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FIVE PENCE

FREE BREAD FOR ALL

SOME PEOPLE seemed to have got very angry last week because they were deprived of their loaf of bread. Panic buying was reported by shopkeepers as customers rushed to the small independent bakers who were not affected by the strike. Possibly some people, for the first time in many years, managed to get something resembling bread rather than the wrapped and sliced wet sponge muck which the large bakeries pass off for the staff of life. It wasn't as though anyone would starve because of the strike. But it seems that, probably through the effects of mass absorbment of advertisements, none of us wants to be without a commodity, whether we really need it or not.

However, the bakery workers' claim for higher wages was fully justified. Their long hours of work might give them a high take-home pay but their basic is low. There also seems little doubt that the rank and file was getting increasingly fed up with their union leadership's failure to gain a decent pay rise. The executive of the Bakers Union admitted that they had to call an official national stoppage to prevent a grass-roots revolt from their membership. As with the majority of industrial disputes, the rank and file have shown the way and have put pressure on a reluctant executive who have never led a national stoppage in their lives.

This same executive was quick in grasping the Labour government's new Conciliation and Arbitration Service lifeline. Its report and recommendation gives the bakery workers

£32.90 for a 40-hour week, and so falls a long way short of the £1 an hour demanded at the union's last conference. The executive did not want a battle with the employers since the membership have twice voted against their leaders' recommendations to accept previous wage offers. Members in the Manchester area are so disgusted with their leaders that they are talking of withholding subscriptions or forming a breakaway union.

Mr. Gretton, the general secretary of the bakers' union, has said that "If the members refuse to accept the executive's recommendation this time they must tell us where to go because we have no other answer at the moment." Such an opportunity should not be lost. The Manchester membership is right when they call for the resignation of the general secretary, but the issue still remains: how to carry on the struggle?

We would suggest that the straight withdrawal of labour is not the right tactic when it affects the very people one wishes to gain support from. We would favour taking action that would question and challenge the employers' position. We see no reason why the bread cannot be baked but then distributed to those who want it. This is but an extension of the tactic, which has been used in Spain, by transport workers refusing to collect fares. This, although it would be illegal, would hit the employer much harder and at the same time would not hit the public. It might even be possible for the bakery workers to change the chemical recipe which now passes for bread and bake something a little more wholesome. Such a tactic would be a practical lesson in workers' control, and would directly threaten the profit motive.

Workers need to organise and challenge the capitalist system in practical ways instead of adding to the chaos under which it now staggers. Instead of the traditional means of struggle, new ways to attack the employers' "seemingly god-given right" to exploit and make a profit must be used, which not only win disputes but point to a new society where people could take control of their own lives. The bakery workers' banner should read: free bread for all.

P. T.

JUDGE NOT...

WE ARE USED to men with funny wigs and antique robes ascending a dais and lecturing the world at large on their opinions. Hardly a week passes by without some Solomon handing down his lightest utterance, unbuttressed by fact - which would only get in the way - as law, order and what every reasonable man (on the Clapham omnibus) would or should think.

This week we have had three of them - Lord Justice Lawton on the Arrowsmith case; Lord Denning on the rule of law; and Lord Justice Scarman on the need for a Bill of Rights. All of them are fascinatingly wrong but what they have said is meant to be taken seriously.

Mr. Justice Lawton, who has an interesting background, was hearing Pat Arrowsmith's appeal against conviction and sentence for endeavouring to seduce a member of H. M. Forces and made the extraordinary statement that the court was releasing the appellant from her eighteen months' sentence in the interests not "of justice, but the appearance of justice". He and the other judges took the extraordinary view that because the Director of Public Prosecutions had not taken action when the leaflets concerned were given out at Colchester, therefore the accused was under the (mistaken) impression it was not illegal. "The leaflets were the clearest possible incitement to mutiny and desertion" and the court was concerned with their effect on immature young soldiers. So much for Mr. Justice Lawton - and Mr. Justice Mocatta and Mr. Justice Cautley.

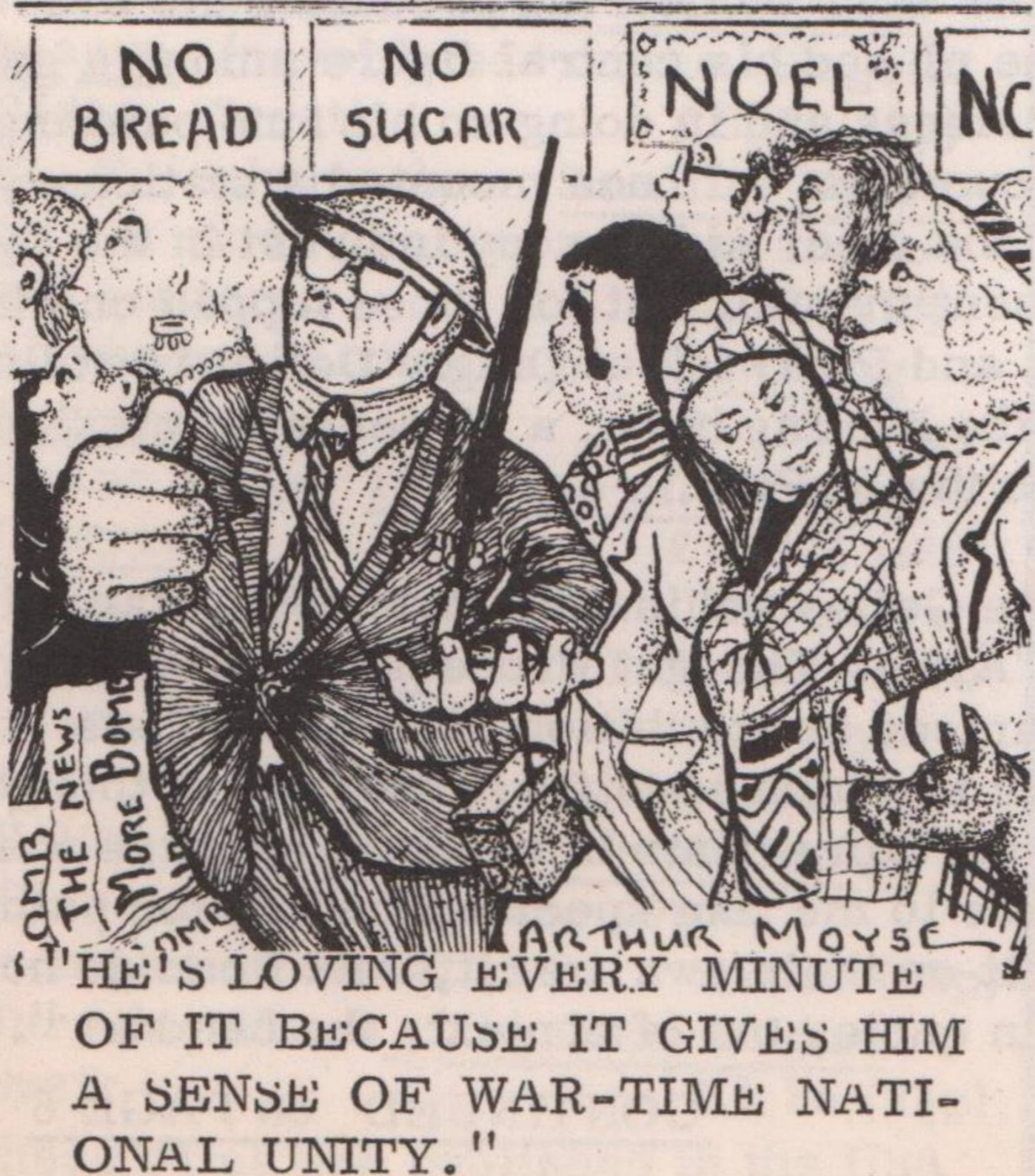
Lord Denning, the well-known publicist (author of Freedom under the Law) trundled out one of the set pieces. "The day has come when we must insist on the maintenance of law and order. Crime and terrorism are in-

