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# inside story

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**Prison secrets:  
Holloway,  
Peterhead,  
Parkhurst –  
& Broadmoor**

**20p**

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cover story

# British Prisons: by the men and women inside

Prisoners are deliberately isolated from the outside world.

After conviction you get just one visit of 30 minutes a month; letters are restricted and censored: the last subject you are allowed to mention is prison conditions.

In this issue we publish the first part of a description of the Parkhurst punishment cells by Tony Blyth, who is now in Gartree; a letter from a long-term prisoner in Peterhead about beatings there after last year's demonstrations and a recent account of the Holloway prison hospital. So far women prisoners have not combined to resist their oppression: in sending Anna Mendelson and Hilary Creek to Holloway for 10 years the state may have given itself some trouble. Photos of Anna and Hilary: Chris Davies, Report.



# Holloway

I am a pregnant woman on remand in Holloway. I am one of the lucky ones to have managed to keep my baby and not miscarry through all the VD tests given in the clinic.

Outside in your first weeks of pregnancy a doctor would think twice about giving you an internal but in here they think nothing of calling you down to the clinic and poking every instrument in the place up you till eventually you start bleeding which always ends in a miscarriage.

Last year I was in here on remand, again I was pregnant. I was remanded for three weeks on a medical report which consisted of psychiatric and social reports of which I had none. I admit I saw a probation officer who told me she could not help me. Everyday I was called down to the VD clinic but refused to have it, so when I went back to court I got six months for failing to cooperate with a medical report.

When I was arrested this year a good friend of mine was nicked with me. She was dragged out of bed by the police. At the time she was on the verge of a miscarriage but it made no difference. She was taken to court and put in Holloway on remand. She is now on the hospital wing and she is still losing her baby. When I saw her the other day she was out of her mind with the drugs they had been giving her. It makes me sick to see her. She didn't know what was happening and she was in so much pain. Her husband has done everything to get her bail so she can have the medical treatment she needs.

Also when my friend went to court they brought a sister with us and the sister told the court they had medical facilities in Holloway to deal with girls if they miscarry which is a lie. If you miscarry you are supposed to have a womb scrape. This cannot be done in Holloway. If you do miscarry they don't even send you out to hospital for a womb scrape. All they do is drug you up till you forget about it.

The hospital side of this prison is really bad. When the staff and nurses see a girl is going to smash up they let her smash up and cut herself to pieces before they send someone up to give her something to quieten her down. I was down the

hospital today. There was a pregnant girl down there with her baby's head and shoulders hanging out of her. They said there was nothing they could do until she started bleeding.

When I left this prison last year I attended an outside hospital that treats women from Holloway. They said half the girls that come their stomachs are so messed up and badly infected where they've not been getting proper treatment in here. This can be confirmed with the Royal Northern Hospital. Something should be done for the young kids that they're sending in here before their brains and bodies are messed up all together.

We should have proper medical staff who are not rejects from hospitals that no outside hospital would have. They should have qualified midwives cos none of the nurses know how to deliver babies. Last year I was in the Hospital Wing, a coloured girl was in the next ward to me. She was told by the doctor here she wasn't pregnant, two nights later the girls in that ward delivered a baby for her. One of the girls had her finger on the bell for two hours but none of the medical staff came near.

They say seeing is believing, well I've seen all this and more, and I think it's terrible the way the girls are treated in here. I'm sure animals get better treatment than what we do in Holloway.

# Peterhead

Three prisoners have been beaten up for taking part in the roof-top demonstration in this prison last week. They are all badly bruised and at least one has a black eye. Yet in all reports from the authorities it was stated that the demo was a peaceful one on the prisoners' part. How then did these men come by their injuries as none are charged with assaulting any officers, etc?

The prisoners came down off the roof after being assured by the Chief Officer that no one would be assaulted. After they had all returned to their cells, these three men were removed to the punishment cells and on the way there were beaten.

The three men, along with others, are confined to the punishment block until further notice.



An investigation right now would be welcomed by all the prisoners in the prison, not in three months time when all the bruises have faded.

The whole jail nearly took part in the demo as 125 prisoners staged a sit-in strike in the yard at the same time. But after a few were dragged from the yard the rest went back to their cells.

# Parkhurst

I was sent to Parkhurst in August 1967 as a young prisoner at the age of 20. I was the first and only man ever to be sent to Parkhurst at 20. To go to Parkhurst a man had to be over 21 and already have served a sentence over the age of 21. The average age at Parkhurst when I was sent there was 38-39. Some men were over 60.

I was told by the deputy governor that the Home Office sent me to Parkhurst at 20 as a test case to see how I would respond.

I admit that I was not a model prisoner at Parkhurst and had a number of brushes with the prison warders. I strongly resented being sent to Parkhurst at my age just so as the Home Office could use me as a test case. At Parkhurst there is nothing for a young man, no gymnastics, no gym and only one hour's exercise a day. The rest of the time was spent in the mail bag shop or else in my cell.

A number of times I was put in the punishment cells because I stood up for myself. Because I was the youngest man at Parkhurst the prison warders thought that they could amuse themselves by trying to aggravate and bully me, something which they couldn't do with the older prisoners. I wouldn't stand for this and did everything I could to let the prison warders know that they wouldn't get away with it.

As a result of this I was for ever being charged under Rule 47 Paragraph 14 'Uses any abusive, insolent, threatening or other improper language'. Also Paragraph 15 'Is indecent in language, act or gesture'; Paragraph 18 'Disobeys any lawful order or refuses or neglects to conform to any rule or regulation of the prison'; Paragraph 4 'Commits any assault' (warders).

A few times while I have been on bread and water and solitary confinement I have been charged under Rule 47 Paragraph 7 'Has

in his cell or room or in his possession any unauthorised article, or attempts to obtain such an article.' This unauthorised article was a 'cigarette butt'. For this I lost 14 days remission. The cigarette butt was hidden in my cell and I didn't even know that it was there. But it was my word against that of two or three warders.

Once while I was in the punishment cells two warders set about me to beat me up. Because I defended myself I was charged with assault on a warder. This warder was 6 feet and 18 stone, yet I am 5 feet 8 inches and 11 stone 2½ pounds. For this I was sentenced to 15 days bread and water, 28 days solitary confinement, 28 days loss of all privileges, 28 days loss of pay and 90 days loss of remission.

I was in the punishment cells for three months without seeing another prisoner or being allowed to talk to anyone and I never saw a newspaper. The only time I ever heard another prisoner down in the punishment cells was when I could hear them crying out in pain from the beating the warders were giving them.

I was in the strong box for a while and five warders who work in the punishment cells came in to beat me up. I never had anything on, just my underpants. All my other clothing had been torn off me by the warders. (And there is no heating in the strong box so I had to keep walking to keep warm.)

As the warders came in to beat me up I stood in the corner so they couldn't get behind me or take me from the sides. Just as the warders were going to beat me, the principal warder came running in the strong box and said to the other five: 'Don't do him. He is only 20 years old and if the newspapers find out he has been beaten up there will be murder. Leave him, he is doing 9½ years so we have got plenty of time to fix him before he gets released. And when we fix him we will do it good.' With that the warders went out of the strong box and shut both of the soundproof doors.

But about half an hour later a warder shouted through one of the doors: 'Got some bad news for you, Blyth. We have just had a phone call. Your mother has died.' With this I heard the warder and his mates laughing.

When the warders came with my tea I asked them if it was true about my mother and they said 'You'll find out soon enough, you



flash little bastard.' They then went out and shut both of the strong box soundproof doors.

In the strong box all you are allowed to wear are a pair of old, dirty pajamas. They have no buttons on the jacket or the bottoms. So you have to hold them up with your hand. This way when the warders go to beat you up and you let go of your pajama bottoms they fall round your legs and straightaway the warders have you at a disadvantage.

Anyone who goes into the strong box will never get a clean pair of pajamas. They are always dirty and have blood all over them. And they are wet and smell of urine. The warders themselves urinate over the pajamas just before you are slung in the strong box. The walls and the floor have blood all over them.

In the strong box you never get your bed until about 9 o'clock. Then the warders throw in one dirty canvas mattress and one dirty canvas sheet which is wet with urine. The mattress you have to put on the floor.

It is very hard to sleep in the strong box as the mattress, being on the floor, is stone hard and it is very, very cold. One has to masturbate to keep warm and hope to get tired and drop off to sleep.

But no sooner do you get to sleep than the night warder is kicking your door to wake you up and shouting 'Keep your head and hands on top of the bed so as I can see you.' The night warder does this four or five times a night so as you can't sleep in the strong box.

You can be in the strong box for weeks and not be let out once as the warders do not let you out for exercise or even to go to the toilet. You have to use a little plastic pot. When you have a wash, which you are lucky to get once a day, the warders give you about one inch of water in a plastic bowl. They give you about two minutes to wash and stand and watch you. All the time they are shouting abuse at you.

I always made sure that I never got any soap in my eyes as I wanted to watch the warders all the time.

They never let you shave while you are in the strong box and you never get a bath. After a few days you really start to stink.

**Note:** we will continue this account of life in the punishment cells at Parkhurst in our next issue.

# PROP: the national strike

PROP - Preservation of the Rights of Prisoners - was formed on 12 May 1972. National organiser Dick Pooley explains why: 'I knew that over the years many protests had gone unnoticed by the press - and therefore the public. Men were being punished for trying to press for better treatment... what we did was to co-ordinate many of their strikes which culminated in our 4 August national strike.'

Throughout April there had been sit-downs by remand prisoners in Brixton: PROP soon had links with them. Elsewhere the picture was more confused. At first, says Mike Fitzgerald, the second of PROP's three press officers, 'We didn't really know what was going on. Between 1 April and 24 August there were eight sit-downs in Albany but I personally didn't know anything about them until June.'

