

# POLITICAL POWER

EVERY POWER presupposes some form of human slavery, for the division of society into higher and lower classes is one of the first conditions of its existence. The separation of men into castes, orders and classes occurring in every power structure corresponds to an inner necessity for the separation of the possessors of privilege from the people. Legend and tradition provide the means of nourishing and deepening in the concepts of men the belief in the inevitability of the separation. A young rising power can end the dominion of old privileged classes, but it can only do so by immediately creating a new privileged class fitted for the execution of its plans. Thus, the founders of the so-called "dictatorship of the Proletariat" in Russia had to call into being the aristocracy of the Commissars, which is as distinguishable from the great masses of the working population as are the privileged classes of the population of any other country. . . .

Political power always strives for uniformity. In its stupid desire to order and control all social events according to a definite principle, it is always eager to reduce all human activity to a single pattern. Thereby it comes into irreconcilable opposition with the creative forces of all higher culture, which is ever on the lookout for new forms and new organizations and consequently as definitely dependent on variety and universality in human undertakings as is political power on fixed forms and patterns. Between the struggles for political and economic power of the privileged minorities in society and the cultural activities of the people there always exists an inner conflict. They are efforts in opposite directions which will never voluntarily unite and can only be given a deceptive appearance of harmony by external compulsion and spiritual oppression. The Chinese sage, Lao-tse, had in mind this opposition when he said:

Experience teaches that none

can guide the community;  
The community is collaboration  
of forces;  
as such, thought shows, it  
cannot be led  
by the strength of one man.  
To order it is to set it in  
disorder;  
To fix it is to unsettle it.

For the conduct of the individual changes:  
Here goes forward, there  
draws back;  
Here shows warmth, there reveals cold;  
Here exerts strength, there displays weakness;  
Here stirs passion, there brings peace.

And so:  
The perfected one shuns desire  
for power,  
shuns the lure of power,  
shuns the glamour of power.

Nietzsche also had profound conception of this truth, although his inner disharmony and his constant oscillation between outlived authoritarian concepts and truly libertarian ideas all his life prevented him from

drawing the natural deductions from it. Nevertheless, what he has written about the decline of culture in Germany is of the most impressive significance and finds its confirmation in the decline of culture of every sort:

"No one can finally spend more than he has. That holds good for individuals; it holds good for peoples. If one spends oneself for power, for high politics, for husbandry, for commerce, Parliamentarism, military interests - if one gives away that amount of reason, earnestness, will, self-mastery, which constitutes one's real self, for the one thing, he will not have it for the other. Culture and the state - let no one be deceived about this - are antagonists: The 'Culture State' is merely a modern idea. The one lives on the other, the one prospers at the expense of the other. All great periods of culture are periods of political decline. Whatever is great in a cultural sense is non-political, is even anti-political."

Rudolf Rocker.

## ACCUSED SAYS:

### 'I DID IT FOR COUNTRY'

Washington

R. M. NIXON (61) a former lawyer, now connected with a murder gang and tax-fraud organization called government, was accused of election manouvres, eavesdropping, obstruction of justice here today. He claimed in mitigation that he had ceased to commit a series of murders in Vietnam, leaving their commission to other gangs; he had successfully arranged alliances between other criminal gangs including one



"NOW THEY'VE GOT RID OF THAT GHASTLY CREATURE NIXON I FEEL TERRIBLY TERRIBLY CLEAN."

between his gang and a gang which he had formerly denounced. His defence was excessive patriotism.

He was punished by being allowed to take his own dismissal from office, retaining his pension rights (which are substantial). It is not known if he 'copped a plea' like former accomplice Spiro T. Agnew but further proceedings are improbable.

It is thought that he will be writing his memoirs from tapes in his possession and no doubt serialization will appear in the British Sunday press, devoted as it is to criminology.

J. R.

# MARINI TO HIS JUDGES

Our issue of July 27th gave an outline of the events which led to the sentencing of Giovanni Marini to 12 years' imprisonment for the 'culpable homicide' of one of the members of a fascist group who attacked a comrade to whose aid Marini went. An Italian comrade has sent us Marini's statement on his trial.

\*

IF I WERE guilty I should have behaved otherwise. But since I am innocent, now I feel the unbearable weight of the great injustice I have suffered. It is a question of two years of ineffable sufferings in prison, being moved from one gaol to another, maltreated, isolated, beaten, tied to the bed of contention, continually provoked as anarcho-communist.

It is a question of two years of suffering not only for what I have borne but for the sea of grief I have seen rising around me; living in contact with hundreds of prisoners with a poor humanity, with my people doubly exploited as, without any job and compelled to illegality for survival, they are imprisoned, destroyed to the point of physical and psychic elimination: up to the gaols and madhouses.

They accused me of having engaged in politics, as in the gaol so in the courtroom. The truth is that this is the natural behaviour of every man if honest and free, a behaviour still more right and proper for a militant, for a comrade -- even in the lawcourt I was the object of unquestionable provocation by the private accusation. In this situation the trial was a double torture.