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WE SHALL NOT BE PUBLISHING A FREEDOM on 28th DEC. AS MUCH OF THE WEEK WILL BE TAKEN UP WITH PAGAN FESTIVITIES. BUT NEXT WEEK - DEC. 21st THERE WILL BE A DOUBLE NUMBER.

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APRES MOI LE DAVID HOCKNEY

THE EASIEST WAY to destroy a man's claim to genius is to house the intellectual creations of a lifetime in one hook or one gallery. The panache, the bravado, of the killing phrase, the swirl of the loaded paint brush or the carefully selected off-key chord become cliches when repeated to the last page before the index, the last square foot of wall space before the 'loo, or the final hammering on the untuned piano before the neighbours phone for the police. The high point of battle is the grand charge, but repeat it every Thursday and we are left with no more than a script for a television tragedy of the First World War. There are men who in one or two works of the creative mind produce a welcomed contribution to that small corporate body of mini-masterpieces standing on the edge of genius, but to place it among all the tired hack work of their full lives is to be responsible for an act of cultural vampirism, for all the mediocre words or paintings sap the lifeblood of the one living work of art.

And we climb the marble steps within the Royal Academy on press day, cognisant of the fact that the whisky for the Town's intellectual free-loaders was this year being spooned out from a crowded table in the Directors' boardroom so we fought with the fairest and the finest for our slice of Scotch egg and four glasses of whisky, while at our backs hung the life work of "J. M. W. Turner, one of the greatest geniuses England has produced", to quote from the handout given us by the beautiful Griselda Hamilton-Baillie. It was true that the Town's congno-scenti filled the air of the Director's shebeen with the fumes of whisky and the soft low chanting of "atmospheric genius" and the Town and his frau with the inability of mentally retarded chickens to tell corn from a fox's full set of teeth re-echoed the false diagnosis into every residential ward east of Hampstead and west of Chelsea.

Turner was a man whose life style few would envy, but he was a good and solid craftsman whose romantic interpretation of sea and ships came at a time in British history when the old wooden-walled sailing ships were giving way to steam and an industrial bourgeoisie found a mythology, as with the Americans and their cowboys and their primitive Indians, near enough to their own lifetime that they could buy a recording of it, honestly believing that they were part of it, and just far enough away to avoid the risk of scabies or scurvy. And Turner with his loose and flowing colours churned the paintings out, and with 200 paintings on display and 300 watercolours divided into years I feel I have used the correct word. I find much of Turner's early work pedantic and uninspired but with his sea paintings he found his niche in our gallery of the mind. His method had the simplicity of the painters of the Far East in that he would lay his canvas flat, soak it with spirit and let the colours merge into beautiful masses. With a controlled hand it will produce lovely effects as our contemporary Action painters demonstrated, but it lacks the discipline of the brush and therefore it is pure surface brilliance. In the 19th century the Japanese watercolourist So Shiseki could produce this same effect by damping, with water, his paper and it is the beautiful banality of this school of impressionistic painting that makes it worthless, for monkeys, mountains and people are tinted shadows of reality.

I have a great love for sea paintings and it is the work of the Dutch painters of the 17th century such as van Goyen, de Velde or de Vlieger that highlight Turner's shortcomings for the Dutch painters were men who knew what it was to love and fear the sea and, what is most important, to know of it as a valid and inescapable part of the existence of their society instead of a pretty coloured ball of froth. That Turner could paint much that was rubbish is evident in paintings such as his Hero and Leander, badly composed, crudely painted and pure corn regarding subject matter and unworthy to be hanging in the National

Gallery, his Vision of Medea, Claudian Harbour Scene or Heidelberg, but the same could be said of Rembrandt's eyesore Belshazzar's Feast which contains all the faults of Turner's Hero and Leander. But Turner gave us his painting of The Fighting Temeraire towed to her last berth and in that magnificent presentation of all the romantic idealism, the myth and the dreams of an age of heroes and the death of kings Turner has earned his right to be acclaimed as a major painter, but genius, no, my masters. When Turner paints his watercolours we have the same effect in miniature but this is the hand of the disciplined craftsman-artist and we have beautiful vignettes no bigger than the palm of the painter's hand and in the great English painting tradition. Yet of all the work on display (the Fighting Temeraire still hangs in the National Gallery, for their boardroom freedom fighters 'pay as you enter' have refused to loan it to the R.A.) I would be happy to accept, as a bribe, Turner's Interior of a Prison 18 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 27 inches and executed in pencil and wash. It is based on the Carcere Obscura of Gio. Piranesi (Plate no. 2 in Prima Parte di Architettura e Prospettive inventate ed incise da Gio. Piranesi, 1743), but in place of Piranesi's monumental vaults of his Carceri d'Invenzione wherein man crawls in and out of the black shadows like unto tiny expendable vermin, Turner gives an interior of soft shadows and of a monastic calm wherein man though confined could retain his human dignity, offering in place of Piranesi's defence of ancient Rome a confirmation of Winckelmann's defence of ancient Greece. And that, my comrade, was what the great debate of 1760 was about and in 1768 Winckelmann was murdered and in 1818 Turner made his mark and unwittingly maybe his stand. But I have fought valiantly for my one scotch egg and four whiskys and with a tender leer in the direction of the beautiful Griselda Hamilton-Baillie I write off J. M. W. Turner's 200th birthday party at the Royal Academy.