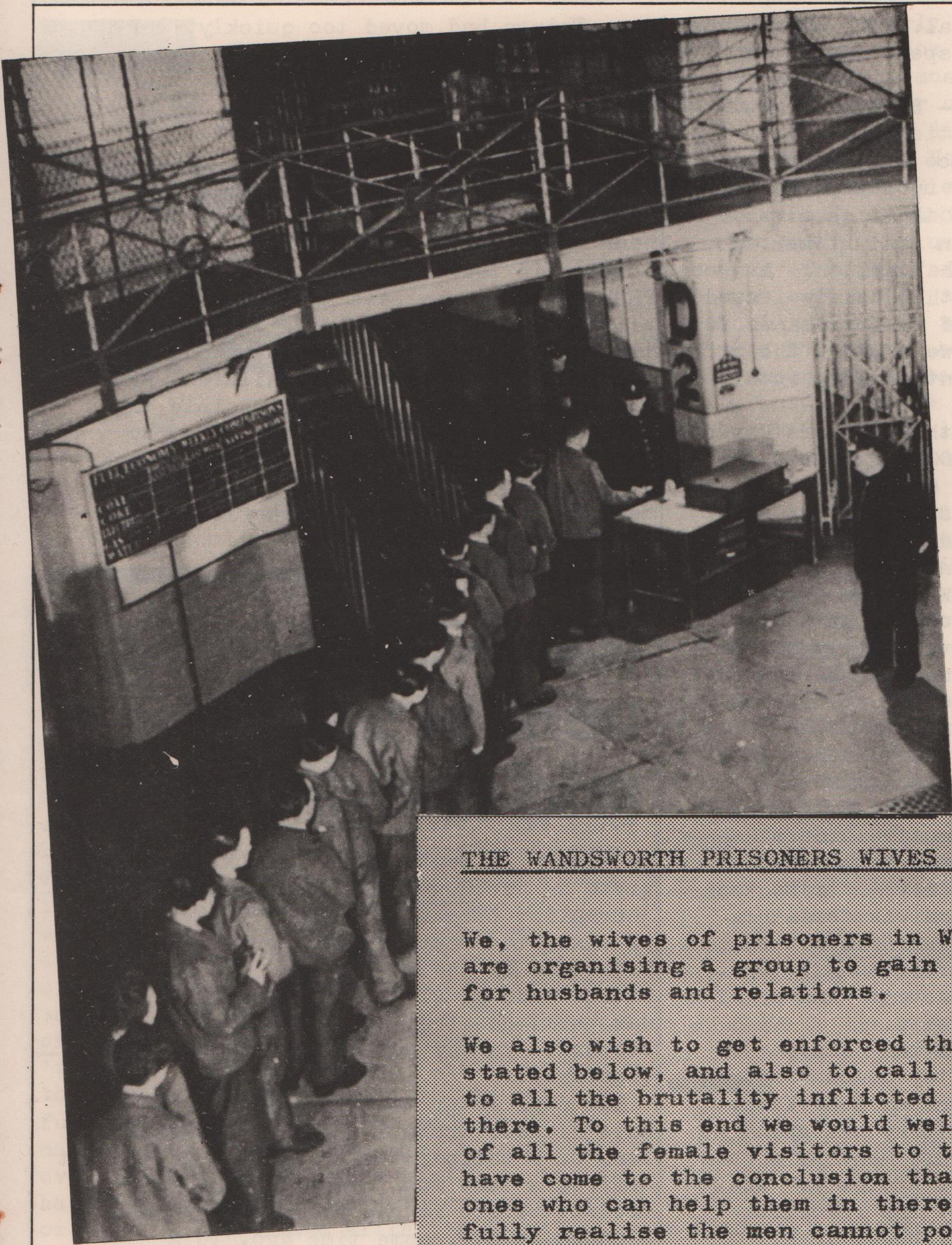
But increasingly PROP was told. 'We'd get a tip-off - there will be a sit-down, please publicise - and we'd make the necessary media noises locally.' And on 23 May PROP threatened that unless the Home Office had agreed to negotiate by mid-July there would be a national prison strike.

By the first week in June there had been passive demonstrations involving 5000 men in prisons all over the country. 'Sometimes an internal thing would spark it off. At Walton (Liverpool) a kid of 17 was beaten up and the whole place sat down: the demands grew from there.'

'Another reason it all spread so quickly was that the Brixton "ringleaders" - who'd been on remand for months - were hurried through the courts and dispersed to different prisons to get rid of them. But their ideas got dispersed too.'

Already in June PROP was warning the Home Office that, although the demonstrations had been peaceful, 'Some members of the prison staff appear to be determined that they shall not remain so.' Dick Pooley wrote to Maudling listing a number of cases of brutality, particularly at Armley (Leeds): 'One prisoner has been brutally assaulted by four prison officers and is





#### THE WANDSWORTH PRISONERS WIVES ACTION GROUP

We, the wives of prisoners in Wandsworth Prison, are organising a group to gain better conditions for husbands and relations.

We also wish to get enforced the reforms, as stated below, and also to call a complete halt to all the brutality inflicted on our men in there. To this end we would welcome the backing of all the female visitors to the prison. We have come to the conclusion that we are the only ones who can help them in there, as you must fully realise the men cannot possibly get the ear of the outside world.

1. Open visits for all prisoners.
2. Fortnightly visits.
3. An especially extended visit to be allowed every three months or so specifically for the discussion of family matters.
4. The right for prisoners to have their own radios. This is allowed in every prison in England except for Wandsworth.

WE NEED ALL THE BACKING WE CAN GET. YOU ARE THE ONLY ONES WHO CAN GET ANYTHING CHANGED, SO PLEASE, PLEASE, GIVE US YOUR SUPPORT.

Wandsworth 1945: a Home Office photograph - and the wives' petition which 900 signed



now in the prison hospital. The attack was so savage that cleaners spent two hours cleaning up the blood.'

Inevitably Wandsworth - Britain's most notorious jail - was mentioned in the letter: 'We have evidence of two brutal assaults by prison staff upon prisoners in D wing at Wandsworth and there is clear evidence of victimisation against men from S1 and S2 workshops at that prison. As you know the men at Wandsworth recently issued a manifesto in support of their demands for improved conditions and we support their demands for an independent enquiry into conditions there.'

In August the Wandsworth Prisoners Wives Action Group collected 900 signatures for a petition, which the Home Office then ignored: the government's policy was clearly to do nothing and hope that the prisoners' rights movement would go away. After the national prison strike on 4 August - the biggest concerted action in prison history: it involved nearly 10,000 in at least 33 prisons, several more than PROP had expected - there was no disciplinary action, except at Wandsworth.

But, as demonstrations continued during August, the prison officers demanded retaliation. On 22 August the Prison Officers Association executive ordered a clampdown inside prison and threatened to strike. (At Gartree a screws' strike was reported and denied: there was certainly one at Dartmoor later which forced the governor to punish passive demonstrators.) There was talk of 'appeasement' and a breaking point being reached.

Next weekend came the Albany riot, followed by days of rooftop demonstrations all over Britain - and one at Long Kesh. PROP hadn't known that Albany was going to happen - and isn't sure how many prisoners took part in this wave of protests. What is known is the extent of the ferocious official action which followed: in all 1,739 prisoners were disciplined, losing up to a year's remission: at Walton one man lost 180 days twice over, for destruction of property' (taking a slate from the roof) and for 'assault' (throwing it).

Also, as the letter from Peterhead illustrates, there were also savage beatings of prisoners: the screws had got what they wanted.

PROP had no effective reply to this repression. Since 4 August, as Mike Fitzgerald says, 'We hadn't known what to

do. Things had moved too quickly.' PROP was expected to forecast when demonstrations would happen and come up with all the other answers, but it was small, weak and inexperienced. There was a bitter, public row over the resignation of Doug Curtis, the original press officer. And when Gartree exploded in November PROP once more hadn't been tipped off.

Later in the year there were signs that PROP would concentrate more on publicising prison conditions - helping prisoners break the wall of secrecy which surrounds the jails. And, whatever its failures, PROP has based its work on the principle that prisoners can win better conditions by their own actions. As a Brixton prisoner wrote of the sit-downs last spring, 'There's been more changes here in the last month than in the past 50 years.'

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## Media: censorship and distortion

On Monday 11 September 1972 Jill Tweedie wrote in her Guardian column: 'One journalist prepared a "Which?" review of prisons, the way they were run, the attitudes of the governors. The Home Office made it clear that if this report was published they would no longer cooperate in any way with the newspaper concerned.'

Two days later the journalist Jonathan Sale himself wrote in Punch: 'Whenever a lens or a ballpoint stir, Prison Department officials must mull over the finished product before it can be released. When I pleaded guilty, some time ago, to a magazine assignment and was sentenced to research into the subject of prisons, I spent several mornings in unrewarding activity.'

The publication which commissioned Jonathan Sale to write this article - and which accepted the Home Office's ruling that it should not be published - was the Sunday Times magazine.

Such clear examples of Home Office censorship are less common than the day-to-day distortions and self-censorship of



the media - always more efficient.

Lord Haliburton of Dirleton who in 1962 spent eight months in prison published last July an account of his experiences called An Epileptic in Jail. He wrote to a number of newspapers including five 'circulating in the Canterbury and Faversham areas, all of which had printed in all its lurid fantasy a full account of my 1962 trial'

But the five newspapers declined even to mention the fact that Lord Haliburton had been acquitted at a retrial. 'Nothing was done at the time by any newspaper to put the record straight; and now that they have been offered another chance, they have - by a refusal of some of them even to reply to an invitation to send them a review copy of my jail memoirs - quite clearly gone out of their way to keep me branded as a convicted criminal.'

Since July two of the five 'have had the sportsmanship to ask for a review copy. No reply has been received from the Kent Messenger, Kentish Gazette or Kentish Observer.'

The Wandsworth Prisoners Wives Action Group were filmed outside the prison last August. Explaining why the material was not used an ITN man told one of the group, Mrs Rene Barry, 'We wanted to use the film but there were too many PROP banners in the background. PROP has had far too much publicity.'

Brian Stratton's book Who Guards the Guards? - a vivid personal account of life inside, written two years ago, from which Ink published extracts in 1971 - has been turned down by every publisher who has read it. 'Publishers I have spoken to feel the book is not balanced,' says Brian. 'I am too biassed. Well, I never set out to write a well-balanced book on this subject. It would be impossible for me to do so.'

As it stands the book says more about prison than a dozen academic works written by social workers, sociologists and the rest. Which is why you're not allowed to read it.

But it is the national newspapers which do most to distort what happens inside. Compare, for example, the first press reports of the 1969 Parkhurst riot with what came out at the rioters' trial.

Like the other mass circulation papers the News of the World saw the prisoners as

bloodthirsty savages: 'Suddenly the games room became a battlefield as 50 prisoners charged the guards.' The Sunday Times, by contrast, purported to be coldly factual: 'The seven prison officers on duty were stripped of their hats, belts and batons and - except for one older officer who was spared - beaten up...The toll of the rioting is reported to be: 14 prisoners taken to hospital, none seriously hurt; 18 officers injured, six seriously...'

The Daily Express, as usual, quoted the Prison Officers Association - 'the most vicious, premeditated murderous assault on any prison staff since the infamous Dartmoor mutiny of the 1930s' - while the Sunday Telegraph, as though sensing that the authorities had something to cover up, reported a police officer as saying: 'I am told by the prison doctor that no one suffered serious injuries.'

At the trial in 1970 a different story emerged. The seven hostages taken at the beginning had not been beaten up. The violence had started when prison officers with riot sticks had attacked the barricaded prisoners. The injuries sustained by prison officers had mostly been the kind met with on the rugby field. And after the riot a number of prisoners - notably Francis Fraser - had been savagely beaten with riot sticks.

The Parkhurst medical officer, Dr Brian Cooper told the court that as well as substantial injuries to Fraser, a number of men had been so badly beaten they had needed large numbers of stitches: Martin Frape more than 20, Timothy Noonan 27, Tony Blyth 37 - in all a total of 150 stitches for seven men. He added that because of his concern at the violence suffered by prisoners he had reported on their injuries to the governor and the Home Office.

In his summing-up of the trial the judge said: 'One does not have to look at broken riot sticks to decide that excessive use was made of them that night. The injuries of some prisoners permit no other explanation.'

Of course the judges' comments didn't stop papers like the Daily Sketch renewing their attacks on prisoners. And on 5 August 1970 the Sketch published the following letter from a prison officer: 'On behalf of prison officers may I say how pleased we were to read the Sketch comments on the Parkhurst riot trial and your tribute to the conduct of officers. For



once we saw a national newspaper facing the real, hard facts about prisons. Who dares imagine what the desperate men of Parkhurst would have done if they had managed to break out?' Below are extracts from a recent reply.

Sir

I would like to answer a comment you made about two years ago. I was glancing through an old newspaper when I noticed the comment you made on the Parkhurst riot trial.

I am 13 years old and my uncle, F Fraser, was chiefly concerned. In fact he got the sentence of five years imprisonment for the alleged part he took in the riot. I have often been on prison visits and, judging by the way you treat the prisoners, it comes as no surprise about the riot.

I read the bit where you paid tribute to the officers. This disgusts me. I have seen them and I have never seen a bigger bunch of cowards. My uncle was severely injured due to the cause of six officers at a time attacking him.

My uncle was in a prolonged state of being crippled. Fortunately he is now able to walk. Apart from this he has a fractured nose that even to this day has not been seen to.

