

1963!

'If you wait until a people are prepared for liberty you will never give it to them.'

T. B. MACAULEY.

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THE ANARCHIST WEEKLY - 4d.

A CARTOON in last Sunday's *Telegraph* shows an indignant citizen protesting that "the police are abusing their power!" (in connection with recent notorious cases) and, following the railroad hold up, the same citizen is indignantly demanding that "the police should be given more power . . . !" This worthy citizen is called "Contradiction Jones" by the cartoonist, but if citizen Jones, or the public in general, is "mixed up" on the question of civil rights, crime, police powers the judiciary, and the State, is it really all that surprising, considering that for weeks now the Press as well as retailing scandalous gossip at top level has also been expressing considerable disquiet on police procedure in a number of criminal cases, not to mention concern at the apparent interference with the "course of justice" by top government figures. There is even an uneasy feeling that the judiciary are not quite as independent as one has always expected them to be. The *Sunday Telegraph* not only dealt with this matter a fortnight ago, but last Sunday published a long article by "a distinguished Harley Street physician in psychological medicine", on police methods of interrogation in which he argues that

Physical violence is always been unnecessary [to persuade even the most intelligent people to make a "voluntary" statement]. Simple methods exist whereby confessions can be elicited without in any way beating the prisoner up, threatening or torturing him, or even violating such rigid codes of police conduct as have been laid down by our Judges' Rules.

One of the commonest findings in suspects who have been persuaded to make confessions is that, immediately afterwards, when brain function is back to normal, they have been most reluctant to confess anything.

Then they have been only too anxious to take back anything they may have been made to say. Though, of course, it is now too late.

THE majority of thinking people believe that as things are we need a police force to maintain order, and laws to be observed by all as well as a judiciary to try those who transgress them and punish them accordingly. On the other hand these same thinking people realising the dangers inherent in vesting great powers in the hands of a limited number of people seek to protect themselves and the public from abuses, by legislation which circumscribes the procedural rights and powers of police and judiciary.

The effectiveness of these curbs are completely nullified if the "suspect" taken into custody for questioning is ignorant of his rights

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under the law, or if, as the writer in the *Sunday Telegraph* shows, he can be put "into a sufficiently anxious and suggestible state, so that he will want to co-operate in the methods being used for his undoing". The very fact of being asked to go to the police station or being questioned by the police "makes the average citizen feel guilty". In fact of course,

the suspect in the police station who refuses to become emotionally aroused or to try to "help" the police by answering their questions, cannot be "got at" by these methods.

Since the *Sunday Telegraph* writer is concerned in his article with brain-washing techniques only, he does not consider what other methods the police use in the cases of suspects who refuse to become "emotionally aroused, etc."

The case of our comrade Donald Room, as recounted by him elsewhere in this issue of FREEDOM, brings out only too clearly the dangers that result from a society which supports organisations whose sole function it is to maintain law and order. But for our comrade's imperviousness to police brain-washing and, as the spiritual heir to Max

Stirner, his unconcern for martyrdom (for him a meaningless word?) he might well have been persuaded that he was carrying a brick-bat in his pocket. In spite of the fact that it is supposed to be the job of the prosecution to prove a suspect's guilt, our comrade took all the steps he could to establish his innocence. He recognises his good fortune in that he was defended by lawyers who were not afraid to call a "plant" by that name, and was able and prepared to engage the services of an "expert" to analyse the contents of his pockets and to expound on the chemistry of brick-bats! Had he not been Donald Room, revolutionary, or moral scruples might have prevented him from defending himself with the weapons provided by the law, and his fervent protestations of innocence and non-violence would have probably earned him three months in gaol to nurse his grievances and his sore ears, while his persecutors would gaily chalk up one more conviction on the road to promotion.

★
WE must however confess to feeling a little perplexed by the

prefatory comments of our comrade in wanting to be fair to the police by categorising them. Of course not all policemen are sadists, perjurers or crooks. But if one examines Donald Room's case, the fact that he was the victim of a would-be frame-up cannot be laid at the door of one obviously paranoid "copper" unless one ignores the co-involvement of the bureaucratic machine without which the charge could not be set in motion. A policeman's job is an unpleasant, unattractive one in the eyes of most people in the way that other unpleasant and unattractive but socially vital jobs are not. It may be pointed out that the reaction is irrational; that policemen no less than seamen, dustmen and miners are performing necessary social jobs. The fact that the general public wants policemen but is not prepared to be "coppers" is in this writer's view a healthy reaction, even if it can be shown to be illogical.

As anarchists we believe that the community is entitled to protect itself from those whose ambitions are anti-social, and furthermore since we do not imagine that even

in an anarchist society all anti-social behaviour will disappear automatically, as if by magic, the community will have to take measures to protect itself from those who threaten our freedom of action either wilfully or for pathological reasons. Now whilst we realise that it would be unrealistic to apply the methods which might be effective in an anarchist society to a capitalist society it seems to us that in certain respects present methods are far from being effective. The authorities lament that in spite of stepping up police efficiency crime is on the increase, from which one must conclude that either the criminals are more efficient than the police, or that the number of criminals is increasing. Either conclusion should occasion "alarm and despondency" among those who believe that decency and the *status quo* (a curious mixture) can be protected by the force, and the forces, of the law.

The railway hold-up last week showed only too clearly that the *status quo* depends much more on the fact that the majority of citizens respect the law than that the police will, by their very presence, deter, or by their powers of detection, discover, crimes—in the main involving property (what proportion of crimes of "violence" were in fact

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Strike Action needed to win Full Claim

WEDNESDAY the 14th August is the date fixed for another round of negotiations between Building Trades Union leaders and the employers. The Unions say that a generous offer from the employers in place of the three year agreement would end the present crisis in the industry. Employers have offered an increase of 8½d. per hour for craftsmen and 4d. per hour for labourers, both of these to be spread over a three year period. They have also offered a 40-hour week during the four winter months commencing 1964-65, but with no pay increase to make up for the two hours reduction which in fact amounts to a wage cut.

These offers are seen by building workers as a method of dividing craftsmen and labourers and have been rejected. Today, with new types of construction, the need for the specialised skills of the craftsmen is diminishing and the old trade barriers are breaking down. Employers know this only too well and by seeking to widen the pay differentials still further, they are trying not only to divide workers one against the other but also to create a high percentage of cheap labour, for the labourer is called upon to do the same type of work as the craftsman. With the increasing introduction of these new building methods, a craftsman relies on the labourer for a great deal of help and his work is vital in the construction of any building. Men on a building site work as a team and should receive equal pay, for every worker's contribution is important in the construction of a building.