This is the beginning of the wheeler-dealer season in the art world for after the late summer when they tell me the Town is empty, the major exhibitions are being processed and the Bond Street galleries are lining up their contracted talent for the kill moneywise. At the Hayward there is no wine but the last years of Paul Klee. The mausoleum gallery on the wrong side of the river kills Klee's intimate little watercolours, and though in the last years for reasons of physical infirmity the artist worked on a greater scale they proved to be of little value. Klee's reputation is already in decline, for his pretty little postcard sized abstracts overworked with a gentle graffito of fine pen lines are strictly period and the fashion of the hour is for gay brutality all muscle and thin washes and Klee's final work will not stand the test of time. But what fetches the Town and his frau to the Hayward is the 1650 to 1850 exhibition of British sporting paintings, so sucking our straw we gaze at horse after horse frozen in permanent canter, admire the perennial blue sky and the sheen of the horses' coats. It is interesting to view the work of Herring predating the press photograph, for he placed his central figure among a group intent on other business and in doing so his fine paintings become social documents. I once mounted a stationary horse and fell off the other side so my interest in the four-legged is purely sentimental, but for those hipped on Mr. sponge, Jorrocks and Pickwick at Dingly Dell it is riding breeches, whip, the hunting horn, a 50 pence admission ticket and death to the RSPCA.

At the Serpentine Galley behind the Peter Pan statue is the exhibition of "Art as Thought Process", and Michael Compton has organised an exhibition of minor artists "to show various ways in which specific processes of thought are developed by certain artists in order to produce works of art" which reads to me like special pleading for paintings that cannot make it on their own merit, and I can do no more than to again quote, out of context, the handout "...

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PORTUGAL TODAY

WHEN I LEFT Lima on way way to Europe, I hadn't the faintest idea of stopping in Portugal. In the half-doze that is always inducted by air travel I heard the hostess announce that in fifteen minutes we would be setting down in Lisbon for refuelling, before going on to Paris. Lisbon, a city only now emerging from the long subjugation by the Salazar dictatorship. I remembered that in fact I had written the address of the revived Portuguese anarchist movement into my address book before I left home, with the stray thought that perhaps I might try to visit them. I sat bolt upright and asked the Air France stewardess whether it would be possible for me to get off and spend a couple of days in Lisbon before I went on to Paris. When she assured me that there would be no problem (except for the fact that my baggage couldn't be taken off the plane in Lisbon), I suddenly felt elated. The time I had just spent in Peru, in fact, had left me rather depressed. The poverty, ill-health, that seemed pervasive, the mind-domineering presence of the ubiquitous military parading in twos and threes through the streets with burp-guns slung over their shoulders, had indeed taken a toll of my spirits. The thought of Portugal just released from the yoke of the same kind of tyranny buoyed me up.

In fact, the ride into the centre of the city from the airport had a really salubrious effect on my spirits. Political slogans and posters were all over. Slogans and spraypainted calls for meetings and demonstrations adorned the walls of every building. I was struck by a sense of vitality and energy in the way people moved and talked and gesticulated. On first impression I felt as though I was looking at a people that had just been freed from an enormous load. Of course I realized too, that my feelings were completely subjective and reflected more than anything my gladness about the change from the dreariness of Lima, whose poverty, dirt and hopelessness was so oppressive to me. I found a cheap pension and spent the first days reading the local papers, the political slogans on the walls, and staring back at the goggle-eyed fish that stared at you from every restaurant window.

The next morning, I managed to find the car-line that wound itself up the hill behind the centre of Lisbon to the address of the Portuguese Libertarian federation. Outside the front door of what seemed to be a multistoried dwelling, there was posted a copy of A BATALHA, which on its masthead announced that it was the "Antigo órgao da Confederaçao Geral do Trabalho". On the second floor there was an announcement that the office was open every day from 11:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. for discussion of the articles that were appearing in the paper. Since it was still early in the morning the door was locked, and only after some persistent pounding on my part was it finally opened. The aged man who opened the door for me spoke only Portuguese, which, sadly, to my ears sounds like a rough mixture of Spanish and Polish, and which I find entirely undecipherable when spoken. Not that I'm much of a linguist anyway, having but a smattering of Spanish and French to use with people who don't speak

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the red scare stories, has not been fully explained anywhere and would have made another valuable chapter in Hoch's book.

CENSORSHIP

As long as papers (and radio and TV) plug the line of governments and big business those of us who work in the stright media are clearly compromising ourselves. And not least in the matter of 'censorship'. Not the censorship that newspaper editors are complaining about -- it's rare for either a journalist or a print worker actually to prevent the publication of something they object to. The censorship we are familiar with is self-censorship. If we want to keep our jobs, and most of us do, we adjust our work to what we know is acceptable, and save our bosses the trouble of doing it for us. This process is commonplace in TV, radio and newspapers.

Meanwhile, there are two lines of action we should pursue simultaneously. One is to fight, through strong unions, for more control in the running and content of our jobs, and the other is to give what support we can to ensure that independent socialist papers continue to be published.

J. E.

any English. In my faltering Spanish I informed the old comrade (later I was told that he had only recently been released from an African prison camp after 35 years of incarceration) that I was a comrade from the United States, passing through, and that I would like to talk to the comrades about what was happening in Portugal since the end of the dictatorship. He rabbed me by the hand and bade me follow him into the other room where, he told me, there were some Spanish comrades. In the kitchen, just getting some breakfast together, were three young, beautiful people, who made me welcome, offering to share the the breakfast that they were making. We started talking (I, in the weird mixture of Spanish and French that I'd been using in the non-English speaking countries) and they speaking Spanish, with the young woman filling in, in French, when my Spanish was stymied.

What they told me was that in the days before the dictatorship, the anarchist movement in Portugal, like the Spanish movement, was probably the most potent workers' movement in the country; with numerous active groups throughout the land and the ability to publish A Batalha as a daily. Also like the Spanish movement, the activities were divided between the anarcho-sindicalist work in the C.G.T. and the work of the F.A.I, with, as in Spain, many comrades working with both groups. With the coming of the Salazar dictatorship the movement was ruthlessly suppressed, many of the comrades ending their days in Portuguese prisons or at forced labour in concentration camps in Africa. So thorough was the repression, that when the dictatorship collapsed there was almost no vestige of the movement left, except for a few old comrades such as the one who had opened the door for me. The most important thing at this time that occurred was, in my estimation, the arrival in Portugal of a group of young Spanish comrades who crossed the border from Franco Spain. These earnest and dedicated young people contacted the remains of the Portuguese movement and immediately started to gain some adherents from the young Portuguese they came in contact with. At this time, an old comrade left the movement a fine flat to be used for the movement's activities. Large, light, rambling, six rooms or more - for I never did get upstairs where there seemed to be additional work space and perhaps sleeping space. A large kitchen which opened out into an enormous garden which the young comrades had cleaned up, and in fact had planted with vegetables. I got the impression that their economic relationship was more or less communal with everybody sharing in the work and the food and activities.