Also the part where I quote 'For once we saw a national newspaper facing the real hard facts about prisons.' In fact that is just what they do not do. They will get comments from the SCREWS about what the prisoners are like but never do they interview the prisoners personally.

Let me give you an example of what the papers do not reveal. Take for instance the charge of assault. Would you honestly call taking a screw's hat and wearing it assault?

Yours sincerely

J BRINDLE

Newspaper accounts of prison riots are of course based on what the Home Office and prison officers say: the papers tend to publish what they're told. But on 27 November both the Guardian and the Sun published descriptions of the Gartree escape and riot - by the prisoners themselves.

The Guardian proudly announced on its front page: 'Prisoners inside the jail telephoned direct to the Guardian last night to say that they had occupied the welfare office in B wing.' This was a bit

misleading: in fact the Guardian phoned the prisoners after receiving a message via two intermediaries.

But the account provided a rare glimpse of what actually happens in a prison 'riot': 'The screws came wading in, beating everyone in sight. They let the dogs loose and many men have bites on their arms and legs. Freddie Sewell was one of those who tried to get out and they smashed him to a pulp. His face is a terrible mess....'

The prisoners also explained that the prison officers had provoked trouble after the summer by 'running everything by the rule book'. And the Guardian added a sentence which supported this argument: 'Last month a number of prison visitors and probation officers working inside jails predicted that major riots were certain to take place at Gartree because of allegedly repressive restrictions after the mainly passive disturbances last summer.'

As an explanation this sounded too convincing to be allowed to stand. Next day the Guardian corrected itself with another front page story which omitted any reference to provocation and brutality and concluded: 'The incident has led to considerable anger among the prison officers at Gartree, who feel that the "soft" treatment of prisoners during disturbances this August had helped to foster the escape attempt.' Which is what they usually say.

Gartree also provided an example of the old newspaper trick of invoking the names of spectacular villains in an attempt to reduce public sympathy for prisoners generally. On 27 November the Telegraph warned its readers that Gartree inmates included 'Francis "Frankie" Fraser, a member of the Richardson gang'. Next day the paper had to admit - though without apology - that Fraser had left Gartree some weeks before.

Last month several papers, including the Observer, included brief references to a sit-down in Durham jail after the death of 20-year-old Henry Whisker in a local hospital. The Observer thought this was worth the grand total of two sentences - it didn't explain that the men sat down because they thought that Whisker's death, from pneumonia, would have been avoided if he had been sent to hospital earlier and not forced to work while ill.



# Norway: how KROM works

The prisoners' revolt is a world wide phenomenon: last August there was a wave of prison strikes in Norway and Sweden. Below are extracts from a letter about KROM, the Norwegian PROP

In Norway, ex-inmates and non-inmates have been co-operating in giving talks about prison life and penal policy in social work colleges, university settings, teachers' colleges, unions, and what have you, in order to present radical views concerning penal policy to audiences that are important in presenting the material and passing the views on to others. Generally, the ex-convict has done most of the speaking, and the non-convict (usually a radical criminologist, a radical lawyer, or something like that) has done some - and the combination has turned out to be quite fruitful.

We now have a small 'staff' of ex-convicts and non-convicts who have gone over the main issues together, and who are prepared to go out giving lectures when requests come in. We try to cover certain types of audiences more systematically than others - for example social workers, who in Norway know next to nothing about these issues and easily land on the opposite side if they aren't prepared.

Ex-inmates and non-inmates have also been responsible for study groups for key audiences - for example teachers of various kinds. Such study groups have met five or six times during a semester, and again the combination of experiences has proved extremely fruitful.

Ex-inmates and non-inmates have co-operated, and relied on each others' experience, in committee work of various kinds in our organisation. We have had a legal committee taking up specific legal issues connected with the prison system. Although the legal committee has primarily consisted of lawyers, it has of course been necessary for them to have continual contact with the inmate members.

Furthermore, we have had a committee, consisting of ex-inmates and others, dealing specifically with the problems of the alcoholic vagrants in Norway (now let out of prison after the repeal of the Vagrancy Act). The committee arranged a rather successful demonstration in the city of Oslo, where the vagrants themselves brought a series of demands to the Minister of Social Affairs. On a particular evening when a film concerning the vagrants' problems was shown on TV, the committee had several stands throughout the city, handing out leaflets and other material (extensively covered by the newspapers). When the authorities kept a group of law students from giving legal aid to the vagrants living in the hostels, the committee got many hundreds of signatures from the vagrants themselves, saying that they wanted the help of the students: the decision was changed accordingly.

We have also had other committees in operation: for example, a committee working on a 'white paper' concerning particular aspects of police behaviour and police power in Norway (again including radical lawyers).

We have had a work group responsible for carefully going through the newspapers and the clippings we receive. Whenever something negative about KROM appears (and it often does), the work group has had as its responsibility to discuss whether a reply is necessary, and - if so - to find someone in the organisation who is willing and has the time to write a reply. This way, we have been able to answer almost everything concerning KROM that has appeared in the papers, as well as to present a great deal of material about KROM - its aims, methods and so on.

We have found it useful to concentrate on a few aspects of penal policy at a time. For example, we have arranged teach-ins in Oslo concerning the youth prison system (borstal), to which we have invited ex-inmates, radical sociologists, as well as representatives of the prison system as speakers. We have always prepared these teach-ins by discussing our arguments and aims ahead of time and by carefully selecting guest speakers. Simultaneously, we have published what we call 'reform papers' on the youth prison system, getting these discussed in the mass media as well. By timing our activities in this way, we have been able to create some impact.



# France: 'the rehabilitation of prisoners is the task of prisoners themselves'

In France political prisoners have made a far bigger contribution to the prison revolt: our Paris correspondent reports

During the Algerian war, nearly all the captured members of the FLN were imprisoned in France. They took their struggle into the prisons.

The FLN prisoners first fought for recognition as political prisoners. Their main weapon was the hunger strike - an effective tactic because of the large numbers of prisoners involved, and the sensitive state of French public opinion on the war. They

also succeeded in gaining the right to hold meetings, through the pretext of holding prisoners' education classes, mostly to learn to read: the right to education for prisoners had not previously existed in France.

Not only did the FLN achieve reforms in prison: they also succeeded in setting up a network, mostly organised through their lawyers, to continue their revolutionary activities from inside. In the period in which a fascist coup was expected at any moment in France, the FLN obviously in fear of their lives, had weapons smuggled into the jails. A liaison of prisoners with the outside world was created, though this network no longer exists.

But the large group of released FLN who still live in France have been active in

Below and right: the riot at Nancy







the recent struggle for prisoners' rights. After the riots at Nancy, for example, in January 1972 they came together as a group to offer their support.

Inside the prisons open rebellion had always been brutally repressed. An attempted revolt at La Sante in 1967 produced an official total of three deaths, and a reasonably sure unofficial estimate of at least 11. Prisoners were beaten down several flights of stairs and then clubbed to death at the bottom. Prisoners involved who were not killed were immediately dispersed about the country to different prisons, a tactic which has been used in every subsequent revolt.

It was the events of May 1968 which gave the largest impetus to the prisoners' movement. At this time, the brutality of the authorities - long familiar to prisoners - became common knowledge and impossible to ignore. The CRS beat people up in the streets everywhere: the official number given for people actually killed by the police is widely recognised to be ridiculously small. It is thought that around a hundred people were killed, mostly in police stations and prisons, though there are no exact figures available.

The large number of 'gauchistes' who were put into prison increased the flow of information to prisons: before early 1971 prisoners in France were not allowed newspapers, and the vast majority did not get to hear radio or TV news either.

After May 1968, the left groups started a movement within the prisons for new rights:

more visits, the right for all prisoners and not just the politicals, to hold meetings, access to newspapers. A hunger strike, widely organised, was held sporadically between September 1970 and January 1971, the longest single strike being of 41 days.

This ended with a state commission, which granted some of the reforms, grudgingly at first. They wanted to give the new rights only to those prisoners who struck, then only to political prisoners, until finally, after determined solidarity, all the prisoners were granted them. As a result each prisoner in a French jail is now permitted one newspaper each day (though he is not officially allowed to share his paper with others).

In February 1971, GIP (Groupement des Informations sur les Prisons) was founded to fight for the rights of prisoners. During an inaugural demonstration of 1500, largely schoolchildren and students, Rene Deshayes was beaten about the head by the police and lost the use of one eye.

The first act of GIP was to publish a 'report on 20 prisons' (see below). The information was collected by handing questionnaires to the relatives of prisoners outside the prisons when they came in to visit. Of course conversations between visitors and prisoners are monitored by hidden microphones, and it is forbidden to discuss jail conditions, but nevertheless the necessary information was obtained, because it is impossible to monitor all the people all the time.



After the Attica massacre in New York, two prisoners in the prison hospital at Clairvaux - an ultra modern, 'model' prison - took a nurse and a guard hostage at knife point on 23 September 1971. They offered to release the prisoners if the authorities gave them weapons, ammunition and a couple of fast cars with radios. One of the prisoners, a convicted murderer, seemed to have nothing at all to lose by the exploit, since the death sentence, though still on the statute book, had not been used in France since 1969.

The authorities refused the request and, although a defence lawyer who knew one of the prisoners very well offered several times to telephone the hospital, his offer was refused. After two days the police attacked the hospital building with dynamite and rushed in to find the two hostages dead. No shots were fired, but the two prisoners were beaten around a bit and taken to hospital. Angry prison guards, who later went on a protest strike, tried to overturn the van carrying them as it left the prison grounds.

Afterwards prisoners in the jail rioted, smashed up several dormitories and took over the refectory: it took several days to get everything back to 'normal' again. The two men were guillotined on 28 November, 1972.

In December 1971 there was a large scale riot at Toul, in which about 13 prisoners were wounded, then several more, including a large one at Nancy on 15 January.

After the Toul riot GIP said: 'The militants of Toul have won an important victory. Public opinion has been alerted as to the conditions in prisons. The Ministry of Justice has been compelled to open an enquiry.'

But the Schmelk Report which followed the enquiry drew this comment: 'It is insufficient. While reporting accurately that the prison at Toul was overcrowded - 13 to a cell - it omitted to talk about the time when prisoners had to spend eight days in their own shit.'

GIP welcomed the report's recommendation that the prison governor be replaced and the system reformed: nothing happened.

In 1972 suicides in French prisons increased significantly. Whereas the average number for a year is 23, there had been 24 by 31 October.

In one case Gerard Grandmontagne, who had spent 14 years inside - in and out of psychiatric hospital - was released, offered opium by the police (he had a history of drug use), took it and was re-arrested. He killed himself in Fresnes prison a week after being put into solitary.

When in November the Minister of Justice denied that prisoners were punished for attempting suicide, the Association de Defense des Droits des Detenus posed the question to Dr Fully, Inspector-General of prison medical care. 'Hypocrisy,' he replied. 'It is true that a prisoner has never been punished for attempting suicide, but rather for, in wanting to kill himself, smashing a window, ripping out an electric wire, or swallowing a spoon.'

In Le Monde a member of the association wrote: 'The present wave of prison suicides seems to be worrying the prison administration. They expect a continuation of the revolts and they have prepared the police to stand by for instant intervention. Faced with suicides, they don't know what to do: they deny the evidence, having recourse to pitiful cover-ups. When a prisoner recently killed himself at Pau the administration called it "death from incurable disease". It could be that they realise, as does a large section of public opinion, that the present suicides are different in nature to those we have seen in the past.'

'Suicide is tending to become a desperate act of resistance by men who now are gaining a level of political consciousness of their situation and who have nothing but their own bodies to fight with.'

