirt, socks, trousers and jacket, and a pair of shoes.

I did not put it on. It would have been against my conscience. So I just stood there naked.

That day I was completely naked from about 4 p.m. till about cocoa-time, 8 p.m.

For the first hour or two my body was shivering and I was

feeling the cold wind blowing through the broken window and through the big ventilation hole. Then my body started to shake. Everything was shaking--my legs, my feet, my bottom, my belly, chest, back, arms and head and cheeks and jaws and bones and everything. Just shaking and shaking and shaking.

Every hour or so a screw would open the flap over the spy-hole and would shout: "Have you changed your mind yet?"

"I'll never change my mind", I would reply.

"Then freeze to death you bastard!" he shouted back.

At about cocoa-time assistant governor Smith came in and we spoke. I said to him: "You are only demonstrating to me the bankruptcy of your ideology".

He said all prisoners must obey regulations.

He walked away and I remained naked, but shortly after that the door opened again and a screw asked me to carry the bed inside. It consisted of one mattress, three or four woolen blankets, two white-clean bedsheets and a pillow.

I made the bed up and rolled inside and immediately fell asleep.

At about 6.30 a.m. the following day, Tuesday, 27th of September, 1966, a screw opened the door and asked me to carry the bed outside and to slop out. I did that. I carried the bed out onto the hall then walked naked half-way down the hall to slop out. A number of prisoners were looking at me but nobody said anything.

The slop-out finish the screw then closed the door and left me in that cell completely naked.

I was subjected to Her Majesty's sadism. I was experiencing the insanity of Scotland.

Some time later the screw opened up and said whether I want any breakfast. Said I: "No, thank you. I am on hunger strike".

Shortly after another screw looked through the spy-hole and shouted: "Pawlowski! Are you nice and cold in there? Would you like a bucket of ice-cream?"

At about 9 a.m. the door swung open and Chief Medical Officer Dr Anderson and Chief Nurse Officer Mr Milne appeared.

"Do you have any complains about your health?" asked Dr Anderson.

"Go away sadist. Go away!" said I.

He immediately went away, followed by Chief Milne. The screw closed the door. I remained naked.

I was completely naked that day for a total of about 13 hours--that is from about breakfast-time till about cocoa-time.

My body behaved just as on the previous day. For the first two or three hours my body was cold and shivering. Then the intense shaking and shaking and shaking set in. Then the shaking stopped. I was then not feeling the cold so much, shivering a little.

In the afternoon the door opened and a screw gave me a letter. It was dated London, September 26th, 1966, and was from Douglas Kepper. He wrote:

Dear Paul,

I am writing, hoping that you will receive this letter. I was sorry to hear that you had been arrested again. I have asked friends of mine in Glasgow to keep a watching brief over your court appearance, etc., and keep me informed as to what happens. I hope, of course, that you are found "not guilty" and that your case is dismissed. If not, I and my friends will do all that we can to help you. It is no good giving you legal advice because I know that you won't accept it; I only wish that you would.

There is not very much that I can write to you about at present except to wish you good luck.

All the very best,
In friendship
Douglas Kepper.

Douglas's letter warmed me up spiritually. My body was cold, but my mind was stronger than ever. I was conscious that I am living through the golden moments of my life--for I was aware that not many people in these Isles have the opportunity of experiencing legal sadism the way I am experiencing it. I was aware that I was witnessing the insanity of the State. And I knew that I will have something to say about it when I get out.

Some time during the day the door opened and a young screw handed me a letter. It was a letter of solidarity signed by 14 supporters of the London Committee of 100 and London Anarchist Group II. ¹⁾ He said: "How come that an intelligent and educated man like you behaves like this?"

I told him that in my opinion it is wrong to wear a uniform and that he shouldn't ask me to do something which I feel is

¹⁾ A week later three out of these 14 got arrested in that Methodist church in Brighton: Meg, Sue and Bernard.

wrong. I explained the whole situation to him and told him frankly how I felt.

"Ah, but it is always the State who decides what is right and what is wrong and we all have to go by it. It's like that in every country", he explained.

"That's why I am against every country everywhere," said I. I told him that every State is a Fascist police state. England is a Fascist police state. Russia is a Fascist police state. China is a Fascist police state ¹⁾. America is a Fascist police state, and so is Poland, Israel, Ireland -- every State everywhere. Every police state is run by a dictator who decides what is Right and what is Wrong and you have to go by it. That's why I am against every state everywhere.