The collapse of the dictatorship had left a political vacuum, into which all the political forces in Portugal were attempting to rush. The comrades told me that despite the seeming size and power of the Communist and Socialist parties, as evinced by the enormous number of political posters all over the city, in fact both groups were rather insignificant politically, and all that the posters signified was the enormous amount of money being poured into Portugal by their respective internationals. They had no illusions about their own ability at this time to counter this activity, for they are only a small group with almost no funds, and few workers. The attempt to restart the publication of the old CGT paper, A Batalha was a twofold attempt: one to try to rebuild the anarcho-sindicalist movement, which in the past had great respect and influence in Portugal; the other, the immediate need to offset the efforts of the Communists and Socialists to "politicalize" the workes' movement in Portugal. In one of the rooms they showed me their efforts to establish an international anarchist library. They were building bookshelves, and cases and reading tables. They were hoping to provide an information centre for anarchist ideas for what they hoped and believed would be a vital and growing movement. Sadly, at this time they had only a handful of books.

When I finally took leave of them I promised to help them reach some of the other anarchist groups and comrades that I had contact with and appeal for help for them. Not only for money, which of course they need desperately, but also for copies of anarchist works, which in many cases are sitting around on people's shelves not having been used for years. They want books in any languages, especially in the romance tongues. I parted from these earnest young comrades convinced that if hard work and dedication would revive a movement that had been so ruthlessly suppressed, these young people could do it.

If anyone reading this report can help them in their efforts, their address is:

Movimiento Libertario Portugues,
Rua Angelina Vidal, 17-2^o-E, LISBOA 1, Portugal.

David Koven

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS?

POOR MEN'S GUARDIANS, by Stanley Harrison. (Lawrence & Wishart, £1.95)
THE NEWSPAPER GAME, by Paul Hoch. (Calder & Boyers, £3.95)

ON 5 DECEMBER the Evening Standard printed a Jak cartoon. It showed Employment Secretary Michael Foot as Goebbels addressing massed ranks of journalists who are giving the Nazi salute. The caption reads: "We haf ways of making editors join the union". The publication of such an offensive cartoon is a simple example of the exercise of editorial prerogative. Yet the current dispute of provincial journalists - which coincided with speculation about the possible introduction of a closed shop for journalists - has produced a spate of self-righteous articles by newspaper editors bleating about 'freedom', 'democracy' and 'censorship'. Few papers have even reported the NUJ dispute accurately. Very few have given any space for journalists to put their case, and when they did it's usually tucked away in the letters column. The Observer however generously gave Neal Ascherson (a staff writer) space on their leader page on 1st December. He indicated what the 'freedom' issue is really about:

"... 'access to the public prints' does not mean merely the editor's right to commission contributions. It also means the reasonable possibility for the citizen to find minority views expressed, and with his fellows, to start fresh newspapers if he is dissatisfied with the existing ones."

Now any socialist, anarchist or otherwise, knows that it is not reasonable to expect to see much in the way of minority views in the British press. As for starting your own newspapers, that's impossible if anything remotely comparable to existing Fleet Street papers is meant. Ascherson didn't examine the question of how the press could be fundamentally changed, nor did he acknowledge that the alternatives are usually in addition to the established papers, and not a substitute for them.

WE NEED NEWS
AS WELL AS VIEWS

Thus, the real alternative to a national, capitalist daily is a socialist daily. (A weekly paper, however good, cannot perform the same function.) At the moment we have two socialist dailies in this country, the

Morning Star and the Workers Press, which calls itself 'The world's first Trotskyist daily' and recently celebrated five years of publication. Layout is very good but its content is relentlessly authoritarian, paranoid, and, most unforgivable, devoid of humour. If we aren't allowed to laugh in a socialist society then I'll settle for social democracy and Private Eye any day.

The merit of the Morning Star is that it carries factual reports of strikes, etc. which you won't find in any other daily. That's a good enough reason for its continued publication. But it can hardly claim, as it does, to be 'a people's paper' as long as it follows the CP line so slavishly. Personally I would rather read the Daily

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Telegraph than either of these, simply because the financial resources of a Left paper don't stretch to the sort of detailed news coverage a Fleet Street paper can provide. Another good, if ironical, reason for reading a capitalist paper is the mind-sharpening stimulus involved in unravelling its distortions, bias and hypocrisy.

NO FREEDOM

Straight papers survive because a large proportion of their costs is paid for by advertisements, and because, increasingly, they are part of huge conglomerates where losses on papers can be absorbed elsewhere in the business. Left papers survive because their readers pay something like the real cost of producing the paper, through revolving press funds and voluntary street-sellers. The hazards are not only financial; political pressures can and frequently do wreck papers. The Morning Star has had its share of those, especially during the last war. The heroic struggles of the paper and its predecessor the Daily Worker are glowingly described in Poor Men's Guardians. The greater part of this book, whose author has worked on the Worker/Star since 1951, consists of a useful if over-selective history of radical papers since the 18th century. Needless to say, FREEDOM is not mentioned, Nor are Arbeiterfreund, Freiheit, The Anarchist or Anarchy. Only one suffra-

gette paper is referred to although there were at least a dozen. The bias predictably extends to Trotskyist papers which are curtly dismissed as 'divisive'.

PURITY

Harrison's account of the Daily Worker's tribulations exudes the "almost self-congratulatory 'underdoggedness'" which Claud Cockburn, the paper's most distinguished ex-employee, has criticised, along with the assumption that "having to work by candlelight was a certificate of political purity". But worse is to come. For Harrison to suggest that the Morning Star (born 1966) was to be 'a forum and platform for all the growing left forces' is really going a bit far. To mention the Star in the same breath as Tribune and Labour Weekly is an indication of how limited his horizons are, politically and journalistically.

Paul Hoch's book The Newspaper Game is less doctrinaire, but is unfortunately written in that turgid style favoured by left-wing American academics. The book is heavily sprinkled with words like 'Orwellian', 'brainwashing' and 'utopian'. The print is tiny, there's no index, it doesn't seem to have been proof-read, it's full of inaccuracies (e.g. he says Northcliffe started the Daily Mail with £1500; according to Wickham Steed's 1938 book The Press, it was £15,000, which sounds more likely. Also Hoch keeps on referring to the Manchester Guardian). Above all it's absurdly expensive at nearly £4.