In the event of Wednesday's talks breaking down, the National Federation of Building Trades Operatives have sent out instructions to regional secretaries regarding the plans for industrial action. These include a national ban on overtime and incentive bonus schemes with a series of five day strikes on selected building sites. It is clear that the union leaders are not prepared to fight for the full pay claim of 1/6d. an hour and a 40-hour week. The statement by the unions of a generous offer is open to

wide interpretation. Union representatives on the negotiating committee have hinted that a 7d an hour increase would be satisfactory. This might be satisfactory for the union leaders but not for the members.

I must admit that when this claim was first submitted last November, the amount surprised me. Over the years only very small increases have been gained and workers in the building trades were getting fed up with these inadequate increases. With the Scottish plumbers winning a 40-hour week last year and the rest of the industry following this autumn, some show of militancy was necessary by the union leaders to re-assure the rank and file, for no redundancy in union jobs is the highest priority amongst the union bureaucrats.

This week, the unofficial London Sites Committee of stewards and militants have welcomed the union call for strike action, but say that five day selected site strikes should be organised to snowball into a national stoppage. They have published a leaflet headed "Enough of Talks—Action Stations Now", in which they call for the 1/6d. per hour increase, 40-hour week, no three year standstill and no widening of differentials. The leaflet states that Wednesday, August 14th must be the deadline and there should be no more delay. It goes on to call on building workers to—"pour in resolutions and telegrams to the Federation and Union Executives from every job and branch. Hold mass meetings on Wednesday on every job. Organise a token stoppage or prolonged dinner break. Elect a deputation to lobby the pay talks. Make Fleet Street, which has played down our struggle, take notice."

Although this sites committee leaflet backs the unions' stand on industrial action, there is a strong feeling of a need to organise our rank and file movement within the industry. If some compromise offer is accepted by the Unions, there is a strong likelihood of unofficial action on some big sites in London, Liverpool and Manchester. The union bureaucrats are well aware

of this unofficial movement for action and have called a mass meeting of stewards, branch presidents and secretaries at the Conway Hall on Tuesday. This is an unusual step they have taken and is due to the pressure being exerted by the rank and file. At this meeting, the union officials will give a report on the wage negotiations and instructions on industrial action in the event of a breakdown in the talks. "It is hoped that National speakers will address the meeting".

While these negotiations have been taking place, there have been several reports in the papers about high costs. "Building Costs at Peak Levels. Materials and Wages Contribute to Rise" was one headline recently. As usual, the employers are using the mass media to put their case. They are using not only

Busmen Accept 6/-

BUSMEN in London have voted by a narrow margin to accept a 6/- per week rise, backdated to 31st July, for drivers, with conductors getting nothing. This rise will increase the pay differential between conductors and drivers to 10/1. London Transport say this is a scarcity payment to attract more drivers as 2,500 more are needed apart from 1,500 other jobs which will have to be filled in order to keep the buses running.

Acceptance of this offer can only serve to divide the bus crews. Public transport workers are already hopelessly divided and this acceptance will heighten this still more. For instance, in 1939, the tube train driver and the bus driver both received 90/- per week but now, the train driver gets £14 10s. and the bus driver gets £12 13s. 6d. per week basic.

Union leadership is also to blame, for during transport disputes, only one section of workers are called out as was shown during the 1958 bus strike when the tube men were not called out to back the busmen.

The only way to attract more workers to the buses is to pay more money. London Transport is perfectly aware of

the papers, for last Tuesday there was a programme called "Sons of the Navy Man" on television. In this, figures of £20-£40 were quoted as being earned by men working on large Public works projects. Big money can be earned on these jobs, but these men work long hours. What is also not mentioned is the fact that this type of work entails travelling around the country, being away from home for long periods and often working under the worst conditions imaginable.

The employers have made their usual utterances—"Whatever settlement is reached, the effect on the building industry must be extensive" and all the time they are making huge profits. They must be forced to pay up and accept the 40-hour week. The rank and file must be wary of the manoeuvring of the trade union bureaucrats who will always try to get out of the final showdown or frustrate efforts made by the members who are willing to fight for our demands.

This but is unwilling to act on it. The pay differential is the bosses' old method of divide and rule and prevents the united action of all bus workers for a decent basic wage. Not only is London Transport unable to attract new workers, but is steadily losing the men it already has. Only this week, I met a building worker who had left the buses in Sheffield because of the low wages and also because he had been refused time off to visit his mother in Ireland who was seriously ill.

The unions are now submitting a claim for a third week's holiday and a "long service allowance of an extra 5/- per week for every five years of service" for drivers and conductors. The union leaders here, are openly assisting London Transport in its policy of divide and rule, for this policy suits the unions as well. It is important, therefore, that the differentials be done away with and a higher all round increase aimed at, not only for the benefit of present bus workers, but also to attract more men to the job thus providing a better bus service for the public.

P.T.

ANARCHY 30:
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Community Workshop

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A Personal Story

or who Dropped a Brick that Time?

THE traditional saying "All coppers are bastards" means, if it means anything "There is nothing to choose between one policeman and another," and it is quite, quite wrong. There are easy-going policemen who perform their nasty job with all possible humanity. There are strict policemen who keep strictly to the terms of the police oath and the law. There are policemen who regard violence against the violent, and perjury to secure conviction where general knowledge has made an arrest, as matters of police routine. And there is at least one policeman in London who to my certain, sore knowledge, uses violence against the inoffensive, and plants offensive weapons on the innocent and respectable.

I first met Detective Sergeant Harold Challoner at about nine o'clock on the evening of 11 July. The previous evening, you will remember, a large crowd had booed the Queen at a theatre, and the Home Secretary, a man usually noted for his imperturbability, had been reduced to trembling with rage. So on the 11th the police were taking no chances. The Queen was to arrive at Claridge's Hotel, and a huge area surrounding was being cleared of all but police and a few press photographers.

A Committee of 100 briefing instructed demonstrators stopped by the police to sit down; but sit-down demonstrations have become rowdy and undignified over the past year, and besides, I haven't time to get arrested. So I was playing it legal. When the police told me to move, I moved, but I moved in a circle, in the hope that if I could stay in the neighbourhood until the royal party arrived I might be permitted to stand silently holding my innocuous paper banner.

So there I was at about nine o'clock in South Moulton Lane with Peter and Anne, who were trying the same tactic; not indeed, within hailing distance of Claridge's but well within the evacuated area. The police had stopped us again and one of them had taken my banner and was making a great show of reading it (it said "Lambrakis R.I.P.") when four plainclothes men came up and took it off him.

"Can I have my banner back?" I asked when they'd all read it.

The biggest one stepped forward. "Can you have your *what* back?"

"My banner."

He smiled at me. "You're fucking nicked my old beauty," he said and gave me a terrific clout on the ear. Then he grabbed me by the collar thrusting his knuckles into my skull and hustled off towards Claridge's.

"Please, officer," I protested, "I'm coming quietly."

"Don't say please to me, my old darling, I've got a stone 'art." At least he is not a hypocrite; from the beginning he acted like an antagonist.