Although French prisons have been comparatively quiet since January, agitation continues. At a two-day conference in Lyon last October French ex-prisoners formed the Comite d'Action des Prisonniers with the slogan 'The rehabilitation of prisoners is the task of prisoners themselves'. They aim to break down the divisions among prisoners - and between prisoners and the rest of the working-class. Their first goal is the total abolition of the distinction between 'political' and 'common law' prisoners. Thus CAP completes the circle begun by the FLN.

By contrast with GIP (about half ex-prisoners) CAP was formed by prisoners and ex-prisoners alone. However it is open to those who have not been inside.



Below is a short extract from the GIP pamphlet, Enquiry into 20 Prisons

#### Gradignan

Eight square metres, lit by a screened window. A wash-basin, a toilet, two cupboards, a copy of the rules, an intercom. Total isolation. The need for contact sends you nuts. I bang my head against the walls to break the monotony. In the end you don't want contact, so that you can forget about the world outside. The intercom makes it possible to call the warder, or to listen to the radio at stated hours. The warder can listen when he likes to what you are doing.

#### Loos

The jail is revolting. The walls are filthy, there are no proper toilets, you still have to shit in chamber-pots that you empty in the morning after you've had your coffee. In the passages, there's an indescribable smell of excrement.

#### Metz

The chamberpot-basin-jug routine.

#### Poissy

We slept in bird-cages (very small cells). The walls were running with damp. No heating in the cells and very little in the workshop. Mice and rats all over the place.

#### La Sante

In block 6, where the staff quarters are, sanitary conditions are acceptable. In blocks A, B, C, D, E they just don't exist.

#### Epinal

No running water or wash-basin in the cells. For our natural functions, I am forced to confess that we use a chamber-pot in the cell, we put Puridor (a deodoriser) in it but they ration the amount they give us. We go to the showers once a week, no longer than 10 minutes at the most, scarcely time to wash your hair, is it? Sheets (changed once a month) are filthy. The heating could be described as theoretical, so we are obliged to keep the window shut all the time, so that the smell from the chamber-pot and from cigarette smoke makes the air pretty well unbreathable. The light is too

low-powered, making it difficult to read for long - some have even had to report to the MO.

#### Toul

I was put in a cell that had not been disinfected and got eczema.

#### Rennes

Some of the screws like to watch us when we are using the chamber-pot.

#### Douai

When you are on the chamber-pot and holding up a blanket to screen yourself from the others, a screw takes it off you and bawls you out and you get sent to chokey for 'wear and tear of prison property'.

We had one shower a week. We asked several times if we could have two - same as they give pigs in piggeries.

#### Caen

When you arrive in the nick you are put on your own: three, six or nine months according to the length of your sentence. In the cell there is only a little window, very high up. No running water, just a basin. You have to work, making cane seats for chairs. As the cane has to be moistened, you use the water in the basin, which is also for washing. At night, you push the cane under the bed. If you don't work on it next day, it starts to go mouldy. When you return to your cell after exercise, it smells like a pig-sty.

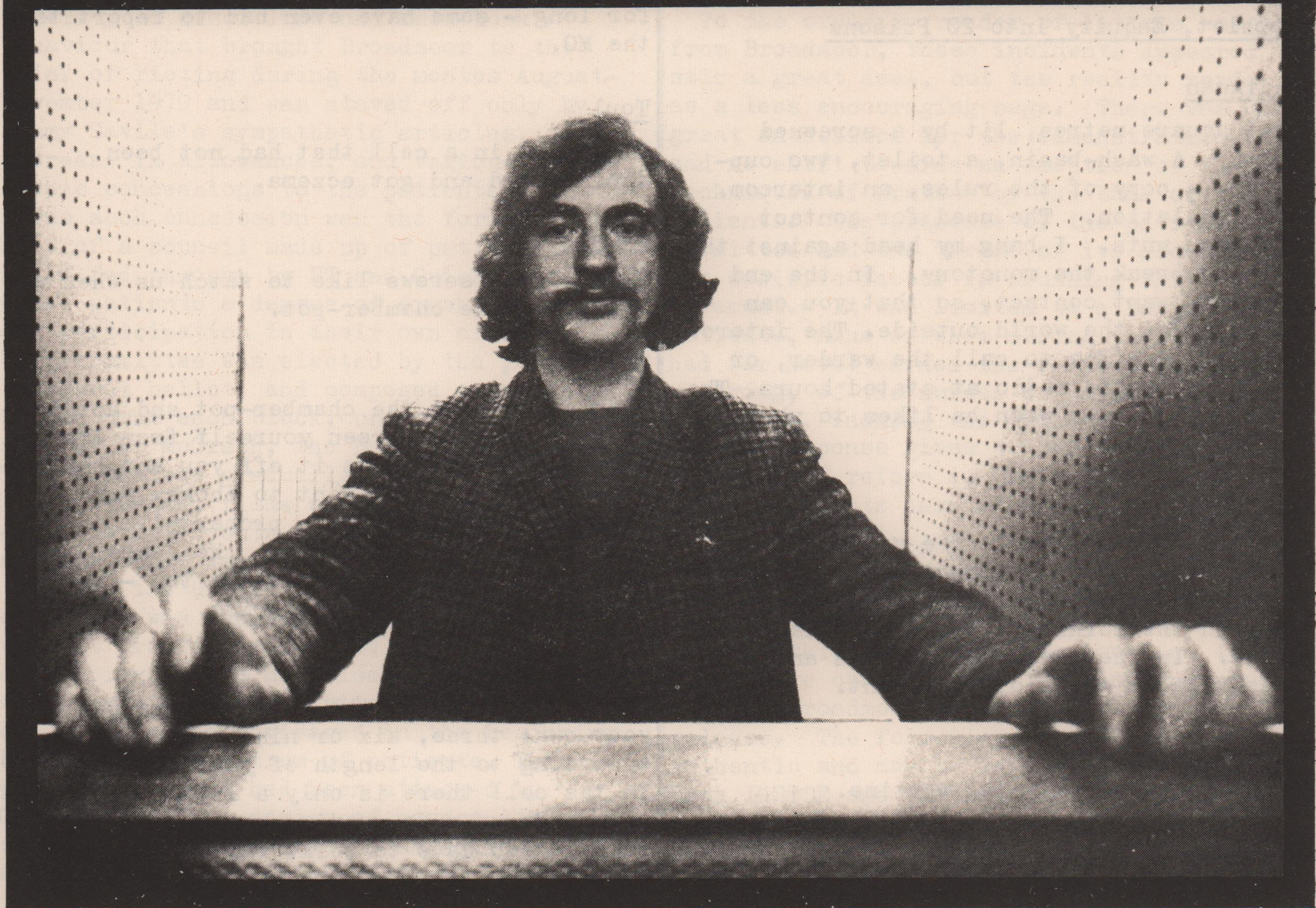
#### Toulouse

In block 4 the cells have toilets and garbage cans. But in 3 and on some floors of 2, there are only sickening, disgusting chamber-pots.

#### Fresnes (Hospital wing)

At La Roquette we had a bucket in the middle of the cell, absolutely no water. Here in Fresnes where I was transferred in 1968, there is a toilet in the corner and a tap above it with a trickle of water. Whether you are ill or not, you have to work in the morning polishing the parquet floor. An old woman of 60 with phlebitis had to work like the rest of us. A shower once a week, but once a fortnight is we were too numerous.





# Stuart Christie: the man they failed to frame

In his summing-up of the Stoke Newington  
Eight trial Mr Justice James drew the jury's  
attention to Stuart Christie's argument  
that, since he was under constant police  
surveillance, it was unlikely that he could  
be an active member of the Angry Brigade.  
'Whenever there was an explosion,' said the  
judge, 'all eyes were on Christie. It's  
quite clear that the police were paying  
attention to Christie and you've heard  
evidence from his workmates that it was  
affecting his work.'

By acquitting Stuart Christie of 'con-

spiracy to cause explosions' the jury  
showed that they accepted this argument -  
and his claim that the police had planted  
the two detonators and the contaminated  
screwdriver 'found' in his car when he was  
arrested.

Below Stuart Christie describes some of  
the more colourful incidents in a prolonged  
campaign of police harassment which began  
with his release from a Spanish jail in  
September 1967 - and ended with his arrest  
and imprisonment in Brixton jail in August  
1971.



On 28 February 1968 I was awakened at 6.30 am. The door burst open and in came six plain clothes officers. Ross Flett, who lived in the same house, had opened the door to them thinking I had forgotten my keys. They forced their way in saying they wanted Christie.

I asked for the warrant and they showed it to me, saying it was under the Explosive Substances Act. The officer who led the raid was Detective Sergeant Ian Ferguson, although the man more obviously in charge was Detective Sergeant Roy Creamer of the Special Branch. It was he who conducted the investigation while Ferguson took notes.

They searched my flat and Ross', taking up floorboards, looking up the chimneys and dismantling my taperecorder. In a drawer one of the officers picked up a small bundle of propaganda dollar bills, looked at them and put them back with no comment, but when they opened my wardrobe they found a suitcase with a few thousand of these same dollar bills.

Creamer wanted to know about them and I told him I did not print them and that they were for use in a foreign country for demonstration purposes. (In fact they were to be used on 1 May in Madrid and Barcelona - hence '1 May' was on the notes. They were meant to publicise American support for the fascist regime and were going to be scattered.) Creamer said nothing.

During the course of the raid he went to great lengths to appear sympathetic and to some degree knowledgeable about anarchism.

I was taken to West End Central where I was told that the papers would be referred to the DPP to consider prosecution. (I was later charged with possessing forged currency and at the Old Bailey in September 1968 I was found guilty and given a two-year suspended sentence, despite the fact that as forgeries the bills would have deceived nobody: the gimmick we used was familiar in both politics and advertising.)

The following day, on my way to work, I noticed a grey Hillman Minx with four plain clothes police almost opposite my house. This remained there for five or six days and was also noticed by Ross and the others.

Creamer had said that he was 'expecting something' and on 3 March bombs exploded at the Spanish Embassy and the Columbia Club. I knew nothing at all about them until I read the newspapers. The next day the police surveillance of me continued in the same way.

Also after the initial raid Creamer started to hang around the bookshop in Coptic Street where I worked. This was noticed by customers, Albert Meltzer, who ran the shop, and myself. On one occasion while I was sitting in the shop we saw his head peek round the window. He walked backwards and forwards trying to look in. When he saw that he had been recognised he was rather shamefaced. We waved to him to come in and he did. We asked him why he was harassing me and he said he was just passing. He came in on a number of occasions to try to buy the Anarchist Black Cross bulletin we published, but we refused to sell it to him. He said not to worry, he had a subscription anyway.

In 1968 I started going abroad, partly to discuss the possible international organisation of the Black Cross, which Albert and I had formed to help Spanish political prisoners. The SB took note of my departures and arrivals and tried to find out where I was going, how long for and for what purposes. Sometimes I was followed on the continent.

Once, on the way back from Paris, I got into conversation with a young Englishman, a trainee manager at BOAC. Just before arriving at Southend I explained that we should not go through immigration control together. I went through first and was recognised but not searched - only asked pleasantly how I had enjoyed the trip and where I had been. Then I went to the lounge and had a cup of tea.

A few minutes later the other man came through, bought a cup of tea and sat down beside me. The immigration officer, who was peering through one of the office doors at intervals, saw what happened. In a few seconds a stewardess came to the young man and asked him to return. She apologised for the fact that there had been a query with his passport. He grumbled but handed it over, and in five minutes she returned it.

20 minutes later the bus to London was announced and we started filing out. But the young man was stopped by three men and ushered into the office. I naturally waited to see what was going to happen. After a further 20 minutes he came out, white and shaken. He had been thoroughly searched and ruthlessly interrogated. He was asked if he was a friend of mine and





For our SB friends - another mug shot of Stuart, so you can't mistake him next time

what he had been requested to bring back. His employers had been contacted for information about him, asked if he were a troublemaker and so on. The poor trainee manager could not believe this was happening in England.