FIFTH COLUMNISTS

Hoch's reactions are sometimes naive. He is astonished that Karl Marx could write for a straight American paper, and suggests such a thing is unthinkable in the 20th century. Not so. Some 40 years ago Claud Cockburn managed the leap from the Times to the Daily Worker; indeed he found them strangely similar institutions. While on the Worker he was also London correspondent of the American big business magazine, Fortune. A current example is the Guardian's Business Editor who is also a dedicated IS man. There are other examples of radical journalists working in such apparently unlikely places as the City Office of the Daily Express.

Many of Hoch's case histories of the press have been documented elsewhere. But they bear repetition. From the Abdication, through appeasement,

Munich, McCarthy to Vietnam and Profumo it's an appalling and shameful record. But it's by no means an exhaustive one. For instance there is no mention of the Lambton affair, which Hoch could usefully have compared with Profumo to demonstrate that 1) we don't live in a permissive society but an absurdly repressive one, which is daily reinforced by our allegedly free press; and 2) that newspaper 'ethics' have arguably deteriorated in the ten years since Profumo (a period which included the arrival here of Mr. Rupert Murdoch and his own peculiar ethics).

There is no mention of the Poulson affair which Private Eye ran for nearly two years before the bankruptcy hearings early in 1972 forced the press to take notice. (It was a pleasure to observe, in a TV discussion some months ago, the discomfiture of Sunday Times editor Harold Evans, when Eye editor Richard Ingrams

asked why Evans' great investigative paper had not managed to crack the story. The question was not answered.)

LEAKS

Again on the question of governments blatantly using the press for their own devious ends, there are numerous examples both old and new. The Suez crisis for example. The sort of thing that went on was described by Michael Foot writing in the Daily Herald in September 1956:

"Nasser nationalised the canal on July 26. Within a matter of hours the Times was proposing that force was the proper answer.

"By August 1st that newspaper was lamenting that 'it might have been better to have had a foot in the door first'.

"It is conceivable that the editor of the Times had no consultation with the Foreign Office during that period, But few will believe it."

And most of the other papers followed suit, taking their cues from the F.O. or 10 Downing Street:

"Whenever the hopes of a peaceful settlement arose, the same rigorous insistence on Britain's readiness to use force percolated down Fleet Street."

We can assume that such comings and goings between Fleet Street and Downing Street are commonplace in times of crisis, although there is no way of proving them. There's every reason to believe, for instance, that at the beginning of this year Heath got Times editor Rees-Mogg along to No. 10 and objected that the paper wasn't giving the government the sort of support it wanted in its confrontation with the miners. In fact the whole story of how the press treated the fuel crisis and the 3-day week and played

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THE GUINEA PIGS by John McGuffin, Penguin Special, 1974, 40p

OUR GUINEA PIGS

THE TORTURE chambers of today are indebted to modern scientific research; the rack and the thumbscrew have been replaced by sensory deprivation or interrogation in depth. And the trend, in keeping with most modern trends, is international in character; methods of scientific torture pioneered in Russia are being developed in Britain. The contemporary practitioners of this evil art prefer to leave scars upon the minds of their victims instead of the broken or deformed limbs that were permanent reminders of the handiwork of their predecessors. But in order to perfect their techniques they need to carry out experiments on human guineapigs and volunteers for this role have a limited potential, as even the most enthusiastic will back out once they realise that the purpose of the experiment is to drive them slowly insane. This problem was solved for our latter-day Torquemadas by the introduction of internment in Northern Ireland in August 1971.

Fourteen men, the guineapigs referred to in the title, were specially selected and subjected to a prolonged experiment in psychological torture. For over a week their families were denied knowledge of their whereabouts which is now believed to have been the infamous Palace Barracks, a few miles outside of Belfast. Here the guineapigs were issued with a pair of army overalls several sizes too big for the wearer, an estimate of their weight was taken (scales were not always available); they were pronounced fit, a hood of thick material was placed over their heads, and each was led to a separate room filled with a peculiar hissing sound where they were beaten and forced to lean against a wall with only their fingertips in contact with the surface. They would stand in this position until they collapsed, when circulation was restored by kicking and batoning.

Diet consisted of bread and water forcibly fed, the hood being raised above the mouth level for the purpose and occasionally they felt the cold touch of a stethoscope passed over their chest. At intervals they were dragged into a darkened room where a blinding light was shone in their faces and they were interrogated by their captors, after which they were brought back to the "music room" and the wall. The effects of this treatment are both physical and mental; numbness caused by lack of circulation, weakness owing to the inadequate diet, lack of concentration, severe hallucinations, disintegration of logical thought patterns and mental disorientation. Not even the psychiatrists themselves can say what the long term effects may be - it was really an experiment you see - but already there is evidence to suggest that these effects may be permanent. Only the guineapigs know what it was like to be subjected to constant noise, hooded, hungry, beaten, interrogated, degraded, urinated over at times, forced at times to urinate and excrete inside the overalls they were wearing.

And at the end of the day, as the facts and figures in this book reveal, the experiment proved worthless as a means of obtaining information - some of the guinea pigs were not even members of the IRA. The experimenters may be analysing the results, wondering what went wrong, going back to the drawing board. One predictable result was that once news of the tortures began to circulate within the Catholic ghettos attitudes towards the army hardened and there was an influx of young recruits into the ranks of the Provisional IRA and not all of them were thugs and bully boys even though the IRA has probably its fair share of people of this type. How does the poem put it?

Bliss was it at that time to be alive,
And to be young was very heaven.

The young recruits were filled with a crusading zeal. They were going to fight and if need be to die in order to free Ireland and to right the wrongs perpetrated upon her people by the British. Such idealistic fervour is part of being young - at least with most of us - and in all fairness it was idealism which motivated most of these youngsters.

Today, we may question the use to which that idealism has been put but it was there all the same. Far less admirable was the slimy opportunism of the pseudo-socialists who became republicans almost overnight in the misguided belief that their central committee (each little sect had its central committee) would play a leading role, though not a dangerous one, in the resistance struggle. They are still chiefs without Indians and they have gained nothing by condemning army harassment of Catholics and ignoring republican intimidation of Catholics. They condemn internment without trial: they condone execution without trial.

Such practices are not in keeping with the traditions of the libertarian left. For us there can be no selective condemnations but we would do well to remember Albert Camus's rejoinder to other opportunists: "...you are prepared to keep silent about one case of terror in order to fight another more effectively. There are some of us who are not prepared to pass over anything in silence".