A trial governed by the rules of bourgeois justice is always oppressive, especially when you are innocent and they want to change you into the traditional type of the accused man crying

for mercy for something he hasn't committed. But the weight becomes even heavier when they want to destroy the accused by violating his privacy in his convictions, in his human relations. Then the revolt is right, is a duty; while silence is a weakness, is an incoherence, is a lack of wisdom. That is why I intervened as many times as I could, because this trial concerns my life and I cannot transfer the charge of defending it to anybody.

At this point, without feeling myself or being either a martyr or a hero, thousands of proletarians have identified themselves with my life; so now the trial is also their trial and they have realised it. This is the proper sense of the solidarity which has come from the factories, from the neighbourhoods, from the schools; therefore I have already been absolved by the popular forces, as they feel I am one of themselves, somebody not guilty of anything except of being an anarchist and an antifascist.

As for the trial facts, I say once more what I have always said: I was compelled to defend the life of a comrade and also my own; I haven't killed anybody, the fascists know it very well! But they are so adept at lying that, with the big lies of the past, they have already once crushed all Italian people by a dictatorship, and now they would like to try it again. To condemn my innocent self means to give them a great help in reconquering a credibility, with a new little lie. If I am not so important as a person, they speculate for their plans on my skin.

As anarchist I have no faith in those institutions which would have the duty of doing justice

in this society of exploited and exploiters. But I respect the individual man who has to carry out this work since, as well as the reactionary magistrate, there may be a magistrate who poses himself a problem of conscience before an individual case. Therefore there is always the man who does the miracle, and this confirms that anarchic ideal struggling for men's emancipation from the conditioning of institutions and from the exploitation of man by man.

M.G.

NATIONAL ANTI-FASCIST DEMONSTRATION, LEICESTER, 24 AUGUST 1974

Dear Comrades,

On 24th August the nf is holding a national demonstration in Leicester. The nf regards Leicester as a key town, and the vote they've received in recent elections has been alarmingly high. It is therefore of the utmost importance that all anti-fascists attend the counter-demo which is being planned.

Leicester ORA, as part of the Leicester Anti-Fascist Committee, urges all anarchists and libertarians to come to Leicester on the 24th and make their presence felt.

The fascists are again marching through our streets - shall we allow them to do so with impunity?

Write to us for further details if you're coming: Black Flag Bookshop, 1 Wilne St. Leicester. Or, alternatively, come to the shop on arriving at Leicester. Floorspace will be available for any comrades wishing to stay overnight.

Yours fraternally,  
Leicester ORA, for the Leicester Anti-Fascist Committee

"Shall we allow them to do so with impunity?" I hope that the impression given by these words is false and that Leicester ORA are not planning to attack the National Front. Aside from the morality of physically attacking people before they have physically attacked you there is the pragmatic point that an attack would create public support for the NF and thus their racialist ideas, and public enmity towards the Anti-Fascist Committee and thus their anti-racialist ideas. The only violence from the anti-fascists should be in self-defence. Hopefully there won't be any violence and Leicester will see a lot of people showing solidarity with its coloured community.

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### BOOK OF THE WEEK

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Hardback edn. £2.25 (13p)  
paper £0.95 (9p)

\*Corinne J. Nader: The Haymarket Affair. Chicago 1886 £0.95 (15p)

\*British Directory of Little Mags & Small Presses ed. Gerald England & Vincent Flack £1.00 (5p)  
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# THIS IRELAND

I DOUBT if you will believe the tales I am about to tell you but they are true all the same. A little boy of ten was brought before the Justice (anglice= magistrate) in Kilkenny. There are no children's courts there, he came into the adult court, and the age of criminal responsibility is SEVEN. This child was accused of "INDECENT ASSAULT" upon a little girl of nine. Now speaking as mother, grandmother and great grandmother, indecent assault is a physical impossibility for a child of that age. The boy is one of sixteen children who first lived in a tent, then a caravan and now have a small cottage which the County Council consider the height of luxury. The justice pontificated that he would not have such filth in HIS district and sentenced the child to SIX YEARS in an industrial school, alias a children's prison run by religious who beat and half starve and punish all the time. Not unnaturally the mother protested wildly and so she was sent to prison for a week for contempt of court, her other children being left with no one to mind them. She has now served her sentence, but the little boy was taken away by force by gardai. I myself imagine that both the children never having been taught sex properly and living in the conditions in which they do had played at "Mammies and Daddies" and then when they got caught the little girl laid all the blame on the boy. There has been a great outcry in the papers and even the Bishop spoke from the pulpit, but the Justice was furious and said he stuck by his sentence, and a sex starved woman in her late fifties wrote a long letter to the Irish Times saying how right the justice was and the boy would get a marvellous Catholic education, and people should be fighting the real evil in our society, namely the fact that in spite of the bill not being passed contraceptives could be bought by post from England and the Constitution must be altered so that no Supreme judge can rule against out purity. And there must never be contraception in Holy Catholic Ireland. We must remain the light of the world and resist following the pagan customs of the other Island. Then in joins J. B. Murray of whom I have written to you before and says do we want dignified men and honourable women or animals? Personally I have never met an animal that practised birth control, have you? I wish our cats and dogs would, then we should have fewer starving

strays on the streets. People in Ireland are so pure they won't have their animals neutered, but they do not mind how cruel they are to them.