Round the corner was a bus full of uniformed policemen, presumably reserves. My captor pushed me up the stairs and we sat in an empty seat. But there was no driver and after a while we moved to a police van, also full of uniformed men. I collided with one of them as I hurtled in but he was a pleasant bloke and took no offence.

"Sit down there," said the big plainclothes man, indicating the floor, "That's the best place for you, isn't it?"

"If you say so, sir," I said affably. No point in arguing.

Round and round went the van, slowly past the endless police barriers, past groups of jeering marching kids, on Oxford Street I think, where the big bloke and some of the uniformed ones got out and walked behind the van. Apparently we went in a big circle; cries of "Blimy, Oxford Street again!" Then after what seemed a very long time we stopped at the back of a police station.

We got out, the two of us. He pushed me up the few outside steps and let go. There were two or three corridors and a flight of steps. I opened by mouth to ask which way, his voice behind me roared "Gerrup them stairs" and Wham! Another great clout on the ear which knocked me flying. I got up them stairs, naturally, as quick as I could. But at the top of the stairs was another landing with corridors and more stairs going up...

Wham! "Gerrup them stairs," and at the top of these stairs, another landing with corridors and stairs...

And so on. I can't remember how many landings and flights of stairs. Perhaps there are only three. But memory is confused by a dream I had, lying with my sore ear on a coir bolster in a cell, of stairs and landings which went up and Wham and ouch and up indefinitely.

Sooner or later we reached the charge

room, and the big bloke called out "I've got a desperate one 'ere," which someone took as a signal to open a cell door. The big bloke frogmarched me in and the door was locked on the pair of us.

He pushed his face into mine. "Boo the queen, would you?" he snarled.

"No," I said quickly, "not at all."

"Eh?" he looked slightly worried. Then craftily, "But you sympathize with 'em, don't you?"

"No," I said. (Strictly speaking the answer should have been "It depends what you mean by sympathize," but this did not occur to me at the time). So he didn't beat me up after all. Just three more clouts to the ears, which were rather an anti-climax after the softening-up on the stairs.

"There you are my old darling," he smiled at me sitting on the floor, "ave that with me. And just to make sure we haven't forgotten it..." From his pocket he took a screwed-up newspaper which he slowly and deliberately undid, turning it in my direction so I could see that it contained: a broken brick. "There you are, my old beauty."

Later I was called before the duty officer and the big bloke charged me with carrying an offensive weapon, to wit the brick. The story he told need not delay us except for the significant detail that he found the brick in my pocket.

I do not surrender to you, says Stirner, *I only wait. When I find some weakness in you I will draw it to your attention.* Nearly a month was to pass before I could point out this weakness in court, but there the weakness was. A broken brick in a pocket would leave brick dust behind, probably lots of it. No brick had ever been in any of my pockets, and if I could take my suit with all the fluff and muck in my pockets, say to the Metropolitan Police Laboratory, I could prove it.

I hoped the station officer was going to write the story on the charge sheet, but all he did was fill in some dates and times on a rubber-stamped charge. "Your case, Sir?" he asked the big man.

"Sir", from an officer with two pips! Merely a manner of speaking, but how could I know? Who and what, I wondered, was this big man whose brick I intended to dislodge?.

Next day I was taken to Marlborough Street magistrates' court; and there, in the prisoners' waiting room, I met the solicitor sent to me by the National Council for Civil Liberties.

"I want to fight this case," I said, "for all I'm worth."

He came to the point at once. "How much is that?"

I needed a remand to get my pockets examined, and the solicitor pointed out to me that this might in practice mean a remand in custody. Mr. Robey, the magistrate before whom I was to appear, had been refusing to bail demonstrators

charged with minor offences, and refusing time to pay to demonstrators sentenced to small fines.

But today Mr. Robey was in a more lenient mood. He said my request for a remand was quite reasonable and asked Detective Sergeant Challoner (so *that's* who and what he was) if he knew of any reason why I should not be bailed.

Sgt. Challoner, who had come prepared to go straight on with the case, was not ready for this question. He didn't know offhand, but could find out in one second. And yet, as it happened, he was on the next case too. So off he went to find out whether both his defendants could be bailed. (I must mention in passing that all my descriptions of court proceedings are from memory and not from notes taken at the time. They are subjective impressions and may well be grossly inaccurate).

When he came back he began "As for the first defendant, Ruin, he should have been bailed last night. The fact that he wasn't was a mistake, and it was my fault entirely. I told the station officer..." and then the magistrate cut him short.

The first date of remand had to be changed, because it came right in the middle of Sgt. Challoner's annual leave and as the Clerk of the Court said, "we wouldn't want to spoil a man's holiday." But eventually I was bailed, and off I ran (literally, because I didn't want any suggestion that I had had time to change my suit) to my solicitor's office.

Science and the detection of crime, by C. R. M. Cuthbert, tells us that the Metropolitan Police Laboratory is not controlled by the police and that its services are open to the defence. The reason it is mostly used by the police, Mr. Cuthbert suggests, is that the value of scientific evidence is not appreciated by some members of the legal profession. My solicitor discovered a better reason: the only way he could get my suit to the Laboratory would be to surrender it to Sgt. Challoner and let him take it.

So I had to get a commercial scientist to search my pockets, which brought us back to the question, how much was I worth? Fortunately this happened not in 1958 when I was unemployed but in 1963 when I am (by my standards) well off, and I was worth enough to employ not only the eminent Ferdinand Kayser to examine my pockets, but also the brilliant Michael Sherrard to present my case. British justice, comrades, the best that money can buy.

We all turned up at the court on 19 July (the police having refused to agree to a further remand) and Sgt. Challoner was at the Old Bailey, so the case could not go on that day.

The case finally came before Mr. Robey on 8 August.

Sgt. Challoner told how he had heard me say to my two female companions, "They shouldn't push us around like this. I will throw my stone, not for revenge, but for the sake of my ideals," how he had said "I am a police officer; I am arresting you for carrying an offensive weapon," how I had replied "Take it if you will, but you must take all the stones in London to silence me," how he had taken me to a police bus and there removed a bit of brick from my pocket.

A sigh of relief from me. The story was entirely different from the one he had told the station officer, except for the time and place and the one point essential to the defence.

Had he been involved, Mr. Sherrard asked him, in the arrest of anyone else carrying bricks on the same night? Yes, he had arrested one other.

Had he been involved in the arrest of Eade? Hill, he had arrested.

Mr. Sherrard shook his head impatiently. "Were you involved in the arrest of Eade?" "The man I arrested was Hill."

"Were you involved in the arrest of Eade?" "Yes, I was involved in it..."

"Thank you. Were you also involved in the arrest of Hill?" "Yes."

The magistrate: "Eade. Is that the case we remanded on Tuesday? I can't recall the name." "No, Sir, that's Aposcolou."

So now there are three other brick cases. One mentioned by Sherrard, one mentioned by Challoner, one mentioned by the magistrate himself. Brilliant, Mr. Sherrard.