H. B.

"The authority that commands and the authority that executes are joined like the ends of a chain." - Tolstoy

PRIMATES

A FILM called Primates was recently included in the London Film Festival. Although I had a ticket, I didn't see it; my nerve failing me at the last moment. It was a documentary showing the use of primates in medical research in the United States, and in the final reel "a monkey is calmly butchered alive before the camera". Clearly I had to exercise self-censorship because feeling as deeply as I do about such things it would have been a distressing experience, made doubly worse by one's awareness that one can do so little to stop such atrocities. The vast majority support them.

If ever there was an area in which mankind had a blind spot, it is in his relationship towards animals. How significant it is that the French word for beast, "bête", should also mean "stupid". But, if the other creatures on earth can not look to anarchists to free them from their enslavement, who will help them?

It is a little known fact that Queen Victoria was an ardent anti-vivisectionist, and it was largely to keep her happy that her ministers put some curbs on vivisectionists' excesses in Britain. Lesbians and animals at least, both have something to thank her for. One assumes that her thinking on this matter was that of an orthodox Christian, seeing needless cruelty and suffering as an affront to her Lord and Maker who, regardless of how ignored it has become, was quite specific on such matters. As atheists however, and with our awareness of evolution and our biological links with the animal world, the "problem" of animals is not one that we can go on ignoring forever.

It is precisely this "them" and "us" mentality that is so deadly dangerous for non-human creatures, and at certain

ARTHUR MOYSE continued from page 3

where those who tend to find modern art empty and unattractive... -- for after the fiasco of "British Art '74" at the Hayward one would have thought that the mild and pretty abstracts would have left well alone. The Redfern has wisely offered the mild and conservative works of Dubuffet, Nicholson and Tapies with their marriage of abstract and realism, and Gimpel Fils are offering everything from Eskimo to Pre-Columbian art plus the decorative patterns of the late Scottie Wilson and one wonders what that tough little Geordie boy would have thought of his strange wall companions, but with Helen Frankenthaler at the Waddington with her fashionable essays in great smears of sober colours, and John Furnival's enjoyable penmanship on screen and panel at the newly-opened Thumb Gallery (20 d'Arblay St., W. 1.) it was up the wooden stairs to Angela Flowers Gallery past the fruit and veg, at 3 Portland Mews to drink her wine and view the mass ranks of 'small is beautiful'. For she has lined the Town's talent, artwise in alphabetical order to fill her gallery walls for the Christmas trade, and they range from Peter Blake, Patric Hughes and Hockney to John Wells, and this must be the greatest minor major exhibition of your living, breathing talent outside the Tate Gallery, and all for a price.

After James Rosenquist at the Mayor Gallery in the slightly dated Coca Cola American style of street poster paintint one must journey to the National Portrait Gallery to view their exhibition of Victorian photographs of an alien people so sure of themselves and then view the drawings of Alvaro Guevara at Colnaghi's of Bond street, for his tortured puzzled lines are a purgative for any belief in the Victorian false dawn. And then to view the work of Bruce Nauman and the sly abstract lines of John Blake, for any dealer that offer an address for an off-Bond street gallery as 10 Haunch of Venison Yard deserves success.

Arthur Moyse.

times in history it is this same attitude that has made life so perilous for certain minority members of the human race. A brutal truth about the Confederate States of America prior to the Civil War was that they regarded black people with much the same attitude as you perhaps had for that stray dog or cat that you passed on your way home from work today. You wouldn't go out of your way to harm it, but then you'd perhaps neither feel any compulsion to care for it. Many people thknk nothing of imposing a death sentence on an animal even if it is only mildly self-defensive or aggressive.

Normally quite intelligent people say how they are at a loss to even imagine just how half-heartedly and averagely committed Germans could show similar indifference to the plight of Jews and other non-Aryans in Hitler's time, or how American servicemen could slaughter men, women and children in Vietnam, or how IRA fanatics could calmly plant bombs in Birmingham public houses. In each case it is a lack of imagination and in that respect, it is only a matter of degree since all of us daily condone atrocity, brutality and outrage against life itself.

The "brute beast" within us masquerades at various times as a virtue, courageousness, or even, virility, when in fact it is none of these things; it is merely a naked display of power by the strong over those who do not have sufficient intelligence to defend themselves. It is rumoured (although I suspect it is one of those psychopathic fantasies given currency by The Festival of Light in order to frighten people into accepting a need for censorship), that a gang of drug-influenced people in California abducted a girl to a deserted beach, tortured and then beheaded her, recording these events on film. As hideous as this outrage is (if it is true), surely the difference between this and the final part of Primates is only one of evolutionary degree. Since all informed and progressive scientific opinion of two hundred years ago would have confirmed (without malice) that black people were as inferior to whites as we now regard this primate, those who worship the infallibility of science would have had every argument for calling those of us who would have been outraged at such treatment of a black person, "cranky sentimentalists".

But it is not we who are anti-vivisectionists who are "sentimentalists", but those who support the continuance of this barbarism, for they in effect see themselves as "gods" who have total and complete rights over other forms of life, and who deny these less-evolved the chance that we once had to come down from the trees into the realm of non-instinctive and thoughtful behaviour. As Bernard Shaw reminded us, we may not be evolution's last word, and the establishment of an anarchist society may yet be the task of a more worthy species. One sometimes wonders if people do in fact share our thirst for freedom and liberty when they seem to draw such comfort and warmth from their chains and blinkers, but at least we have choice in the matter, and catch glimpses, if not actual moments, of freedom.

Animals rarely have such a chance, and if we are superior to them (as we know we are), what arguments could we put if a still yet superior human species came from outer space and proceeded to deal with us as we do with primates? A fantasy perhaps, but no worse than the human fantasy of absolute and total power that the human animal continues to exercise over all other life forms on earth. As anarchists we believe that our own freedom ends where the next man's begins, but have we drawn this line finely enough? Is it not in the interest of our own personal liberation to extend this to include other life forms? surely we will demonstrate our superiority when we realise that freedom must extend to embrace all forms of life, if only for the reason that they are inferior to us.

David Godin.