He thought it over for a while, then said: "No! Poland, Russia, China, good countries. Yes, good countries!" he exclaimed in his broad, Scottish accent.

At about cocoa-time a screw opened up and told me to carry the bed inside. I did that. I made the bed up and put myself to sleep. But I was awakened by assistant governor Gallagher. Principal Officer Mr Frith was with him. Mr Gallagher said that a man by the name of Cadogan came to see me and that they had to turn him away as I was not fit to see him. "Mr Cadogan said he will come again tomorrow. Do you want to see him?" asked Mr Gallagher.

I told him that Mr Cadogan is a friend of mine and that I would be pleased to see him.

The following day, Wednesday, 28th of September, 1966, at about 6.30 a.m. a screw opened up and asked me to carry the bed outside. I did that.

I was left completely naked again.

At about 9 a.m. Dr Anderson and Mr Milne appeared. Dr Anderson looked into the cell, seen me standing there completely naked, and said: "This is nonsense." He and Chief Milne then went away, the screw closed the door, and I remained completely naked, shivering and shaking.

About two hours later a nursing officer in white coat came in, gave me a blanket, and asked me to wrap it around my body.

¹⁾ Judging by the news about the cultural revolution, China is fast becoming a democracy--that is conditions are taking shape in which decisions affecting the life of the people are taken by the people themselves, as opposed to Fascist states (England, Poland, USA, USSR, France, etc.), where decisions are made by a dictator (Prime Minister, First Secretary, President, etc), who then imposes his will upon the people.

We went to the hospital block, to Cell No. 2 in the OBS Ward. There, he took the blanket away from me and asked one of the passmen to fetch me a pair of pyjamas.

They failed to freeze me into submission

I was surprised at the comfort and cleanliness there, and above all about the friendly attitude of the people. The people in the hospital were not screws. They were trained nurses. Some were state registered nurses, some trained to an advanced first aid level--all trained mental nurses.

Then the cell. It was known as the cell, but in all it resembled a pleasant hospital room. Here everything was clean, bright and shiny. Prison bars? Not here! The door had a transparent glass panel in it, so did the window and I could see the golf course some half a mile away.

There were about a dozen other men in the OBS ward, and the first person I talked to was Jim Fiddes. He read about me in the papers and knew that I came from Croydon. He said he once was a boxing coach working in Croydon and he knew the streets and places well. When I asked him what is he in for, he said that when his mother died she left the house to him. His two sisters wanted to take the house away from him so he shot them. Now he was awaiting trial.

Nursing officer Mr Tait was on duty that morning. He said to me: "You won't wear prison uniform yet you wear prison pyjamas. Why?"

I told him I have nothing against pyjamas but everything against wearing a uniform.

That morning Peter Cadogan came to see me. The visit took place in cell No. 2 in the OBS Ward.

I told Peter what happened in prison, that I refused to wear the uniform, that they locked me up in the punishment cell naked, that I went on hunger strike in protest and now that they treated me more humanly I decided to meet them half way by breaking the fast. I said to him: "Tell people that I am alright and that I don't need anything".

Peter told me that my court appearance was on TV news both channels and that he and a dozen others were unable to reach the court on time as someone let the air out from the tires. Peter then told me that I will be taken back to the court on the 6th of October. He wanted to know how will I behave in court.

I told him that in my opinion the sheriff is a monstrous criminal--a member of a gang who are planning the mass killing of people--and that under no circumstances could I co-operate with him.

"What about doing a silent contempt of court? You did it once before", said Peter.

We talked like this for about 15 minutes. The officer then said that the time is up and we parted.

Let all murderers go free

Mr McElveen was on duty that day. He came into my cell and we talked about anarchy. He was of the opinion that you cannot have a society without laws and law-enforcement body.

"Yes you can", said I.

"What would you do with killers?" he asked.

I told him that the biggest killers are those who wear uniforms, and those in government. They are killers by profession. They kill by the million. I then told him that I believe in absolute freedom. In other words if you want to kill--best of luck to you! Go and kill! If you think it Right to kill--kill! That's freedom! That's anarchy!

He said this would lead to the law of the jungle--the survival of the fittest.

I told him that for the major part of human history man lived that way.

He then pointed his finger at the day-room. About a dozen men were there. "Every one of them is a murderer. What would you do with them?" asked Mr McElveen.

"I would let them go free. I would give them a medal for it."

"You must be mad", said Mr McElveen--or words to that effect.