\*

Last Sunday there was a fete to raise money in a Co. Offally village. One of the attractions was eating live frogs. A prize of £10 to the person who swallowed the most. Children were offered 5p each living frog they brought to Miss Carmel Healy, the originator of this charming competition. 2,000 people attended to watch. Did the parish priest protest and forbid such a vile show? Not on your nellie. In fact I think up to date I am the only person who has given out about it publicly under my own name. I made my producer on RTE read my letter condemning it. He did. I could not go to carry a placard and interfere because early in May I went up the road to shop and as I crossed on the Zebra crossing a car going at what seemed to me like 100 miles an hour cannoned into me. The driver had been to Mass (he is such a good pure Irishman). It had been a long mass and he was late for the office. He did not see me as a van was stopped in the way. The van and a car had stopped for me. I now have a steel-plated femur, an elbow that will never be straight again (and I left-handedly inclined and it my left hand) and I had internal injuries too. I am only just home from hospital with a home help and a district nurse and I cannot walk yet, only hop on one leg on a walker. I have not been out of doors all the summer. Does the man care? Did he come to visit me and apologise while I was in hospital? Not on your life and he has not even been prosecuted. I have sued him of course,\* but he had been to Mass. He is such a good pure Irishman I only expect peanuts. Anren't we a lovely country?

Hilary Boyle.

\*The article expresses the writer's own views and thoughts which are not all necessarily anarchistic. --EDS.

THE 60th anniversary of the outbreak of World War One revived the story that the Kaiser had called the British Army 'contemptible' - hence the adoption by old soldiers of 'The Old Contemptibles' title. Letters to the Times revealed the story as a deliberate mistranslation of the Kaiser's description of the Army as 'contemptibly little'.

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# THE BLOODY STATE

THE NEW TECHNOLOGY OF REPRESSION : Lessons from Ireland. (Pamphlet, 52pp. British Society for Social Responsibility in Science.) 30p (+5p)

"WHAT HAPPENED at Aldershot, what happened at the Old Bailey, reminds us that what happens in Londonderry is very relevant to what can happen in London, and if we lose in Belfast we may have to fight in Brixton or Birmingham. Just as Spain in the 'thirties was a rehearsal for a wider European conflict so perhaps what is happening in Northern Ireland is a rehearsal for urban guerrilla war more widely in Europe, and particularly in Great Britain."

Above words from the chairman of the Royal United Services Institute for Defence Studies seminar on "The role of the Armed Forces in Peace-keeping in the 1970's" held in April 1973, mentioned under the heading of 'Lessons', dominating theme of the pamphlet.

This epoch-making, scholarly and exceptionally socially valuable work, adequately documented, replete with up to date information of overwhelmingly momentous importance to all public-spirited, survivalist-orientated, deep-thinking humans, within and without the Anarchist and Libertarian movements, richly deserves a wide readership, also translating into several languages.

The pamphlet, 52 pages, including illustrations, approximately 22,000 words, an urgently needed, illuminating work, casting needed light on contemporary dark corners -- unique indeed for its uncompromisingly scientific, hence undogmatic, approach to workaday human problems of the most topical relevance, affecting everybody everywhere. Carefully compiled, transparently honest, impressively truthful, factually accurate, devoid of the minutest fragment of ideological or sectarian bias.

Startling disclosures follow one another, with breathtaking rapidity. Shattering revelations concerning the British Army's "new approach to counter-insurrection"... "an account of the technological innovations employed by the Army in Ireland" showing how the technology and politics of the situation interact" followed by considerat-

ions could arise in Britain which could lead to involvement in maintaining law and order, and by a look at future developments in the "Technology of Repression" quoting the pamphlet's comments on the opening page.

This small volume bears a great social message, highlighting an indisputable warning of the government's stored up weaponry for mangling, mutilating and murdering the revolutionary workers in some future conflict where the struggle for bread has become really severe. With no political drum-banging, no parochial flag-flying, no partisan axe-grinding, the pamphlet includes some vivid illustrations, ably supporting the B.S.S.R.S. collective's scholarly thesis.

This requires earnest reading, re-reading, mentally digesting, seriously thinking over, its eye-opening contents communicated voicefully, far and wide.

The work unmasks, no punches pulled, the utterly villainous role of Public Enemy No. 1, THE STATE. With over-scrupulous attention to minute details, with exemplary precision, the pamphlet describes the incredibly disgusting and sadistically outrageous function of the British Authorities in the Emerald Isle. Whether by accident or by design - it's immaterial which - the pamphleteers have exposed the State in its full frontal nakedness, the State lacking the remotest vestige of compassion or elementary human feeling towards the commonality, the multitudes of wage-slaves who so unprotestingly allow themselves to be governed, in order that 'they', the Rulers and Foolers, may perpetuate their predatory mode of domination over the lives of 'US' the enslaved.