FREEDOM PRESS

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LETTER

DON'T SIT BACK

Dear Friends,

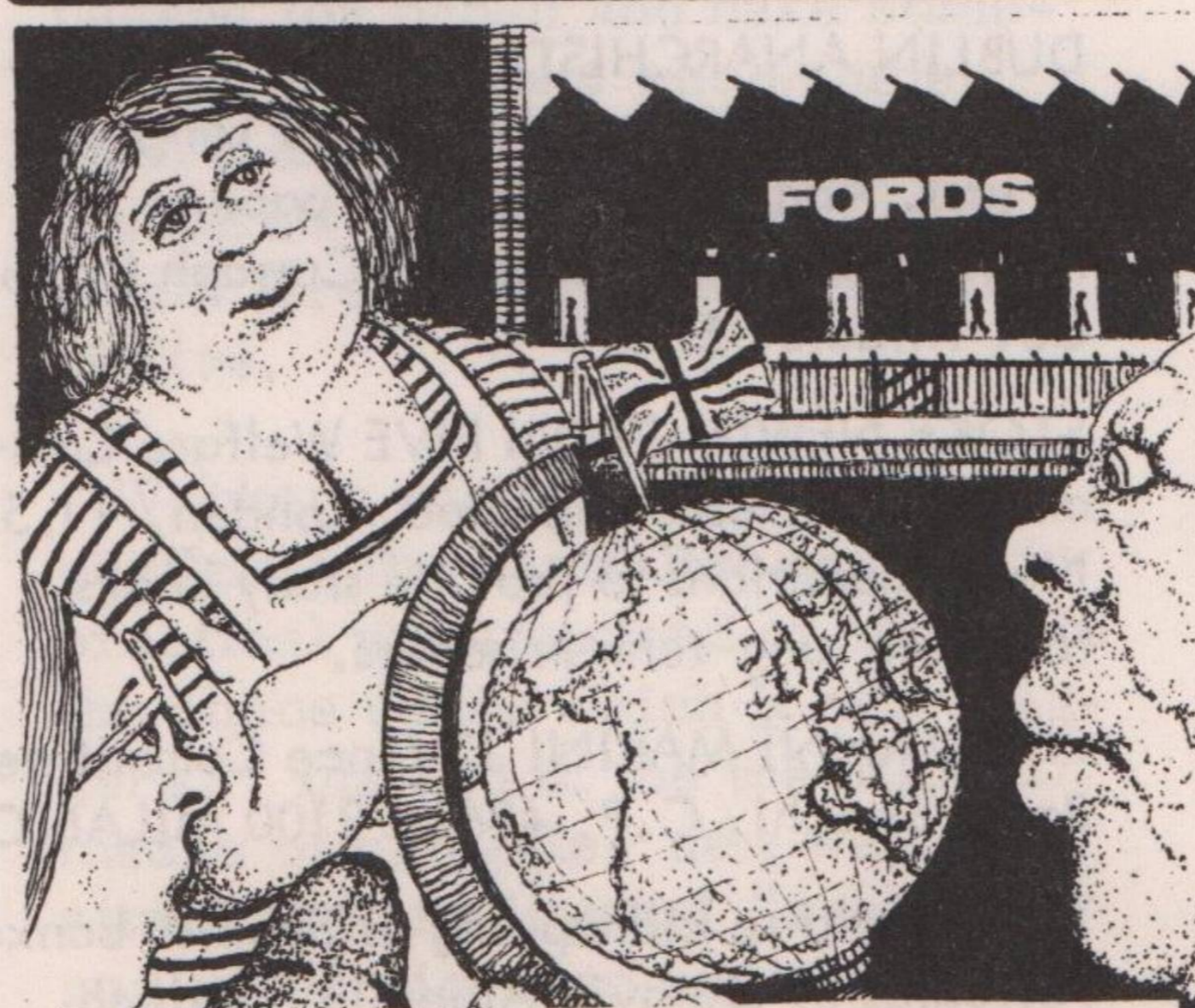
Everybody, whatever their political views, must be horrified at the senseless slaughter of innocent human beings in Birmingham. It is callous and vindictive and will certainly not help the cause of Irish freedom.

However, whilst condemning the actions of these faceless murderers, and extending every possible sympathy to the people of that city, one must remember that innocent people have also been murdered over the last five years in Belfast - some by the ITA, some by the UDA - and some by British troops; and many of the people murdered were minding their own business and enjoying themselves just as the people of Birmingham were.

Instead of planning retaliatory activity as some appear already to have done; the people of the Midlands should be asking themselves why this has happened. Why the IRA are still in existence after 58 years and getting stronger. Why they have so much support both north and south of the border and are a constant challenge to the British troops. This is not to support or condone their action in any way but simply to ask the question 'Why?'. As FREEDOM readers know only too well -- find the answer to the last question and we may be able to work out the solution.

In the meantime we must campaign vigorously against the re-introduction of capital punishment and the repressive measures that have already been introduced. Once these infringements on our freedom are established, they will become permanent. We cannot sit back and allow this to happen. I should like to know if there are other people who are willing to join in vigorous protest action.

Yours fraternally,
Douglas Kepper



"Mummy - why does Daddy spend all day searching the map of the world?"
-- "He's trying to find Detroit."
"Why?"
-- "Because that's where the men live who sacked him."

IN BRIEF

ONE MAN was arrested after about 100 demonstrators clashed with police outside the offices of Prebble & Co., Estate Agents, in Islington, London on Saturday. The offices are picketed every Saturday to protest against the firm's policy of evicting families in order to convert houses.

† † † †

According to the Guardian's Michael White, the Socialist Worker's printing subsidiary, S.W. Litho, refused to repay "Up Against the Law" a £300 deposit paid for printing 10,000 copies of their publication which S.W. Litho pulped for fear of libel. The offending edition was taken to a 'capitalist' firm who printed it without alteration. Compendium bookshop (Camden) have refused to stock IS material until UPAL gets its money back.

* * * *

The Wall Street Journal quotes Kenneth Donelson, a professor at Arizona State University, that the "all-time favourite golden oldie book banning list includes Salinger's Catcher in the Rye, Steinbeck's Grapes of Wrath, Kurt Vonnegut's Slaughter House Five, and Flowers for Algernon by Daniel Keyes (filmed as "Charlie"). Books banned in the past include Jonathan Livingston Seagull (for overtones of reincarnation), George Eliot's Silas Marner (because "you can't tell what that old man is doing with that child between the chapters") and Moby Dick (because it contains implied homosexuality). Even, says Professor Donelson, the Girl Scout handbook was attacked during the 1950s for being un-American. Ironically, other favourite banning and burning targets are Aldous Huxley's Brave New World, George Orwell's 1984 and Ray Bradbury's Fahrenheit 451.

Computer Digest reports that Professor Donald Michie was asked by the British army if a robot could be constructed for use in bomb-disposal work. The answer was yes and it would cost £100,000 to do so. The army's reply was "At £100,000 it's cheaper to send in a man."

Sancho Panza.

PRESS FUND

Contributions 28 Nov. - 4 Dec.

VANCOUVER: G.W. £2.25; GLASGOW: A.J. 22p; ANON: 54p; WOLVERHAMPTON: J.K.W. 10p; J.L. 50p; WORTHING: R.P. 22p; LLANTRISANT: P.S. 50p; BIRMINGHAM: M.D. & B.H. 50p.

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B. W. N. I. C. Defence Group, Box 69, c/o 197 Kings X Road WC1 (phone 01-837 9795 afternoons only) OPEN MEETING Friday 13 December 8 p.m. at P. P. U. 6 Endsleigh Street, London WC1 (Tube Russell Square).