The pattern of the trial was set. From that moment on it looked as if Challoner was the defendant and Sherrard the prosecuting counsel, bringing a heap of evidence to prove it was him that did it. I stress "looked as if" because of course that wasn't the case at all. I was the defendant and Challoner was the prosecutor. I might still lose and he might still win, and it was impossible that I should win or lose.

It was during Mr. Kayser's evidence that I discovered the real reason for Sherrard's insistence on the Eade case; my bit of brick fitted Eade's bit of brick exactly. Sgt. Challoner was recalled to the witness box to explain why. Obviously, the demonstrators had been issued with bits of brick from their headquarters.

A broken brick, Mr. Kayser explained, could cause scratches on the fabric if put in a pocket. There were no scratches. Also newly fractured bricks are friable; the surface is easily detached. When he had examined the brick on 23 June he had put the fractured surface downwards on a sheet of paper to trace round it as a note of the size, and the paper was covered with bits of brick. Today, 8 August, the surface was much less friable, and on 11th July it would have been much more friable. Bits would certainly have been left in any pocket, which could only be removed by thoroughly brushing the pocket and then going over it with a vacuum cleaner, removing the fluff and everything else.

My pockets—Mr. Kayser looked reproachfully in my direction—had not been cleaned out for a very long time.

The magistrate lifted up my bit of brick and touched the now-much-less-friable surface with his finger. You could actually hear the pitter-patter of loose bits falling on his pad.

My evidence, and that of Peter and Anne, might conceivably have been discounted. The evidence of that inanimate pitter-patter was indisputable. Mr. Robey listened carefully to an impressive speech by Mr. Sherrard, then directed himself that his job was not to say whether my story was true, but merely to decide whether the police case had been made out beyond all doubt. Case dismissed.

Sir, the defendant did not earn much and was not entitled to legal aid. He had brought counsel and an expert witness to court, not once, but through no fault of his own, twice. Could some small grant be made towards his tremendous expenses?

No.

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AROUND THE GALLERIES

KENNETH STACK at the age of twenty-two drew a three year sentence in Wandsworth Prison. While serving his term he came under the influence and the guidance of a visiting painter Albert Irwin, and his exhibition at the Piccadilly Gallery at 16a Cork Street, W.1., comprises some sixteen or more paintings completed during the last seven months of Stack's sentence. It is said that we each of us have at least one novel within us and a violent and traumatic experience can become transmuted and transmitted while the agony, the terror or the bitterness still hovers over the questing hand, but when the emotions of that moment have dribbled away we are then forced to join the ranks of those who must now learn the rudiments of their craft if they wish once more to establish their claim to the world's attention. Kenneth Stack's paintings have a claim on our attention as documents of suffering and of man's contempt towards his fellow men. From a palette of browns and dirty grey, Stack has caught the claustrophobic horror of Kafka's walled-in world, for there are no exists in

Stack's prisons and no false laughter deadens the painted pain. Stack is the amateur who has for one brief moment mirrored a single moment of truth and the grey stylized faces that crowd his canvases became part of his past the day he walked out of prison and his darkly painted backgrounds and overfull cells belong to that past and another man's present, for the sour routine still eats away the hours; and authority still ordains that men shall crowd like cattle to invade even the solace of each other's privacy. Yet Stack can fail when he stands outside his own misery and attempts to join the uncommitted who watch for when he paints the exterior of the prison it is neither better nor worse than a thousand other daubs while his comic postcard coloured "Show a leg" is as alien to the world he has managed to record as a television joke made by a thoughtless Equity clown mocking a cage of men without hope for the casual amusement of a disinterested audience. These paintings of Stack have a value in that he has managed to place on record the sickness of a society that a sick society must be

forced, in the viewing of them, to bear witness to. Crudely painted and repetitive in style and content they will live for they are one man's condemnation of the planned evil that men can inflict on men and all the fatuous manifestos of this week's fashionable school of political, pop, abstract, realist or pseudo-social art daily churned out at the crack of a dealer's wallet becomes as canting rubbish as windy and as unimportant as a drunkard's fart.

Across the Town at the Art's Council Gallery at 4 St. James' Square, S.W.1. is an exhibition of the work of the Swedish painter Elias Martin.

An untalented hack, the unfortunate Elias entered this world *via* Stockholm in the year 1739 and died there in the year 1818 amid poverty and most of these drab canvases now on exhibition. For Elias Martin was a pedantic hack who went through all the accepted motions, received the usual minor honours that the British and Swedish governments still toss around to those who intentionally or unwittingly pander to their bad taste and armed with commissions, letters of recommendation and the inevitable small annual subsidy produced year after year the rubbish that he felt the public of his day wanted and still our sad little Elias managed to lose everything except these paintings.

It is doubtful if this stuff would have been shown were it not for the painter's nationality for the National museum and the Swedish Institute for Cultural Relations have dredged deep to find a Swedish artist with a large enough output to fill the Arts Council's rooms. Elias was a man who was willing to gloss over his own lack of talent by giving a gutless imitation of any artist who held fashion's eye or any genre that held the mood of the moment. It is impossible to feel any sympathy for this dim little man, once of Dean Street, Soho, for he crawled so hard to be accepted with work that ranged in title from "Westminster Bridge, with the King of Denmark's procession by water, taken from Mr. Searle's Timber-yard" to the "King's Visit to the Academy of Art". Other men painted this visual slop so much more elegantly and so much more competently. But soon the pale clerks of the Arts Council will take down these tired canvases to ship them off to Sweden and to storage and we shall be left with the painted walls of Sunbury Court that Elias executed for the Second Earl of Pomfret and the usual dross that accumulates in most national collections, for Elias was a man without fire in his belly, a man who swayed to the warm winds of authority

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REFORM THE POLICE?

Continued from page 1

for material ends?). Last week's millionaire hold-up does not, as some newspapers suggest, point to the inadequate security measures, but to the impossibility of any privileged society to protect itself by security forces once the challenge to its privilege comes from groups which refuse to play the game according to the rules. We have no sympathy for the mail-train bandits since they have given no indication that they are robbing the rich to help the poor, but are themselves victims of the desire to get rich at any cost—and are therefore no more, nor less, crooked than the Stock Exchange operators or the Property dealers. We are obliged to them, however, in having shown once more, how ill-equipped the State, and the privileged minority are, if instead of bandits, workers decided the time was ripe to undermine this set-up which protects a privileged class from the rightful demands of the working majority.

★
OBVIOUSLY when the *Guardian* editorially refers to the present "feeble precautions" taken against this kind of crime and offers first-aid precautions for such valuable consignments of printed paper, such as heavy containers and alarm signals using the latest in electronic devices to warn the authorities, they only show once more how naive, or how secure, these otherwise practical liberals would be faced with real opposition whether revolutionary or Rightist.