\*

Quoting from the work: "Ireland's greatest value to the British Army may well prove to be that it provided a laboratory for the development of techniques soon to be needed at home."... "As the economic confrontation has built up, so the political conflict has sharpened. Although this conflict will fluctuate in intensity over the months and years ahead, it is clear that the polarisation of society will tend to deepen"....

The pamphlet quotes Brigadier Frank Kitson, Commandant of the British School of Infantry at Warminster. Kitson's book, Low Intensity Operations (1971) says: "If a genuine and serious grievance arose, and such might result from a serious drop in the standard of living, all those who now dissipate their protest over a wide variety of causes might concentrate their efforts and produce a situation beyond the powers of the police to handle. Should this happen the Army might be required to restore the position rapidly. Fumbling at this juncture might have grave consequences even to the extent of undermining confidence in the whole system of government."

## C S GAS - HOW MUCH?

Concerning CS gas used in N. Ireland, we are reminded "It took a demonstrative act by one man, Frank Roche, to bring CS back into the news again when, on July 23 1970, he threw a canister of CS into the chamber of the House of Commons to give MPs first hand experience of what Belfast was like."

The State-appointed Hims-worth committee, connected with the chemical warfare establishment at Porton, is referred to: "During Porton's research into what concentration of CS people could stand, army volunteers were paid £1 per minute for the length of time they could remain in the smoke: Hims-worth has even described Highland soldiers being tempted by a £5 note and a bottle of whisky to pass through a concentrated cloud and being unable to do so. Perhaps this shows the difference between laboratory and operational conditions. It certainly shows the naivety of the researchers..." "The CS gas bomb serves as one means of collective punishment for all the people of an area in which political demonstrations are occurring, whether "violent" or otherwise. It singles out for its worst effects the weakest members of the population, those likely to be least involved in the conflict." (Reviewer's emphasis.)

Tortures, unbelievable to the unthinking folk, tortures unparalleled, tortures unforgivable, tortures unforgettable, these outrageously diabolical vicious acts of the State via its Military servants, are clearly described

in the pamphlet. These criminal devices imitated from methods used by the KGB in the Soviet Union purges of the 1930's, but the modern British methods being severer.

The British Army have introduced over 300 items of riot equipment since 1969. The gorge rises at the mere thought of the mildest of these dastardly means of destruction and murder conceived by the State. The crowning infamy, the ultimate in man's inhumanity to fellow-man. "Northern Ireland has been the testing ground not only for riot control hardware like CS gas and Rubber Bullets, but also for the development of social technologies whose objective is to weaken and if possible break mass working class action. Essentially more subtle than the obvious brutality of military intervention, these techniques, if viewed separately, look no more than the administration of the Welfare State designed to make life just that bit more difficult for working people. If we look at the separate techniques together and see what they add up to, then a much more formidable picture emerges. The welfare state is becoming an integral part of the government's strategies to suppress the struggles of people to a more just life."

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The foregoing quotes are merely a very small sample of what the pamphlet offers by way of enlightenment as to the British Army's role in N. Ireland. In Britain over 25,000 new book titles published each year, this particular one ranks very high indeed amongst the relatively few distinctively learned works of an original nature, a work of outstanding importance, its findings we ignore at our peril. This work clamours for attention. By comparison, the bulk of newly published books are indeed unimportant, their social message nil. Readers of the pamphlet who feel like engraving its message indelibly on the tablets of their memory, to avail themselves of the excellent catalogue of facts in the volume, in order to point these out to their relatives, work-mates, friends and sundry others they meet, those who are concerned with the issues of Human Survival, are provided by the pamphlet with a terrifying account of horrific weapons which the State has at its command, ready to use as circumstances demand, i.e. when the State deems its authority seriously challenged. This list of horror weapons surpasses in its devilish ingenuity even the vilest and most abominably degraded, doped, duped,

drugged, devitalised sub-human monster posing as human being. In capable, socially responsible hands, the pamphlet's contents are intellectual dynamite.

But, cherish no illusions, trying to convince any but those possessing an open mind, receptive to reason and elementary human ideas, conscious of their responsibility to themselves and fellow humans, formidable resistance by way of deep-rooted fixations, inherited prejudices, conditioned hatreds, and personal dislikes must be expected. Make no mistake, any attempt to encourage another person to BEGIN TO THINK FOR HIM OR HERSELF is, with rare exceptions, analagous to endeavouring to separate a cradle infant from its dummy-tit, or parting Mother Bear from her Cubs, so fierce the antagonism to be encountered.

However, folk's mental apparatus needs disturbing, especially if they are State idolators or party-political minded, or patriots, or supporters of government. Such folk's social consciences need arousing if the human family is to survive, and evade a Nuclear Holocaust.

Perhaps a close study of the pamphlet brings about a temporary loss of appetite. However, by way of compensation, the pamphlet provides an abundance of stimulating food for the mind.

Should any earnest student or any thinking man or woman ask him or her self who can best communicate the pamphlet's contents to others, the answer is "Look in the mirror".