A talk with Dr Smith

Shortly after Peter left Dr Smith came to see me. We talked about things in general for about 30 minutes.

He wanted to know about my past and about my present political activities, about CND¹⁾, the Committee of 100--and why is it called the Committee of 100--and about anarchy.

I told him that I do a little publishing and that I have published a pamphlet about polyandry. He then asked me whether there are any shops in Glasgow where he could buy my pamphlets. He said he once worked in Uganda and that polyandry was practised

¹⁾ Everybody in Scotland was calling us CND.

there. He said men and women did not live together. The woman lived in a hut by herself and she would admit a man when she wanted one. The man would leave his spear outside the door. I asked him what happened to the excess of women, but he did not know. He said infant mortality was high, in some parts as high as 80%--but this applied to both sexes.

"A Fascist Bastard"

Later that day I was told that Dr Anderson wants to see me. I went down to his office in my pyjamas.

Dr Anderson asked me to take a seat, then said: "Have I done you wrong?"

"Whoever is responsible..."

He cut me short. He wouldn't let me finish the sentence. He said: "I am conducting this interview and I want Yes or No from you. Have I done you wrong?"

"No", said I.

"And yet you called me and my assistant a Fascist Bastard", said Dr Anderson.

I denied having called him a Fascist Bastard. I told him that when he called that morning and I was naked in that cell I said "Go away sadist! Go away!"

He then said he read about my court appearance and that it was disgraceful. "The sheriff thought so too", he added.

Said I: "Doctor, when I get out of here I shall write a report on what happened and would you mind if I quote what you said just now?"

Said Dr Anderson: "No. Providing you also say that you called me and my assistant a Fascist Bastard though you never seen any one of us before".

He then asked me a number of questions, like: "What is the date today?"--also questions about my past and things which many psychiatrists have asked me before. He then said that I may go now.

An interview with Dr Kershaw

The next day or the day after I was called before Dr Kershaw. He had the appearance of a school-boy rather than a doctor: he was small and delicate like a teenager. He said that Dr Anderson asked him to see me and to form an opinion.

Dr Kershaw started off by asking me about my past--my home life, school days, what happened during the war and after,

about the jobs I had, about the political movements I support and about my vices. I answered all his questions fully.

He too called me a CND-man. I told him I am not a CND-man and I have nothing to do with the CND. I am an active anarchist and an activist of the Committee of 100.

He then asked me about the difference between the CND, anarchy and the Committee of 100.

I told him the CND is an authoritarian-demagoguish body who wants to ban-the-bomb. The anarchists want to ban the State and the Committee of 100 wants to ban everything.

He then asked me to deduct 7 from 100 and keep on deducting.

Next he asked me to tell him the meaning of: "A drowning man will reach for a straw".

"A desperate man will do anything to save himself", I replied.

"That is correct", said Dr Kershaw.

"Too many cooks spoil the broth?" was the next one.

"If more than one man attempt to do the same thing at the same time then they'll bugger it up", said I.

"A bird in hand is worth two in the bush".

"A pie on the plate is worth more than a pie-in-the-sky", was my reply.

Said Dr Kershaw: "I don't find anything wrong with you except that you hold ideas different to everybody else".

An interview with a psychiatrist

On Monday, 3rd of October, I was called before a psychiatrist.

He was tall and stout and there was something of Jan Vink about him--both in his appearance and in his speech.

He said his name was Dr Hunter-Gilles, that he was a psychiatrist and that he was appointed by the court to write a report about the state of my mental health.

We talked for about an hour.

He too asked me the usual questions--about my past, about the habits of my mother, father, relations, about my school days and the war experiences, about my jobs and my married life, about my beliefs and the organizations I belong to. He asked me whether I have any friends.

Finally he asked: "Do you think you are sane?"

"I hope so. But there are moments when I doubt my sanity", I answered.

He then asked me about those moments.

To begin with, I told him that I am a ban-the-bomber, no-war-man. Yet I work in a factory which produces for war. I am building the tools for my own destruction. Is this sanity? Secondly, once a doctor in Warlingham Park Mental Hospital said to me: "You are mentally ill". This too sometimes worries me. Am I ill or am I not? Am I sane or am I not? I simply don't know. I only hope that I am not insane.

He then wanted to know how will I behave in court on the 6th.

I told him that a few days ago a friend visited me and he suggested that I should do a silent contempt of court.

"Would you be prepared to do that?" asked the psychiatrist.

"Yes. I think that's what I'll do. I'll just go into the dock and say fuck-all".