If one starts by taking special measures for the mail trains where does one stop? So far as the train is concerned, does one take security measures all along the line—from London to Scotland? Clever crooks will insinuate their men into the postal services. So, security measures in the Post Office as well as the Railways? But what about the banks? The theory is that someone from the National Provincial Bank must have "leaked" the fact that this particular train would carry huge sums of bank notes. Security checks in the banks? But once you start why not security measures in every bank in the country? And how does one ensure that those whose job it is to catch the crooks will not themselves be lured into joining them as informers by the prospect of huge profits without undue risks?

In fact the police depend much less on the scientific methods of detection, and all the gadgets, the police cars, helicopters and the rest, than they lead the public to believe. Their singular failure in discovering the "bandits" in daring raids of the past few years underlines their dependence on informers within the criminal underworld. For when a job is carried out by a group who can keep their mouths shut the police haven't a clue, though they may well have suspicions. And then they round up the suspects for questioning and brain washing, or failing that give them a taste of the rough stuff. Now here is where we would say that present methods with the safeguards are far from being

effective. The *Sunday Telegraph* expert concludes his article by pointing out that certain categories—the rich, the hardened criminals, and those who know their rights under the law—are protected from making confessions simply by insisting on "taking no part in the process", and British law allows for this non-participation. Therefore either British law must be changed to make interrogation by the police legal at all times or every suspect should be provided with a solicitor before the questioning starts so that he may advise him on his rights, and protect his interests. But says our expert:

This brings us to the heart of the problem. If everyone was so protected the police would be unable to obtain convictions in a very large number of genuine cases—according to one authority, upwards of 70% of the total.

If the High Court judges now sitting in committee obtain the best medical and other scientific evidence available to them, and do not end by having to hide their heads in the judicial sand, one can only pity them in the dilemma in which they find themselves.

★
WE have said that every community has a right to protect itself against anti-social members. Where the community is united it can protect itself; where it is not united it is then that it looks to an outside body whose sole function it is to maintain law and order. That body must surround itself with the machinery of law enforcement, punishment, rehabilitation and what have you. It inevitably becomes a power unto itself hated, feared and resented by the citizens who not only pay for it but are supposed to consider it as their friend and protector!

It seems to us that in a deeply divided society such as our own, there is no way of reforming the police, that is to protect society from the power of the police to exceed their rights. The present cry of alarm at police methods will certainly serve to awaken the public to what goes on, and may even serve to put them on their guard should they have the misfortune to fall into their clutches. But as to curbing the police's powers, how can this happen? The problem is not that the police at present have the powers to third-degree people into making confessions, or witnesses to perjure themselves, or powers to beat up suspects in police stations, or get rid of embarrassing witnesses. On the contrary the problem is that according to the rules they cannot do these things, but they do. So what new rules can the reformers propose which will ensure that the police don't break the old ones?

It seems to this writer that so long as the police, the Law, and the prisons and other penal institutions are a power unto themselves, cut off from direct public scrutiny and control there is no means of preventing abuses. The police, prison officers, judges and the rest must be made to feel that they are the public's servants and not its masters. They must be cut down to size, from the Lord Chief Justice to the "humblest" copper.

Solidarity with Donald Room!

As we go to Press our comrade Donald Room does not yet know what his legal and other costs will be, but they will undoubtedly be considerable, and if he proposes to take the matter further, which we hope he will, further expenses will be incurred. We feel that the burden should not all fall on his

shoulders. Already the London Anarchist Federation has contributed £25 to his expenses, and we hope that there will be a number of our readers who will wish to help, and by doing so, show their solidarity with our comrade. Please send contributions to FREEDOM NOW. EDITORS.

The Summer School

ONE MAN'S VIEW

THE Summer School was held over the Bank Holiday weekend in the grounds of a comrade at Knockholt, Kent. Counting numerous children, over a hundred people attended. This annual event, which started in 1946, is something of a record for the anarchist movement of this country; indeed, considering the somewhat tenuous nature of the organization of this movement, the unbroken series of annual summer schools leads some suspicious souls to imagine that really, in spite of the laughing denials of all anarchists, there is a strong central committee which directs affairs, and is so secret that it pretends not to exist.

The first summer school came just after the finish of the war, and capitalized on the air of expectancy of that time. The "air of expectancy" had led the Labour Government to expect the worst from revolutionary elements; three editors of FREEDOM had been lagged for nine months just to teach them, but this event had stimulated rather than damped interest in the anarchist movement. The summer school was quite a big affair; there were four formal lectures and a rather long conference on organizational matters, not to mention a barrel of beer and a barrel of cider laid on. Future summer schools were much after this pattern; most of them took place in London, but there were two in Glasgow and one in Liverpool. During the years of the Malatesta Club in London it formed a convenient centre for the annual event. Later, the schools were partly camps, held in the southern counties, and the tradition of having properly organized and prepared lectures on various aspects of anarchism gradually dwindled, until this year there were no lectures at all.

The gradual abandonment of lectures is, I think, a pity. When anarchist lectures are public they are often spoilt by the drunks, professional bores and madmen who drift in and disrupt serious discussion: representatives of these three categories do of course turn up at anarchist summer schools (witness a grisly figure who passed through the camp this year, announcing that he was "a representative of the police"), but on the whole, summer schools have served a useful purpose in that serious lectures could be properly considered. An excellent pamphlet by Alex Comfort on "Delinquency" was in fact delivered at a summer school in London and formed the basis of a lot of debate.

This year the only general meetings were for the purpose of discussing organization. It was extremely hearten-

A Free Man

STOCKHOLM 12/8/63.

(From our Correspondent)

Per Vilhelm Johansson, a 78-year-old man was picked up by the police here for being without identity papers of any kind. He was taken in for questioning. Apparently he hadn't been registered yearly (as we all have to do here) in any parish ever since he started to wander the Swedish roads. The police "kindly" allowed him to "rest" the night in a police station cell. They then contacted the "social" authorities to see if he was in need of medical help. According to the police he was dressed in ragged clothes. After a doctor had examined him and declared him perfectly healthy, Vilhelm Johansson asked if he could be allowed to leave the police station and go his way. The police stated that seeing as he had not committed any "crime" they had no reason to detain him.

According to the police Johansson had lost at least 20,000 to 30,000 kroner in old age pension money and had never asked the state for any assistance all his life as a wanderer on the roads of Sweden.

"I don't want any pension," said Johansson, "I can get along without it and want to be left alone in peace." With this remark he left the "friendly" "helpful" police and started out on the road to continue his wandering life. No doubt dreading the time when the police will again offer him their "help". At the moment he is happy because as far as Swedish law is concerned—if he is not registered, then he doesn't exist in the welfare state.

ing to see so many new faces and young faces there. This was the result of the growing realization in "ban the bomb" circles that the logical continuation of their agitation must lead to anarchism. It has its parallel in the recruitment to the anarchist movement which took place during the 1939-45 war, when thinking people realized that there was something fundamentally impracticable in a social and political system which resulted in such a war. The big question is, will the present rate of recruitment to the movement continue, and will those "absolute beginners" continue to develop as anarchists if the threat of an immediate nuclear holocaust recedes?