During 1968 I went to see the Belgian minister at the London embassy to ask for the release of Octavio Alberola, a prominent member of the Spanish resistance, due to be deported from Belgium to Spain. (The deportation was stopped.) The following night at about 11.45 pm I was in my room when there was a sharp knock on the door. I shouted 'Come in', thinking it was one of my friends from the flat below.

Creamer and a superior officer, who refused to identify himself, came in saying it was just a social visit: initially they chatted about how nice the anarchists were. Later they said they knew of my visit to the Belgian Embassy the previous day 'and did not want any problems in Britain'.

Two nights before the 27 October Vietnam demonstration, at the Queens Head, Hornsey,

where I usually drank, a number of people were harassed by police who were waiting for them outside: six were arrested and charged with creating a disturbance. I was not: at the time I was dressed in a blue raincoat, shirt, dark trousers and black tie and I had short hair - I was taken for a policeman. Apparently policemen came in and said: 'OK, which one of you is Christie?' To which a friend of mine replied: 'Christie is not here but my name is Che Guevara.' He was arrested with his wife and brother.

In July 1969 my girlfriend Brenda and I went to Sardinia for four weeks or so on a long holiday. On our return we were stopped at the hoverport by a Special Branch officer when I produced my passport. He grabbed it saying I wasn't Stuart Christie, he knew him very well. I said: 'Don't be stupid.' He said he didn't recognise me as I was brown and somewhat dishevelled from the journey.

That time there had been a mix-up with our bags and they had been left on the



French side of the channel. The SB officer arranged to have them sent over on the next ferry and in the meantime invited us to lunch. It turned out he had been one of the officers on my surveillance and had attended court to get a look at me and my friends. Since then he had been transferred to Immigration Control which he found extremely boring. He missed popping into Colletts for his weekly copy of Freedom.

When the bags arrived I collected them and we were about to walk through customs when an officer stopped us and asked to have a look at them. He searched them and found 10 blank rounds of ammunition. He said 'What's this for?' and I said 'A starting pistol.' He said 'Where's the pistol?' and I said 'In the bottom of the bag, you've missed it.'

He called over the SB man who had been hovering in the background. He asked me what I wanted it for. I replied 'For protection while travelling abroad.' He said 'This is a very serious matter, I shall have to consult my superiors at the Home Office.' After a short time he came back saying there was nothing to worry about. And as all transport from the hoverport had left by then he gave us a lift to the station in his car.

On 8 December 1969 Pinelli, the Italian secretary of the Black Cross, was murdered by police in Milan. Soon afterwards I was told by my employers, William Press & Co, that they had been contacted by the Special Branch who wanted to interview me at work. I objected but agreed to see them in a pub nearby.

There I met Creamer and Commander Harris. I complained about this method of contacting my employers, but they replied it was urgent and they 'did not know where I was living'. They said they understood a commando group of Italian anarchists was arriving in the country: would I use my influence to warn them Scotland Yard was ready for them? I told them I did not have such influence and knew nothing about this, though I did write to the Black Cross in Milan saying I had been approached.

After the publication of my book Flood-gates of Anarchy Inspector Palmer Hall demanded that my co-author Albert Meltzer and I should come to Scotland Yard and explain certain passages. He asked Albert to 'use his influence' to prevent violence among young revolutionaries, then added

that at least he should get me removed as secretary of the Black Cross. 'You can carry on unmolested helping any prisoners you want to,' he told Albert. 'We don't object to our own prisoners getting aid from charities, we wouldn't object to Spanish prisoners getting aid if it was done in a proper fashion. But get Christie out of it and you'll save yourself all this trouble.'

In May 1970 there were two bombings, Iberia Airlines and the Paddington police station. The police, who did not know my address, set up a large surveillance net around my William Press van and tried to find my address by following me home. I managed to lose them.

One day there was a cavalcade of cars around the streets adjacent to the van. They remained there the whole day. The occupants, including a woman detective in a white trench coat, paraded past the van at different times. That night the foreman wanted to borrow my car and swapped over his sports car. I left early by a back street and was not noticed. The foreman was followed until about 2 am when he arrived home: only then did the police realise it was the wrong man. This surveillance went on for about a fortnight and became quite a joke to the men at William Press.

The police had, however, found out my address and on 10 June at about 6.30 am - as soon as I left the street - the bell rang. Brenda got out of bed, looked out of the window and saw a woman who said to let her in as she wanted to see me and it was urgent. She went down and a dozen detectives rushed in. They searched the place, ransacking her belongings and taking many away. Brenda was taken to West Drayton police station and finally released later that afternoon after a solicitor had come to fetch her.

Note: the raids and harassment continued. After the Robert Carr bombing on 12 January 1971, the hunt for the Angry Brigade became a major police operation. Commander Bond's special bomb squad have so far succeeded in getting five people jailed on conspiracy charges, while five more have been acquitted. Meanwhile, according to Commander Bond, members of the Angry Brigade are still at liberty.



# Broadmoor letters

Dear Friends

Thank you for your letter and six copies of INSIDE STORY you sent us. We do not require any more; and we would be very grateful if you would send back our material, as you suggested.

We were glad to see the article appear - on many occasions we have sent off material, to no avail - however we have certain comments we would like to make concerning your handling of the material.

We felt that as a whole the article did not bring out the urgency of the situation, and it left a rather confused impression in the reader's mind as to just how much struggle is going on, inside and outside Broadmoor, now, but most important of all we felt you did not bring out clearly enough the significance for everyone of us of this struggle.

Firstly, there was no analysis of RAC(B)'s 'Interim Manifesto', the most important document to emerge from the struggle. The revolutionary perspective of this vital document did not come out clearly enough, nor did the determination of the members of the RAC(B) to work at great personal cost, for the general good to get a public enquiry.

Also it was not stressed enough that the punishments meted out to these men - incarceration in the punishment block, loss of parole cards and visits, interference with mail, personal harassment - were a direct result of the efforts they made to obtain justice for the mass of the prisoners. Similarly Reading University students and members of the DACPB were barred both to punish those inside and to attempt to stem the flow of documented evidence.

Finally there is the question of the future - why is it important to think about the function of this particular institution?

Here the question of Graham Young is extremely relevant. Following the post-release conviction of this ex-Broadmoor prisoner for poisoning - the same offence as he was originally put away for, the authorities set up two enquiries; the orientation and long-term significance of these enquiries is summed up as follows:

1 A wider scope to the definition of 'psychopathy' (already an impossibly vague

pseudo-scientific term) to include all who by their 'crimes' attack the status quo. It won't be long before workers are locked up and 'treated' for striking! There are political prisoners in Broadmoor now!

2 More indeterminate sentences for these 'psychopaths' in ordinary prisons.

3 Psychiatric 'treatments' in ordinary prisons - mind-destroying overdoses of drugs and of course ECT - 'treatments' outlawed in most parts of the world because their only effect is to destroy the patient's symptoms temporarily and often the patient himself in the process, without tackling the root cause.

There are many 'institutionalised' prisoners in Broadmoor (and elsewhere!) now whose condition is directly a result of these inhuman 'treatments'.

These things are going on in Broadmoor now - not to mention months of solitary confinement (at present illegal in the ordinary prisons), Nazi-style sex 'experiments' on human guinea-pigs and all the other inhuman weapons in the ruling class arsenal.

Everyday they make it easier to convict you - eg the proposed 'reforms' in the laws applying to evidence, expansion in the police force and private armies.

Today these attacks on prisoners' democratic rights take place behind the high walls and barred doors of Broadmoor - tomorrow they will join forces with or replace the jackboot in prisons. How much more effective!! - the cabbage-like remains of the prisoner who has been drugged or subjected to ECT over a long period cannot even think revolt.

Prison building and mental hospital building is increasing - larger budgets are being set aside for this purpose every year. They are preparing places for all of us who will stand up against injustice and oppression.

The DACPB thinks it essential people's eyes are opened, and to this end, is constantly mounting publicity of the conditions in Broadmoor which are of such vital significance to everyone.

We thank you for publishing the article, and we are sure that you will wish to



publish this letter to make these points even more clearly.

Fraternally  
JENNY TURNER

pp Defence and Aid Committee for Prisoners  
in Broadmoor, c/o 276 Liverpool Road,  
Reading, Berks.

Several paragraphs referring to Alan Reeve  
have been cut from the following letter

Dear Sirs

Fascinating though your article of some length on Broadmoor special security hospital was, it left something to be desired in terms of journalistic accuracy. It was not sufficiently well researched, appeared at face value to offer the reading public a biased view, and was indeed inaccurate in its story.

When the Estimates Committee Report on Special Hospitals was published (1968), it was coincidental with a massive (even traumatic) change going on in Broadmoor, which saw the culmination of previous efforts by patients to forward their conditions led by two notable men, both of whom are now free and working, and both of whom led the way towards a large number of changes and innovations between 1966 and 1970.

During this time, they established communications with the national press, forced a change in the system governing the written letters received and sent out, raised and opened channels between various civil bodies dealing with civil rights (having dismissed the National Council for Civil Liberties as a hopeless body showing a distinct lack of interest in patients' affairs) and, having forged interior changes of no interest to this magazine, then undertook the arduous task of confrontations between Review Tribunals, the Home Office, Ministry of Health and the hospital staff, on a non-violent legal basis, organising patients' representation at the Tribunals, interpreting and querying elements in the Mental Health Act of 1959 (which included the now famous Clause Nine issue that virtually killed the whole Act).

These two men, one writing under the pseudonym, Quicksilver, the other merely using his initials, PT, succeeded in raising such a commotion that both were freed ultimately because their successes were proving an embarrassment to London. PT (Peter Thompson) is now a company executive

in London (a PR man) whilst the legendary Quicksilver has succeeded in travelling many thousands of miles abroad despite the handicap of Broadmoor. Both have written books about Broadmoor.

You must therefore put the events of 1971 into rigid and uncompromising perspective. One year prior to this, there had been a spectacular public outcry into high costs of defence perimeter walls in a famous Sunday paper which led to red faces in Whitehall, and Jimmy Savile had entered Broadmoor at the invitation of a patient and accepted a role as 'Honorary Entertainments Officer', both radical innovations being engineered entirely by Quicksilver and his acquaintances at the hospital.

At that time, during the years when Quicksilver and PT were so active in their more restrained and academic undermining of the system, two further events took place that opened the way to the emergence of the Maoist cell in Broadmoor. Quicksilver was able to open communications with Reading University by becoming co-founder of a debating society (with PT as the 'other half') thus leaving the door wide open to a growth in this exchange of visitors by being able to invite students to participate in debates at the hospital. This led to the emergence of the other aspect, the educational visits. But this was not to emerge until both PT and Quicksilver had been discharged, leaving the field wide open to any enterprising patient willing to continue the movement towards a more liberal regime.

Secondly, there was a series of promotions as older nurses retired, which coincided with the publication of the Estimates Committee report, in which a particularly effective nurse (hitherto the representative for the Prison Officers Association to which all the nurses belong - the Nurses Union refuses to accept these nurses) was promoted to Deputy Chief Male Nurse and was obliged to relinquish his post as Secretary (Branch) for the Broadmoor nurses. His loss led the way almost immediately to a series of demands backed by strike threats that raised the temperature at Broadmoor several degrees.

Conditions then rapidly deteriorated as the necessity for a security clamp-down became obvious in view of the mounting tension. Although these pay disputes were eventually settled amicably, the staff



work-to-rule had the effect of producing a severity of discipline and rule-book behaviour that brought Broadmoor to the brink of rioting during the months August-November 1970 and was staved off only by Jimmy Savile's sympathetic articles, an increase in allowances, and various microscopic concessions to the patients.