"Don't even say fuck-all. Just say nothing at all and let them get on with it", said Dr Hunter-Gilles.

Transfer to the medical ward

The following day Chief Milne came in and said he is going to put me in the medical ward as he needs that cell for a new arrival.

Everybody in that hospital has been so kind the last few days that when Chief Milne said this I immediately offered to put on the prison uniform and get out of their way altogether. I felt that my political convictions must not interfere with the medical work going on here.

Chief Milne took my hand, squeezed it gently and said: "Nonsense! You won't be in our way there. But don't make it a soap-box affair as this might interfere with the peace of mind of the patients."

I was then transferred to bed No. 9 in the Medical Ward. The ward consisted of 14 beds. There were about six men in beds, some of them visibly ill.

Never in my life have I been in a medical ward before and the diagnosis: refusal to wear prison uniform. I felt silly and out of place.

My neighbour, in Bed No. 10, was Andrew Burke. He told me he was serving life and that he already spent eight years in prisons. He expected to be released soon.

"What will you do when you get out?" I asked.

He thought he could make good money erecting power-line

pylons, then get married and settle down. He also said he was an artist and hoped to make a living selling his paintings.

I told him that many of my friends paint but that it is very, very difficult to make any money out of it and that in my opinion working on power-lines was a better idea.

"Don't let them soften you up"

On the 4th of October assistant governor Gardner came to the ward. Chief Milne and another officer was with him.

Mr Gardner thought it silly of me to walk about in my pyjamas. "Why don't you put the uniform on?" he asked.

Said Chief Milne: "Don't say prison uniform. Say prison clothing".

The governor laughed. "No! Don't say prison uniform. Don't even say prison clothing. Say a costume. Yes! A kilt! A kilt! A mini-kilt!" he exclaimed.

He then spoke to me seriously: "You've made your point. You've made your protest. Why not put it on now?"

"You are right. Why not? I guess I am being silly and fanatical", said I.

"You consider it", said the governor before going away.

And I did consider it.

Ten minutes later I asked the nurse officer for a prison uniform. I told him that I feel silly and stupid walking about in the pyjamas and that I have the sense that it interferes with the medical work going on in the ward. ¹⁾ Some ten minutes later a passman brought me the kit and I was in uniform.

Said Andy Burke: "Paul, don't let them soften you up".

"What do you mean, Andy?" I asked.

"You know you are ban-the-bomb like. They may try to soften you up, to change your mind, to turn you against your friends. Don't let them do it to you", said Andy.

¹⁾ I've spent six weeks in Brixton prison being wrapped up in a bedsheet, and on another occasion six weeks wearing prison pyjamas--and I did not have that kind of feeling there.

The police fix

On the 6th of October I was given back my civilian clothes and then driven to Lumbarton Police Court. There were about five of us in that cell and one of them, a boy of about 17, had a black eye. "The police beat me up", he said when I asked about it. I told him that when he goes before the sheriff he should complain about police brutality and that the Press would then report it. He said he had no witnesses, that the CID man would deny it and that the sheriff would not believe him anyway and may even give him more time for it.

In the courtroom I said nothing at all.

"What is your name?" "Do you plead guilty or not guilty?" "Do you want to say anything?" -- I just ignored these and all questions and remained completely mute.

The clerk then called for witnesses and a police superintendent took the oath.

He then told a pack of lies.

Then sergeant Hamill took the oath.

He too told a pack of lies.

Both of them said the same thing, something like this:

He was shouting fucking,
fucking. I went to caution
him. He hit me in the face.

"Three months", said the sheriff.

An hour later I was back in Barlinnie prison. I went through the same as before routine: take your clothes off, take a shower, put on the prison uniform.

I did put the prison uniform on.

I was then escorted to Hall "D", cell number 31. (next to the hangman's cell).

The third fingerprinting in two weeks

The following day, Friday the 7th of October, I worked in the 14 Party. Some of the prisoners in the shed were making mail bags, some were making whisky boxes. I was putting string handles on carry-a-bags.

The next morning, Saturday the 8th of October, a screw came and told me to fall in line for fingerprinting.

I did not liked it at all. This was the third fingerprinting in two weeks. So I told the other men standing near me that this is all wrong and asked them what could be done about it.

They were too scared even to consider it.

So I went to the officer in charge and told him that I don't believe in it and that I don't want my fingerprints to be taken.

"You are going to have them taken whether you like it or not", he said.