The discussion on organization followed the usual pattern. When I say "usual", I have amply described it, and all who have experienced the rise and fall of anarchist federations, co-ordinating committees, bureaux for the exchange of information, rotating secretariats, etc., will know what I mean. I noted that many of the "absolute beginners" listened to the litany in solemn silence. The proceedings had their more comic moments. One young man related how his local federation had received a refusal of an invitation to join from a learned doctor, "an eminent Tolstoyan", on the grounds that a bunch of people in London were publishing a "violent" anarchist journal, to wit FREEDOM. The young man did not seem to realize how well off his local federation were without the membership of this nut. Another comrade proposed that as FREEDOM with its "violent" policy, was an embarrassment to those who wanted to canvas the pacifist element, a change should be made in the paper's subtitle. Instead of the regrettable title of "The Anarchist Weekly" it should be called "An Anarchist Weekly". Thus, if and when, there is another anarchist weekly published somewhere in the English language, there will be no confusion. (What a pity it will be if the other anarchist weekly which springs into being in the resurgent movement is edited by another band of cut-throats!)

I could only propose that any national federation which arises out of these organizational efforts should not be called "The National Anarchist Federation", but "A National Anarchist Federation". Let's be fair!

And all this time I was highly delighted by the turn of the wheel. For last time there was a serious attempt brewing to oust the present editorial group from FREEDOM it was because they were too bourgeois and pacifist! I think enough time has passed in history to mention with a chuckle the story of the X mob who attempted to seize control of FREEDOM by strong-arm methods. Now the contenders for ownership and control ("Oh, we never suggested such a thing! At least not in so many words"), come armed with CND badges and pacifist righteousness; then they came armed with milk-bottles, an old service revolver, hatchets and other tools for breaking up type-metal and hitting people on the head. The story has a happy ending of course. Of these hatchet-waving proletarian desperadoes who resorted to DIRECT ACTION, two are now respectable university lecturers, Comrade X, who kept his finger, or pipe, in his pocket, pretending it was a gun, and announced that he "was born tough"—I met him sipping sherry with Lady Muck and hobnobbing with the bourgeoisie as thoroughly as was myself.

And if I relate these events which seem so comic in retrospect, it is not just out of irony. They have a direct bearing upon the situation today. The anarchist movement is a university where we all learn not just by reading the classics, or listening to lectures, but by doing things ourselves. We must make our mistakes in order to learn anarchist principles by hard experience. The same gulf is always being talked about organization, and those who tend to value organizing movements for the fun of it eventually get fed up with anarch-

DELINQUENCY, By Alex Comfort

This pamphlet, which consists of the lecture delivered by Dr. Comfort at the Anarchist Summer School in 1950, is now once again available, price 6d. from FREEDOM PRESS.

ism and anarchists and go in for politics or retire from active interest. If anyone wants to organize federations, groups of initiative, publication groups, commando groups—good luck to them, and more power to their elbow! But should they be tempted to suggest that they are competent to tell any other group how they should run their affairs, or what they should call themselves, then they are turning their backs on anarchism.

Since this is a highly personal piece, the writer may as well declare that he, having always been a pacifist, is greatly cheered by the direction in which the movement in this country has grown. At one time pacifists were regarded as rather pathetic eccentrics in the anarchist movement. But now that the X mob has embourgeoisified (a lovely word!) itself out of existence, there are no violent nut cases thirsting to employ strong-arm methods against their comrades first and the State second. Is the pendulum swinging too far the other way? Will Express Printers be sabotaged by a mass sit-down? On the whole I think not; in spite of the reiteration of somewhat tedious points of view expressed on the back page of FREEDOM, we have inched forward a little in common sense I believe. There is an Arab proverb that all men must eat a tin, all writers must write a deal of peck of dirt before they die: so, I maintain, nonsense in their time—but that does not condemn their whole philosophy.

If indeed we are to see a greatly enlarged anarchist movement in this country, the old war-horses who plugged away at their "violent" propaganda all through the rather bleak years when the movement was not so large, will be entitled to most of the credit that certain ideas have been continually propagated. If "a hundred flowers bloom" there will be no Mao Tze-Tung with a pair of gardener's shears. Some groups may, of course, water anarchism out of existence to please potential recruits, but, as in a healthy plant ecology, there will be others who deal in stronger stuff. We may even have lectures worth listening to at summer schools again!

G.

Around the Galleries

Continued from page 2

until they broke his back and even then he crawled away to die without a protest only a whimper.

But a man who has protested is Edward Sargent, a building workers work-outside opposite the Molton Gallery in South Molton Street, W.1. Each day Edward Sargent peered into the gallery at the display of third-rate abstract paintings until he felt that the time had come to make his protest and he spent forty-five minutes mocking up his own abstract painting then to hang the finished work upon the hoarding five yards from the window of the Molton Gallery. Each day it hangs there to the annoyance of the Molton Gallery directorate and the delight of the half dozen men working with Sargent. But all things must be rationalised and in a street scene that would have delighted the Victorian heart of Ruskin we publicly debated the principle and the practice of non-representational art to the delight of our egos and the disgust of the Molton Gallery lookers-out. But now Sargent wonders whether his painting is really a joke or a creative work!

ARTHUR MOYSE.

More Food being Destroyed

Last week in Holland 250 tons of green beans were destroyed because they did not fetch the minimum price. In Verona this week, farmers protesting against low prices, handed out peaches free of charge to the people in the market square. They converged on the city with 200 tractors pulling trailers piled high with peaches. Some they gave away, the rest were tipped into the streets. Growers have been receiving less than 1d. per pound for peaches which are sold in the shops at from 6d. to 9d. a pound. In Southern Italy farmers dumped tomatoes on the roads.

£2,552,000, in banknotes, a fair proportion of which were on their way to being destroyed, were stolen from a British Railway's post-office train from Scotland and the North to London. The tenth report of the Estimates Committee on Military Expenditure overseas reported an expenditure of £355 million including a five-bedroom circular house for an admiral at Aden which cost £46,150 and contained two special spiral staircases "which were necessary to enable the servants to get to the roof to hang out washing without passing through the living-room". In Stratford-on-Avon a German ex prisoner-of-war is living with his family of four in the same prison camp to which he was first brought. Twenty-four households are living there. The local council (non-political) says that these tenants are not good rent-payers and so cannot go on the housing list in front of good paying families.



It will take place in humanity, but every man feels it clearly in himself. And yet in our world everybody thinks of changing humanity, and nobody thinks of changing himself.