One such concession was the formation in 1969 of a council made up of patients (yet again fed through by PT and Quicksilver) to offer patients a degree of organisation and participation in their own affairs. This committee was elected by the patients in secret ballot, and composed representatives from each block, under the chairmanship of Dr McGrath, the Superintendent. This committee gradually assumed control of sports events, films shown at the cinema and internal events laid on for each house, a system that was introduced in 1968.

During the uneasy months of 1970 this committee was reaping the criticism heaped upon it from its founders, in terms of developing into a nepotism in which power was shared between privileged patients and not, as was envisaged in the beginning, by the whole spectrum of patients. This political aspect had been attacked by Quicksilver in a series of savage items in the Chronicle (Broadmoor's magazine of which he was then deputy editor) resulting in a point blank refusal by the Superintendent to promote him to Editor on the grounds that he was unwilling to participate in the committee's 'spirit'!

The results of this schism led eventually to a series of confrontations between the Chronicle (which Quicksilver now had effective control of owing to the poor health of the appointed editor) and the committee, with the inevitable result that by 1970 the hospital was divided in its aims and loyalties and complaints were becoming more and obviously levelled at the PATIENTS themselves, not the staff!

We come then to the emergence of the Maoist cell, as a natural polarisation of effort between certain patients wishing to enter this political arena, who had previously been held in check by more mature patients aiming at the general improvement of both amenities and facilities. The departure of these two men left the door wide open to exploitation and revolutionary attitudes, which at that time were no more than muted undercurrents barely audible and, significantly, ignored by the establishment

and the patients.

To the ordinary reader of letters emerging from Broadmoor, these incidents appeared to stir a great deal, but the reality reads as a less encouraging saga. There was no great enthusiasm for the demonstrations, and no shift towards an adoption of these techniques of protest by the bulk of the patients. The presence of the patients' committee and the threat of its closure was the decisive factor in crushing this movement. It was limited to a handful of patients, none of whom during their stay had (or have) earned the respect, however grudging, of the nurses or patients. Naturally, lacking the more spectacular public response given to the earlier pioneers of reform in Broadmoor, these small incidents have been all but forgotten in the hospital.

I have discussed the work undertaken by a male patient who called himself Quicksilver, because this case ought to give rise to very grave concern over the kinds of people sent to Broadmoor, and their subsequent release. The following account is authentic and may be verified from sources both INSIDE and outside the hospital. It caused a great deal of concern, and in reading it, the concern was not unjustified!

Quicksilver was never permitted the privilege of becoming a parole patient with all the extra favours granted by this rank, almost certainly because his attacks on the system, staff and patients frequently caused much discussion and tumult. He was admitted to the hospital on 2 June 1965 from Hailsham Magistrates Court having entered a plea of guilty to four charges: possessing an offensive weapon contrary to the Prevention of Crime Act 1960, dangerous driving, driving whilst uninsured and without a licence. Under the terms of his admission, Section 60 of the Mental Health Act, his release was the prerogative of the Minister of Health, and effectively this honour rested with the hospital Superintendent. He made no appeal, and was lodged in the hospital on the same day of sentence.

There are no court records to indicate why so trivial a series of offences should merit a maximum security hospital, and no record of any court proceedings in Hailsham other than a brief note in which the case is marked as 'Disposed, 2 June 1965'. On first showing, the case was unusual in the extreme. Careful researches brought to





**BROADMOOR HOSPITAL**  
Crowthorne Berks RG11 7EG  
Station Crowthorne (Southern Region)  
Telegrams Crowthorne Telephone 03-446 2281

Your reference

Our reference

Date 3rd October, 1972

Dear [redacted]

I was delighted to receive a note to say that you had phoned me up whilst I was on holiday. I was even more delighted to read that you said you were very well.

As I am sure you guessed, the question of your departure from Broadmoor was an extremely controversial one. I would very much like to see you if you are willing to come up to the hospital in order that I can catch up on how things have been going with you.

Would it be possible for you to come up to the hospital some time? We would make arrangements that your fare would be paid (there and back!). If you can manage to come on a Saturday, 21st October any time in the morning or afternoon is good for me. On the other hand, I am also here most weekdays.

With kind regards.

Yours sincerely,

(R.W.K. Reeves)  
Consultant Psychiatrist

Recent letter to  
Quicksilver from his psychiatrist

light the fact that the patient had, in fact threatened two police men with a toy pistol, which itself was incapable of inflicting any damage, after a short car pursuit in which his vehicle was destroyed by being edged off the road by the police car, into a ditch.

Quicksilver was taken, as is the custom, through an orientation period in the reception ward, during which period of six months he won the literary prize handed out by the magazine Broadmoor Chronicle twice, setting a record. He became deputy editor in 1968 after five times winning this 50p prize. In this year he applied to a Review Tribunal for his release and was refused on the grounds of ill health. His condition was then described as 'suffering from a psychopathic disorder'.

By 1969 he had made three applications for his release and had been turned down on all three, two of them being in fact extensions of one Tribunal. This was to prove significant as, at this point, the patient wrote to the London-based organisation Release, who engaged Lord Gifford and briefed the young barrister to appear for

the patient at his Tribunal. The appearance of Lord Gifford threw the machinery out of joint, with the result that the patient won his first major victory by having his psychiatrist's report thrown out as unsatisfactory, and the Tribunal ordered a new examination and report.

Release then called in D J West, the Cambridge University Institute of Criminology's Deputy Director, and a world expert on criminology, who immediately pronounced the patient sane, well and fit for discharge. Both victories brought a quite new hope to long term patients who had grown used to the idea that Tribunals and psychiatrists were infallible, unstoppable, and omniscient. The Tribunal refused the application for a release.

There followed what might best be described as an incredible incident. Quicksilver's emotional problems, said his psychiatrist, Dr Reeves, were caused by a hidden homosexual inclination that caused the patient to take too much interest in younger men, and irritated his fantasies to an unacceptable degree where his behaviour was socially dangerous. Quicksilver promptly took a male lover, a patient we must call Ian Smith (he is still in the hospital) and permitted himself to be observed by the nurses in various compromising attitudes and gave every sign of having become thoroughly infatuated with this patient. His doctor encouraged him.

On 23 June 1970 he was discovered in an unlocked cell in Block Five (now Gloucester House) with his co-conspirator, who had been stripped naked, bound with rope, and looked about to be strangled. Quicksilver was promptly punished by being sent to Block Four, and his accomplice to the maximum security block. Six weeks later he was discharged from the hospital as well. He has not since been in any kind of trouble, and has not, to my knowledge, been involved in any way with the patients at Broadmoor. (I enclose for you a letter to the patient from his doctor some two years after this incident, the name is removed to protect his identity.)

I have outlined this case history because it is unusual, and also because it shows in some better light that this man was, in his time, the most difficult, rascally, intelligent, scheming reformer ever to be dealt with at Broadmoor, and all that we read today is sprung from his efforts. In



the end, we see that Broadmoor is not quite so badly off as we are led to believe, and certainly, whilst I am aware of many individual instances of malpractice and ill-usage, four years ago it was infinitely worse.

You may wonder that I bother to write at such great length. I am always concerned for the patients in Broadmoor, and I have seen that the organisations at present agitating for 'reforms and improvements' may have a detrimental effect because they lack what the establishment would deem a 'responsible' approach. When there are demonstrations etc, security is always tightened up, tensions rise, and things inside the hospital deteriorate very rapidly. As a former occupant of that place, I believe I know very well what is true and what is not true, and what needs to be said and written, and what does not. Nor am I bound by the Official Secrets Act. You may print away with no fear of legal troubles.

I hope this letter has interested you.

Sincerely

NIGEL C BANKFORD

74 Lower Bristol Road, Bath, Somerset

We do not agree with Nigel Bankford that the article on Broadmoor in our November issue was 'inaccurate' although it was certainly incomplete: we did not set out to cover events leading up to 1971. He may be right in saying that there are fewer malpractices in Broadmoor now than there were four years ago, but his references to 'very grave concern' over the way people are kept there - and the outline that he gives of the case of Quicksilver do not seem to us to support his conclusion that 'Broadmoor is not quite so badly off as we are led to believe.'

And, as for Mr Bankford's liberal reforms - such as the connection with Reading University - our original article showed that these facilities are liable to be withdrawn when the Broadmoor regime feels threatened: visits from Reading students have been banned since last March.

More information on present conditions and malpractices, past and present, inside Broadmoor has been made available to INSIDE STORY by a person who worked there until recently. The following account is based

on a telephone conversation with this person whose name we know but have agreed not to reveal

With its 600-700 patients Broadmoor is about one third overcrowded: the doctors are overworked and underpaid. There are six consultant psychiatrists - so each has about 100 patients. With a 44-hour week you can work out what that means.

The result is that nursing staff - who are inadequately trained and in no way qualified to do this diagnostic work - write what are called ward journal reports on patients. This is unknown to patients, relatives and even ministry officials.

Another result of overcrowding is that you get beds in corridors and recreation rooms, 23 patients sharing one toilet and so on.

Treatment in Broadmoor can be divided into three distinct categories. First there's narcotherapy, treating diseases with drugs. There are two forms, the suppressants, which alleviate patients' symptoms but have no curative effect, and the hypnotic drugs which do have an effect. They are not used as much. Patients are kept doped up to the eyebrows so there's no further security problem. Whereas 75 milligrams three times daily of the tranquilliser, largactil, would be a normal dose, it's quite common inside Broadmoor for patients to be given up to 300 milligrams three times a day.

Then there's abreaction - electro-convulsive therapy which is given without any anaesthetic. Surprisingly, this is not regarded by the medical profession as 'malpractice' or unethical. ECT is not used as extensively as it was.

And lastly there's environmental or occupational therapy which entails jobs like the manufacture of nurses' uniforms and boots, cooking meals, cleaning, digging gardens and so on. For a working day of 9am - 12 noon, 2pm - 4pm, the scale of remuneration is 65p-£1. Between 1967 and 1969 the chief social worker at Broadmoor had a flourishing racket selling toys made by patients to Crowthorne shops. She has since emigrated to Canada.

There have been a high number of suicides in Broadmoor in the past few years - there were 17 in 1967-8 - and many other deaths which were either murder or need some



explaining. In 1964-5 a patient in the maximum security block was found hanged: since there was only a canvas mattress in the cell, there's no way he could have hanged himself. Around the same time a patient died of strychnine poisoning: you can draw what conclusion you like from that one.

In March 1968 a patient, Martin Crump, died supposedly of cancer of the lung. What happened was that his lung collapsed and a nurse crushed an ampoule under his nose (a technique used to revive people after a heart attack). He was then dumped on a sheet and dragged down three flights of stairs in a dying state. He was later buried in the hospital grounds.

Whether this was carelessness or something worse it's an arguable case of malpractice, don't you think? Why hadn't they discovered his lung condition before, for example?

Broadmoor is like a pressure cooker that could go up at any time. As well as demonstrations by patients there have been strike threats from the staff. The government's contingency plan for this situation is that the Royal Army Medical Corps would be called in.

Patients who are sent to Broadmoor from court under Section 65 of the Mental Health Act can only be released with the Home Secretary's consent. There is a special department at the Home Office, Department C4, in which their files are kept. They're marked BFF (bring file forward) for periods like 10 years: ie the case will be reviewed in 10 years' time.

It's virtually impossible to challenge the time allotted by the Home Office: I don't know of a single case of a Section 65 patient being released after a tribunal. The decision is made before the tribunal sits: apart from anything else this is a colossal waste of public money.