I told him in a quiet, friendly and low voice that if he will take my fingerprints against my will then I shall take the uniform off in protest. I also explained to the other prisoners what I intended to do. They listened carefully but said nothing.

Then we all went to the gymnasium and there we were asked to sit in chairs against the wall. The fingerprinting equipment was on a table in the middle of the room.

A name was called and a man next to me got up, walked to the table and had his fingerprints taken. He then came back and sat beside me.

"Pawlowski", was the next call.

I got up, walked to the middle of the room and there I sat down on the floor and in a clear and loud voice I said: "Sir, I don't want my fingerprints taken and if you take it against my will then I shall take the uniform off in protest".

"Get up and go back to your seat", said the screw.

I did that.

The dozen or so people who were sitting on chairs witnessed exactly what has happened, and now I noticed that people from the cook-house were putting their heads over the counter and one of them lifted his thumb up, and they were all looking at me.

Now the prisoners sitting next to me started talking to me and were paying much attention to all I said. I told them that fingerprinting is degrading, is undignified, and is wrong, and if we let them get away with it we will end a police state.

"Like Rhodesia", someone observed.

"Or South Africa", said another.

"Or Russia, or China, or Spain", said I.

Some 20 minutes later governor Smith came accompanied by about four screws. They asked me to get up and to go with them. I did that. They led me to the Reception room. There was the fingerprinting equipment on the desk.

As soon as I noticed it I sat down on the floor and repeated: "Sir, I don't want my fingerprints taken and if you take it against my will I shall take the uniform off in protest".

Immediately one of them grabbed me by my long hair and lifted me up, another one grabbed my leg, another my hand, yet another was holding me up by my pants.

I was singing "We shall overcome" as they were forcibly taking my fingerprints against my will. The screws were singing "We shall overcome" with me as they were fingerprinting me. Governor Smith stood behind the desk, arms folded, and smiled.

Although I was willing to walk--they carried me over to Hall "D", back into the punishment cell, there they dumped me on the floor and slammed the door behind them.

I took the uniform off and was completely naked.

I was completely naked from about noon till cocoa-time that Saturday, 8th of October, 1966. My body reacted as on



previous occasions: at first shivering, then shaking intensely, then both shaking and shivering subsided.

At about 8 p.m. (cocoa-time) they opened the door and asked me to carry the bed inside. I did that and made myself nice and warm in it.

The following day, Sunday, I wondered whether they will take the bed and blankets away again--but they didn't. It would have been un-Christian!

But on Monday, 10th of October, at about 6.30 a.m. a screw ordered me to carry the bed outside. I did that and was completely naked again.

Some three hours later, when my body was going through the period of intense shaking, Chief Milne came in. He took my pulse, then said to the screw: "Give him a blanket".

The screw replied: "Governor McKenzie said if he won't wear his clothes give him nothing".

Said Chief Milne: "Never mind about rules and regulations. This is medically wrong. Give him a blanket". And, not waiting, went outside and himself got me a blanket. He helped me wrap it around my body, then went outside again and fetched me another blanket. Now I had two blankets covering my body and I felt the battle won.

Chief Milne over-ruled the governor. He did not obey an order: he thought for himself. He did what he thought was right, not what the governor thought was right. He behaved anarchistically and I admired him for it.

An hour later a nursing officer in white coat came and took me over to the hospital. There he took the blankets away from me as they belonged to Hall "D", and asked the passman to get me a pair of pyjamas. I was back in the OBS Ward, cell No. 2.

Some time later Chief Milne came and we held a lengthy talk. I told him I got three months and how long will I have to wear these pyjamas? What is the logical conclusion to this?

Chief said there is no logical conclusion. "We all have to conform", he said.

"Maybe you are right", said I. I told him how I felt--that here I will be in his way and perhaps the logical conclusion would be for me to put on the uniform and go back to work.

"Stay here overnight and go back tomorrow", said the Chief.

200 prisoners cheer

The following day, Tuesday the 11th of October, after the doctor passed (9 a.m.), I went back to Hall "D" wearing the prison uniform. The screw shewed me to my cell (No. 31, next to the hangman's cell), then asked me whether I want to go back to 14 Party. I said yes. He then escorted me to the work-shed.

A great, spontaneous cheer went up and hand-clapping from the 200 prisoners as I went in. They all must have known what has happened. They cheered for some 10-15 seconds. All eyes were on me as I walked between the tables to my bench. Some of them were saying something to me, but I was too excited to understand it. I re-joined the half-a-dozen other prisoners at my bench.