Parliamentary socialists and all others who are against capitalism, those who advocate voting for such and such a party as the 'lesser evil' (forgetful of the fact that thereby they are choosing their own evil), those ill-advised reforming souls who champion 'national liberation movements', unconscious of the fact that, as all experience proves, they condone one bunch of gangsters, white-coloured, being replaced by a different bunch, other-coloured, indeed all those who look to the ballot box to solve their problems, need reminding that the biggest, strongest, most dangerous capitalist of all is the STATE.

Centuries of Statecraft have resulted in three people out of every four dwelling in our planet being permanently hungry and starving, two folk out of every three unable to read or write, millions of kids and grown ups suffering from preventable diseases, endless wars --the greatest warriors of all the British Army, they have fought in every land, from China to the Argentine Republic,

# FLASH POINT

## SQUATTERS NEWS

DESPITE years of the inexorable process of eventual defeat via court order for eviction, there are still hundreds of people squatting in London, with very active groups in the East London Borough of Tower Hamlets.

Stepney Squatters have lively community activities, regular weekly meetings, films, even football teams, a food co-op, as well as the serious work of defence, negotiating with and keeping up with the policies of the GLC. Recently they have turned to de-bricking houses which have been sealed up to keep squatters out. They also bring out a weekly news bulletin in Flashpoint filled with clear and concise information. No. 9 was decorated by a bricklayer singing a merry rhyme expressing his pride in his bricking-up work. Stop press in No.10 announced a donation of £5 from E. London branch of the building workers' union. Get Flashpoint (5p + 3½p post) from FLASHPOINT Collective, 10 Aston Street, London E.14. And if you want to help Stepney Squatters 'phone 790-6710 or 790-2373

M.C

from the Himalayas to the Cape and New Zealand. And the outcome of every war, increasing poverty, ever accelerating destitution, millions more widows and orphans, principally because Human Beings haven't yet learned to grow up in terms of personal responsibility for one another.

To capture the rapture of a FREE SOCIETY forever purged of War, Poverty, Social Injustice, Illiteracy, Preventable Disease, one early step along Sanity's road could well be to spread far and wide the message awaiting all who open and devour the pages of The New Technology of Repression: Lessons from Ireland. So, bring nearer the day when the only place to come across a Statesman, Politician, Diplomat, Militarist, or Policeman, will be in some Antiquarian Museum, Waxworks, Chamber of Horrors; solitary reminder of The Bloody State.

THE STATE MUST GO AND GO FOREVER. ITS RECORD IS BLOODSOAKED. A Victorian statesman, John Bright, exclaimed: 'IF THE PEOPLE KNEW WHAT SORT OF MEN STATESMEN WERE, THEY WOULD RISE AND HANG THE WHOLE LOT OF THEM'.

Mark William Kramrisch.

# LETTERS

## PAROLE

Dear Comrades,

Arthur Moyses claims that the 768 prisoners who refused to be considered for parole in 1973 are so institutionalised that they cannot accept freedom. This is probably true in many cases (particularly as the "freedom" to which they would be released often consists of homelessness, unemployment, and friendlessness), but surely another explanation is that those who know they have little chance of being granted parole (for example the Moors murderers, Kray twins, and others likely to be victims of public wrath if freed) are unwilling to build up their hopes of freedom only to be disappointed, hence do not apply for parole.

Fraternally,

Roderick A. Parkes.

N I X O N

Dear Sirs,

I sincerely trust that you anarchists will not miss the deep emotional significance of Nixon's resignation. After hearing him on television explaining that he was really a good man, and how he was stepping down for the good of all America, we saw crowds at the Whitehouse crying at his departure. I too felt extremely sad and tears came to my eyes. I thought, if he can get out, why the hell can't other government men clear off with him.

Yours faithfully  
(to anarchism)

Derrick A. Pike.

AH, YOUTH!

Dear Comrades,

Your anecdote on Voltairine De Cleyre's lament about youth evokes the following incident from the 1970 general election.

Van Straubenzee (Tory junior minister) was giving some weary theory that it's fine for today's youth to engage in revolutionary pranks, fortunately they usually grow up to become good conservatives. As the

# REALLY UP AGAINST IT

UP AGAINST THE LAW, No. 4 (66 York Road, London N.1.) 15p (50p to Lawyers and Professionals) from UAL Collective or Freedom Bookshop.

THIS OCCASIONAL magazine (subsidized I hear by a conscience-stricken rich lawyer) is an interesting and useful compilation of the wrongs and injuries suffered by those unfortunate enough to have become involved with the law, together with some advice (on defending oneself in court), a list of known 'grassers', some analysis and a listing of policemen publicly involved in corruption and other infringements of the law.

The latter feature may be thought to be unfair (when are policemen fair?) as it contains lists of 'allegations' but since these, with the present police system of 'internal justice' are unlikely to be accredited they merit some publicity. The anarchist argument against this viewpoint (admittedly an advance on the childish name-calling of "pigs! fuzz! fascists!") is the idea that the corrupt, dishonest or vicious policeman is the bad apple in the barrel; if the

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polite laughs die down, up jumps a nurse in our group: "It's a well known medical fact that the brain starts to lose its cells after the age of twenty-five. On your hypothesis perhaps we can equate conservatism with arteriosclerosis, a degenerative disease."