All in all, as the Joint Parliamentary Under Secretary of State at the Department of Health and Social Security has said, 'a jolly good hospital'.

Note: the agitational work of both Broadmoor committees continues. In November the DACPB held a public meeting and exhibition in Reading; in December the PACB held a meeting at the House of Commons and announced that they have a petition, with 56 signatures from Broadmoor patients, which calls for a public enquiry.

# The trials of the Harlem Four

The Harlem Four, young blacks who have been in jail since they were arrested at the start of the long, hot summer of 1964, now face their fifth trial for first degree murder. After their first trial in 1965, when they were found guilty, determined defence committee action succeeded in forcing a retrial - but the jury failed to reach a verdict. At their third trial too the jury disagreed, voting 7-5 for acquittal.

For the fourth trial, due to take place last September, the defence presented a 39-page affidavit in which the chief prosecution witness - who was 16 years old at the time - admitted to wholesale lying and falsification of evidence. The response of New York's District Attorney, a vindictive 73-year-old called Hogan, was to call the whole thing off and demand a new date for yet another trial. In August Hogan had exploded with rage when a jury with a black majority - unusual in New York - acquitted the Tombs Three. He called the verdict 'a travesty, a political perversion of justice'.

Early in the case - before the first trial in fact - Detective Lieutenant Vincent Satriano, who had been hard at work collecting 'evidence' against the defendants, himself pleaded guilty to selling forged dollar bills. Satriano had been in the police force for 17 years and had managed to collect no fewer than 32 citations 'for bravery'.

The Harlem Four were originally six: Daniel Hamm, then 18; Robert Rice, 17; Wallace Baker, 19; Walter Thomas, 18; William Craig, 17, and Ronald Felder, 18. They were charged with the murder on 29 April, 1964 of Mrs Magit Sugar, a white middle-aged secondhand clothes dealer.

Hamm, Baker, and three others had previously been charged with assault after the Harlem Fruit Riot 12 days before. The scene was set for a vicious racist attack on the black people of Harlem.

The New York police and press declared total war on the six, accusing them of being members of a mythical gang of 'Blood Brothers', dedicated to assassinating white people and allegedly responsible for three



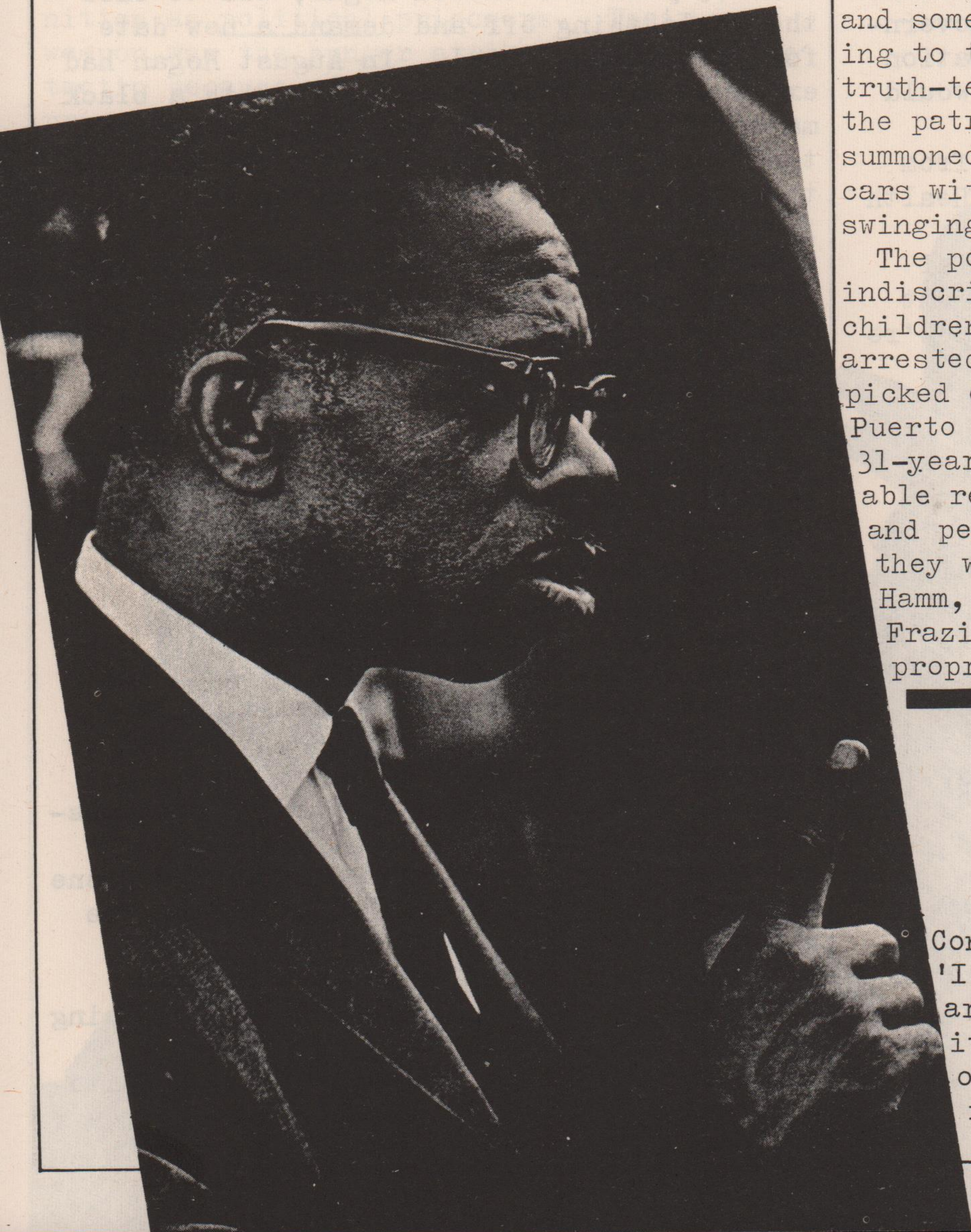
other murders. The New York Times led the onslaught with a series of articles by Junius Griffin - himself black - starting on 6 May. 'ANTI-WHITE GANG REPORTED TO NUMBER 400. SOCIAL WORKER SAYS ITS MEMBERS ARE TRAINED IN CRIME AND FIGHTING BY DEFECTORS FROM THE BLACK MUSLIMS.'

Various people and organisations including the New York branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People challenged them to prove the existence of the Blood Brothers. But it was only when Conrad Lynn and the NAACP demanded a personal confrontation that the NYT began to soft-pedal. Finally, after the defence obtained a decisive affidavit, the NYT published a retraction and described the case as 'a dreadful miscarriage of justice'. But by then the damage had been done - by the fearless, liberal, honest, meticulous New York Times.

The Harlem Fruit Riot began when some black kids on their way home from school started stealing fruit from a street stall and overturned two stands. Four patrolmen and some older kids arrived. Then, according to the New York Times - in one of its truth-telling moods - 'the teenagers jeered the patrolmen and reinforcements were summoned. Policemen emerged from patrol cars with pistols drawn and nightsticks swinging.'

The police attacked the kids, lashing out indiscriminately at bystanders and young children with their sticks. The five people arrested during the riot were deliberately picked on. Fecundo Acion, a 47-year-old Puerto Rican seaman, and Frank Stafford, a 31-year-old black salesman, had no conceivable reason for overturning a fruit stand and pelting the proprietor with fruit as they were charged. And the three boys, Hamm, Baker and 16-year-old Frederick Frazier, were definitely cleared by the proprietor who told the police they were

Conrad Lynn, left, said last August: 'I believe that before the defendants are finally, unequivocally released it may be necessary for the people of Harlem to demonstrate their feelings at the courthouse.'





not at his stand. Their crime was to try and stop the police brutality.

They were all savagely beaten before and after their arrest. Frank Stafford lost the sight of one eye.

The beatings continued when the six were charged with murder. As a result Baker has suffered permanent brain damage.

'What do you expect when the police have twice split his skull open?' says Conrad Lynn, the defence committee's militant black lawyer. When the defendants first appeared in court four of them had to be bandaged.

The six were beaten systematically to extract 'confessions' from them. This was clearly necessary since the 'witnesses' were people like an 8-year-old girl alleged to have been at Mrs Sugar's store at the time of the killing. Four girls aged 14-16 were subpoenaed to appear before a grand jury to testify but in the event they were taken to the District Attorney's office - without their parents' knowledge - and grilled. They couldn't help the police case.

The first trial started in March 1965, when the defendants faced the threat of the electric chair. They were not allowed to choose their own lawyers but forced to accept a Democrat Party hack nominated by the court. Judge Julius Halfand, a former District Attorney, took his stand on a 1901 judgement: 'A destitute defendant charged with murder in the first degree can have no part in selecting the counsel authorised to be assigned to him by the court and paid for by the county...it is the plain duty of the court to protect defendants from improper influences and to permit a defendant under such circumstances to suggest counsel to be assigned by the court, and paid for by the state, is to open the door to such grave abuses, I am unwilling to encourage it.'

For their later trials the defendants were at least granted lawyers of their own choice. But the defence committee are pessimistic about the chances of a fair trial even now - when the Four have served nearly nine years jail as unconvicted men. Note: after the first trial it was revealed that Rice and Hamm had had their statements beaten out of them - hence the retrials. In 1969 Rice was found guilty and got life; Hamm agreed to plead guilty and got 25 years. The retrials of the Four followed in 1971-2.

## notes

Peace News (27 October) scooped us with their story on the phone phreaks pamphlet (see INSIDE STORY 6) but got several rude letters for their pains. The Mirror's Inside Page picked up the story, then followed it with a fantastic account of how 'spying devices and other sophisticated electronic bugs made in Northern Ireland are being offered to an underground group of anarchists'. This was 'People's Power, led by many electronic experts'. IT meanwhile republished the pamphlet (17 November) - and has been threatened with prosecution, as has Compendium bookshop.

The Investigation Branch of the Post Office is now using a 'printometer' to trap phreaks: installed at the exchange, this records the destination and length of each call made from a particular phone.

We have been sent a document stamped 'LEB For Internal Circulation ONLY' - prepared by the work study team of the LEB for circulation among top managers. It implies a much more rigid policing of employees - and the threat of prosecutions for fraud.

The nightclub fire at St Laurent-du-Pont, France, two years ago, in which 144 died, was started deliberately - according to a confidential letter published by La Cause du Peuple. But, although four Mafia men have been named, no action has been taken. Meanwhile the Renault guard, Tramoni, who murdered Pierre Overney (see INSIDE STORY 4) has been released from custody.

On 17 November the Times quoted Professor Vartanian, a Moscow geneticist, as saying there were no sane people in Russian psychiatric hospitals. Vartanian had, a few days before, chaired a session of the World Psychiatric Association symposium on schizophrenia. At question time he was asked to comment on the internment of political dissenters in Russia, under the pretext of schizophrenia. It was pointed out that the diagnostic criteria reputedly in use in Russia were just as vague as anything Vartanian had heard about that afternoon. But the question was dismissed as irrelevant: the next speaker, a British psychiatrist, apologised for the embarrassment Vartanian had been made to suffer 'quite improperly'. There was no further response from those attending.







books

# The politics of women's liberation

We look at Sheila Rowbotham's new book,

Women, Resistance and Revolution

(Allen Lane The Penguin Press £2.95) which we think should be published in a cheaper edition so that a few more people can read it.