DR. ERNEST CLAXTON speaking to the Moral Re-Armament assembly sought to change humanity by using chastity as a weapon. He said the application of chastity would remove "the fears of mixed marriages, resulting in children of mixed blood that are becoming an increasing problem." Furthermore he said that the now moral code "dished up" by some churchmen and psychologists was "opening the door to promiscuity" and resulted in diseases and illegitimacy particularly among very young girls. And the neuroses and psychoses

caused by the sex obsession had become a serious national problem. The assembly audience cheered, says the *Daily Express* when the chairman read an editorial in the *Daily Express* headed "Let Them Uphold the Old Ways". It was he said, reports the *Daily Express*, "a wonderful article". A wreath carrying the note "To Stephen Ward, a victim of British hypocrisy" was to be sent to the grave of Stephen Ward bearing the names of (among others) Ted Allan, Alex Comfort, Fenella Fielding, Doris Lessing, Joan Littlewood, John Osborne, Annie Ross, Alan Sillitoe, Andrew Sinclair, Arnold Wesker and Angus Wilson. On Cheltenham's War Memorial a wreath was found with a note reading, "We three girls of Cheltenham Ladies' College have laid this wreath as a tribute to dear Dr. Stephen Ward, who dared to live his life as a human being and not just as a dummy". An outraged society, the note added revenged itself upon him.

RAMON VILA CAPDEVILA (56), an anarchist guerilla fighter was shot dead in a clash with Civil Guards at Berga, about seventy miles north of Barcelona. He was in a group heading towards the French frontier "in an apparently suspicious manner". The group was connected with the recent blowing-up of television masts in Catalonia. The *Guardian* Madrid correspondent claims that the time bomb that injured 33 persons in the passport section of the

Security Police headquarters has also hurt the anti-Franco opposition in Spain. He claims the bomb was planted by two Spaniards who confessed to the police that they brought the explosives from France. They are said to be members of the Iberian Youth Liberation Council affiliated to the Iberian National Council, a multinational anarchist-type organization based in the Caribbean. They have, it is alleged, sought to hurt Spain's tourist trade by planting bombs in the offices and planes of airlines. Another bomb exploded at midnight outside the Labour Syndicate's building. Spain is to adhere to the nuclear test ban treaty. General Franco has been invited to Britain by the recently formed Friends of Spain Association. 8,700,000 tourists visited Spain in 1962, of whom 410,000 were Americans. Spain's tourist earnings for 1962 were £158 million. *Action*, Oswald Mosley's paper advertises: "Anyone interested in Spain can obtain further information from L. Wooler, 24 Lexham Gardens, Earls Court, London, W.2."

A HYPNOTIST has a plan to settle disturbances by hypnotism. "Supposing," he says, "you had an uprising in Africa. You could lower a loudspeaker from a helicopter and your voice could bring some peace. You can hypnotise people against their will. You can bring about a state of happiness with anybody—as long as you can speak their language. If not, I would do it through an interpreter. It can be done."

JON QXIXOTE.

Self-Defence

DEAR FRIENDS,
Ernie Crosswell asks several questions to which I reply:—

1. Efficient lethal weapons can be found in the armoury of any military camp in Britain.
2. I do not know how many anarchists know how to use lethal weapons effectively. I have been instructed by the Rhodesian Army and no doubt other anarchists could learn whilst others, myself included, could teach.
3. Doubtless in armed conflict militant anarchists would show the way and encourage others but I see no need for conventional leadership and orders.
4. This situation of armed conflict would mean that the tactic of non-violence had been found ineffective and that the tactics of violence had been accepted. This would not mean acceptance of a policy of violence, that is a change to non-violent tactics and inclusion of non-violent techniques could well be envisaged.
5. I agree that to shoot the "button-pusher" I should have to be armed. If anarchists entered an RAF establishment at a period of world crisis which looked likely to lead to nuclear war, arms would be needed.
6. If these ideas are "flights of fancy" they seem very down to earth flights to me.

In *FREEDOM* (3/8/63) "Realist" asks of a "weapon or tactic which in the Britain of the foreseeable future could possibly have some chance of success." I will take it that "Realist" means success in self-defence. This generally can be left to our realistic comrades to decide for themselves, but knives, revolvers and rifles all seem suitable.

Ian Vine, having swallowed the 19th century bomb-throwing myth) puts forward specious arguments against self-defence including the use of violence.

He writes: "Even if our violence is only in self-defence we still provide the State with an excuse, a moral escape clause, for its repression and punishment." Doubtless, if we had not defended ourselves in the circumstances referred to we should be dead, a rather worse punishment. Also, the State does not care whether "moral escape clauses" are true; if the people endanger the privileges of the rulers, the State—if needs be—will fabricate "excuses" in order to attempt to repress the people.

Ian Vine's numbers argument leads logically to the conclusion that when the anarchist movement is small we must accept repression without using violence in self-defence (because of bad publicity), yet when we are large we can consider self-defence by violent means. I refuse to accept this, seeing no difference between repression of anarchist movements on a large or small scale and no deference in the act of violent self-defence whether it is given bad publicity, good publicity or none at all.

Again Ian Vine states that "violence as a revolutionary or defensive tactic" has serious disadvantages because "its adherents simultaneously desire both it and its abolition". But this presupposes that anarchists must be pacifists. I do not see violence as the basis of the free society but I see violence as being part

LETTERS

of the free society. Also Ian Vine writes "Human life must be—to human beings—the supreme thing. As far as I can see the man who takes another's life denies this. He can only vindicate it again by sacrificing his own life." But surely it is also a denial of life to allow one's life to be taken when only violent self-defence would save one's life; furthermore, I do not see the argument *vis-a-vis* self-sacrifice because I—unlike Ian Vine—would feel no guilt in killing someone rather than letting them kill me, in fact I should feel justified.

The crux of the position is that I like myself so much that I would rather live and kill my assailant, than die whilst allowing my assailant to live. It may seem very selfish and conceited but it hardly denies that human life is the supreme thing. J.W.

Futility?