Peter Good.

whole barrel of law and police repression is bad, so to speak, it is the good apple which is the noteworthy exception.

This is an illustration of the thesis that 'the best is the enemy of the good'. The dilemma of the N.C.C.L. and other good and worthy bodies like those behind this publication is that they cannot in their nature and the nature of their supporters push their arguments to a logical conclusion. They must needs foster the concept of a 'good' policeman, a 'good' law, a 'good' sentence, a 'good' judge, a 'good' prison and maybe a 'good' executioner regardless of the fact that the aims and purposes of almost all policemen, law, judges, sentences, prisons etc. are far removed from such liberal ideas of justice, reform, rehabilitation, social welfare which deservedly animate such bodies as the N.C.C.L., the Up Against the Wall Collective, P.R.O.P., the Howard League, N.A.C.R.O. &c, &c,

We must face the fact that the institution of law is primarily concerned with the preservation of property, the State and the economic system which sustains the mechanism of law.

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This publication suffers somewhat from the timelag between the occurrences listed and the date of publication. Further developments in the listed cases have necessarily to be missed. A rather fatuous humour pervades the pages, notably in the illustrations, and a deplorable 'funny' problem page. The paper's presentation is too flippant to be taken by the solemn minded for a useful journal of record (which it is).

A useful record nevertheless of the organized vengeance otherwise known as justice.

J. R.

### UNIFORM POLITICS

ONCE AGAIN supporters of the I.R.A. (demonstrating last Sunday on the fifth anniversary of internment) have been arrested under old anti-Blackshirt laws for wearing the 'political uniform' of black-berets, combat-jackets, and dark glasses.

The Fleet Street press's headlines scream out with a single accord against these 'private' armies, all monotonously upholding the phony distinction between them and the police and armed forces of the State, as if the latter are somehow different.

Anarchists, however, know better. All voluntarily uniformed goons are bastards!

# LOVE YOUR LOCAL LAW!

I AM A spectator and a performer of the human comedy and for me the crowd is but a play, the mob a circus, the wise villain and the foolish wit no more than clowns playing out their parts in the theatres of the gutter, the raucous pubs, the lush galleries and the paid pleasures of the Town, for it is only in the lonely catacombs of the mind that I dare not play the mummer. There is the queue of small boys in Wolf Cub uniforms, the string-vested fathers and the mini-skirted mothers and we straggle into the local police station for it is Open Day and love is the key. Everyone is helpful and we gaze at the bloodstained knives of ancient villains, view the helmets and the handcuffs and gaze at the gross, enlarged illustration of The Siege of Sydney Street and of the local law bashing the populace in a Corn Law riot, and I feel very old as youth in uniform answers my questing questions and we watch the blacksmith doing his thing to the police horses, and we are once more on the hot and crowded pavement and one knows that in this short, pleasant P.R. tour by the local law we were not shown the cells and somewhere within that building are the rooms of imprisonment, probably containing no more than a sleeping drunk, as a threat, as a warning or as a cause for satisfaction, according to one's place within the society of the day.

And to the art critic there comes an invitation from the Home Office to attend the press preview of the opening of Channings Wood Prison with lunch and Dr. Shirley Summerskill laid on. This particular prison will be completed in 1981, three years before Orwell's doomsday bomb, and it is being built by the prisoners themselves on the site of an old army camp and it will house 484 Category C medium and long term prisoners. The problem of attendance is solved for me on discovering that the prison is somewhere in the lush and cultivated wilds of Devon, therefore Shirley and the free lunch must be sacrificed but the old dichotomy of the libertarians must once more be rethought by virtue of the invitation. Should one refuse to attend on moral grounds, pleading that all prisons must be abolished, or should one play the involved innocent and examine and demand a humanitarian running of these institutions of every entrenched society. I would argue that the welfare of the men and women in prison is of first concern and we should propagate the ideas that all long-term prisoners should be treated as hospitalized cases, with all the internal freedoms and external communications granted to long-term private patients in hospital isolation wards, and that short-term prisoners should be given the choice on every occasion to work off their sentences in public social and welfare works, and that every place of detention should be as open to the public as any local hospital. And in the lonely debating room or the crowded bar we can then amuse the Town and his frau by arguing, nay stating, that in a free society there will be no prisons.

## PRISON ART

And I will hie with the Town and his panting frau to Reed House at 82 Piccadilly, W.1 for the Koestler Award '74 Exhibition. This is the 13th year of the exhibition of works by inmate's of Brenda's prisons and borstals and it has now arrived, for the press were there in sober majesty. Shirley Summerskill read the set speech but it was left to Lord Longford with his air of a barmy saint to pose for the press cameras. Many years ago in these columns I argued that it was wrong for the organisers to show only the best of prison work, for if they claim that it is "works of art by inmates of prisons and borstals and patients in special hospitals" then they should show a representative selection of prisoners' work be it good, bad or indifferent, and this year THEY have done just this. There are 745 entries and they range from the very good to the very bad but that is unimportant in the context of this exhibition. The £ 25 award went to a prisoner from Canterbury but my own choice was a beautiful example of Celtic art by a prisoner from Albany. The most committed canvas was that of a prisoner from Leyhill who crossed his painting of a drab industrial scene with two short lengths of barbed wire, literally, and the most uncommitted were the pottery and the machine shop work.