Immediately they all wanted to know exactly what has happened and how did it end.

But I didn't have a chance to tell them: some five minutes later a screw came and told me to go and have my hair cut.

"Sir, I don't want my hair cut, thank you very much", said I.

"Come with me", he bawled.

He led me back to the punishment cell in Hall "D".

I was put on disciplinary report for the Governor.

Before the disciplinary board

The next day two screws came and told me to follow them. They led me to a corridor linking the Halls and there we stopped, outside a door.

The screws then smarten me up: they buttoned-up my jacket, emptied my pockets, felt me all over my body, and ordered me to stand to attention.

I told them I am not a member of a Fascist, military organization and that I don't believe in standing to attention.

They were rude to me so I crossed my arms and stood at ease.

At this moment a high ranking uniformed prison officer passed by on his way to that room. He slapped me in the face as he passed, and said: "Hold your hands down when I am walking by".

A moment later I was led before the disciplinary board.

Governor McKenzie was sitting behind the desk. Two young men in civilian clothes sat on his left. That high-ranking officer

stood on his right. Beside him stood that man who ordered me to have my hair cut. The other two screws stood one on each side of me.

As soon as I went in I looked at the governor, then pointed my finger at that high-ranking officer, and I said: "Sir, this man hit me. He should be ashamed of himself going about hitting people".

Governor McKenzie--pink in the face--said: "Just look at that thing..."

I cut him short. Said I: "Sir, I am not a thing. I am a human being if you don't mind. You wouldn't like me if I called you a thing, would you?"

"Take him away", said governor McKenzie.

The screws who were standing on each side of me grabbed hold of me and pulled me outside.

Outside the door one of them said: "That was the governor you've been talking to, you bastard!"--and started punching me. The three of them were hitting and punching me. One of them was twisting my left arm behind my back while the others were throwing punches about my face, chest and belly, also kicking me and pushing my body against the wall and iron bars.

When they finally pushed me into the punishment cell in Hall "D" and slammed the door, my lip was bleeding, my face was pinching from blows, my belly and ribs hurt so much that I couldn't stand straight.

I took the uniform off in protest and solemnly resolved never to put it on again. I came to the conclusion that one cannot reason and cooperate with these de-humanised men.

I was naked in that cell all that afternoon till about cocoa-time. Then they asked me to carry the bed inside.

Early the following morning I was transferred to another, this time an ordinary cell. At least it had wooden floor and was somehow warmer.

At about 9 or 10 a.m. Mr McLeod came in, wearing his white, nursing coat. He asked me whether I would like to work as a passman in the hospital. I wasn't sure what that meant so he explained: scrubbing the floors and keeping the place clean. "Nobody will bother you there", he added.

I put the uniform on and went with him to the hospital. There I spent the next ten weeks working at first as a passman, later as the head passman having under me six other passmen. Though I was fanatically opposed to authority--I became a mini-authority myself.

END OF PART ONE

BARLINNIE TEA PARTY

Part II

Does the name of Jim Fiddes mean anything to you? Or Gerald Furley? James Henderson? Sam McMillan?

No! I bet these names mean nothing to you.

Yet only two or three months ago these names were making headlines. Jim Fiddes--15 years imprisonment. Sam McMillan--life. Gerald Furley--life.

Today they are in prison and forgotten by the community.

There they exist as numbers on the diets board, digits in the religions column, a file in a bureaucrat's drawer.

They will remain there for the next five, eight, ten or more years. We may see them as cabbages when finally they will be released.

I was serving three months in Barlinnie prison and I lived and worked with such human cabbages--and I was shocked! So shocked that I was telling everybody that when I get out I shall write a report about it and I was asking what would they like me to write about.

Read what Andrew Burke asked me to write about after having lived eight years in prisons. Read what Alexander McIntyre asked me to write about (he is serving 20 years). Read what prisoners and prison officers, prison chaplain and prison nurses, prison governor and prison doctor asked me to write about.

Read it in BARLINNIE TEA PARTY Part II, to be published in May 1967.

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BARLIMINE TEA
PARTY
Part II
THE PRISONER

He sits in his room
Near a fluttering paraffin stove

His pictures on the wall
Are dappled spectrum

Below his feet is pink linoleum
But his ceiling
It is green with envy
Looking down upon his
Life of love and lust

Between noon and midnight
He is there
But in the early spring
He is gone

Gone to find excitement

Peter Megrel of Croydon