DEAR COMRADE,
Reading about the "invasion" of the Cuban Embassy by members of the London Federation of Anarchists (*FREEDOM*, Aug. 3, No. 24), I called to mind the remark "save us from ourselves"; and was struck by the complete futility of the whole venture. Far from being against "direct action", and holding full sympathy for our comrades in Castro's prisons, I feel nevertheless that the

FINANCE

FINANCIAL STATEMENT AT
AUGUST 10 1963
Weeks 31 & 32

EXPENSES: 32 weeks at £70	£2,240
INCOME:	
Sales & Sub. renewals	£ 1,188
Weeks 1—30	49
Weeks 31—32	1,237
New Subscriptions:	
Weeks 1—30 (248)	268
Weeks 31—32 (13)	14
	282
DEFICIT	£721

DEFICIT FUND

Berkeley: R.J. £3/10/-; Manchester: J.McE. 2/-; Hounslow: L.* 2/6; Coleman's Hatch: O.M. 4/-; Manchester: Anon. £1/1/-; Bromley: J.G. 10/-; London: H. (per M.C.) £1; E. Rutherford: A.S.* 7/-; "Victoria" 10/-; Cheltenham: L.G.W.* 10/-; Edmonton: W.G.* 7/-; Philadelphia: R.S. 14/-; London: J.S. 6/6; London: J.W. 8/-; New Haven: B.F. 14/-; New Malden: J.T. 6/6; Welwyn: G.M. 8/-; Wolverhampton: J.L.* 3/-; Wolverhampton: J.K.W.* 2/-; Surrey: F.B.* £2; Hounslow: L.* 2/6; Oxford: Anon.* 5/-; Philadelphia: T.O. 10/6; Falmouth: R.W. 2/9; Bushey: J.R. 7/6; Stony Pt., N.Y.: J.H.McC. £1/15/-; Cheltenham: L.G.W.* 10/-; Göteborg: B.B. 3/9; Oldham: M.J.G. 3/-; Wolverhampton: J.K.W.* 2/-; Wolverhampton: J.L.* 3/-; Wolverhampton: G.C.G. 2/6; Stockholm: I.P. 3/-.

TOTAL 17 16 0
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1963 TOTAL TO DATE £643 16 0

*Indicates regular contributors.

energy we command could be put to more constructive use. Some pertinent questions arise from the six points listed as "justifications" for the whole episode which I would like to put to readers and also attempt to qualify my criticisms.

(1). What "strategic importance" is there in the Cuban Embassy? A few square yards of what? Foreign soil? Any prisoners to release from hidden dungeons? Any documents to expose Castro in any way?

(2). How many revolutions have gone (quote) "The same old counter-revolutionary way" (Oh, how utterly boring) over the backs of "anarchists and libertarians"? With the exception of Spain I know of no case in which anarchists or libertarians were present or active in any significant number to justify such a statement. There have been many examples of persons coming to power on other people's backs, Russia and Cuba are only two that spring to mind, but whose backs? Workers, yes, communist activists, yes, rank-and-file socialists, yes—but anarchists? Facts please.

(3). Are the good comrades against all executions come the revolution, butchery or no? Were the shootings in Russia or Cuba, for example, in every case, of anarchists and others, or were there reactionaries involved?

(4). Who is "embarrassed" by whom? Since when were demonstrations so *bona-fide* that certain parties and their politics became "embarrassing" to us? Have we some public image to preserve? Respectability perhaps? Political virginity? It seems to me that unless we can meet the C.P. on stronger political terms and expose them and their collaborationist policies then we will always be on the dodge, afraid to meet them, be seen with them, etc. In short we are not embarrassing others as we should be doing, we are too busy blushing ourselves. What price respectability.

(5). How do you practice "non-violent resistance"? The term is a contradiction in itself. How can you resist and not be violent to some extent? The account speaks of the members "forcing" their way into the embassy. No damage, no injuries. How British.

I am convinced that our comrades in prison in Cuba would have been gladder to see the furniture, fittings and ambassador go out of the top floor windows, than to see pennants, and the ass-warming that went on. But more seriously; what sort of action can best aid the prisoners in Cuba? I feel that forms of industrial action by organised labour aimed against tyranny in Cuba, *i.e.* token strikes in sympathy, dock stoppages and so forth; would better serve our purpose than such "inclusive" acts as that in Mount Street. I offer no immediate ideas, except to suggest that anarchists, syndicalists and other interested groups get together to discuss plans for joint action along industrial lines; and that such activity be completely open and unrestricted. All invited! After all, if publicity is the main idea then it requires the maximum dissemination and participation. We have nothing to lose in uniting all our forces, whoever they may be. As long as we are unequivocally against Castro and for freedom, then we need fear no "embarrassment" from any source.

Colindale, Aug. 8. "COMMUNIST".

CENTRAL LONDON

CHANGE OF MEETING PLACE
"Lamb and Flag", Rose Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2. (nr. Garrick and King Streets: Leicester Square tube), 7.45 p.m.
AUG 18 Jean-Pierre Kiers:
The Swiss Anarchist Movement.
AUG 25 Tommy Farr (of St. Stephen's Tenants' Association):
The Property Racket.
ALL WELCOME

HYDE PARK MEETINGS

Sundays at 3.30 p.m., Speakers' Corner. Weather and other circumstances permitting.

ROMFORD & HORNCHURCH ANARCHIST GROUP

For details please contact:—
John Chamberlain, 47 Upper Rainham Road, Hornchurch, Essex. OR Chris Rose, 34 Newbury Gardens, Upminster.

BRISTOL FEDERATION

Bristol Outdoor Meetings:
The Downs (nr. Blackboy Hill) every Sunday, 3.30, circumstances and weather permitting.

MANCHESTER

Would anyone interested in forming some sort of anarchist group in Manchester, please contact John McEwen, c/o Farrish, 4 Sanby Avenue, Mount Estate, Gorton, Manchester.

GLASGOW FEDERATION

Meets every Thursday, 7.30, at 4 Ross Street, Glasgow, E.2 (off Gallowgate).

READING

Anyone interested in forming an anarchist discussion group in READING, BASINGSTOKE AREA should contact R. ADAIR, Wantage Hall, Upper Redlands Road, Reading, Berks. or at 4 Castle Bridge Cottages, North Warnborough, Odiham, Hants.

SHEFFIELD

Any anarchists or readers in the SHEFFIELD AREA are invited to contact Peter Lee, 745, Ecclesall Road, Sheffield 11, who is interested in the possibility of forming a group.

OFF-CENTRE DISCUSSION MEETINGS

1st Wednesday of each month at 8 p.m. at Colin Ward's, 33 Ellerby Street, Fulham, S.W.6.

3rd Tuesday at Brian and Doris Leslie's, 242 Amesbury Avenue, S.W.2 (Streatham Hill, Nr. Station).

Third Wednesday of the month, at 8 p.m. at Albert Portch's, 11 Courcy Road (off Wood Green High Road), N.8.

First Thursday of each month, Tom Barnes', Albion Cottage, Fortis Green, N.2. (3rd door past Tudor Hotel).

Last Thursday of each month at 8 p.m. at George Hayes', 174 McLeod Road, Abbey Wood, S.E.2.

3rd Friday of each month at 8 p.m. at Donald & Irene Room's, 148a Fellows Road, Swiss Cottage, N.W.3.

Notting Hill Anarchist Group (Discussion Group)
Last Friday of the month, at Brian and Margaret Hart's, 57 Ladbroke Road, (near Notting Hill Station), W.11.

Freedom

The Anarchist Weekly

FREEDOM is published 40 times a year, on every Saturday except the last in each month. ANARCHY (1/9 or 25 cents post free), a 32-page journal of anarchist ideas, is published 12 times a year on the 1st of each month.

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