The Koestler exhibition has now become part of the art scene and many of the works on display will join those of the Margery Fry Centenary celebrations to be held in Birmingham this September and the B.B.C. have tape recorded the music awards. I paid my £ 5 for a slight and delicate watercolour landscape by a prisoner from Lincoln, stood for a few minutes to watch my Lord Longford posing for the press by a charcoal drawing of a head of a man to the soft clicking of cameras and made my way across town to the Whitechapel Art Gallery, seconds' walk from Freedom bookshop, for it was high noon and there was jellied eels and stout for the Private View. It was an exhibition of books produced by the Watford School of Art during the past eight years and here in action were the printing and silk screen tools they used. I am always impressed by the work of the craftsmen but unfortunately the end result, as with so many art schools, did not fulfil their talent as craftsmen. But I wish them well and commend this exhibition with the large abstractions of Frank Collins to demonstrate the work of the artist as opposed to the technical experts. And Tubby Isaacs stood at his jellied eels stall within the gallery, sad eyed and depressed as the Town and his middle class frau giggled over the bowls of jellied eels. Can after can of Guinness and bowl after bowl of eels and the hour ticked by and the jelly melted in the warm midday and I was surfeit of jellied eels and the cans of Guinness were no more, and I sat with Dorothy Moreland the Ur-mother of the London art scene who is very wise and cynical and we discussed old scandals and watched Jasia Reichardt, swift of foot among the jellied eel bones, followed by her small train of middle class gallery commandos with their soft brown hair, brown swinging skirts and tall slim figures acting as a back-cloth for Jasia's scarlet sweater, jeans and swift crowd dividing forays. Only Tubby Isaacs posed the lonely figure as he played the Delphic oracle above his bowl of melted jelly wherein floated the rejected remains of the dissected eels. And we nodded across the heads of the swanning slim young women and I bowed to Mrs. Moreland enthroned on an ancient sofa, for there was still a waiting world.

## SOCIAL DOCUMENT

The National Portrait Gallery have been responsible for many good exhibitions and none more so than "The Camera and Dr. Barnardo" at 15 Carlton House Terrace, SW1. I assumed it would be no more than another good solid exhibition of period photographs but this exhibition is a major social document. Dr. Barnardo was one of those dedicated men whom every establishment feels it is cursed with. Short, tough, and willing to trade a punch in a brawl, this young Irishman took the Gospel literally and in cold bleak London slums he searched and salvaged the deserted children of the town. There were many good people doing their thing but with this difference, Barnardo refused no child because of race or religion for he truly loved the Lord and his fellow man. And he photographed these forgotten children of the poor and in thirty years 50,000 children entered his Homes. It was an evil age wherein all classes were mean and brutalised but the poverty which was the aftermath of the Industrial Revolution produced a social catastrophe that the society of the day could not deal with, for the old paternalistic rural charity could not deal with this Dickensian horror and the children died in the gutters of the wealthiest town in Christendom. The Town and his frau knew of these horrors and of their charity they gave, but the need was too great and the giving too small and it was left to men like Barnardo to salvage some small part of that human misery... and from the walls of the National Portrait Gallery gaze down that small few who were saved. The quiet-eyed negro, the cripple and the sweet faces of long dead small girls haunt the walls of the NPG. We too have learned to live with mass misery, and somewhere this year another half a million will die of starvation demanding no more than six lines of print, and a century from now the Town and his space-orientated frau will pause before the photographs of our dead and ask the same questions that we ask of the past, but for the salvation of our immortal souls let us pray that we have a Dr. Barnardo among us.

Arthur Moyses

# FRENCH ANARCHIST CONGRESS

THE FEDERATION Anarchiste Francaise held their XXIIXth Congress in Paris at the beginning of June. Delegates attended from many countries including Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Germany, Italy and Spain. (It was unfortunate that a delegate from this country was unable to attend.) Among the items discussed were antimilitarism, workers' self-management, sexual liberty, contraception, and the environment and pollution. The final motion of the congress was:

"Faced with a grave economic situation, reflecting the contradictions in the French and international capitalist system,

"Worried by the economic/social perspective both inside and outside France aided by the class structure and maintaining the exploitation of man by man, which is developing a crisis situation,

"The Anarchist Federation, meeting in Paris for its XXIXth Congress,

"Reaffirms, faced with the bankruptcy of marxism, the determination to fight for the suppression of capitalism, both national and multinational, and of states whatever their existing regime may be,

"Proposes to impulse the forthcoming social struggle with worker self management and federalism, starting with the expropriation, self managing strike,

"Aims to develop these themes for the forthcoming struggle:

- The Liberation of women
- Antimilitarism
- Anticlericalism
- Libertarian pedagogy
- Problems of urbanism
- Libertarian ecology
- Demographic problems.