Most of the many books published during the past few years on women's liberation have been disappointing because they haven't dealt with the subject from a political point of view, but have been either academic exercises in documenting the oppression of women or muddled personal views. The best-known of all these books, Germaine Greer's The Female Eunuch (1970), is really a very individualistic account of why one woman believes in liberation, and makes no attempt to give the history of women's struggles and no suggestion of collective action. Shulamith Firestone's The Dialectic of Sex (1971) presents the final logic of 'the case for feminist revolution' as a total rejection of women's biological function, postulating a society in which natural reproduction has been eliminated; even if this fantasy were possible, it is hardly a formula for the liberation of women or anyone else. Kate Millett's Sexual Politics (1970) is a studiously academic description of patriarchy, but it contains no insights into why it exists or how it can be destroyed.

Juliet Mitchell's Women's Estate (1971) does discuss the women's liberation movement from a political point of view, giving a clear account of how it happened and what it is about, but her point of view is so strongly Marxist that she is scarcely aware of the part played in the movement by anarchist women; and her single page on

anarchism is utterly inadequate. Sheila Rowbotham's new book Women, Resistance and Revolution is the most interesting and informative history of the women's struggle for liberation and dignity, not only in Western Europe and North America but also in Russia, China, Vietnam, Cuba and Algeria. The most readable book on the subject, it is particularly valuable for giving good accounts of some of the particular women who were especially active in the past, above all in Russia and China.

Sheila Rowbotham has done a lot of work on Alexandra Kollontai in the past, and she gets plenty of space in this book. As a prominent Bolshevik in the early days of the Russian Revolution, she was able to force the new regime to give much attention to the emancipation of women. She helped to inspire women's conferences and to stimulate the establishment of a government Department for the Protection of Motherhood and Infancy and a party Working and Peasant Women's Department. Her political writings were important, but even more important were her novels on the sexual and social roles of women under socialism, and these get detailed attention. Sheila Rowbotham notes that 'Alexandra Kollontai became notorious as one of the defenders of sexual freedom'; but she was much more than this, for she struggled for the liberation of women in the context of the liberation of all, and her best-known single work was her pamphlet The Workers' Opposition defending the left-wing trade-union dissidents against the Leninist regime - yet this isn't discussed in the book and is only mentioned in the notes at the end.

In China the best-known women's leader was Ting Ling (whose real name was Chian Ping-tsu), a veteran militant feminist socialist who became an anarchist and then a Communist, worked as an unsuccessful film-actress and a successful novelist. In all the 'socialist' countries the revolution has been accompanied by a parallel surge of activity in the direction of women's liberation, and one definite achievement among so many disappointments has been that women do enjoy greater equality of status and opportunity under Communist regimes. But Sheila Rowbotham, like Juliet Mitchell, is so strongly committed to Marxism that she fails to recognise the anarchist contribution to women's liberation, in both



theory and practice. She even patronises Emma Goldman, who was both an outstanding champion of women's liberation and an inspiring anarchist revolutionary.

Women everywhere in the world have been personally, socially and politically repressed for so long that we have no record of a time when this wasn't so. But the history of the long struggle against this repression and our own experiences over the past few years have left us with a deep suspicion of any form of organisation in which we do not have an equal share of control. We know that we cannot be liberated until all forms of oppression are eliminated.

Complicated methods of overcoming the class system have been worked out, but nearly all of them involve the idea of a vanguard which will guide the masses to the promised land. Yet it is precisely this vanguard which always betrays or destroys women's liberation, just as it betrays or destroys workers' and everyone else's liberation. This process is clearly documented in the closing chapters of Women, Resistance and Revolution, but Sheila Rowbotham - like Juliet Mitchell before her - seems to be unable or unwilling to examine why this is so.

In the same way it is a pity that Sheila Rowbotham, who has long been active in the British women's liberation movement, hasn't examined what is happening in it now. It is obvious that there is a strong tendency, beginning with a dislike of organised hierarchies and of imposed structures, towards anarchism. The women who attended the Skegness conference in 1970 spontaneously broke up the official organisation because they didn't want to listen to theoretical lectures; instead they formed self-managing groups, set up workshops and arranged their own discussions. This form of organisation - repeated at Manchester in 1971 and London in 1972 - has become a distinctive feature of national conferences.

Right at the end of her book Sheila Rowbotham admits that there are contradictions between her Marxism and her feminism, and seems to suggest that the latter is more important than the former, that the movement must work out its own future even if this means diverging from the Marxist line. This is clearly important: it would have been interesting

to know more about what she has in mind, what ideas she has for collective action here and now to break through the contradiction.

**[REDACTED]**  
Note: Sheila Rowbotham's two contributions to The Body Politic (Stage 1, 60p), a collection of articles from the British women's liberation movement, are also worth reading. In fact her discussion of 'the new politics' of women's liberation and her account of the beginnings of the British movement fill some of the gaps left by her own book.

Although The Body Politic includes a lot of useful information - and at 60p it's worth buying - its subtitle, 'Women's Liberation 1969-1972' is over-ambitious. There's very little on 1972 for the obvious reason that the book was put together early in the year. Also, more seriously, the selective list of groups 'which have been going for some time' is quite inadequate: it omits for example the Women's Abortion and Contraception Campaign - which was formed in 1971.

## **[REDACTED]** pamphlets

As the traditional periodicals of the extreme left decline in quality and quantity, more and more pamphlets are being produced.

Who is in control? (Street Arrow - 15p), a 65-page offset documented analysis of some aspects of the British ruling class, especially the security business and housing trusts - a rather hysterical sequel to the Black Book of the Political Police in Britain.

Consolidated Gold Fields Limited (Counter Information Services - 25p), the third Anti-Report, a well-documented and well-produced 36-page exposure of one of the main props of the South African capitalist-racist system.

Rat Myth and Magic (24p), a 63-page off-set 'political critique of psychology' by a dozen contributors who 'do not all belong to a single political group' and have not even given themselves a collective name. The best attack on academic psychology from the revolutionary left so far.



The Current State of Psychology (Politics of Psychology - 12p), a 48-page duplicated collection of attacks on various aspects of contemporary psychology - scientism, behaviourism, sexism, racism, academicism, rightism - and a call for total radicalisation of the profession. Badly produced but containing important ideas and information.

The Environment - A Radical Agenda (British Society for Social Responsibility in Science - 10p), the first BSSRS pamphlet, a 12-page printed summary of the ecological crisis from a radical scientific point of view, giving specific solutions which could be immediately implemented in Britain. The proposals are clear and cogent, but there is no suggestion of how they could be carried out apart from an invocation of the idea of 'participation'.

End of an Illusion - Verdict on UNCTAD 3 (World Development Movement - 20p), a 21-page printed attack by John Greenway and Chris Pipe with Chris Stockwell on the third United Nations Conference on Trade and Development at Santiago in 1972 - 'the story of how the rich betrayed the poor' - with a call for more pressure on international institutions by 'action groups' and relevant charities. Well documented and produced, but too obviously unrealistic.

As We Don't See It (Solidarity - 5p), a 32-page printed Solidarity pamphlet giving the text of the widely-read 1967 statement As We See It, followed by a supplement glossing each clause with an explanation intended to clarify the Solidarity line once and for all, mainly by distinguishing it from all others on the left. As well-argued and well-produced as ever, but unnecessarily negative in title and tone.

On War, National Liberation and the State (Christian Action - 15p), a 16-page Peace News pamphlet by Nigel Young reiterating the pacifist view of so-called 'wars of national liberation' - insisting that they are as bad as any other wars, that they bring not liberation but subjection to new tyranny, and that their ultimate effect is to strengthen new states - with the conclusion that true pacifism must be anarchist and must work for non-violent revolution here rather than approve of violent revolution elsewhere. A much-needed and well-expressed reminder of basic principles, but short on ideas for action.

The Night Cleaners Strikes (Cleaners Action Group - 5p), an 8-page duplicated account of the strikes at the Empress State Building and at Horseferry House in London during July and August 1972, with a call for unionisation of the cleaners; though it is difficult to care much about the cleaning of government buildings, the struggle in question is a significant one.

A Matter of Dialectics and The Birth of Libertarian-Humanist Man (Medway Libertarians - 5p each), two short duplicated essays by Michael Tobin, now serving a two-year sentence for incitement to disaffection (see INSIDE STORY 3), one offering a dialectical critique of Marxist dialectic and the other proposing a new form of libertarian humanism. Interesting rather than impressive.

Antistudent (Antistudent Pamphlet Collective - 15p), a 29-page offset libertarian critique of the role of the student left - a stimulating sequel to The Great Brain Robbery.

## letters

Dear Comrades

It was with great interest that I read your 'Special Agency' report in issue 6. 'Britain will soon have its own alternative news agency, modelled on the Agence de Presse Liberation...' etc etc.

Without being petty, and I mean that sincerely, Britain has had an alternative news agency for nearly three years now. Black Box (news service) began operating in 1970 'to supply the socialist, student and alternative press with a complete photo-journalist news service'.

From Glasgow, Edinburgh, Belfast and Derry we sent out news and features of all aspects of people in struggle in Scotland and Northern Ireland. IT, Frendz, Time Out, the old Ink and Seven Days, Styng, Mole Express, Muther Grumble all have had many of our items in them. In France, Italy, Holland, Denmark UPS/Europe has used our copy and in the USA many underground papers have also published material. Struggle, Red Mole, Morning Star and Socialist Worker are also on our subscribers list.

In the establishment press, The Sunday Times, Guardian, Scotsman, Glasgow Herald,



Scottish Daily Record, Scottish Sunday Mail, Scottish Daily Mail, BBC Scotland, STV and last week Pravda have all at various times used our copy or, especially with tv and radio, used us for research.

On Ulster we were one of the first to publish brutality prints, our contacts and honest reporting of events have made us many friends. We are still the only news service in the world with a correspondent inside Long Kesh.

Some of our people have been badly injured and beaten up while bringing out the 'honest news'. In Dublin, Peter Graham who sent us material from Eire was viciously murdered.

In Scotland we face constant threats from the powerful Orange Lodges, and every time there is an IRA scare our homes are searched by Special Branch.

We always have been and always will be a people's press agency.

We look forward to the birth of the PPA in England and we will be only too happy to co-operate and work with it in the hope of providing an efficient news service in Britain, maybe they can learn from some of our earlier mistakes. But please try to refrain from the particular English arrogance that stipulates that because something is new in London, England, it's new to Britain. This attitude is an insult to the many comrades in this part of the world who have worked for a people's news service and suffered for it.

Yours fraternally

ALAN SINCLAIR

Editor, Black Box news service, 15 Hope Street, Glasgow G2 6AB

Dear INSIDE STORY

I've just read Broadmoor: the hospital that's worse than prison in the November issue. Shattering. I'm at present editing a book for Radical Alternatives to Prison and have written to the two committees asking if I could reproduce the extracts from the reports printed at the end of your article.

Cheers - you're doing great stuff.

JENNY UGLOW

69 Cornwall Gardens, SW7

Note: all letters will be considered for publication unless marked 'private'.

## editorial

Although we are still short of money, we are reducing the price of INSIDE STORY to 20p in the hope that sales will increase. You can help by making sure your friends buy a copy instead of reading yours.

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PE1



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CATONSVILLE ROADRUNNER: For the development towards a more human society. 8p monthly, £1.25 for 12, 65p for 6 from: 28 Brundretts Road, Manchester 21.

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Issue No 6 includes 'Can the phone phreaks phreak the Post Office?', 'Vladimir Bukovsky and British psychiatrists: a quiet betrayal', 'Broadmoor: the hospital that's worse than prison', 'Psychiatry: the "patients" fight back' and 'The politics of abundance' (review of Post-Scarcity Anarchism).

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\* indicates that the shop specialises in political publications. (All our bookshops abroad do.)

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 HANNOVER: Buchhanlung e Thalmann, 3 Hannover, Schneider 3  
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 OSLO: Bok Cafeen, Markveien 6  
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