The London PN Working group needs to raise money for a pilot issue leading towards publication of a weekly transnational newspaper. Funds are quickly needed for this work. Please make out cheques etc. to the London PN Working Group and send to the Treasurer: Myrtle Solomon, 6 Apollo Place, London S.W.10.

Sunday 15 Dec. Defend the (BWNIC)14 Meeting at Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. WC1 1.45 p.m. Admission 25p (proceeds to Defence group)



Anarcho-Syndicalist Fortnightly.

No. 4 from Freedom Bookshop 10p + 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ p Money is urgently needed to cover costs of printing & distributing the first five issues (55,000 copies each) of this, the only anarchist paper in Portugal. Please send (in any currency) direct to Cooperativa Editora A BATALHA, Rua Angelina Vidal 17-2 -E. LISBOA I, Portugal.

Alex Comfort's Authority and Delinquency in the Modern State - copy sought for a comrade in Sweden. Please offer to Pat Thorne, Garden Flat, 22 Hampton Road, Redland, Bristol BS6 6HL.

UNITY THEATRE's Xmas Show COMMON WILL AGAINST THE GIANTS will open Boxing Day. Details from 01-387 8647.

A THERAPEUTIC COMMUNITY is very much in need of more people to live and help in the community. Please phone 01-677 1811 or write Gordon Phillips c/o Moonfleet Bookshop, 39 Clapham Park Rd London S.W.4.

CORBY ANARCHISTS. For activities write 7 Cresswell Walk, Corby, Northants

COVENTRY. Peter Come, c/o Union of Students, Warwick University, Coventry CV4 7AL

MANCHESTER SWF weekly meetings. Enquire Secretary, c/o Grass Roots, 178 Oxford Rd., Manchester 13

PORTSMOUTH group: write Rob Atkinson 29 Havelock Road, Southsea, Portsmouth.

Some London anarchists meet socially at Duke of York pub, 47 Rathbone Street London W.1. on Sundays at 7.30 p.m.

INTERNATIONAL LIBERTARIAN CENTRE/CENTRO IBERICO. Sats. & Suns from 7.30 p.m. Disco, refreshments etc. 83A Haverstock Hill, London NW3 (entrance Steele's Rd. 2nd door) Tube Chalk Fm/Belsize Pk.

DIRECT ACTION No. 4 out now. Publication of the Syndicalist Workers Federation. 5p + 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ p from c/o Grass Roots, 178 Oxford Rd. Manchester 13 or Freedom Bookshop.

Judge Not...

creasing everywhere and are going unpunished. . . The criminals get away with it. Law-abiding people must support the police - they hold the front line. So long as they [the police] act honourably, judges, lawyers and the public must support them to the uttermost." Lord Denning went on (inevitably) to say that if 'rowdies' demonstrated and were removed there was the 'cat-call of police brutality'. If, said the judge, a coloured man does wrong and is warned or arrested he accuses the police of 'prejudice'. It was, said his lordship, the duty of every responsible newspaper and broadcasting corporation to state the case for the police and not against them. Enough said!

CONTACT

HELP fold and despatch FREEDOM on Thursdays from 2 p.m., followed by get-together with refreshments.

WILDCAT No. 4 out now. 15p + 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ p post from Freedom Bookshop, or sub. £ 2.50 12 issues from Wildcat, Box 999, 197 Kings Cross Road, London WC1. "Wildcat weekend" (Readers meeting 12 noon Sat 14 Dec. at Earl Russell pub Pancras Rd. WC1 (King's X tube). Benefit party 7pm at Art Meeting Place, Earham St. 50p.

HARDY PERENNIAL Walt Whitman Anarchist Calendar 1975. 13p inc. post from Kropotkin's Lighthouse Publications c/o Freedom Bookshop.

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

PRISONERS. PAUL PAWLOWSKI, 219089, H.M. Prison Heathfield Road, London SW18 3HS. Thanks to the comrades who have recently sent a postcard. Keep it up for the next 8 months.

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

STOKE NEWINGTON FIVE Welfare Committee, 54 Harcombe Road, London, N.5. Needs donations to provide study books for these long-term prisoners.

GIOVANNI MARINI Defence Committee, Paolo Braschi, C.P. 4263, 2100 MILANO/

THREE held re kidnapping of Spanish banker Postcards to Octavio Alberola Sunilach, Prison de Fresnes, 1 Av. de la Division Leclerc, 94261 FRESNES, France, and to Ariane Gransac-Sadori and Jane Helen Weir at Prison de Femmes, 9 Av. des Peupliers, 97100 ST. GENEVIEVE DES BOIS, France.

from Page 1

Lord Justice Scarman, who also was in full oratorical flight last week, is a different kettle of fish. In the great liberal tradition he claimed that Parliament had too much power to act in emergency situations. "When times are abnormally alive with fear and prejudice, the common law is at a disadvantage. It cannot resist the will, however frightened and prejudiced it might be, of Parliament." He is embarrassed by the case now before the Human Rights Commission at Strasbourg where Britain is being accused of violation of human rights (by torture-form interrogation) in Northern Ireland. (Lord Justice Scarman presided at an inquiry into the 1969 riots in Northern Ireland - an inquiry, if we are to judge by subsequent history, productive of little result.) His ultimate solution is the provision of a Bill of Rights to protect the citizen.

If these three legal gentlemen have anything in common, besides legal eminence and lack of understanding, it is a belief in the efficacy of law. Lawton (L. J.) has the utter gall to quote the case of William Joyce in his judgement on Pat Arrowsmith. In arguing whether soldiers have an allegiance to the Crown he cited that the Joyce case laid it down that all persons within the protection of the Crown owed allegiance to the Crown. Joyce was in fact a German subject, born in America. His claim to British 'protection' consisted in the fact that he had once falsely applied for a British passport, claiming he was British. This fact hanged him, which was a political necessity and not a legal obligation.

Justice Scarman and Lord Denning should get together some time, for quite obviously Denning has given way to panic and lost his judicial cool. However, Scarman is wildly optimistic in believing that a Bill of Rights would put everything to rights. Have we not a declaration of human rights embodied in the United Nations and are we not infringing that in Ireland, and now, in Great Britain?

And who is to judge the judges? When Lawton makes such judgements as that on Pat Arrowsmith we are forced to the conclusion that law is but organized vengeance no matter how disguised in wigs and robes.

Jack Robinson.

FASHION OF THE TIMES ?

Judges in Poland have changed their robes for the Roman Toga. Shall we now see the Hammer & Sickle taken down and replaced by the Fasces? - Paul Pawlowski