Lastly,

"The Anarchist Federation orientates itself towards anti-authoritarian action in the fight against military and repressive institutions (prisons and psychiatric asylums) and against mounting international fascism.

Translated from Le Monde Libertaie by D.P.

WE WELCCME NEWS, ARTICLES, LETTERS. We go to press on Monday Contact Col. entries must be received on Monday of week of publication.

## IN BRIEF

"More About the Language of Love" (reviewed in FREEDOM July 20) has been seized by officers of the London Obscene Publications Squad from a commercial cinema, the Jacey in Charing X Road. It has been showing for seven weeks and received a viewing certificate from the Greater London Council. The cinema is now screening "The Language of Love". Information about the film was apparently laid by Lord Longford and Raymond Blackburn.

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Several celebrities wrote to the Times protesting that Tunbridge Wells Council had refused to let its Assembly Hall for a piano recital in aid of the Campaign for Homosexual Equality.

Sancho Panza.

## 'He Just Got Caught'

Asked what he thought about Nixon's resignation, George Kipp, petrol station attendant at Whittier, where the President of the United States of America grew up, replied:

"ONCE THEY'RE POLITICIANS, THEY ARE NOT FIT FOR HONEST MEN'S JOBS. IF THEY CHECKED ALL OF THEM OUT, THEY'LL FIND THEY'RE ALL JUST AS DIRTY. HE JUST GOT CAUGHT."

## Contact

HELP fold and despatch FREEDOM on Thursdays from 2 pm at Freedom Press, followed by get together with refreshments.

GENTRO IBERICO - activities Film, Sun. 18 May: 1) Mexico The Frozen Revolution (USA/Argentine 1970 - at 7 p.m. 2) Some Choice Examples of Housing Policy in Camden - a film on Squatting - 8.30 p.m. foll. by discussion.

Wed, 21 7.30 p.m. Meeting to set up defence committee for Alberola and other ten imprisoned people in Paris. Many things needed to be done, wd. interested comrades PLEASE ATTEND. 83A Haverstock Hill.

ALTERNATE SUNDAYS Hyde Park Anarchist Forum, Speakers' Corner 1 p.m. Speakers, listeners, hecklers welcome.

ANARCHIST WOMEN's Group meets Monday. Tel. 01-883 2457

BLACKBURN anarchist group. Contact Keith Sowerby, 150 Shorrock Lane, Blackburn BB2 4TT, Lancs.

Some London Anarchists meet socially at Finch's The One Tun, Goodge St. London W.1. (Tube: Goodge St.) Sundays 7.30 p.m. (Dont ask at bar.)

EVERY SATURDAY Mental Patients Union 2 p.m. at 37 Mayola Road, Clapton, E.5. (tel. 01-985 5251) Information on activities elsewhere from same address.

PLAYERS for London based Anarchist Football Team(s) required. Contact Jim at Freedom Press.

ARTHUR MOYSE'S ironically wounding, lamentably laughing, dreadfully beautiful, evil flower garden. \$2.50 (£1) from IDEA Publishing House, c/o Matsuki Building, 1-464 Higashiookubo, Shinjuku-ku, Tokyo. All monies to help future publications of Tokyo Anarchist Group.

WHOLE EARTH NEWS, now publ. from Harmony Cottage, Harmer Hill, Salop. HARMONY VILLAGE PROJECT at 3 Salubrious, Harmer Hill, Salop. (Write for information)

WILDCAT. First issue 31 Aug. Launching party Sat. 31 August at Seven Dials Social Centre, 27 Shelton St. W.C.2. starting 7 p.m. Disco, Cabaret, Wine &c. Admission £1. Yearly sub. to WILDCAT £2.50. Box 999, 197 Kings Cross Road, London WC1

PORTUGUESE LIBERTARIAN MOVEMENT needs books, pamphlets, free copies of anarchist publications, money & ideological support. Movimiento Libertario Portugues, Rua Angelina Vidal 17-2<sup>o</sup>-E, LISBOA 1, Portugal.

GIOVANNI MARINI DEFENCE COMMITTEE: Paolo Braschi, C.P. 4263, 2100 MILANO, Italy.

STOKE NEWINGTON FIVE SOLIDARITY COMMITTEE 54 Harcombe Road, London N.15. Needs donation to supply study books for these long-term prisoners.

DUBLIN ANARCHISTS Bob Cullen (7 yrs) Des Keane (5yrs), Columba Longmore (4 yrs). Address for letters & papers Military Detention Centre, Curragh Camp, Co. Kildare, Eire

11 held re kidnapping of Spanish banker: postcards to Octavio Alberola Sunilach, Georges Riviere, Lucio Urtubia Gimenez, Pierre Gilbert and Arnaud Chastel at Prison de Fresnes, 1, avenue de la Division Leclerc 94261 FRESNES, France; and to Ariane Gransac-Sadori, Anne Urtubria, Annie Plazon, Daniele Haas, Jane Helen Weir and Chentel Chastel at Prison de Femmes, Fleury Merogis, 9 avenue des Peupliers, 91700 St. GENEVIEVE DES BOIS, France.

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